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**TRANSLATING IRELAND:  
BRIAN FRIEL'S *TRANSLATIONS* BEYOND WORDS**

**PORTO ALEGRE**

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BRIAN FRIEL'S *TRANSLATIONS* BEYOND WORDS**

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Since I was first accepted at university and had access to the library, I found myself wandering in the library and eventually ending up near an Irish writer. I was not sure what had drawn me to them, but I spent my first semester reading James Joyce at English I classes and, disappointed as I was with the whole college experience (which turned out to be quite different than I had imagined), I was advised to join a research group in order not to lose interest in the academy – after all, I still had four long years ahead of me. However, I did not know how things worked, what a research group was or what I was going to do. It took a bit of research and emails introducing myself to professors to find out which group I could join. I just knew one thing: it could be any group, as long as I could study Irish literature. That is how professor Sandra Maggio crossed my path, to whom I am grateful for the friendship and the first words of advice I ever received at university. With her guidance, I carried out a research on the myths and legends of the Irish, analyzing their usage in the poetry of Irish activist Patrick Pearse. My first academic presentation, “Patrick Pearse: o poeta guerreiro”, was awarded as the highlight of its session at the university’s “Salão de Iniciação Científica”. That reassured me that, perhaps, I was on the right track. My research with Pearse’s poetry, although it had some characteristics of what my research would turn out to be, such as the importance of language (I even translated some of his poems), was focused on more political and historical issues that lay in the background of his production. With time, and after many other readings of Irish writers, I realized that there was so much more to Irish literature than politics and history and the defense of a cause. I realized especially that these writers, like any other writer, were all worried, on some level, about the language they used, the medium they used to express their ideas; however, I knew there was still something about the way they treated language, but I just could not yet put my finger on it. During one particular year which I do not recall (maybe 2008 or 2009), we had a class with a special guest, a British professor who was visiting the campus and said a few words to the group about British literature. I approached him at the end of the class, asking him what he suggested to a student interested in Irish literature. That was the first time I ever heard of Brian Friel’s *Translations*: “Read that play,” he said, “You’ll fall in love

with it” It took me a few months to get my hands on the play. There was no trace of it in any Brazilian library or bookstore and - God bless Amazon.com - after paying \$9.99 plus shipping and two months of waiting - I finally had it. I read the whole play in one night, it was that good. It put a spell on me and I could not let go of it. I remember laughing while reading the play, being mad and sad, shrugging at historical events that I was not sure if they were accurate, yet feeling that I had read all of that before in terms of history and thinking all throughout the play “This is pure genius.” Once I finished reading, I thought the play deserved a one-person ovation, even of a reader, but all I could do was lay back in my chair and think about what I had just read. There are few moments in life when a work of literature has such a powerful effects on a reader, I can count them on my fingers – it is like falling in love, in a sense, like the professor said and it does not happen everyday. And, yes, I fell in love with it. What better way to pledge love for a book than to commit yourself to studying it? That was exactly what I did. I took the play to professor Maggio, told her what I wanted to do and there I went on another presentation of my research on *Translations* which, at the time, was at its first stages and, I must confess, still very naïve. I was not happy with the first outcome of my research on the play and that made me unhappy with Irish literature. I felt a sense of failure towards it and decided to break up with it for a while. My final undergraduate paper at was not about Irish literature, to the surprise of many people who know me. It was about F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward Hopper and interpreting between lines and brushes the perception the artists had of post WWI United States, with the advisor Professor Rita Lenira Bittencourt, who taught me a lot more about arts and literary theory than I had first intended, always suggesting interesting new books to be read about various subjects, and to whom I am deeply thankful for all the teachings and support during the final stages of my undergraduate studies. Despite having a lot of fun studying Fitzgerald and Hopper, whom I keep very dearly close to my heart, I must say it was a “rebound research”. My place is and has always been studying Irish literature and here is where I stand now, with a dissertation on Brian Friel’s *Translations*. This dissertation has a special meaning to me. First, it was my opportunity to redeem myself for my first research on the play and my first presentation on it. At the time, I believe I could not yet understand all it was presenting to me. I was too quick to place it beside all other Irish works I had read, and

failed to see it was not like all the others. That is exactly the point I try to make in this dissertation. Although I believe every work of literature is unique, *Translations* goes beyond that sense. It overwhelms every time I read it with the amount of different interpretations I could have of it. In this study, I tried to come up with explanations for the feelings of *déjà vu* I first had when I read it of some similarity with everything else I had read. In my previous academic works, my concern was language, but not on this level. In my final paper, I adventured myself analyzing the language of paintings as well as of a novel. This dissertation is my attempt to go further in the analysis of language, not in a grammatical sense, but in an interpretative way of its importance for the Bildungsroman of a nation's literature and how somehow it all fits in that play. Of course, I could not do this alone. I had the guidance of one of the best professors I ever had at university and one that I respect and admire profoundly, professor Rosalia Neumann Garcia. I cannot thank her enough for all the patience and advice throughout the two years I have been her advisee, and also the interesting conversations about everything else over coffee. I would also like to thank all the people who have had an impact in my life and helped me get where I am now, even if they are no longer in my life, I am sure once you read these words, you will know they are meant for you. I would like to thank Brian Friel for writing and giving me the subject of my dissertation and to all the other writers who have helped me become the reader I am. I would like to thank my family, especially my parents, and friends for the support and patience listening to me whining about my dissertation. And, finally, a special thanks to the British professor who told me about Friel's play whose name I unfortunately do not recall. All I remember was his enthusiasm about the play and that he said I would fall in love with it, and I did and I hope you do too.

## RESUMO

Encenada pela primeira vez em 1980 em Derry, na Irlanda do Norte, pela Companhia de Teatro Field Day, *Translations* de Brian Friel é considerada um marco na história teatral irlandesa, suscitando diversas interpretações e análises que abrangem diversos campos de estudo: do pós-colonialismo aos estudos de linguagem. O foco desta dissertação é o estudo da linguagem dentro da criação artística na Irlanda, tanto na formação do teatro irlandês como na formação da literatura irlandesa, tendo como objetivo a leitura de *Translations* como uma metáfora para a criação da literatura irlandesa como um todo. O presente trabalho também propõe uma tradução da peça para o português brasileiro e é dividido em três capítulos com o objetivo de: 1) apresentar a peça e as discussões que circundavam o contexto de sua criação, assim como a recepção da peça por jornais e estudiosos literários; 2) apresentar uma breve história da criação do teatro nacional irlandês a partir da fundação do Irish Literary Theater em 1897 pelo dramaturgo e poeta W.B. Yeats e comparar a fundação da Companhia de Teatro Field Day, além de situar *Translations* dentro da tradição iniciada no século XIX. Ademais, o segundo capítulo também trata sobre a criação literária na Irlanda e a relação de escritores com a língua de produção, inglês ou irlandês, tentando traçar comparações entre estes e os personagens da peça; 3) apresentar traduções da peça para o irlandês, grego, italiano e português brasileiro assim como apresentar reflexões sobre a tradução aqui proposta. O presente estudo se utiliza de teorias sobre estudos irlandeses de teóricos como Declan Kiberd, teóricos do teatro como Christopher Murray, Scott Boltwood, além dos textos publicados pela própria companhia Field Day. Também foram utilizadas extensivas pesquisas em jornais irlandeses e colunas de escritores no que tange a língua de criação. A base bibliográfica utilizada é variada a fim de que se possa chegar ao objetivo deste estudo: apresentar uma leitura em que *Translations* não seja lida como a morte da língua irlandesa, mas como o renascimento de uma língua que incorpora a língua inglesa, formando uma terceira língua de criação para a arte literária irlandesa.

Palavras-chave: Brian Friel. *Translations*. Tradução. Teatro irlandês. Tradução como recriação.

## ABSTRACT

First staged in 1980 in Derry, Northern Ireland, by the Field Day Theater Co., *Translations* is considered a milestone in the history of Irish theater, bringing up various interpretations and analysis, from post-colonial to language studies. The present research aims at studying language as a tool in the crafting of a national art in Ireland, especially in the foundation of a theater and in the creation of a literary tradition, presenting *Translations* as a metaphor for this process. This study presents a possibility for the translation of the play and is divided in three main parts: 1) a presentation of the play and the discussions surrounding the time of its creation as well as the reception of critics and scholars; 2) a brief presentation of the history of the Irish national theater starting by the foundation of the Irish Literary Theater in 1897 by W.B. Yeats, and a comparison with the foundation of the Field Day Theater Company where their first production, *Translations*, stands in the tradition started in late 19th century. Besides that, the second part also presents some periods in Irish literature and the relation between writers and the language of production: English or Irish, comparing this relationship to the one found amongst characters in the play; 3) analysis of the translations the play has received to Irish, Greek, Italian and Brazilian Portuguese as well as reflections on the process of translating the play. The following study uses theories in Irish studies such as the ones by Declan Kiberd, theater scholars such as Christopher Murray and Scott Boltwood and texts published by Field Day. Newspapers columns and articles were also researched for this study, especially when concerning the language of literary production in Ireland. The main objective of this study is to present a reading of the play that does not refer to the death of a language, but to the rebirth of a new Irish language incorporated in the English language, a third language used in the creation of Irish art.

Keywords: Brian Friel. *Translations*. Irish theater. Translation as recreation. Translation process.

## TABLE OF IMAGES

<b>1</b>	Stage setting of <i>Translations</i> . University of Tulsa, 1986. Available at: <a href="http://www2.ku.edu/~ievr/reaney/folio/trans-ph.jpg">http://www2.ku.edu/~ievr/reaney/folio/trans-ph.jpg</a> . Access on 10 February 2013.	<b>28</b>
<b>2</b>	Tim Delap and Aoife McMahon in <i>Translations</i> , directed by Conall Morrison. Abbey Theatre, 2011. Available at: <a href="http://www.irishtheatremagazine.ie/CMSPages/GetFile.aspx?guid=66792af3-4ff9-41cf-a162-d49c564fa5c8&amp;maxsize=640">http://www.irishtheatremagazine.ie/CMSPages/GetFile.aspx?guid=66792af3-4ff9-41cf-a162-d49c564fa5c8&amp;maxsize=640</a> . Access on 10 February 2013.	<b>43</b>



## TABLE OF TABLES

<b>1</b>	Division of characters in <i>Translations</i> .	<b>26</b>
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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>1</b>	<b>INTRODUCTION.....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>CHAPTER 1.....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>2.1</b>	<b>TRANSLATIONS ON STAGE AND ON THE PAGE.....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>2.2</b>	<b>TRANSLATIONS: FIRST RESPONSES AND STUDIES.....</b>	<b>50</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>CHAPTER 2: (RE) PRESENTATIONS OF THE IRISH.....</b>	<b>61</b>
<b>3.1</b>	<b>THE IRISH IN AN IRISH PLAY.....</b>	<b>64</b>
<b>3.2</b>	<b>FOREIGNER'S STRONGHOLD.....</b>	<b>77</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>CHAPTER 3: TRANSLATING TRANSLATIONS.....</b>	<b>83</b>
<b>4.1</b>	<b>THE CHALLENGE OF TRANSLATIONS.....</b>	<b>84</b>
<b>4.2</b>	<b>THE <i>LITERARY</i> IN LITERARY TRANSLATION</b>	<b>97</b>
	<b>FINAL CONSIDERATIONS.....</b>	<b>102</b>
	<b>REFERENCES.....</b>	<b>108</b>
	<b>TRADUÇÕES.....</b>	<b>111</b>

## INTRODUCTION

One Fénius Farsaid is described as being present at the separation of languages at Babel and leaving instructions to his grandson, Goídel Glas, to forge the Irish language out of the seventy-two tongues then in existence.

