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For
Carlos Daghlian
in memoriam

Contents

Introduction

The current issue is dedicated to the memory of Professor Carlos Daghlian, a colleague and friend whose academic life was an example to us all. Professor Emeritus of Letters at UNESP (The State University of São Paulo), he was the founder of ABRAPUI (The Brazilian Association of University English Lecturers) and generously devoted himself to improving the quality of research and teaching throughout the Brazilian university system. He was also a renowned Emily Dickinson scholar with many national and international publications on her work – his last book was Emily Dickinson: A Visão Irônica do Mundo [Emily Dickinson: An Ironic View of the World]. (São José do Rio Preto: Vitrine Literária, 2016).

This year has witnessed numerous commemorative events in remembrance of the centenary of the 1916 Easter Rising. In Brazil, a particular focus was on the links between Roger Casement and the Rising, which were recalled in exhibitions, conferences, lectures, publications and performances. Casement served as British Consul General in Rio de Janeiro and was appointed by the Foreign Office to be part of the Commission of Inquiry sent to the Putumayo region in the Amazon to investigate the atrocities committed by the Peruvian Amazon Company against indigenous people and workers from Barbados. The first section of this issue contains contributions by Brazilian and international scholars including Angus Mitchell, Marisol Morales-Ladrón, Laura Izarra, Mariana Bolfarine, Mail Marques de Azevedo as well as a member of Roger Casement's family, Susie Casement.

In Irish Literary Studies, 1916 is notable as the year when James Joyce published his first novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* To celebrate this centenary our guest editors, Vitor Alevato do Amaral and Mariana Bolfarine, have garnered contributions from scholars in Brazil and Canada who share an interest in translations of the novel.

The presence of Éilís Ní Dhuibhne at the 2016 ABEI Symposium of Irish Studies in South America, hosted by USP (The University of São Paulo), gave us the opportunity to hear her reading from her work and to interview her about her short stories and novel, *Fox, Swallow, Scarecrow*.

In our Poetry section, Luci Collin, a Brazilian poet and scholar, analyses Moya Cannon's work prior to the publication of an anthology in Portuguese translation.

Voices from Brazil presents a discussion by Walnice Nogueira Galvão of the important role of Paulo Prado, Mário de Andrade and Oswald de Andrade in Brazilian Modernism. Our cover illustration was chosen to represent, through painting, the modern

metropolis of São Paulo with its different ethnic groups, workers, factories, banks, hotels, museums, theatres and skyscrapers.

The Journal closes with reviews by Inés Praga Terente and Caroline Moreira Eufrausino of two important recent publications.

The Editors

Tarsila do Amaral, São Paulo, canvas, 1924. Pinacoteca de São Paulo.

Casement and the Centenary of the 1916 Easter Rising

Histories of 'Red Rubber' Revisited: Roger Casement's Critique of Empire[1]

Angus Mitchell

Abstract: *The Irish literary critic Declan Kiberd has commented how the generation of Irish women and men who rebelled in 1916 against British authority in Ireland were more concerned with the future than they were with the past. Understanding the intellectual complexity of their radical critique is still work in progress. In the case of Roger Casement, it has taken a century to pass for a dialogue on human rights law and crimes against humanity to develop and prosper in order for his own achievement to be recognised. Casement's name will be forever linked with the exposé of desperate atrocities committed in the three decades before the outbreak of the first world war. The insatiable commercial demand for extractive rubber by the industrial world to nourish the next generation of transport and electrification led to an atrocity that defies measurement in terms of human suffering and environmental damage. This trans-Atlantic tragedy has in many ways defined the modern emergence of both sub-Saharan Africa and the Amazon. Retrieving the history of the rubber resource wars remains a challenge for those who contest the self-justifying narratives of western progress. At the epicentre of Casement's investigations was his nuanced critique of empire rooted in his scrutiny of racial and gender-based violence. His methods of investigation and his deeper critique of the imperial order is as relevant today – in this faltering age of globalization – as it was a century ago, when Casement faced his accusers and was executed for his challenge to imperial systems on a scaffold in central London.*

Keywords: *Roger Casement, rubber, human rights, Putumayo.*

*

'To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion, all in one.'
John Ruskin

The limits of history

In a dark moment, Seamus Heaney commented that it seems as if we can learn as much from history as we can from a visit to an abattoir.[2] The intention of this keynote address is to try and unpick and make sense of this stark, haunting comparison. The

paper is in two parts. Initially, I will speak about the wider relevance of extractive and plantation rubber to imperial strategy and to the international labour movement. I will then look explicitly at Casement's investigation of crimes against humanity as part of his critique of empire and demonstrate contemporary relevance to a human rights dialogue.

One lesson of history learned from the mid-nineteenth tragedy of the Irish famine is how mass suffering does not convert in any straightforward way into history. It is much easier to plot the effects and consequences of the Irish famine in terms of how it shaped the years ahead than to capture the essence of the tragedy and the legacy of shame and humiliation that arose in its wake. In that sense the famine forces a rupture and might be defined as a 'limit event'. Some have argued that it marked the end of Irish history; certainly it brought about a new beginning. Like the Holocaust or the futile slaughter of the First World War, the Irish famine still defies representation. We understand it in terms of metaphor, legacy and as a signifier for the emergence of new structures of cultural and political power that ultimately brought the country to the flashpoint of 1916.

In a comparable way, the rubber resource wars that decimated the tropical regions of the Congo and Amazon and forced the clearance of hardwood forest ecosystems for a plantation economy in Southeast Asia are still in a process of assimilation. A hundred years on and it is still remarkable how little we know; perhaps how little we want to know (and by 'we' I mean the western academy). There remains a reluctance to understand and contain the amorphous nature of the tragedy and its various dimensions. The argument might be made that the modern era of what is described with that over-determined term "globalisation" was inaugurated with the late nineteenth century market for rubber. The legacy endures in the continuing struggle for the protection of the rainforest. But the endless resource wars for the next generation of raw materials and rare earths of our own age continue to ravage both river basins. The future of our hyper-consumer planet of the twenty-first century is still threatened by resource wars for any number of natural products (coltan, rare earths and, of course, fracked hydrocarbons). For those involved in the contemporary struggle, there is much to learn from the long history of rubber that might contribute to the deeper readings of the interface between social justice and environmental protection.

Historian John Tully (2011) has commented in his recent social history of rubber, *The Devil's Milk* how "the vast terrain of rubber production has always been a site of struggle." But that struggle is multi-dimensional – a many-headed hydra. It is a struggle entangled in terms of racial recognition is intrinsic to understanding the confrontations determining class, rights, working conditions and self-determination. For a few historians, it is a struggle to know what actually happened.

The obstacles in the way of knowing what actually happened are a consequence of the interconnection of these different and multiple struggles. From the perspective of the West, our tendency is to invert narratives that interfere with the triumphant sense of progress and modernity. The suffering of the subaltern is rarely the central subject of Western historiography. Consider, for instance, how the trauma of the history of slavery

mutates into the victorious history of the anti-slavery movement. As we remember to forget, so we forge a narrative that is consoling and allows us to appear at "ease with our history." But is that just a noble fable? The centenary of 1916 and the First World War have revealed how the spectacle of commemoration constitutes an alchemical process that turns base trauma into gilt-edged triumph.

The geo-strategic vitality of rubber to modern industrial development cannot be underestimated – if oil was the bloodstream of manufacturing society then rubber was the muscle tissue. Rubber economies generated immense wealth for the new global elite. From the 1870s through to the outbreak of war in 1914 millions of lives were dependent upon the fortunes of extractive rubber. Significant areas of central Brussels, headquarters of the European Union, were built on the vast profits from that single commodity. During the First World War, the blockade of Germany and the supply of rubber hastened the end to conflict. Yet, despite its geo-strategic importance, the history of extractive rubber has been mythologised in our imagination in terms of spectacle. Beyond the cruelty of King Leopold II, the great marble palaces of Manaus and Belém or the insanity of Fitzcarraldo, there is little coherency to the narrative and its value to the industrial process of modernization.

Similarly, the plantation rubber economy that largely replaced extraction inaugurated a new colonial land grab and was paramount to the consolidation of empires in the mid twentieth century. The French in Indochina, Britain (Dunlop) in Malaya, the Dutch in Sumatra, Firestones in Liberia or Ford in the Amazon: each of these commercial ventures, whether successful or not, helped to delineate a new transnational corporate structure operating beyond normal state control. The servicing of these mega-plantations provoked the upheaval of millions of people across Asia and beyond. Imperial spheres of influence in the twentieth century were drawn and re-drawn on the back of control of this single commodity. The story of rubber is indeed a story of "glory and greed" of biblical proportions; it is also a story of acute reputational risk and market volatility.

Rubber, a founding narrative of international socialism

On another level and in opposition to that process of industrial enrichment and imperial expansion, the political economy of rubber galvanised the transnational labour movement. In that regard, it might be claimed as both a critical and formative narrative to the cause of international socialism. When considered together, the histories of extractive and plantation rubber are intrinsic to understanding slavery in its various incarnations. Part of the story relates back to the centuries of colonial coercion inaugurated by European settlement of the Americas and the long history of the transatlantic slave trade. Part of the story is entirely contemporary. Plantation rubber produced a very specific type of indentured servitude. The extractive rubber economy runs parallel to the advent of mass production and the implementation of scientific management processes. Its story is how those processes that helped build the cities of Detroit and Akron and the age of the motor car were transferred to the voiceless frontiers.

Charles Booth, one of the partners in the Booth Steamship Company that successfully opened up trade between Liverpool and the Amazon, financed his great sociological research into the demographics of poverty in London on the profits from the Amazon rubber trade. His work is recognised as an intellectual foundation stone of British socialism and the welfare state. Early twentieth century activism that sought to challenge the tyranny of venture capital emerged from the popular campaign against "red rubber". That triangulated alliance between the Irish historian, Alice Stopford Green, the journalist and activist, E.D. Morel, and the British consul, Roger Casement, who built the pillars of the Congo Reform Association sought common political ground. They aspired to galvanise religious and political divisions around the common cause of social improvement on the periphery. Part of their vision was rooted in an evangelical tradition; another part was patently utopian.

In the background to "red rubber" is an uninterrupted genealogy that draws together social reformers, political activism, labour and union organisation and the struggles among rubber workers would also be bound up with the fusion of revolutionary nationalism and organised resistance by international labour. If we celebrate Casement and human rights, it is fitting to pay tribute to other exponents within that genealogy. Let us remember the printer and activist, Benjamin Saldaña Rocca distributing his newspapers in Iquitos; the leader of the Belgian Workers' Party, Emile Vandervelde; "Big Bill" Haywood, leader of the Industrial Workers of the World (Wobblies) and executive member of the Socialist Party of America; the German revolutionary, Rosa Luxemburg; Peru's Marxist philosopher, José Carlos Mariategui; Primo Levi who bore witness to the treatment of Jewish slaves at Auschwitz used in the production of synthetic rubber; Tran Tu Binh, the Vietnamese labor organiser and revolutionary; Chico Mendes, who forged the cause of social justice to the cause of environmental protection. Each of their individual interventions contributed to a deeply entangled struggle from below to establish international solidarity in the face of violent upheaval.

Turning rubber into history

While rubber may be remarkable as a substance and astonishingly versatile in terms of its scientific and manufacturing potential, it has been remarkably difficult to turn it into history. A few years ago, I reviewed a general survey history on European empires and their colonies from 1880 to 1960 by an emeritus professor of historical geography that managed to elide any reference to rubber in the index (Butlin 2009). Recent arguments on both climate change and deepening social injustice have exposed how our modern accounting methods ignore "externalities" and the wider cost of our economic system to both the environment and to wider society. Does history suffer from a similar tendency? The West has mastered what Slavoj Zizek terms "fetishistic disavowal" – our ability to actively admit the fault lines and limitations in the ideology of free-market neo-liberalism, while still righteously defending it as the only system that works. But works for whom and for how long?

In tracing the way in ways in which rubber has been processed and elided within the narrative of world history, the tensions between the orthodox authority of the discipline pitted against memory and suffering become all too clear. Michael Taussig in his study *Shamanism, Colonialism and the Wild Man: a study in terror and healing* (1987) used the entangled and unsettled legacy of the Putumayo atrocities to interrogate the supremacy of western historiography. Informed by the philosophy of Walter Benjamin, he dismissed the history that sought to show things "as they really were" as the "strongest narcotic of our time" and claimed that his interest was "not whether facts are real, but what the politics of their interpretation and representation are" (Taussig xiii). In trying to unpick the story of the Putumayo atrocities, Taussig realised that the historian, in particular, was faced by a knot of conflicting realities and factual confusions, which he identified as the "the politics of epistemic murk and the fiction of the real."

Taussig demonstrated, too, how processing the remembrance of the violence extending from the rubber resource wars has occurred on a dimension that defies the rationalizing and controlling narratives of conventional historiography. Working through the enduring legacy of pain and suffering of the rubber economy – "the weeping wood" – and confronting that shock is on-going for the survivors. The enduring trauma is lived out on a dimension of what I term "historical visioning" that our hyper-rational western consciousness is reluctant to comprehend or even acknowledge.

This negotiation of ancestral distress is explained by the Colombian anthropologist Juan Alvaro Echeverri (2010), who makes us think about the relationship between memory and history in the context of inhumanity. Echeverri has shown how the people of the Putumayo region are still emerging from the legacy of gratuitous brutality, murder, rape, torture and widespread violation, which savaged and devastated their world. Remembrance in their vulnerable world is less about the politics of identity or the transformation of trauma into triumph, but is concerned instead with the requirement to heal and placate the unsettled spirit world. The "Basket of Darkness" is the place where memories and actions with the potential to provoke evil and do harm are buried. This "Basket of Darkness" is defined in contrast to the "Basket of Life", where positive visions of the past, present and future are remembered, prophesied and performed. However, the "Basket of Darkness" is not a memory hole in the Orwellian sense. It is a place in a perpetual state of resettlement, repair and healing by each new generation.

Recently, the descendants of those communities whose cosmos and lifeways were ruined by the rubber resource wars of the early twentieth century, have returned to the locations where specific crimes against humanity were committed, and engaged in ceremonies and rituals intended to appease unresolved memories in the "Basket of Darkness". It has taken a century of silence and forgetting among the survivors to reach a point where they are prepared to renegotiate the darkness. Significantly, the headquarters of the Peruvian Amazon Company in La Chorrera the administrative hub of rubber commerce has been renamed the Casa de Memoria and is now an educational establishment. In recent years it has been transformed into a place for such re-negotiation.

Shaping a Narrative: A Limit Event

Beyond the entanglement of fact, memory and commemorative spectacle, part of the problem in comprehending the impact of rubber on people and environment has been the continuing challenge to shape and frame a narrative. This is why Casement's rendering is so critical, because he bears witness with unsettling clarity to an unfathomable crime against humanity. Through his inscription of multiple and interlinking contours of testimony, he mapped a landscape of suffering overlaid with strategies of resistance. His right of intervention was based upon both his own official privileged position as a white, imperial officer and on his evolving and deliberate development of a humanist gaze. On entering Casement's interrogative landscape – the space of terror or Heaney's abattoir – we find Walter Benjamin's angel of history and that "one single catastrophe." We face, too, what the Argentine writer, Nora Strejilevich (701) calls "the confrontation between seeing, saying and writing" that complicates all atrocities.

But that single catastrophe described in Casement's extensive body of writing welds the legacy of modern Africa and South America to the subaltern narrative of Ireland's colonial relationship with England. This is much more than a straightforward "humanitarian narrative", to use Thomas Lacquer's phrase. Through the logic of his treason and in the light of his trial and execution, Casement's archive converts into an unrepentant assault on the system that reaches beyond his death to assume a contemporary relevance. To that end, his investigation merits definition as a "limit event": an historical incident of such violent, traumatic and disfiguring proportions that the cumulative tragedy dislocates the progressive historical narrative legitimising the moral economy of Western civilization.

The idea of the "limit event" as the "manifestation of the potential barbarity of modernity, as an extreme event of such uniqueness and incomparability that renders it incomprehensible," (Gigliotti 164) has principally focused on the Holocaust as the single catastrophe of the modern era, which compelled the reformulation of international law around human rights. Casement's enquiry challenged representational possibility by describing actions beyond the imaginative command of acceptable and official paradigms of history.

In defining this continuum within Casement's official life, mutating into his revolutionary turn and finally into his fragmented and irrepressible end, meaning is destabilised. He shifts between the authoritative and the unsanctioned, the private and public, the secret and the revealed. In 1903, as he returned from his investigation of the upper Congo, he produced a version of events that was intentionally official and was framed by a wider imperial narrative justifying intervention. But Casement realised that the production of such a report would ultimately serve to legitimise the system. Little was likely to change. He doubted that the British Foreign Office would be able to bring about substantive reform; any possible improvement might only come from non-governmental organisation.

With a plan in mind, he sought out E. D. Morel, Alice Stopford Green, Harry Grattan Guinness and a coterie of individuals prepared to challenge the supremacy of

power from both above and below. The Congo Reform Association was established to both supplement and supplant state agencies. It pressurised the Foreign Office and raised awareness in the public sphere through a co-ordinated press and public relations campaign.[3] With the annexation of the Congo Free State in 1908 and the death of Leopold the following year, the direction of that association changed. By 1911, the Congo Reform movement had moved from its inclusive and evangelical foundation towards a commitment to engage with new shoots of European socialism. But as the prospect of war appeared on the horizon, the movement transformed into a protest against state secrecy. The claims by Morel and Casement that imperial foreign policy operated outside any democratic or transparent framework of accountable governance were claims grounded upon their knowledge of the inner workings of power.

Putumayo atrocities

Casement's Putumayo investigations in the Amazon from 1910 to1913 coincided with this unexpected modification in the work of Congo reform. Those same years marked the paradigmatic shift in the global rubber market away from extraction towards an equally labour-intensive plantation economy in European colonial outposts in Southeast Asia. In the city of London, Casement's investigations and 1911 knighthood turned him into an internationally respected public figure. His word held weight and the on-going scandal linking British venture capital to the Putumayo atrocities reverberated far and wide. To say with any certainty how his reports were used to influence the market is impossible to measure, but the role of narratives in both determining risk and influencing investment trade is too often ignored.

On another level, Casement used his investigation to broaden out his own critique of the interconnectedness of the Atlantic economy. His 1910 voyage opened his eyes to the devastating consequences of what happens to a region when attacked by unregulated and unaccountable venture capital, what Brazil calls *capitalismo selvagem*. As he left the Amazon at the end of that year with a substantive dossier of testimony and evidence, he connected the crimes of the Putumayo to four centuries of violence sustaining European settlement in the Americas. His return voyage to Iquitos the following year had various agendas: on an official level he went to prepare British interests up the Amazon for the impending collapse in the rubber market. But his own hope was to deliver some level of justice and implement ways of using the law to arrest the perpetrators of the atrocities.

One reason why the Putumayo atrocities, as investigated by Walt Hardenberg, Casement, Romulo Paredes and others, structures so much understanding of the Amazon rubber boom is because it is by far and away the most detailed moment recording the history of the violence underpinning that economy. It puts shape on an otherwise unfathomable and unrecorded crime against humanity stretching beyond the Amazon basin into the tropical regions of Central America and across the Atlantic into the

rainforests of sub-Saharan Africa. From the confusion of "epistemic murk" erupts a flash of insight into an atrocity of immeasurable proportion.

The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement – now translated and edited into Brazilian-Portuguese by the collective energy of Professors Laura Izarra and Mariana Bolfarine at the University of São Paulo – might be claimed as an articulate and in-depth reflective account of the treatment of the forest communities and the systems enabling what is now designated as an ethnocide. Casement structured an authoritative source not merely for defining that ethnocide, but for unmasking the racial and gender divisions underlying the structure of colonial reality. The multilayered analysis captured the extent and constitutive elements of the crime and instinctively deconstructed the interconnections of the system. He showed the criminal interdependencies which facilitated the devices of fear, violence, silence, secrecy and intimidation employed to subjugate and divide indigenous society. The controlling force of this system was the "white man". A collective driven by market demand, equipped with the weapons of modernity and working through a complicit apparatus of governance empowered to appropriate and re-distribute land. That same "white man" had not the slightest regard for existing rights or indeed life.

Casement's interrogation amounts to a revelation of the conceit and deceit of international commerce masquerading as civilization. This scrutiny of the "system" is what unites each phase of his official career from his twenty years in the Congo through his South American journeys to his final transgression into insurgency. He recognised that the very system was itself at the root of all evil … "I do not accuse an individual: I accuse a system," he wrote boldly to the Governor-General of the Congo as he exited that river in 1903.

Similarly, exposing the corruption of the "system" might be analyzed as an essential theme of *the Amazon Journal*. He comments:

> I pointed out that the real criminals, in my opinion, were the supreme agents or heads who directed this system of wrong-doing, and enslavement of the Indians, and drew their profit from it, closing their eyes to the inevitable results of the application of such a system in such conditions of lawlessness – or absence of law – as prevailed on the Putumayo. (Mitchell 128)

That instinct for recognising inhumanity and its root causes extended to his identification with the oppressed condition of the neglected regions of Ireland. His campaign in Connemara in 1913 to bring relief to typhus sufferers deliberately raised the spectral signifier of the Irish famine and fused it to a transatlantic historical continuum of conquest, slavery, plantation economy and environmental degradation. With mischievous intent, he spoke of an 'Irish Putumayo'. His revolutionary turn and his transgression from decorated public servant to incorrigible rebel contain both a transparent inner and outer logic. His 'one bold deed of open treason' justified that turn. And it was that logic that the authorities had to disarm and dismantle in 1916 by denying Casement the moral authority justifying his path to the scaffold.

Casement and human rights

It is important to conclude by considering Casement's relevance to contemporary universal claims. In recent years, Casement has been espoused as a "champion of human rights." But what does that actually mean? Where should he be situated within this overarching discourse of globalisation? Inside the corridors of western hegemony, human rights are still bound up with the conditionality of intangibles such as "democracy" and "freedom." But to a Palestinian child or a Syrian refugee, a human right can be reduced to something as basic and immediate as the need for clean drinking water.

While Casement used the language of "rights" in many different contexts and, most deliberately in his speech from the dock, his life was driven by a deep sense of compassion for humanity and a visceral hatred of man's inhumanity to man. He despised all forms of exploitation. For that reason, he grew to detest empires which by their very nature are structured upon hierarchies of inequality, injustice and violence. And he read the exploitation he witnessed on the frontier into the bitter entanglement of Ireland's historic ties with England. My research has revealed only two specific instances when he used the term "human rights". But both instances are revealing.
The first occurred in 1904, when writing to Liberal politician and reformist, Sir Charles Dilke, at the Anti-Slavery Society, he wrote:

> It is this aspect of the Congo question – its abnormal injustice and extraordinary invasion, at this stage of civilized life, of **fundamental human rights**, which to my mind calls for the formation of a special body and the formulation of a very special appeal to the humanity of England. (Casement 17 Feb. 1904)

By 1912, during his cross-examination by the Parliamentary select committee inquiry, he used the term again: "These people have absolutely **no human rights** much less civil rights. They are hunted and chased like wild animals … They cannot own their own bodies …" (Casement's *Report* 2845-6).

In both contexts, he posits the notion of "human rights" as requiring legal codification. Here is an inherent and inalienable precedent for human rights for those who are vulnerable to systems that can override national mechanisms of civil protection. Casement's investigations were founded upon a sensibility of language that we can now recognise as based on a belief in the rights of humans, all humans. He purposefully inscribed a sense of humanity and human value on a people who were designated in that age as expendable and voiceless. Moreover, he realised that the authority of any appeal to human rights would ultimately rest upon historical validity. Perhaps the transcendent dimension of his achievement is how he instilled emotion and feeling into his interrogation – an emotion that is still present a hundred years after his death.

He recognised that bureaucratic language and thinking too often served to obscure and obfuscate pain and suffering. As the philosophers Richard Rorty and Martha Nussbaum have argued in different ways: the act of bearing witness, telling stories and

deepening public awareness of cruelty and oppression is integral to maintaining a structure of empathy vital to the on-going nurturing of a human rights dialogue. But that dialogue is one that moves beyond empty box-ticking and into decisive and empathetic action.

Casement remains in many ways our contemporary. His critique of and stand against empire and his denunciation of untrammelled commerce rightly continues to inspire interventions in our own time. That deep interrogation of power – of the system – and his holistic comprehension of right and wrong and good and evil is as germane to the world of the early twenty-first century as it was to the twentieth. Great efforts have been made to forget, or at least render unintelligible the true dimensions of the tragedy of "red rubber", but this interdisciplinary symposium and the extraordinary flood of interest in Roger Casement in 2016 demonstrate that the flame still flickers even if the blaze of indignation is gone. By the light refracted through the prism of his life we can perceive the corrosive boundaries of history upon which Seamus Heaney's abattoir is structured.

Notes

1 Keynote Lecture delivered at the opening of the international conference "Roger Casement: A Human Rights Celebration 1916-2016", University of California, Davis 13 October 2016.

2 Quoted by Eva Hoffman, 'The Balm of Recognition: Rectifying Wrongs through the generations', in Nicholas Owen ed., *Human Rights, Human Wrongs.* Oxford: OUP, 2003. 282.

3 For a recent history see Dean Pavlakis, *British Humanitarianism and the Congo Reform Movement 1896-1913*. Farnham, Ashgate, 2015.

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Rubber Station – *Matanzas*

Rumours of "The Insurrection in Dublin" across the South Atlantic

Laura P. Z. Izarra

Abstract: *This article shows how James Stephens' daily journalistic record of the rumours and tension of the Easter Rising in Dublin's streets intersects with beliefs in freedom, idealism, justice and patriotism already present in his previous work, with Roger Casement's Speech from the Dock and narratives constructed under the Southern Cross. Based on Rosnow's and Allport and Portsman's concepts of rumour as well as on Igor Primoratz's and Aleksandar Pavković's concepts of patriotism, I deconstruct news of the Rising that reached the South Atlantic shores and spread through local and Irish community newspapers. An analysis of the words chosen by the journalists to describe the Rising – such as 'insurrection', 'rebellion', 'revolution', 'rioting', 'rising' – reveal the political position adopted by the newspapers of the Irish communities in Argentina and also in Brazil.*

Keywords: *James Stephens, Easter Rising, South American press, Eamonn Bulfin, Roger Casement.*

On the occasion of the 90th anniversary of the Easter Rising Fintan O'Toole (2006) wrote that much was being said about it but that there were two quite distinct subjects: one was the myth to which great significance had been added "by the meanings that people wish to read into it"; the argument (whether it was a heroic act or an act of treachery…) was not about the past but about the present and the future because this is determined by one's view on other subjects like the Northern Ireland conflict, or nationalism and socialism, or "the awkward relationship between the terrorist and the freedom fighter". The other subject was the event itself and how real people perceive it and live with "their fears and aspirations, expectations and uncertainties."[1] O'Toole, like Roy Foster (2014) in *Vivid Faces,* refers to some of the first-hand testimonies gathered by the Bureau of Military History from survivors of the Rising which "reflect a very self-conscious process of memorialization on the part of the revolutionary generation" (Foster xix). The question of how much we can reconstruct real facts and life-stories leads us to appraise the revolutionary process through the theories and ideas of individuals. For this reason it is interesting to recall James Stephens' "The Insurrection in Dublin", in which he narrates the Easter Rising day by day from the perspective of an ordinary citizen who witnesses parts of the military action and reflects upon the various rumours

and fragmented information. I shall first address the attitude of the citizens in the streets, in order to establish some concepts of freedom, idealism, patriotism and justice advocated by James Stephens in some of his essays and fiction, which were also defended by Roger Casement in his Speech from the Dock. Finally, I shall discuss how the rumours turned into news that spread abroad and reached the South Atlantic shores through local and Irish community newspapers, which fostered controversial perceptions of the newly born idea of an Irish Republic.

James Stephens was a nationalist, and in his poems and fictional writings he often took the side of the outcasts and the poor of the city, "people in need, whose despair, hopes and dreams he put into his works" (Bramsbäck 23). The great Dublin strike and lockout (lasting from August 1913 to January 1914) had not yet taken place when *Insurrections* (1909), Stephens' first collection of poetry dealing with the Dublin slums and their people, appeared. In his first novel *The Charwoman's Daughter* (1912), he was also profoundly tender and sensitive, and depicted his 'Dublinscape' with great poetic imagination through the eyes of a sixteen-year-old girl. In his representations of Dublin, the city was invested "with a life of its own, breathe[d] with a pulse of its own" (*ibid. ibidem.*), and unveiled the anxieties of the people. Moreover, *The Demi-Gods* (1914) allegorically represented British oppression in Irish urban and rural everyday life.

Stephens' narrative "The Insurrection in Dublin"[2] is about a significant chapter IN modern Irish history. It reveals his day-by-day eyewitness observations as a journalist and is a sketch of the people in the streets and the wild rumours heard during the days of the Easter Rising. On the first day of the Rising, Stephens wrote that on his way home he met people standing around the Green giving "an impression of silence and expectation and excitement." Later, he realised that the City was in a state of insurrection and the "rumour of war and death was in the air." Though nobody knew what was happening in the city, Stephens sensed the atmosphere of suspense and tension verbalised in rumours.

"Rumours" have been described as public communications that are infused with private hypotheses about how the world works (Rosnow 1991), or more specifically, ways of making sense to help us cope with our anxieties and uncertainties (Rosnow 1988, 2001). Stephens described a man who "spat rumour." This man believed everything he heard and "everything he heard became, as by magic, favourable to his hopes, which were violently anti-English." This kind of wish-rumour counterpoised the apprehensive rumours that were spread in the following days of the insurrection when the attitude of the people in the street started to change. This man, who "spat rumours" was the only one who Stephens heard definitely taking a side. He wrote: "this man created and winged every rumour that flew in Dublin." As Stephens himself was interested in the art of story-telling, he wondered whether the rumourmonger would tell the same tale or "elaborate it into a new thing being thus less likely to monitor the logic or plausibility of what he passed on to others."

The "basic law of rumour" (Allport and Postman 1945) is that its strength will vary according to the importance of the subject to the individual and the ambiguity of

the evidence. Moreover, the emotional context of the rumour should be considered as an attempt to deal with anxieties and uncertainties because "the stories and suppositions could explain things, address anxieties and provide a rationale for behaviour" (Rosnow 205). Stephens used rumours to understand the unfamiliar reaction of the people in the streets and the rise of general hatred for the Volunteers. Moreover, the rumours of the positions that were taken by them – bridges, public places, railway stations, Government offices – were persistent and not denied in the days that followed.

The cityscape was surreal: Stephens described the killing of a horse, boys being shot due to their curiosity despite believing that they would not be targets for rebels or soldiers; the barricades, the revelling looters, the men "clad in dark green and equipped with a rifle" while "continually, and from every direction rifles were crackling and rolling." Some of the Volunteers' actions, such as shooting a driver who refused to leave his lorry at the barricade, aroused the hatred of the people even more, particularly women:

> It is said that the people, especially the women, sided with the soldiers, and that the Volunteers were assailed by these women with bricks, bottles, sticks, to cries of: 'Would you be hurting the poor men?' … Some also say 'would you be hurting the poor horses?'

Stephens concluded ironically: "Indeed, the best people in the world live in Dublin." He also observed that high-class women ("best dressed class") were viciously hostile to the Rising; while the worst dressed, "the female dregs of Dublin life", expressed a similar antagonism: "They ought to be all shot". Indeed, irony permeated his narrative: "The shops attacked were mainly haberdasheries, shoe shops and sweet shops. There is something comical in this looting of sweet shops. … Many sweet shops were raided.... and until they [Volunteers] die the insurrection of 1916 will have a sweet savour for them."

From Wednesday onwards, a feeling of gratitude began to be extended towards the Volunteers because they were holding out for a while. They showed valour and patriotism. But the main question was raised: was the city in favour OF or against the Rising? As pointed out by Stephens in the first two days, only one citizen took the side of the Volunteers openly. The rest kept silent, although there was a growing feeling of admiration towards the young fighters at the same time. The remarkable silence in which the Rising was fought was constantly stressed by Stephens, who under his pseudonym James Esse, later that year also commented in his essay "In the Silence" (19 august 1916) on the intense silence at the hanging of Roger Casement (McFate, Vol II).

Were the Volunteers seen as patriots? Patriotism has been a major focus and source inspiration in literature, music and art. For Stephens, nationalism and patriotism come together. In "Patriotism and Parochial Politics", published in *Sinn Féin* on 25 May 1907 (McFate, Vol. I) Stephens fictionalised a dialogue with a "cadaverous gentleman with a knobby forehead, heavy feet, and a simper," who asked him,

> ‘Why should a man be patriotic? What practical utility is it to him or his fellow-man that he should rapidly adore the small portion of land wherein he chanced to be born? Why should he not adopt the Larger Outlook, and dismissing all finicking and absurd boundaries, whether of ocean wave, mountain chain, or imaginary equatorial line, announce his birthplace as the earth, and himself a patriotic citizen of the Universe? Why?’ (23-24).

But Stephens argued that Patriotism is not to be dethroned:

> You love your country for the same reason you love your father and your mother…. And everything in it, vegetable, mineral, or human, are members of your great family; and when you yourself die, you hope that you will go back to her peaceful breast, and aid her by your death in giving life to successive generations (25).

In “The Insurrection in Dublin” he referred to the Volunteers being moved by the patriotic ideal which was “the heritage and the burden of almost every Irishman being born out of the Unionist circle” (*op.cit.*). Thus, Stephens, like many nationalists of his time, advocated patriotism as a romantic idealism rooted in an attachment to the land of one’s birth, and as an expression of “gratitude we owe it for the benefits of life on its soil, among its people and under its laws. It was also seen as an important, indeed central constituent of the individual’s identity” (Primoratz & Pavković 1).

However, patriotism may carry particular significances with regard to philosophical and moral issues or political notions of a well-ordered and stable state counterbalancing patriotic actions. In *Patriotism: Philosophical and Political Perspectives,* the editors, Igor Primoratz and Aleksandar Pavković (2007), discuss these concepts and affirm there are many other ways of understanding patriotism beyond that of romantic idealism. They argue that patriotism could be of a type of group egoism, a morally arbitrary partiality incompatible with the requirements of universal justice and common human solidarity. On the other hand, John Kleinig (*op. cit.* 2007) finds the common characterization of patriotism as love of one’s country potentially misleading, perceiving it as an issue of loyalty. He affirms that “loyalty is an associative virtue, a virtue of our relationships and associations” (3).

It is worth mentioning that, in his speech from the Dock, Roger Casement – who took part in the Rising, was captured and condemned to death for high treason – referred to his loyalty to Ireland and protested against the jurisdiction of the court and its fourteenth-century law. He addressed his argument to his own countrymen, not to the court who sought to “slay an Irishman, whose offence is that he puts Ireland first” (12). For Casement, loyalty to a country rested on love, “loyalty is a sentiment, not a law. It rests on love, not on restraint. The government of Ireland by England rests on restraint, and not on law; and since it demands no love, it can evoke no loyalty” (12). Thus, Roger Casement complained that the law under which he was charged had no parentage in love. “I asked Irishmen to fight for their rights. The ‘evil example’ was

only to other Irishmen, who might come after me, and in 'like case' seek to do as I did. How, then, since neither my example, nor my appeal was addressed to Englishmen, can I be rightfully tried by them?" (13)

As Kleinig has argued, it is morally legitimate and obligatory to be loyal to one's country. The welfare of a people depends on their country. Casement stated clearly, "Self-government is our right, a thing born in us at birth, a thing no more to be doled out to us, or withheld from us, by another people than the right to life itself" (20). Finally, Casement, like James Stephens and all their contemporary nationalists, had a deeply romantic vision of patriotism:

> If it be treason to fight against such an unnatural fate as this, then I am proud to be a rebel, and shall cling to my "rebellion" with the last drop of my blood. If there be no right of rebellion against the state of things that no savage tribe would endure without resistance, then I am sure that it is better for men to fight and die without right than to live in such a state of right as this. Where all your rights have become only an accumulated wrong, where men must beg with bated breath for leave to subsist in their own land, to think their own thoughts, to sing their own songs, to gather the fruits of their own labours, and, even while they beg, to see things inexorably withdrawn from them – then, surely, it is a braver, a saner and truer thing to be a rebel, in act and in deed, against such circumstances as these, than to tamely accept it, as the natural lot of men. (20)

Thus, it is legitimate and morally obligatory to be loyal to one's country, even if this requires one to become a rebel; in this case, loyalty equals heroism. Since the *patria* is a political rather than a geographical entity, its policies, laws and institutions should be just and humane, configuring an ethical patriotism. This kind of patriotism was partly experienced both in Ireland and in the diaspora at the time of the Rising and when "rumours were flying in the streets" confirming that the Kerry wireless station had been captured on the second day, news of the Republic "flashed abroad" (Stephens 1916).

The transatlantic circulation of such rumours of the Rising revealed the various ideological affiliations and cultural resonances of the political movements in the press around the world. The 1916 Rising had greater echoes in Argentina rather than in Brazil. In Argentina, the country in South America that had received the largest wave of Irish immigrants in the nineteenth century, the local press and newspapers of the Irish communities were a battlefield of information. In this particular case, the diaspora space became a political arena mirroring the nationalist versus unionist struggles that were occurring in Ireland. For example, the Argentinian newspaper *The Standard* (1861-1959), whose Irish founders Michael and Edward Mulhall were unionists, diverged in their editorials from *The Southern Cross*, whose founder and subsequent editors were nationalists.

William Bulfin, who was writer, journalist, editor and owner of *The Southern Cross* (1892-1900), had strong nationalist beliefs that made him a prominent figure and

defender of the Irish cause on the other side of the Atlantic. Chance and circumstances formed one of the strongest personal links between Ireland and Argentina. Bulfin, a radical nationalist and political activist, paved the way for the formation of the Irish-Argentine Catholic community. When Douglas Hyde founded the *Conradh na Gaeilge* in 1893*,* Bulfin became a founding member of the Gaelic League in Argentina and his life enterprise was to support the Buenos Aires branch to aid the language movement in Ireland and feed the Irish dream of achieving independence. He raised funds and did all the printing for the Gaelic League activities, free of charge, at the press of *The Southern Cross*. Though he returned to Ireland after nearly twenty-two years in Argentina, he died before the Rising, in 1912. However, his son Eamonn participated in the Easter Rising and was captured and condemned to death. As he was born in Buenos Aires in 1892, his sentence of death was commuted and he was sent to Frongoch prison in Wales. In 1919 he was deported to Buenos Aires where he had to do his military service, returning to Ireland in 1922 to join the Dáil Eireann (Ireland Assembly).

Patrick McManus, a man from Donegal who was enlisted in the United States army for eight years, arrived in Argentina and helped William Bulfin when he was president of the Gaelic League. McManus was also a radical nationalist and became the editor of *Fianna.* Just as Bulfin did with *The Southern Cross* when he was its editor, McManus strived to construct a collective narrative that would link the diasporic subject to his/her birthplace through the imagery of the front page of his newspaper. "Fianna" is the name for the utopian "new" land to which the ships travel, thus transposing the warrior spirit of Fianna[3] to the west. Patriotic nationalist fervour was roused by the publication of short verses or chants resembling those sung by the Irish Republican Brotherhood. This was the editor's strategy to keep alive an open nationalist militancy and a strong attachment to Ireland and the Irish political cause, despite the distance. Thus, cultural and political translation occurs simultaneously and reaches a symbolic level giving "Fianna" a mythic signification to represent Ireland, or the Youth Organization gathering the dispersed sons of Ireland to fight the English.

The news was obtained indirectly from New York and London. In "'Dublin Traitors' or 'Gallants of Dublin' The Argentine Newspapers and the Easter Rising", Mariano Galazzi (2016) has thoroughly analysed six leading newspapers of Buenos Aires – *The Standard* (1861-1959), *The Southern Cross* (1875-), the *Buenos Aires Herald* (1876-), *Crítica* (1913-1962), *La Prensa* (1869-) and *La Nación* (1870-) (the last two were the principal Argentinian newspapers in 1916 and are still published today).[4] My focus here is the way in which rumours were intertwined by the media generating a polemic within the Irish community, bringing opposing political affiliations to the surface.

The readers of *La Prensa* were mainly business people, and the editorials referred to the Rising as "La Gran Conflagración" ("The Great Outbreak"/ "The Great European War") and made references to "disturbances", "disorder" and "movement". On the other hand, the readers of *La Nación* were intellectuals and politicians. News about Ireland was published in the section on "La Guerra Europea" ("The European War") and the Rising

was referred to as a "subversive movement", a "revolution". All the papers reported that the 1916 Rising was part of the First World War rather than an isolated case; German support for the Rising was also inevitably mentioned too.

The Standard, definitely pro-British, included the news under the heading "Imperial Affairs" on the 25, 27 and 28 April and 1 and 2 May. The paper initially referred to the Rising as "disturbances" and "movement", but when peace was restored, it was called an "insurrection", a "criminal conspiracy". The position of *The Standard* was categorical:

> No Irishman whose opinion is worthy of any serious attention, … wants 'absolute separation from England' … absolute separation would mean the orphanage of Ireland; an orphan without an asylum or a protector.

News was mixed up with news from the Great War. On 25 April, *The Standard* published an article entitled "A stupid rumour", stating:

> There is great excitement here in Irish circles. A cipher message has been received in Wall street saying that a revolution has broken out in Ireland, financed with German and Irish-American money … Our readers will understand this to refer to the insignificant Sinn Fein movement described in other cables." (25 April, 3).

The newspaper referred to the soldiers as the *Sinn Feiners* (playing upon the word sinners), "renegades", "rioters", "treason mongers". It considered them to be "the parasites of the island" and insisted that Ireland was like an orphan that was unable to govern itself:

> The loyalty of the Irish nationalist volunteers proves that the Sinn Fein organization … has no backing in the country. … It is therefore hoped that the movement will be rapidly extinguished … the anger of the loyal Irish against the rebels is much more marked than that of the English.

The article concluded: "That the policy of the Sinn Fein Party was a decidedly suicidal one and contrary to the best interests of Ireland, is self evident, as the masses of the people stood aside and never sanctioned the insane object of the organization." (27 April, 3). Moreover, the readers' letters complained about the low number of Irish participating in the Great War and the fact that money collected went to the families of the British soldiers dying in the European war. There was also an ironic twist when the word "revolution" was used:

> That 'revolution' has been given that name whereas a riot or a criminal conspiracy would have been more correct, because more descriptive of what actually occurred. The term 'revolution' has, however, a political significance which is not possessed by any of its synonyms (…) The people will be very

> angry indeed if such an idiotic adventure is, by the irreflective press declared an 'insurrection'. For without popular support of such a movement, it cannot possibly be deemed a subversive movement. (27 May, 10)

While *The Standard* used the words "rioting" and "revolt", *The Southern Cross* began by describing the Rising as a "rebellion", going on to state that it was a "revolutionary movement", or "revolution"; the soldiers were "revolutionists" and, when the fighting was most intense it was called a "rising" and the soldiers "rebels". *The Southern Cross* never criticised the position of *The Standard*; it only rebutted an article published by *La Nación* on 26 April, "La tentación de Irlanda" ["The Temptation of Ireland"], which argued that "it is safer and more profitable to remain part of the British Empire than to be a small independent nation, exposed to the dangers of all kinds that threaten small independent nations in the old world" (*apud* Galazzi 62). *The Southern Cross* (28 April 1916) blamed *La Nación* for being illogical and inconsistent, perpetrating "several innacuracies (*sic*) and self-contradictions" because it insinuated that the revolutionists were "extreme nationalists" and "intransigent anglophoes (*sic*) who wished to avail of the present opportunity to organize a separatist movement" (*TSC op. cit.* 13). It also argued that it,

> drops hints and innuendos referring to Mr Roger Casement which are unworthy of a great paper. It has not a word of praise for the man who has valiantly risked his life for what he considered to be his duty – the highest ideal, next to love of God – love of country (*ibid. ibidem.*).

The Southern Cross was openly in favour of the Rising, honoured patriotism and qualified the news that reached Buenos Aires as tendentious:

> All telegrams concerning the events in Dublin, so far, are of English origin or pass through the hands of the British Censor, and it is doubtful that we shall hear the story from the Irish point of view for some considerable time. This monopoly of the cable by England renders Ireland inarticulate" (*ibid. ibidem.*).

It also stated that "The English telegrams[,] it is worthy of note[,] that Mr. Casement is called Sir Roger Casement although he renounced the title together with his pension long ago. O'Connell Street is called Sackville Street and the Irish Volunteers are called Sinn Feiners" (*ibid. ibidem.*).

Letters in favour of the Rising were not published in *The Standard*, whereas letters in favour of or against it were accepted by *The Southern Cross*. Its readers also sent letters of support to the rebels:

> Irish from Argentina, men and woman (*sic.*), Argentine born and Irish born, let us show whom it may concern, that we are proud of those brave men who gave up their lives for the old motherland although they had little chance of success.

> We are proud of them and of the cause for which they have fought and died, and for which our forefathers fought and died generation after generation. Ever yours. P.M. Kelly. (*TSC* 5 May 1916. 14).