(MACKILLOP, 2005, 129-130)

When one thinks of the history of Ireland, the usual thought that comes to mind are the issues between Ireland and England; these issues being on a political, economical, religious, linguistic and, sometimes, even literary level. The latter and the former usually appear together as literature can either be expressed through spoken or written language, in the case of the Irish literature, it has had both forms for a very long time, precisely until the early 20th century many of its mythical literature was still passed on orally. However, when one talks about Ireland as a whole, it is difficult to leave out any of the previous topics because they are all intertwined somehow. In this sense, to talk about language in Ireland is to touch the historical, political and literary aspects that surround this country and the construct of their nation. Even though the present study does not intend to analyze literature through the scope of politics, it is interesting to acknowledge the historical process that led to the political and linguistic issues commonly seen in Irish literature, and that has been the center of debates for many years. Bearing this in mind, this introduction presents a different approach to Ireland's history; instead of beginning with its political history, it will begin with its linguistic history and from that branches of politics and other topics will be drawn.

For many centuries not only Ireland's literature but also its history was passed on orally. Writing was only introduced in the country in the 5th century following its conversion to Christianity. Christianity was, in fact, responsible for the beginning of Irish cultural life because it was only after its introduction in the 4th century that Latin became part of Irish intellect and culture. As the Western Church also used the Greek language in texts and liturgy, Greek was also introduced in Ireland along with Latin. Therefore, it is only plausible to consider that Ireland had a very multi-lingual past

which may be, sometimes, forgotten. Moreover, it was exactly because of this multi-lingual past that the Irish were one of the first peoples to describe their own language. Hence, since 600 AD, especially in texts dated between 700 and 900, a uniformity in Old Irish texts<sup>1</sup> in terms of spelling and grammar can be noticed. This early development in language uniformity, which cannot be traced in the history of the English language, for example, may account for the Irish learning Latin. Since Irish does not descend from Latin languages, in learning the latter, the Irish faced linguistic differences that led them to compare and describe their own language and, thus, develop an abstract view on language. (TYMOCZKO, 2003, p. 35) Besides, when comparing their language with the others, they were building their own sense of identity, and by breaking their old ideas and forms, and forming new ones, the Irish language could move forward in time along with other languages as well. However, much of this effort was brought overseas, especially by monks who came to the island.

As previously mentioned, writing was introduced in Ireland in the 5th century with Christianity. The activity of writing and recording the history and myths was conducted mainly by monks at monasteries. Through the 6th and 8th century, Irish monasticism flourished attracting foreign students and visitors to be educated there, since books and manuscripts were provided. Therefore, this marks the beginning of a scholarly tradition in Ireland, “the [Irish] culture developed a control over literacy that has never been achieved in English throughout its linguistic history, and it bespeaks a tremendous Irish educational establishment.”(TYMOCZKO, 2003, p. 35) Literacy, therefore, was extremely important, not only in Ireland but elsewhere; to read and write was a privilege, almost a luxury for some and in less than four centuries after writing was introduced in Ireland, there were already educational establishments recognized throughout Europe, and those who could afford a trip to Ireland would choose to have their education there. Moreover, like Hugh, the hedge-school master of *Translations* points out, once one knows how to write their own name, their education is complete. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 398) Everything begins with a name, how you will call and write something, and then comes what you will write about it. And, in that sense, like in any other civilization, the advent of writing marked a milestone in Irish history because it

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<sup>1</sup> For more information on Old Irish texts' characteristics, see Tymoczko, 2003.

divides it into two different periods: a) prehistoric Ireland - in which history was passed on orally by bards (*fili*), a native poet who served his king and who maintained alive the story and history of his people; b) historic Ireland - in which story and history started to be recorded in books and manuscripts by monks. However, it is important to highlight that one was not substituted by the other. Up to late 19th century and 20th century, many Irish legends were still passed on orally, rather than written, mainly in the west counties of Ireland. A good example is the legend of Cuchulainn, which later would get many readings in W.B. Yeats' plays from the period of the Irish Literary Revival, and is a mythical figure that would also become a national symbol of resistance and strength.

These new readings given to legends and myths of past generations of the Irish people, going back to the period of Celtic tribes, may account for the equivocal common belief that Ireland was an isolated place, free from external influences and invasions. Another fact that supports this idea is the location of the country, being, indeed, isolated from most of the British isles and other European countries. Nonetheless, although Ireland had always been mainly occupied by Celtic tribes, the country never had a monolingual or homogeneous past as claimed by nationalists in their arguments about the opposition between Irish and English from the 19th century on. Moreover, this idea that Ireland was a place essentially inhabited by Celts reached literary analysis made on Irish works that, similar to the criticism done on Irish plays and books in the late 19th century and early 20th century, sometimes placed literary analysis dangerously close to political propaganda. This practice could be said to have lasted until modern times and it is a well known practice whose speech is becoming so fixed in political issues that literary analysis comes in second place. However, this is one of the issues writers and critics face when approaching Irish studies. How does one not take sides and carry out a work that is balanced? Questions such as these will be approached later in the course of this study when the importance of the writer and the artist in the Irish society is discussed on the second part of chapter one.

Nevertheless, at this point, it is interesting to take note of how certain problems started in Ireland. The political issues of the country are studied mainly from the 12th century on, the period that marks the arrival and settlement of the Anglo-Normans in Irish soil for it also represents the starting point of problems between Ireland and England

that lasted until modern times. According to Andrea Wolwacz<sup>2</sup>, “we can set the beginning of the political problem with England in the twelfth century, when the King of Leinster asked the Norman King Henry II to help him fight against the Vikings. Before that, Ireland was a land of monasteries with a strong Celtic culture.” (WOLWACZ, 2003, p. 17) However, the first arrival of the Vikings in Ireland is believed to have happened around 789, approximately 300 years before the Anglo-Normans. Therefore, one must wonder what happened in those three centuries before Diarmait Mac Murchadha sought an Anglo-Norman alliance.

Around the 9th century, there were Viking raids in all five kingdoms of Ireland. Furthermore, the Vikings were the founders of major Irish towns such as Dublin, Cork and Limerick. Terms for material items in Irish derive from Viking words, hence, the Vikings not only settled in Ireland, they also changed the Irish culture and gave in to it, leading some to convert to Christianity. By 950, in order to officialize alliances between Irish and Vikings leaders, political marriages were arranged leading to a common context of bilingualism - the Viking Age also saw the first transition in the Irish language: from Old Irish to Middle Irish. It is important to highlight that even with the settlement of the Vikings, the Irish language did not cease existing. On the contrary, it coexisted with the Viking language and, perhaps, because of this experience, had its first transition. Thus far, in terms of language, Ireland still held its own ground despite any foreign invasion.

Language aside, it was in the 12th century that king Diarmait Mac Murchadha, facing the prospect of losing his kingdom to the High King of Connacht, sought the help of the Anglo-Norman King, Henry II. Once victorious, Henry II claimed Ireland as his, marking the beginning of the Angevin Empire and the long English settlement in Irish lands. Linguistically speaking, the Avegian Empire was a heterogeneous one. The main language in Henry II's court was French. Besides that, the new invaders brought Norman French, Occitan, Welsh, Flemish and, of course, English. Tymoczko in her article *Language Interface in early Irish Culture* highlights that it is during this period that the official translators appear, also known as latimers. In this multi-lingual context, the Irish language suffers another transition in the 12th century and early 13th century

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<sup>2</sup> Wolwacz carried out a research on Seamus Deane's novel *Reading in The Dark* at Instituto de Letras, UFRGS in 2009.

when Middle Irish turns into Classical Irish (approximately 1200 - 1650). It was only during the Hundred Years War (1337 - 1453) that English became the dominant language of the Empire and, thus, it became a requirement for all the colonies to adopt the King's language. Therefore, if the 12th century is the starting point of the political problems between Ireland and England, the Hundred Years War is the starting point for the linguistic problems between Irish and English, and these are the issues that will be addressed in the course of this study.

Up to that moment in Irish history, no foreign language had ever been imposed in the country. Although Ireland had multi-lingual interactions, these interactions benefited the Irish language somehow: the language moved forward with the new word-loans from languages such as Latin, Greek and even the Viking language. However, once English was imposed as the dominant language all over the British Empire and people were forced to even abandon their birth names in their native language, the English met the fierce resistance of the Irish that would last for centuries. As it has been pointed out before, Hugh says that once one knows how to write their own name, their education is complete; however, what happens when the language in which you know how to write your name can no longer be used? What happens to the education you once had? Such questionings have been addressed many times in literature, not only in Irish literature, but in many colonial literatures. The object of this study, the play *Translations*, addresses such matters which will later be discussed. Notwithstanding, before this is done, it is important to acknowledge that the Irish kept their language and culture, two main aspects that form a nation. These two aspects that later the English tried to erase were the main symbols used by Irish nationalists. As long as the country had a culture and a language of their own, they would have enough stimuli to pursue an Irish free Estate.

Bearing the aspects of culture and language in mind, literature and nationalism walked hand in hand but only gained momentum in the late 19th century when organizations and associations started to be founded in order to organize and institutionalize this quest for Irish identity and the free political Estate. Thus, the Irish Literary Society of London was founded in 1891, and the next year the National Literary Society was opened in Dublin. In 1893, the Gaelic League was opened. In 1896 and 1898, an Irish Race Convention was held in Dublin, and in 1897 the Irish Literary Theatre was

founded. In 1904, the well-known Abbey Theatre was inaugurated and in the 1908 the first bilingual school (Irish and English), St. Edna's, was founded by Irish nationalist and poet Patrick Pearse. Hence this summarizes what W.B. Yeats meant when he said that there was no great literature without nationality and vice versa, for the major openings were literary societies or associations having to do with Irishness, such as the Gaelic League whose intent was to work on the reestablishment of the Irish language as the main language of the country. In this sense, the nationalists were establishing a strong cultural foundation that could not be easily shaken. Yeats was one of the men who transported Irish myths and mythical heroes, such as Cuchulainn, to the stage - his theater then taking on the Aristotelian format of didactics for he was teaching the Irish audience their own culture. According to Seamus Deane, these groups had a common objective, "[...] the redefinition – of the idea of Ireland and of the Irish community and its history." (DEANE, 1985, p. 142) The word Deane uses to describe these groups is important: **redefinition**, to define again, to discover a new meaning to Ireland rather than only bring its past about as a way to resist England's occupation. Thus literature and nationalism walked hand in hand, this union between the quest for a nation and a Free State and the theater has been called by Lauren Kruger as "theatrical nationhood", and as previously mentioned, had its momentum in the 19th century. The term "theatrical nationhood" not only bears the idea of a theater that could mirror its nation and people, but also a nation that could be born out of theater, and what is Ireland if not stagings, acts, the tragedy and dramatic lives? Theater, in Ireland, and in the construct of its role as a nation and later as a divided nearly non-recognizable sides, has been of great importance in the process of thinking of a nation, to the point that Ireland itself had a character on stage, often an old woman who sought the help of young men who were always ready to fight for her. This is the image of Mother Ireland which spread throughout theater. If literature and politics walked hand in hand, it is needless to say that literary criticism and the analysis of Irish works always walked on the edge of political propaganda, sometimes sacrificing literature in order to maintain an ideology. Such an ideology has already grown long strong roots, enough to reach the common reader who searches in his literature for answers for what is happening to his country. Such issues will be developed thoroughly later when the reception of the play *Translations* is analyzed. For now, it is



interesting to consider a rather known example of the Irish literary reception and the influence ideology had on it.

Most studies about Irish literature in general are done with a sort of protectionism towards the idea of Ireland as a free political state; it almost feels as if a literary work that did not mention something essentially Irish in regards to its internal history or identity had something wrong with it. This might account for the bad reception a few Irish writers received in Ireland. For example, James Joyce's "Dubliners" was not well received in the early 20th century, mainly because the readers in Ireland were not ready to read a literature detached from the common national objective of political freedom. Joyce, moreover, questioned if culture was really ever a part of this quest. He felt he could not produce art in a country that thought before of content and later of form. In this sense, Irish literature divides itself between writers who stayed in the country and produced their literature beside the turmoils of Ireland, and others who felt that they should seek some place else and, sometimes, even another language to produce their art, as is the case of Samuel Beckett whose many works were given birth first in French and were later translated by Beckett himself into English. Beckett not only translated his own works, but he also translated, for example, Pinget's play "La Manivelle", not into Standard English, but into what is known as Hiberno-English.

Hiberno-English is the variety of the English language encountered in Ireland. It is not English with an Irish accent, or Irish translated into English; it is the competition between two languages that intertwined mingle into a third type of language: Hiberno-English. Its characteristics will be presented later in the course of this study. What is important to acknowledge at this point is how this third language has been the main media through which Irish literature has been produced. Although many believe that Irish literature should be produced in Irish, the literature in question has flourished in a language that had not always been their own. Irish literature has achieved greatness unseen in any other literature with its main works written in English, and by that I do not specify the variety.

One of the most common questions raised when dealing with literature produced in a colony or former colony of England is how not to perceive that literature as being English and see it as being essentially Irish, for instance. The same happens when

discussing Welsh and Scottish literature, which leads critics to study the works produced in these countries under the enhanced lenses of a literary criticism microscope trying to pinpoint the tiniest feature in order to label a work, for instance, as Welsh, Scottish, English or Irish and decide which anthology it belongs to. For the desperation of scholars, there is no easy answer to questions such as which features constitute a work as being essentially from one branch of literature and not from the other. It is almost as hard as answering the question of what is literature itself. However, through theory and analysis we can focus our readings and studies, and, therefore, narrow the possibilities that may answer our questionings. In the case of Irish literature, as previously mentioned, for many years (and it is still a present practice) criticism relied on ideology to identify an Irish writer's work as being part of Irish literature. However, these are not the lenses through which the following study will be developed. It is important to understand how Irish literary criticism has been shaped through the years according to ideological analysis nonetheless. Once that is acknowledged, it will be presented how this study aims at differentiating itself from the existing criticism on Irish literature, more specifically on Brian Friel's play *Translations*.

Ideology comes from an idea, and it can be encompassed in many ways such as images, actions or within a linguistic system. Ideology cannot exist without some kind of language that conveys it. This study does not aim at studying the ideologies conveyed in the play *Translations*, but it intends to analyze the language behind it. Specially during the early 20th century, some believed that an Irish ideology should be transmitted through the Irish language (this made many people learn Irish in order to become part of this quest stated by this ideology); in their view, to transmit an Irish ideology in English is a controversy in itself. However, languages and words do not carry flags and guns unless the speakers and writers send them marching in on their behalf. Cuchulainn would never have become the nationalists' symbol had it not been for the words of W.B. Yeats. Nevertheless, what the Irish literature has proved is that the language in which it is written does not make it more, or less, Irish. Beckett's work is not less Irish for being conceived first in French, and neither is Joyce's work less Irish for distancing itself from the Irish ideology at the time. In this sense, the question of language in Irish literature has always been on the center stage of discussions and analysis. In

literature, we have characters, such as Stephen Dedalus, who have pondered about language and Irishness; however, the rabbit out of the magician's hat came in 1980 when Friel's play *Translations* premiered in Derry.

The play was the first production of the group founded by Friel himself and Irish actor Stephen Rea called *The Field Day Theater Company*. Although the group never formally stated a mission at first, their intent was to create a space, a "fifth province" that could somewhat transcend Irish politics and ideologies. The group quickly grew into an important cultural and political circle whose aim was to question what came to be known as the "Troubles"<sup>3</sup>, and, through art and culture, to aid in the resolution of these problems. The group's first performance provided this space with the imaginary town of Baile Baeg that resembled the Ireland of old times, before the partition in 1921, and the modern Irelands, divided in two. Although the play was performed by a group who did not want to take part in the common South-North Irish politics, the first studies of Friel and *Translations* positioned the author as being a nationalist and the play mainly as being about Ireland's colonial state. This could be said to have lasted until the 1990's when critics would still read Friel's works through a nationalist ideology. Nevertheless, like any writer or human being, Friel did not keep the same ideology from the time he began writing in the 60's throughout his career. Shaun Richards and David Cairns were the first critics to pinpoint Friel's ideological ambivalence. Boltwood in *Brian Friel, Ireland and The North* draws Friel's ideological evolution: in the 1960s, he identifies with a combination of alienation from and enthusiasm for nationalism; in the 1970s through the 1980s, a skeptical interrogation of the state (and it is during this period that *Translations* was performed); and, finally, in the 1990s and 2000s, an ultimate disillusionment with Ireland.

As Friel's ideology shifts were identified by the critics, their analysis of his works also took other paths. The first studies of *Translations* carried out by Kearney, Deane and

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<sup>3</sup> The "Troubles" is the period from the late 1960s up to late 1990s in Northern Ireland that marks the continuous confrontation and problems between nationalist Catholics, who wanted Northern Ireland to be united with Republic of Ireland, and unionists Protestants who believed Northern Ireland should remain being part of the United Kingdom. However, the problems between the two parties went beyond political arguments with organized military resistance against one and the other. On the nationalist side, IRA (Irish Republican Army) was often held responsible for attacks although other organized military groups existed, whereas on the unionist side, UVF (Ulster Volunteer Force) was the main military organization. Throughout the years, many civilians died due to attacks and conflicts including an episode known as Bloody Sunday in which 14 unarmed nationalist civilians were killed by British soldiers during a civil rights march.

Dantanus saw the play as being about the tragedy of English imperialism and Irish nationalism. Pilkington saw the fact that the Irish characters who should be speaking Irish are, in fact, speaking English as a way to undermine Sinn Féin's campaign that stressed the Irish language's potential in the 70's. As far as 1995, Kiberd in *Inventing Ireland* saw this double take as a way of making the audience laugh at their ignorance of not knowing their own language. However, the ultimate question that echoes in the play and may not always be acknowledged by literary critics is: which is the language of Ireland?

In the *Aberdeen Free Press* of December 1921, MacDiarmid says that "Synge, Yeats, and other great Irish writers found no difficulty in expressing themselves in an English which they yet made distinctively Irish." (MACDIARMID apud MACCULLOCH, 2007, p. 179) Unlike Dedalus in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* who realizes that the language in which he communicates is the other's before it is his, what MacDiarmid describes is the interaction, rather than the struggle, between the two languages, which is bound to lead to interference. This interference can be perceived throughout Irish history; either through a political scope or through a cultural and artistic one. Brian Friel's 1980 play *Translations* is a success in terms of showing this interference when there are characters who are not speaking Irish *per se*, but English. However, what is their "own language" exactly?

According to a 2001 census, only a little over 167 thousand people had some knowledge of Irish in Northern Ireland. Some could write, some could read, some could speak or understand, but none of these people mastered all the four linguistic skills. On the other hand, people who did not have any notion whatsoever of Irish were counted in over a million. Nowadays, all over the world, it is estimated that about a little over a million and half people have some knowledge of Irish. Bearing this in mind, were the audiences of *Translations* all Dedaluses who realized the language being spoken was not theirs? Or were they Synges who knew they had somehow remodeled English as Irish? They were probably a mix of all of these, as are the characters of *Translations*. The characters in the play are longing for form rather than for content. They are looking for a style that they can call their own instead of mimicking someone else's. Sarah, one of the characters who has a speech defect, can speak and say her name, but she mumbles

and stumbles on words because they are not hers. They are Manus' (the school assistant) utterances that she repeats. However, to create a new genre one must destroy another as in the same way a writer reads other writers and crafts his own style - thus the characters in the play are constantly engaged in translation. The play takes place in the second half of the nineteenth century in a small Irish community of the fictional town of Baile Baeg (or Bellybag). This town is located in county Donegal on the border of the two modern Irelands. *Translations* is not the only play in which Baile Baeg is the host of events; *Philadelphia, here I come!*, from 1964, also takes place there, though, in the first half of the twentieth century.

The Irish speaking community of Baile Baeg is very similar to the Ireland historically described earlier for it is a very linguistically heterogeneous place. Irish is the main language of most characters; Greek and Latin are taught at the local hedge-school; and, some characters have knowledge of English, besides the two English characters from the Ordnance Survey who are responsible for mapping out the area, and with the help of a local translator, translate the place names from Irish to English. However, Irish *per se*, is only present in the names of places. The characters who are supposedly speaking Irish are, in reality, speaking English. The audience then needs to take a leap of faith and believe and understand this which is made known in scenes when an English soldier's speech is being translated to the community. This babelic context in which the English empire is trying to build itself upon one language by trying to erase all the other languages in existence leads the characters to pick up and understand the cracks of what they know as language and what they know as **their** language. Moreover, the characters start to reflect upon issues of translation and language and what the latter represents to them, how they can make it their own. This happens in a similar way as occurred in historical Ireland because it was mainly after the formal insertion of the English language in the country that the Irish broke down and started to disperse themselves - much in the same way as the peoples in Babel did.

Therefore, the present study aims at analyzing in what way translation and language are developed in the play and how they are placed in the plot; by what methods *Translations* can be read as a representation of the relationship between literature and language, so well noticed throughout Irish literature; and, furthermore, how literary

translation can be rethought through the discussions on translation and language raised by the play. As its main focus, this study will also address the linguistic aspects of Brian Friel's play *Translations* through theories of translation on a practical and philosophical layer and also with theories of philosophy of language, ergo raising an awareness of language's importance throughout Irish literature and henceforth reflecting on the translator's task of transporting this literary peculiarity that shapes Irish literature as being unique.

In order to analyze these aspects, the present study is organized in three main chapters. The first chapter will address the plot of the play, contextualizing the text as well as presenting a schematic classification of characters that appear onstage and offstage, as well as according to the languages they master. Besides that, the first chapter will also bring the first responses to the play: reviews from newspapers from inside and outside of Ireland, and critical studies of *Translations*, emphasizing the first approaches to a critical analysis of the play, first in Ireland, then abroad, and what has been done in Brazil. In comparison to other studies, the first chapter will also provide the focus of this study more thoroughly and highlight its relevance in adding views for a better comprehension of this play that still baffles audiences and readers worldwide.

The second chapter will broaden the outlook on *Translations*. Friel's work will be seen within the Irish theater tradition started by the foundation of the Irish Literary Theater by W.B. Yeats and, in this sense, analyze how *Translations* breaks this tradition or reinforces values and ideologies seen in the first stages of Irish theater. As a text, *Translations* will also be analyzed within the scope of the Irish literary history and tradition. Moreover, how it answers to questions such as Irishness and other issues that compose and classify a work of literature as being Irish, and how the play can provide a reading for the history of literature through the thoughts and questionings expressed by its characters in the play will be dealt with.