Another reader counterbalanced "the opinions as to the merits or demerits of the recent Revolution" coming from different classes; he claimed that no Irishman should forget the motive, the Independence of Ireland, and he argued that: "To those men who have been shot because they loved Erin too well, if not wisely, the respect of all Irishmen should go out ungrudgingly and unsparingly. Yours truly, Miguel Harte" (*TSC* 14 May 1916). The patriotic spirit of the Irish community followed with horror the actions taken by Lieut.-General Maxwell, former Commander of the British force in Egypt. He was conferred plenary powers under the provisions of martial law, to go to Dublin to restore order and destroy the rebellion:

> A feeling of intense horror and indignation has been produced in the Irish Argentine community by the vengeful brutality of General Maxwell in dealing with the brave insurgents who have proved that patriotism and heroism are still alive in Ireland (…) we hold up our heads with pride for the martyrs of 1916 who have shed the lustre of new glory on their country and have vindicated their race. (*TSC* 19th May 1916.12)

The Southern Cross attacked General Maxwell for his ferocity and hatred in executing disarmed men who were surrendering and he was called "the butcher". He "created bitter anger amongst the Irish all over the world and has surprised people of other nationalities. *Pero que ensañamiento!* the Argentines say" (*TSC* 9 June 1916. 14). The paper also published a poem entitled "General Maxwell":

> Let it pass down to Hist'ry
> To blot its darkest pages;
> A by-word and a myst'ry
> For ages and for ages!
> Like smoke from blackest tar,
> Or heat from brimstone flame,
> E'er shunn'd in peace and war.
> O Maxwell be your name.
> …
> Alas! And oh the pity,
> An everlasting scandal! –
> Through village, town and city
> You lead the hordes, O Vandal!
> On you, most savage "Hun,"
> Be never-ending shame! –
> All Irishmen as one
> Shall execrate your name!

There were many religious and political demonstrations in favour of the Rising in various cities in Argentina where there was a large Irish presence. People collaborated by donating money, and the names of the donors were published every week under the heading "For the Victims of the Revolution in Ireland". Many poems were also written and published honouring the names of the revolutionaries. The tricoloured flags were used in many celebrations.

On 21 July 1916, *The Southern Cross* published "A Tribute", by Belle S. White:

> 'Tis a sad and solemn passing
> Of a nation's day of woe
> For the blaze of Ireland's freedom
> Was a fiery afterglow.
>
> And the spirits that undaunted
> Faced the death that was their meed,
> Wear no laurel wreaths of victory
> Snatched by England's cruel greed.

After blaming England and vowing to "wipe out each bloodstain" of every life England "took in vain", a deed that "cries to Heaven for righteous vengeance!/ God have mercy on the slain!", the poem concludes:

> Chant deep songs for martyred heroes;
> Brave and fearless did they die!
> Green and hallowed keep their memories –
> Peace be with them where they lie.
>
> Irish hearts and hands reach to them
> O'er the boundless waste of sea –
> Sacred be their dying message;
> "Ireland ever! Ireland free!" (*TSC* 21 July 1916. 3)

This poem was followed by an article entitled "For the Dead who Died for Ireland. Another eloquent speech from Bourke Cochran", a celebrated Irish orator who was at one of the greatest Irish meetings in Madison Square, New York, to protest against the prisoners of war executed by England and to raise money for the families of the martyrs. Many tributes to the dead were published in the months following the executions. *The Southern Cross* published a poem by John Boyne O'Reilly (1844-90), an Irish-born poet, journalist and fiction writer who was a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood (or Fenians). After escaping to the United States he had become a spokesman for the Irish community and editor of the Boston newspaper *The Pilot*. In "The Dead who Died for Ireland", he praises the patriotism and martyrdom of those who "gave their

lives for Motherland" and "sealed their love in death". The poet asks "how could we be slaves?/ How could we patient clang the chain?" and wonders "who will fill their place?". Nevertheless, the poem ends on a note of hope:

> Be proud, ye men of Ireland! Be proud
> Of those who died;
> Never men o'er all the earth had greater
> Nobler cause for pride.
> Hope and strive and league for freedom,
> And again the souls will rise
> Of the dead who died for Ireland to
> Cheer you to the prize. (*TSC* 9 June 1916. 3)

Mary Jane O'Donovan Rossa (1846-1916), wife of the Fenian leader Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa (1831-1915), played an important role in the Irish nationalist movement. John Devoy wrote in *Gaelic American* at the time of her death (17 August 1916) that she was "an ideal patriot's wife". She was a skilled lecturer and writer supporting the nationalist cause in Ireland and in the United States. Her writings reflect her passion and hope for a free Ireland. *The Southern Cross* published many of her poems, among which, "The Men of Ireland – The Irish Volunteers" (30 June 1916) who "fight to make her free" were honoured as "gallant", "generous" men and "true knights of chivalry", "moving calmly to the goal/ that patriot love applauds" (p. 3). In "Countess Markievicz. A Heroine of the Irish Rebellion of 1916" (1 September 1916) the poet praises the "brave lady" and describes how "she led her small heroic band/ to where the British forces wait. / Outside the tottering College gate." The poem ends "God save thee! till our strengthened hands/ Can burst thy barbarous prison bands!" (*op. cit.* 3).

The Southern Cross gives *La Nación* as the source of the news about Eamonn Bulfin, the Argentine-born young man who raised the Irish Republican flag on the roof of the GPO at the corner of Prince's Street and was taken to Brixton prison. Dermot Keogh dedicates the fourth chapter of *The Independence of Ireland: The Argentine Connection* (2016) to Eamonn Bulfin and transcribes long excerpts from Bulfin's testimonial narrative in which he gives an account of the military action during the weeks of the Rising. Bulfin's account details what he did with his Company when he received the order from his close friend Patrick Pearse to take his bombs and join the revolutionary garrison at the GPO, describing the prevailing atmosphere: "There was terrible excitement in the city and a great deal of rushing and scurrying about" (*apud.* Keogh 181). He goes on to refer to the raising of the flag over the GPO:

> There were two flags on the Post Office. One was given to me. It was the ordinary Irish flag, green with the harp, and in white letters (inscribed) across the middle were the words "Irish Republic". I can't recollect who gave it to

me, but I think it was Willie Pearse. The thing I remember most clearly about its hoisting is that I had some kind of a hazy idea that the flag should be rolled up in some kind of a ball, so that when it would be hauled up, it would break out. As a matter of fact, I did it that way because it did open out in the proper manner when hoisted. That flag was floating on the Prince's Street corner of the G.P.O. I think Willie Pearse was there when it was being hoisted. Whatever number of men we had – twenty or twenty-five – were all actually present. It was in the corner of the Post Office, behind the balustrade. I think both flags were put up about the same time.' (*apud* Keogh 182)

Like the other Volunteers, Bulfin was arrested and sent to the Frongoch internment camp in Merionethshire together with 1480 other prisoners. In 1917 he was released and deported to Argentina. Historical records refer to Frongoch as the "university of revolution" as the leaders of the nationalist movement, Michael Collins, Richard Mulcahy and Terence Mac Swiney, were there with Eamonn Bulfin and they reconstructed the leadership of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Bulfin set down his recollections in 1951, thirty-five years later.

It is worthy of note that the Argentine press published many readers' letters mentioning Eamonn Bulfin's imprisonment, his Argentine nationality and the pain and anguish of his mother, family and friends from the Irish-Argentine community. Every commemorative issue of *The Southern Cross* brings this news, describing his courage in fighting beside Patrick Pearse and raising the green Irish Republican flag over the GPO. In Argentina, Eamonn Bulfin helped Laurence Ginnell, the first representative of the Irish government to be sent to Buenos Aires, to contact the Irish community and receive support for the ideals of the Easter Rising. Eamonn returned to Ireland in 1922. Many demonstrations in favour of the Independence of Ireland occurred after the Easter Rising in the streets of Buenos Aires until 1922, like a meeting in 1920 when the Irish tricolour was hoisted by a group of Irish-Argentines, or one in 1921 when another group marched in support of Irish Independence on Rivadavia street, one of the most famous streets in Buenos Aires. There were also noteworthy repercussions in Argentina following Terence Mc Sweeney's death after 72 days of hunger strike. On 25 October 1920, Timoteo Ussher, the Mayor of Laprida, in Buenos Aires, passed a decree to fly the flag at half-mast for two days as a sign of mourning and to send the family a letter of condolence containing this official decision. The leader of the rebellion, Padraic Pearse, was also honoured by *The Southern Cross*, and one of his poems ("The Fool"/ "El loco") was translated into Spanish for the centenary celebration of the foundation of the newspaper.

While in Argentina leading newspapers published items about Eamonn Bulfin and Roger Casement, the latter was a polemical subject in the Brazilian press. Casement was British consul in Santos (1906), Belém do Pará (1907) and Rio de Janeiro (1908); he was a member of the Putumayo Commission of Enquiry and denounced the atrocities committed by the Peruvian Amazon Company against the natives during the rubber boom. On one hand Casement's bravery was exalted, but on the other he was condemned

as a traitor. The *Correio da Manhã* newspaper published news received via London and referred to the patriots as "rebels", informing its readers that the "rising" had been completely defeated by the English government. The news story of the 27 April 1916 also stated that the British Ambassador had received many threats of death if Casement were not considered a prisoner of war. However, it was emphasised that Casement was a traitor in times of war, when many Irish soldiers had left their families to fight on the British side against the Germans – a fact also mentioned by James Stephens in his "Insurrection in Dublin."

The recurrent terms used in the Brazilian press were: "enemy's submarine" and "situation". On 1 May, when the "rebels" gave up their arms, the terminology had the effect of creating a dualistic representation of the event: the Rising was described as a "revolution" when soldiers were called "revolutionaries", but the term "insurrection", so much used by Stephens, was also utilised. On 4 May the leader of the rebellion was shot, and, in the Brazilian newspaper report the following day, the soldiers were described as "rebels" and their act was considered a "rising". Later that month, "situation" was once more the favoured term, until the 22 and 23 May, when the headlines announced: "Revolution in Ireland: from Proclamation of Independence to unconditional rendition".

On the other hand, during the Second World War in 1940, the *Folha da Manhã* rewrote the news of 1916 in an ambiguous way, comparing the actions of Roger Casement with the hypothetical reaction of the English if they had been invaded by the Germans. However, news focused on "the traitor" without even naming him, while the magazine *Fonfon* exalted the courage of the Irish soldiers, and presented the biographies of Countess Markievicz, James Connolly, Patrick Pearse and other leaders of the Rising. At the end of "The Insurrection", James Stephens recalled the attributes of some of the leaders, such as Mac Neill, MacDonagh, Pearse, Connolly, O'Rahilly and Larkin.

Though this research on the Brazilian press is still a work-in-progress, it has been fascinating to discover that the Fenians inspired the founding of a Carnival Club in Rio in 1869 and the artist Fiuza Guimarães, organizer of the *Clube dos Fenianos,* paraded on the 7 and 19 March 1916, just a month before the Rising. The club was one of the most prominent societies in the Rio Carnival before it became a popular street phenomenon and its members included wealthy members of Rio's upper classes. The club's carnival parades featured floats where actors played the roles of "Liberty", the "Republic" or "Democracy". Fun was poked at the Royal Court and the Imperial policy. The parades alerted the people to important causes, including that of the abolition of slavery (which occurred in 1888), for which funds were collected.

If rumours were the starting point of the stories, silence was also a way of constructing new stories about facts. The polemic surrounding Roger Casement's trial was discussed by James Stephens at the time of the hanging, as mentioned above. Stephens complained about the silence of the Irish Press while the English press was,

> persistent and often passionate in their plea that mercy should be shown to the condemned man. Perhaps they were merely sentimental. Perhaps they were patriotically concerned that their nation should be famed for righteousness and loved for mercy. … From Ireland there arose no such plea… (McFate II, 140).

Stephens partly justified this silence as Irish newspapers were subject to strict censorship; people and land "had bowed under martial law" (*ibid. ibidem.*). However he blamed the silence of Irish representatives,

> for we still have the Irish Party intact, and are they not all honourable men! They were elected to fight Ireland's battle and to protect Irishmen, but the guilt of Roger Casement must have been very apparent to them or they would not have been thus silent, thus terribly silent, for their silence at this juncture was terrible (*ibid.ibidem.*).

He singled out Redmond and Swift MacNeill who did nothing, concluding,

> it is hard to imagine to what degradation a nation may sink, but we may say that from their silence in this event the Irish Party have earned the anger and contempt of their race. Naturally shepherds do not fear the wrath of their sheep. Shepherds! (*op. cit.* 140-1).

Stephens also expressed the need to move away from political and economic interests and to develop a national social and cultural life in Ireland. He affirmed that within the preceding months the political life of Ireland had suffered a violent change and argued that Irishmen must redeem their national desire.

To conclude, all the newspapers in South America echoed the rumours and silence to which Stephens alluded in his narratives, revealing how journalists of the Irish diaspora used various mechanisms to re-tell the same stories of anxiety, uncertainties, blame and solidarity with the Irish nationalist movement. The underlying ideological project of the Irish Republic also took shape in the diaspora space. The Irish history of oppression and failure in the motherland was either silenced, condemned or transformed into heroic deeds across the Atlantic. The Irish community heard rumours about the rebellion and spread them across borders, weaving together information from different sources and building an international network of support for the victims of the Rising. A study of the South American press of the period reveals how public opinion was constructed, whether from sources hostile to or supporting the revolutionary cause. The expatriate Irish community abroad manifested their opinions in readers' letters sent to the newspapers which, taking sides, reproduced the Irish-British battleground in the space of the diaspora.

Notes

1 *The Irish Times. Special Supplement* (2006) to mark the Ninetieth anniversary of the Easter Rising, in association with the Department of Education and Science. The main pieces were written by Fintan O'Toole and Sane Hegarty, with other contributions from Stephen Collins and Joe Carroll.

2 All references are from the Gutenberg e-book (no page number).

3 The word Fenian, when first used for an Irish Republican organization in the 1850s, was derived from *Fianna*, a legendary band of warrior heroes of the stories in the medieval *Fenian Cycle*. Later, the Youth Organization that took part IN the Dublin Rising of 1916 was also named after the ancient Gaelic elite guard. A detailed study of the front pages of *Fianna* and *The Southern Cross* was published in L. Izarra's *Narrativas de la diáspora irlandesa bajo la Cruz del Sur* (2010, 2011). See also "Locations and Identities in Irish Diasporic Narratives" *Hungarian Journal of English and American Studies,* Spring/Fall. Vol. 10, No.1& 2 (2004): 341-352.

4 In "Los imigrantes irlandeses en Argentina y su participación política. 1916-1922", Jorge Cernadas Fonsalias also analysed *La Prensa, La Nación, The Standard* and *The Southern Cross* in 2004 and 2005, with the support of the former Irish Argentine Historical Society, now SILAS (Society for Irish Latin American Studies).

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The Feminisation of War in the Contemporary Easter Rising Narratives of Mary Morrissy and Lia Mills

Marisol Morales-Ladrón

". . . history is no less a form of fiction than the novel is a form of historical representation." (Hayden White 1987: 122)

Abstract: *Traditionally, war and revolution, as male-oriented duties, kept women not only relegated to the domestic sphere but uninformed about what was regarded as more serious concerns. However, if men were involved in the war effort, the daily struggle belonged to women, even though they have remained outside mainstream historical accounts and their stories have been silenced or hidden from official accounts. With the intention of restating such imbalance, many Irish writers have engaged in the recovery of forgotten figures from the past, paving the way for the emergence of a renewed type of historical novel that offers alternative readings from a gender perspective. This would be the case of authors Julia O'Faolain, Emma Donoghue, Evelyn Conlon, Anne Enright or Henrietta McKervey, among a growing list. Within this panorama, two novels stand out, Mary Morrissy's The Rising of Bella Casey (2013) and Lia Mills's Fallen (2014). Both explore female subjectivity at times of war and delve into the struggle the protagonists have to face at a time of nationalist upheaval, while the male leaders of the uprising merely remain backstage, thus subverting mainstream accounts on the foundational myth of Ireland and demystifying revolutionary heroism. Considering these circumstances, the present discussion will attempt to demonstrate that these women played a more "revolutionary" role than the one attributed by history and will argue that these novels endeavor to bring women back to national history.*

Keywords: *Mary Morrissy, Lia Mills, Easter Rising, First World War, history, revolution*

"The 1916 Rising was both profoundly important and profoundly unnecessary" (2005: 1), observed journalist Tim Pat Coogan in the opening paragraph of his study on that

historical landmark.[1] There is no doubt that 1916 influenced the course of Irish history as no other episode had ever done before. For that reason, reflecting on such event in retrospect, precisely at the time when the Irish are celebrating its centenary, invites its reassessment from a myriad of perspectives. Three decades ago, writer Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill augured that the experience of the insurrection would never be forgotten, rather it would "sink deeper into the unconscious, personal and collective, and with its inherent energy act as magnet to all kinds of numinous forces" (qtd. in Bolger 1988: 32). If only to counteract the previous lower key 50th, 75th and 90th anniversaries of the Rising,[2] on this occasion, the whole country, north and south of the border, has joined forces to celebrate the past attempting to transcend former tensions by means of the organisations of all kinds of events in the academic, social and political spheres that have been widely supported by the public.[3] In this vein, the contribution of literature to the revision of the place this national myth occupies in the collective imagery has resulted in the proliferation of a number of historical narratives that rewrite the past from alternative perspectives that seek to challenge mainstream accounts. Such would be the case of Roddy Doyle's *A Star Called Henry* (1999), Jamie O'Neill's *At Swim, Two Boys* (2001) or Sebastian Barry's *A Long Long Way* (2005). However, my concern here lies with the outstanding achievements of women authors in their consistent efforts to recover forgotten or supressed "minor" figures from the past and, more significantly, in their interrogation of the very foundations that sustain the traditional study of history and its servitude to facts and records.

The exclusion of the domestic lives of women from Irish history has informed most accounts from the past. This has been a commonplace practice since historiography has privileged its own way of providing meaning through linear narrations that avoided problematisation and tended to elude the inclusion of marginal records. C. L. Innes argues that: "Locked into confrontation with Britain and contestation over motherland, Irish literature and Irish history have created males as national subjects, woman as the site of contestation . . . Those women who have sought involvement in national liberation have been dismissed as 'pretty ideologues' . . ., or as fanatics, as viragos" (1993: 3). In an attempt to correct partial or biased interpretations on history, alternative views, including those transpiring from revisionism, have emerged in the last decades. The concepts of individual and collective memory, for instance, incorporate the complexities, unfitting motives and inexplicable facts that shape cultural identity, providing interconnections through a network of relations that turn out to be most applicable to the study of literature. In this regard, the genre of the historical novel, which is experiencing a renaissance in Ireland, has contributed to subvert received historical assumptions offering readings that highlight both private and public realms. Female writers who have outshined in their contribution to the process of revision of the past from a gender perspective would include Julia O'Faolain's *No Country for Young Men* (1980), Emma Donoghue's trilogy formed by *Slammerkin* (2000)*, Life Mask* (2004) and *The Sealed Letter* (2008)*,* or her most recent *Frog Music* (2014), Evelyn Conlon's *Not the Same Sky* (2013), Henrietta

McKervey's *What Becomes of Us* (2015) or Marita Conlon-McKenna's *Rebel Sisters* (2016), among many others. Considering these circumstances, the present essay will look at two such novels: Mary Morrissy's *The Rising of Bella Casey* (2013) and Lia Mills's *Fallen* (2014). While the former narrates the silenced years of Isabella Charlotte Casey, sister of the celebrated Séan O'Casey, during the first decades of the XXth century, the latter provides a more domestic view of the events that took place during Easter week from a female perspective. Along the following pages I will thus contend that, through their novels, Morrissy and Mills attempt at writing back to the privilege male position of history that has dominated Irish culture in the way it has been taught, read and represented.

If the narratives that emerged in the second half of the twentieth century, under the label "postmodern historiographic metafiction", aimed at questioning the validity of Grand narratives to offer definite explanations of history,[4] from the 1980s the postulates of revisionism paved the way for the emergence of alternative ways of negotiating with the past and its celebration at both individual and collective levels. As Derek Hand has explained, the historical novel has traditionally "possessed a certain weighty, if not oppressive, significance in Irish fiction…. A feature of many Irish novels from the early nineteenth century on is the presence of a potted history of Ireland…. Consequently, the facts of who did what and when and, of course, how history is written remain a continuing fascination for both the reader and the writer" (2011: 7). Thus, the resurgence in recent decades of a different type of historical fiction should be seen as the result of a renewed interest in the blurring of boundaries between the real and the fictional, triggered by the need to set limits between the true and the invented. From this perspective, the epistemological postulates of Hayden White or the proposals put forward by French philosophers and historians Paul Ricoeur and Pierre Nora acquire a greater significance in their contribution to the revision of orthodox methodological approaches to the study of history and in their vindication of the ultimate responsibility of human beings to remember and re-possess our past.[5] It is from such perspective that Morrissy's attempt to recover Bella's story from oblivion and Mill's attention to the domesticity of the Rising will be interpreted in the present discussion. In sum, as Paul Cobley explains, "history as extra-textual real entails actual events that *really* happened irrespective of what has been recorded about them; in addition, though, there is also a practice of *writing* history which relies not on objective knowable truth but on a *representation*" of it (2014: 29).

Morrissy's *The Rising* deals with the long-forgotten life of Bella, sister of the renowned playwright Séan O'Casey, after he wrote her out of his six-volume autobiography ten years before her actual death.[6] Through a complex narrative structure that intertwines O'Casey's journal with the recollected account of Bella's life in a different temporal realm, the Easter Rising emerges in the background only to be undermined by the more intimate and significant account of a deprived female life caged in a male-oriented society. In a similar manner, Mill's *Fallen* delves into the life of another female character, Katie Crilly, and her struggle to overcome grief after her twin brother, who

had enlisted in the Great War, is killed in action.[7] Meanwhile, Easter week breaks out in Dublin, taking the town by surprise and causing destruction and confusion. Deeply relying on facts, the narratives re-evaluate this historical landmark in light of how it was perceived by ordinary Dubliners and try to make sense of the unexplained and unresolved intricacies of such fragmented past. Throughout the present analysis I will, therefore, argue that both authors engage in the exploration of the role women played in and around battle, thus reversing their identities as the unheard voices of the community and eventually bringing them back to national history. In sum, the novels interrogate uncontested processes involved in the construction of history and myth, and question the value of official archives and records as the only authoritative foundations upon which the past is narrated. Additionally, I'll try to demonstrate that women played a more "revolutionary" role than the one history has attributed to them.

The probing of received historical accounts that exclude the lives of women is carried out differently in the two novels. In *The Rising*, the overlapping of fact, through the apparent direct transcription of O'Casey's diaries – even though they are nothing more than a narrative of the self –, of memory, through the recall of historical events, and of fiction, with the introduction of invented material that gives cohesion to the narrative, manages to blur the boundaries between reality and fiction.[8] The fact that the gaps surrounding Bella's life might be filled on the bases of evidential truth or on a creative refashioning of the past is inconsequential to the reader, whose suspension of disbelief is maintained throughout the narration.[9] In *Fallen*, a novel dedicated to the damaged and destroyed city of Dublin after mayhem during Easter week,[10] attention is mainly placed upon the detailed description of the chaos, confusion and fear that governed the ordinary lives of those who witnessed the uprising without knowing what was being claimed for. In an act of resistance against the amnesia and silence that surrounded such experience, Mills's novel historises the gaps and empty spaces left behind by nationalist discourses on the foundational myth of an independent country. As the author has explained, the inspiration for her novel arose precisely from the missing information about this stage in Irish history that her own family, who had witnessed it, had never shared:

> I used to think my family had nothing to do with the Rising because my parents were of that 'Whatever you say, say nothing' generation. Then I realized that both sets of grandparents were living and working right on the edge of the fighting: my mother's family on Parnell Street, with the British Army camped outside their door; my father's family on Merrion Row, with the British Army camped outside THEIR door. I began to ask myself what that must have been like, when all hell breaks loose on the streets of your city and you don't know what's going on or where it will end. (qtd. in Ní Chonchúir 2014)

Written within the time span of only one year, it is significant that the two novels coincide in their portrayal of female protagonists that outstand in their aspirations, strength and agency, and contest traditional female underrepresentation at times of

political turmoil. In *The Rising*, the character of Bella is shaped around a real woman who received an unusual education for her times. Trained as a school teacher and a gifted piano player, her life and career were ruined when she was raped and became pregnant by Reverend Leeper, the school Principal. Although she concealed her disgrace behind an unsuited marriage that was never approved by her family, her brother Séan misunderstood her motivations and never forgave her, writing her impoverished and shameful existence out of his own memoir, even though she had been a second mother to him. In fact, had not been for Bella, Jack could not have turned into the renowned Séan O'Casey, since she was the one who saw to his needs, sent him to school, taught him to read and put medication in his weak eyes.[11] As the author has explained: "This literary sororicide was what prompted me to write *The Rising of Bella Casey*. I felt his was a failure of the imagination; he couldn't understand what had prompted her downfall and he hadn't the capacity to see beyond appearances…. He'd placed her on a pedestal and couldn't bear to witness her fall, so he opted for silence" (qtd. in Salis 2016: 314).

In the case of *Fallen*, the narrative is focalised by Katie, who has a degree in History – thanks to her twin brother –, but cannot fulfil her aspirations of completing a Master because women's access to third level education was a recent privilege seen with suspicion: "As recently as seven years earlier, being a woman, I wouldn't have been admitted to college in the first place. Professor Hayden and her clever friends had fought the larger battle that changed all that" (Mills 2014: 9). The distrust towards liberal thinking women was taken for granted by society of which her mother makes Katie aware. However, her life changes when she is offered a job as a research assistant for an old woman, a historian, who is cataloguing the public – mostly male – monuments and memorials in Dublin. This allows Katie to escape from her daily female activities of knitting, music classes, flower arrangement and other minor duties that she finds useless:

> So many people, so much industry – a reproach to my aimless, time-wasting existence. I envied Liam his easy entry to work in Dad's firm. He had a purpose and a pattern for his days. I'd none for mine. I was left casting around for something to occupy my mind while I endured Mother's many schemes for my improvement. I could read books 'till my eyes were near falling out of my head, but to what end? I loved the discipline of chasing an idea, assembling evidence, constructing an argument for college essays. I loved the almost physical sensation of learning, an expansive stirring and waking in my mind. (Mills 2014: 13)

Even though the limitations imposed on women are clearly challenged in the novels through the benefits of a privileged education, the protagonists are caged in a vigilant patriarchal society that guides their choices and sanctions the fulfilment of gender expectations. Interestingly, a source of further subversion is placed on their bodies, for Bella and Katie are portrayed as corporeal women with desires. When Bella realises that she is pregnant after the rape, she resorts to sexuality to undo her misfortune,

manipulating Nicholas Beaver into the belief that he was the one to blame: "She could barely recognize herself – where was the girl who'd been too high-and-mighty to trouble herself with young men, who'd considered herself above all that?" (Morrissy 2013: 119). Therefore, the institution of marriage will ironically contribute to sanctify her "sin" and hide her rape. Although initially as prudish as Bella, Katie's sexual awakening is also triggered by the discovery that her body has its own drives and desires that need to be fulfilled: "I'd barely been aware of my body, other than as a shell to carry me around, needing minimal care and attention to keep it fed and clean. Now it was wide awake. It rushed forward, pushed past me in this strange matter of love, of loving him – what else could I call it?" (Mills 2014: 269). In a language tinged by watery images, Katie wonders why women have always kept the intimate pleasures of sex to themselves. The representation of the female body as a repressed container has historically functioned as a controlling instrument of patriarchy. Nonetheless, in the two novels, sexuality is reversed so as to act as a mechanism to empower rather than to dominate women; their bodies transformed into threatening vehicles with which to subvert male control. If, on the one hand, for Salis, Morrissy's "story and its characters stand on the brink of the absolutely forbidden" (2016: 309), on the other, Katie is ultimately able to acknowledge how her limited choices and lack of freedom are restricted to the space her female body occupies.

As the corporeal representation of women takes a central space in the narration, the Rising is consequently displaced to the margins from which its indisputable historical significance will be discredited. Morrissy's novel starts precisely on Easter week, although attention is given to how families, and specially women, came to terms with the destruction brought by mayhem. The narrative thus reveals how, while soldiers carried their guns in a passive attitude, women gathered in the streets actively supporting each other. The theatricality of the situation is soon noticed by Bella, who cannot relate the presence of armed men to a real fight for a new Ireland, but to a mere "a crowd of travelling players putting on a free theatrical" (Morrissy 2013: 8).[12] In fact, ignoring the warning messages, she does not doubt to put her life and that of her five-year-old son in jeopardy to cross a gunfire that takes place in the middle of devastated and deserted buildings in order to buy some bread. However, enthralled by the vision of a piano that has been abandoned in the streets, she exchanges her basic needs for her irrepressible desire to bring it home: "She *was* mad, maddened with desire, or greed. She was not even sure of the difference. Who knew what had taken hold of her, a respectable fifty-year-old widow eyeing up a piano in the middle of a battlefield and wanting it for herself" (Morrissy 2013: 17). Such undermining of the insurrection, as I will have the opportunity to discuss further on, is blatant in the text; an approach similarly shared in Mills's novel.

Although the second part of *Fallen* starts on Easter Monday 24 April 1916, the date is only relevant because it is Liam's first death anniversary. In fact, the narration directs the reader's attention to how "it was a good-looking day" in which "the sun came up beaming" (Mills 2014: 87). Katie's first realization of an upheaval takes place while she is in St Stephen's Green with her little niece and sees a man dressed in a Citizen's

Army uniform asking people to leave the park in the name of the Republic. She finds the grotesque image so unreal that she asks the soldier whether he comes from the theatre. This comment, which bears striking parallels to *The Rising*, will turn more meaningful as the novel progresses. In spite of the description of the barricades, the windows breaking, noises from rattle, furniture piled up in the streets and the lack of traffic, the narrative likewise emphasises how "an air of unreality to it all" (Mills 2014: 107) prevailed. In parallel to the scene of the piano, on her way back with her little niece, Katie takes her time to feed the swans in the canal with breadcrumbs, suggesting that nothing really serious was happening. That narrative focus on a more humanised image of the city, rather than on the turmoil, ultimately interrogates what constitutes the relevant events that make history. At the same time, the apparent unlikeness of the situation, in which the female protagonists put their lives and those of their little ones in danger, has been interestingly explained by critic Lucy McDiarmid, who has explained that women were treated differently to men and that this discrimination allowed them to move freely in town:

> On the streets of Dublin during the Rising, it was unclear, at any given moment, how to "read" an Irish woman. The soldiers might have encountered many women uninvolved in the Rising simply trying to get food for their families or go get home; women curious about the fighting, tourists at the revolution; women from the slums looting; women attempting to return home after the Easter holiday; loyalist women haranguing the rebels; or Citizen Army or Cumann na mBan women in mufti. The soldiers had to make quick determinations when they encountered women out on the street, based on a variety of assumptions about gender: that, for instance, women were weak and required protection; that they were young and attractive and would enjoy smiles and flirtation; that they were collaborating with the rebels and should be searched; or that they were part of the leadership of the Rising and deserved to be humiliated. (2015: 31)

Indeed, as *Fallen* reveals, confusion seemed to govern the town throughout the whole week, uncertain of which side was fighting with which, or even whether there were any sides. John McGahern, in an article written in 1991 to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the Rising, declared that the reaction of the people went from puzzlement to disillusionment (Maher 2016). While some were involved in different kinds of celebrations, like the Spring Show or a wedding in the Shelbourne hotel, there were injured people in hospitals, casualties in the streets and families locked up in their houses. It does not surprise that some people thought that the Germans were behind it and that there were submarines off the coast, whereas others believed it was the Sinn Féin, and yet another group, including Katie's mother, who saw the rebels as "a handful of layabouts, taking advantage of the holidays. Do they think they can throw on any old outfit and call it a uniform, make themselves an army, start off their own war in

the middle of town?" (Mills 2014: 131). Attempting to individualise and feminise the experience of the uprising, Mills shifts the attention to a side of the battle that has been absent in history books, the city and its people, and focalises her narrative not on the political struggle but on how the ordinary citizens managed to come to terms with it.

As historical novels set in a similar time lapse, *The Rising* and *Fallen* coincide in their rewriting of the past from a gender perspective, challenging mainstream accounts, with a view to reveal that history belongs to the people who were part of it and not to the construction of extraordinary events. Apart from the insurrection, the First World War also occupies a significant space in Mill's novel and is indirectly evoked in Morrissy's, when Bella announces that her son James is also fighting for his country, but in foreign fields. Other events are also briefly recalled in *The Rising*, such as the September 1913 Lockout – yet again highlighting that rebellion had been futile and had led people nowhere –, the Boer War or the Spanish flu epidemic of 1918. In *Fallen*, Katie's twin brother Liam enlists in the Great War as many other men of his generation, in the belief that this war was Ireland's opportunity to fight for Home Rule; a subject widely discussed among people, as Katie observes: "the war and whether the Irishmen should take England's side against the Germans, or fight off Carson's Ulstermen if they came south, or not fight at all. We'd been on the brink of getting our own parliament, after a hundred-odd years without one. Now people said we'd likely have to wait. Again. And here was Liam, ready to plunge headlong into the thick of a fight that had nothing to do with us" (Mills 2014: 4-5). However, the loss of her brother triggers Katie's reflection on the thousands of casualties in the Irish regiments abroad and on the excess of platitude on sacrifice and duty that had fuelled the minds of the people. Giving voice to the unheard members of the community who believed in a free Ireland but not in the armed struggle, Katie embodies values of patriotism that separate her from nationalist activism.

At an interesting point in the narrative, Katie has to rescue her friend Frieda's little sister, Tishy, a six-year-old girl and her inseparable monkey, whose presence in the text will bear an enormous significance. Their escape across the barricades in town in an attempt to find shelter will serve to emphasise the dramatic staging of a mock revolution carried out by intellectuals, writers and playwrights; in sum, of rebels who came from the artistic world: "The whole town's turned into one big circus, if you ask me. The biggest circus there ever was" (155). Paschal, the little funny monkey that had actually been freed from a circus will, thus, function as a mimetic re-enactment of what Kiberd has described as one of the "most theatrical insurrections in the history of western Europe" (2006b), and what McGahern has seen as: "A more unlikely crowd to spark a nation to freedom would be hard to imagine" (qtd. in Maher 2016). Such approach to the Rising is consistently maintained throughout the novel, eventually resolving that the disappearance of Katie's young brother Matt was not connected to his likely involvement with the rebels, as the text initially suggested, but to his running away with a theatre crowd.

Likewise, the emasculation of the icons of the Rising in favour of a more female perspective is patent. The official rhetoric of the nation that had glorified the memory of the leaders is truly challenged in favour of the inclusion of the struggling lives of the

ordinary people. From this perspective, Morrissy's and Mill's approaches to the Rising exhibit a more faithful and comprehensive account to what really happened in Ireland at the time than to what history books have recorded. Ironically, when the rebels took the GPO and other public buildings in town, they were not backed up by many people. What is more, Patrick Pearse read the proclamation of the Republic in front of a handful of by-passers who were ignorant of what was being vindicated. In essence, as James Quinn and Lawrence White maintain: "The republican insurgents represented only a minority segment of Irish nationalist opinion" (2015: 16). It was only after the rebels surrendered and were publicly executed that the public opinion sided them, and then:

> Schoolchildren were taught to revere Patrick Pearse as a Christ-figure and to study his writings, which presented nationalism as equivalent to Catholic Christianity in its gospels, its martyrology, its unbroken orthodox tradition from which heretics (such as O'Connell, Sadleir and Keogh, and the nefarious John Redmond) were periodically ejected. Pearse's own writings were duly added to the canon and his name inscribed in the martyrology, and one biographer famously predicted his canonisation. (Maume 2015)

Consequently, Mills's *Fallen* corrects the image of the signatories of the proclamation as martyrs of the revolution, and depicts them as a group of young idealistic men, responsible for the mayhem and destruction of the town. From this perspective, the foundation myth of Ireland is dissolved into the belief that, along that week, a majority of the people did not die for Ireland, but were killed as a result of it. With such deflating approach to the Republican myth of the blood sacrifice and the romantic rhetoric of nationalism, history is stretched so as to contain the domestic and more intimate side of war and battle, eventually presenting the futility of the insurrection to the eyes of the people who had to endure it.

Declan Kiberd once asserted that: "In the modern Republic of Ireland, culture is often seen as healing, whereas history is viewed as divisive" (2006a: 9). War and revolution, as all the other traditional male duties, kept women not only relegated to the domestic sphere but basically uninformed about what was regarded as more serious concerns, including the ultimate motives for the fight. As a result, women have remained outside mainstream historical accounts and, therefore, their stories have been kept silenced and hidden from official records. With the aim of restating such imbalance, Morrissy and Mills have engaged in the gender rewriting of history and have contributed to unearth forgotten figures from the past with a view to restore them back in history. Considering that "historians have deliberately inculcated narrativity into their practice to demonstrate processes and causality in real, true happenings" (Cobley 2014: 30), along the present discussion the two novels have been interpreted as 'real' historisations of events occurring on and around the Easter Rising, even though they are framed within a fictional realm. By way of excavating into an untraversed past, Morrissy and Mills delve into the struggle Dubliners had to face at a time of nationalist upheaval. Their

most significant achievement is perhaps the perspective from which they look at times of war and battle, mainly focusing on the ordinary people, whose existences have been traditionally outshone from mainstream history. Rather than featuring the deeds of the "great" men, the heroes of war, the martyrs of the cause or the male ideologists that ignited it all, their main interest lies on women and on those who actually suffered the consequences of Martial law, the loss of family members or homes, the food shortages, fear and pain. The novels, ultimately, place past and present into dialogue contributing to overcome tensions derived from historical conflicting views.

Notes

1 Coogan argued that the Rising should be read as a "cautionary tale for today. To tell the tale of Easter Week by merely reciting the events which occurred that fateful April would be analogous to attempting to describe the development of the American West solely by reference to events such as the shoot-out at the OK Corral" (2005: 3). Even though Coogan has been criticised by historians for his unorthodox way of dealing with history and for his apparent lack of accuracy, it is precisely the veneration of the facts that has governed the articulation of mainstream historical accounts that will be challenged throughout the present discussion.

2 Even though the media coverage has been varied and disputed, Patrick Maume affirms that: "There was a widespread view in academia that 1916 needed to be questioned and reassessed, and a widespread official reluctance to commemorate it in the terms prevalent before 1969" (2015). Also, Gerard O'Neill, in his book *2016: A New Proclamation for a New Generation*, describes how upon preparing the manuscript, he conveyed a survey to probe whether people thought the centenary should be celebrated, and the result was that 81% supported it (2010: 10).

3 The year-long programme to commemorate the Rising included exhibitions of archival material in the National Museum of Ireland, State commemorative events and ceremonials, a parade from Dublin castle to the GPO, the celebration of "Proclamation day" in all schools across the country, conferences and seminars convened at Universities, theatre plays, cultural events including concerts, readings or exhibitions, and a digitalisation project displayed at the National Library of Ireland, among many other initiatives. See, in this regard, the official centenary programme, "Easter 1916", at http://www.ireland.ie.

5 See, for instance, François Lyotard's classic study *The Postmodern Condition: A Report on Knowledge* (1979), and Linda Hutcheon's essay "The Postmodern Problematizing of History" (1988), among other studies.

6 The novel was long-listed for the 2015 prestigious IMPAC literary award. Previous novels by Morrissy, including *Mother of Pearl* (1995) and *The Pretender* (2000), also engaged with historical accounts that blurred boundaries between fact and fiction, and between historical and textual truth.

7 Mill's novel was chosen to celebrate the "One city, One Book Festival", which this centenary year of 2016 turned into the "Dublin-Belfast, Two Cities, One Book" with commemorations in the "two" Irelands. For further information, see www.dublinonecityonebook.ie.

8 As Cobley explains: "That the historical record is itself a discursive entity made up of signs means that it offers a *re*-presented, thoroughly selective account of what actually happened" (2014: 29).

9 For a detailed reading of the uses of history and "truth" and of individual and collective memory in *The Rising*, relying on the theories of Ricoeur, see Morales-Ladrón (2016).

10 The first page of the novel reads: "For the city".

11 Originally named Jack, he changed his name to Séan, "the Irish pidgin for his own proper name", when he converted to Catholicism and defended the Irish cause (Morrissy 2013: 205). Also, their two brothers, Isaac and Tom, married Catholic women, provoking great offence in the family.

12 The author has explained that, for Bella, who was a Protestant, "the Rising would still have been an illegal challenge to what she would have considered legitimate British rule. (Unlike Sean O'Casey, her brother, who absolutely supported the break with Britain so you could say the Casey family is a microcosm for all the political divisions of the country at that time)" (qtd. in Salis 2016: 316).

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'The Soul Shone Through His Face': Roger Casement in Works of Fiction

Mariana Bolfarine

Abstract: *The aim of this article is to discuss the issue of the representation of the Irish revolutionary Roger David Casement in works of fiction and radio drama under the light of cultural trauma theory. It will investigate the way in which the image of Roger Casement can be associated with traumatic events that have sealed Anglo-Irish relations in his life, in Arthur Conan Doyle's The Lost World (1912) and Jamie ONeill's At Swim, Two Boys (2001); in his trial in Mario Vargas Llosa's The Dream of the Celt, and finally, and in his afterlife, in David Rudkin's Cries from Casement as his Bones are Brought to Dublin and in the Annabel Davis-Goff's The Fox's Walk.*

Keywords: Roger Casement, trauma, representation, history, fiction

Roger Casement and cultural trauma theory

The legacy of the controversial Irish revolutionary Roger David Casement is still object of much dispute in academia, to the extent that doing research on this subject is the equivalent of treading on dangerous ground. Keeping this in mind, this article[1] is an attempt to approach the question that has long been asked by scholars and critics: who is Roger Casement? Even one hundred years after his death, a definite answer is still allusive. Although it is beyond my reach to solve this enigma, I propose to shed some light on it by approaching not Casement the man, the historical figure whose life has been object of much dispute, but his representation as a character in works of fiction and radio drama.

I argue that the different representations of Roger Casement in four novels and one radio play written from 1912 to 2010 reveal that he can be associated with traumatic events that have become constitutive of Anglo-Irish relations. These works portray Casement in his lifetime in Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World* (1912) and in Jamie O'Neill's *At Swim, Two Boys* (2001); in his trial and the discovery of the *Black Diaries* in Mario Vargas Llosa's *The Dream of the Celt* (2010); and in his afterlife as a ghost in David Rudkin's *Cries from Casement as his Bones are Brought to Dublin* (1973) and in Annabel Davis-Goff's *The Fox's Walk* (2003).

As my focus is on issues that stem from past traumatic events involving Roger Casement, the theoretical underpinning is based on cultural trauma theory, which will enable a better understanding of the way in which his image is linked to some of

the traumas that have resulted from British Imperialism in the transatlantic world. In *Unclaimed Experience*, Cathy Caruth defines trauma as an "overwhelming experience of sudden or catastrophic events in which the response to the event occurs in the often delayed, uncontrolled repetitive appearance of hallucinations and other intrusive phenomena" (11). Caruth argues that through the notion of cultural trauma, one should be able to rethink a traumatic event, which must be directed not "at eliminating history, [but] at resituating it in our understanding, that is, at precisely permitting history to arise where our immediate understanding may not." (11).

In *Critical Encounters* Caruth also writes that literature is relevant for the process of coping with traumatic incidents, as it presents a narrative that is not referential, in the sense that it does not refer directly to the traumatic event:

> How can we think of a referential – or historical, or material – dimension of texts that is not simply opposed to their fictional powers? How might the very fictional power of texts be, not a hindrance to, but a means of gaining access to their referential force? (2)

North American sociologist Ron Eyerman adds to this by distinguishing between individual trauma and trauma as a cultural process, that is,"[…] a tear in the social fabric affecting a group of people that has achieved some degree of cohesion". He also contends that "it may be necessary to establish some event as the significant 'cause'" so that its traumatic meaning can be "established and accepted, a process which requires time, as well as mediation and representation" (Ch. 1).

Since in these works about Roger Casement the authors write about unresolved events related to the birth of the Irish nation, they portray "enduring effects" of "national trauma". Working though national trauma always engages a "meaning struggle", a grappling with an event that involves identifying the "nature of pain, the nature of the victim and the attribution of responsibility" (Alexander et al., qtd. in Eyerman Ch. 1).

In this process of dealing with the trauma of a nation, those which Eyerman calls "carrier groups" play a significant role in the representation of the "interests and desires of the affected to a wider public" (Eyerman Ch. 1). Literary writers may also be part of this "carrier group" not only by giving voice to their own ideas and interests, but also by articulating ideas to and for others. According to Eyerman, this is a process of mediation that "aims to reconstitute or reconfigure a collective identity through collective representation, [as] a way of repairing the tear in the social fabric" (Ch. 1).