Chapter three will approach the question of translation in many aspects. Primarily, how translation is seen and treated in the play; which ideas of translation may be identified in the play as well as which authors' works may have had a contribution to the construct of characters' reflections on translation and language. Then, we will move

onto the analysis of translations the play has received, concentrating mainly on two translations: from English to Irish and from English to Portuguese. We will thus moving onward to a reflection of how literary criticism can aid the translator. Furthermore, in comparison to Sampaio's translation of the play into Portuguese, this study also aims at a reflection on strategies for providing a translation of the play that is capable of creating a scaffolding that would help the audience, as well as the reader, to perceive peculiarities of this great work of literature that would otherwise go unnoticed if the translation merely sought to translate language only.

In order to achieve all these analyses, this study relies on Christopher Murray's ideas on Irish theater as being a mirror upon the nation, as well as *The Cambridge Companion to twentieth-century Irish Drama* and *The Cambridge Companion to Brian Friel*. Moreover, bibliography on Irish studies such as Declan Kiberd's *Inventing Ireland* and Terrence McDonough *Was Ireland a Colony?*. This study also relies on specific literature written on Friel's work such as Tony Corbett's *Brian Friel: decoding the language of the tribe* and Scott Boltwood's *Brian Friel, Ireland and the North*. However, the research for this dissertation has been very broad in the sense that it has not only relied on books but also on newspaper and magazine articles reviewing and criticizing the play or discussing the issue of language in the country. The main newspaper used was *The Irish Times*, with articles dating back to the 1970's, and magazines such *The Guardian* and *The New York Times* were also consulted. Also, in terms of philosophy of language, Martin Heidegger's *Unterwegs zur Sprache*, George Steiner's *After Babel* and Jacques Derrida's *Des Tour de Babel* were used for analysis of the concepts of language and translation used in the play. Besides that, this study also relies on other readings of Irish literature such as Yeats' plays, Synge's, Flann O'Brien's articles and many others that have contributed to the understanding of the play I present in this study.

However, before moving forward in the dissertation, a brief presentation of the author whose play is studied, Brian Friel, will be presented. Friel was born on January 9th, 1929 near Omagh, County Tyrone. His family moved to Derry, where *Translations* was premiered, in 1939. His secondary education was at St. Columb's College, in Derry and between 1946 and 1948, he was a seminarian in Maynooth, but left before ordination. He worked as a teacher for 10 years from 1950 to 1960 and during that period had his first

short story published called *The Child*. In 1952 he wrote his first play called *The Francophile* later renamed to *A Doubtful Paradise*. In 1958, *A Sort of Freedom* was broadcasted by BBC Northern Ireland and in 1960 followed the production of his first play ever written at the Group Theatre in Belfast which led Friel to retire from his teaching job to dedicate his time fully to writing. In 1962, *The Enemy Within* is performed in the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. From that year until 1963 Friel had a weekly column in *The Irish Press*. During the next years, the writer had an intense production in theater and in 1968 has his play *Crystal and Fox* performed in New York. In 1972, amid the tension that surrounded Derry with the killing of 13 British soldiers during an anti-internment protest, Friel is elected a member of the Irish Academy of Letters. Eight years later, he founds the Field Day Theatre Company with Stephen Rea and *Translations* is premiered in Derry. In 1982, he is elected a member of Aosdana, the National Treasury of Irish Artists and the next year he is awarded honorary D.Litt. by the National University of Ireland. Friel was active as playwright up to 2005, and in 2006 a Cambridge Companion was published about his work making him the first author to ever have a companion published during his lifetime.

I have tried to summarize Friel's importance within Irish and world literature, but this does not even make justice to his actual importance. However, this brief introduction about his life will help in understanding some of the elements that will be studied about *Translations* during this study such as the location of its premiere and how we can read the writer's work differently once we know where he is coming from. As it has been said before, it is not this study's priority to study the political tensions in the background; however, they cannot be denied to exist. It is important to understand Friel as a writer and, moreover, as an Irish writer who is involved in this context of constant confrontation and confusion which could be found in Northern Ireland more intensely during the period known as the "Troubles" which is the same period as the play *Translations* was written and staged. To understand where Friel is coming from as a writer aids in the reading we might have of the play and that is what is shown in this study, a way of reading Friel's *Translations* beyond words.



## CHAPTER 1

### IRELAND TRANSLATED

John Alphonsus Mulrennan has just returned from the west of Ireland. European and Asiatic papers please copy. He told us he met an old man there in a mountain cabin. Old man had red eyes and short pipe. Old man spoke Irish. Mulrennan spoke Irish. Then old man and Mulrennan spoke English.

*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, James Joyce

The present chapter aims at providing a detailed summary of the play *Translations*, according to its division of acts and scenes, as well as the division of characters and the first responses to the play analyzing the reviews the play has had throughout the years of its performance inside and outside of Ireland, and critical studies as well. Besides providing information concerning the play, this chapter will also present a critical analysis of the plot and the critical studies it has received.

#### 1. *TRANSLATIONS ON STAGE AND ON THE PAGE*

*'It is not the literal past, the 'facts' of history, that shape us, but images of the past embodied in language (...) we must never cease renewing those images.'* (FRIEL, 1996, p. 445) These words, uttered by Hugh, the school master of the hedge-school in the town on Baile Beag, are very important, for they summarize what *Translations* is about. Baile Beag in Gaelic means small town. This fictional town is not only the setting for the events of *Translations*, but it also was the setting for other of Friel's plays such as *Philadelphia, Here I come!*. Inside the fictional world created by Brian Friel, this small town could be anywhere. In the case of *Translations*, Baile Baeg (or Bellybag) is located in Dún na nGall, modern Donegal, which in Gaelic means 'the foreigner's stronghold.' Donegal is in the northwestern region of the modern Republic of Ireland. The play's plot could be summarized by what Hugh says and those two place names: it is a small town whose images of the past embodied in language are being renewed and thus serves as a port, a foreigner's stronghold, for in *Translations*, the two English officials are not the only foreigners in the play. At the same time Captain Lancey and Lieutenant Yolland

come as foreigners to Bellybag to map out the area by translating, with the help of a local translator Owen (or Roland, as he is known by the two English officials), the place names from Irish to English, the inhabitants of this small town slowly become foreigners in their own land because the place they knew is slowly going out of existence.

*Translations* is a play divided in three acts, each with one scene except for the second act which has two scenes. There are ten characters on stage divided as follows:

Irish speaking characters	Translator	English speaking characters
Hugh Manus Maire Jimmy Jack Sarah Doalty	Owen (for the Irish speaking characters) = Roland (for the English speaking characters)	Cap. Lancey Lieut. Yolland

Table 1. Division of characters

Besides these characters on stage, we also have important figures off stage, ghosts that somehow haunt the events in Bellybag. Offstage there are the Donnelly twins who we find out about through the characters' comments and speculations and are supposedly two troublemakers who may have been responsible for Yolland's disappearance at the end of the play. There is also a minor figure who is often (if not always) discarded by critics: the baby who is born in the beginning of the play. In act one, before Hugh arrives at the hedge-school, we learn that he is at a naming ceremony. We later learn that the baby was named Eamon, the same name as the Republic of Ireland's first president, Eamon de Valera. At the end of the play, we learn that this baby has died. Although it apparently seems like a minor happening inside the macrocosm of events that take place in *Translations*, we cannot ignore Chekov's gun hung on the wall. However, further information and analysis on the plot and characters will be presented during this chapter.

The division of characters in *Translations* is not so simple though. The basic classifications are between those onstage and offstage, moreover between characters who are speaking Irish or English in the play. Notwithstanding, when looking at the Irish speaking characters, these ramifications grow into more complex groups because, as the translations occur, each character has their own way to view and think about language. Inside the group of those who speak Irish, there are characters who would rather be in contact with the Greeks and others who cannot produce the sound to their own words. In this sense, the choice to divide the characters into two groups, of those who speak English and Irish, was a simplistic, but necessary division. The complexity of the characters will be presented and thoroughly analyzed later in this chapter. Before moving forward to the analysis, a detailed summary of each act is presented to provide information as to the events that take place and hence to analyze them. A parallel between historical facts and the events taken place in the play will also be presented in the summary of each act. For the convenience and better visualization of the play's performance, each summary of the acts will accompany pictures of previous performances of the play.

Act one takes place in an afternoon in late August 1833 at a hedge-school in the town of Bellybag, in Donegal. Hedge-schools were not common schools; they were not located in normal buildings, but were built in barns and cowsheds. They were accepted in the eighteenth century as a relaxation of the penal law which forbade Catholic and Gaelic-language education in the seventeenth century, but they were not recognized by the Empire. They would later be substituted by the creation of the National schools. These schools were a state system of education, therefore free. The language used in classes and studied was only English, in this way differentiating itself from the format of a hedge-school which was very similar to the traditional scholastic system of historic Ireland seen in the introduction of this study where Latin and Greek were as studied as Irish was. This study, thus, provided pupils with a critical view of language since they often had to compare their native tongue to those two foreign languages. As mentioned before, it was thanks to this comparison that the Irish were one of the first peoples to elaborate a grammar of their own language. This historical aspect of Ireland's linguistic past is brought up in the hedge-school where *Translations* takes place, a Babel-like place

where students interact in many languages and where language is thought in diverse ways.



Figure 1. *Translations*, University of Tulsa, 1986

The first act opens with Manus, Hugh's youngest son and assistant trying to teach Sarah how to say her name. Hugh, the school master, is not present in the first part because he is at a baptism. . . Sarah is a young woman of whom no one is certain of her age. According to the description of the character provided by Brian Friel in the first pages of the play, she could be of any age between seventeen and thirty-five. This uncertainty may be because Sarah does not speak thus making any information about her a mystery. Many critics describe her as mute, but Friel in his description of her says she has a speech defect. Calling her mute would mean that she does not talk; however, she utters sounds and grunts when she wants to communicate and often we have glimpses of what may be intelligible communication. Nonetheless, Sarah has a speech defect because she cannot produce the sounds to her own words, but mimes and repeats words Manus, for instance, will teach her. Along with Manus and Sarah at the hedge-school is Jimmy Jack, a sixty-something year old bachelor who spends his time reading Homer in Greek. He is ironically known as 'the Infant Prodigy'. He often recites or quotes texts in Greek and Latin, sometimes asking Manus for help in translating these texts. Up to this moment, the audience or the reader (who has had no previous detailed information of the play) has

no clue that these characters are speaking Irish because the actors are, in reality, speaking English. It is with the entrance of the next character, however, that we learn they are not speaking English.

JIMMY: *Esne fatigata?* MAIRE: *Sun fatigatissima.*

JIMMY: *Bene! Optime!*

MAIRE: That's the height of my Latin. Fit me better if I had even that much English.

JIMMY: English? I thought you had some English?

MAIRE: Three words. Wait - there was a spake I used to have off by heart. What's this it was? (*Her accent is strange because she is speaking a foreign language and because she does not understand what she is saying.*) 'In Norfolk we besport ourselves around the maypoll.' What about that!

MANUS: Maypole.

(*Again MAIRE ignores MANUS.*)

MAIRE: God have mercy on my Aunt Mary - she taught me that when I was about four, whatever it means. Do you know what it means, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Sure you know I have only Irish like yourself.

MAIRE: And Latin. And Greek.

JIMMY: I'm telling you a lie: I know one English word.

MAIRE: What?

JIMMY: Bo-som. (FRIEL, 1996 p, 388)

Maire is a young woman who works in the field and with whom Manus is in love and wishes to marry. It is with her entrance on stage that we learn that the characters are speaking Irish and not all of them master English. Soon after Maire enters, Doalty and Bridget come in with the first news of the Ordnance Survey. Doalty starts bragging about how he managed to play a trick on the 'Red Coats' (as the English officials were called due to their uniform) and Manus is the first to call attention to Doalty's action; he says it was a way to show 'a presence', that Bellybeg was not uninhabited.

DOALTY: (...) Anyway, every time they'd stick one of these poles into the ground and move across the bog, I'd creep up and shift it twenty or thirty paces to the side.

BRIDGET: God!

DOALTY: Then they'd come back and stare at it and look at their calculations and stare at it again and scratch their heads. And cripes, d'you know what they ended up doing?

BRIDGET: Wait till you hear!

DOALTY: They took the bloody machine apart!

(*And immediately he speaks in gibberish - an imitation of two very agitated and confused sappers in rapid conversation.*)

BRIDGET: That's the image of them!  
 MAIRE: You must be proud of yourself, Doalty.  
 DOALTY: What d'you mean?  
 MAIRE: That was a very clever piece of work.  
 MANUS: It was a gesture.  
 MAIRE: What sort of gesture?  
 MANUS: Just to indicate... a presence.  
 MAIRE: Hah! (FRIEL, 1996, p. 390-391)

This is not only the first time that we hear about the English officials working in the area, but it is also the first response to this occupation. Even though Doalty's prank on the English may have been innocent and, perhaps, playful, Manus acknowledges the hidden meaning that it has: even as a joke, Doalty's action sends a message of non-passiveness on the part of the Irish. Maire, as one can notice in both parts quoted, leans towards the English because for her Ireland and the Irish language represent the old world: the world of cows and barns, of hedge-schools and the fear of the potato blight which is also discussed among the characters of the play. The Irish potato famine, also known as, the Great Famine, was a potato blight that caused mass starvation in the country in the nineteenth century. In the period between 1845 and 1852, it is estimated that approximately a million people died and another million emigrated, mainly to America. However, problems in the potato production due to the blight date back to 1752. Between the years of 1830 and 1831, Mayo, Donegal and Galway suffered with the blight. The blight afflicted Ireland nationwide in 1836 and 1837, and has its peak between 1845 and 1852.

It is also during this first part that we learn that the Donnelly Twins were students at the hedge-school, but for some reason dropped out. They had not been seen in a while. These two boys or men - we do not know for sure their ages - have an aura over the play throughout the acts. They are never seen on stage, but the audience hears a lot about them. They are either mentioned in some event, for instance, a prank done on the English, or they are mentioned as people who would know some important information, for example, about an organized resistance against the English presence. Hugh's entrance is heavily marked by the first sightings of how translation works in the play. He often addresses his pupils in Latin or Greek and picks one student to translate a term, from either of those two languages, into Irish:

HUGH: And after the *caerimonia nominationis* - Maire?

MAIRE: The ritual of naming.

HUGH: Indeed - we then had a few libations to mark the occasion. Altogether was very pleasant. The derivation of the word 'baptize'? - where are my Greek scholars? Doalty?

DOALTY: Would it be - ah - ah -

HUGH: Too slow. James?

JIMMY: '*Baptisterium*' - to dip or immerse. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 397)

In a game-show manner, Hugh quizzes his students about the translation of certain terms into Irish and when they fail to meet the translation instantly, he asks someone else. As can be noticed, characters are often moving from one place to another, from one language to another even if the words do not make sense to them; they are, however, changed by the words as if the words uttered, meaningless in their feeling, could change their shape and appearance. Friel demonstrates this in the descriptions of the characters when talking in a foreign language: Maire has her accent changed, Doalty speaks in gibberish imitating the soldiers in such a way Bridget says it is their image. Friel is bringing forth the very heart of the play: that words can change the landscape of facts, that these abstract beings can mutate the most materialistic of things, even people. This idea of words changing the landscape of facts is an idea found in George Steiner's *After Babel*, that not only served as an inspiration for some thoughts on language in the play, but is also part of Hugh's speech. However, this will be approached later in the summary of the third act.

Before Hugh continues with his class, he tells his students he wishes to tell them about three pieces of information. He then starts telling them about coming across Captain Lancey of the Royal Engineers who is responsible for the ordnance survey of Bellybag. Captain Lancey complains to Hugh of some of the misadventures that seem to be happening to his horses and equipment, Hugh then suggests that he address the class himself.

HUGH: (...) He then explained that he does not speak Irish. Latin? I asked. None. Greek? Not a syllable. He speaks - on his own admission - only English; and to his credit he seemed suitably *verecund* - James?

JIMMY: *Verecundus* - humble.

HUGH: Indeed - he voiced some surprise that we did not speak his language. I explained that a few of

us did, on occasion - outside the parish of course - and then usually for the purposes of commerce, a use to which his tongue seemed particularly suited - (...) - and I went on to propose that our own culture and the classical tongues made a happier conjugation - Doalty? DOALTY: *Conjugo* - I join together. (DOALTY *is so pleased with himself that he prods and winks at BRIDGET.*) HUGH: Indeed - English, I suggested, couldn't really express us. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 398 - 399)

Translation, in this case, is not only used as a Ping-Pong term-translation, but rather a word- sense translation. Hugh is not only checking if students know the translation of the word, but he is also checking if they are understanding, or interpreting, the term being used. Hugh demonstrates a sort of astonishment at Captain Lancey's ignorance of Latin and Greek and finds it rather incredible that one person could be satisfied in knowing only one language. Many critics have pointed out that Hugh's statement that Latin and Greek suited the Irish better as an opposition between a more spiritual linguistic world and a materialistic world centered in business. However, Hugh's statement, much in the same sense as Doalty's prank, may also be interpreted as a gesture, as a way to show that there is a presence in the place and that by simply translating the place names and mapping out the area, that presence would not be erased. If history serves us, as was mentioned previously in the introduction, the Hundred Years war marked the beginning of the linguistic problems between Irish and English. Language has always been a major aspect in the quest for Irishness and national identity. By refuting English as a medium of expression, Hugh is stating that English could not encompass the Irish who have been served not only by one language, but by three. As the Ordnance Survey boxes Bellybag inside the square mile of English, characters start to feel imprisoned and so they start to break free in many aspects, linguistic and geographical, as will be seen further in this chapter.

Hugh sees Ballybeg's multi-linguist context as positive and suiting; Maire, however, sees it impatiently and as not useful:

MAIRE: We should all be learning to speak English. That's what my mother says. That's what I say. That's what Dan O'Connell said last month in Ennis. He said the sooner we all learn to speak English the better. (*Suddenly several speak together.*) JIMMY: What's she saying? What? What?



DOALTY: It's Irish he uses when he's travelling around scrounging votes. (...)

JIMMY: Who-who-who? Who's this? Who's this?

HUGH: *Silentium!* (*Pause.*) Who is she talking about?

MAIRE: I'm talking about Daniel O'Connell.

HUGH: Does she mean that little Kerry politician?

MAIRE: I'm talking about the Liberator, Master, as you well know. And what he said was this: 'The old language is a barrier to modern progress.' He said that last month. And he's right. I don't want Greek. I don't want Latin. I want English. (...) I want to be able to speak English because I'm going to America as soon as the harvest's all saved. (...)

HUGH: We have been diverted - *diverto* - *divertere* - Where were we? (FRIEL, 1996, p. 399 - 400)

The usage of the Irish language was a motto for nationalists, whereas abandoning it was the main idea of those who saw that for Ireland to enter the 'modern world', they had to let go of the old language. Maire is one of the characters who strongly believes Irish will not take her anywhere. Irish is the language of the old world rotting with the sweet smell of potato blight, whereas English was the language of the new world, the land of opportunities where no trouble similar to Ireland's seemed to happen. Maire sees the English language as her ticket out of Ireland. She wishes to go to America to have a better life and knowing the language will provide her that. However, it is interesting how the other characters react to her outburst. Jimmy is confused, Doalty seems irritated and Hugh seems to pretend like as if she were not in the room, addressing her in the third person and paying no attention to her opinion, only as a diversion of the class. In this sense, it shows that most characters are not as open as Maire is to the English language. They might either not see the necessity of it or simply not side or sympathize with the experience they have of the language thus far, *i.e.*, an experience of invasion, colonization, occupation and now standardization. Their experience of Latin and Greek is, on the other hand, opposite to their experience of English. As was seen earlier in the introduction, Latin and Greek were languages used in the liturgy and textbooks and thanks to these two foreign languages, the Irish could think critically about their own language. In this sense, it helped them grow as speakers of a language and peoples. That is why Hugh says that the Irish are in better touch with the classic tongues than they are with English, because English wants to imprison them in one form while they walk freely among three languages. It is right after Maire's outburst that the hedge-school receives the visit of Hugh's oldest son, Owen, who is working as a translator for the Ordnance

Survey's officials Captain Lancey and Lieutenant Yolland. This is the first formal presentation of the two English characters to the audience or reader as well as to the inhabitants of Bellybag. However, Owen, who has not been to the hedge-school for six years comes into the school alone at first. Owen, Generally welcomed and greeted, he had been working in Dublin as a merchant and had been quite successful, owing nine big shops and twelve horses and six servants. Nevertheless, in August 1833 he has been working as a translator and interpreter for the two English soldiers engaged in the Ordnance Survey. One of Owen's first remarks as he walks into the school is how nothing had changed in the six years he had been away, not even the smell. In this sense, the audience and reader is presented with a very different view of life outside Baile Beag. Thus far, life in the small Irish community has been presented as static: students are still studying languages that do not have much use anymore, there is talk of the sweet smell and the fear of the blight, the big news in the community is the newborn and the arrival of the English soldiers. However, with Owen, there is a change: there is talk of commercial success, one that apparently does not exist in Baile Beag. It is not long before Owen says he has a couple of friends he would like to introduce to them to:

OWEN: (...) Two friends of mine are waiting outside the door. They'd like to meet you and I'd like you to meet them. May I bring them in?

HUGH: Certainly. You'll all eat and have...

OWEN: Not just yet, Father. You've seen the sappers working in this area for the past fortnight, haven't you? Well, the older man is Captain Lancey...

HUGH: I've met Captain Lancey.

OWEN: Great. He's the cartographer in charge of this whole area. Cartographer - James?

(OWEN *begins to play this game - his father's game - partly to involve his classroom audience, partly to show he has not forgotten it, and indeed partly because he enjoys it.*)

JIMMY: A maker of maps.

OWEN: Indeed - and the younger man that I travelled with from Dublin, his name is Lieutenant Yolland and he is attached to the toponymic department - Father? - *responde - responde!*

HUGH: He gives names to places.

OWEN: Indeed - although he is in fact an orthographer - Doalty? - too slow - Manus?

MANUS: The correct spelling of names.