In a bird's eye view, it is also relevant to mention that by employing the term "representation", I take on Noel Salazar's, definition of it as "a presentation drawn up not by depicting the object as it is, but by re-presenting it or constructing it in a new form and/or environment". (172) It is important to highlight that the act of representing is never neutral as "it is impossible to divorce [it] from the society and the culture that produces [it]." (Salazar 172) Consequently, there will "always be a gap between intention and realization, original and copy".

Thus, it is pertinent to compare and contrast texts by authors writing about Roger Casement under different spatial and temporal perspectives, for, as Luke Gibbons has noted, the narrative form is a means of preserving the historical experience "[...] and through periodic retelling those narratives become traditionalized [...] Each new context in which a story is told gives meaning to it, because the telling implies metaphoric connection between the past and the present" (Gibbons 12). Since the story of Roger Casement encapsulates several traumas related to transatlantic history, it has also been followed by long periods of silence since his execution for high treason on 3 August 1916. Hence, the selected works delved into in this paper seek to reshape this silence into a narrative form as an effort to restore Casement to his proper place in transatlantic history.

Among fictitious representations of Roger Casement depicted in his lifetime, I have selected Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World* that deals with Roger Casement in South America. The other is Jamie O'Neill's *At Swim, Two Boys*, which depicts Casement's role as an offstage collaborator to the movement for Irish independence, which culminated in the 1916 Easter Rising. The point that will be highlighted in this novel is the way in which the echoes of Roger Casement are essential for providing a coherent background and setting in both novels, as they address key historical moments in which Casement was actively involved.

The Lost World was published in 1912, two years after Conan Doyle and Casement had met and kept in correspondence. My aim is to trace the way in which the character Lord John Roxton, based on Casement, is portrayed as a Victorian heroic figure in this "wild boy's book". The analysis is based on the close reading of intrinsic elements in this novel that bear an intertextual relation to Roger Casement's travelogues written during the period he spent in the Putumayo, as part of an official Commission that inquired working conditions of the native rubber collectors. I argue that these texts are not only responsible for constructing the setting and the characters of the novel, but they re also responsible for the structuring of the plot itself.

Conan Doyle's novel tells the well-known story of an expedition commanded by Prof. Challenger sent to an isolated South American plateau, which is likely to be Mount Roraima, to confirm the existence of pre-historic life. Before the group heads to *The Lost World,* the journalist Ed Malone meets Lord Roxton, his expedition partner, in order to discuss particularities of the journey. Although Malone was aware of his companion's familiarity with South America, he was surprised to see how Roxton "had become legendary amongst the riverine native, who looked upon [him] as their champion and protector" (77). Malone, then, narrates what he calls "real facts" of Roxton's life who:

> […] had found himself some years before in that no-man's land which is formed by the half-defined frontiers between Peru, Brazil, and Colombia. In this great district the wild rubber tree flourishes and has become, as in the Congo, a curse to the natives […] A handful of villainous half-breeds dominated the country, armed such Indians as would support them, and turned the rest into slaves,

> terrorizing them with the most inhuman tortures in order to force them to gather the India-rubber, which was then floated down to river Para. Lord John Roxton expostulated on behalf of the wretched victims and received nothing but threats and insults for his pains. He then formally declared war against Pedro Lopez, the leader of the slave-drivers, enrolled a band of runaway slaves in his service, armed them, and conducted a campaign, which ended by his killing with his own hands the notorious half-breed and breaking down the system which he represented (Conan Doyle 78).

This passage details the facts of Lord John's life that are intimately connected to Casement's. Both fictitious and historical figures are disappointed in the system of exploitation that was imposed upon the Putumayo Indians. In *The Lost World*, Lord John literally arms the Indians, declares war against the employees of the Company and ultimately kills one of them, Pedro Lopez. Similarly, Casement expresses in *The Amazon Journal* that he was inclined to do what Lord John had done. During the process in which the revolutionary facet of Casement's identity begins to overshadow the imperialist one, the British Consul reveals his subversive feelings towards the indigenous peoples and his wish to arm them against the villains: "I have more than sympathy – I would dearly love to arm them, to train them, and drill them to defend themselves against these ruffians" (Conan Doyle 310).

An imperative parallel between the historical figure Casement and the character Lord Roxton can be drawn in terms of the role they played in Brazil and Peru during the rubber boom. Both Lord Roxton and Casement are portrayed heroically and this is shown in their rage against the ill-treatment of the indigenous populations, which is directed at the Peruvian slave drivers: Pedro Lopez, who Lord Roxton kills in *The Lost World*, and Negretti who Casement wishes to kill in *The Amazon Journal*.

Even though Conan Doyle claims that his novel does not aim to promote social consciousness, the fictitious representation of Casement as Lord John Roxton is a window through which one may glimpse into the trauma inflicted by the aftermath of the rubber boom in the early 20th century Amazon region, revealing the control by a sovereign power over a subjugated people.

The second novel that portrays Casement in his lifetime, albeit in a different moment, is *At Swim, Two Boys*, published in 2001, by Irish writer Jamie O'Neill. North American critic Joseph Valente has described *it* as a double *Bildungsroman* that traces the coming of age both of the Irish nation and the discovery of love between two boys, Jim Mack and Doyler Doyle. Although these stories are intertwined, my focus is on the implications of the role played by Roger Casement as a minor character in the 1916 Easter Rising. I look at the way in which Casement's collaboration with the Rebellion is paralleled in the actions of Eva MacMurrough, a female aristocratic patron of the nationalist cause, through her memories of Casement and through rumours that are spread in Dublin about his actions in Germany that led to his imprisonment and trial. Eva is a

passionate and generous woman who had sheltered Casement, whom she describes as a saviour and god-like figure: "The first time I saw him, I was struck. I knew immediately I was in the presence of something extraordinary in our land. Something we had not seen in Ireland for centuries. The soul shone through his face." (O'Neill 449)

At Swim, Two Boys also deals with the way in which the trauma of making contentious overseas alliances in Ireland by the MacMurrough lineage, which dates back to the 12th century. This is clear in a dialogue between two characters that point to Daniel Maclise's painting *The Marriage of Strongbow and Eva* and say:

> "And she never married, did she, our particular Eva [...] though they did say she made quite a run at Casement when he was here."
> MacMurrough turned. "Casement?"
> "Don't start me on that blackguard. An Irishman, a Protestant even, prancing about Deutschland tempting our men to turn traitor. Our brave Irish prisoners of war, wants to turn them into renegades. Man's a blackguard, a cad".
> A name at last. Casement. "In Germany, you say?" (O'Neill 267)

The painting functions as a mirror reflecting the relationship between Eva and Casement, revealing "the concealed historical identity in which the MacMurroughs are descended not from fervent nationalists, but from the father and the daughter guilty of inviting the invasion and sealing the bargain with the (Norman and then British) invaders" (156).

And so, the absence of Casement as a character in the traditional sense does not imply his exclusion from the nationalist project of turning Ireland into "a nation once again". On the contrary, in that Casement's oblique presence looms anachronistically both over the rebellion and over two boys, Jim and Doyler, who have chosen to fight in the Rising in the name of "a nation of the heart", one where the struggle for the independence of the Irish nation would coincide with the movement for individual freedom.

What follows is a brief discussion about the novel *The Dream of the Celt*, by Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa, which deals with the trauma evoked by Casement's "Trial" for high treason in 1916. This novel, which is a fictionalized biography, was widely translated and published owing to its release coinciding with the appointment of Mario Vargas Llosa as a Nobel Prize laureate in 2010. *The Dream of the Celt* deserves examination as it depicts Casement in chief moments of his life, ending with his death at the gallows of Pentonville Prison in London. The main thread is Casement's trial, more specifically, when he is incarcerated waiting for the result of the plea for clemency. It is by means of Casement's reminiscences and memories of the past, recounted by an omniscient narrator, that the main events of his life are unveiled to the reader. I have, elsewhere, concentrated on the device employed by Vargas Llosa of intersecting the main narrative with dreams, fantasy and diary entries, which enable a more neutral approach of polemical issues such as Casement's alleged homosexuality and the *Black Diaries*, as can be seen in the following passage:

> From time to time, as he had done so often in Africa and Brazil, he made love alone, scribbling on the pages of his diary, in a nervous, hurried hand, synthetic phrases, sometimes as unrefined as those lovers of a few minutes or hours whom he then had to gratify. These simulacra plunged him into a depressing stupor, and so he tried to space them, for nothing made him so conscious of his solitude and clandestine situation, which he knew very well, would be with him until his death. (Vargas Llosa 298-99)

Vargas Llosa points out that there have been changes in the way one conceives of one's national heroes, as is the case with Casement:

> Slowly his compatriots became resigned to accepting that a hero and martyr is not an abstract prototype or a model of perfection but a human being made of contradictions and contrasts, weakness and greatness, since a man, as José Enrique Rodó wrote, "is many men," which means that angels and demons combine inextricably in his personality. (Vargas Llosa 354)

What is at stake in *The Dream of the Celt* is what to be remembered and what to be forgotten, and this is intricately related to Casement's alleged treachery and homosexuality that are seen as part and parcel of his nationalist convictions. Instead of giving a final solution to the enigma that is the life of Roger Casement, Vargas Llosa maintains the ambivalences inherent to the man, whose personality, in his words, is made up of both "angels and demons" (Vargas Llosa 354).

Finally, I will approach two works that are concerned with the traumatic impact of Roger Casement's "Afterlife", especially its resonance among the Anglo-Irish Protestants who sympathized with the Irish nationalist cause. The first is the radio play Cries from Casement as his Bo*nes are Brought to Dublin*, and the second is the novel *The Fox's Walk*. My analyses revolves around the impacts that Casement's death had in terms of his reburial from Pentonville Prison, in London, to Glasnevin Cemetery, in Dublin, in the year of 1965, which coincides with the outset of the Troubles and the partition of Ireland.

Cries from Casement as his Bones are Brought to Dublin was written by David Rudkin, English playwright of Northern Irish ancestry, in 1973. My analysis is based on Ian Rabey's premise that Rudkin "fragments [his] subject in order to see him whole" (50). This fragmentation is present both in form and in content, and it is the task of an active reader to join these fragments and create a whole image of the man. Two main aspects of *Cries from Casement* are approached: firstly, the way in which the character of the metafictional *Author* joins different fragments of Casement's identity in an attempt to make sense of him in terms of his nationalism and his sexuality. Secondly, Rudkin touches on the controversy over the repatriation of Casement's bones as an allegory of a fragmented Ireland dealing with the consequences of partition. It is also an attempt to promote the reconciliation of Ireland with the aftermath of the 1916 Easter Rising, and with the present time of the Troubles.

According to Kevin Grant (2002), it is believed that Casement embodied the humiliation of partition for Irish nationalists, in the sense that at the same time they lacked the power to repatriate Casement's body to Antrim, as had been his dying wish, they were also unable to seize the six northern colonies of Ulster that remained loyal to the British Crown. Additionally, Grant suggests that the fact that Casement's remains were repatriated in the year of the 40th anniversary of the final determination of the boundary of Ireland's partition was overlooked. This is due to the reason that the dispute over the location of Casement's body had its origins in Anglo-Irish colonial conflict and Ireland's politico-sectarian divide. In this regard, the decision of Taoiseach, or Prime Minister Lemass' government to bury Casement in the Republic of Ireland could be considered a symbolic submission to the partition and British postcolonial domination (Grant 353).

This submission of Ireland to partition is challenged in *CFC* after Casement was buried at the main entrance of Glasnevin cemetery where he encounters the ghost of the *Youth*, a young patriot not yet born, bleeding, maimed from an explosion, and speaking with a Northern Irish accent. The *Youth* explains to Casement that he is unwanted there due to the fact that the Barrister Edward Carson had managed to defeat Home Rule in Ulster, and his body was still a reminder of a divided country:

> *Casement*: Why am I here? Buried forever, far from home...
> *Youth*: We'll have to dig you up again [...] Carson and them ones won. there is a border. Where you'ld lie is on that other side. Our side.
> *Casement*: Now I understand. The job is not done. Relevance on relevance, me in my life a symbol of Ireland's seceding, a token of her fracture in my death: an exile even in my grave. Am I to have no rest from this paradoxical significance? Have I to be exhumed and buried yet again? (Rudkin 77)

This spectral *Youth* that speaks to the ghost of Roger Casement foreshadows the Troubles that were to commence with the founding of the Ulster Volunteer Force in 1966 – one year after Casement's exhumation in 1965 – that would last until the 1998 Good Friday Agreement. The Troubles were a time of social and political impasse which Joe Cleary (2002), quoting Antonio Gramsci, terms an *interregnum*, a concept applied to partitioned societies that have undergone periods of uninterrupted turmoil, as is the case with Ulster. For Gramsci, "the concept of the "interregnum*"* refers to those long periods in which the ruling class losing its consensus, "no longer 'leading' but only 'dominant', exercising coercive force alone" (qtd. in Cleary 8). What follows the "interregnum", Gramsci argues, is that societies undergo a moment of drastic change, one in which "the great masses have become detached from their traditional ideologies, and no longer believe in what they used to believe previously"' (8).

In *CFC* the unborn *Youth* symbolizes the "interregnum", this period of stagnation, for one of its chief effects is that, "the old is dying and the new cannot be born [...]" (8). In such context, the end of the Troubles would allow the emergence of "new arrangements"

between the two parts involved – the North and the South – whereby Casement's remains would be granted a third burial in the grounds of a united Ireland.

Similarly to *Cries from Casement as his Bones are Brought to Dublin*, Irish writer Annabel Davis-Goff's *The Fox's Walk* deals with traumatic incidents deeply associated with Anglo-Irish relations, and its aim is to revisit the past as a way to deal with historical memory. The story is told through the perspective of middle aged Alice Moore, in 1965, year of the reburial of Casement's remains in Glasnevin cemetery, Dublin. This event reawakens Alice's memories of Casement's trial in 1916 and the trauma caused the hanging of Casement by the British and its impacts to the Anglo-Irish Protestants supportive of the Irish nationalist cause. In the novel, the violence that succeeded the execution of the 1916 rebel leaders, including Casement, affected negatively the Anglo-Irish who became victims of ambushes and had their houses burned down, which was ultimately the case with Ballydavid, Alice Moore's family property, signalling the end of an old order, that had existed for 300 years, and its replacement for a new one.

After Alice heard the news of the death sentence of the rebel leaders she was overtaken with fear, and he executions that impressed her most were that of Roger Casement – who she learned would not be shot by a firing squad, but hanged – and of Constance Markiewicz – both Anglo-Irish like herself. As a result, Alice had been having vivid dreams:

> In my dreams I had been condemned to death. … I had not been imprisoned but I had only four days before I was to be executed … Implicit in everyone of these nightmares was the never-quite-present Countess Markiewicz who, in her beautiful pale dress, waited in a condemned cell. Roger Casement, with his ascendency tweed suit and his saintly smile, farther away, made a less substantial member of our trio. (Davis-Goff 257)

This excerpt reflects Cathy Caruth's notion of trauma, not as the wound of the body, but as a wound of the mind inflicted by the exposure to a traumatic incident. Since she was still quite young, Alice was unable to cope with the fact that the Anglo-Irish people were being sentenced to death. To her mind, if this could happen to Casement and Constance Markiewicz, it could also happen to herself. Since young Alice is not able to translate her fear into words, it is materialised in the form of dreams, for, according to Caruth (1996), "[…] trauma is described as the response to an unexpected or overwhelming violent event or events that are not fully grasped as they occur, but return later in repeated flashbacks, nightmares, and other repetitive phenomena." (Caruth 91)

Apart from the fear of herself and of Casement being executed, on 3rd August 1916, the day of the hanging, Alice felt guilty of his death; her sadness "... was nothing compared to the guilt I felt for my unpatriotic sympathy for the man being tried and for my honour at his trial – Casement, pale, handsome, sad, dignified, and sick, his persecutors smug and brutish bullies. I hated them, and I feared them" (Davis-Goff 282) following

Casement's execution, Alice comes to realize that her partisanship is not as clear as it once was, for she felt that the British forces that the Anglo-Irish had for centuries relied on, failed them.

In short, Casement had to move away from Ireland, into is the Amazonian and Congolese forests to find himself, "the incorrigible Irishman", and turn into an Irish nationalist. Alice, however, did not need to travel far away to realize the negative effects of Imperialism, for in Ireland she experienced the clash and social divisions existing amongst her own people: the Irish Catholics and Protestants.

When I started writing this article, my intention was to tackle the long asked question regarding the identity of the multifaceted historical figure Roger David Casement. I have tried to answer this query by analysing his representation as a fictitious character in four novels and one radio play under the light of trauma theory. In order to demonstrate my hypothesis that the figure of Roger Casement is associated to specific traumatic incidents of Anglo-Irish history, I have alluded to the fact that during Casement's life, trial, and even his afterlife, he found himself within a liminal position: an Anglo-Irish British Consul with revolutionary inclinations.

The discussion was cantered on the way in which a narrative written in the present is haunted by events that have taken place in the past, according to the Caruthian concepts of "belatedness" and "repetition". Following this train of thought, the representation of Roger Casement in his life in *The Lost World*, and *At Swim, Two Boys*, in his trial in *The Dream of Celt*, and in his afterlife in *Cries from Casement as his Bones are Brought to Dublin* and *The Fox's Walk*, can be seen as a metaphor for the traumatic process itself: "an embodiment of the disjunction of temporality, [and] the surfacing of the past in the present." (Whitehead 6)

Moreover, these fictitious representations reveal that there still is a struggle to recognize and acknowledge the exploration and the devaluation of the weakest, and Casement was the fragile link of the chain that was the imperial mode of operation of the British Empire. The use made by the Home Office of the *Black Diaries* was a successful manoeuvre to deviate the focus from his accusations to his private life. Perhaps the existence of these *Diaries* could be still seen as a means to reflect upon the uncertainty offered by national narratives and historiographies.

To conclude, Casement is a token of the trauma inflicted by British Imperialism in Ireland, and his representations in the fictional works dealt with in this paper are if not a way to "work-thorough" these traumas, they are an effort to pay homage and retrieve his memory from obscurity. At last, this has begun to change along with the decade of commemorations of events that have started with the centenary of the 1916 Easter Rising, in which, for the first time, Roger Casement has been given the spotlight

Note

1 This paper summarizes some of the issues dealt with in my PhD dissertation "Between 'Angels and Demons': Trauma in Fictional Representations of Roger Casement", available at <http://www.teses.usp.br/teses/disponiveis/8/8147/tde-15012016-140005/pt-br.php>.

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The Literature of Testimony and Biographic Fiction in the Twenty-First Century

Mail Marques de Azevedo

Abstract: *Having participated in the translation of* The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement *edited version by Angus Mitchell, I developed a great interest in the historical figure of Roger Casement. Both his acute evaluation of the euphemistically called rubber industry in the Amazon region, as well as his undaunted defense of native populations, on the brink of extinction, came very close to my personal feelings in the matter. From the standpoint of Casement's Amazon journals as historical documents, I saw fit to analyze them according to Paul Ricoeur's epistemology of historical sciences: 1) testimony and registration of testimonies; 2) questioning of registers; 3) writing of the historical representation of the past. As researcher of literature, I will complement the writing of the historical representation of the past with references to MarioVargas Llosa's biographic fiction* The Dream of the Celt.

Keywords: *Roger Casement;* The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement*; Mario Vargas Llosa;* The Dream of the Celt*; testimony.*

In his essay "Las raíces de lo humano", Mario Vargas Llosa analyzes the dialectic between civilization and barbarism in *The Heart of Darkness*: Joseph Conrad's novel, based on his experiences as a steamer captain on the Congo, would be an accusation against the atrocities committed by Belgium's King Leopold II through his private holding company, disguised as a humane enterprise intended for the exploration and civilization of the Congo. Estimates of the death toll of natives range from two to fifteen million, in the period between 1885 and 1906. Among the voices raised in protest, says Llosa in the prologue to his essay, those of the Irishman Roger Casement and of the Belgian Edward Morel "would deserve to be honored in a great novel" (2007, 38).

Vargas Llosa proved true to his intent. His novel *El sueño del celta* [*Dream of the Celt,* 2010], which reconstructs Roger Casement´s trajectory, was published in Spanish – speaking countries in November 2010, merely a month after the author was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. Llosa had spent three years in extensive research in the three places of the globe where the action develops and which gave titles to the chapters

– "The Congo", "Amazonia", "Ireland". The research material laid the foundation for the construction of his protagonist, Roger Casement, from his childhood in Ireland to the agonizing days in Pentonville prison, condemned to the gallows for high treason, due to his engagement in the revolutionary events of the 1916 Easter Rising. The Celt who dreamed of bringing freedom to oppressed peoples is himself imprisoned in painful and humiliating conditions, living in the hopeful expectation that his sentence might be commuted in answer to petitions of mercy signed by internationally prominent figures.

In Llosa's own words his novel is "a type of writing that is similar to historical chronicles, to personal reports and diaries (,,,) which uses a simulacrum of those genres, in order to bring the book closer to the time of the action"[1] (*O Globo*, 14.05.2011).

In fact, the language of the Celt's dream comes very close to the style of the historical Roger Casement in his Putumayo diary, which was edited and published by researcher Angus Mitchell, in 1997, as The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement.[2] This is the first element of the *corpus* analyzed in this article which makes a complementary study of Vargas Llosa's biographic fiction, *The Dream of the Celt.* It argues mainly for the possibility of studying the two works as different phases of the historiographical operation, according to Paul Ricoeur's epistemology of historical sciences: testimony and registration of testimonies; questioning of registers; writing of the historical representation of the past. *The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement* will be discussed at both stages, **testimonies and archives** as well as **questioning and discussion** of received testimonies which leads along the epistemological path to the **historical representation of the past**; it will be also complemented by references to Vargas Llosa's biographic fiction

Paul Ricoeur explains that the phases of his historiographical operation are not distinct chronological stages, but methodological stages interwoven with one another:

> No one consults an archive apart from some project of explanation, without some hypothesis for understanding. And no one undertakes to explain a course of events without making use of some express literary form of a narrative, rhetorical or imaginative character. (Ricoeur 2007.147)

It is only in the development of the historiographical operation, whose structure I borrow for my analysis, that these phases become successive steps in a linear trajectory.

Foreward: the Putumayo diary and the Black Diaries

Among the personal documents of Roger Casement's, in the archives of the National Library of Ireland, in 1995, Angus Mitchell had access to the voluminous manuscript of the Putumayo voyage, which had so far been practically untouched, in all probability because of its size. Mitchell was to edit and publish that material in 1997 as *The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement*, grouped in three parts titled "The voyage to the Putumayo",

"The diary of the Putumayo" and "On the way to London", preceded by information about the controversy aroused by Casement's so-called *Black Diaries.*

The diaries were mentioned in public for the first time on the fourth day of the trial for treason and aroused heated dispute in the press and among British intellectuality. The *Black Diaries* encompass material apprehended by Scotland Yard among Roger Casement's papers. Side by side with innocuous notes, the material contains descriptions of homosexual intercourse in London, the Congo, Madeira, in the Canary Islands and in Serra Leone, especially with native prepubescent boys. In Edwardian England, a crime almost as heinous as treason.

Specialists in graphology and people from Casement's inner circle of friends identified his handwriting in *fac similes* of the manuscripts, but general confidence in Casement's high moral stand raised distrust in the material's authenticity, that might have been forged by British Intelligence. Opinions remain divided, nearly a hundred years after the events.

For the British government the case is closed. Since the 1950s, however, adepts of the theory of forgery have recurrently questioned the authenticity of the *Black Diaries*. In 1994, the material that makes up the *Diaries* as well as over a hundred and seventy closed archives were made available to the public.Nevertheless, the direct exam of the documents has not brought the expected elucidation and the positions of both the British Government and of the media, in the matter of the so-called Gay Traitor, as well as that of groups that question the authenticity of the diaries, remain unaltered.

On the other hand, the authenticity of Casement's personal archives which gave origin to the diary of the Putumayo[3] has never been questioned. The very physical aspect of those archives, – mountains of carefully dated disordered manuscripts which had not ever been handled before – speaks in favor of the veracity of the information. When he examined those archives in 1995, Angus Mitchell began to doubt the authenticity of the *Black Diaries* which he had heretofore accepted. He was struck by recurrent discrepancies between dates and reports of events registered in the diaries and those in other exhaustively-handled archives, long open to the public. Mitchell was led to believe in a brilliant plan concocted by the British Intelligence in order to avoid making a patriotic martyr out of Casement.

The diary of the Putumayo is a report of Casement´s voyage to the Peruvian Amazonia, when he was British consul in Brazil, in order to investigate shocking news of atrocities committed against Indian populations in the extraction of rubber, that circulated at the time in the British press. The harrowing details of the pseudo-commercial exchanges with the natives in Casement's manuscripts reveal the fearless and undaunted characteristics of the historical Roger Casement which inspired Llosa in the creation of his fictional counterpart (Mitchell 1997. 29)

The analysis of Casement's letters as well as of his *Amazon Journal* – as a hybrid literary genre comprising both documents and personal reflections – plus its simulacrum in Llosa's novel, provide the foundation for the profile of the diarist character, as revealed by his acts and thoughts.

The historiographical operation – Stage of testimony and archives

In the prelude of the chapter titled "History/Epistemology", in *Memory, History and Forgetting,* Paul Ricoeur refers to Plato's *Phaedrus* as a means to explain the mythical birth of the writing of history and the prevailing value of orality. –"the discourse of actual memory, its legitimate birth inscribed in the soul". Both written and oral discourses are, nevertheless, kinds of writing, and it is allowed to say that they are related and "in a way, the written one can be fairly called an image (eidólon) of what is living breathing memory" (Ricoeur 2007. 153).

In order to draw the profile of the historical Casement it would be necessary to *hear* either what he had to say or what was said about him. In the absence of oral testimonies, however, I made use of the next best available source, the letters and the careful notes written on his voyage to the Putumayo, – the second part of Mitchell's edited *The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement* – in which the reader learns of his concerns over the difficulties of his mission.

S.S. *Hilary* – At Sea

> My dear old Bulldog,
> We are having a pleasant voyage – altho' I see far too much of the Peruvian Amazon Company Commission. Colonel Bertie is very anxious to rope me into his councils, and already is trying to get me to regard myself as one of his party. … I intend to keep aloof as much as can be done with regard to politeness. I don't think much good can come of this journey – indirectly yes, but directly no. We shall be fairly well hoodwinked I think – the good will be in a general cleaning up and more care for the future perhaps. … The chief difficulty for me is the seeming necessity I am under of travelling everywhere as the guest of this Commission. It is very hard, well nigh impossible to arrive at an independent judgement or to take any independent line of investigation when from start to finish I shall be doing everything 'by your leave'. …
>
> With every kind thought of you all.
> Yours ever ─
> Tiger
> (Mitchell 1997. 66)

Bulldog and Tiger are familiar nicknames exchanged between Edward Dene Morel – the Belgian mentioned by Llosa – and Casement, symbols of the loyalty, force and courage that strengthened their longstanding friendship from their days in the Congo, and will have a melancholic finale when Casement is accused of treason and, particularly, of sexual perversion. Morel was among those who refused to sign the petition for clemency.

A double task was ascribed to the Commission of the Peruvian Amazon Company, which was formed by Englishmen connected with the Company itself: to check the

accusations of cruelty against Indians in the Putumayo, the region of the joint British-Peruvian enterprise, and to supervise their commercial operations.

Casement's specific task is to examine the situation of British citizens from Barbados, accused of being the physical executors of the acts of cruelty denounced in the British press, exemplified by the polemic article written by journalist Sidney Paternoster titled "The Devil's Paradise: a British-Owned Congo", published in the periodical *Truth.* The testimonies of the Barbadians as well as reports of informal conversations with people connected with the Peruvian Amazon Company correspond to the first stage of the historiographical operation: that of "testimonies and archives".

Casement's mission is complex and rife with all kinds of geographic, linguistic and, mainly, political obstacles: in order to reach his destination, Iquitos, the main city in the province of Loreto and seat of the Company, as well as the several rubber-collection stations in the Putumayo, Casement must use the Company's boats and to lodge in its facilities; the few interpreters of the main indigenous languages, the Huitoto and the Borá, are closely connected with the Company; the political power of Julio Arana, the Company´s president, is superior to that of the Peruvian government itself. He is the one who backs up the payment of salaries to judges, policemen, civil servants, and the military. Furthermore, Arana enjoys enormous national prestige as the patriot who guaranteed the Peruvian dominion of extensive territories disputed by Colombia.

Casement is fully conscious of the uncertain outcome of his unequal struggle against such powerful enemies:

> If we were a proper Commission invested with authority and power to really investigate and to compel evidence on oath and had proper interpreters and guides with some local knowledge of men, places and affairs, what strange revelations of montaña 'labour supply' and 'rubber estates' and 'Indian labour' we might bring to light. (Mitchell 83)

Once in Iquitos, notwithstanding his limited official power, Casement manages to start investigating the accusations through carefully recorded informal contacts – which sometimes turn into interrogatories − with the town's Mayor, Rei Lama, with Company's officials, and with the editor of the local newspaper.

Casement is the right person for the mission, in view of his previous defense of natives in the Belgian Congo. Firmness and intrepidity stand out as mainstays of the historical Casement's character, recurrently evidenced in his tireless struggle against the exploitation of indigenous populations, meant to satisfy the ever-increasing demand for rubber by contemporary industry. His Amazonian report, published in 1912, along with its Congolese predecessor, makes Casement an early champion in the defense of human rights.

Random notes or registers entered in the diary that Casement starts writing on the 23rd September 1910, exactly at 2:15 a.m., make up the first documentary stage of the historiographical operation, the preservation of memory in archives. The

first register is an account of Bishop's testimony – the first of the Barbadians to be interviewed by Casement. In a strange premonition of the issue of forgery concerning the *Black Diaries,* Casement expresses fear that his papers might be tampered with*,* in a letter to William Tyrrel,

> I am keeping a diary, and part of the statement of Bishop is really a leaf of my diary – the last part. It is only sent you in case I might get lost or disappear or something up there, or die of fever, and my papers might be overhauled long before they reached Iquitos, or they would be at the mercy of the people, who are in dread of our visit. I am viewed with grave suspicion already, I think, but as I have got the commission with me we are all right. (Mitchell 99)

Casement registers the day-to-day events of his mission meticulously, and offers possible addressees a spontaneous testimony of facts that he registers as soon as he witnesses them. The short space of time between observation and registration of facts in diary writing, which precludes any alteration in the recollection of facts, is a powerful argument in favor of their veracity. In the diaries of the Putumayo, the objective register of facts is followed by their refraction in the author's consciousness, and that lends them a quasi-confessional intimate tone. In fact, Philippe Lejeune remarks that it is difficult to find a chemically pure diary: at some points introversion supersedes extroversion, or vice-versa, in the spirit of the diarist. As he steps into the local situation, Casement confides his misgivings to paper:

> And so here I am with the clock on the verge of 3 p.m., waiting to interrogate the Barbadian hands of this stronghold of wrongdoing. What shall it be? A real interrogation covering the ground of their relations to the Company and the duties they have been put to perform, or a merely sham one to allow me to 'save my face' and assure Tizon that the men 'seem happy, and all say they are well treated and properly paid' etc. (Mitchell 1997.121)

Such is Casement's predicament: how to collect and preserve testimonies that directly indict the Company's top hierarchy. What is the legal value of testimonies given by dark-skinned foreign ex-employees of the Company, themselves accomplices of their employers' acts?

Paul Ricoeur emphasizes the existence of a common nucleus to testimonies in diverse situations. Be it in everyday dialogical exchanges or in confrontation with several testimonies and witnesses, in a space of controversy, we are immediately faced with the crucial question: how far is that testimony reliable? Our suspicions follow "a long chain of operations starting in the perception of a lived scene, proceed to the stage of retention of a recollection, and lastly concentrate on the narrative stage that reconstitutes the traits of the event" (Ricoeur, 2007. 171). Joshua Dyall's testimony about his participation in heinous acts of punishment and torture of Indians sounds like an absurd tale of horrors.

Saturday, 24th September – 8 A.M.

> As his statements are so grave, he owning up to five murders of Indians by his own hands, two he shot, two he beat to death by 'smashing their testicles' with a stick under Normand's orders and with Normand helping, and one he flogged to death, I thought it wise to have his evidence stated in full before the Commission and Sr. Tizon. (Mitchell 1997.124)

In his dialogue with Casement, the Barbadian Joshua Dyall testifies to the veracity of the scenes in which he had played an active role. In the act of testifying, Dyall does what Dulong calls "an autobiographical authenticated narrative of some past event, whether the narrative occurs in informal or formal conditions" (qtd. in Ricoeur 43). The witness asks to be given credit as someone present at the act: "I was there." Casement's part comes next: the authentication of the testimony by the response in echo of the receiver who accepts the testimony. "From this point onwards, the testimony is not merely authenticated, but also credited" (Ricoeur 175).

> With regard to the Barbadians they accused themselves, which, in great part, went to prove the truth of their statements. I could not see what motive should induce any man to charge himself with grave and dastardly crimes as Dyall had done, unless it were that he was confessing. If these men were guilty, as I believe they were, of criminal acts, it was not they so much as the men who had ordered them to do these things who were the real criminals, and if there was a question of punishing anyone, I should seek to defend these men and should ask for legal advice and help. (Mitchell 1997.125-126)

Casement accepts as truthful the testimonies of the Barbadians, who are "witnesses against their will" in Ricouer's saying. Opinions are divided between bringing the Barbadians and the station chiefs into confrontation or waiting until some kind of legal action is possible. Casement is in favor of an immediate and direct confrontation. The Barbadians are willing to repeat their testimonies, despite being aware of the inevitable consequences. The witnesses' willingness adds a supplementary dimension of moral order that reinforces the credibility of their testimonies. In his entry of September 25th, Casement reaffirms his belief that confrontation is the only possible means to test the veracity of the Barbadians' testimonies. In fact, it is crucial that testimonies should be shortly followed by verification, in order to avoid, in Freud's words "secondary elaboration" (qtd. in Ricoeur 2004. 173)

> AT LA CHORRERA – SUNDAY 25TH SEPTEMBER
> At the meeting I spoke at length. I explained that Mr Tizon thought it very undesirable to confront the Chiefs of Sections we were about to visit with the accusing black men who had been their servants. On the other hand, I pointed out that this confrontation was the only means in our power of establishing

> the truth or otherwise of the statements the Barbadians made against their employers. (Mitchell 1997. 127-128)

Juan Tizon, the member of the Company who accompanied Casement and the Commission in their voyage to the Putumayo, tries to minimize the accusations. Observing personally the methods in use by the rubber industry, however, he becomes Casement's ally in his struggle in favour of the Indians. There are clear evidences of cruel physical punishment at La Chorrera: broad red welts are visible across thighs and buttocks of some Indians. To Casement's chagrin, the members of the Commission remain indifferent.

> Why have not the Commission themselves questioned anyone? They do nothing. They sit in their rooms and read, or they are occupied in the purely commercial and economic aspects of the Station and the Company´s affairs. ... They have not sought to find out why the Boras Indians were flogged. ... No one says a word about it – it is quite natural – the accepted state of things – and you can't find out the reasons for it. (Mitchell 1997. 133)

We follow the slow upriver course of the boat to the next Station, Occidente, through the careful register of events and reflections in Casement's diary. The situation remains the same: *muchachos* – armed "civilized" Indians – hunting down their fellow natives in the forest; Boras murdering Huitotos and vice-versa to ensure the profits of their masters who, in the end turn against them (for a variety of reasons) and kill them.

Before leaving Iquitos, Casement had been warned that the most dangerous Stations were those closest to the Colombian border and that Matanzas (slaughter, carnage) held the worst reputation among them. Long before getting to Matanzas, news of the cruelty of the Station's chief, Armand Normand, had reached Casement.

Bishop, who had accompanied Casement since Iquitos, firmly believes the stories told him by Donal Francis, a fellow Barbadian at Normand's service for nearly two years, about how his chief had killed Indian children smashing their brains against tree trunks or burning them alive.

It is, therefore, with disgust and silent rage that Casement must endure the sight of Armando Normand, and be with him under the same roof at Matanzas.

> SUNDAY 16TH OCTOBER
> About 5:30 we heard a rifle shot in the woods to the South and a murmur of 'Normand' was heard from the boys and servants. It was like the advent of a great warrior! ... He came up, I must say, to all one had read or thought of him, a little being, slim, thin, and quite short, say 5'7" and with a face truly the most repulsive I have ever seen. ... I felt as if I were being introduced to a serpent. (Mitchell 1997. 256)

Anxious not to see more of Normand than he could help, Casement makes up his mind to leave as soon as he interviews the other Barbados men, James Lane and Levine, both separately and in confrontation. In spite of Levine´s evasions and half-truths, Casement manages to elicit from the two men the testimony of the assassination of five Indians, who were flogged to death. The account of the cruel death of Kodihinka, the eldest, makes Casement sick. He is put into the *cepo* alongside the five others, all with bleeding backs and limbs, and there he dies within three days of receiving these lashes. His flesh, according to Lane stinking and rotten –his wife and child alongside him, pinned like wicked animals with their feet in iron-wood holds. "God! what a state of things!" is the diarist's interjection.

The testimonies of the Barbadians are registered and filed in the Putumayo journals. Besides the constitution of archives as re-presentation of the past, those testimonies will reappear as narratives. Firstly, as the report presented by Casement to the Foreign Office, on his return to England, that caused tremendous international stir. Casement was awarded the title of "Sir", although he was not present at the ceremony for alleged physical reasons.

But the official narrative, the history of Sir Roger Casement, the humanist who betrayed an Empire for the love of his country, is still to be written.

Stage of investigation: explanation and comprehension

Representation in its narrative aspect is basic for the architecture of historical knowledge. It is not added from the outside to the stages of documentation and explanation, but accompanies and supports them. The stage of the historiographical process that Ricoeur calls of explanation and comprehension has to do with the means of connection between documented facts. The concept of interpretation has the same application as that of truth. In that sense interpretation is part of every stage of the historiographical operation: at the level of documentation through the selection of sources; at the explanation-comprehension level, in the choice among concurrent modes of explanation and, finally, at the level of narrative representation, as the interpretation of the collected material.

Angus Mitchell reveals the epic character of Casement's investigation in the Putumayo and the profound change wrought in his view of the benefits of Imperial colonization. In a conversation with Victor Israel, – a Maltese Jew who had made his fortune in rubber ─, at the beginning of his journey, Casement defends at length British methods of colonization and "the legal safeguards that had been and were being set up by [British] Colonial govt. to protect natives and above all their rights over their lands" (Mitchell 1997. 79).

His faith in the civilizing principles of Empire is rudely shaken by the barbarous cruelty he witnesses in the Putumayo and it is a sadly disillusioned Casement who returns downriver:

ENTRE RIOS, TUESDAY, 25TH OCTOBER
The tragedy of the South American Indian, I verily believe, the greatest in the world to-day, and it certainly has been the greatest human wrong for well-neigh the last 400 years that history records. There has been no intermission from the day Pizarro landed at Tombes, no ray of a dawn to come. (Mitchell 1997. 312)

Stage of writing: historical representation of the past

The history of the world is the history of the men who lived in the past. It is the history of their lives or, in Ricoeur's words, of our historical condition. But the question whether things happened exactly as represented keep bothering us till the end of the stage of representation. At that point, though, it is possible to distinguish the antinomical pair historic narrative/ fictional narrative. They are distinguished from each other by the nature of the implicit contract between the writer and the reader. The reader presupposes implicitly that the historian's report is honest and truthful, the closest we can get to what was once "real"**,** and as such opposed to "unreal" fiction. In the textual world, however, effects of fictional and historical narratives intermingle, and visibility is subjected to readability.

The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement, written in the precise style of historical documents, make up a representation of facts directly witnessed by the diarist, and, as a corollary, relevant "testimonies and archives" of world history in the turn of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

At the time of his trial, however, the investigation of Casement's archives focused mainly on the controversial issue of the scandalous *Black Diaries*. As interpreted officially the archives draw Casement´s profile as paradoxical: a man who fights bravely to protect native peoples, but, on the other hand, perverts them to satisfy his erotic desires; an exemplary servant of the British Empire who betrays his principles and commitments. His sexual perversion mirrors the betrayal of his loyalties.

The controversial image of humanitarian heroism and sexual perversion prevails to this day in reports and commentaries. The 1973 edition of the Britannica presents an objective and impartial entry about Sir Roger David Casement: an Irish patriot, whose execution during World War I placed him among the foremost martyrs of the Irish nationalist cause; his several posts in the British consular service; his international fame for his investigations in the Congo and in the Putumayo; the publication of his report on the latter, which created international sensation and earned him a knighthood (1911); and his disastrous attempt to join the Irish nationalist fight for independence with German interests in the First World War. The extent to which opinion was unfavorably influenced by the circulation of the *Black Diaries*, reputedly written by Casement and containing detailed descriptions of homosexual practices was a matter of much subsequent controversy. Angus Mitchell informs us that a recent BBC series, about the Empire's hero who betrays his allegiance, concentrated mainly on the authenticity of the Black Diaries,

and made no reference to the movements that contest it. The fact is that notwithstanding the considerable number of petitions for clemency at the time, coming from the world over, Casement's reprieve was not granted.

For the British Government the case is closed. Our study, however, must move on to another phase, the "historical representation of the past", complemented by Vargas Llosa's biographic fiction. Whether familiar with the protagonist's biography or not, the reader is ready to follow the author's construction of a fictional being on the foundations of the historical figure, Sir Roger Casement.

The portrait of Casement as the protagonist of *The Dream of the Celt*, drawn by Llosa, mirrors the contradictory interpretations of the testimonies written by the historical Roger Casement in his diaries. The novel's epigraph, an aptly chosen saying of José Enrique Rondó's, prepares the reader for the multi-faced nature of its main character: "Each of us can be, successively, not one, but many. And those successive personalities that emerge from one another can offer the strangest and most amazing contrasts" (my translation).

In the epilogue of his novel, Mario Vargas Llosa acknowledges that there were two sides to the figure of Roger Casement: a generous man, very strict in his values, totally devoid of political or professional ambition; the reverse of the coin shows, however, the mysterious Roger Casement of some intimate moments in his diaries, which may have been the fantasy of a solitary man.

The story begins in the Pentonville prison where Casement has been imprisoned since the failure of his quixotic attempt to recruit Irish-born prisoners of war in Germany to fight the British, in April 1916. The genesis of the Celt's dream follows the hero's interior monologue to the key moments of the plot that reveal his successive personalities.

The first division of the novel, "The Congo", depicts the trajectory of the young idealist who joins the great epic European surge to bring civilization to primitive peoples. His personal contact with his former heroes, such as Henry Morton Stanley, whom he admired as benefactors of the natives, opens the young man's eyes to the ruthless cruelty of the whole enterprise, under the auspices of the believed great humanitarian, King Leopold II of Belgium. Casement's reports about the cruelty perpetrated against native peoples were received with both indignation and denial: the passionate Irish nationalist and defender of humanitarian causes was vilified in the international press, subsidized by King Leopold. Casement faced them with unrelenting courage.

"Amazonia", the second part of the novel, shows Casement as an experienced British civil servant, a shrewd analyst of the exploitation of human and natural resources, both in Africa and in South America, who sincerely believes in the ethical foundation of British imperialism. The above-mentioned conversation with Victor Israel, registered in the diary of the Putumayo, becomes a heated argument in Vargas Llosa's novel. The fictional Casement attempts to convince his opponent of the inhumanity of destroying entire tribal societies to satisfy the white man's greed. The plot follows the gradual transformation of the exemplary British consul – whose reports would earn him a knighthood −into a champion of peoples oppressed by the objectives and methods of

the imperialist process. The realization that the position of Ireland in the historical and political context of the British Empire is similar to that of African and South-American indigenous peoples stirs him into his disastrous passionate fight for his country's independence.

In "Ireland", the third division, the idealist dreamer concentrates his energy on retrieving the primary dignity of Eire as a nation. He takes classes in Gaelic, and attempts to establish contact with an Ireland he was not familiar with, that of peasants and fishermen hardened by their unrelenting struggle against the hostile nature. The chilly air of field and *moor feels pure and invigorating in contrast with the unhealthy miasma of the tropics.*

The Dream of the Celt can be said to be a full biography inasmuch as it attempts to cover all episodes of Roger Casement's life, from his childhood in Ulster to the moment of his execution*, his eyes blindfolded by the hangman.* Llosa's fiction would be a substitute for the historical analysis of archives and testimonies which has not been written. Angus Mitchell argues that the *Black Diaries* damaged Casement's historical reputation to the point that his name is never mentioned in the writing of the history of both colonial Africa and the Amazon and in the scripting of Ireland's own revolutionary history (188).

Despite the distinction that in principle exists between real past and unreal fiction, according to Paul Ricoeur, a dialectical treatment of this elementary dichotomy imposes itself the interweaving of readability (style) and visibility (history) in the world of the text. It is through the portrayal of characters in the narrative, whether life stories, fictional narratives or historical discourse, that visibility (history) clearly surpasses legibility (style). Characters are inserted in the plot simultaneously with events that make up the historical narrative, as illustrated by *The Dream of the Celt.*

Its unfavorable comparison with the author's preceding historical narratives does not detract from its value as a fictional representation of the past: it has brought to public notice a historical figure of the stature of Roger Casement, and his pioneering fight for human rights. Mario Vargas Llosa has, in fact, fulfilled his claim that the Irishman's voice, raised in the defense of native Africans, "would deserve to be honored in a great novel".

Notes

1 Translations into English of this passage as well as subsequent passages from Ricoeur's and Vargas Llosa's cited works are mine.

2 *The Amazon Journal of Roger Casement's* edited by Angus Mitchel. Organizers of the Portuguese translation Laura P. Z. Izarra & Mariana Bolfarine. Trans. M. Bolfarine, M. Marques de Azevedo and M. R. Viana. A project of the W.B. Yeats Chair of Irish Studies at USP.

3 For the purposes of identification, Angus Mitchell refers to the journal that Casement kept during his 1910 seventy-day Amazon voyage as the Putumayo Journal, which forms the bulk of Casement's *Amazon Journal*. This document is written on one hundred and twenty-eight unbound loose leaves of lined, double-sized foolscap and covers the period from 23 September to 6 December 1910. Its authenticity has never been questioned (Mitchell 1997. 29).

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Roger Casement: How His Family Saw His Role in 1916

Susie Casement

Abstract: *This is a personal statement on the family tree of Roger Casement, a member of my family. Silence in the past, pride in the present.*

Keywords: *Roger Casement; family tree.*

In Brasilia, on Saint Patrick's Day 2016, we are not only to remember a freedom fighter from the Easter Rising of one hundred years ago, but also to honour Roger Casement's humanitarian work, combating slavery and torture among the colonised people of the Belgian Congo and the Indians of the Putumayo region of the Amazon. Few would dispute that Roger was a human rights activist before his time, but his role in Irish nationalism has long raised arguments and divisions, not least in my own family.

Roger Casement was my grandfather's cousin. My great-great-great grandfather Roger, who was Sir Roger's great grandfather, married twice. From his first marriage came the line that produced Sir Roger. From the second marriage came my direct family. The family tree appears complex because men in the family tended to be called Roger with startling regularity! When our Roger was nine years old his mother died and his father sent him to live with his Uncle John and Aunt Charlotte at Magherintemple near Ballycastle, County Antrim on the north coast of Ireland. The young Roger didn't really fit into the rather conservative household of his uncle John. I must say that throughout my childhood I hated to walk past his portrait at night – there was something sinister about his eyes. In fact, Mr John was not unkind, but he didn't really understand the young Roger's more sensitive and creative side.

Although much has been made of Roger's secret baptism as a Roman Catholic when he was a child, I think that religious affiliation was not at the root of his sense of being an outsider nearly all his life. It is more likely to have been, at least in his early years, the contrast between the conservative atmosphere at Magherintemple, a stronghold of pro-British Unionist sentiment, and his own more independent views. He certainly tended to champion the underdog throughout his life.

Despite being quite unhappy as a boy in his adoptive home at Magherintemple, which is the house where I too grew up, and love dearly, Roger was very fond of the coast nearby, and particularly loved Murlough Bay, with its views toward Scotland. Roger always hoped he would be buried at this beautiful spot, but it was not to be his final resting place.

Once grown up, like many other Irish and indeed British men, Roger went to work abroad, and after his first visit to West Africa as a ship's purser, he spent much of his working life in Africa and then in Brazil. This talk is not about his official work, however. Other speakers will focus on these vital years as a diplomat and humanitarian, but for now we will return to Ireland, as did Roger after years far from home. Based back at Magherintemple, he became increasingly involved in the Celtic revival and then in the nationalist cause in Ireland. Like other Irish intellectuals, both Catholic and Protestant, Casement travelled to the west of Ireland, where Gaelic was still spoken. After seeing children starving in Connemara, he wrote that he now needed to turn his attention to the 'white Indians of Europe', and by that he meant the Irish, suffering in poverty and under the yoke of British rule.

Casement believed that for Ireland it would be better if Germany were to win the First World War, and after garnering support for the Irish cause in the United States he travelled to Germany. There he had meetings with the German Foreign Office and visited Irish prisoners of war, hoping to take them back to fight at home. Almost no one took up his offer to leave Germany and fight against Britain – these men had, after all, chosen to take up arms for Great Britain in the First World War, and were not eager to stab that country in the back during wartime.

On Good Friday, 21st April, Casement landed on Banna Strand, county Kerry, and was captured. The irony is that he had hoped to delay the Easter Rising, which was about to start. He realised that the time was not ripe for armed rebellion.

The rest is well known. Casement was executed for treason on 3rd August 1916. Unlike many of the martyred Irish leaders, he at least had a trial. He had many influential friends who pledged their support, given his past humanitarian record, his standing in society and his diplomatic achievements.

But what about his family? For anyone who has lived in a divided country, be it split politically, or by ethnicity or religion, it is not so difficult to imagine the scene. Roger's cousins, like many other Irishmen, were fighting for Britain against Germany in the First World War. Among them were my grandfather and my great-uncles, who were all in the armed forces. It was incredibly shocking and painful for them to have a relative who, according to their lights, was on the enemy side.

Suddenly the name Casement was synonymous with disgrace. Indeed, Roger's trial came not long after the Battle of the Somme, which caused even more repugnance for his crime. And when the Black Diaries were leaked, of course that meant further shame for the family, given the views and laws regarding homosexuality at that time. My grandfather and his brothers were suddenly shunned by their comrades, and Roger's disgrace affected them all very deeply, both personally and professionally.

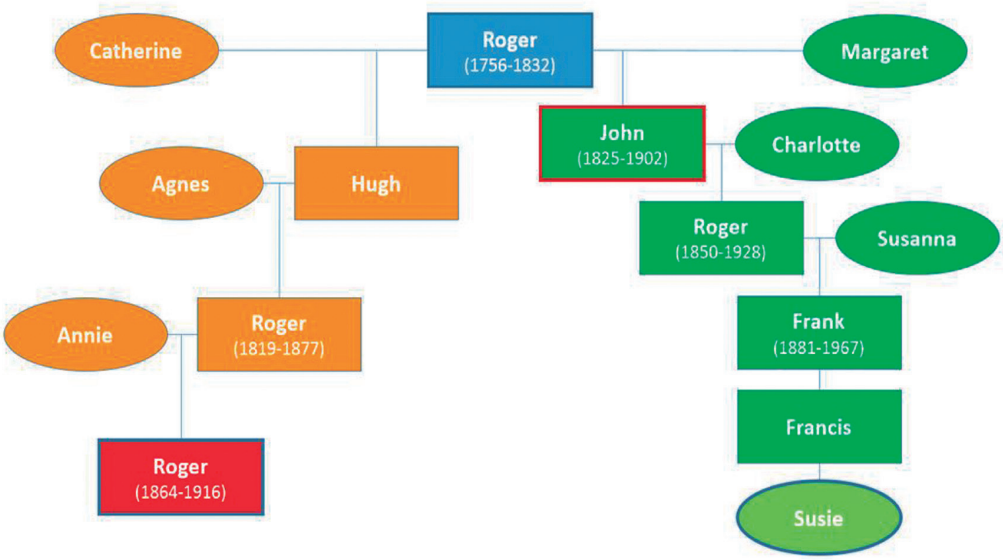
For Roger, he had done right for his country – Ireland. For his family, he had attacked his country – Great Britain. He had also turned against his own tribe, his own family.

When I was a child I could not understand why even my parents' generation, born after the First World War, but just before Ireland gained its independence, could barely

mention Roger's name. This silence and sense of shame went on for many decades, and not just at the family level. Indeed, it was only in 1965 that Casement's remains were removed from Pentonville prison near London and reburied with honours in Ireland.

As a child I was confused, for surely Roger had been a hero, a man who stood by his beliefs even unto death? Today I still think he was a hero, but I can perhaps understand both sides a little better. Today, our notions of patriotism are different. We are fully aware of the evils of colonialism. We rarely believe that there is only one version of history, and we are taught that simply refusing to talk about painful subjects is counter-productive.

I look back at my grandfather and indeed my father, good men who fought for their country and their beliefs in the two world wars. I cannot criticise them for maintaining a stony silence when asked about their relative, but I am very glad to say that MY generation is justly proud to share Casement's name._



Roger Casement's family tree

Portrait of John Casement

Major General Francis Casement, my grandfather.

Magherintemple near Ballycastle, County Antrim.

Murlough Bay, County Antrim

Irish in late 19th century, western Ireland

Banna strand.

High Treason: The Appeal of Roger Casement by Sir John Lavery

De Valera at the reburial of Casement, 1965.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*:* *1916-2016*

This section is devoted to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), by James Joyce (1882-1941). Although *Ulysses* (1922) is regarded as Joyce's masterpiece, none of the his other major works – *Dubliners* (1914), *A Portrait*, and *Finnegans Wake* (1939) – should be denied a high status among his works and Western literature in general.

A Portrait was the first novel ever published by Joyce. First, Joyce wrote an essay called "A Portrait of the Artist", rejected by the editors of the journal *Dana* in 1904, the year Joyce started to write the first stories of *Dubliners*. Then, Joyce developed the originary essay into a novel, *Stephen Hero*, which he would later rewrite as *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

A Portrait was serialized in the Egoist from February 1914 to September 1915 before it was published by B. W. Huebsch, in New York, in December 1916. According to his biographer Richard Ellmann, Joyce thought 1916 was his lucky year and so insisted that the novel were published before 1917. Due to his insistence, he first edition of *A Portrait* was published on 29 December 1916 (*James Joyce*. 2nd ed. New York: Oxford University Press, 1982. 406).

It is our pleasure to introduce the reader of the *ABEI Journal* to five articles about *A Portrait*, or four about *A Portrait* and on about *Stephen Hero*. "Processes and Strategies of Translating Joyce: *Stephen Hero* as a Case in Point" consists of the text that José Roberto O'Shea read as the second Maria Helena Kopschitz Annual Lecture, at The University College, Dublin in February 2016. He offers a panorama of the Joyce translations in Brazil and discusses his own translation of *Stephen Hero*. Caetano Waldrigues Galindo approaches the concepts of domestication and foreignization in relation to his very recent translation of *A Portrait* in "Distance by degrees: translating *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*".

In "The Paratexts of the Brazilian Translations of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*", Vitor Alevato do Amaral focuses on the importance of the paratextual elements present in the first editions of the five Brazilian translations of *A Portrait*. "Translating Baby Tuckoo: Portraits of the Artist as a Very Young Man" is Patrick O'Neill's insightful analysis of some translations of the opening sentences of Joyce's novel in Catalan, Danish, Dutch, French, Galician, German, Italian, Irish, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish and Swedish. Finally, "A Centenary *Portrait*", by Dirce Waltrick

do Amarante introduces some of the main features of Joyce's novel and publication history.

We wish you a good reading.

Guest editors
Vitor Alevato do Amaral e Mariana Bolfarine

Processes and Strategies of Translating Joyce: Stephen Hero *as a Case in Point*

José Roberto O'Shea

Abstract: *This essay was read by the author as the second Maria Helena Kopschitz Annual Lecture, delivered at The University College, Dublin, James Joyce Centre, on 25 February 2016. The piece starts from an overview of Joyce's translations in Brazil and proceeds to draw on thoughts stemming from the author's own experience translating James Joyce's fiction, especially* Dubliners *and* Stephen Hero *into Brazilian Portuguese.*

Keywords: *James Joyce;* Stephen Hero*; translation in Brazil.*

First of all, I wish to thank very much The University College Dublin James Joyce Centre, as well as Professors Anne Fogarty and Margaret Kelleher, for honoring me with the invitation to speak here at UCD to mark both the centenary of the publication of James Joyce's *A Portrait* o*f the Artist as a Young Man* and the 2016 Maria Helena Kopschitz Annual Lecture. I am especially grateful that Anne and Margaret have offered me the opportunity to discuss my own work, when they kindly suggested that I speak about my translations in general and about *Stephen Hero* in particular. And I am honored to mark Professor Kopschitz's second Annual Lecture. The first time I heard about Maria Helena was back in 1985, when my PhD supervisor at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill, Professor George Lensing, in our very first meeting, told me Maria Helena had taught him in the late 1960s, when he was a Peace Corps volunteer in Niterói, a city across the bay from Rio de Janeiro, and that she had been instrumental in his decision to teach literature. Later, I had the pleasure of meeting Maria Helena and of hearing her speak quite a few times – always a gentle, modest and, at the same time, rock-solid scholar and speaker.

Introduction

Before offering you an overview of the highlights of James Joyce in translation in Brazil and addressing challenges faced and strategies devised in my rendering of *Stephen Hero* into Brazilian Portuguese, I will accept Anne and Margaret's friendly challenge to say something about my translation work generally. My PhD dissertation, defended

at UNC-Chapel Hill in November, 1989, and titled "*Wise Blood* as *Sangue Sábio*: A Literary Translation into Brazilian Portuguese", encompassed a critical study of Flannery O'Connor's short and long fiction, as well as a review of translation history and theory applied to my own translation of O'Connor's novel *Wise Blood*. Shortly after defending, I went back to Brazil, and the same publisher that printed my translation of *Wise Blood* promptly commissioned me to translate O'Connor's ten short stories collected in the book *A Good Man Is Hard to Find.*

So, twenty-six years ago I started my career as a literary translator working with prose fiction, long and short. More or less at the same time, I started receiving commissions for non-fiction prose relating to Critical Theory, for instance, by W. H. Auden, R. W. B. Lewis, and Harold Bloom; and History by Robert Wistrich, Tony Judt, and Thomas Cahill – in Cahill's *Como os Irlandeses Salvaram a Civilização* [*How the Irish Saved Civilization*], Rio de Janeiro, Objetiva, 2002, I was able to do arguably the first Portuguese translation of "Saint Patrick's Breastplate Prayer". Proceeding to work with prose fiction, both long and short, I have translated Sheridan Le Fanu, Joseph Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, Christopher Isherwood, Richard Yates, Pat Conroy, and, of course, James Joyce.

My work as a translator of drama has centered on Shakespeare's plays. In the early 1990s I got a research grant from the Brazilian Ministry of Science and Technology for a project I had submitted whose aim was – and still is – to do annotated, verse translations of Shakespeare's plays into Brazilian Portuguese. Since then, I have completed annotated translations of seven plays – *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, Pericles, The First Quarto of Hamlet, The Two Noble Kinsmen,* and *Troilus and Cressida.* The first five have been published, while the last two are forthcoming. The next play will be *Timon of Athens.*

As regards poetry translation, by far, my most noteworthy work is the rendering of 49 poems by Kathleen McCracken into Brazilian Portuguese, for a book organized by Beatriz Kopschitz, published as a bilingual edition, in São Paulo, by Editora Ex Machina, in 2014. We had a memorable launch of the book at the No Alibis bookstore in Belfast last year.

Lest some of what I've said so far may come across as brazen self-promotion, let me quickly move to share with you an overview of the highlights of Joyce's non-fiction, poetry, drama, and prose fiction in translation in Brazil.

Non-fiction

Cartas a Nora – [letters to Nora]. Trans. Mary Pedrosa. São Paulo: Massao Ohno, 1982, 1988; trans. Sérgio Medeiros and Dirce Waltrick do Amarante. São Paulo: Iluminuras, 2013.

Poetry

Música de câmara [*Chamber Music*]. Trans. Alípio de Franca Neto. São Paulo: Iluminuras, 1998.

Pomas, um tostão cada [*Pomes Penyeach*]. Trans. Alípio de Franca Neto. São Paulo: Iluminuras, 2001.

Giacomo Joyce. Trans. Paulo Leminski. São Paulo: Brasiliense, 1985; trans. José Antônio Arantes. São Paulo: Iluminuras, 1999.

Drama

Exilados [*Exiles*]. Trans. Alípio de Franca Neto. São Paulo: Iluminuras, 2003.

Prose Fiction

O Gato e o Diabo [*The Cat and the Devil*]. Trans. Antonio Houaiss, illustrations by Roger Blanchor. Rio de Janeiro: Record, 1995; trans. Dirce Waltrick do Amarante, illustrations by Michaella Pivetti. São Paulo: Iluminuras, 2013.

Os Gatos de Copenhague [*The Cats of Copenhagen*]. Trans. Dirce Waltrick do Amarante, illustrations by Michaella Pivetti. São Paulo: Iluminuras, 2014.

Dublinenses [*Dubliners*]. Trans. Hamilton Trevisan. Rio de Janeiro: Civilização Brasileira, 1964; trans. José Roberto O'Shea. São Paulo: Siciliano, 1992; trans. José Roberto O'Shea. São Paulo: Hedra, 2012.

Retrato do Artista Quando Jovem [*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*]. Trans. José Geraldo Vieira. Porto Alegre: Globo, 1945; trans. Bernardina Silveira Pinheiro. Rio de Janeiro: Siciliano, 1992; trans. Elton Mesquita. São Paulo: Hedra, 2013.

Stephen Herói [*Stephen Hero*]. Trans. José Roberto O'Shea. São Paulo: Hedra, 2012.

Ulisses [*Ulysses*]. Trans. Antônio Houaiss. Rio de Janeiro: Civilização Brasileira, 1965; trans. Bernardina da Silveira Pinheiro. Rio de Janeiro: Objetiva, 2005; trans. Caetano Galindo. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 2012.

Panaroma do Finnegans Wake [*Finnegans Wake*, fragments]. Trans. Augusto and Haroldo de Campos. São Paulo: Perspectiva, 1986; *Finnicius Revém* [*Finnegans Wake*]. Trans. Donaldo Schüler. São Paulo: Ateliê, 2001-2003.

As this brief catalog indicates, Joyce is, of course, a deeply admired author in Brazil. We can see that his non-fiction, poetry, drama, and prose fiction (both short and long) have been consistently translated in the country, some works with as many as three different translations. Perhaps, no other work by Joyce invokes the notion of challenge, or even untranslatability, as *Finnegans Wake.* Writing in 1962, Haroldo de Campos, one of the deans of Concrete Poetry and of Translation Studies in Brazil, begins his introduction to the first edition of *Panaroma do Finnegans Wake*, fragments translated and commented, by affirming the difficulty of translating Joyce, in general, and *Finnegans Wake*, specifically:

> Translating James Joyce is a workout with words: a job for the perfectionist. Something that can never become static and definitive, but that remains in movement, a constant and open trial, always begetting new solutions, new "tips" that magnetize the translator, forcing a periodical return to the text and its labyrinths. (21, my translation)

Forty-three years later, in 2005, in the fine collection of essays titled *Irish Studies in Brazil*, edited by Munira Mutran and Laura Izarra, Donaldo Schüler, the daring translator of the full version of *Finnegans Wake* into Brazilian Portuguese, introduces his essay, titled "A Alquimia da Tradução" [the alchemy of translation], raising three fundamental, if rhetorical, questions: Is it possible to translate *Finnegans Wake*? Is it possible to read *Finnegans Wake*? How was it possible to write *Finnegans Wake*? (247). Fortunately, for Schüler, the answer to all three questions is "yes". Moreover, whereas, in Schüler's view, legible texts are similar to "small talk" and "don't offer more than the comfort of banality" (248), ostensibly illegible texts, paradoxically, lend themselves to creativity, to invention, and hence are highly translatable. No doubt, creativity and invention abound in Schüler's *Finnicius Revém*, just as they do in the Campos brothers' earlier translation of fragments from *Finnegans Wake*.

But let me begin to move towards *Stephen Hero* and *Stephen Herói*. An inspiring post that popped up in my Facebook page a few weeks ago caught my attention, making me "like" and "share" it right away. The post was a seven-word poem signed by "Anna Rusconi, translator", and it read:

> "Words
> travel
> worlds.
> Translators
> do the
> driving".
> Anna Rusconi, translator

As announced, I would now like to discuss challenges I met and strategies I devised as I "drove" Joyce's words from the world of Ireland to the world of Brazil, specifically, as I rendered *Stephen Hero* – the *Ur-Portrait* – into Brazilian Portuguese, based on the 1963 New Directions edition whose text is fixed by Theodore Spencer, under the editorship of John Slocum and Herbert Cahoon.

The challenges and strategies of translation in general, be it technical or literary, have been studied in depth by the wide-ranging discipline of Translation Studies, which nowadays combines work in linguistics, philosophy, anthropology, psychoanalysis, cultural history, and literary studies. And the discipline has come a long way in its investigation of challenges and strategies. Presently, common knowledge in the field establishes that translation scholars no longer attempt to understand the craft by means of an "evaluative approach that simply set[s] translations alongside one

another and discuss[es] differences in a formalist vacuum", as Susan Bassnett submits (*Studies* xii).

In fact, since the appearance of the now classic collection of essays edited by Theo Hermans back in 1985 entitled *The Manipulation of Literature*, in which, as the title implies, contributors argued that "translation, like criticism, editing and other forms of rewriting, is a manipulatory process" (Bassnett xii), the discussion about the complexities pertaining to the challenges and strategies of translation has been duly problematized. To a great extent such complexities stem from the fact that translation is much more than mere re-textualizing; in fact, it's a re-*contextualizing*, because in their traveling from world to world lexical items need to be reinserted in new linguistic and cultural contexts, not to mention new editorial and marketing practices – new contexts that are quite often widely separated in time and space, that is, in History and Geography.

Whenever speaking about translation, I make it a point to clarify that I am not a translation scholar; I am a translator – and a teacher of literature. Years ago, a generous colleague, Maria Lucia Vasconcellos, herself a translation scholar, introducing me as a member of a PhD viva committee – and in Brazil, PhD vivas are held in front of a live audience – said that I might not be a translation scholar, but I was a "scholarly translator". I have tried to live up to that expectation. Be that as it may, based upon my professional practice as a translator along almost three decades, I have come up with my own, working definition of the craft, a definition which I share with you, hoping it's not too trite:

> The ultimate act of close reading and interpretation, translation is a complex intellectual activity that involves reading, rereading, researching, interpreting, writing, revising, and rewriting, all of which take into consideration not only texts but also contexts.

Never fear: I shall not dwell on each of these seven elements now. But, before turning to the specific challenges and strategies of close-reading, researching, and translating *Stephen Hero*, however, I'd like briefly to address challenges that pertain to the translation of literary prose in general, as opposed to poetry translation, for instance. It's readily noticeable that less time has been spent studying the specific problems of literary prose in translation than of poetry in translation. Some think that this is probably due to the widespread misconception that a novel is somehow a simpler structure than a poem and, consequently, less of a challenge for translators (Bassnett 109). Moreover, if we consider the relative formal strictness of a poem *vis-à-vis* the apparent formal laxness of a novel, it may seem easier for a *prose* translator to consider content as *separable* from form. Alas, a damaging effect of this short-sightedness is that, in prose, too often, sentences end up being "translated at face value, rather than as component units in a complex overall structure" (Bassnett 115).

Part of the trouble is that translating is not paraphrasing, much less textual explication, a good reminder for those of us who make a living explicating literary texts. Perhaps, the greatest difficulty in translating literary prose relates to the fact that

some of us "still adhere to the principle that a novel consists primarily of *paraphrasable material content* that can be translated straightforwardly" (Bassnett 115, emphasis in the original). And if back in 1947 we learned from Cleanth Brooks's *The Well-Wrought Urn* about the heresy of paraphrasing a poem, there is no such consensus about the heresy of paraphrasing prose. Unfortunately, over and over, translators of literary prose take pains to create *readable* texts in the target culture/language, avoiding allegedly stilted, or unpalatable effects that can follow from adhering closely to syntactical structures or stylistic features found in the originary text – the word "originary" having been used in Translation Studies in lieu of "original" because for quite some time now a translation has rightly been considered an original work.

I. Challenges

The challenges of translating Joyce's prose (or poetry, for that matter) would fill many pages, and we have already looked at what two experienced Brazilian translators have said about such difficulty. But in terms of Joyce's *Stephen Hero*, what would be some such challenges, textually and contextually? Textually, *Stephen Hero* – in the light of later prose works such as *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* – is as deceivingly simple as *Dubliners*. Surely, one of the translator's greatest challenges has to do with Joyce's style: his syntactical structures, the marked cadence of the prose, the sparse or idiosyncratic punctuation, the deliberate mix of literary styles, etc., etc. I won't even try to sort out Joyce's sophisticated prose style in this talk, but I would like to say that perhaps the most vital element of his style is the masterful control of polyphony, especially evidenced in the richness of inflections present in the characters' speeches. Contextually, the greatest challenge in making *Stephen Hero*'s words "travel" from Ireland to Brazil has been to capture, preserve, and transfer the local color and flavor of early twentieth-century Dublin.

II. Strategies

Given such challenges, what strategies can a translator devise? Overall, an early decision needs to be made as regards the degree of non-literalness, that is, domestication, as opposed to the degree of literalness, that is, foreignization. Domestication is a term used by Lawrence Venuti in a now classic study titled *The Translator's Invisibility* (1995) to describe the translation strategy in which a transparent, fluent style is adopted in order to minimize the strangeness of the foreign text to target-language readers (19-20). The concept can be traced to Schleiermacher's notion of translation, as expressed in his essay "On the Different Methods of Translating", first published in German back in 1838. Schleiermacher writes about one type of translation that "leaves the reader in peace, as much as possible, and moves the author towards him" (74). Venuti sees negative implications in the notion of domestication, as the strategy tends to be identified with policies common in dominant cultures which are, according to him, "aggressively

monolingual, unreceptive to the foreign", a notion which he describes as being used to qualify and value "fluent translations that invisibly inscribe foreign texts with [target language] values and provide readers with the narcissistic experience of recognizing their culture in a cultural other" (15).

By contrast, foreignization is a concept also proposed by Venuti to designate the type of translation in which a target text is produced that breaks target-culture conventions by retaining something of the foreignness of the originary text (19). Again, the concept can be traced back to Schleiermacher, who addresses this *preferable* type of translation in which "the translator leaves the author in peace, as much as possible, and moves the reader towards him" (74). Interestingly, using "travel imagery" that confirms the idea expressed in Anna Rusconi's poem that serves as epigraph to this section of my talk, Venuti sees the positive role of foreignizing translation as being to "register the linguistic and cultural difference of the foreign text, *sending the reader abroad*" (20, my emphasis).[1]

In "sending my Brazilian readers abroad to Ireland" I wanted to allow them, as much as possible, a foreign reading experience, in terms of flavoring both Joyce's textual and contextual reality. Therefore, I opted for a predominantly foreignizing strategy. In practice – and here by way of illustration – I can say that such strategy is hopefully achieved mainly by translation choices that have to do with punctuation marks, forms of address, toponyms, and cultural items.

Joyce's punctuation can be interestingly personal. He seems intolerant of unnecessary commas. We know that when he revised the proofs for the first edition of *Dubliners*, for instance, he removed hundreds of commas that the typesetter had inserted. In my translation of *Stephen Hero* (as I had previously attempted to do in my translation of *Dubliners*), I aim at sticking to the original punctuation.

For example, early in *Stephen Hero*, referring to Stephen's reading habits, Joyce writes, and I quote: "People seemed to him strangely ignorant of the value of the words they used so glibly". Then, he proposes: "And pace by pace as this indignity of life forced itself upon him he became enamoured of an idealising, a more veritably human tradition" (26). Preserving Joyce's punctuation, the translation reads: "*E passo a passo à medida que tal indignidade da vida lhe era imposta ele se enamorava de uma tradição idealizada, mais verdadeiramente humana*" (20). Strictly speaking, given Portuguese punctuation rules, the clause "as this indignity of life forced itself upon him" would be considered non-restrictive and, hence, inserted between commas.

Still as regards punctuation, the translation attempts to preserve Joyce's idiosyncratic use of the colon, oftentimes, more than one set of colons in the same sentence. In *Stephen Hero*'s chapter XX, for instance, referring to Stephen being "subjected to the fires of six or seven hostile speakers" (102) in the aftermath of his talk before the Literary and Historical Society, Joyce writes: "Ancient art loved to uphold the beautiful and the sublime: modern art might select other themes: but those who still preserved their minds uncontaminated by atheistic poisons would know which to choose" (103). The translation, again, stays close to Joyce's punctuation, however alien the two sets of colons will seem to the Brazilian reader: "*A arte da Antiguidade se aprazia em*

defender o belo e o sublime: a arte moderna podia optar por outros temas: mas aqueles que ainda mantivessem suas mentes imunes aos venenos ateus saberiam escolher" (81). I might add that, besides attempting to keep the text's "foreignness", the preservation of the punctuation, in fact, is a means to try to reproduce Joyce's masterful control of the cadences of his prose.

Moreover, in an attempt to keep local flavor, a foreignizing strategy was adopted to avoid the translation of names, forms of address and toponyms, the latter mainly as regards names of streets, parks, etc. Hence, already in the title, the choice has been *Stephen Herói*, instead of *Estevão, o Herói*, not only keeping the protagonist's name untranslated but also the peculiar, interestingly ambiguous, word order, in which the name Stephen seems to qualify "hero", an adjective, as it were, a certain type of "hero". And throughout the translation the hero's name remains foreign – Stephen Dedalus – as opposed to Estevão Dédalo, which would be as accessible as… awkward. Likewise, we have Mr. Dedalus, Mrs. Dedalus, Mr. Whelan, Mr. Daniel, Mr. Casey, Mr. Wilkinson, Miss Reeves, and Miss Clery, and not Sr. Dédalo, Sra. Dédalo, Sr. Whelan, Sr. Daniel, Sr. Casey, Sr. Wilkinson, Srta. Reeves, and Srta. Clery. And, again, the forms of address are kept intact not only to preserve the book's foreignness and "fictional reality", but also to avoid macaronic formulations, such as, "seu" Dedalus, "dona" Dedalus, etc.

And for the sake of what hopefully imparts the translation enticingly foreign local color, street and park names were left as they are: Marlboro Street, O'Connell Street, North Richmond Street, Saint Stephen's Green, and Phoenix Park. Not even in the cases of Patrick's Close and Dunphy's Corner does the translation domesticate "close" and corner", as, respectively, "*largo*" and "*esquina*". And the Irish capital remains Dublin throughout, as opposed to the Portuguese translation *Dublim*.

My further examples of foreignizing strategy relate to cultural items, which, in general, were left alone, with added paratext, that is, footnotes, as opposed to "writing" the note into the text itself. In chapter XVI, for instance, referring to Stephen's mate McCann as "a blunt brisk figure, wearing a Cavalier beard and shooting-suit", Joyce adds that "[t]he students of the college did not understand what manner of ideas he favoured and they considered that they rewarded his originality sufficiently by calling him 'Knickerbockers'" (39). Instead of domesticating the cultural item "Knickerbockers" and substituting it for a note written into the text (i.e., "*chamando-o de calção-folgado*"), the translation renders: "*Os alunos da universidade não compreendiam o tipo de ideias que ele abraçava e achavam que compensavam a contento a originalidade do rapaz chamando-o de 'Knickerbockers'*". The strategy has been to keep the foreign term – preserving Joyce's own single quotes – and to resort to a footnote, explaining (for you here in back translation): "Loose short-pants, tied slightly below the knee, worn at the time as a part of a shooting-suit" (29).

Still in chapter XVI, portraying the Daniels sisters, Joyce writes: "The Miss Daniels were not so imposing as their father and their dress was {illegible word} somewhat colleen" (44). The translation – "*As irmãs Daniel não eram tão imponentes*

quanto o pai e seus vestidos eram {palavra ilegível} um tanto colleen" – keeps again the foreign term as is and adds the following footnote, for you here, in back translation: "That is, the sisters' dresses were typically Irish. The Irish word *cailin* means 'girl', at times with a 'countrified' connotation (the translator acknowledges Professor Weldon Thornton's clarification)" (33).

And in chapter XVII, discussing Madden's vain attempt to "infect Stephen with nationalistic fever", Joyce writes that "The Roman, not the Sassenach, was for him [for Stephen, that is] the tyrant of the islanders" (53). Once again, the translation – "*O romano, não o* Sassenach*, era a seu ver o tirano dos ilhéus*" – leaves the alien item alone and explains in a footnote: "a typical Englishman or something considered typical of England – often used disparagingly by Scots and Irish" (40).

Conclusion

However difficult – or delicate – it is to detach oneself from one's own work and theorize one's own practice, I think I could offer more examples of foreignizing as a translation strategy in my rendering *Stephen Hero* in Brazilian Portuguese. But I will stop, lest I belabor the point. Evoking, one last time, Anna Rusconi's poem, I hope I have been able to explain that in "driving" Joyce's words from Ireland to Brazil, instead of domesticating his writing and attempting to render it more familiar or palatable to the Brazilian reader, I have attempted to move the Brazilian reader closer to my foreign author, closer to Joyce's foreign text and context. After all, the translator is lucky enough to be invited to travel to Ireland, but the average Brazilian reader is not.

Note

1 Classic examples of foreignizing strategy in English include many of Ezra Pound's translations, and Nabokov's famous "literal" translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin.*

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Distance by Degrees: Translating A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Caetano Waldrigues Galindo

Abstract: *This article aims to present a personal view of the challenges involved in a new translation of Joyce's first novel to Brazilian Portuguese, which will be the fifth to be published in Brazil since the pioneer work of José Geraldo Vieira in 1945. The category of "distance" will be employed to nuance the ideas of "domesticating" and "foreignizing" throughout the text, trying to demonstrate not only that the core of Joyce's aesthetic project, as it can be seen in this novel, already questions stable positions and purely polar oppositions, but also that it posits possible solutions.*

Keywords: *Translation; James Joyce; Lawrence Venuti*

A Portrait and Translation

Ever since the pioneering propositions of Friedrich Schleiermacher, translators have become obsessed (and rightly so) with the opposing paths of either taking the reader to the text or bringing the text to the reader, with reams and reams of work being written to comment, expand or even question this polarization. If the polarization was indeed a necessary corollary of Schleiermarcher's view is something we can even discuss further (in other moments), but the fact remains that up to the recent work of Lawrence Venuti, with his distinction between *foreignizing* and *domesticating* translations, the contrast has seemed to work and the opposition has seemed to thrive.

But has it ever been truly clear?

When you talk about bringing A to B or taking B to A, you seem to count on the existence of a clear spot in space where you can separate not only A from B, but specifically A from everything around it which is definable as non-A. And so forth. Not to stretch the spatial metaphor too thin, the point (point taken) is that you've got to recognize a clear position identifiable as your starting point, and another, as your ending point.

More than that, you seem to think (and this reasoning is pervasive whenever people mention the distinction of such *methods*) that the work of bringing or taking this or that to that or this is (A) complete and (B) dependent on a converse immobility. That is, that you will not bring A *somewhat nearer* to B; and that you will not count with the

possibility that, as you bring A to B, B will also move a little further in your direction to facilitate, question or accelerate the process.

Nobody can know for sure how stable these metaphors can be to any single employer of the distinction first evoked by Schleiermacher. And neither does it really interest us here. But the fact seems to be that in its own pristine state, so to speak, the categories of "foreignization" and "domestication" (we might as well give them these names) can encapsulate a notion of translation that includes those small epistemic "traps".

For can we really think of "text" and "reader" as stable units, definable and univocally recognizable through whatever minimal extension of time and whatever recognizable dimension of culture we are considering in a given moment (and the emphasis here, to make matters denser, is on *in a given moment*)?

Which text, after all, are we bringing to which reader? Or the other way around?

Suppose we're dealing with a book written one hundred years ago, in a particular subculture (and a particular dialect, for that matter) of a major world language, of course represented (both subculture and dialect) in that book in a version which would be now one century old. Suppose we are thinking of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

Is our "A" the book we are thinking about presenting to our "reader", the book as it was read *then*, by *them*, the original "public"? Or is it supposed to be the book as it is read now, through a century's patina of reception and even "defamiliarization". Are we to highlight a degree of "strangeness" that exists now (in its language and its world) but was entirely inexistent for its original public? (And, more intriguingly, are we to underline a degree of *foreigness* that would not necessarily exist for the same project of translation, should it happen to be attempted in Brazil, say in 1918?)

And who *was* that public? The anglophone world? But a Londoner, for instance, even in that selfsame year of 1916 would not recognize this book as integrally pertaining to her/his world. She/he would create with the book a relationship in certain aspects also connected with the opposition described by Schleiermacher. There was already some *distance* at play. Should she (or anyone "presenting" the book at that moment) think about *going* to the book our *bringing* it closer to her? And, more to the point, should we consider Schleiermacher's categories weaker or stronger when we realize they can be applied to much more than interlingual translation?

Could it be that the book was only approachable in a direct way by Dubliners, and specifically those Dubliners who read it in or around 1916? Even if it was originally published in the United States? Are the Americans of that period its "public"? Which lens will give us the full notion of that clear point "A"? What perception of the book should the translator, should he choose to be "foreignizing", bring to his reader?

And who is that reader? Is he alive now? Will he approach the book in 25 years? Is he the Brazilian (in my scenario) counterpart of that Dubliner reader (or American? Anglophone?) who was alive in 1916? Should I translate the book in a language (and with an ortography) germane to the Brazilian world of 1916 (a tantalizing idea…). How can I foreignize? What is this *foreign* position I'm working from? How foreign is it? To whom?

Of course the other questions raised before could generate even longer discussions (can I *foreignize* only "up to a point"? Can I foreignize up to a point and then take the book towards the reader the rest of the way? Can I foreignize in some "areas" of the book while domesticating in others?); and of course these are problems with which real literary translators deal all the time, and to which they propose and create solutions in virtually every book they translate.

Nem tanto ao céu; nem tanto à terra. The truth lies not necessarily (and perhaps not at all) in the proverbial *middle*, but it does slide along something which we could more productively consider as some sort of continuum and, more than that, as a continuum between mobile and vaguely defined poles.

And that particular book, that *Portrait*, may show this in an even starker way. For if the whole question (or the whole paradox, or maybe the whole oxymoron) involved in that first opposition is at root a question of point-of-view, of discerning who gets to see whom, in what conditions and in whose terms (a question of "custody"?), then it may well have been a formal problem in literature even before it got considered by translators and people dealing with any form of reception or divulgation of books written in different times, different places, for different cultures, in different languages. Prose fiction, at least, has had to deal with something not at all dissimilar to this whenever the problem has popped up.

Whether we think of Cervantes, Apuleius or Murasaki Shikibu, they all have had to deal with the problem of bringing closer "A" (characters, their speech and their conscience) and B (any potential readers) through the agency of a middle man: the narrator. And the same scope of choices has become available to this agent in the course of the development of the modern novel as we know it (with the same difficulties in establishing any sort of "polarity" the deeper you go and the further the form is sophisticated).

Domestication and foreignization, thence, can be definitely seen as fundamental problems of the novel, even before it dreamt of being translated. No wonder Viktor Shklovsky has found in Tolstoy his prime example of *ostranenie*, and precisely when the narrator was trying to create some sort of closeness between reader and Kholstomer, the *horse*. Poles apart indeed.

Specially writing when he wrote (after Flaubert, after Dickens and James), Joyce could not have ignored the problems posed (and the ways opened) by the creative manipulation of distance between narrator and characters and, subsequently, between narrator and reader. Though the stories in *Dubliners* already display a vast array of technical solutions and explore the rich interactions between the voices of characters and narrator, mediating the access of the reader in myriad subtle different ways, it is of course in *Ulysses* that this development reaches its furthest point. Though the very essence of *Finnegans Wake* may be said to lie precisely in annihilating this middle ground through a singular (and nothing short of revolutionary) procedure apparently based on the exponential growth of the powers and of the centrality of that process, creating a unique, dominating and domineering voice that is at the same time strongly characterized

(individualized) and the voice of everyone, everywhere… It is in *A Portrait of the Artist as Young Man* that this radical cline of exploration and discovery has its inception.

The core of the formal distinction between *A Portrait* as we know it now and its former, aborted, *incarnation* as *Stephen Hero* lies in the technical device that allows the book to follow the growth of its main character through a shifting narrative style that becomes more and more "mature" as the novel progresses. This could have been done in a simple *oratio recta* or *direct style*, probably employing a succession of pastiches or "clones" of different literary styles, and one could even easily imagine the author of *Ulysses* dedicating himself to such a project. It is not, though, what has been attempted in *A Portrait*, where the author has chosen to work throughout the book in *oratio obliqua* or *free indirect style*, sometimes more, sometimes less conspicuously.

The first advantage of such a choice is obvious. Instead of generating some sort of parallel commentary on the history and the evolution of nature to mirror the development of his *artist* (something Joyce would indeed do, *mutatis mutandis*, in the episode traditionally known as *The Oxen of the Sun* in *Ulysses*), a parallel that could have something of satire and caricature, what this method allowed Joyce to achieve was a textually evolving surface that effectively *manifested* the development of Stephen's artistic and intellectual capacities. All these, it goes without saying, without giving up entirely the position of the narrator, i.e., without adopting a consistent first person style that could, no doubt, portray that growth, but with the loss of the precious process of mediation.

After all, in this particular formulation of the problem of distance (as opposed to the formulation we perhaps may find in translation studies) there happens to be a solution to that ever gliding scale of grey tones. I can, indeed, take the reader all the way to the character and leave them there. I can also bring the characters to the reader, through a very simple omniscient narrator. But to Joyce, as to theoreticians like M. M. Bakhtin and pretty much every good novelist you can find, this gives up too much. Solving the problem, denying the distance, reaching one of the poles of the continuum is *not* a desirable situation. It might even be some sort of *solution*, but it remains the sort of solution that only shows how preferable was the original state of *doubt*, of *undecidability.* The power found in permanently shifting positions, and in the permanent affirmation of relative *distance*. The preference, over the direct *access*, given to a means of *translation*.

And there is virtually no other way to affirm this power more directly, more stridently and more triumphantly than what we find in the first page of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

A Portrait

My goal here is not to present any comparative analysis of different translations of *A Portrait*. Above all (but not only) because I am here as "a" translator of the book to Brazilian Portuguese. Of course, then, I would have to defend my decisions, my choices

(otherwise, if I did not think I had a reason to stand by them, why should I have done what I did?); of course I recognize the brilliance and the different stances of all of the other translators of the book. As a matter of fact, I have even recommended one of those translators to his editor.

Nevertheless, as a reader, I cannot forget the impact (mostly negative, I have to admit) of my first reading of those lines that open the book in the only Brazilian translation available when I was a teenager. My sole dependable memory of that moment is of thinking something along the lines of "blast it: no serious novel can start this bad".

Because those first lines are "lines" in a much stricter sense. They are razor sharp implements, designed to cut deep, but also capable of incapacitating the user, be this user a translator or a reader. With no prior "warning" the reader is installed in this ambiguous prose, steeped in free indirect speech, which makes no apologies for writing sentences no "decent" narrator should ever accept, while offering no reasons to write sentences no "normal" toddler could ever compose. It's not the mask of up close first person caricature; it's not the distant objective description that could be offered by a third person "voice". If indeed this book will rejoice in going through all degrees of distance between these poles, right now we seem to be smack in the middle of the cline.

And like all intermediary positions in any cline, this one can get slippery. It's a true balancing act, what the narrative voice proposes here, between ludicrousness and poetry, between pastiche and assimilation. And if this results in the ultimate triumph we see in that first page in its entirety, it can only be due to the astounding capacities Joyce had already developed, to erase his own voice, to create a narrator capable of letting himself be permeated by another voice without risking to lose his control of the narrative and of the overall "tone" of the final text.

This is huge.

And as the reader progresses through this first page and gradually (very gradually) realizes what's at stake here, as she/he slowly perceives the swift "evolution" of this hybrid narrative voice, something that will encapsulate in this moment the whole "ethos" of the book, the reader will start to appreciate what in that first moment may have sounded (looked, on the page) strange, awkward, alien. Bit by bit the trajectory of this reader through this first pages will establish an idea, an "image" of someone, of something we will come to recognize as Stephen Dedalus's consciousness.

This process is of course iconic, for we could not expect ourselves to be effectively *guided* to this conscience. We could not *hope* for a complete version of what Bakhtin has called an exterior conscience with a "surplus" of vision, an exterior stance able to provide a "finished" version of Stephen Dedalus. And we don't have only to exclude the possibility of accepting this finished version of his formed conscience, based on the rather neutral premise that whatever we may say about a *Bildungsroman*, we have to admit that we must be pretty much always looking precisely at the series of events that contributed to end up in a (somewhat) formed conscience. *Ergo*, no definite conscience could ever be presented in no first pages at all.

But this simple premise, this simple first premise can obfuscate the fact that it *is* indeed possible for the narrator of a *Bildungsroman* to present, in any given moment, a version of the process of formation that can be at least given as something discretely cut out of the passage of time, as a singular moment, isolated, insulated and, exactly because of all this, as something that is in fact finished *from the outside*. Perhaps it's not merely fortuitous that we have in *A Portrait* that famous discussion of aesthetics, in which Stephen, quite near to the end of his "coming-of-age", presents Aquinas' vision that any work of art has first of all to have *singularitas*, that particular kind of unity which says what is the work and what is the background against which it defines itself.

A work of art, a work of literary art, has got to be the product of an exterior conscience (its author, under whatever handle we may chose to employ) who has got to be capable of giving it some sort of "closure", of "finishing", through some sort of "surplus" of vision. Even though, of course, this closure may result in an open, unsolvable form, or problem. It's the fact that it is a final version that counts, not the possibility of it having some finality, much less some finalizability, except in what concerns its relations to the author.