OWEN: (...) Beautiful! Beautiful! Honest to God, it's such a delight to be back here with you all again - 'civilized' people. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 402 - 403)

It is at this point in the play that a very important shift happens. First, we have the presentation of life outside the community of Baile Beag with the arrival of Owen. There is not much information about what it is like, however, the little information we have of Owen's success in Dublin is enough to deduce that Baile Beag does not offer any of that and is, still, predominately a rural community, whereas in other Irish cities, commerce evolves. Second, there is a shift in language. Until this point in the play, we have seen language work as a skill being passed from master to pupil - a skill that could be used to utter one's name, in Sarah's case, or to help one flee from a place as is the case of Maire and Jimmy Jack, for instance. Although they are very different characters, Maire and Jimmy Jack are similar in the sense that both of them use language as a way to escape their reality: Jimmy uses it to live inside the stories written by the Greeks whereas Maire believes that knowing English will take her to America, to a better life. When Owen comes in the scene, we have the first glimpses of a point Friel is trying to make in the play: that the power over language and discourse changes very quickly and it is very dangerous. Quickly, Owen takes over the hedge-school and catches the attention of everyone. He takes over through language by engaging them in their own translation game, taking the role of the master, often performed by his father Hugh, whose privilege, so to speak, is to ask questions and for the translation of terms. Another important aspect is that Owen manipulates language to his favor to support his own ideas. Owen, at first, sees the project being carried out by the Ordnance Survey as something positive, and, therefore, manipulates the translations of Captain Lancey's announcements to the class in order for the people of the hedge-school to see the positive aspect he [Owen] sees, even if there is a feeling of something wrong.

Before Owen brings the two English soldiers in, he tells his father that he is working for them. Manus asks if he had enlisted to which he answers: 'Me a soldier? I'm employed as a part-time, underpaid, civilian interpreter. My job is to translate the quaint, archaic tongue you people persist in speaking into the King's good English.' (FRIEL, 1996, p. 404) In this way, Owen explains his job in the mission being carried out by the English soldiers in Baile Beag. They are mapping out the area and giving the places its 'correct spelling' with the help of a civilian interpreter whose job is to provide the translation of place names. The way these translations are made will be addressed in the

third chapter of this study. As soon as Captain Lancey and Lieutenant Yolland come into the scene, we notice another difference. Captain Lancey is a practical man, who sees nothing in Ireland besides what his orders are. He is ignorant to the difference of languages. Jimmy asks him if he speaks Latin and he answers saying he does not understand Gaelic. Lieutenant Yolland is a bit more romantic. He thinks Ireland is beautiful and wishes to learn the language. He makes an effort to understand the people who live there, moreover he **sees** them. In *Translations* the language plays a decisive role into being visible and invisible. Sarah is for the most part of the play nearly invisible for she does not speak; Captain Lancey does not see the people who live in Baile Beag because he does not speak their language. Although he starts addressing them like one addresses a child, speaking very slowly and bluntly, he has no interest in knowing them or what they think. Lieutenant Yolland feels differently. He feels as if he could live in Ireland. However, both of them call Owen, Roland. They either misunderstood his name's pronunciation or they do not even know his real name (which is the case we do not know), but the issue is that Owen never corrects them. When Manus asks him if he will not correct them, Owen answers 'Easy, man, easy, Owen - Roland - what the hell. It's only a name. It's the same me, isn't it? Well, isn't it?' (FRIEL, 1996, p. 408) This is how the first act of *Translations* ends. For the next two acts, Friel seems to answer Owen's final question. Is a name just a name? Does it relate to the same object? Bearing this in mind, will not the places in Baile Beag be changed by the translations made?

The second act is divided into two scenes, therefore the summary will be presented according to the division of scenes. The first scene of the second act happens a few days later when most of the area has already been mapped out. At this point, Yolland and Owen are working together; their task is to take each place that has a distinctive Irish name and Anglicize it, then register it in the Name-Book. Owen's task, as the local civilian interpreter, is to pronounce the word in Irish and later provide the translation and decide, along with Yolland, which is better: to translate the place name literally or change it into its phonetic English approximation. Friel in the description of the first scene, second act, provides an example of the process being carried out by Owen and Yolland, 'for example, a Gaelic name like Conic Ban could be Knockban or - directly translated - Fair Hill.' (FRIEL, 1996, p. 409) The decision is made according to

which sounds better, the one term both are happy with.

OWEN: (...) And the name of the ridge is Druim Dubh. Put English on that, Lieutenant.

YOLLAND: Say it again.

OWEN: Druim Dubh.

YOLLAND: Dubh means black.

OWEN: Yes.

YOLLAND: And Druim means... what? a fort?

OWEN: We met it yesterday at Druim Luachara.

YOLLAND: A ridge! The Black Ridge! (FRIEL, 1996, p. 411 - 412)

At the very beginning of scene one, act two, the audience and reader realizes that Yolland has taken a strong interest in Irish and Maire. He wishes to learn Irish, he does not simply want to hear the words Owen says so he can translate, but he also finds them beautiful and many times wishes to leave the place names the way they are. However, Owen keeps reminding him of their task. Yolland wishes to live in Ireland and he wonders if he ever could, he calls Ireland 'heavenly'. However, up to this point, Owen still thinks that his task and job is honorable and necessary for Ireland's growth into modernity. When Yolland questions him about living there, he answers back by asking on what he would live, cows and potatoes?

Yolland then engages in a conversation about Irish culture and literature with Hugh. Besides Hugh stating that they [the Irish] tend to overlook his [Yolland's] island in terms of arts and literature, he also says that he thinks the Irish and the Irish language endure 'around truths immemorially posited'. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 418) 'To remember everything is a condition of madness.' (STEINER, 1992, p. 30) This line, which will later appear in the third act of the play, is somehow connected to Hugh's 'truths immemorially posited' statement because the Irish, along the years and centuries, have chosen what to remember. This editing of truths that goes beyond a peoples' memory is a type of translation as Steiner develops this idea in the first chapter of *After Babel*. History, which is the recorded memory of a peoples' past, is according to Steiner, 'a selective use of the past tense.' (STEINER, 1992, p. 30) Hugh seems to know more than he shows, and seems to have insights about all these matters and what is happening in the small Irish community, unlike other characters in the play.

Although he is seen and treated for the most part as a drunken old man, he has

the wisest lines that could be drawn back to textbooks such as George Steiner's *After Babel*. He is one of the characters whose ideas on language are well put and pinpointed. As has been said before, the study of Latin and Greek empowered the Irish to come up with reflections and even a set of rules of how their own language work. Hugh seems to be used to drawing comparisons between languages and thus reflect on what each one of them represent or *feels like*. Not only that, but these comparisons when confronted with the circumstances in the play seem to bring forth another aspect of language reflection in Hugh, a more historical and cultural one.

YOLLAND: And your Gaelic literature - you're a poet yourself -

HUGH: Only in Latin, I'm afraid.

YOLLAND: I understand it's enormously rich and ornate.

HUGH: Indeed, Lieutenant. A rich language. A rich literature. You'll find, sir, that certain cultures expend on their vocabularies and syntax acquisitive energies and ostentations entirely lacking in their material lives. I suppose you could call us a spiritual people. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 418)

In *Translations* each character has a language they would rather live in. Jimmy Jack prefers the Greeks and seems to live inside their stories, treating the Greek mythical characters as if they were real. Yolland likes the sound of the Irish words even though he may not understand them as well as a native speaker of Irish does. Maire, on the other hand, thinks that all the languages she knows (even if just a little) are for no good and would rather have English instead which may be one of the reasons she took an interest in Yolland, though this will be explored later on. As for Hugh, he says he is only a poet in Latin because although it may not be a 'living' language that could name modern objects, it is a spiritual language because it somehow casts its shadow on every language spoken or at least in some words that are used. A language such as Italian, Spanish, French and Portuguese may have their roots directly coming from Latin, or even a language such as English, which does not hold a bond as directly as the other languages mentioned, may use a word such as 'delete' that has its origins in the Latin verb *delere*. In this sense, some languages may be out of existence in the practical world but they linger in suspense affecting the state of languages that we use in our daily lives. According to George Steiner, 'Every language-act has a temporal determinant. No semantic form is timeless.

When using a word we wake into resonance, as it were, its entire previous history.' (STEINER, 1992, p. 24) As has been said before, this resonance in which we wake into may be direct, as Hugh does with his pupils when asking them to give the meaning and etymologies of words, or indirect as is the use of the modern verb 'delete' that goes back to its Latin ancestor even if the speaker is unaware. A careful speaker is aware of word choice and what it echoes and this may account for what Hugh means when he says that, 'You could call us a spiritual people', for the pupils at the hedge-school are used to dealing with other languages (just like the Irish language itself coexisted with many other languages and adapted to the changes they brought as seen in the introduction) that may not always match their material lives or as Hugh will later say, 'the landscape of fact'.

HUGH: (...) To return briefly to that other matter, Lieutenant. I understand your sense of exclusion, of being cut off from a life here; and I trust you will find access to us with my son's help. But remember that words are signals, counters. They are not immortal. And it can happen - to use an image you'll understand - it can happen that a civilization can be imprisoned in a linguistic contour which no longer matches the landscape of... fact. Gentlemen. (*He leaves.*)

(...)

YOLLAND: He knows what's happening.

OWEN: What's happening?

YOLLAND: I'm not sure. But I'm concerned about my part in it. It's an eviction of sorts.

OWEN: We're making a six-inch map of the country. Is there something sinister in that?

YOLLAND: Not in -

OWEN: And we're taking place-names that are riddled with confusion and -

YOLLAND: Who's confused? Are the people confused?

OWEN - and we're standardizing those names as accurately and as sensitively as we can.

YOLLAND: Something is being eroded. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 419 - 420)

Steiner's *After Babel* plays a major role in Friel's *Translations*. It is not only a book that aids the reader in understanding the complexity of language discussion in the play, but the reader can trace back characters' lines to Steiner's book which somehow becomes a detective- like game, very similar to a translation. Hugh is the hedge-master, the true scholar in the play, but he is from the old generation, thus he has already made his translation of Irish history and culture, 'As every generation retranslates the classics, out of

vital compulsion for immediacy and precise echo, so every generation uses language to build its own resonant past.' (STEINER, 1992, p. 30) Owen does not see harm in what he is doing because his generation has yet to break the form in which it was raised in order to build a new form, a speech-act that will later constitute their past tense and shape history for future generations. Hugh acknowledges that; he warns Yolland about the mortality and changeable aspect of words and languages. Owen and Yolland are not only translating the place names and doing a bureaucratic task, they are changing the landscape and the people of Baile Baeg are becoming strangers in their own land because the places they know no longer exist. According to Steiner, 'Even substantive remains such as buildings and historical sites must be 'read', i.e., located in a context of verbal recognition and placement, before they assume real presence.' (STEINER, 1992, p. 30)

OWEN: Do you know where the priest lives?

HUGH: At Lis na Muc, near...