But a work of art is not it's *theme*. And when the object of the work of art (as in the case of *Bildungsromane*) is this most unfinished of forms, the human life, when its *theme* is the human conscience we have an interesting clash of views and possibilities (something recently quite strongly underlined by the success of the so-called auto-fiction). And what Joyce sets out to do, right from the first page of *A Portrait*, is to present this succession of (yes) discrete moments (after all, he structures the book as a succession of snippets from a life) in a way that allows (nay, forces) one to read each "life state" as something mobile, unstable, as some being in the continuous act of *becoming*.

Presented this way (*ex post facto*, we have to admit), the formal (and philosophical) dilemma behind *A Portrait* seems to lead only to one solution: the extensive, intensive use of *oratio obliqua*, as the sole way to simultaneously enter the conscience of Dedalus in any given moment and not give it away as something finished by and through the process of presentation "from a distance". Not only by the end of the book, but in each small section of the text, Dedalus is not necessarily "ready" to take front stage and present his world as in a soliloquy, but at the same time "his word" is not something "ready", something that can be considered from the outside and presented as such. He has to be seen *refractedly*.

But this presents another problem, and once more a problem that Joyce chose to treat through an analysis of various degrees of *distance*. For if the whole book dramatizes the process of formation of a conscience, we could well admit that at some point by the end of the narrative this process could be coming to an end, or could already have ended. And this poses a different problem, for if we've previously had to approach Dedalus's conscience "through a glass, darkly", in the moment it comes of age, in the moment this conscience is something we can considered "fully formed", it could well be approached from the outside, as the whole it now is. It could be "narrated" by an exterior voice, who would enter, with it, the infinite dialogue of partial visions and illusions of reciprocal

wholeness that characterizes human interaction. Dedalus, ready to be a man among men, could then be seen by men, as a man.

The third person narrator would seen to be adequate now.

But Joyce knew quite well the inverted polarities of this equation, now that what's at stake is not "the formation of a conscience", but the formation of an artist's conscience. Dedalus will not be ready to be treated as legitimate narrative "object", for he is himself, or intends now to be, a creator or worlds, a viewer and narrator of objects, things and persons. Joyce understood fully well that for all of us (truth be told), but especially to the artist, the creation of a conscience entails the creation of a consciousness, and this particular consciousness is precisely the consciousness of a watcher, of an ogler, of a manipulator, and not merely a percept, not a set of sense-data. Thence the brilliant solution of giving Dedalus expression in a rather polemical sort of first person by the end of the book. Polemical because in form of a diary, that most "private" of expressions, that most inchoate, immature and personal (isolated) form of narrative: Dedalus may be (or consider himself to be) ready to "be", but he is not necessarily ready to "speak" properly to others. He may not be the passive percept a third person narrator could encompass, but he still is not yet the first person narrator he would have wanted to be.

Another thing to be considered, in the whole scheme of "distances" proposed by the narrative dynamics in *A Portrait* is the fact that, precisely because we give up (or are deprived of) that limited though powerful means of access to his conscience that was represented by the *oblique* narrator, now this first person (at first blush some sort of "independence" for Dedalus and, consequently, something that could even be seen as the positive result of the entire process of formation of which we've been speaking) can also be seen as somewhat distant, alienating and, as a matter of fact, solipsistic, at least *in potentia*.

That this manoeuvre can turn what in a rather simplistic reading amounts to the apex of this process of formation into its obverse, into something that betrays its denial in the very act of asserting its affirmation, can be seen as no smaller triumph than the one presented to us in those first pages. And everything still hinges on the idea of "distance" and, more than that, on the power and the almost unavoidable need for an intermediate stance that may facilitate some sort of *oblique* access that, considered this way, is the straightest way to the wild heart of our matter.

Translation

Now we can finally put things in a direct relation to the act of translation.

Because translators, literary translators above all, are indeed trained to become protean, to meld into an "environment" ultimately defined by the "voice" or voices created by the author. But this "ability" is more strikingly necessary when it comes precisely to the representation of that "singular" voice. One can arguably say that the task of creating autonomous voices, capable of characterizing and defining "persons", is quite

possibly the same, for both the original author and the translator. Of course the trouble of creating and bounding personalities and so forth lies exclusively with the author, but it's not impossible to think that the subsequent act of "dressing" these characters in different, autonomous voices is fundamentally the same in both the original and the translated work. Nevertheless, the relation between these two "entities" (author and translator) and that intermediate stance is by definition altered, if nothing else, by the mere fact of the existence of the original author as a "new" intermediate position when the matter is considered from the point of view of the translator. Since the translator cannot ignore the original discursive stance responsible for the work (the author), he now has to deal with the whole equation at a further remove. Which can be even more interesting when we are speaking about this "flexible" narrator, basically responsible for what Hugh Kenner (67) has called the *thousand little bits of novelistic housekeeping*, and for managing the attribution of "slots" for free indirect speech and, later in Joyce's body of work, interior monologues.

It's not only a question of finding that "sweet spot" that enables the curious "vision in a mirror" of the *oratio obliqua*, but it is also a need to find the *same* sweet spot the author has found. If we may try a comparison here, it seems to be somewhat like the situation of author and translator of a rhymed sonnet: one had to find words to rhyme; the other has not only to make it rhyme, but his rhymes have now to say the same thing the original did.

Since Literary translators are indeed trained to develop a shifting perspective, and even a shifting "voice", they are used to produce along a sliding continuum of possibilities, styles and sociolinguistic levels. This is no news. But what *A Portrait* sets as a task for this translator is the challenge of working to match *another* sliding continuum which not only "grows" from chapter to chapter, offering new perspectives, possibilities and, in a more concrete level, new vocabularies, but also manages to stay the whole time centered between the opposite poles of the Scyla of caricatural first person and the Charibdis of distant-objective third person. While finding those selfsame "rhymes", tatting back for every titting of the original while creating some sort of (deep down) cohesive and coherent cline of development, the translator has to tread the same path, the same narrow, narrow path, that Joyce created as he went: it was a difficult track for the pioneer, but the had the advantages of choosing rather freely his footholds, and he had the advantage of being probably the best hiker we've ever known; me, I'm shorter-legged, shallower-chested, and I still have to place my clumsy boots precisely in the tight spot where he lodged his brogues.

And, much more than that, all those different layers of complication latent in the original literary "problem" of the representation of that conscience are also added to this new equation. For Joyce, the empirical subject James Augustine Aloysius Joyce as well as the implied presence behind the mobile narrator of *A Portrait*, was dealing with a much narrower system of differences. Not to mention the fact, perhaps not valid here, that Stephen Dedalus (or initially Daedalus) *was* James Joyce, what remains is

that Joyce was dealing with the life and the world (and the language of this world) of someone quite close to himself. Someone of his own socio-cultural and linguistic world. There was no veil of *belatedness*, no relevant *remoteness*. He had Dedalus's life and voice pretty much under his thumb, and was free to deal with it in the most indirect ways precisely because in a very different sense he indeed *had* an external, almost perfect point of view: he could revel on seeing that life in a mirror because he knew quite well what was to be seen; he was choosing his distance and his angle of refraction. But in a translation for a new world, a new culture, a new time (and not only a new language) these paths will all have to be redefined.

How much do I want to brand this original world (or this original "view" of a world) as "quaint"?

How much do I want to make it resonate directly with, say, a Brazilian kid in his or her teens in 2016?

Should I domesticate or foreignize not only in space, but also in time? For instance, all the vocabulary connected to school life in Clongowes and at Belvedere can be adapted to correspond to what a student knows today in Brazil. But do we want to do it? On the other hand, I can *keep* those words in English, and explain in footnotes. Or even keep them in Portuguese, but trying to maintain their historical distance, their possible *weirdness*, and also annotate their meaning and their context.

And this last *middle ground*, which was indeed the path chosen for my translation of *A Portrait* is perhaps a good example of this midway path already illustrated by Joyce's choice of narrator, now transposed to editoral-translating matters. In both cases it was a choice between some sort of direct representation (first person/keeping words in english) that would almost unavoidably incur the risk of charicature and some kind of "description" through equivalence (third person/domesticating translation); and in both cases there springs this possibility of a third, intermediate, diagonal way of looking at the object…

Footnotes may have a bad rap, but in this particular case they may represent that possible third way, without estranging the reader and without opting for a particular kind of "foreignization", in the temporal continuum, that was bound to make the book not "exotic", but necessarily "alien", "dated", and unquestionably not so immediately relevant for whoever may be the Brazilian equivalent of Stephen Dedalus in 2016. On the other hand, this potential Brazilian Dedalus would like to *know*, and would like to approach this world as a different, marked reality: if the past is indeed *a foreign country*, as L.P. Hartley would have it, a sophisticated reader would expect to realize *they do things differently there*.

Thence the conundrum.

I can domesticate in as much as I don't leave the English words; I can foreignize (temporally) in as much as I don't employ contemporary equivalents to those words; I can keep this middle ground through the use of a footnote, whenever needed, which seems now to be justified by the juxtaposition of so many double binds… The translation is not only dealing with the opposition Dedalus x Narrator, so brilliantly solved by the

creative use of free indirect speech; it is not only dealing with that Schleiermacher-Venuti opposition Domesticating x Foreignizing; it is not only dealing with the opposition Old x New as could be encountered by any competent Irish reader today, when he faces as book like *A Portrait* and finds himself once more in that *foreign country* of the *days beyond recall*. The translation has to deal with all three oppositions: in the first case, trying to reproduce the ambiguous, flexible and *unimputable* (or proteanly passive of being seen as many things at once) voice of the book, and we can say a bit more about that; for the other two situations though, what matters most, and what is infinitely more intricate for the project of literary translation (and makes this project fundamentally different from the creation of an original piece), is the fact that they are inextricably woven together. And all three oppositions, presented at the same time, show the same proclivities to radicalization that can be adequately summarized in a cursory view and review of, say, Venuti's scheme. Some sort of either/or thinking, some apparently powerful dichotomy that seems to present new ways to consider the corpus of study and, in the end, even new ways of dealing pragmatically with it.

Nevertheless, what our close contact with a book as densely layered and, more than that, more contrapontistically simultaneous in its presentation not necessarily of voices but of possibilities of reading such and such a voice, what our effective and "sincere" immersion in a work which is not merely a presentation of new technical ideals, of writerly fireworks capable of dazzling readers, critics and translators, but deep down (and consequently even skin deep, after you've really understood the project) an entirely new way of facing the paradoxes of superposed, conflicting and shifting identities, of facing the dilemmas and the possibilities of the conundrums of "distance", "juxtaposition" and, yes, why not, of a very real kind of *coincidentia oppositorum*, what emerges from all this cannot but be a new point of view that favors the *tertius*, the middle ground: not necessarily the synthesis, not necessarily the overcoming of the opposition, but perhaps the denial of the opposition through some means that recognize the irreconcilability of such opposites the whole time.

But what is this posture? What does it entail as practical "advice" or as some sort of "guideline" to the translator?

There are no easy, direct answers here. And there shouldn't be. For if this our premise is correct, if indeed we can derive something fertile from the extrapolation of an intrinsically literary problem, as it was managed in one particular (and very singular) book, and if this extrapolated idea can then be applied to dilemmas essentially pertaining to literary *translation*; if we've found one possible way of seeing the predicaments of the literary translator not as problems that come to life only when this praxis is fully established, but as problems that arise from the same well that gives us the whole density and difficulty of all literary works; if we can see literary translation (and "translation", full stop) as part of a set of linguistic-literary-philosophical problems that characterize the whole endeavour of literature as an element of the linguistic-epistemic kit that allows us to delve into ourselves and into what makes the other "other"; and if all of this can

now be seen, for this book, as something that may be illuminated by this book, what it will tell us, in its long and complex representation of an ever open-ended process (although the "person" undergoing all this would not maybe see it this way: and this is the "ironical" distance that gives as *A Portrait*), is precisely that we have to keep *trying*.

What can the translator of *A Portrait* learn from the book as he or she tries to decide how better to approach it during translation?

That seeing *in a mirror* has its advantages; that sometimes the best way to look directly into something (and coming back "alive" and capable of relating what you saw to others) may be this peculiar kind of refraction that evades the simple and direct answers of manuals, formulas and ready-made sentences. That the diagonal, the flexible and plastic, the protean diagonal of a vision guided not only by its object, but also by the medium that stands, not "in its way", but as something through which is possible the only "straight" vision, that this "looking askance" may be even more honest.

Because we all may end the book needing the succor of a prodigious *father*, though perhaps not to *forge* some *uncreated conscience*. We are always belated, and this belatedness can make it harder for us to see that even this *father*, in his more concrete, real incarnation, saw the world *through a glass*.

Will I have learned it?

It will all live or die in that same first sentence, where a man has to dance, once again, between the certain death of ridicule and the cold undead remoteness of objective description. As always. Once more.

Once upon a time.

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The Paratexts of the Brazilian Translations of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Vitor Alevato do Amaral

Abstract: *This article aims to discuss the paratexts found in the first edition (first printing only) of each of the five translations of A portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916), by James Joyce (1882-1941), in Brazilian Portuguese. From cover to back cover, including prefaces, illustrations, and other paratexts, the five translations (1945, 1992, 2013, 2014, and 2016) differ considerably. The rationale of this paper lies in the fact that the reception of an author in a target culture does not depend only on how his or her text is translated but also on the paratexts that "envelop" it. So A Portrait is not read in Brazil through the translations of its text only, since the ways in which the original paratexts (title and epigraph) and the added ones (notes, for example) are translated significantly affect the reading experience.*

Keywords: *Paratexts; titles; Joyce; translation; Portuguese language*

1. Introduction

After the serialization by the English magazine *The Egoist*, between 1914 and 1915, James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* was published in book form in 1916 by the American B. W. Huebsch, whose publishing house merged in 1925 with the Viking Press, bought by Penguin Books in 1975. The eventful pre-1916 history of the novel begins with Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist", rejected in 1904 by the editors of the journal *Dana*, Frederick Ryan and John Eglinton (pseudonym of William Magee), the latter of whom told Joyce, "I can't print what I can't understand" (qtd. in Ellmann 147). Joyce developed the essay into *Stephen Hero*, a novel unpublished in his lifetime and abandoned by Joyce when he decided to rewrite it as *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

The present article is an introduction to the five full translations of *A Portrait* in Brazilian Portuguese through its paratextual elements found in the first printing of their first editions. According to Gérard Genette (*Palimpsestes* 9), paratexts consist of titles, prefaces, footnotes, epigraphs, comments etc., all that establish "transtextual relations"

with the text proper[1]. This article will deal more directly with the paratexts that gain their existence in the immediate surroundings of the text, that is in the book, which Genette (*Seuils* 11) called "peritexts" (titles, illustrations, prefaces etc.), while the "epitexts", situated outside the physical limits of the publication (letters, comments etc.), although present throughout the article, are not in focus.

Translations are regarded by Genette (*Palimpsestes* 11-12) not as paratexts but as hypertexts, in that they are related to a precedent text, the hypotext, not as a comment but as a text derived from it. Translations constitute a special case when it comes to transtextual relations. They have the paratext they inherit from the original publication, such as epigraphs, notes, prefaces, and, obviously, the title, but they generally not only transform those elements by giving them another linguistic form (or by suppressing some and replacing others) but also add new ones, like translator's notes. The present study is concerned with the ensemble of both original and added paratextual elements present in the selected translations of *A Portrait*.

Paratexts play a role in establishing relations between readers and works. As market products, printed and electronic books alike are shown (sold) to consumers (readers) in covers. Were they secondary, publishing houses would not invest in cover design. Whether they can be only suggestive or create an explicit link with the text, most of the times they shake hands with the readers before that text even has a chance to say hello. The book as an object, of necessity or fetish, has an appearance and a content neighboring the main text, and they should not be disregarded.

> The attention that by habit and necessity one draws to the paper object called *book* is not without consequence to the reading of the text. From the shape of this object and its promises, to the credit conveyed by the signature of the editor, including the approval sought by the architecture and the presentation of the work, hundreds of traces and prints – alternately explicit and implicit – surround, permeate the author's intentions and act on the reader who discovers them (Nyssen 16).

A Portrait was the first book by Joyce to be entirely translated in Brazil. José Geraldo Vieira's *Retrato do artista quando jovem* was published in 1945 by the publishing house Livraria do Globo, from Porto Alegre, in volume 61 of the series named Coleção Nobel. Before 1945, Joyce translations were limited to half of "The Dead" ("Os mortos", 1942), "Counterparts" ("Contrapartes", 1944a), "Arábia" ("Araby", 1944b), and part of *Ulysses* ("Hades", from "pause" to "Enough of this place", *U* 6.835-996) translated by the modernist artist Pagu (Campos 210-218). In 1992, Bernardina Silveira Pinheiro's translation, *Um retrato do artista quando jovem*, was published. The forty-seven years between *Retrato* and *Um Retrato* witnessed the first complete Brazilian translations of *Dubliners* (*Dublinenses*, 1964) and *Ulysses* (*Ulisses*, 1966). The second decade of the twenty-first century was particularly positive to *A Portrait* in Brazil. Elton Mesquita translated the novel as *Um retrato do artista quando jovem* (2013), Guilherme da Silva

Braga as *Retrato do artista quando jovem* (2014), and Caetano Galindo as *Um retrato do artista quando jovem* (2016b).

This article comprises two analytic sections: "Titles" and "Paratexts". Due to the peculiar place titles take among paratextual elements – titology is the special name for the study of titles – the first section is entirely devoted to the translation of the original title. The second section comprises the analysis of the other paratextual elements.

2. Titles

The study of titles has become a topic in Joyce translation studies (Amaral 2012; O'Neill 2004; O'Neill 2005). The title of Joyce's first novel does not present any special translation difficulty. Or does it? It is Joyce's most explicit title to a narrative work. Compared to the laconicism of *Dubliners* (1914), *Ulysses* (1922) and *Finnegans Wake* (1939), *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* not only is longer but also seems to show an attempt to explicitness and exactitude, tempered, if so, by the use of the indefinite article "a" before "portrait". However, if we try to relate the final title of the novel with other titles coined by Joyce as well as with the one chosen for the piece submitted to *Dana* in 1904, its pregnancy and novelty are brought forth.

Perhaps with the prospect of writing a paper about *A Portrait*, or simply because I was attending the International James Joyce Symposium in London (13-18 June 2016), my attention was caught by a few Renaissance paintings while I visited The National Gallery, all entitled "Portrait of a Young Man". A quick search through the website of the gallery takes us to the paintings by Andrea del Sarto, Petrus Christus, Bronzino, and Giovanni Battista Moroni, where each young man, except for the last one, is holding a book. In all four cases, the titles do not identify the young men with any specific art or office. Another recurrent title that relates with Joyce's is "Portrait of the Artist" (van Gogh's for instance). In both titles, there is little openness for doubt: in the former, a young man is portrayed; in the latter, an artist. It would be wrong to lower those titles to the level of simplicity, but it is clear that Joyce's title – some kind of fusion of those two in which the equation "artist" + "young man" equals an apparently straightforward result – creates more opportunities for interpretation. Compared to the definitive title of the novel, the 1904 "A Portrait of the Artist" is nothing but the reuse of a well-known title. Joyce transformed a classical title into something modern and ambiguous, capable not only of accompanying the complexity of the narrative but also of concurring to it.

Unlike the other titles of the paintings, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* alone does not resolve the question of whether the Stephen Dedalus whose portrait we follow throughout the book is an artist or an artist-to-be. The ambiguity persists, and one has to read the novel to discover the answer. And, since the title is not only "a portrait of a young man" nor "a portrait of an artist", what does "as a young man" mean, and how to translate it?

Rendering the noun phrase "a young man" should never be regarded as a minor part in any translation project of *A Portrait*. In a letter of 31 October 1925 to Dámaso Alonso, whose Spanish translation of the novel was published in 1926, Joyce claimed that *"adolescente"* – an adjective, like "*jovem*" in Portuguese – was the appropriate translation for "young man", although "the classical meaning of adolescence is a person between the ages of seventeen and thirty-one and this would cover only the fifth chapter of the book and represents about one fifth of the entire period of adolescence […]" (Joyce *Letters* 128-129). Joyce also indicated that "young man" could be used to address "even the infant on page one, of course in joke" (129), which is also true about the Portuguese *"jovem"*.

An important aspect to be considered in the Brazilian translations of the title is the difference between "as" and *"quando"*. While "as" equally conjoins in itself the notions of quality and time, *"quando"*, if not univocally associated with time, only secondarily relates with quality. The Portuguese *"enquanto"* would be the most suitable choice in other situations, but the title under which the novel has been known in Brazil, and in the Portuguese-speaking countries, is so ingrained in our literary culture that it is hard to imagine "Um retrato do artista enquanto jovem" on the cover of a book. That is why the French *"en jeune homme"* in *Portrait de l'artiste en jeune homme* (1982) – Jacques Aubert's replacement for Ludmila Savitzky's *Dedalus: portrait de l'artiste jeune par lui-même* (1924) – is a finding unmatchable by the Portuguese language.

The original title sometimes appears as *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, by mistake of copy editors or authors themselves. The fact is that the article is very likely to be dropped by non-Joyceans. As William York Tindall (53) affirmed, "the word *Portrait* in the title is significant; and it is no less significant that the article preceding this word is *A*, not *The*". It must be noted that the five Brazilian translations of *A Portrait* can be placed in two groups, those with the indefinite article and those without it. Vieira (1945) and Braga (2014), like the Portuguese translators Alfredo Margarido (c.1960) and Clarisse Tavares (1993), left it out of their versions: *Retrato do artista quando jovem*. On the other hand, Pinheiro (1992), Mesquita (2013) and Galindo (2016b) kept it in the title: *Um retrato do artista quando jovem*. Tindall's reflection on the title continues as follows: "this novel, like a painter's work, is one of several possible interpretations of a subject. Not representational, the distortions and arrangements, like those on canvas, are expressive" (53). In using the indefinite article, it is clear that what is being offered to the readers is *one* of the possible portraits of *the* artist. Far from asserting the flatness of the protagonist, what the combination of indefiniteness and definiteness achieves is the reinforcement of the artist as source of innumerous manifestations and subject to different appreciations. The portrait in the book is not definitive but in progress, not necessary but intentional, not comprehensive but selective.

One final remark is that Pinheiro's title *Um retrato do artista quando jovem* is accompanied by the description *Romance* (novel). Genette (*Seuils* 61) named this kind of subtitle "generic indication", to distinguish it from the subtitle proper. The indication

is both on the cover and the title page, but omitted in between, as if the addition were Joyce's and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* were a *faux titre*. When the translation passed to another publishing house in 2006, this was removed.

3. Paratexts

3.1 *Retrato* (1945)

The cover of the first edition of Vieira's translation (1945) is illustrated with the pensive face of a young man. Although uncredited, the image on the cover is the work of João Fahrion (1898-1970), an artist from Porto Alegre (Ramos 325)[2].

The text on the flaps acknowledges the publishing house, Livraria do Globo, for "introducing the great literature of a fabulous Irishman to the intellectual curiosity of the Brazilian public", and the novel is presented as "maybe the most adequate work for the first contact between the reader and Joyce". *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake* (sic) are mentioned, but *Dubliners* is not. The text ends on the back cover flap, where the translations of Norman Douglas's and Charles Morgan's novels are advertised in two short pieces that, unlike the anonymous text about *Retrato*, are signed by Luis Martins and Rolmes Barbosa, in this order. The back cover brings a commercial note on Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* (translated as *Os Buddenbrook*).

The translator's name is printed on the title page. The copyright page brings the original title of the novel, but no further information about the source text. Between the half-title and title page, serving as frontispiece, is an uncredited black-and-white

reproduction of the well-known Jacques-Emile Blanche's 1934 "Portrait of James Joyce (1882-1941)", part of the collection of the National Gallery of Ireland since 1941. A peculiarity of this translation is in the chapter titles. Unlike the other translations, which use Roman numbers, Vieira's reads *"parágrafo"* (paragraph) to designate the beginning of each chapter, as in "PRIMEIRO PARÁGRAFO" (first paragraph), and so forth until the fifth. No translation of the epigraph is offered to the readers, although the poet's name appears in its Portuguese form, Ovidio (sic), as it follows: "*Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes* / *Metamorphoses*, Ovidio, VIII, 18.".

3.2 *Um Retrato* (1992)

The second Brazilian translation of *A Portrait* differs radically from the first in terms of paratextual elements. The cover reproduces a well-known black-and-white photograph of Joyce, "James Joyce, bearded, seated in profile, Zurich", taken by the German photographer C. Ruf, or by someone in his studio in Zurich, in 1919 (The Poetry Collection at the State University of New York at Buffalo), although no information about its source is provided by the Brazilian publishers. It is a clear attempt to present the artist of the novel in the profile of the author. However, the artist whose profile we see on the cover is no longer a young man but the 37-year-old writer then roughly two years from finishing his masterpiece, *Ulysses*.

The back cover brings an excerpt from the translation (23-24), from "I do" to "question?" (Joyce 1974 14). The flaps carry words by O'Shea, whose *Dublinenses* would come out a year later by the same publishing house. O'Shea concisely goes from summarizing the history of the novel since the *Dana* rejection and classifying the novel as a *Künstlerroman* to emphasizing the quality of the new translation.

A dedication – "Para Caio" (To Caio) – follows the copyright page. Two pages ahead comes Joyce's epigraph to the novel, with the Latin preserved: "*Et ignotas animum*

dimittit in artes. / Ovídio, *As metamorfoses*, VIII, 188". The translation of the epigraph is in the first of the forty-three endnotes prepared by Pinheiro: "E aplicou seu espírito a artes desconhecidas" (251). The epigraph and the first chapter are interposed by two elements: a map of Dublin entitled "Dublim e arredores" ("Dublin and Environs"), signed by Burkhardt, and the translator's introduction. Before commenting on the latter, I would like to remark that the separation of the epigraph from the first chapter is not only unaesthetic but also confusing for readers not familiar with Joyce's novel. I have realized that some of my undergraduate students tend to mistake the quotation from Ovid's poem for some editorial addition, ignoring that it was an author's choice and, consequently, disregarding its importance. The alienation of the epigraph from the body of Joyce's text diminishes its impact, breaks the fluency of the reading and the solemnity of the short silence before we reach the first chapter.

Both the translator's introduction and the endnotes mark the most striking difference in relation to the 1945 translation, which bears neither. In her text, Pinheiro does more than mentioning in passing the originary "A Portrait of the Artist" as the departure point for the novel. She comments on its theme and history and recognizes that the way in which Joyce dealt with time in the novel had been anticipated in the essay. *Stephen Hero*, which Pinheiro rendered as *Stephen, o herói* (O'Shea would translate it twenty years later as *Stephen Herói*), also figures in the introduction. Again, like "A Portrait" the essay, the draft-novel is briefly but efficiently presented to the Brazilian readers. The translator underlines that it would not have been more than "a fairly interesting novel" (11) if it had not been transformed by Joyce in *A Portrait*, whose balance, psychological depth, language, and innovative style are highly regarded.

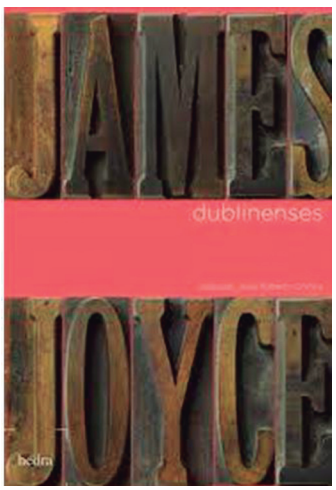
In respect with translating Joyce, Pinheiro (12) calls it "a somewhat scary challenge", and translating *A Portrait* specifically, "a challenge even bigger due to the style harmoniously fit to the content, the sonority of the words used by Joyce, the melody, the cadence, and the rhythm of its language". Pinheiro does not make reference to any translation theory. Her goal was to produce a faithful (I am using the term in all its vagueness) translation to Joyce: "in the literary translation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, within the difference of language and sound, I sought, as much as possible, the melody and cadence that I believe he [Joyce] would like to find in a Brazilian version of his work […]" (13).

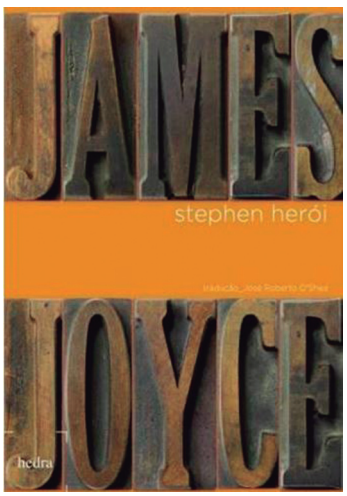
The scholarly touch of the translation is completed when Pinheiro makes a clear reference to her source text, the 1964 Chester G. Anderson edition, explaining that this was the text which Joyce scholars and Jacques Lacan, in "Joyce, le Sinthome", quoted from.

3.3 *Um Retrato* (2013)

Translations published by Hedra (São Paulo) are distinguishable for making the translators' names visible right on the covers, whereas most publishing houses only do it

when the name in case can help the sales. Elton Mesquita's *Um retrato do artista quando jovem* is the third of a series of Joyce translations commissioned by Hedra, which began in 2012 with O'Shea's *Dublinenses* and *Stephen Herói*. Although the translations are not offered to the readers as part of a series, the link between the three books is clear in their identical characteristics (paper, font, sheet size, cover pattern).





The text in the back cover is about a hundred words long. It highlights the relevance of the "stylistic innovations" of *A Portrait* for the literature of the twentieth century. The flaps bear a longer text through which the readers are reminded of other works by Joyce and led to understand that there is a connection between all of them. Tulio Caetano was responsible for two caricatures and a drawing of Joyce. The drawing, printed on the colophon page, is a reproduction of the 1928 photograph of Joyce taken by Berenice Abbott. The first caricature is on the verso of the second half title, the second faces the "Apêndice" ("appendix"), on its left. Beatriz Kopschitz Bastos wrote both the "Apresentação" ("foreword") and the text of the appendix, "O retrato da Irlanda" ("the portrait of Ireland").

Mesquita's "Nota do tradutor" (translator's note) is short and adds a personal tone through which he intends to emphasize that *A Portrait* is a book about life. For him, the depth of the story written by Joyce is more enticing for the reader than the translation problems he had faced, and for this reason he does not make any comment on his translation process. He dedicates the translation to the young artists of the country.

Mesquita writes 187 footnotes (the book has 188 notes, but the first one is by Kopschitz). The epigraph appears without the italics and so does its translation: "Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes. / – Ovídio, *Metamorfoses*, VIII, 188"; "E ele aplica a mente às artes ocultas". The source text of the translation is Anderson's, as indicated on the copyright page.

3.4 *Retrato* (2014)

The only first edition of a translation of *A Portrait* in Brazil to have come to light in the format of a pocket book is Guilherme da Silva Braga's translation (vol. 1146 of the collection L&PM Pocket). The cover reads only the author's name and the title, with the name of the collection discretely placed at the bottom on the right.

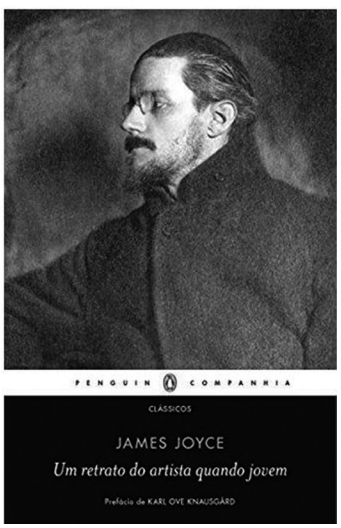
The back cover brings a heading, "Um retrato do artista – e de uma época" (a portrait of the artist – and of an epoch), followed by the name of the translator, which also appears on the title page. A quote by Beckett is also provided, "A obra de Joyce não é sobre algo – ela é algo em si", the closest original being, to my knowledge, "his writing is not *about* something; *it is that something itself*", from "Dante… Bruno. Vico.. Joyce", first published in 1929 (Beckett 14). The main text of the back cover consists of around 150 words attempting to cover every aspect of the novel that can attract readers, approaching the myth of Dedalus, *A Portrait* as a novel of formation, Stephen as Joyce's alter ego, the stream of consciousness, and how this technique would be more deeply explored in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

A biographical note on Joyce comes before the title page. The book does not have a translator's introduction nor does it bring any information about the source text used. The epigraph, without translation, figures in the following form: "*Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes.* / Ovídio, *Metamorfoses*, VIII, 188". The book has twelve footnotes, all by the Editor.

3.5 *Um Retrato* (2016)

It calls the attention of any researcher of the Joyce translations in Brazil that the cover designed by Penguin Classics / Companhia das Letras portrays the same photograph of Joyce as the cover of the 1992 translation, but with the reference (C. Ruf / Archive

Photos / Getty Images) on the back cover. In the chronology section, prepared by Caetano Galindo, the entry of 1918 informs that Joyce "sits, in Zurich, for the photography that illustrates the cover of the book" (314). However, the website of the State University of New York at Buffalo, where the original photograph is housed, indicates the year as 1919, and so does Richard Ellmann's biography. The association of Joyce with his alter ego Stephen Dedalus is again explicit. Joyce's photo, bearded as he is in it, explains why he received the cognomen "Herr Satan" from a landlady in Zurich (Ellmann 435). The look adopted by the writer definitely did not help him to pass muster more easily. In the novel, Stephen had trouble to be accepted, too. Even his name was subject to frowning: "What kind of name is that?" (9), asked a schoolmate in Clongowes Wood College. Those familiar with the story and with Joyce's life are unlikely to obviate the Joyce-Dedalus relation evoked by the peculiar look of the artist on the cover.



The back cover has a text of about 130 words that spots the novel as "a monument about art and literature", and its protagonist as "a young man in search of its identity, be it artistic, political or personal", who would reappear in *Ulysses*. On the top of the back cover is an excerpt from the translation in which the Brazilian readers can recognize "perto do coração selvagem da vida" (208) – "near to the wild heart of life" (Joyce 1974 171) – as familiar, insofar as it was the source for the title of Clarice Lispector's *Perto do coração selvagem* (*Near to the Wild Heart*).

The book opens with a biographical note about Joyce and a shorter one about the translator, followed by the title page, where Galindo is credited for the translation, notes, and chronology. In his "Nota do tradutor" (translator's note), Galindo emphasizes the connection between *A Portrait* and *Ulysses*, opening his text by addressing the readers directly: "what you have in your hands is fundamentally the first part of *Ulysses*" (7). The novel is, in Galindo's words, a threshold to be crossed towards *Ulysses*, so much that he calls it an introduction: "we have decided here to use footnotes in order to facilitate this

'introduction'" (7). He recommends the readers to pay attention to Joyce's language in what he defines as "the boldest novel of formation" and adverts to the parallel between "the semantic and syntactic turns" and what is going on in Stephen's head (8). Unlike what he did in his translation of *Ulysses* (Joyce 2012 10), where he acknowledged the importance of Antonio Houaiss' and Pinheiro's translations (1966 and 2005) for his own *tour de force*, this time Galindo does not make reference to any prior translator of *A Portrait*, which suggests that he preferred to keep a certain distance from the other *retratos* while painting his own.

The preface written by the Norwegian Karl Ove Knausgård is entitled "O longo caminho de volta" ("the long way back"). In my correspondence with the translator, he clarified to me that the preface was translated *into* English by Martin Aitken and *from* English by Galindo himself. In fact, in the Centennial Edition of *A Portrait*, published by Penguin Books, the same text figures as "Foreword: The Long Way Home" (Joyce 2016a ix-xii), there with the indication that it was translated into English by Martin Aitken. Companhia das Letras, as the publisher of several of the novels by the Norwegian writer – who is now popular among Brazilian readers and was invited to the Paraty International Literary Festival (FLIP) in 2016 – did not miss the opportunity to print his name on the cover of the book, giving more visibility to the name of the prefacer than to the name of the translator.

The book offers a selection of titles – "Outras leituras" ("other readings") – for readers interested in going further in Joyce's works. It is positively surprising – since it is not common for one translation to refer to another – that among the titles are three previous Brazilian translations of *A Portrait*. But even more surprising is the fact that the only translation missing from the list is Pinheiro's, exactly the one done by a real Joycean and, like Galindo, translator of *Ulysses*. The 205 unnumbered footnotes written by the translator are the most numerous for any Brazilian translation of the novel. There is no indication of the source text on the copyright page nor anywhere else in the book. Galindo also informed me that the Brazilian editor and translator Cristian Clemente helped him with the religious terminology applied by Joyce in the narrative.

The translation of the epigraph is embedded in the original between square brackets instead of placed in a note, augmenting its presentation by one line: "*Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes* / [E ele voltou seu espírito para artes desconhecidas] / *Ovídio, Metamorfoses,* VIII*, 188.*". And, since this is the last publication to be analyzed, it is pertinent at this point to add a comparative comment on the translations of the epigraph.

Only three of the five translations supply the vernacular words for the Latin of the original: "E *aplicou* seu *espírito* a artes desconhecidas" (1992), "E ele *aplica* a *mente* às artes ocultas" (2013), and "E ele *voltou* seu *espírito* para artes desconhecidas" (2016b) [my italics]. Because neither of the three publications provide any information regarding the Portuguese versions they present, there remains the question of whether they were or not, directly or indirectly, done by the translators. Although they do not vary much from each other, it calls attention that the 2013 version is the only to use *"mente"* (mind) instead of *"espírito"* (spirit), and the present tense, *"aplica"* ("applies"), instead of the

past, *"aplicou"* and *"voltou"* ("applied" and "turned"). Don Gifford's *Joyce Annotated* (130), an obligatory source for any researcher or translator of *A Portrait*, also gives a translation in the present and uses "mind" instead of "spirit": "And he *sets* his *mind* to work upon unknown arts" [my italics]. However, it is more common to find English versions in the past tense, as in Jeri Johnson's edition (224), "So then to unimagined arts he set his mind", also the only among the consulted editions of the novel to provide a source for the translation, "trans. A. D. Melville, Oxford World's Classics, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986, 177".

Conclusion

I hope to have reinforced the role of the paratexts for the assessment of translations by readers and researchers. Translation criticism continues too much attached to the *text*, the title being the only of the elements that fall into the category of paratext to have received more attention from critics. As priorly mentioned, title translation has recently become a relevant topic in Joyce translation studies. In the translations of Joyce's works, titles, together with the content of the notes, seem to be the paratextual component on which the translators have a (final) say. Information about copyright and all different sources, covers, and illustrations (when added) are decisions that escape from their hands. The paratexts that bookend the translator's work is not his or her decision.

From 1945 to 2016, the presence of notes, introductions, and prefaces has visibly increased. The only exception is Braga's translation, which was published as pocket book, a format that usually repels such additions. For instance, foot and final notes undiscriminately, from Pinheiro's forty-three notes to Mesquita's 187 and to Galindo's 205, gradually the translations of *A Portrait* in Brazil became more distinguishable for the presence of paratexts that add a scholarly flavor to them.

Finally, I have tried to be critical about the paratexts, avoiding neutral descriptions throughout the article. As they are not simply ornaments but an input to the final editorial product that will eventually reach the readers and play a part in the performance of reading, any analysis deprived of a critical perspective would not have done any good to the study of paratextual elements in Joyce translations.

Notes

1 All translations, unless otherwise indicated in the references, are mine.
2 I thank Paula Ramos for the help in finding this piece of information.

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Translating Baby Tuckoo: Portraits of the Artist as a Very Young Man

Patrick O'Neill

Abstract: *A comparative reading across several different languages of the opening sentences of Joyce's text suggests the possible interpretive implications of a macrotextual Portrait.*

Keywords: *translation effects; transtextual reading; texts and macrotexts.*

The first three sentences of James Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916) focus on how the strangely named budding artist Stephen Dedalus, who will continue his artistic development in *Ulysses*, acquired one of his earliest names. The present discussion involves an exploration of textual effects generated by what I have elsewhere called a *transtextual* reading, a reading, that is to say, across languages, of competing and complementary translations of those three sentences in a variety of versions and languages. The aim of the exercise is not to pronounce on the merits and demerits of individual translations, but rather to explore how Joyce's original text is extended and ramified by its cumulative translations, growing in the process into a multilingual macrotext.[1]

For purposes of comparison, we shall examine three versions each in German, Italian, and Portuguese; two versions each in Dutch, French, Norwegian, Spanish, and Swedish; and single versions in Catalan, Danish, Galician, and Irish. All translations are quoted in full for each of the passages concerned, so that interested readers may test my interpretive comments against their own feeling for the respective languages and consequently for the translated texts. Other readers' reactions may of course very well be quite different from my own, but this is entirely to be expected, since we all, as readers, inevitably bring different backgrounds and inclinations and abilities, linguistic and otherwise, to the texts we read in whatever language, whether our own or another.

> Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo....
> His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.
> He was baby tuckoo. (7)

Joyce's narrative portrait of the artist as a young man begins with a very young man indeed. The reader who approaches the text for the first time (in any language) may be mildly disoriented by the first sentence (who is speaking?), before being quickly reoriented by the second ("His father told him that story"). On later readings, we realize that the reorientation is actually rather less than complete, in that the opening sentence is in fact embedded in no fewer than four separate narrative presentations, involving two separate voices and two separate (and different) visions: the narrating voice of Stephen Dedalus's father; the remembered consciousness of the very young Stephen (perhaps only two years old) as listener; the remembering consciousness of the older Stephen; and the voice of the primary narrator, the teller of the telling, who may or may not (for all we know at this point in the story) turn out to be identical with the older Stephen, the artist no longer quite so young a man. (We find out only later, of course, that the protagonist is called Stephen Dedalus; so far there is no hint of his name or his identity, other than that, in this opening sequence, he is a baby – more specifically, "baby tuckoo.")

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, as the title already suggests, and as befits a *Künstlerroman* or novel of artistic development, is a highly self-aware artistic construct. The narrative begins with an ironically self-conscious *mise en abyme*, an incomplete (and ostentatiously fictive) narrative listened to by the very young Stephen; it will conclude almost 300 pages later with another incomplete narrative, the older Stephen's journal of some twenty years later. The opening formula – "Once upon a time" – also makes an immediate and artfully doubled reference – "and a very good time it was" – to the importance of narrative time, an essential armature of any *Künstler* – or *Bildungsroman*. Joyce's *Portrait* opens with the remembered narrating voice of Stephen's father; it will end with Stephen's own voice invoking his "old father, old artificer" to stand him "now and ever in good stead" (253). Stephen's reference, as he prepares to leave home and country and set off to make his way alone and abroad as (he hopes) a writer, is not to father Dedalus of Dublin but to father Daedalus of Greek myth, but it also, and of course ironically, brings us back to the narrating father Dedalus of the first sentence.

[1] Once upon a time

Savitsky (French, 1924): Il y avait une fois,
Savitsky/Aubert (French, 1982): Il était une fois,
Pavese (Italian, 1933): Nel tempo dei tempi,
Capodilista (Italian, 1973b): C'era una volta
Oddera (Italian, 1980): C'era una volta tanto tanto tempo fa
Alonso (Spanish, 1926): Allá en otros tiempos
Ingberg (Spanish, 2012): Había una vez en otros tiempos
Vernet (Catalan, 1967): Al temps que les bèsties parlaven
Vieira (Portuguese, 1945): Certa vez,
Margarido (Portuguese, 1960): Era uma vez,
Pinheiro (Portuguese, 1992): Era uma vez
Araguas (Galician, 1994): Alá noutros tempos,

Goyert (German, 1926): Vor vielen, vielen Jahren
Reichert (German, 1972): Es war einmal vor langer Zeit
Rathjen (German, 2012): Es war einmal zu einer Zeit
Schuchart (Dutch, 1962): Er was eens
Franken and Knuth (Dutch, 1972): Eens in langvervlogen tijden
Atterbom (Swedish, 1921): Det var en gång för länge sen i världen
Olofsson (Swedish, 1988): Det var en gång i världen
Brusendorff (Danish, 1941): Der var engang
Brøgger (Norwegian, 1948): Det var en gang
Svenkerud (Norwegian, 1993): Det var en gang
Henry (Irish, 1996): Tan ann

Divergent readings begin already with the opening phrase, as its translators choose either to stay with the unspecified mythical past of Joyce's ironically quoted "once upon a time" or to historicize that past in domesticating it as merely "many years ago." The former course is followed by most of the translators, including Savitsky/Aubert's French "Il était une fois" (literally, "there was once"), Pavese's Italian "Nel tempo dei tempi" (literally, "in the time of times"), and Alonso's Spanish "Allá en otros tiempos" (literally, "there in other times"). The latter course is followed most overtly in Oddera's expansive Italian "una volta tanto tanto tempo fa" ("one time, very very long ago"), Goyert's German "Vor vielen, vielen Jahren" ("many, many years ago"), Franken and Knuth's Dutch "eens in langvervlogen tijden" ("once in times long gone"), and Atterbom's Swedish "för länge sen" ("long ago"). Reichert's German version combines the two options: "Es war einmal" ("there was once") "vor langer Zeit" ("a long time ago"), while Rathjen's German "Es war einmal zu einer Zeit" very closely replicates Joyce's "Once upon a time."[2] Vernet's Catalan rendering "Al temps que les bèsties parlaven" ("in the time when the animals could talk") is a colourful and potentially interesting variation that quickly comes to nothing, for we never discover what the moocow might have said, whether in Catalan or otherwise.