OWEN: No, he doesn't! Lis na Muc, the Fort of the Pigs, has become Swinefort. (*Now turning the pages of the Name-Book - a page per name.*) And to get to Swinefort you pass through Greencastle and Fair Head and Strandhill and Gort and Whiteplains. And the new school isn't at Poll na gCaorach - it's at Sheepsrock. Will you be able to find your way? (FRIEL, 1996, P. 418)

As has been mentioned before, even buildings and historical sites must be located within a linguistic context, either verbal or written. We would barely be able to go anywhere without placing these locations within a linguistic system we recognize. The change of place names is causing a sort of eviction of the population of Baile Beag. Even though they may know the name of places in their own language, they are becoming barbarians to the eyes of the English crown for, as Jimmy Jack will later state, 'I am a barbarian in this place because I am not understood by anyone.' (FRIEL, 1996, p. 443)

However, before going any further, a major happening occurs at the end of the first scene of the second act. Up to this point, the translator and interpreter between the Irish speakers and the English speakers, Owen, has been called Roland by the two English characters. At the end of the first act, we see him expressing no concern in the change of his name, because, according to him, it is only a name, he is still the same



person. Owen may be one of the most complex characters in the play besides being a key character in the course of events; he is the one that seems to be holding events together and later breaking them. Owen is the contract between the two parties in the play, and Roland is the one who ascertains that the translation will be done; in this sense, Owen was the first to be translated. Nonetheless, the first sign that Owen is breaking the ties is when he decides to tell Yolland that his name is not Roland.

OWEN: (*Explodes*) George! For God's sake! *My name is not Roland!*

YOLLAND: What?

OWEN: (*Softly*) My name is Owen.

(*Pause.*)

YOLLAND: Not Roland?

OWEN: Owen.

YOLLAND: You meant to say - ?

OWEN: Owen.

YOLLAND: But I've been - OWEN: O-w-e-n.

YOLLAND: Where did Roland come from?

OWEN: I don't know.

YOLLAND: It was never Roland?

OWEN: Never.

YOLLAND: O my God! (FRIEL, 1996, p. 421)

Owen's way of telling Yolland of his real name is very similar to the way he tells Yolland of the place names in the village. He repeats his name several times so Yolland could realize the difference in pronunciation and, also spells his name. Not only that, but neither of them know how Roland came about, and in that sense, the name Roland, like the new place names, is an empty name which does not recall any past nor does it cast any future. After laughing at the matter, they go through Owen's name like they went through the place names.

YOLLAND: Why didn't you tell me?

OWEN: Do I look like a Roland?

YOLLAND: Spell Owen again.

OWEN: I was getting fond of Roland.

YOLLAND: O my God!

OWEN: O-w-e-n.

YOLLAND: What'll we write -

OWEN: -in the Name-Book?!

YOLLAND: R-o-w-e-n!

OWEN: Or what about Ol-

YOLLAND: Ol-what?

OWEN: Oland! (FRIEL, 1996, p. 421-422)

Owen says he is becoming fond of Roland, of this new reality, the same way he is

excited about translating the place names and all that it brought, the hope of modernity and a prosperous future. And, like the place names, Yolland and Owen joke about what they will write in the Name-Book; however, their choices of translation give a lot of information about how each character feels towards the translation. Yolland is the romantic figure who wants to keep most of the place names the same way because he finds them beautiful and is reluctant to give them a translation. Hence his version of Owen's name is closer to Owen's Irish name - Rowen: a mix of Roland and Owen but maintaining alive the memory of Owen. On the other hand, Owen's version of his own name tends to go towards his English name Roland, Oland. This shows each character's inclinations towards the languages they are keen on. As Owen and Yolland are laughing and seemingly having a good time, Manus comes on the scene and asks what they are celebrating.

OWEN: A christening!

YOLLAND: A baptism!

OWEN: A hundred christenings!

YOLLAND: A thousand baptisms! Welcome to Eden!

OWEN: Eden's right! We name a thing and - bang! - it leaps into existence!

YOLLAND: Each name a perfect equation to its roots.

OWEN: A perfect congruence with its reality. (FRIEL, 1996, P. 422)

Eden is used as a reference to Owen's christening and Baile Beag's own construction, a place that has been erased blank and that will be done over, as if it had a new start. It is at this moment that Manus wishes to announce his new start, a job as at a hedge-school in Inis Meadhon, an island south of Baile Beag and, right after, Maire's and Yolland's meeting with the translation of Owen. Yolland is so happy about encountering Maire and talking to her that he starts yelling all the words he knows in Irish, mainly place names. And that ends the first scene of the second act.

The second scene of the second act is entirely dedicated to Yolland and Maire. It is a scene without any translations and yet, one of the most beautiful ones, for the two characters do not understand what the other is saying, but somehow find a way to transpose the linguistic difficulties between them and communicate their love for each other. The second scene is short and fast, but pointed out by critics as one of the most important scenes in the play for its romantic potential and witty scheme.



Figure 2. Tim Delap and Aoife McMahon in 'Translations', directed by Conall Morrison, Abbey Theatre, 2011.

As has been pointed out before, Yolland and Maire's love may also be interpreted as a translation if we consider translation not only as a linguistic process as is constantly shown in the play, but also as a more abstract one. Translation, in the couple's case, can also be seen as a way to move something to another place, in their case, an idea, a dream, to someone who embodies that dream or idea. Perhaps if Yolland and Maire could actually communicate, they would realize they are not perfect for each other because they both have different interests and ambitions. However, it is the illusion that each of them has of the other that makes them fall in love. Besides all the characteristics and things we know about each character, it is also noticeable how they feel towards language and their lives. It is known that Yolland has taken an interest in Ireland beyond a place for work; he thinks the island is beautiful and wishes to live there one day. He even questions Owen if he ever could indeed live there. Maire, on the other hand, sees no use of staying in Ireland because, in her opinion, it is a place stuck in time which speaks a language that is only good for cows. However, Yolland represents, through the language he speaks, the place he comes from and his job something that Maire wishes for her in own life. Maire sees in him a way to translate herself out of Ireland, 'Say anything at all. I love the sound of your speech.' (FRIEL, 1996, p. 427) Maire says to Yolland. Yolland, on the other hand, sees Maire as a way to translate himself into Ireland. Maire is the country girl who lives a quiet life in a small Irish community, a lifestyle that he has learned to admire, besides being the speaker of a language he loves listening to.

Maire loves the sound of Yolland's voice, and the sound of the English which she is eager to learn in

order to translate herself out of Ireland. Yolland loves the sound of Maire's voice, and rhythms of her Irish language, which enchants him as much as the Irish landscape where he would like to be more at home. (LOJEK, 1994, p. 85)

Throughout their conversation, they say the same things to each other, at a different timing and sometimes with different words or wording. He also says to Maire that he loves the sound of her speech. Each loves the form into which the other communicates, although they do not grasp the content. Maire attempts to communicate in Yolland's language by repeating a sentence her aunt taught her once, 'In Norfolk we besport ourselves around the maypoll.' (FRIEL, 1996, p. 428) to which Yolland answers excitedly about his mom's homeland that was close to Norfolk. Persisting in the theme of the names of places that has been present all throughout the play and should not be forgotten, Yolland attempts to speak Maire's language by naming the places in Irish, the only thing he has learned of Irish so far besides other small words.

YOLLAND: Maire.

*(She still moves away.)*

Maire Chatach.

*(She still moves away.)*

Bun na hAbhann? *(He says the name softly, almost privately, very tentatively, as if he were searching for a sound she might respond to. He tries again.)* Druim Dubh? *(MAIRE stops. She is listening. YOLLAND is encouraged.)*

Poll na gCaorach. Lis Maol. *(MAIRE turns towards him.)* Lis na nGall.

MAIRE: Lis na nGradh.

*(They are now facing each other and being moving - almost imperceptibly - towards one another.)*

MAIRE: Carraig an Phoill.

YOLLAND: Carraig na Ri. Loch na nEan.

MAIRE: Loch an Iubhair. Machaire Buidhe.

YOLLAND: Machaire Mor. Cnoc na Mona.

MAIRE: Cnoc na nGabhar.

YOLLAND: Mullach. MAIRE: Port.

YOLLAND: Tor. MAIRE: Lag. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 428 - 429)

What makes Yolland and Maire's success in communicating with each other in this way is not only the fact that they are saying Irish words and names of places they both came to know, but the way they are referring to things they have both seen and experienced. We

notice that they can understand each other because one starts to produce a similar sound of the first part of the last word the other has said. After that, they start talking to themselves in their own language expressing how much they wished the other could understand what they said so they could express their feelings for each other. Nonetheless, what is very interesting is what each says, which supports the idea that Yolland is trying to find a way into Ireland, whereas Maire is trying to find a way out of Ireland.

YOLLAND: I would tell you how I want to be here -  
to live here - always - with you - always, always.

MAIRE: 'Always'? What is that word - 'always'?

YOLLAND: Yes-yes; always.

(...)

YOLLAND: I've made up my mind...

MAIRE: Shhhh.

YOLLAND: I'm not going to leave here... (...)

MAIRE: I want to live with you - anywhere -  
anywhere at all - always - always.

YOLLAND: 'Always'? What is that word - 'always'?

MAIRE: Take me away with you, George.

*(Pause. Suddenly they kiss. SARAH enters. She sees them. She stands shocked, staring at them. Her mouth works. Then almost to herself.)*

SARAH: Manus... Manus! (FRIEL, 1996, p. 429 - 430)

That is how the second act ends. Sarah, who at the beginning of the play has a speech defect and cannot produce a sound as easily as other people, sees the couple's kissing and runs off to tell Manus, the school assistant who aids her in speaking and for whom she has feelings. The same passion that Yolland and Maire share and that makes them produce sounds to each other, just to hear each other speak though they do not understand what the other says, is the same passion that makes Sarah suddenly produce sounds on her own, to communicate her loved one of a betrayal on Maire's part, of the danger lying ahead.

The third act has only one scene and it takes place the following rainy evening. Sarah and Owen are at the hedge-school, both pretending to do things but concerned with what is happening in the upstairs room where Manus is collecting his things in a rush. He comes down to the classroom and starts picking up books he wishes to take with him. Manus is nervous and asks Owen to give the men from Inis Meadhon, the place where he is supposed to take a job at a hedge-school, a message that he wants the job but might not be able to take it for another three or four months. We do not know why, but

Manus is going away for a reason that is unclear to the audience/reader. Soon it is made known that Manus is running away from something, perhaps his broken heart, or something else. He admits his ill intentions towards Yolland to Owen, but he does not admit to doing anything.

MANUS: I had a stone in my hand when I went out looking for him - I was going to fell him. The lame scholar turned violent.

OWEN: Did anybody see you?

MANUS: (*Again close to tears.*) But when I saw him standing there at the side of the road - smiling - and her face buried in his shoulder - I couldn't even go close to them. I just shouted something stupid - something like, 'You're a bastard, Yolland.' If I'd even said it in English... 'cos he kept saying 'Sorry - sorry?' The wrong gesture in the wrong language. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 432)

Even though Manus does not admit to having hurt Yolland in any way, he does not say he may have taken any other action, such as going to the Donnelly Twins, since Yolland is missing the next day. However, there is something interesting in the way Manus expresses his wish to hurt Yolland: he says he was going to 'fell' him. The verb *fell* means to knock down or cut and it is usually used with an object, for instance, to fell a tree. By using the verb *fell* to indicate that he was going to hurt Yolland, Manus seems to be dehumanizing the English soldier, rendering a feeling of inequality. However, he is stopped at the sight of Maire. Nonetheless, Manus decides to run away even with Owen advising him not to because it will look suspicious in the eyes of Captain Lancey. Now the English presence has taken a new turn. With the disappearance of a soldier, more soldiers have come to look for him and threats have been made if he is not found. Lancey comes in the classroom to address the students, however he finds it rather empty except for the presence of Doalty, Bridget, Sarah, Maire and Owen, noticing the absence of three other people he had first met with in the first act: Hugh, Jimmy and Manus.