Three versions – Alonso's and Ingberg's Spanish versions both with "en otros tiempos," Araguas's Galician with "noutros tempos" – make the specific point that these mythical times were "in other times," times unspecified but far distant both chronologically and experientially, in which things might well have been expected to function quite differently. Some versions interestingly add a suggestion of spatial as well as temporal indefiniteness: the most overt of these are Atterbom's and Olofsson's Swedish "i världen" (literally, "in the world"), but Alonso's Spanish "allá," Araguas's Galician "alá," and Henry's Irish "ann" all literally mean "there" – Henry's succinct rendering "tan ann" translating idiomatically as "there was a time," literally as "time (*tan*) there (*ann*)."

[2] and a very good time it was

Savitsky (French, 1924): dans le bon vieux temps,
Savitsky/Aubert (French, 1982): et c'était une très bonne fois,

Pavese (Italian, 1933): ed erano bei tempi davvero,
Capodilista (Italian, 1973b): nei bei tempi andati
Oddera (Italian, 1980): [*phrase omitted*]
Alonso (Spanish, 1926): (y bien buenos tiempos que eran),
Ingberg (Spanish, 2012): y buenos tiempos eran
Vernet (Catalan, 1967): – i que n'eren, de bons, aquells temps! –
Vieira (Portuguese, 1945): – e que linda vez que isso foi! –
Margarido (Portuguese, 1960): nos doces tempos de outrora,
Pinheiro (Portuguese, 1992): e uma vez muito boa mesmo
Araguas (Galician, 1994): e moi bos que eran,
Goyert (German, 1926): – war das eine herrliche Zeit –
Reichert (German, 1972): und das war eine sehr gute Zeit
Rathjen (German, 2012): und eine sehr gute Zeit war's
Schuchart (Dutch, 1962): – en dat was een heerlijke tijd –
Franken and Knuth (Dutch, 1972): en hoe goed waren die tijden niet
Atterbom (Swedish, 1921): [*phrase omitted*]
Olofsson (Swedish, 1988): [*phrase omitted*]
Brusendorff (Danish, 1941): – og hvor dejligt var alting ikke dengang –
Brøgger (Norwegian, 1948): – og allting var deilig den gangen –
Svenkerud (Norwegian, 1993): og en riktig så god gang var det
Henry (Irish, 1996): agus ba h-an mhaith an tan é

The phrase "and a very good time it was," while once again merely a standard story-telling formula, also hints already at the element of reconstructive nostalgia in all remembrances of things past, whether of Stephen's father's squandered but retrospectively heroicized past or of Stephen's own impoverished youth, out of which he is portrayed as growing towards man's (and possibly, but only possibly, also artist's) estate. Most of our translators are enthusiastically nostalgic: Capodilista's "bei tempi andati" ("good times past"); Vernet's "and how good they were, those times!"; Vieira's "and what a good time it was!"; Franken and Knuth's "and how good those times were"; Brusendorff's "and how good everything was in those days"; Henry's "and it was a very good time." While most versions, as one would expect, use terms literally meaning "good," several contribute to a range of connotational variety: Vieira's Portuguese "linda" ("lovely"), Margarido's Portuguese "doce" ("sweet"), Goyert's German "herrlich" and Schuchart's Dutch "heerlijk" ("splendid"), Brusendorff's Danish "dejligt" and Brøgger's Norwegian "deilig" ("lovely") all ring adjectival changes on just how splendid and splendidly different those other times once were, or need to be imagined as having once been. The idiomatic use of the negative rather than the expected positive, however, in three separate translations – Vernet's Catalan "n'eren" (literally, "were not"), Franken and Knuth's Dutch "niet" ("not") and Brusendorff's Danish "ikke" ("not") – to reinforce just how good the good old days really were adds a distinctly wistful note (at least for the non-native reader of those languages) to all such memories of days (mythical or not) long gone beyond recall, thus adding a note unsounded either in Joyce's English or in any of the other translated versions of it.

Three translations, however (Oddera's, Atterbom's, and Olofsson's), for whatever reason or combination of reasons, refuse to be seduced by sentimental memories of the alleged goodness of the good old days, simply omitting the phrase and the wistfully remembered good old days altogether. The omission is a not insignificant one, not only increasing as it does the pace of the narrative, but also removing a very early proleptic hint, however whimsical, of the comfortably self-indulgent nostalgia of Stephen's father for all things past, including especially the increasingly golden-tinted days of his own indulgently remembered youth and prime.

[3] there was a moocow coming down along the road

Savitsky (French, 1924): une vache (*meûh!*) qui descendait le long de la route,
Savitsky/Aubert (French, 1982): une meuh-meuh qui descendait le long de la route,
Pavese (Italian, 1933): c'era una muuucca che veniva giù per la strada
Capodilista (Italian, 1973b): una muuucca che veniva giù per la strada
Oddera (Italian, 1980): una muuuuucca che veniva avanti lungo la strada,
Alonso (Spanish, 1926): había una vez una vaquita (¡mu!) que iba por un caminito.
Ingberg (Spanish, 2012): una vaca-muuu que venía por un caminito
Vernet (Catalan, 1967): hi havia una "muu" que baixava pel camí,
Vieira (Portuguese, 1945): vinha uma vaquinha pela estrada abaixo, fazendo muu!
Margarido (Portuguese, 1960): uma vaca (múu!) que vinha pela estrada abaixo,
Pinheiro (Portuguese, 1992): uma vaquinha-mu que vinha andando pela estrada
Araguas (Galician, 1994): había unha vaca que facía mu baixando pola estrada,
Goyert (German, 1926): kam eine Muhkuh über die Straße,
Reichert (German, 1972): da war eine Muhkuh die kam die Straße herunter gegangen
Rathjen (German, 2012): da kam eine Muhkuh die Straße entlang
Schuchart (Dutch, 1962): een koetje-boe dat door de straat kwam gelopen
Franken and Knuth (Dutch, 1972): kwam er een moekoe door de straat
Atterbom (Swedish, 1921): en kossa-mu, som kom gående nerför vägen,
Olofsson (Swedish, 1988): en kossa-mu som gick vägen fram.
Brusendorff (Danish, 1941): en buhko, der kom spadserende hen ad vejen,
Brøgger (Norwegian, 1948): en kvige som het Bassen, og den kvigen kom gående bortover veien.
Svenkerud (Norwegian, 1993): at en mømø kom gående bortover veien
Henry (Irish, 1996): bhí bóbó ag dul síos an ród

The moocow poses little difficulty for some translators, metamorphosing easily enough into a French "meuh-meuh," an Italian "muuuuucca," a Spanish "vaca-muuu," a Portuguese "vaquinha-mu," a German "Muhkuh," a Dutch "koetje-boe" or "moekoe," a Swedish "kossa-mu," a Danish "buhko," a Norwegian "kvige" ("heifer") or "mømø,"

an Irish "bóbó" (literally, "cowcow"). Vernet's Catalan distances itself from the childish expression "muu" by quotation marks, thereby shifting the focalization from the remembered small boy to the remembering consciousness of the older Stephen or of the narrator. Other translators feel the need to resort to more or less awkward paraphrases, such as Vieira's "a little cow came down the road, going 'moo.'" Brusendorff's Danish moocow, acquiring rather more of a personality than most, comes "spadserende" ("strolling along") with rather engaging nonchalance. Only Brøgger's Norwegian cow attains to the unexpected dignity of a personal name, "Bassen," roughly translatable as "Great Big Thing," and thus implying a possible threat (playful or otherwise) from the implied perspective of a tiny little boy. Bassen therefore stands out from almost all her fellow moocows, who are characterized as friendly by the use of standardized formulas common in children's language, such as the soothingly reassuring use of repetition (French "meuh-meuh," Norwegian "mømø," Irish "bóbó") or diminutives (Spanish "vaquita," Portuguese "vaquinha," Dutch "koetje"), sometimes in combination with rhyme or near-rhyme (Alonso's Spanish "vaquita ... caminito," Vieira's Portuguese "vinha uma vaquinha"). Bassen, we note, is also one of only two moocows who do not choose to moo, Henry's Irish "bóbó" being the other, while Svenkerud's Norwegian "mømø" does double duty as both a moocow and a "moomoo." Dutch and Danish cows, meanwhile, as it emerges, prefer to go "boe" and "buh" respectively, sounds playfully used in the English-speaking world to cause surprise or fright. Transtextually, therefore, there are still some grounds for doubt as to these multilingual moocows' collective bonafides.

A letter of 31 January 1931 from John Stanislaus Joyce to his son James, the original Baby Tuckoo, asks: "I wonder do you recollect the old days in Brighton Square, when you were Babie Tuckoo and I used to take you out in the Square and tell you all about the moo-cow that used to come down from the mountain and take little boys across?" (Joyce 1966, 3: 212). The moocow's motives are left somewhat uncertain: on the one hand it might not necessarily have been a wholly benevolent creature, apparently coming down from the Wicklow mountains to carry off little boys from the genteeler Dublin suburbs for unspecified purposes. As opposed to such a worry, however, Don Gifford notes that versions of this story can still be heard in the west of Ireland, involving a supernatural white cow that "takes children across to an island realm where they are relieved of the petty restraints and dependencies of childhood and magically schooled as heroes before they are returned to their astonished parents and community" (131). Various critics (including Gifford) have also suggested that the moocow can be read as evoking the traditional poetic image of the "silk of the kine" (Irish *síoda na mbó*, the "the most beautiful of cattle"), an allegorical epithet for Ireland that a grown-up Stephen Dedalus, still a would-be artist, will briefly recall twenty-odd years later in *Ulysses* during his stay in the Martello Tower in Sandycove (12). For our present purposes, the degree to which the moocow coming down along the road is thus already a prefiguration of that intellectually stifling Ireland that Stephen will eventually feel compelled to flee is a question that need not detain us here.

[4] and this moocow that was coming down along the road

Savitsky (French, 1924): et cette vache qui descendait le long de la route
Savitsky/Aubert (French, 1982): et cette meuh-meuh qui descendait le long de la route
Pavese (Italian, 1933): e questa muuucca che veniva giù per la strada
Capodilista (Italian, 1973b): e questa muuucca che veniva giù per la strada
Oddera (Italian, 1980): e questa muuuuucca che camminava sulla strada
Alonso (Spanish, 1926): Y esta vaquita que iba por un caminito
Ingberg (Spanish, 2012): y esta vaca-muuu que venía por un caminito
Vernet (Catalan, 1967): i aquesta "muu" que baixava pel camí
Vieira (Portuguese, 1945): E essa vaquinha, que vinha pela estrada abaixo fazendo muu!,
Margarido (Portuguese, 1960): e essa vaca que vinha pela estrada abaixo
Pinheiro (Portuguese, 1992): e a vaquinha-mu que vinha andando pela estrada
Araguas (Galician, 1994): e esta vaca que facía mu e baixaba pola estrada
Goyert (German, 1926): und die Muhkuh, die da so über die Straße kam,
Reichert (German, 1972): und diese Muhkuh die da die Straße herunter gegangen kam
Rathjen (German, 2012): und diese Muhkuh die da die Straße entlangkam
Schuchart (Dutch, 1962): en dat koetje-boe dat de straat doorliep
Franken and Knuth (Dutch, 1972): en deze moekoe die zo maar eens door de straat kwam
Atterbom (Swedish, 1921): och på den vägen
Olofsson (Swedish, 1988): Och på den vägen
Brusendorff (Danish, 1941): og denne buhko, som kom spadserende hen ad vejen,
Brøgger (Norwegian, 1948): Og mens Bassen gikk bortover veien,
Svenkerud (Norwegian, 1993): og denne mømøen som kom gående bortover veien
Henry (Irish, 1996): agus do chas an bóbó seo a bhí ag dul síos an ród

A central narrative issue here is the element of repetition, an element not only greatly valued in children's narrative but one that will become a structuring principle of Joyce's novel, each of the five chapters of which builds up, however ironically presented, to a climactic moment of triumph for the boy hero – whose exploits, indeed, were recounted in an earlier version of the story under the overtly ironic title *Stephen Hero*. Most of the translators respect and attempt to reproduce the repetition in the description of the moocow here. Oddera, Schuchart, and Franken and Knuth, however, choose to make minor changes to their wording instead, while both Atterbom and Olofsson severely limit the extent of the repetition: the moocow came "down along the road, and on the road" it met the nice little boy. Brøgger observes the repetition, but finds it necessary to begin a new sentence, and uses a subordinating conjunction "mens" ("while"). The nonchalance of Brusendorff's Danish moocow that came "spadserende" ("strolling

along") on her first appearance is now matched by the equal nonchalance of Franken and Knuth's Dutch "moekoe," who comes along "zo maar" ("casually") "eens" ("one day").

[5] met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo....

Savitsky (French, 1924): rencontra un mignon petit garçon qu'on appelait tout-ti-bébé.
Savitsky/Aubert (French, 1982): rencontra un mignon petit garçon nommé bébé-coucouche ...
Pavese (Italian, 1933): incontrò un ragazzino carino detto grembialino...
Capodilista (Italian, 1973b): incontrò un bravo bambino chiamato piumino...
Oddera (Italian, 1980): incontrò un simpatico ragazzetto a nome confettino....
Alonso (Spanish, 1926): se encontró un niñín muy guapín, al cual le llamaban el nene de la casa...
Ingberg (Spanish, 2012): se encontró con un lindo chiquito llamado bebé caramelo...
Vernet (Catalan, 1967): va trobar un noiet tot bufó que li deien el cucut...
Vieira (Portuguese, 1945): encontrou um amor de menino chamado Pequerrucho Fuça-Fuça..."
Margarido (Portuguese, 1960): encontrou um amor de miúdo chamado bebé-petenino.
Pinheiro (Portuguese, 1992): encontrou um garotinho 'engrachadinho' chamado Bebê tico-taco.
Araguas (Galician, 1994): atopou un rapazoliño ben guapo a quen dicían o neno da casa...
Goyert (German, 1926): begegnete einem netten, kleinen Jungen, und der hieß Spätzchen ...
Reichert (German, 1972): die traf einen sönen tleinen Tnaben und der hieß Tuckuck-Baby ...
Rathjen (German, 2012): traf ein feinches kleinches Jungchen das hieß Baby Tuckuck ...
Schuchart (Dutch, 1962): kwam een aardig jongetje tegen dat broekeman heette...
Franken and Knuth (Dutch, 1972): ontmoette een lief ietepieterig ventje dat baby toekoe heette...
Atterbom (Swedish, 1921): mötte kossa-mu en rar liten gosse, som kallades lilleman...
Olofsson (Swedish, 1988): mötte kossan en snäll liten gosse...
Brusendorff (Danish, 1941): mødte den sødeste, lille dreng, og han hed lille Tuckoo...
Brøgger (Norwegian, 1948): traff den en søt liten gutt som het Tassen....
Svenkerud (Norwegian, 1993): møtte en kjekkanes liten gutt som het Veslekosen...
Henry (Irish, 1996): ar bhuachaillín bhán darbh ainm an báibín tucú ...

"Nicens" is baby talk, in the same stylistic register as "moocow." That Stephen's earliest memories as recounted by the narrative voice include scraps of baby language is unsurprising; his later reflections on such specialized uses of language as the distinction between funnels and tundishes might nonetheless suggest that even here the text is to be taken strictly at its word. Several of our translators rise directly to the challenge: Alonso's "un niñín muy guapín" (for standard Spanish *un niño muy guapo*, "a very nice little boy"), Pinheiro's "um garotinho 'engrachadinho,'" Reichert's "sönen tleinen Tnaben" (for standard German *so einen kleinen Knaben*, "a nice little boy"), Rathjen's "ein feinches kleinches Jungchen" (for standard German *ein feines kleines Jungchen*, "a nice little boy"), and Franken and Knuth's Dutch "ietepieterig ventje," a "teeny-tiny little boy," all appear to employ roughly equivalent baby language. Other translations use standard diminutives, such as Pavese's "ragazzino," Oddera's "ragazetto," or Ingberg's "chiquito," or else standard adjectival formulas such as Savitsky's "un mignon petit garçon" ("a darling little boy") or Vieira's Portuguese "um amor de menino" ("a little sweetheart of a boy"). Henry's Irish moocow idiomatically meets a "buachaillín bán," literally a "little white boy," where the adjective *bán* ("white, fair-haired") conventionally connotes innocence, hope, and youth. Yet others employ rhyme to emphasize the niceness of the nicens little boy: thus in two Italian versions, Pavese's has the moocow meeting "un ragazzino carino detto grembialino," Capodilista's "un bravo bambino chiamato piumino."

We may note that Pinheiro's linguistic uneasiness with baby language, as marked by her conservative use of quotation marks in the Portuguese phrase "um garotinho 'engrachadinho'" has a significant effect on the perceived focalization of this phrase. Joyce's English allows for a double focalization, that of the younger *and* that of the older Stephen, with the emphasis clearly on the small boy listening to his father's story. The element of linguistic reflection involved in the use of quotation marks, however, succeeds in shifting the emphasis decisively towards the older, remembering Stephen rather than the younger, experiencing Stephen. (The same is in principle true, though less forcefully so, of Vernet's likewise conservative usage in translating the Catalan moocow only in quotation marks as "'muu.'")

Joyce's English, we notice, leaves the name "baby tuckoo" uncapitalized, thus leaving open the possibility that it should be read instead (or also) as a descriptive phrase. Not all our translated versions will follow suit. Whether a name or a description, however, "baby tuckoo" at once evokes the playful threat of being tickled ("tick-oo"), the safety of being tucked into bed, and the cuckoo, a nursery favourite whose song from the cuckoo clock also marks the hours until bedtime. The name, as we may continue to consider it, undergoes an interesting variety of transtextual metamorphoses. Vernet's baby tuckoo, for example, is transformed holus-bolus into a "cuckoo" (Catalan *cucut*), with any other connotations ignored. Reichert's German "Tuckuck-Baby," Rathjen's German "Baby Tuckuck," and Franken and Knuth's Dutch "baby toekoe" have little difficulty in staying close to the original and its evocation of the "cuckoo" (German *Kuckuck*, Dutch

koekoek). Brusendorff's Danish "lille Tuckoo" ("little Tuckoo") and Henry's Irish "báibín tucú" ("baby tuckoo") stay close to Joyce's English, but are unable to do more than hint rather faintly at their respective language's word for "cuckoo" (Danish *gøg*, Irish *cuach*).

Savitsky's French "tout-ti-bébé" retains the "baby" but can only gesture towards "tuckoo" with a baby-language "tout-ti" suggesting something like "darling." Savitsky's version is revised by Aubert to "bébé-coucouche," more ingeniously combining tucking in (*coucher* "to put to bed"), the cuckoo (*coucou*), and the nursery game of peek-a-boo (which is also called *coucou* in French). Alonso's Spanish "nene de la casa" and Araguas's Galician "neno da casa" both literally translate as "baby of the house." The three Portuguese-language translators opt for as many different solutions: Vieira chooses "Pequerrucho Fuça-Fuça," invoking *pequeno* ("little") and *fuças* (colloquially, "face, chops") to produce something like "little baby chubby-chops"); while Margarido's "bebé-petenino," at least to the eye of a non-native reader of Portuguese, combines *petiz* ("little") and *ninar* ("go to sleep") to give something like "little sleepy baby"; and Pinheiro's "Bebê tico-taco" plays, again at least for the foreign eye, on the *tiquetaque* ("tick-tock") of the cuckoo clock to suggest something like "Baby Tick-tock."

Other translations evoke other echoes: in Italian Pavese has "grembialino" ("apron strings"), suggesting something like "Mummy's little baby"; Capodilista has "piumino" (literally, "eiderdown"), thus "soft and cuddly"; while Oddera's Italian "confettino" ("sugar plum") and Ingberg's Spanish "caramelo" ("candy") both suggest a baby sweet enough and good enough to eat. Goyert's German has "Spätzchen" ("little sparrow"), emphasizing fragility and smallness – and, alone of all the translations, also invoking Stephen's later Daedalean (or Icarian) attempts to fly the nets that he believes constrain him. Schuchart's Dutch has a more manly "broekeman" ("young fellow"), where *broek* ("breeches") evokes a small boy "in short pants,"Atterbom's Swedish has "lilleman" ("little man"), and Svenkerud's Norwegian has "Veslekosen" ("nice little boy").

Olofsson's Swedish version is the only one to leave the "snäll liten gosse" ("nice little boy") without any name at all. In compensation for this, however, his version is one of four that establish a stronger verbal relationship between "moocow" and "tuckoo" than is immediately apparent in Joyce's English. Brøgger's Norwegian goes its own way by giving "baby tuckoo" the name "Tassen," which not only also connotes smallness, "Tiny Little Boy" or the like, but retrospectively draws attention to the moocow's now corresponding name, the rhyming "Bassen" ("Great Big Thing"). Franken and Knuth, Atterbom, and Olofsson all adopt a more subtle approach to suggest a similar linkage, Franken and Knuth establishing a rhyme between Dutch "moekoe" and "baby toekoe," Atterbom and Olofsson independently providing a similar rhyme between their Swedish "kossa" ("moocow") and "gosse" ("boy"). These four versions, and especially Brøgger's, implicitly strengthening an element of potential threat (or at least mock-threat) already present in Joyce's English, could indeed be said to hold the greatest potential narrative interest of all our translations at this point – for all that in Brøgger's case the translator's

particular strategy will certainly not meet with every reader's (or every translation theorist's) approval.[3]

[6] His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

Savitsky (French, 1924): C'était son père qui lui racontait cette histoire; son père le regardait à travers un morceau de verre; il avait un visage poilu.
Savitsky/Aubert (French, 1982): C'était son père qui lui racontait cette histoire; son père le regardait à travers un verre; il avait un visage poilu.
Pavese (Italian, 1933): Il babbo gli raccontava questa storia: il babbo lo guardava attraverso un monocolo: aveva una faccia pelosa.
Capodilista (Italian, 1973b): Papà gli raccontava questa storia: papà lo guardava attraverso un vetro: aveva una faccia pelosa.
Oddera (Italian, 1980): Questa favola gliela raccontava suo padre; suo padre lo guardava attraverso il vetro del monocolo: aveva una faccia pelosa.
Alonso (Spanish, 1926): Este era el cuento que le contaba su padre. Su padre le miraba a través de un cristal: tenía la cara peluda.
Ingberg (Spanish, 2012): El padre le contaba ese cuento: el padre lo miraba a través de un lente: tenía la cara peluda.
Vernet (Catalan, 1967): El seu pare li explicava aquest conte; el seu pare el mirava a través d'un vidre: i tenia la cara tota peluda.
Vieira (Portuguese, 1945): Essa história contava-lhe o pai, com aquela cara cabeluda, a olhá-lo por entre os óculos.
Margarido (Portuguese, 1960): Era seu pai quem lhe contava esta história; seu pai olhava-o através de um pedaço de vidro; tinha uma cara cabeluda.
Pinheiro (Portuguese, 1992): Seu pai lhe contava aquela história: seu pai olhava para ele através dos óculos; ele tinha um rosto peludo.
Araguas (Galician, 1994): Esa é a historia que lle contaba o seu pai: o seu pai ollábao a través dun monóculo: tiña a cara peluda.
Goyert (German, 1926): Sein Vater erzählte ihm eine Geschichte: sein Vater sah ihn an durch ein Stück Glas: sein Gesicht war ganz behaart.
Reichert (German, 1972): Sein Vater erzählte ihm diese Geschichte: sein Vater sah ihn an durch ein Glas: er hatte Haare im Gesicht.
Rathjen (German, 2012): sein Vater erzählte ihm diese Geschichte: sein Vater kuckte ihn an durch ein Glas: er hatte ein haariges Gesicht.
Schuchart (Dutch, 1962): Zijn vader vertelde hem dat verhaal; zijn vader keek hem aan door een stuk glas; hij had een heleboel haar op zijn gezicht.
Franken and Knuth (Dutch, 1972): Zijn vader vertelde hem dat verhaal: zijn vader keek naar hem door een glas: hij had een harig gezicht.
Atterbom (Swedish, 1921): Hans far berättade den sagan för honom; hans far såg på honom genom ett glas; han hade hår i ansiktet.
Olofsson (Swedish, 1988): Hans far berättade den sagan för honom. Hans far såg på honom genom ett glas. Han hade hår i ansiktet.

Brusendorff (Danish, 1941): Den historie fortalte hans fader ham: hans fader så på ham gennem et glas: han havde hår i hele ansigtet.
Brøgger (Norwegian, 1948): Hans far fortalte ham den historien. Hans far så på ham gjennom et glass. Han hadde hår i ansiktet.
Svenkerud (Norwegian, 1993): Det var faren hans som fortalte denne historien. Faren så på ham gjennom et glass. Han hadde fullt av hår i ansiktet.
Henry (Irish, 1996): D'innis a athair an scéal sin dó: d'fhéach a athair tré ghloine air: bhí éadan gliobach air.

In Joyce's English, the parallelism of the three clauses is emphasized by the somewhat unusual punctuation. Each of the three begins with its subject: "his father," "his father," "he." More than half of our twenty-odd translators echo this childishly simple syntactic structure; but five (Oddera, Alonso, Vieira, Araguas, and Brusendorff) choose to introduce a less childish relative clause instead, and in the process also shift the opening emphasis from the teller to the tale, each translating "That was the story his father told him." Vieira, for his part, chooses to introduce a different relative clause and also to alter the sequence of the three clauses: "That was the story his father told him, with that hairy face of his that looked at him through spectacles."

"His father looked at him through a glass" introduces an early element of uncertainty into the account: the English-speaking reader may be momentarily uncertain as to whether the reference is to a (perhaps broken) piece of glass, a drinking glass, an eyeglass of some kind, or even a mirror – invitingly echoing St Paul's "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." The previous verse in St Paul reads "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things" (1 Corinthians 13:11). As always in Joyce's writings, the uncertainty is functional rather than incidental.

Discussing this particular biblical echo, Fritz Senn (105-06) also points out that none of the existing translations of *Portrait* makes a similar gesture towards St Paul – a gesture that implicitly thematizes the difficulty of reading, whether the child Stephen's reading of his father's story or our own reading of Joyce's text, "through a glass, darkly." Roughly half of our translators succeed, however, in reproducing the overall ambiguity at least partially: "a glass" is thus translated by Savitsky/Aubert as "un verre," by Capodilista as "un vetro," by Alonso as "un cristal," by Vernet as "un vidre," by Reichert and by Rathjen as "ein Glas," by Franken and Knuth as "een glas," by Atterbom and Olofsson as "ett glas," and by Brusendorff, Brøgger, and Svenkerud as "et glas," each of which seems to allow either for a drinking glass or an eyeglass.

Four translators choose to reduce the uncertainty, without eliminating it entirely. Savitsky thus has Stephen's father look at him through "un morceau de verre," Margarido likewise through "um pedaço de vidro," Goyert through "ein Stück Glas," and Schuchart through "een stuk glas," in each case, that is, through "a piece of glass," making an eyeglass of some kind more likely than a drinking glass, while retaining some of the uncertainty in the form of the very young child's inability to name the object.

Five others aim to excise the uncertainty altogether, ignoring whether the term employed might be in the vocabulary of a child young enough to be called "baby tuckoo." Pavese thus has "monocolo," and Oddera has "attraverso il vetro del monocolo," a quite unambiguous "through the glass of the monocle." Araguas opts even more plainly for "a través dun monóculo" ("through a monocle"), as does Ingberg with "a través de un lente" ("through a lens"). The search for clarity does not necessarily always succeed, however: in Portuguese Vieira and Pinheiro both opt for "óculos," equipping Stephen's father not with a singular monocle but with plural (and more modern) spectacles.

His father's "hairy face" also emerges as a good deal hairier in some translations than in others. In Vernet's Catalan "tenia la cara tota peluda" ("his face was all hairy"), in Brusendorff's Danish "han havde hår i hele ansigtet" ("he had hair all over his face"), in Schuchart's Dutch "hij had een heleboel haar op zijn gezicht" ("he had a whole lot of hair on his face"), and Henry's Irish adjective "gliobach" ("hairy") even suggests a certain air of unkempt shagginess.

[7] He was baby tuckoo.

Savitsky (French, 1924): Le tout-ti-bébé, c'était lui même.
Savitsky/Aubert (French, 1982): Bébé-coucouche, c'était lui.
Pavese (Italian, 1933): Grembialino era lui.
Capodilista (Italian, 1973b): Lui era piumino.
Oddera (Italian, 1980): Era lui confettino.
Alonso (Spanish, 1926): El era el nene de la casa.
Ingberg (Spanish, 2012): Él era bebé caramelo.
Vernet (Catalan, 1967): Ell era el ninet de la casa, el cucut.
Vieira (Portuguese, 1945): Ele era o Pequerrucho Fuça-Fuça que tinha encontrado a vaquinha
Margarido (Portuguese, 1960): O bebé-petenino era ele próprio.
Pinheiro (Portuguese, 1992): Ele era um bebê tico-taco.
Araguas (Galician, 1994): El era o neno da casa.
Goyert (German, 1926): Spätzchen, das war er selbst.
Reichert (German, 1972): Er war Tuckuck-Baby.
Rathjen (German, 2012): Er war Baby Tuckuck.
Schuchart (Dutch, 1962): Die broekeman was hij.
Franken and Knuth (Dutch, 1972): Die baby toekoe was hij.
Atterbom (Swedish, 1921): Han själv var lilleman.
Olofsson (Swedish, 1988): Själv var han gossen.
Brusendorff (Danish, 1941): Lille Tuckoo, det var ham selv.
Brøgger (Norwegian, 1948): Tassen, det var ham selv.
Svenkerud (Norwegian, 1993): Veslekosen var han selv.
Henry (Irish, 1996): B'é seisean an báibín tucú.

Joyce's English once again allows for at least a very momentary element of readerly uncertainty here as to whether the "he" who was baby tuckoo is the same "he"

who had a hairy face. Joyce's calculated laconism evidently troubles his translators, the great majority of whom add some element of emphasis or word order that makes clear the difference. Of the twenty-odd translations, in fact, only seven faithfully reproduce the lack of emphasis: Alonso, Ingberg, Vernet, Pinheiro, Araguas, Reichert, and Rathjen. Olofsson limits himself to "He himself was the boy." Vieira, aiming for clarity at all costs, expansively specifies that "he was the baby tuckoo who had met the moocow."

The macrotextual *Portrait* suggested by our transtextual reading of the first three sentences is thus by and large a considerably disambiguated one, with perceived roughnesses silently evened out in the interests of a smoother reading. There are one or two exceptions: the Norwegian pairing of "Bassen" and "Tassen," for example, definitely introduces possibilities that – legitimately or not – go well beyond Joyce's English. Assessing the overall effect of this particular group of translations, however, it is clear that the text has been simplified, downshifted towards the more reader-friendly end of the range, translators in various languages evidently seeing their task as not just to translate but also, in varying degrees, to *explain* Joyce's text.

What does all this go to show? Multiplicity in unity is one thing that is certainly shown. Some translations simplify, and others complicate. Some explain what must have happened, and some anticipate what is going to happen. Some arguably don't go far enough, and some arguably go too far. We do not really know exactly what "baby tuckoo" means, and some score or more of translators**,** who are of course no less puzzled, provide almost as many suggestions. Translations in a different selection of languages would undoubtedly have left some of these points unanswered and would equally undoubtedly have offered answers for other points left unanswered by the present selection. Our attempts at a macrotextual reading in one sense simply replicate on a larger scale all the uncertainties and indeterminacies, the shrewd guesses and false moves, the gaps and questions and solutions of the act of reading itself as practised by any individual reader in any individual language. It will nonetheless be clear that the competing and complementary versions cumulatively constitute an extension of Joyce's original text. Since these few sentences, moreover, constitute the opening gambit of the narrative to follow, the implication for the reader (in whatever language) is quite clear from the very beginning: *caveat lector*, let the reader beware.

Notes

1 The concept of macrotextuality in this sense was introduced in my book *Fictions of Discourse* (O'Neill 1994: 135-54). Two later books employed a macrotextual approach to Joyce's writings, focused in each case on a series of transtextual readings (O'Neill 2005, 2013).

2 My thanks are due to Friedhelm Rathjen for helping me to locate his translation.

3 My reading of the Bassen/Tassen pair draws on a linguistic clarification kindly provided by Bjørn Tysdahl.

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A Centenary Portrait

Dirce Waltrick do Amarante

Abstract: *This article is about the quite turbulent editing history of* A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man *and the importance of Harriet Weaver as Joyce's editor. It also points out some characteristics of this novel, such as the presence of epiphanies.*

Keywords: *Harriet Weaver, epiphanies, English language, Catholic church.*

In December, 1916, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* the first novel by James Joyce (1882-1941), was finally published in its entirety by Benjamin W. Huebsch in the United States. Before this, though, chapters of the book had appeared in 1914 and 1915 in the avantgarde periodical *The Egoist*, edited by Harriet Weaver, an Englishwoman and Joyce's great benefactress, who financed some of his publications. Weaver anonymously injected money of her own into the periodical in order to be able to pay the author for the publication rights of his novel in a serial form. Under Weaver's administration, *The Egoist* was later transformed into the publisher *The Egoist Limited*, which would launch the first edition of *A Portrait* in England on February 12, 1917.

The novel had a quite turbulent editing history. According to Richard Ellmann,

> The serial publication of *A Portrait* should have facilitated its publication in a book, but it did nothing of the sort. Grant Richards rejected it on May 18, 1915, on the grounds that it was not possible to get hold of an intelligent audience in wartime. Pinker, beset by Joyce, offered the book in July to Martin Secker [...]. When Secker turned it down, Pinker offered it to Duckworth, who held the manuscript for several months. It became clear that English publishers were not enthusiastic [...]. (400)

The publishing house of Gerald Duckworth refused to publish the book. The motive was, according to a report by Edward Garnett, written January 26, 1916:

> James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" wants going through carefully from start to finish. There are many "longueurs". Passages which, though the publisher's reader may find them entertaining, will be tedious to

> the ordinary man among the reading public. That public will call the book, as it stands at present, realistic, unprepossessing, unattractive. We call it ably written. The Picture is "curious", it arouses interest and attention. But author must revise it and let us see it again. It is too discursive, formless, unrestrained, and ugly things, ugly words, are too prominent [...]. (qtd. in Ellmann 403-404)

In the summer of 1916, though, Joyce received some good news: Weaver, who once again entered into action, decided to let the recently founded *The Egoist Limited* publish his book. On August 26 of the same year, the author sent the following letter from Zurich to his benefactress:

> Dear Miss Weaver: I am very glad to receive your letter of 19 instant and to hear that the novel [*A portrait*] is at last about to be published. I hope that Mr Huebsch has my corrections. I have had no letter from him nor have I signed a contract with him nor has my agent written to me on this matter for several months past. But since you speak of writing for copies I suppose that the book is in course of printing. I am sure you are rather tired of the whole business though I am quite accustomed to it: after eleven years *ci ho fatto il callo*. I hope that the sales will repay you in some measure and I shall try to do something to that end. (Joyce, *Letters* 382)

The origin of the novel is quite dramatic, I'd say: its kernel is in the voluminous *Stephen Hero*, thrown into the fire by the author in an attack of fury provoked by the difficulties in publishing *Dubliners*, but partially saved by a family fire brigade, as Joyce used to say. The author re-wrote *Stephen Hero* in its entirety and gave this new manuscript the definitive title *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* Both versions, the old one and the new, are characterized by their autobiographical content.

Among many other biographical allusions, *A Portrait* tells about the financial failure of Stephen's father, an inveterate nationalist who lost his money betting on the incompetent Irish leader Charles Stewart Parnell: "He knew, however, that his father's property was going to be sold by auction, and in the manner of his own dispossession he felt the world give the lie rudely to his phantasy" (87). In this passage there is a clear allusion to the financial ruin of Joyce's father, John Joyce, and to the writer's reaction on the bankruptcy of his progenitor.

At that time, Joyce probably didn't even dream that his rejected novel would gain so many translations through the years. *A Portrait* was translated into Brazilian Portuguese by José Geraldo Vieira (1945), Elton Mesquita (2013), and Guilherme da Silva Braga (2014), and by Bernardina Pinheiro (1992) and Caetano Galindo (2016), both renowned Joyce scholars and translators of *Ulysses*.

A Portrait is an excellent introduction to James Joyce's works. Its language is extremely clear when compared with his later fictional works, although quite daring. In addition, the book takes up themes that would recur in Joyce's writings and be taken

up again in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake.* Among these themes are the Irish question, religion and the counterpoint between the Irish and the English languages.

The Catholic Church was seen by the Irish nationalists as a traitor to the nation because she had contributed to the downfall of their great leader Charles Stewart Parnell:

> – Let him remember too, cried Mr Casey to her from across the table, the language with which the priests and the priests' pawns broke Parnell's heart and hounded him into his grave. Let him remember that too when he grows up.
> – Sons of bitches! cried Mr Dedalus. When he was down they turned on him to betray him and rend him like rats in a sewer. Low-lived dogs! And they look it! By Christ, they look it! (33-34).

Moreover, the Catholic church, which Joyce regarded as threatening and a great oppressor of the soul and of human liberty, is presented exactly like that in his novel. In a sermon to the young, among them Stephen Dedalus, the Father sentences:

> – O, my dear little brothers in Christ, may it never be our lot to hear that language! May it never be our lot, I say! In the last day of terrible reckoning I pray fervently to God that not a single soul of those who are in this chapel today may be found among those miserable beings whom the Great Judge shall command to depart for ever from His sight, that not one of us may ever hear ringing in his ears the awful sentence of rejection: *Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels!* (124)

It is well known that Ireland in Joyce's time was a fervently Catholic nation. And Joyce, like Stephen Dedalus, had been educated by Jesuit priests. And yet both of them, one in real life and the other in the novel, renounced religion. In spite of this, though, Joyce was burdened for the rest of his life by an enormous regret for not having prayed at his mother's death bed.

About the English language, Stephen Dedalus coined the famous phrase: "His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language". (189).

Concerning *A Portrait*, one should emphasize a long discussion on esthetics that resulted in a daring and fascinating mixture of fiction and critical essay:

> [...] Plato, I believe, said that beauty is the splendour of truth. I don't think that it has a meaning, but the true and the beautiful are akin. Truth is beheld by the intellect which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the intelligible; beauty is beheld by the imagination which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the sensible. The first step in the direction of truth is to understand the frame and scope of the intellect itself, to comprehend the act itself of intellection. Aristotle's entire system of philosophy rests upon his book of psychology and that, I think, rests on his statement that the same attribute

> cannot at the same time and in the same connexion belong to and not belong to the same subject. The first step in the direction of beauty is to understand the frame and scope of the imagination, to comprehend the act itself of esthetic apprehension. Is that clear? (208)

Umberto Eco begins *The Definition of Art*, an essay on photography and "the problem of casual art", citing precisely one of the worries of Stephen Dedalus, who "applying his casuistic genius on esthetics, asked himself: '[…] if a man in an attack of fury cuts a piece of wood and sculpts the image of a cow, is this image a work of art? And if it isn't, why not?'" (181, my translation). Thus the protagonist of *A Portrait* takes up to discussion a great theme of modern art, a discussion that seems to be still going on.

Stephen Dedalus, James Joyce's *alter ego*, is a young, aspiring artist, erudite, fully conscious of the necessity of breaking with his family and Ireland to liberate his anguished spirit.

The novel is full of epiphanies, always very dear to Joyce. Here is one example:

> Once he had washed his hands in the lavatory of the Wicklow Hotel and his father pulled the stopper up by the chain after and the dirty water went down through the hole in the basin. And when it had all gone down slowly the hole in the basin had made a sound like that: suck. Only louder. To remember that and the white look of the lavatory made him feel cold and then hot. There were two cocks that you turned and water came out: cold and hot. He felt cold and then a little hot: and he could see the names printed on the cocks. That was a very queer thing. (11)

Joyce never defined exactly what he meant by epiphany, but we can have some idea of what it means from the way in which the character Stephen Daedalus defines it in *Stephen Hero*, the early version of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: "a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself" (211). Stephen also defends that "it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments (211). And Joyce did so, between 1901-02 and 1904, as the "forty brief prose works" (157) in Richard Ellmann's edition of Joyce's *Poems and Shorter Writings* can prove. Joyce's explication of epiphanies goes on in *Stephen Hero*:

> For a long time I couldn't make out what Aquinas meant. He uses a figurative word ... but I have solved it. Claritas is quidditas. After the analysis which discovers the second quality the mind makes the only logically possible synthesis and discovers the third quality. This is the moment which I call epiphany. First we recognize that the object is one integral thing, then we recognize that it is an organized composite structure, a thing in fact: finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognize that it is that thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from

> the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany (213).

Thus the invitation stands to enter the world of Joyce through the centenary *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* – beautiful, dense and actual.

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Interviews

Interviewing Éilís Ní Dhuibhne

Munira H. Mutran and Patricia de Aquino

Abstract: ***Éilís Ní Dhuibhne*** *is a novelist, playwright, and a storyteller. She graduated in English and Folklore at University College Dublin (UCD) and did her PhD at National University of Ireland. She has taught Folklore and Creative Writing at UCD. Eilis has won several awards, among them the Irish Pen Award in 2015 for the outstanding contribution of her work to Irish literature. She has published extensively both fiction and academic criticism and she is a member of the Irish Association of Artists (Aosdána). Her literary work comprises of over twenty-five books.*

Keywords: *Éilís Ní Dhuibhne; fiction; creative writing; Irish language.*

END: Firstly, I'd like to say a huge thank you, *go raibh mile maith agat,* to Laura and Munira. It is fantastic to be here at the University of São Paulo. At events like this, I usually read something that I've written very recently and that's what I am going to do now. I'm going to read my latest story which was published about two weeks ago in the Irish Times as part of their summer series of short stories. It was a commissioned story and we were given the theme of escape. This story is called "Berlin". Afterwards, I will read a short extract from the novel *Fox, Swallow, Scarecrow*. So I will start off with "Berlin", which is unlike most of my short stories, in that it is more eventful and dramatic than they are as a rule. It has a certain academic flavour – much of it is set in a library – so perhaps this is the right audience for it. So, "Berlin":

> *One Friday the Wall comes down. Meaning, the gates open, the guards leave their posts, anyone who feels like it can walk through from one side of Berlin to the other. Lolly and Bill and Ryan and Amelie watch the event on the RTÉ news in their little house in Stoneybatter. On the screen are crowds dancing and laughing and singing. Violins. She hums along. Freude Freude. She has an impression of candlelight, lanterns, soft festive flickerings, as at a summer garden party. It is November.*
>
> *Can it have been such a surprise? Some dramatic things happen out of the blue: accidents, lightning strikes, mass shootings by crazy Americans. But not big political events. The process of liberation has been going on for years. Glasnost and perestroika have entered the English language, words as familiar as vodka or caviar. The kind-looking soft face of the Russian president was on TV every*

turn about. But Lolly has been so preoccupied – the house, the children, all the satisfactory private stuff that constitutes life – that she hasn't paid much attention to what was going behind the Iron Curtain, even though it has important implications for her. The last thing you can imagine is a big public answer to a personal question, because, no matter how well you know the truth of it, it's hard to believe in your bones that the personal is political, and vice versa.

Exactly 10 years earlier Lolly had been in Berlin. Nobody had the slightest expectation then that the Wall was entering its last decade. Lolly thought it had been there for ages, since the end of the war, although in fact it had been erected in 1961. Already by 1979, it felt old and permanent. She was spending that year, the year between August '78 and '79, in Copenhagen, on a research scholarship: the research was a history of a story which had first been documented by a German poet in the 12th century and had since then been written and told by various writers and storytellers over most of Europe. The story was a fairytale about an abandoned child, a bit like Hansel and Gretel, a scary story that folklorists believed contained metaphorical references to infanticide, child exposure, and such unspeakable customs, widely practised in the days when people had no birth control. She had acquired versions of the story from archives all over Europe – thick shiny photocopies with the pungent chemical smell photocopies had in the 1970s. But there was a version she hadn't managed to get, in the Humboldt Library in East Berlin. Her letters had not been answered. Since she knew a girl who was studying in West Berlin, she decided to go down there and visit her and the divided city, and check the reference in person. She went on the train and the ferry and then the train from Rostock on the Baltic coast down through East Germany, where the green fields, the higgledly-piggledy farms, the unkempt hedgerows, looked strangely familiar. That year, her life was full of surprises. Who would have anticipated that East Germany would look a lot like Tipperary, say? And not a bit like the tidy fields of Denmark.

She went through the Wall at Friedrichstrasse railway station, where there wasn't really a wall, just several little grey booths like ticket offices, where they scrutinised your passport with obsessive anxiety and asked searching questions in impatient, rather rude, voices.

Like the countryside, East Berlin was a surprise. It was much nicer than West Berlin, at least the bit on the other side of Friedrichstrasse.

The big plaza, like the forum in Rome or the agora in Athens. The noble museum with classical statues standing quietly in the sunshine. Everything built of old grey stone. Cafes with tables outside on the square. A fountain.

It was the sort of place where you'd expect to see hundreds of tourists, but there were not many of them. And where was everybody else? The East Germans? Slaving away in ghastly factories? Foostering despairingly in their flats in the grim Stalinist blocks? Locked up by the Stasi?

Well. It was 10 o'clock on a Wednesday morning. Maybe the city just hadn't got going yet? Like any other city.[1]

END: I think I might stop it for now. You'll have to read the end of it. You can find it online in the Irish Times, it will still be there. Now I'm going to read just a very short extract from my novel *Fox, Swallow, Scarecrow* which is related to Tolstoy. In fact, it is a version of *Anna Karenina* brought up to date and set in Ireland during the boom. I wrote it because Tolstoy had written his novel as a sort of critique of the high society, Saint Petersburg's society, at the end of the nineteenth century in Russia. There was a need for books about Irish society, its manners and modes, during the Celtic Tiger years and I thought I'd use Tolstoy's novel as a model. I didn't have access to high society in Ireland, or rich society, but I have a lot of access to one group of people, the literary society. In my novel, I satirised the literary scene in Dublin, which was a risky thing to do. I'm going to read a piece that comes towards the end of the book. There are two characters in it: Leo, who is based on Levin in *Anna Karenina*, and Kate. In *Anna Karenina*, as you will remember, Levin is the ideal individual, the good guy, who lives in the country, has high moral standards, in sharp contrast to the decadent city dwellers. He marries a very nice girl called Kitty, so she is Kate in my book. My Leo lives in Kerry, and brings urban Kate back to his little house on the Atlantic coast. Again, you'll have to read the book to find out exactly what happens. This is a little scene. When they arrive at the house everything is in disarray. They open the door and immediately a swallow who has been nesting in the porch of the house flies into it and they can't get it out. So, it is the first night of their landing in Ireland and it is disturbed. They are trying to do anything than falling asleep. I'm going to read the page of the encounter with the s wallow:

Just before four in the morning, Kate heard a strange noise. Someone was knockingon the door downstairs. She was half-asleep and tried to ignore it. Perhaps it was a dream. She had been dreaming of something wonderful and she wanted to return to the dream, but the knocking went on and on.

It was light already, or half-light. Leo was sound asleep. She got up and went down the simple wooden staircase with the iron banister. The room downstairs, her living room now, was full of blueish grey light, a light she seldom saw anywhere: the light of dawn. Now she could see that the knocking was caused by the swallow. Not Charlene. The swallow was banging its head against the window, trying to get through the glass. She went over, wondering if she could open the window. She jumped. Outside the window, staring straight at her, was an animal. A fox.

Although urban foxes were common in Dublin and some of Kate's parents' neighbours in Foxrock claimed to feed them as they were pets, Kate had

never seen a fox a close quarters before, not a living fox – dead ones she saw all the time, on the road.

This fox did not run away. He... she assumed it was a male... stood perfectly still, like a statue. His colour was unlike anything she had ever seen, unlike any colour in any paintbox in the world. Such a red... a golden russet, a colour for which she – who had names for many shades and nuances – could find no word. An unearthly colour.

The fox's eyes were piercing. Sharp, focused.

She shivered.

He was really staring not at her but at the bird. Quite clearly he was hoping to eat the swallow. And the swallow was hoping to get out and fly away. It flew against the glass, like a demented thing, again and again. The fox did not move at all. It waited for the swallow to come out and land in its mouth. Patient and cunning, it waited.

But the fox was not all that cunning. There was one element in the scene that he was not reading correctly. It seemed that neither he nor the swallow understood what glass was. Understood that even it was there, transparent, but keeping them apart.

The window, she saw, turning her mind to practical manners, could not be opened. It was a pane of glass fixed into its large frame. The other one, its companion, was a door. She did not know if it was right to let the bird out now that the fox was there, but she opened the glass door.

The swallow, which had been stupid in many ways, now used its intelligence and flew out of the house unhesitatingly.

Out it flew, one wing damaged, down the garden and into the sky.

Down on the silvery ocean the islands loomed, dark and huge, whales in the water.

The fox, as soon as the door opened, moved across the terrace, still hoping to catch the bird. Moved not as swiftly as it could – it limped on three legs, one held aloft, broken.

For a minute every hair on Kate's body stood on end and she felt briefly freezing.

The sky was an eerie white-blue colour. The grass was long like corn, full of vaguely shaped flowers, their colours pale and indistinct as yet, in the dawn light. Everything was still, but she had the feeling that the grass was hiding a myriad secret lives. She had seen a fox and a swallow, but the grass out there was full of other animals that she could not see, all out there, hidden from her view.

She tried to follow the fox's progress through the grass but that was impossible. As the light strengthened – which it did, very rapidly – she saw

something she had not seen before, which seemed to have grown in the field, like a tree, since she had got up. It was a scarecrow, with black wool for hair and funny old hat with a daisy in the brim, grinning on its scarecrow stick down towards the end of the garden. That must be where Leo had his vegetable patch, she thought.

It was a beautiful scarecrow, Kate saw. It was smiling, benign, not the kind of scarecrow that would frighten anything.

A swallow, a fox, a scarecrow.[2]

PA: Thank you very much Eilis for this beautiful reading. I think everyone is full of images, metaphors and stories in their minds right now. Connecting to the readings you've just done, could you tell us a little bit about the reason why you choose to use resources such as fantasy and magic realism, as well as all images and metaphors in your writing? In which way do these resources help you communicate something that maybe other kinds of literary resources don't allow you to?

END: Well, magic realism is a very nice term first. In a way I think this story "Berlin" and all the academic aspect of it, going to the library reading the folktale there and so on, explain my background, why I am steeped in all this stuff, the oral tradition of Ireland and indeed of Europe. I began as a young writer knowing nothing about this material. I was introduced to the world of Irish folklore, something which I would have previously dismissed as nonsense, just leprechauns and faeries down at the end of the garden, in an academic setting at University College Dublin. I came to it in this rather dry way initially. University College Dublin has one of the treasures of our country really, the archive of the National Folklore Collection, which contains literally thousands and thousands of stories collected mostly during the twentieth century by the Irish Folklore Commission. So I started off thinking of literature as something which was only written down quite naturally. I thought as a young person I wanted to be a writer. This was when I went to college in 1971. There was no question of creative writing courses or anything like that then. So I thought I'll study pure English. My modest ambition was to read everything that had been written in English, then I'd be a writer and would know how to write. Accidentally while I was doing that I got introduced to folklore, folktales, fairy tales and the oral tradition. I suppose my sense of what literature is expanded because I realized of course the written literature is the tip of the iceberg that is preceded for thousands and thousands of years everywhere by the oral storytelling. That resource is so rich. I suppose our theory is that stories survive because they have something to tell us. If a story is dependent on being told it will only go on being told for as long as people want to hear it and for as long as it is expressing something that matters. Even though the fairy tales, the Grimm type of fairy tales, seem so fantastical to some extent and I think that a lot of the symbols and metaphors in them resonate in us in some deep way that we may not quite even understand and that's why they continue to be popular at some levels. I write about contemporary life mainly. I don't

write very much historical fiction, though my own life is becoming historical I think. Occasionally I use folklore motifs and stories. I think it does add to the contemporary text. It colours the texture and it makes it richer. Sometimes I am not quite sure exactly how that is working but I know that is the case.

PA: Eilis, one of the very common themes of your writing is reflecting upon the work of the writer. How do you consider yourself as a writer? Which of these definitions – novelist, playwright, storyteller or poet – do you feel more comfortable with?

END: I write in many genres, not very much poetry. I think short story writer and fiction writer is the label I would feel happiest with. I don't write very much drama, although I enjoy writing it when I happen to do it. I think the short story is my favourite genre. I have more collections of short stories than any other kind of book. I feel the short story is a type of fiction where poetry and prose merge. Short stories always work at a metaphorical level of imagery as well as at the level of the narrative. You still have to have a story. I believe that. I want stories. I love stories. Something has to happen. But the short stories also operate at the level of language and imagery, metaphor and symbol, and the meaning is contained in those things as well as in the actual plot and characterization.

PA: This year has been commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Easter Rising. There is an excerpt in one of your stories, *A Literary Lunch*, in which one of the characters, Francie, quotes Patrick Pearse, when he says "the pen is stronger than the sword", and then he concludes that Pearse preferred the sword at the end and gave up the pen. This character is also ironical when he doubts whether the Rising was popular at the time at all. How does your work and professional activities this year have been rethinking the event?

END: This year has been the centenary of the Rising and we've been commemorating it all year. I've written one piece in connection with the anniversary. UCD, where a few of the leaders of the Rising were students or staff, celebrated it in a very imaginative way with a dramatic presentation called *Signatories*. They invited seven graduates of UCD who are writers and we wrote monologues. I was assigned Seán Mac Diarmada, one of the signatories of the proclamation of the Rising which took place on Easter 1916. I wrote it in a rather ironic way. Mac Diarmada is one of the leaders about whom people know rather little – he is shadowy. He looked lovely, he had a beautiful face with which we are all very familiar, the same photo is shown all the time. But the celebrities of the Rising are Pearse and Connolly, so I wondered who's getting Pearse and Connolly? (laughter) Of course I had to find out something about Seán Mac Diarmada. He was a fanatic in some ways as they all were. He was rabidly nationalistic; he hated the English and was eager for the armed uprising. He was very much in favour of that. And he believed it could be successful, against all the odds. He used to recite a terrible poem by Ethna Carbery called *Brian Boy Magee,* which is replete with images of 'my mother hanging by her head and my father drenched in blood'. He recited this

at parties. As I got to find out more about him I came to admire him very much and admire the heroism of those who rebelled. I can only speak for myself but I think it actually applies to many of us in Ireland. I think we have reached a stage where we are no longer ashamed of the Rising. We've gone through phases. I was 12 in 1966 in the celebration of the 50th anniversary, a hugely triumphalist celebration of the Rising. I mean I loved it. I was swept along with the enthusiasm and wanted to go out and fight the English after singing the songs and watching the pageants which they did at that stage. For the 75th anniversary there was nothing. We had revised our new Irish history and we didn't want to hear about the 1916. It was almost an embarrassment. But I think now for the centenary we've reached a stage where we can look at it in a balanced way and admire what is to be admired when you get to know these people. Seán Mac Diarmada was 33, same age as Jesus Christ, and they were aware of these things. He was younger than my sons and he died for Ireland. It's an easy thing to say but when you allow yourself to imagine the event fully, when you get to know the individuals involved, their circumstances, their idealism, you realise how courageous and noble they were.

MHM: Eilis, I'd like to talk about your novel *Fox, Swallow, Scarecrow.* From 2011 to 2015 I had a grant to study the Russian literature in Ireland. There are two important moments: the first one with Sean O'Faolain, Frank O'Connor and George Moore; and the second with Friel, Kilroy, McGuinness, all of them rewriting Russian literature. When Anne Fogarty was here in Brazil, I told her I was puzzled that nobody rewrote Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Then Anne said she had a friend who had rewritten Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. The name of the novel was *Fox, Swallow, Scarecrow*. She generously sent the book by post, I read it and I was enchanted with it. How was the process of rewriting Tolstoy's novel in contemporary Dublin with scenes such as Anna Karenina taking the Luas and walking down Grafton Street? Was there a plan you wanted to follow? Or was *Anna Karenina* just a frame, as Joyce in *Ulysses* had a frame from Homer, to discuss the lives of twenty-first century Dubliners?

END: I wanted to write a novel. I am not very good at plotting. I am a short story writer and plot is not that important to short stories, but it so happens that I also like writing novels. So I thought if I could take somebody else's novel, one with a good plot and a good framework, and use it as my basis, that would take care of the plotting problem. I also wanted to write about Celtic Tiger Ireland, and as you know, *Anna Karenina* is to a large extent a sort of observation and look at society in Russia during the period of the novel. I thought it would work as a template, and I loved the novel anyway, of course that was very important. Sometimes one forgets how small things inspire. The train is a major image in *Anna Karenina* obviously. It opens with Anna Karenina meeting Vronsky at the train station in Moscow and it closes with her being beheaded by the train, not a very nice ending for her. Trains were fairly new in Russia when Tolstoy wrote his novel and he was very interested in them, and in the way in which new modes of transport could influence lives. I am rather interested in that too. I wrote *Fox,*

Swallow, Scarecrow around the time Dublin got the tram, the Luas. We were so thrilled. We thought we were just so wonderful now that we have a tram. I know the train was a big deal in Russia at the *Anna Karenina* time. We were like that about the Luas. People were going for rides at the Luas for the sake of getting on the Luas. We were allowed to go free on the Luas for a couple of days just for the experience of travelling on a tram. And we have two lines. We have the Green Line, which is the south city line, and the Red Line, which is going out to Tallaght. The lines represent class divisions in Dublin. The Green Line is very posh. I got the impression that to get on the Green Line you had to be all dressed up and looking smart, whereas on the Red Line you could be wearing your jeans, trainers and scruffy looking going out to the western suburbs of Dublin. I wanted to write about that. As you know I take the train and the Luas as part of the story. I turn it on its head. Tolstoy is quite moralistic. He is sympathetic to Anna but she still dies at the end. That does not happen to my Anna.

MHM: My second question refers to the title which points at an original strategy of transposition because you don't call it Anna Karenina or any other Anna but this intriguing title. I would rather say that this is not a transposition but a trans-creation of the Russian novel. Would it be too farfetched to say that Kate, Leo, Anna, Jerry and all the other characters are your Everyman, to use the medieval title? Are they universal in the sense that they experience this imprisonment through ambition, despair, and all the other things you show in the novel? For me, all of them are the swallows banging on the window. I was impressed with your sentence: "the fox doesn't move, he just stares". I thought the fox would be fate.

END: Thank you. I think that is a wonderful interpretation of it. I think it is valid. I think the characters are trapped by history as I believe we all are. You know how difficult it is to really rise out of the historical circumstances which you just happen to find yourself, to transcend your historical context. If I had been born in the thirteenth century I would be very different in my attitudes and beliefs to what I am now as a product of the twentieth century. I think the novel might be about that. When I was reading it, *The Fox, Swallow, Scarecrow* piece, which is central to the novel, it is very mysterious and I didn't really quite know exactly what I meant but it had to be there, the entrapment of the characters and fate. The fox is history, or fate, or destiny waiting outside the window. The scarecrow is the benign. It is actually a modern symbol. This is a kind and benign scarecrow who tries to save Kate from her final and completely accidental fate of which she has absolutely no control and which is completely undeserved. I suppose in Tolstoy's novel there is a pattern in a way he is sympathetic to Anna Karenina but she is punished in the end for her fall from grace. I think what I am saying maybe is that there isn't a pattern apart from circumstances which enclose you. I think that is what it is but I think your interpretation is absolutely fantastic, Munira.

MHM: As you also write plays, have you thought of transposing your novel, which is so visual we can almost see the fox, to a play or a film? As for example Patrick McCabe did with *The Butcher Boy*.

END: Well I'd love to do a film of it. I think it would be more of a film than of a play somehow. And as I was mentioning to somebody else, a really great playwright, Marina Carr, has written a play based on *Anna Karenina*, which will be produced in The Abbey pretty soon. Well, a movie would be great.

MHM: Do you think it would be difficult to do it?

END: Thanks to Tolstoy there is plenty going on in my novel book. No, I think it would be easy to make a film of it.

Audience: You mentioned that the story you read from was commissioned and you were given a topic. How did that affect the creative process?

END: It is very tricky when somebody asks you to write a story on the theme of escape. Of course it is a very broad theme and so on and so forth. I always say yes. Of course I'll do it and you have three or four months to think of something. It is different from something that occurs spontaneously. You could write about almost anything on the theme of escape. Many of the stories by other people were not such literal interpretations of it perhaps as mine. But when I began to think about it I suppose in a way to plan it, to think of a trigger, I thought all the time of the Berlin Wall and of a visit that I actually made there. I've changed things, it's fictional, but I went to the library in East Berlin in 1979 or whatever it was. That moment kept coming back to me, that visit, the enormous difficulty of going to the library to get a copy of fairy tales, thanks to the Wall, the loops I had to go through just to get through the Wall and into the Humboldt Library. It was ridiculous. It stayed in my mind and I wanted to write about it. Then I expanded it into a story. But there are all kinds of (writing) restrictions (one has to deal with). When writing stories for a newspaper it has to be three thousand words. You have a word limit. I tend to write stories that are about ten thousand words. My first versions are that and I may go back to them. But on the other hand it is a good discipline and you've got your deadline and you have to do it. Now I teach creative writing. I've been doing that for about seven or eight years and I am constantly tossing out triggers to the students and they go away and a week or two later they come back sometimes with great stories. Creativity is a pretty robust little aspect of our mental process. You can do it to order up to a point if you have to.

Audience: Is there any theme or topic you avoid because you feel you are not ready for that? Or are you supposed to write about everything?

END: I can't think of anything I would avoid. But no doubt there are many themes and topics that I avoid unconsciously and of course many that I simply could not deal with. If somebody came along and said: 'will you write a story about that?'. I don't know. Maybe about sex and violence. My imagination isn't strong enough now to think of what it is I would avoid if I was asked to.

Audience: I'd like to ask about your writings in Irish. Which language do you prefer: Irish or English? And why?

END: I was bilingual from childhood. Nevertheless, English is my first language and the language I am best at really and most comfortable in. I wrote in it quite a lot for many years. I had already written three or four books in it when I began to write in Irish. I started writing in Irish because in around 1995, I think, the director of an Irish theatre company in Dublin, the Douglas Hyde Theatre, came to me and said she was looking for a woman who could write a play for her because she could only get men. Irish language literature actually is very dominated by men. I did some research on the novel in the Irish language just recently and during the twentieth century two hundred and thirty novels were written in Irish, which is a good number for a minority language, and out of those only nine were written by women. It is just extraordinary statistics. It is astonishing. Why is that is interesting. So anyway I wrote the play based on a few of my short stories for her and it was on the Peacock. It was my first play and my first time writing in Irish. All that worked well. Then I realised, yes I can write in Irish. For me as somebody who had been brought up with Irish, I went to Irish schools and so on, there was a sense of homecoming in the Irish language. In the Irish language community, I had expected them to throw bricks at me because I thought they would see as a kind of traitor, one of these people with an Irish name who writes in English. But in fact the community was very welcoming. So I continued doing it. But I write in a different way. I mean it's simpler. The first novel I wrote in Irish was a detective novel, not something I would be writing in English. I thought I would write something people would read because for most Irish people reading in Irish is hard, it is a struggle. Then I've written some novels for young people in Irish. I have written a series of literary novels, **Cailíní Beaga Ghleann na mBláth**, *The Little Girls of Glendalough,* which is a bit like the *Dancers Dancing*, my other novel. It is easier for me to write in English though.

AU: What is the trigger that makes you write a short story? Is it the character? The atmosphere? The structure? Is it all of them?

END: I think it is more likely to be the atmosphere and emotional experience than anything else. I think the inspiration for short stories as I write them is closer to the kind of inspiration that poets have than that of novelists. It is difficult to pin down what a short story is but I would say mine often comes from a memory or experience of some kind, as in the story I have read here. It is this sort of lingering memory of being in a library in Berlin that kept coming back to me and then it goes from there. It gradually gets plotted and structured but the first draft arrives from an emotional experience, from an impression or a memory that has had a strong impact on me.

MHM: Thank you very much for you lovely reading and interview. Thank you very much for coming and we hope to see you again in Brasil.

Notes

1 The Irish Times, Summer fiction: Berlin by Éilís Ní Dhuibhne, Saturday August 13 2016. In: http://www.irishtimes.com/culture/books/summer-fiction-berlin-by-%C3%A9il%C3%ADs-n%C3%AD-dhuibhne-1.2754456).

2 In: Ní Dhuibhne, Éilís. *Fox, Swallow, Scarecrow*. Belfast: Blackstaff Press, 2007.

[1](Ní Dhuibhne, Éilís. *Berlin*. The Irish Times, Summer fiction: Berlin by Éilís Ní Dhuibhne, Saturday August 13 2016. In: http://www.irishtimes.com/culture/books/summer-fiction-berlin-by-%C3%A9il%C3%ADs-n%C3%AD-dhuibhne-1.2754456).

The Poetic Reconstitution of Place in The Poetry of Moya Cannon: Roots, Land, Home and Language

Luci Collin

Abstract: *The intricate relationship between place and the construction/ reshaping of personal and social identities is a matter of fundamental interest. The article discusses how, in her work, the Irish poet Moya Cannon (Dunfanaghy, County Donegal, 1956) explores the 'sense of place', as presented by Seamus Heaney in his book Preoccupations (Faber 1980). One intends to analyse how this notion appears in Cannon's poems and unfolds into other significant perspectives and themes such as: roots (past, heritage, historical bonds and fractures), land (landscape, sacramental sites), home (memory, local belonging, displacement) and language (linguistic awareness, linguistic dispossession).*

Keywords: *sense of place, Moya Cannon, landscape, home.*

The constitution of one's identity, in individual and collective spheres, involves the amalgamation of complex characteristics such as gender, ethnicity, religion, social class and place; it is a long and deep process during which the person discovers, moulds, educates, rebuilds him or herself. Among the aforementioned characteristics, we focus on the notion of place as interrelated to poetry, considering that the poet, as Gary Snyder says, "plays an essential role in society, laying the foundation for people's self-understanding and connection to tradition and place" (1980. 171). The poet may raise questions that articulate two essential elements: to know *where* you are, and *who* you are; so, we intend to investigate how a poetic voice – that of the acclaimed Irish poet Moya Cannon, may stimulate the perception of our 'sense of place' and, thus, enhance the process of identity formation.

The relationship to place may be based on biographical, spiritual, ethic, ideological, or even narrative attachments, therefore, the expression 'sense of place' is naturally wide ranging. In anthropological terms, for instance, it encompasses various symbolic forms of *place attachment*; it is "more than an emotional and cognitive experience, and includes cultural beliefs and practices that link people to place" (Low

12). In sociology, as David Hummon puts it, this sense "involves a personal orientation toward place, in which one's understanding of place and one's feeling about place become fused in the context of environmental meaning." (Low 254). In the field of literature, many are the perspectives; William Kittredge places

According to Cusick:

> come to exist in our imaginations because of stories, and so do we. When we reach for a 'sense of place,' we posit an intimate relationship to a set of stories connected to a particular location (…) thinking of histories and the evolution of personalities in a local context. Having 'a sense of self' means possessing a set of stories about who we are and with whom and why. (8)

Stating that a place only becomes a place when the events that happened in it are expressed in literary forms, Wallace Stegner (1993) emphasizes that "no place is a place until it has had a poet. (…) No place, not even a wild place, is a place until it has had that human attention that at its highest reach we will call poetry." (203). And as a third perspective, Seamus Heaney, in his essay "The sense of place"[1], discusses the connections – physical, sensory, cultural, spiritual – between individuals and places:

> I think there are two ways in which place is known and cherished, two ways which may be complementary but which are just likely to be antipathetic. One is lived, illiterate and unconscious, the other learned, literate and conscious**.** In the literary sensibility, both are likely to co-exist in a conscious and unconscious tension […] (1980. 131)

The "illiterate and unconscious" corresponds to the everyday, real and experiential way, while the "literate and conscious" means to be tuned in to places where knowledge (of myth, legend, archaeology, history) and reflection are essential. According to Heaney, it is the tense co-existence between the conscious and the unconscious that produces poetry. Besides, regardless of ideologies, creeds, political positions, cultural distinctions that may interfere in our subjectivity, there is "a sense of ourselves" that encompasses both, the geographical country and what Heaney has called "a country of the mind", and we respond to both of them as the connected forces that compose our sense of place. As Heaney says:

> It is this feeling, assenting, equable marriage between the geographical country and the country of the mind, whether that country of the mind takes its tone unconsciously from a shared oral inherited culture, or from a consciously savoured literary culture, or from both, it is this marriage that constitutes the sense of place in its richest possible manifestation. (*Idem* 132)

The "sense of place" comes from the interconnection between the world we live in, physically (the geographical spot), and the world we experience mentally (as

our personal identity). Heaney emphasizes that, beyond the geographical characteristics of certain places, there are ties between the "country of the mind" (*mindscape*) and the "geographical country" (*landscape*); it is the marriage of both that is to be revealed by the poet's sensibility. So, the question now is: how does an "equable marriage" between these 'countries' is attained in the poetry of Moya Cannon?[2]

The characteristics – topographical, historical, political, aesthetic, even archaeological – that mark Cannon's poems are, most of them, naturally connected to Ireland but the "sense of place" in them leads us to a wide range of interpretative possibilities. Christine Cusick argues that in her poems Cannon

> positions the natural world as the primary subject of its text, political concerns existing as only pieces of a too-often-simplified physical place. Cannon's poetry does not name Ireland as nation or state, for politics are only slight allusions among the more central themes of human existence amid nonhuman nature. In addition, Cannon's poetry pays attention to detail, maps personae's traversing of the land, remembers the stories and myths that have shaped it, and honors unreachable presences of the natural world. (*in* González 59)

In a mobile and globalised society such as contemporary Ireland, the "sense of place" is a strong marker of identity. It happens to affirm the sense of belonging to a place – from the place where someone grew up to the broader relationship one has to the nation and even to the planet. Thus, while investigating the impact of "sense of place" in Cannon's poetry, one is implicitly dealing with numberless cultural and aesthetic associations.

Excavating roots

In Ireland, for its rich past and its ancient lore and tradition, land as place is a vital element in the process of understanding the national identity and the sense of Irishness. In "Sense of Place" Heaney (1980) emphasizes that the Irish landscape is made of places immersed in processes of association with the ancient Irish culture (the world of the fairies, of the epic heroes and all its symbology). The encounter of the past and the present experiences of place, as one sees in Cannon's poetry, is a sort of reconciliation with the communal roots.

In her work, Cannon as Éoin Flannery (2016) points out, "actively incorporates the materiality of deep historical and geological scale"; while thematizing place, individuality and humanity, she shows her sensitivity "to the much larger historical and temporal continuum in which these linguistic, spiritual, but ultimately, anthropocentric and anthropomorphic relationships are embedded." (61-62). Cannon's poems bring not only the lyric moment that energizes the text but also "the large history – literary, historical, ecological – that the work embraces. Her western landscapes proceed from an anti-hierarchical consciousness with the result that places and people share equal billing, as do human and non-humans, the living and the dead (Wall 159).

In a poetic search for rootedness, for that strong sense of attachment to a place, Cannon's poetry corresponds to a process of excavation. Through this process, the poems perform reconstruction of the Irish identity in a movement that interblends space, time, and historical fractures.[3] By revealing new layers of meaning, and exposing past and present political violence as laminae in the soil, place helps transcending conflict and division. Place and the solid roots that persist over time, are not only the witnesses to historical transformations, but also the elements that ensure the preservation of many aspects of Irish communal culture.

According to Cusick:

> Cannon's poetry extends a liberating commitment to the materiality of Ireland's physical landscape as something that both contains stories and exists as an archaeological and geological reality. In this way, her poetry recognizes the intersecting constructions of cultural scripts and material place. As such, excavation of the past requires a turn not only to the concepts and theories used to describe it, but also to the active experience of its natural gritty places. (*in* González 59)

In many of her poems, while describing prehistoric burials, ancient traces and artifacts that have survived, Cannon approximates the poet to the archaeologist. In an interview she, who graduated in History and Politics from University College Dublin[4], stated: "I think I'd like to be reincarnated as an archaeologist and then a geologist after that! I've been fascinated by archaeology ever since I was a child." (Interview to Mcbride, 2015). Through images that evocate a digging of place, her poetry excavates many layers of the past. The layers of myth and language are excavated in "Isolde's Tower, Essex Quay" (from *The parchment boat* 12-13):

> Is there no end
> to what can be dug up
> out of the mud of a riverbank,
> (…)
>
> This is no more
> than the sunken stump
> of a watchtower on a city wall,
> built long after my Isolde might have lived,
> built over since a dozen times,
> uncovered now in some new work –
> a tower's old root in black water
> behind a Dublin bus stop;
> and the story is no more than a story.
> (…)

Referring to a child's ancient grave in France, in "Burial, Ardèche 20,000 BC" (from *Keats Lives*, 2015. 15), the persona evinces the noble and touching existence of anonymous people who, in remote times, lived and died outside history. The poem shows two complementary experiences of and in time, the ancient past and the persona's past

> No bear or lion ever raked him up,
> the five-year-old child,
> victim of illness, accident or sacrifice,
> buried in a cave floor
> (…)
> someone tied a seashell around his neck,
> someone laid a few flint blades by his side,
> and under his head someone placed
> the dried tail of a fox, perhaps a white fox

Reproducing the "fluidity of place" in time[5] the poem reaches a highly symbolic intensity. The nonhuman environment, with its power and presence, in its fluidity, transcends time and proves that the boundaries between natural history and human history are subtle, and the whole perception of the passing of time is permeated by all the complexities the fusion of place, roots, past, history engenders.

Landscape and "the power of place"

Place as landscape, in its unfolding aspects beyond the topographic territory, generates different associations and, thus, causes subjective reactions in the individual; as Cannon confirms: "I'm fascinated by the layering of human, and indeed, non-human experience evident in the landscape. That was the first imagery available to me when I started to write." (Interview to Katie Donovan, *The Irish Times,* 1997).

Exploring the unavoidable connection between landscape and the creative imagination of Ireland, Cannon's involvement with place/landscape, surpassing the mere description of the scenery, becomes a potent vehicle to articulate the experience itself, triggering cultural and aesthetic associations in a sort of poetic possession of the land. In expressing the materiality of the landscape, Cannon's poetry, "is a refreshing contribution to the Irish literary tradition of the Revival that often neglects the physical details of the landscape as it emphasizes instead its abstract cultural ties, both mythical and national." (Cusick *in* Gonzalez 58).

The poetic perception of natural landscape encompasses from the feelings for the local and ordinary place to the connection to sites that are sacramental. As Heaney (1980) argues, it involves "the power of the place":

> The landscape was sacramental, instinct with signs, implying a system of reality beyond the visible realities. Only thirty years ago, and thirty miles from

> Belfast, I think I experienced this kind of world vestigially and as a result may have retained some vestigial sense of place as it was experienced in the older dispensation. (…). There, if you like, was the foundation for a marvellous or a magical view of the world, a foundation that sustained a diminished structure of lore and superstition and half-pagan, half-Christian thought and practice.' (…) Such naming of examples is a pleasure to me that is, I believe, itself an earnest of the power of the place. (133-134)

Cannon's descriptions of Ireland's terrain, strengthened by her concern for the landscape credited with the qualities of a spiritual refuge, make her endow the place with philosophical qualities. Proclaiming the "power of the place", Cannon's poetry reveals the elemental forces present in Ireland's natural world; in many poems one notes a fundamental attention to place – to landscape, seascape, hills, migratory birds, flowers, light, trees, lakes. Her poetry is highly informed by a sense of environmental awareness that reaches even the planetary dimension. While evincing nature's values, exposing the processes by which landscape marks people, Cannon reveals an intense commitment to the sense of place. This is the landscape's effect in "Hills" (from *Oar* 66)

> (…)
> I know the red grass that grows in high boglands
> and the passionate brightnesses and darknesses
> of high bog lakes.
> And I know too how,
> in the murk of winter,
> these wet hills will come howling through my blood
> like wolves.

Descriptions of secluded, untamed and distant locations in Ireland, and representations of wilderness or of nature's grandeur recur in Cannon's poems; in "Thirst in the Burren" (from Oar 53), for instance, landscape, in Galway, is dominated by the image of rocks:

> No ground or floor.
> is as kind to the human step
> as the rain-cut flags
> of these white hills.
>
> Porous as skin
> limestone resounds sea-deep, time-deep,
> yet, in places, rainwater has worn it thin
> as a fish's fin.

The experiential knowledge of the place opens the poem up to vaster dimensions and evokes possible interactions between time, the human and the non-human. The persona is not the only force in the landscape – the power of place may be felt in the

effect of the natural erosion of the Burren; the limestone karst results from a process that is independent from the interference of human action. Besides, the affinity between the human and the non-human is expressed when the thirst of the fern equals the human thirst:

> From funnels and clefts
> Ferns arch their soft heads.
>
> A headland full of water, dry as bone,
> with only thirst as a diviner,
> thirst of the inscrutable fern
> and the human thirst
> that beats upon a stone.

Cannon values the natural terrain and shows the effects of time on nature. She also shows the humble presence of man in the face of forces that shape and confront landscape; all this treatment to place evinces the possibilities for humans to deepen the interactions with nature, to the extent of cultural, material, *and* spiritual experiences. In reference to the sense of place, Heaney (1980) has argued that for some poets "their sense of place is a physical one" and that for some other ones it "might be termed metaphysical." (149). No doubt Cannon reaches the metaphysical that comes from the interpretation of the exuberance of the physical world as witnessed by human beings.

Home, belonging and the memory of place

Historical and political reasons make the notion of "home" extremely complex for an Irish writer; it is even difficult to consider the sense of home as a natural state in Irish culture. Home is not only the dwelling place, but a number of combined "connections and affectionisms" that establish our place in the world.[6] Heaney (1980) argues that place epitomizes a communal situation but, before that, it is a symbol of a personal drama and adds:

> Tory Island, Knocknarea, Slieve Patrick, all of them deeply steeped in associations from the older culture, will not stir us beyond a visual pleasure unless that culture means something to us, unless the features of the landscape are a mode of communication with a something other than themselves, a something to which we ourselves still feel we might belong.' (132)

Through history, the experiences of common people show that "home" is not simply the reference to a familiar place. As Fintan O'Toole (1998) affirms, home has to be worked for, achieved, it is a hard goal and to reach it one needs "to be armed with advices, with warnings and incantations that form invisible threads for you to follow. The advices that we hope will lead us safe home are what we call a culture." (166-167).

Regarding "home" in Cannon's poetry, it is a manifold concept, as Irene Nordin (2010) attests:

> Certainly Cannon's work attends to specific localities, both in Ireland and elsewhere, consistently returning to the notion of dwellings, ritual, and the familiar, but she does so, in many ways, at the same time as casting such anthropocentric patterns of behaviour and custom within both familiar and less familiar contexts. Cannon is alive to the fact that dwelling/unhoming, rootedness/alienation, habit/disorientation are each two sides of the same cultural coin. In other words, as we approach her work we cannot blithely assume the fixity of home as an immutable and dependable truth within her writing. (248)

In the poem "Little Skellig"[7] (from *Hands,* 2011. 24) the precious act of returning home is experienced by both a human and a non-human being/entity; commonplace is transfigured and the persona enjoys a sense of wonder:

> The boatman in his yellow coat
> restarts the engine and twists for home.
> Salt water sloshes across the deck
> then one gannet plummets
> and there is something
> about the greed and grace
> of that cruciform plunge
> which shouts out
> to our unfeathered bones.

Again, a glimpse of that sense of "understanding" life is offered to the reader; through the return home, the deep connections between nature and beings are shown as a web of interdependent elements. Also the reflection on the memory of the place is strong in Cannon's work, as we see in "Winter Paths":

> There is something about winter
> Which pares all living things down to their essentials –
> (…)
> Once, after searching a valley,
> Summer after summer,
> I went in winter
> And found, at last, the path
> (…)
> The way cattle and goats
> And women and men
> Had passed, winter after winter,
> Drawing aside or shoving past stray strands of briar,
> Wondering if they'd know their way again in summer.

The poem suggests that, by returning to a place, in both the physical and in the mnemonic senses, we may gain understanding of ourselves. The hidden path that "reappears" in the quietude of winter brings with it the memory of the place, for humans, other animals, greens, and offers them a new strength, the conviction that they belong to that place.

The available metaphors

As an essential element in the definition of identity, language happens to cement the historical, political, cultural, social, religious relationships one has to place. In her poems, Cannon thematizes place as intricately associated to the concept and the use of language; in "The poetry of what happens" she elucidates that: "Almost from the start the metaphors available to me related to landscape, language and place-names, that most tangible of etymologies, the interface between language and landscape (*in* Haberstroth 2001.128).

Cannon's concern with language, its origins, possibilities and diversity, began in childhood. She grew up in north-west Donegal, her family spoke Irish at home and, although she lived in an English-speaking area, many of her neighbours used archaic Gaelic words. The problematics of possessing two different languages and relying on two systems of loyalty in the same place, as Heaney (1995) has observed, makes "… the Irish writer responsive to two cultural milieu, the Irish place invoked under two different systems of naming" (188). Cannon has never written poetry in Irish although it is her first language. As she says in an interview to the *Galway Advertiser*:

> Your maternal language is always your heart language and it is still that for me. I tried to write in Irish but it just didn't work. I suppose my Irish is a childhood Irish; it isn't good enough to write poetry. (…) But it comes out here and there like bones or rocks sticking out. I'm very grateful my parents passed on Irish to us, it is a room I love to walk into, it gives me access to a whole cultural sensibility." (McBride 2015)

Many of the poems written by Cannon are inspired by the nuances of Ireland's bilingualism, evincing the way the past preserves the relationship between place and language. In "Murdering the language" (from *The Parchment Boat* 1998. 24), Cannon contrasts the endurance of the language to that of the shore, depicting Ireland as a shore that is washed over by human impacting actions, and to which each invasion added new layers:

> (…)
> When we whispered in our desks
> we spoke our book of invasions –
> an unruly wash of Victorian pedantry,
> Cromwellian English, Scots,

the jetsam and the beached bones of Irish –
a grammarian's nightmare.
(…)
Our language was tidal;
It lipped the shale cliffs,
A long tedious campaign,
And ran up the beaches, over sand, seaweed, stones.
(…)

In "Prodigal" (from *Oar* 19), allusion is made to the return of the prodigal son, but the poem describes a return to the mother, the "dark mutter tongue":

Dark mutter tongue
rescue me,
I am drawn into outrageous worlds
(…)

Old gutter mother
I am bereft now,
My heart has learnt nothing
but the stab of its own hungers
and the murky truth of a half-obsolete language
(…)

give me somewhere to start,
green and struggling, a blasé under snow,
for this place and age demand relentlessly
something I will never learn to give.

We see the remains of the tongue, the "half-obsolete" Irish that nourishes and shelters, providing "somewhere to start", the possibility of returning to the values of an older culture that reappear in language. "Prodigal" can be interpreted "as a woman poet defining her own struggles with language, and as strong a political statement (…) that blend Irish and English in a testament to the poetic power of both languages." (Haberstroth 1996. 216). Other poems, as "Scríob" and "Taom", that include Gaelic words, illustrate how Cannon uses the Irish language and enacts the problematics of the coexistence of two languages. "Taom", the Irish word that means "an overwhelming wave of emotion", describes the consolation that comes from the surfacing of the Irish word:

Surfacing from a fading language,
the word comes when needed.
A dark sound surges and ebbs,
its accuracy steadying the heart.

Dealing with the interrelation between place and language, Cannon gives access to fundamental questions that involve linguistic awareness, linguistic dispossession and even the desire to repossess the language.

Moya Cannon's poetic practice, while exploring the many potentialities of place – as connected to roots, past, home, language, landscape, history –, and thematizing place as a real experience, clearly accomplishes the "equable marriage" between mindscape and landscape. She demonstrates a serious understanding of the aesthetics of place, and of the importance of the "sense of place" in the formation of both individual and collective identities. Gary Snyder (1998) has stated that "Our place is part of what we are" (27) and no doubt Cannon has fully absorbed this essential notion. Across her work, one notices the centrality of place, her special concern for the treatment of place as a source of inspiration, its attachment to fundamental questions of language and cultural resistance, and as a vital element in the familial, local and national binding of people. In her poems, by performing a poetic reconstitution of place, Cannon promotes our awareness of place as poetic transcendence.

Notes

1 The lecture "The Sense of Place", delivered in 1977, was reprinted in his book *Preoccupations* in 1980.

2 Poet, translator and editor, Moya Cannon (born in 1956 in Dunfanaghy, County Donegal) has published five collections of poetry. She won the 1991 Brendan Behan Memorial Prize and the O Shaughnessy Award.

3 We refer to the violent and traumatic experiences of human history and of Irish history – from the silencing of native voices to the political separation of the Island.

4 She was also awarded an M. Phil in International Relations at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

5 *Cf*. G. Snyder (1998. 27):"Yet even a 'place' has a kind of fluidity: it passes through space and time – 'ceremonial time'."

6 Old Irish used to contain this idea within itself, as O'TOOLE (136) explains: "In Irish, the terms *sa mbaile* and *sa bhaile*, the equivalents of the English *at home*, are never used in the narrow sense of home as a dwelling. They imply, instead, that wider sense of a place in the world, a feeling of belonging that is buried deep within the word's meaning."

7 Reference to the Skellig Islands (in Irish: *Na Scealaga*), two small and rocky islands in County Kerry.

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Voices from Brazil

Portraits of Brazil

Walnice Nogueira Galvão*

Abstract: *The period of Modernism (from 1922 onwards) was also one which exhaustively attempted to understand and explain Brazil through literary works of various genres: fiction, poetry, essay. This paper attributes to these works the general category of "Portraits of Brazil". It is important to highlight its central issue: the miscegenation of three races (indigenous peoples, white Europeans and African slaves) has formed the Brazilian population. We examine here the sources of different diagnoses and proposals.*

Keywords: *Brazilian Modernism; Paulo Prado; Mário de Andrade; Oswald de Andrade.*

When we consider Brazilian Modernism, we notice a significant convergence of texts from the 1920s attempting to draw a "Portrait of Brazil". This was the title of the influential book by Paulo Prado, which had four successive editions – an absolutely rare phenomenon at that time (Berriel 2000; Waldman 2014). Prado was also personally influential, being a devoted Maecenas of Brazilian Modernist writers; he would open his pockets and his house in São Paulo to every artist. Mário de Andrade dedicated *Macunaíma*, published in 1928, to him; in the same year, Oswald de Andrade (whose first book, *Pau Brasil*, was prefaced by the same Paulo Prado) published "Manifesto Antropófago" [Anthropophagic Manifesto]; and Paulo Prado himself published *Retrato do Brasil* [Portrait of Brazil]. Each one of these texts, despite differences in nature and size, aims at providing a global interpretation of Brazil. The way they proceed, their preoccupations and their reach offer interesting material for analysis and reflection.

At the turn of the nineteenth to the twentieth century, the so-called "racial issue" was boiling in Brazil. Amongst many studies that dealt with this subject, those by Silvio Romero (1888) offered the conclusion that Brazilian society was the result of three different races which, in different ways, shared the same existential feeling, that of *saudade*[1]; the Portuguese and the Africans, being expatriates; the Indians, having been deprived of their land.

In *Retrato do Brasil*, Paulo Prado narrows down lightly this interpretation, delegating it to a psychological variant of *saudade*, that is, sadness. And thus he takes Brazilians as the outcome of the miscegenation of three sad races – the epitome of ethnopessimism.

The Modernists will rebut this argument. Mário de Andrade's *Macunaíma*, in spite of being dedicated to Paulo Prado, surely overflows and goes beyond such conception. And Oswald de Andrade's poetry, favoring yet other perspectives, opens a horizon of unsuspected possibilities.

1928 milestones

The year of 1928 – when Modernism, inaugurated by the Semana de Arte Moderna [Modern Art Week] of 1922 in São Paulo, was in full-bloom – is very productive both for literature and Brazilian social thinking, thanks to three events that would become historical milestones. As we have already seen, 1928 was the year when *Retrato do Brazil*, by Paulo Prado, *Macunaíma,* by Mário de Andrade, and the "Manifesto Antropófago", by Oswald de Andrade, are published.

The first book mentioned is one of many others and, incidentally, amongst the last ones written with the aim of postulating the notion of ethnopessimism. Presented by its author as a "purely philosophical essay" (Prado 1962) (which it no doubt **is not**), it enjoyed an enormous success and, within three years, reached the unusual figure of four editions. Paulo Prado, as we have seen, was a prestigious Maecenas amongst the Modernists, playing a prominent role in the movement, having exerted his influence on them not only with his writing but also with his personal acting. Various points of convergence among these three authors can be pointed out. Most of all, *Macunaíma* is dedicated to Paulo Prado, who prefaced *Pau Brasil* (1925) – the first book of poetry written by Oswald de Andrade – and who sometimes either in this preface or in his own book practices the Modernist "telegraphic style".

Concerning Macunaíma, at once "a hero without a personality" and "the hero of our people" – as the novel itself declares–, we all know that he is Black/White/Indian, that is, he embodies in one single character the three races that form the Brazilians. Although the issue cannot be restricted to Paulo Prado's *Retrato do Brasil* – for it is more than that –, the characteristics Prado attributes in his book to the ethnic amalgam can be found in *Macunaíma*: lust, covetousness, sadness and its correlate, lazyness, as well as romanticism. Lazyness might be more striking to the reader, thanks to the ever present refrain in the hero's mouth, "Ai que preguiça!//Aw, what lazyness!". But that is not enough: to encompass all the richness of the subject in Mário de Andrade's novel, we must go beyond *Macunaíma.* In his poetry, especially in "Rito do Irmão Pequeno" [Young Brother's Rite] the word *lazyness* (*preguiça* in Portuguese) is given various connotations, be it to refer to the mammal called sloth (also *preguiça* in Portuguese) in poem VII, be it to refer to the abstract noun in poem IX (Vamos, irmão pequeno, entre palavras e deuses / Exercer a preguiça, com vagar //"Let's go, young brother, among words and gods / and slowly practice lazyness"). In the form of the animal it also appears in the poem "Brasão" [Blazon], figuring in the heraldic bestiary the poet postulates for himself (Andrade 1996; Mello e Souza 1988, 1979, 2014). And for certain all the irony

and parodic ludicrousness of the novel overflow from a conception which, at bottom, is really narrow.

As to "Manifesto Antropófago", it bears neither the thesis of sadness nor that of the three sad races; on the contrary, there we find a reiterated assertion: "Happiness is the litmus test". Therefore, it *repels sadness.* And under different verbal refinements of form, it also repels covetousness whether it is in the form of the "capitalist modus operandi", whether it is by chastising Father Antonio Vieira (1608-1697) for the infamous pecuniary commission he received by mediating a loan for Brazil. There is, however, a trait taken with great joy: lust, which matches with the Freudian notion of "de-repressing" proclaimed by the Dyonisian and libertarian posture of the Modernists.

The fact is that Anthropophagism, of which *Macunaíma*, despite Mário de Andrade, would be the most hailed masterpiece of Modernism, gives the concern with miscegenation – which was seen by all as degrading– a different turn. And it finds an identification with an emblematic indigenous man, as far from reality as the Indian/ knight errant of the Romantic Indianism had been, but that is now a metaphor devised to propose a new relationship with the colonizer. A relationship which would not stem from the shame of being colonized: the Anthropophagus being proposed is, as it is known, that one that ritually devours the colonizer to absorb the values of his culture, which he deems interesting. Insistently, the "Manifesto", by modulating the tone, dwells on one watchword: "The transfiguration of Taboos in Totems. Anthropophagy", which, as it is known, can only be consubstantiated if the taboo is cannibalized in the anthropophagic banquet.

Naturally, the Modernists, like all vanguardists, aimed their batteries of derision against everything that had preceded them. Besides the Parnassians and Academics in general, the Romantics were ridiculed; among the latter, their special target was the literary Indianism, in the figure of the Romantic prose writer José de Alencar and the poet Gonçalves Dias. The "Manifesto" reads "Against the torch holder Indian, Maria's son, Catherine de Médicis' godson and Antonio de Mariz' son-in-law", referring to Peri, the hero in *O Guarani*, a novel by Indianist writer José de Alencar.

And since Gonçalves Dias' name was mentioned...

With respect to Gonçalves Dias, it can be said that he, recklessly – for what happened in posterity – wrote the "Canção do Exílio" [The Song of Exile], which would become the most popularized Brazilian poem. It is a fine piece (Merquior 1990) unfortunately difficult to be valued nowadays, after a century and a half of superposed layers of ostentatious flag-waving kitsch. Written in Coimbra (Portugal), in 1843, "Canção do Exílio" opposes two adverbs of place expressing the two spaces of the poem: here and there. Here is the space of the exile, about which barely anything is said; and there is the space of the homeland, about which the comparative terms used are so absolute that they become superlative: everything there is more.

"Canção do Exílio" ended up being unrivalled as far as parodies in our literature are concerned, stretching pseudopods even to our National Anthem ("... thy smiling, lovely fields have more flowers / than the most cheerful land away / our woods have more life / our lives in thy bosom more about love to say..."[2]) and the World War II Brazilian Expeditionary Force anthem ("However many lands I visit / May God forbid I cease to exist / before I come back to the place ... /.../ where the thrush gives me solace".[3]).

And much later, in 1973, in a minimalist poem by José Paulo Paes (1986), the song ended up being stripped to its basic terms – *here* and *there;* showing aversion to the former and a boon with regard to the latter. It should be noted that the two adverbs are given merely two monosyllabic interjections; and one stanza made of five short nouns, all of which are oxytones in Portuguese, reinforces the rhyme in the adverbs and binds all the lines together. Thus, the poem, programmatically unlyrical, reveals its obsolete side resulting from a trivialization, while it demystifies the privilege embedded in demagogy and reaches the apex in the desacralization of the model:

The Song of Exile facilitated[4]

there?
aw!

thrush...
mash...
manna...
sopha...
sinhá[5]...

here?
bah!

Oswald de Andrade's Interventions

What would Oswald de Andrade do in his time? A parody, of course. It is included in the "Loide Brasileiro" [Brazilian Lloyd] section of *Pau Brasil*, his first book of poetry, published in 1925, with a very enthusiastic foreword by Paulo Prado himself (Andrade 1966). This is the poem:

The returning home song[6]
My homeland has palm trees
And a twittering sea
Chirping little birds from here
Are nothing like those over there

My homeland has more roses
And almost more love
My homeland has more gold
My home land has more land

Gold land love and roses
I do want it all it has
God forbid I should die
Before I am back there

God forbid I should die
Before I am back to São Paulo
Before I see *Rua 15*
And the progress of São Paulo

The interventions Oswald de Andrade resorts to, in general terms, are described below.

"The Returning home song" opens with great impact, by boldly using an impropriety that shares an affinity with the "pungent metaphor" proclaimed by Modernist poets. Now it is the sea – no longer the bird – that chirps: in one single move a metaphor is born and a cliché is undone.

It is worth noticing the comic demotion – for example, the diminutive *little* preceding birds, instead of just *birds; from here*, instead of just *here* – used in the transposition into a more colloquial style. Confirming the parodic inversion, the journey is made backwards, and "exile" becomes "return".

Add to this, an abasement in *thrush* and *palm trees*, emblems of the homeland, which were very materialistically replaced with "Gold land love and roses". Indeed, the "love and roses" romantic markers are still there; however, they are preceded in the stanza by more concrete and self-seeking terms such as "gold land", forming a partnership that tips the scales in favour of the pocket rather than edifying feelings. Moreover, the anaphoric lines, narcissistically, are no longer first person plural – they become singular.

On the one hand, Gonçalves Dias had closed his poem by praying to God that he still might at least catch sight of the palm tree where the thrush warbles (notice the subtle paronomasia that does neither resort to etymology nor to semantics: in Portuguese *aves* [birds] and *aviste* [catch sight of]). And however iconic the palm tree may be, it is not there for nothing: in its emblematic canonicity, it would mean *constancy,* a virtue that binds the poet to his homeland. On the other hand, when Oswald de Andrade closes his parody, he replaces the two natural beings that incarnate the homeland – in the case of *sabiá* [thrush], even its very name has an Indian origin – with a cynical and hilarious triad which forms one single emblem: São Paulo/rua 15/progresso [São Paulo/15th Street/progress]. Nature is out, the three components belonging to the realm of culture: the most prosperous city in the country; the street where banks can be found; and an

evolutionist notion connected to industrial modernization, of which that city is considered a depository. *Sabiá* and *palmeira* [thrush and palm tree], generalized to cover the whole country, are thus particularized, reinforcing the singularization of the possessive pronoun, in an ambíguous move of what is referred to as localism: cheerful *nostos* – without any nostalgia – of a well-to-do São Paulo citizen.

But that is not all. The disqualifiction of the national emblems undergoes yet two formal operations. The first one is a process of synthetization whereby 24 lines are reduced to 16 – or precisely to two thirds; the second is more complex and interferes in several albeit converging levels. We could refer to it as pseudoconservatism, in the sense that in a concealed way it reproduces norms that Modernism claimed to blast: such verses are neither blank nor free.

In this way, the metrification repeats the same traditional verse and the most common one in Portuguese: the seven-syllable line – similar to the English ballad metre. As to syntax, it is respected in that the limits at the end of a line coincide with the elements of the sentence; rhymes are preserved, but this is barely noticeable thanks to the expedient of either repeating the same words in the rhyming position or combining consonant rhymes with assonant ones; or one-vowel words with diphtongs, or paroxytones with oxytones. In this aspect, they also emulate the original, though at this specific point in an irregular way, and occurring in other parts.

And there is more: 1) as it happens in Gonçalves Dias' poem, the predominant rhyming pattern comes in *a (palmares, mar, lá, lá, lá, Paulo, Paulo);* 2) the other more frequent rhyme coming in *ô/ó (rosas, amores, ouro, rosas, morra, morra),* comes equally from "Canção do Exílio"; 3) only two lines are left out, the third one *(daqui)* and the last but one *(quinze)*, which stress a spatial opposition while, disguisedly, rhyming with each other, and thus end up completing the rhyming alliance of the entire poem. Even this very rhyme comes from the only non-rhyming line of Gonçalves Dias' poem: "Nossos bosques têm mais vida" [Our woods have more life], marked only by an internal rhyme in the subsequent line: "Nossa vida mais amores" [Our life more love]. And all this is masked when the punctuation, in a typically Modernist trend, is rejected.

Oswald de Andrade's poetry

Compared with his numerous prose books, Andrade's poetic production is scarce: *Pau Brasil* [Brazilwood] (1925); *Primeiro Caderno do Aluno de poesia Oswald de Andrade* [The first notebook of poetry by student Oswald de Andrade] (1927); *Poesias Reunidas O. de Andrade* [Oswald de Andrade's Collected Poems] (1945), bringing, as the very title shows, the two previous books together with the addition of *Cântico dos Cânticos para Flauta e Violão* [Song of Songs for the Flute and the Guitar], besides *Poemas Menores* [Minor Poems]; and, at last, a small set of poems, "O escaravelho de ouro" [The golden beetle](1947), reproduced in the journal *Revista Acadêmica*, and

which would only appear posthumously in book form in *Poesias reunidas* (1966), in an edition organized by Haroldo de Campos.

Yet there were still unpublished poems. *O Santeiro do Mangue*, awaiting publication for decades, finally came to light in 1991 in *Obras Completas* [The Complete Works], in 22 volumes, coordinated by Jorge Schwarz for Editora Globo.[7]

As we have seen, in the inaugural book, *Pau Brasil,* the first part is titled "História do Brasil" [Brazilian History], which is another aspect that Oswald de Andrade shares with both Paulo Prado's *Retrato do Brasil* and Mário de Andrade's *Macunaíma:* here, it is the case of a rereading of chroniclers and travellers, the first ones to write about Brazil.

That time, as even the most cursory glance at the then existing bibliography may show, was dominated by an almost obsessive attemp to recover these colonial foreign authors; after all, they were the ones who recorded the beginnings of our history. What is less obvious is to find them in Brazilian social thought, in Oswald de Andrade's poetry, and in the fictional prose of *Macunaíma.* The entire first part of Paulo Prado's *Retrato do Brasil* comprises a learned and comprehensive analysis of the chroniclers and travellers. And it is by relying on them that the author infers the features of what being Brazilian means, that is, by basing himself on the attribution of psychological traits to the "three races" and the result of this ethnic amalgamation; back to what we have already discussed: lust, covetousness, sadness, laziness, and romanticism as the outcome.

In Mário de Andrade's case, more specifically in *Macunaíma*, such authors are submitted to parodic inversion in different passages. The pieces of information they have – which are the most varied possible and have widely different levels of absurdity, ranging from being an eyewitness to the existence of monsters to the ravished look at the abundance of naked and acquiescent women –, are glossed and disparaged through parody as phantasmagorias of the European explorers. And the best – and stylistically most coherent – example, is the celebrated "Carta pras Icamiabas" [Letter to Icamiabas], which not only is written by one "chronicler and traveller", but by one of those who take to paroxysm the mythology of "Edenic motives", much later studied by Sérgio Buarque de Holanda in *Visão do Paraíso* (1969).

At the core of these motives, all that has to do with the abundance of women and wealth stands out. One of Mário de Andrade's great findings is the description of São Paulo city in the twentieth century in archaic and incongruous language, which in the case, was given by a visitor from the colonial times. With this kind of language, carnivalization here becomes debauchery at its highest level in an attempt to handle the urban civilization both of the machine and money. Such is its impact that Macunaíma is compelled to exhort the Amazon tribe of which he is the king, the Icamiabas, to abandon their rigorous chastity in order to emulate another tribe of women, that one of the prostitutes of São Paulo city. Such suggestion – a marvellous effrontery – aims at restoring his shaky financial situation caused precisely by the expenses he incurred in connection with the latter ladies.

Yet in Oswald de Andrade's poetry, the same writers appear in *Pau Brasil*, in a direct, but peculiar and original way. Oswald de Andrade returns to these texts, prunes

them drastically and appropriates a barely retouched snip in free and non-punctuated verse, of fragments metamorphosed in *ready made* poems, as Haroldo de Campos defined them in the edition mentioned above. As examples I take two of them, where the attribution of a title which is both modern and extraneous to the text decontextualizes the poem and transforms it into an allegory.

The first instance is a re-elaboration of a well-known passage of Pero Vaz de Caminha's Discovery Letter, where the beauty of the native women's bodies is exalted :

The gare girls
They were three or four very nice young ladies
With their shoulder-length black hair
And their private parts so high and fit
That despite much staring at them
No shame did we feel [8]

The second example comes from Gandavo's book (1980), accounting for the incredible sloth, the animal that seems to have been invented in the very fertile imagination of the author; but it does exist and left other fellow writers deeply impressed. This animal, with a human-looking face, appears in the etchings of a memoir written by Jean de Léry (1990) in the very first century of the New World. It would, though, be necessary to wait for many more centuries to go by until Lévi-Strauss claimed its relevance also for the native peoples, not only for the appalled foreigners. We only have to see the primacy this anthropologist assigns to it in one of his last books, *The Jealous Potter* [*La potière jalouse*, in French).

Incidentally: according to Lévi-Strauss, in the native peoples' myths, the sloth, by embodying the anal-retentive principle, is opposed to the principle of voracity – therefore, oral –, represented by the wind-swallowing bird; this latter, thus, would be more compatible with the anthropophagic devouring instinct. The poem follows:

Race party
Also in these parts a certain animal is found
Which is given the name Sloth
It has a thick mass of hair in the nape
And moves at such a slow pace
That even though it perseveres for fifteen days
It will not cover the distance of a stone's throw. (74)[9]

In this way, the *ready made,* by allegorizing through the title the excerpt of the chronicle, results in a poem of the finest imagetic origin, a genuine graphic illustration of Mário de Andrade and even Paulo Prado. The sloth, a sophisticated index of primitivism – especially for Mário de Andrade, to whom it was an Amazonian and anti-European sign of creative idleness, retrieved from the Christian fate of the original sin (Mello e Souza *op. cit.*) –, here stands for the Brazilians' heraldic animal.

About Oswald de Andrade

Oswald de Andrade is so interesting a character that he deserves our lingering a bit more over him. Amongst the Modernists he was, as we all know, a rough, insolent, and sharp-tongued polemicist.

Besides everything he wrote and published, this paradoxical protagonist left to posterity various rather unorthodox diaries, which he would cherish since his childhood, by keeping scrapbooks where he used to make notes, draw and stick reminders. Among these, the most spectacular is *O perfeito cozinheiro das almas deste mundo* [The perfect cook of the souls of this world], the facsimile edition of which is absolutely perfect.

After so many unpublished writings having come to light we can now see Andrade in full, in all his exuberance: his passions and his love life; his brawls, his tantrums, and his quarrels; his outbursts; the polemics he entered into; his forked tongue; his verbal dexterity assisted by a temperament which woud rather lose a friend than a jest, which, by the way, he frequently did. At the same time, his great generosity, his ineptitude at bearing a grudge against anyone, as well as his irrepressible talent and loyalty to writing, which, one way or another, he practiced every day of his life.

Journalism befit Oswald de Andrade's belicose nature; he had an early start, and death only would silence him. He began as a reporter and editor in *Diário Popular*, covering events of arts and shows; two years later he would leave to open his own weekly publication, *O Pirralho* [The Brat], with satirical overtones.He gathered a nice team, which included caricaturist Voltolino, and Juó Bananere, the author of celebrated daily accounts using the typical parlance of the Italian immigrants. Andrade would found, direct or be just a member of the most relevant periodicals of the Modernist movement, among which stood out *Klaxon* and *Revista de Antropofagia* [Anthropophagy Journal]. Later, with Patricia Galvão, he would publish *O homem do povo* [Everyman], a communist weekly newspaper, which eventually was defused by the right wing. Moreover, he would work as a columnist for the main Brazilian newspapers; as time went by, he would change the mediatic means he worked for and the goals he had in mind. The family's finances, which sustained *O Pirralho*, allowed him to set sail for Paris, in 1912, at the age of 22. The first of many voyages would define his route and would be decisive for Brazilian Modernism, as he established this bridge with the French vanguardist movements, the most brilliant of all at that time.

Andrade was no sinner either in terms of constancy or in terms of coherence. In his kaleidoscopical points of view, his penchant for the multiple is to be highlighted. In his writing, rhetoric and even grandiloquence collide with the colloquial and with coruscating formulas of his own concoction. Everything tinted with his optimism – impervious to any denial suggested by reality, firmly anchored in his faith in utopias he never lost sight of.

Nor could we frame Oswald de Andrade's works in the path of a rectilinear evolutionary process. His brilliant poetry sprang forth in outbursts. His seven novels comprise one trilogy, two stand-alone books, and a second – unfinished – trilogy, the

trilogies being rather more conventional than the stand-alone novels. However, the first trilogy was written concurrently with the two stand-alone books, the "unique pair" to quote Antonio Candido, the most important Brazilian literary critic. As it is well known, *Serafim Ponte Grande* and *Memórias Sentimentais de João Miramar* [João Miramar's Sentimental Memoirs], along with *Macunaíma*, stand on the pinnacle of experimental literature the Brazilian Modernist prose reached by then. Later, he would pen two further novels of the second trilogy, but it did not go beyond the second volume; planned but unfinished, these books are anything but vanguardist and many layers below the experimental level mentioned above.

Still, in the midst of all this, he also showed his interest in drama; producing such transgressive plays that not until half a century later did they reach the stage, but this happened only thanks to another transgressor, that is, José Celso Martinez Corrêa, who directed the first staging of *O rei da vela* [The Candle King]. The great theater actor Paulo Autran, who came from another and more austere school, and far from being transgressive himself, declared more than once that this staging had been the most important one in the entire history of the Brazilian theatre.

Presumably, and if we take as a parametre the audacities he performed, Oswald de Andrade displayed a tendency to operate in different registers by advancing and retreating. Soon after having written the "unique pair", he opts for delivering speeches to the working class by addressing workers as *vós* – in Portuguese, a more literary and archaic use of *you* –, since, in all sincerity, he might as well use retrograde language despite his progressive goals. Though contemporary with the lack of boldness of the second trilogy, he would leave unpublished one of the most subversive of his works, the poem *O Santeiro do Mangue.* The *mangue* [mangrove] of the title is the region in Rio de Janeiro where brothels are located, the characters are prostitutes and their pimps, and the language is full of obscenities. There is no fun; in verse form, it is an accusation of the chauvinist exploitation of women.

Otherwise, there is plenty of material for those who want to indulge in the findings of this writer who was the spearhead and the *enfant terrible* of Modernism, shooting verbal darts everywhere and, besides being a great writer, his most colourful figure. When comparing poems, it is worth noticing Andrade's versatility.

Two poems

As we have seen so far, amongst the accomplishments of the Modernist generation, a rediscovery of Brazil is one that stands out, and as Oswald de Andrade himself concedes, this could happen in Place Clichy, in Paris. This was the generation that, besides revolutionizing the fields of letters and arts, attempted to map Brazil and its heritage. Among the many tasks the group would carry out, there was a journey to Minas Gerais state, as we have already seen, convoying the Swiss vanguardist poet

Blaise Cendrars, who wanted to make acquaintance with the regional Baroque. There was also Mário de Andrade`s tours to the Northeast and the Amazon region, reported in *O turista aprendiz* [The apprentice tourist].

Oswald de Andrade would also be the creator and theorizer of the anthropophagic movement which proposed a very special relationship with the colonizer, which meant devouring it. The movement's manifest is impudently signed and dated as "year 374 of the gobbling of Bishop Sardinha", thus selecting a cannibalistic event – when the Caetés Indians captured and devoured the Portuguese prelate, an object of study in schools - as the beginning of the anticolonialist endeavours.

As we have seen, this rediscovery implied a return to the pages of chroniclers and travellers, our first historians, readings whose evidence is found in many Modernist writings. Apart from Oswald de Andrade's texts mentioned above, *Retrato do Brasil,* by Paulo Prado, and *Macunaíma*, by Mário de Andrade are also to be considered here; and still later, Murilo Mendes would tread a similar path with his set of poems *História do Brasil* (1932); the same title had been given by Oswald de Andrade to a cycle of short poems in his book *Pau Brasil*. By picking fragments from those pages, he makes the language of the originals worth enjoying along with the candid perception of the prodigies of the New World – from the nudity of the native women to the improbable arboreal mammal, the sloth.

Below is a poem taken from the *Primeiro caderno de poesia do aluno Oswald de Andrade* (*op. cit.*) [Student Oswald de Andrade's first notebook of poetry] :

A Portuguese mistake

When the Portuguese arrived
under a raging storm
he dressed the Indian
what a pity!
had it been a sunny morning
the Indian would have undressed the Portuguese[10]

This is a perfect example of an innovative proposal of the Modernist aesthetics, the "jest-poem": utmost concision, an outrageous statement, the impact caused in the reader by its originality – all this in prosaic diction, emulating the speech in one single utterance.

In Andrade's poem, the apparently colloquial spontaneity hardly conceals the sophistication of the making process, exposing the reader, with a remarkable economy of means, to the clash between two cultures. The opposing verbs *dress/undress* resonates in further opposites such as *Portuguese/Indian*, *rain/sun*, *arrived/had been* – all of which arranged according to two axes – historical fact/utopia. In this way, sardonically, the poet attributes only to the climate the power the colonizer has to oppress the colonized; and this, incidentally, was the subject of heated racial debates which marked those times. Would inferior or mixed races, or even the tropical climate, be blamed for our

backwardness? Was it a coincidence that all the wealthy countries with a white population were located in the northern hemisphere, or was it that cold weather boosted operosity? It is also worth noticing the felicitous double entendre mobilized in the poem; first, in the concrete and abstract dimensions of the Portuguese word "pena" – which, translated into English means both "pity" and "feather"–, skillfully explored; secondly, the cliché in the common meaning of the title – which, in Portuguese, points to a language issue –, by being dislocated to refer to people coming from Portugal as conquerors, is transformed in a wide and ominous historical commentary.

Another poem, from *Pau Brasil*, illustrates Andrade's precise opposite

Twilight[11]

In the mountainous amphitheatre
Aleijadinho's prophets
monumentalize the landscape
the white domes of the Passion events
and the upturned headdresses of the palm trees
stairs to the art in my country
no one else has ever stepped on them

soap stone Bible
bathed in the gold of the mines

As it is clear, from an ascending perspective, the view is that of someone who stands before and beneath São Bom Jesus de Matosinhos Church, in the town of Congonhas do Campo, one of the most famous baroque towns in Minas Gerais State. Drawing inspiration from and very similar to the homonymic church in the city of Braga, in Portugal, it is not to be confused with the latter, especially in view of the soap stone statues of the prophets spread in the church atrium, an artwork resulting from Aleijadinho's chisel. Aleijadinho was the greatest sculptor ever of Brazilian history. The poem surely is the product of the journey the Modernists took to the baroque towns of Minas Gerais – towns which were set up by virtue of the prosperity of the gold mines but which fell under the stagnation caused by the decline of the mines –, a part of their "discovering Brazil" project.

Now to the making of the poem: in longer and more regular metre than the previous example, the main stanza ends with a couplet in the most typical Luso-Brazilian verse, the seven-syllable one, both lines relying on the alliteration of the same phoneme, which echoes in its interior. The beauty of the description, in its sharp selection, leaves out the church and elects the sculptures as agents of art over nature. A subjective evaluation closes the stanza by dislocating the apparently objective remark to an ascending movement which borders on the sublime. The radical synthesis of the

couplet manages to bring everything together, the soap stone as raw material transfigured by art, the perception of what is sacred, the underlying historical element.

Nevertheless, a most peculiar feature about the poem lies in its respectful nature. While the first of the two poems above is playful, irreverent, vanguardist, irregular in form, anticolonialist – ultimately a jest-poem – the second one is solemn, purposefully slow, with a more protracted and regular pace, reverent towards the colonial heritage, virtually dumbstruck by the beauty of Congonhas. It expresses and conveys an epiphany that takes possession of the iconoclast, roused by the power of the aesthetic experience. As to the title, it can be read in two ways, that is, by alluding to the time of day, and, more importantly, to the level of the artistic accomplishment, since then unachieavable.

A profusion of Portraits of Brazil

This is how the poet Oswald de Andrade, of whom two of his most distinctive poems are exemplified here, succeeds in reconciling very different things, as he does in the remaining of his work. As it can be noticed, here we have dealt with still two other outstanding "portraits of Brazil", according to Oswald de Andrade.

This gem of Modernism, Oswald de Andrade, is undoubtedly a milestone. With his poetry and also the vanguardist prose of *Serafim Ponte Grande* and *Memórias Sentimentais de João Miramar,* he contributed to purge Brazilian literature – in what was the task of the Modernist generation – from all the dregs of a backward-looking rhetoric, be it Baroque, Romantic, Parnassian, Symbolist and even Realist-Naturalist, let alone our high-sounding tradition. In the preface to *Pau Brasil*, Paulo Prado compares Andrade's short poems to the Japanese haiku and adds: "Having, in the form of pills, minutes of poetry". Haroldo de Campos, in the first major study of Andrade's poetry[12], resumes Paulo Prado's statement, calling these short lyrical pieces "pill-poems" and "minute-poems", in that they are minimalists, paraepigrammatic texts.

Even if dated, Paulo Prado's book remains as a good example of a deep reflection upon the issue of miscegenation in Brazil. Only in 1933, with the publication of *Casa Grande & Senzala* (*The Masters and the Slaves*, in the English translation) would Gilberto Freire shift the discussion from **race** to **culture.** He had absorbed from the lessons of anthropologist Franz Boas the relativization of cultures, which had nothing to do with race; and thus the twilight of ethnopessimism is heralded. Such ideas have irremediably perished – but the poetry and the prose of the Modernists have not; they are still absolutely splendid.

Trans. Alzira L.V.Allegro and Gisele Wolkoff

Notes

* Translators' note: unless when otherwise indicated in square brackets, the translation of the titles of the works by the authors examined in above article, are provisional and serve merely to clarify the reader.

1 The noun *saudade,* in Portuguese, means nostalgia or longing for an absent something or someone.

2 In the original: "Do que a terra mais garrida / teus risonhos, lindos campos têm mais flores / nossos bosques têm naus vuda / nossas vidas em teu seio mais amores..."

3 In the original: "Por mais terras que eu percorra / Não permita Deus que eu morra / Sem que volte para lá.../ .../ ... onde canta o sabiá".

4 In the original: "Lá? / ah! / .../ sabiá... / papá... / maná... / sofá.../ sinhá... /.../ cá? / bah!"

5 Form of addressing the slaves used with regard to their female bosses.

6 In the original "Canto de regresso à pátria" : "Minha terra tem palmares / Onde gorgeia o mar / Os passarinhos daqui / Não cantam como os de lá / .../ Minha terra tem mais rosas / E quase que mais amores / Minha terra tem mais ouro / Minha terra tem mais terra / .../ Ouro terra amor e rosas / Eu quero tudo de lá / Não permita Deus que eu morra / Sem que volte para lá / .../ Não permita Deus que eu morra / Sem que volte pra São Paulo / Sem que veja a rua 15 / E o progresso de São Paulo"

7 Refer to the meticulous study undertaken by Diléa Zanotto Manfio, "Poesias reunidas de Oswald de Andrade: elementos para uma edição crítica" [Collected poems by Oswald de Andrade: elements for a critical edition], in K. David Jackson (org.), *One hundred years of invention: Oswald de Andrade and the modern tradition in Latin-American literature.* Austin: University of Texas Press,1992.

8 Oswald de Andrade*, Poesias reunidas*, op. cit. Cf. Di Cavalcanti painting called "Cinco Moças de Guaratinguetá" [Five Young Women from Guaratinguetá" (1930)]. In the original: "As Meninas da gare": "Eram três ou quatro moças bem moças e bem gentis / Com cabelos mui pretos pelas espáduas / E suas vergonhas tão altas e tão saradinhas / Que de nós as muito olharmos //Não tínhamos nenhuma vergonha."

9 In the original: "Festa da raça": "Hu certo animal se acha também nestas partes / A que chamam Preguiça / Tem hua guedelha grande no toutiço / E se move com passos tam vagarosos / Que ainda que ande quinze dias aturado / Não vencerá a distância de hu tiro de pedra".

10 In the original: "Erro de Português: Quando o português chegou / debaixo duma bruta chuva / vestiu o índio / que pena! / fosse uma manhã de sol / o índio tinha despido o português."

11 In the original: "Ocaso": No anfiteatro de montanhas / os profetas do Aleijadinho / monumentalizam a paisagem / as cúpulas brancas dos Passos / e os cocares revirados das palmeiras / são degraus da arte do meu país / em que ninguém mais subiu / /.../ Bíblia de pedra sabão / banhada no ouro das minas.

12 "Introduction" to the edition mentioned. Another notable study is Richard M. Morse's "Quatro poetas americanos: uma cama-de-gato" [Four American poets: a pitfall], in *A volta de McLuhanaíma* [MacLuhanaima's return] São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 1990, a comparative analysis of Oswald de Andrade's, William Carlos Williams', e.e.cummings', and Mário de Andrade's poetry. About the latter's poetic production, see also, *O Espelho de Próspero* [Prosper's mirror], São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 1995, by the same author.

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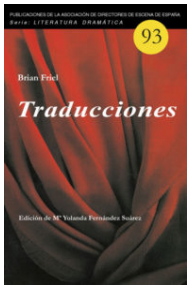
Reviews



Friel, Brian: *Traducciones.* **Translated and edited by Mª Yolanda Fernández Suárez. Madrid: Publicaciones de la Asociación de Directores de Escena de España, 2016.**

The number of literary translations in modern languages is endless but appraisals of the art of the translator are far fewer. Perhaps we still bear in mind the echoes of *traduttore/ traditore,* an expression so much quoted that we take it for granted that there is some truth in it. In order to remove any possible doubt, l state from the very beginning that I consider translation both an art and a science and that by no means do I approach it as a subsidiary work in relation with the original. Just the opposite, translating a text is an excellent way of exploring and discovering its literary space, the multiplicity of texts that it comprises. And regarding theatre, I hold that a text is not something passively accepted by the audience, but continously activated by the viewers on the basis of their individual cultural background and life experiences.This gives the translator a degree of ownership somewhat different from that of the author but which undeniably exists. The translation belongs to the translator in a way that it doest not belong to the author, creating a new proprietorship which gives great autonomy to his/her work.

It is generally agreed that linguistic knowledge is the starting point for a good translation but it would not by itself ensure the best result. A considerable degree of sympathy and familiarity with the subject is essential and, even furher, a remarkable degree of courage. For, although there is always a debt with the original, there is also a great deal of creativity in the translator´s contribution. On the other hand, I am aware of the controversial issue of translation faithfulness and its limits but I also consider that there is perhaps no worse evil than a translation which sounds like a translation. Therefore the chief goal every translator ought to aim at is to give readers the impression that what they are reading was originally written in the language into which it has been translated.

However, translating for the theatre requires a different technique since the translator must bear in mind how his/her version is going to sound on the stage. Turns of phrase which to an English ear sound like household words may appear stilted and the overall effect may be one of utter artificiality. Consequently the translator has to discover the customary language used by native Spanish speakers in similar circunstances and to create the same atmosphere with a natural and fluent speech. Drama texts are not only written to be read but to be performed on the stage, where the deficiencies of the translator will be more blatant.

The process of translating Friel´s *Translations* in Spain has not been easy. Interestingly, it was translated into Catalonian in 1984 and, though this text was never published, it was the source of two productions in the Basque country in 1988.Theatre

companies were looking for a play "meaningful within the Basque context" and one actress and the director were responsible for the translation into Spanish. The title was *Agur, Eire, agur*, (*Goodbye, Eire, Goodbye*) and it was performed in two different versions, one totally in Spanish and another one in which Basque language represented Gaelic and Spanish stood for English. In addition, some changes were made to adapt it to the political situation of the Basque country, where it toured for some time while it remained unknown in other parts of Spain. I wonder whether or not Friel would have approved of these performances if we take into account his own words: "What worries me about the play are the necessary peculiarities, especially the political elements. Because the play has to do with language and only language, and if it becomes overwhelmed by that political element, it is lost" (Murray 1999 :75).

We welcome *Traducciones* as the first published translation of Friel's play in Spanish and we enthusiastically celebrate the fact that both the Spanish speaking readership and stage world (actors, companies, audiences) can enjoy it in their own language. In the excellent introduction of the book, Yolanda Fernández underlines the difficulties of her task, headed by the plurality of languages and cultures you come across in the play – Gaelic, English, Latin and Greek. In this aspect we should mention Yolanda´s extraordinary qualifications to undertake this translation since she has a degree in Classical Languages by the University of Salamanca, as well as her Ph.D in English. All this enables her to act not only as an excellent translator, but as an invaluable editor, providing key information about the complex background of the play. The cultural (un) translatability of terms such as hedge school – one of the axes of the play – and many others, is highlighted by useful footnotes and three invaluable indexes, the first one on classical culture, with translations and explanations of mythology and related issues. The same can be said of the appendix devoted to Irish culture, which pays special attention to the names of places and characters. Last but never least, there is a third one about the parallelisms between *Translations* and George Steiner´s *After Babel*, discussing the proposals of critic Richard Pine (1999: 359-363).

But much of the impact of *Translations* comes from Friel´s device of having all the characters speak the same language but with a translator interpreting what the English and the Irish are saying to each other. The theatrical trick of characters speaking Gaelic through English reaches its climax in the love scene between lovers who have no common language. However, the play is not about translation, as the very title might suggest, but it is a translation itself, or at least it must be perceived by the audience like that, and the audience´s collaboration in keeping Friel´s trick is what gives sense to the plot and the dialogues of the play. In fact the issue of linguistic alienation underlies the text, as Friel himself has explained. "The assumption, for instance, is that we speak the same language as England. And we don´t. The sad irony, of course, is that the whole play is written in English. It ought to be written in Irish" (Murray 1999:80).

According to Yolanda Fernández, the main difficulty is to "relocate" the text in another language so that the audience can revive the political and sociological atmosphere

of the original. Nonetheless, no solution is provided for a crucial matter: the distinction between the characters who speak Gaelic from the ones who speak English. When the play is performed in Ireland, the difference is frequently established by using both Hiberno English and British English and Yolanda Fernandez suggests the use of Spanish dialects or languages in order to achieve equivalent effects. No doubt it is an interesting proposal for further performances, but I am not quite sure about the approval of the audience listening to Galician or Andalusian accents, just to give two examples, unless the play is put on in the places where the respective languages/ dialects are spoken. In fact the essential matter is to catch and keep the distinct linguistic features of the different characters, which range from colloquial to scholarly registers, something that the present edition has achieved with accuracy and fluency. It is evident that Yolanda Fernández has followed Friel´s directions about the art of naming, and the final result is a text that explores and exploits all the resources of Spanish to convey feelings of love, hate, fear, violence or alienation. Perhaps the title is the only unsatisfactory aspect. The translator confesses that it may be misleading and that she would have liked to add a subtitle such as *Babel en Ballybeg*, *Adiós, Eire, Adiós,* or *Erase una vez Ballybeg.* But the copyright did not allow it.

I do not hesitate to define *Traducciones* as a seminal publication, not only for Irish Studies, but for millions of readers and theatre goers who will be able to enjoy it in Spanish. The play is aimed at an international audience with its interplay between the local and the universal and its capacity to speak to other identities and to situations in which the collision of story and History has occurred or is happening today (Pine 1999: 183). Yolanda Fernández has beautifully (re)mapped and (re)named the universe of Ballybeg in Spanish, allowing us to inhabit it with reliable knowledge, utter acccuracy and great pleasure.

Inés Praga Terente

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The family institution is one of the main pillars of most societies. This micro-structural institution, which constitutes the base for the formation of most nations, has been continuously discussed, exposed, changed and rearranged for thousands of years and has been represented through innumerous forms of art over the same period. If it cannot be said to be the mainstay of humanity, the family might at least be recognized as being at the core of the primary social, political, historical and cultural aspects of the formation of contemporary Ireland. As it was proposed in *Family and Dysfunction in Contemporary Irish Narrative and Film*, "institutionalized through nationalist, religious, moral and political discourses, the family has functioned as an icon of Irish Culture" (1).

In the political sphere, throughout the twentieth century, the familial establishment has been especially exalted and great efforts were made by the Irish Government to protect and ensure the special role of women in maintenance of the family as a pillar of an ideal society. The Constitution of Ireland from 1937, for example, made formal distinctions between men and women, such as the recognition of the particular role of women in the private sphere of society as a homemaker, wife and, most especially, mother.

Besides the effort of the State and the Church in order to create the patriarchal, Catholic and devoted family structure, *Family and Dysfunction in Contemporary Irish Narrative and Film* brings to the surface cultural representations that exemplify out-of-the-norm families. More than that, "the dysfunctional family was not a singularity of modern times but rather a feature in Irish Society, no matter how concealed it was from public discourse" (7).

Edited by Marisol Morales-Ladrón, *Family and Dysfunction* proposes a careful examination on the representation of the dysfunctional family in filmic and literary productions from the last four decades in Ireland. She divided the book by approaching the topic into these categories: Women's Writing, Autobiography and Memoir, Multiculturalism and Transculturalism, Satire, and Cinema.

In the first chapter, "Portraits of Dysfunction in Contemporary Irish Women's Narrative: Confined to the Cell, Lost to Memory", Marisol Morales-Ladrón discusses the representation of the dysfunctional families as proposed by Irish women writers since the 1980s. For that, eight novels were selected: Julian O'Faolain's *No Country for Young Men* (1980), Deirdre Madden's *The Birds of the Innocent Wood* (1988), Lia Mills' *Another Alice* (1996), Mary O'Donnell's *The Elysium Testament* (1999), Anne Enright's *The Gathering* (2007), Jennifer Johnston's *Foolish Mortals* (2007), Claire Keegan's *Foster* (2010) and Nuala Ní Chonchúir's *You* (2010).

This chapter focuses on "how women writers have constructed different notions of identity, contending that their role challenging traditional views of motherhood, unearthing taboo subjects and mainly denouncing abuses with the (patriarchal) order has been as outstanding as underestimated" (31).

The study about *The Gathering* by Anne Enright developed in this chapter seems to be particularly interesting for two main reasons: firstly, the novel was published during Celtic Tiger economic boom and, secondly, because it deals with one of the traumas of the contemporary Irish society: children's sexual abuse. It is known that in the turn of the century many accusations came up in Irish media concerning this issue which had never been openly discussed. According to the Emilie Pine in *The Politics of Irish Memory*, "Almost as much as of the abuse itself, it is this discovery that is shocking – that the cruelties perpetrated against children, the most vulnerable members of society, were systematically ignored in defense to a culture of silence and amnesia" (PINE 2011, 22). In this regard, Morales-Ladrón says "At a superficial level, *The Gathering* can be seen as a bleak but also comic story about such universal themes as life, love and death, while at a deeper lever it becomes clear how it successfully discloses the devastating effects of trauma caused by child abuse, focusing not only on the troubled victim but also on the distressed next akin survivors" (58).

Morales-Ladrón presents a very detailed analysis on eight novels historicizing social and ethical changes occurring in Ireland in the last decades through these female fictions.

In the second chapter, "Home Revisited: Family (Re)Constructions in Contemporary Irish Autobiographical Writing", Inés Praga discusses semi-autobiographical novels (Patrick McCabe's *The Butcher Boy*, Hugo Hamilton's *The Speckled People*, John Banville's *The Sea* and *Ancient Light*) and memoirs (John McGahern's *Memoir*, Edna O'Brien's *The Country Girl*, Nuala O'Faolain's *Are you somebody? The Life and Times of Nuala O'Faolain* and *Almost There*, and Hugo Hamilton's *Every Single Minute*) that "recall the experience of growing up in mid-century Ireland evoking a Catholic childhood and home" (85).

For that purpose, Praga considered two essential tropes "the writer's establishment of an imaginary home and the (re) construction of an imaginary family" (97). Here, again, these narratives are closely examined, including works that were once banned by the Irish Censorship such as McGahern's *Memoir* and Edna O'Brien's *The Country Girl*. Both writers had to leave Ireland. Praga concludes that "It is evident that the works analyzed do not make the home a shelter or the family a stronghold, although they ratify the healing power of writing" (133).

Chapter Three is titled "Family and Dysfunction in Ireland Represented in Fiction through the Multicultural and Intercultural Prisms" by Asier Altuna-García de Salazar. The critic turns to the influence of immigrants in the Irish family. The topic is broad as it entails "issues of race, colour, ethnicity, stereotyping, mixed-race marriages and children, asylum seekers and their families realities, migrant and diasporic families

to Ireland, second and third generation Irish people with different cultural backgrounds, multi-ethnic couples, access to family reunification, various denominational families, citizenship issues with regard to infants born in Ireland of migrant couples and lone parents" (140), among others. With so much to be addressed, it seems that there is enough material for a whole new book. However, Salazar looks at works by Hugo Hamilton, Emer Martin, Colm Tóibín, Roddy Doyle, Cauvery Madhavan, Nena Bhandari, Mary O'Donnell, Margaret McCarthy and Marsha Mehran, through the lens of multiculturalism and transculturalism; the result is a well-structured and updated view of contemporary and global Ireland.

In the fourth chapter, Juan F. Elices deals with "the most dysfunctional and undefinable literary modes" (201): the Satire. In "Familiar Dysfunctionalities in Contemporary Irish Satirical Literature", Elices mainly addresses Anne Haverty's *One Day as a Tiger*, Mark Macauley's *The House of Slamming Doors* and Julian Quinn's *Mount Merrion*, "all of them suitable representatives of how the use of satire succeeds in presenting an overtly farcical portrait of the family and the moral and ideological foundations upon which it has been traditionally sustained" (202). Elices also produces an innovative perspective when analyzing the satire (which is not recurrently examined by literary critics in contemporaneity). In addition, the narratives selected are recent.

Chapter Six by Rosa González-Casademont is named "Representation of Family Tropes and Discourses in Contemporary Irish-Themed Cinema" and discusses Irish filmic familial representations. Before starting the analysis of a number of works, González-Casademont considers some extra-and para-cinematic factors. This introduction is quite useful for the reader who is not familiar with Irish filmmaking history and its social and financial context. Among the films studied is *The Ballroom of Romance* adapted from a short-story by William Trevor and exhibited in São Paulo during the Irish Film Festival hosted by University of São Paulo in 2010.

Throughout the analysis from the second half of twentieth-century up to contemporary times, González-Casademont suggests that "Irish cinema is no longer bound by the postcolonial imperative to 'explain what it means to be Irish' but by the compulsion to create stories that will connect with a wide audience" (292).

The last three chapters are dedicated to unprecedented interviews with the writer Emer Martin and the two film directors Jim Sheridan and Kirsten Sheridan. The last two were selected "on account of the differing meaning and centrality the family unit has in their Irish-set films" (23).

Family and Dysfunction in Contemporary Irish Narrative and Film approaches the dysfunctional family in a very innovative way at different levels: firstly, it recalls narratives written by women which were marginalized throughout the twentieth century; then it turns to memoirs and autobiographies which form a traditional genre in Irish Literature, it keeps its pace by returning to the margin when looking at some novels through multicultural lens; next it portrays a discussion on a non-commonly reviewed genre, the satire; lastly it elaborates a very detailed account on Irish filmmaking in the

last four decades with contributing interviews with the film directors. Moreover, the book also carries an external perspective from very well-known Spanish scholars adding to its already original nature.

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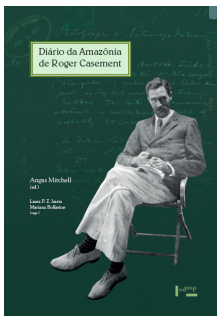

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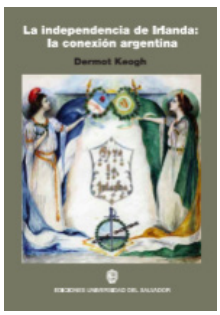

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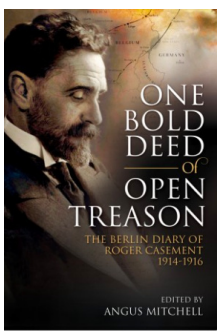

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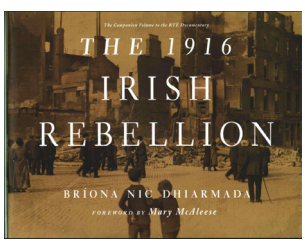

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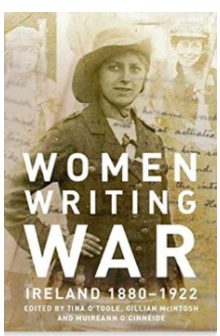

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