LANCEY: I understand there was a class. Where are the others?

OWEN: There was to be a class but my father -

LANCEY: This will suffice. I will address them and it will be their responsibility to pass on what I have to say to every family in this section. (LANCEY indicates to OWEN to translate. OWEN hesitates, trying to assess the change in LANCEY's manner and

*attitude.*) I'm in a hurry, O'Donnell.

OWEN: The captain has an announcement to make.

LANCEY: Lieutenant Yolland is missing. We are searching for him. If we don't find him, or if we receive information as to where he is to be found, I will pursue the following course of action. (*He indicates to OWEN to translate.*)

OWEN: They are searching for George. If they don't find him -

LANCEY: Commencing twenty-four hours from now we will shoot all livestock in Ballybeg.

(OWEN *stares at* LANCEY.) At once.

OWEN: Beginning this time tomorrow they'll kill every animal in Baile Beag - unless they're told where George is.

LANCEY: If that doesn't bear results, commencing forty-eight hours from now we will embark on a series of eviction and levelling of every abode in the following selected areas -

OWEN: You're not - !

LANCEY: Do your job. Translate.

OWEN: If they still haven't found him in two days time they'll begin evicting and levelling every house starting with these townlands.

(LANCEY *reads from his list.*)

LANCEY: Swinefort.

OWEN: Lis na Muc.

LANCEY: Burnfoot.

OWEN: Bun na hAbhann.

(...) (FRIEL, 1996, p. 438 - 439)

Lancey threatens the community one last time saying that if Yolland is not found, they will ravish the parish. Later he starts pointing at the students and asking their name and where they live, with Owen translating what they are saying. Yolland's disappearance is a major turn in the play, because it is after this that the problems really start to appear. The common scenery between England and Ireland starts to show, with Lancey's camp on fire and Doalty remembering what his grandfather went through in the hands of the English when he was just a boy. Lancey does not exit the hedge-school without leaving Owen something for him to think about, 'You carry a big responsibility in all this.'. (FRIEL, 1996, p. 440 - 441) Does he mean that Yolland's disappearance is Owen's fault or that the whole situation that his community now faces is his fault?

As a translator Owen is faced with a difficult situation. We are left to wonder how any of this could be his fault. The Italian saying *Traduttore, traditore* basically means 'the translator is a betrayer' (JAKOBSON, 2004, 118), if we keep on this line of thought, then we are left with Owen playing the role of betrayer; however, who does he betray? On the one hand, it was through Owen that Captain Lancey and Yolland had

access to Baile Beag, and, in this sense, he works as a traitor to the people of that community. On the other hand, it was also through Owen that Yolland gained access to the community and to the life they lived, and so he would also be a traitor to Yolland because as a translator and guide, he should have been protecting him from any false steps in the unknown territory. Nevertheless, the point being made here is that, although we may look for someone to blame, no one is to blame. There is no point in looking for the guilty person because there is none. Somehow, this is the point Friel is trying to make through *Translations*: the time for pointing fingers and saying who is to blame is over - the play proposes a time for dialogue and understanding. The importance of the play within the Irish context will be soon developed in this chapter and this point will be seen more clearly once we reach the discussions on Irish society within theater and how *Translations* and *The Field Day Company* took a role in those discussions.

Meanwhile, as Hugh and Jimmy enter, Hugh picks up the Name-Book and starts reading the place names written in it - Owen quickly snatches the book from Hugh saying that that book is just a catalogue of names, a mistake, *his* mistake, *his* responsibility.

HUGH: (*Indicating Name-Book*) We must learn those new names. (...) We must learn where we live. We must learn to make them our own. We must make them our new home.

OWEN: I know where I live.

HUGH: James thinks he knows, too. I look at James and three thoughts occur to me: A- that is not the literal past, the 'facts' of history, that shapes us, but images of the past embodied in language. James has ceased to make that discrimination.

OWEN: Don't lecture me, Father.

HUGH: B - we must never cease renewing those images; because once we do, we fossilize. Is there no soda bread?

OWEN: And C, Father - one single, unalterable 'fact': if Yolland is not found, we are all going to be evicted. Lancey has issued the order.

HUGH: Ah. *Edictum imperatoris*.

(...)

HUGH: Take care, Owen. To remember everything is a form of madness.

(FRIEL, 1996, p. 444 - 445)

Hugh's final words to his son, Owen, may be used to summarize what has happened in



Irish history in terms of language, as well as the cultural and political context. The Irish, throughout the centuries of oppression and eviction, have not forgotten who they are, but in the many movements that tried to keep Ireland as its own country, they have also made that new place, with new names, their own. However, this will be further analyzed in the chapters to come. After Owen leaves, Maire comes back in the scene asking Hugh to teach her English. Hugh answers that he would not that day and that maybe he would the next day, after the funeral. Whose funeral? The baby Eamon's funeral, who is born in the beginning of the play and whose christening Hugh attends? Or the funeral of his country as he knew it, or of the Irish language? Hugh tells Maire he will teach her English, and 'provide you with the available words and the available grammar. But will that help you to interpret between privacies? I have no idea. But it's all we have. I have no idea at all.' (FRIEL, 1996, p. 446) Later, she asks what the word 'always' means to which Hugh responds it is not a word he would start with, that 'always' is a silly word. The play ends with Hugh trying to quote from the Aeneid but failing to remember the words exactly as he stops himself and wonders what is wrong with him and tries again. Hugh's forgetting what he knew 'backwards', as he said himself, is not a coincidence. It is a questioning of everything he knew, of everything everyone knew. Will what they knew help them at this moment when everything is changing and they need to adapt to the new situations? It is as if not only they are being evicted from their own homes, but also from things they have made their own home such as the languages they knew, the culture they held dear, etc. Although the play ends at that, it is impossible for the audience/reader who knows the history of Ireland not to fill in the blank that the end of the play leaves because it seems to say, 'Well, you know how this ends: it hasn't yet.' It sends the audience/reader a feeling of being in a loop, of having heard the story before, of seeing those same scenes, and this makes us want to know more about the play and study its complex layers.

Highly claimed by critics as one of the most important Irish plays of the second half of the twentieth century, *Translations* has a strong potential to be beautiful, passionate and destructive. The complexity it encloses in its events goes beyond the linguistic level, for translation in the play is not only the transfer of meaning from language A to language B, but also, as has been seen, a way to transpose a person out of a

place, to move, to convey or hide information, to interpret amongst many other meanings. Staged in the 80s, *Translations* has received many criticisms both positive and negative in the way it treats Irish issues such as the speaking of Irish and English in the country, the nationalist question, etc. As in any study of any work of literature, with time comes other readings, with the temporal distance from events that touch other parts beside the intellect, *Translations* has been receiving other readings and interpretations that open new possibilities of approaching the play. In the second part of this chapter, a brief summary of what has been done in terms of criticism and studies of the play will be presented, pointing out shifts in the way the play has been studied according to the shifts in the political ideology and reigning ideology in the study of Irish literature.

## 2. *TRANSLATIONS: FIRST RESPONSES AND STUDIES*

On August 14, 1970, Eavan Boland published an article called 'The Northern writers' crisis of conscience' in *The Irish Times*. The article published approximately ten years before the staging of *Translations* in Derry in 1980, discusses how the Northern Irish writers can produce and craft their art being so close in time and space to events that may shape their lives and work. In other words, how does one produce literature and not journalism; moreover, how does one work with a trauma that may not be outside the writer, that is, as an observer - but, within him, as an agent/victim?. According to Boland, 'To find language in literature which communicates not merely the impact of a crisis on an articulate man, but the anguish of inarticulacy itself, is an arduous integral part of any writer's commitment (...)' (BOLAND, 1970) The author also says that in the case of the Irish writer, this inarticulate feeling that will be crafted into words may be a personal one; however, the writer needs to find 'the balance between personal experience and the wisdom of transforming it into a new form through an old craft.' (BOLAND, 1970) Boland goes further and quotes authors that he had interviewed - amongst them was Brian Friel who had a rather 'selfish' view on the issue, as he called it himself, stating that he kept wondering how the crisis could be of use to him, and that, although involved, the writer should have a professional approach to the crisis, and, therefore, his position should be a sideline one as opposed to an involved one. Boland,

agreeing with Friel, develops the idea on writing that '(...) within a literary craft, as within any other are disciplines of patience, demands on skill which are more likely to give a generous interpretation to personal experience than initial feelings of outrage, fear or anger.' (BOLAND, 1970) Whether writing about the crisis in Northern Ireland in the 70s, or in any other period at all (including the one when Ireland was one country) is relevant or not to the solution of the problem the country faced is, somehow, answered at the end of the article with a quotation from Michael Longley, a Northern Irish poet: 'The situation in the North is one of great complexity. Yet it always enacts itself, dramatises itself on the streets and in the ordinary passions of people, in terms of brutal simplicity I think any human activity, any human utterance which reminds people, no matter how few, of the complexity of life, must be of use.' (LONGLY apud BOLAND, 1970)

It is amidst these discussions that ten years after the article was published, the Field Day Company was founded and *Translations*, its first production, staged. The location for the foundation of the Field Day Theater Company was Derry, located on the border of the modern Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland, very close to Donegal, the county where the fictional town of Baile Beag is located. Derry, as was pointed out by many reviewers and critics, was not a random choice. It is the second largest city in Northern Ireland and it had been stage to many violent events such as the one that came to be known as Bloody Sunday in which 13 unarmed civilians were killed by British troops during a civil rights march in January, 1972. Derry was very militarized and the starting point for 'the Troubles'. Throughout the 1970s, the city lived during constant civil unrest and fights between Catholics and the police. Parts of the city were closed by civilians who did not want the entrance of any governmental forces. In this sense, when selecting Derry, the Company's intention was to establish the city as a theatrical centre, a fifth province, aiming at contributing to the solution of the crisis and analyzing the situation through art.

It is within this context that *Translations* was staged in 1980 at Guild Hall in Derry with well known Irish actors on stage such as Stephen Rea, co-founder of the Field Day, and Liam Neeson. The comment on the play published in *The Irish Times* on September 24, 1980, a day after the play's premiere, by David Nowlan had only

compliments, saying that it was a success worth of the standing ovation it had received and that the whole town of Derry was there: 'Here was Derry on show and the show was for Derry. It was an electric love affair.' (NOWLAN, 1980)

Two days after the play was staged in Derry, Nowlan published a review of the play on *The Irish Times*; as well as pointing out the importance of Derry as the chosen city to found the theater group and premiere *Translations*, Nowlan pointed out the importance of words in the play.

'Translations', like many another Friel play, demands that every carefully-chosen word be heard. In a sense, it is all about words and what they mean. Yet its most powerful scene is one in which two young people move towards love without either being able to understand a word that the other is saying. Friel here seems to be using language with infinite care, to suggest that language itself may be of little importance. (NOWLAN, 1980)

It is interesting that one of the first reviews to come out on the play after its very first performance would dismiss the importance of language at the climax of the play, the second scene of the second act which is a turning point to the whole course of events in *Translations*. The author of the article also highlights the witty dramatic device used by Friel,

Symbols and allusions abound, and Brian Friel has woven them together using only one language to cover two: his Irish speakers and his English speakers use the same words and yet have no understanding of one another. It is a brilliant and often poignant dramatic device. (NOWLAN, 1980)

Even though the review was a positive one overall, Nowlan failed to call attention to the fact that some characters knew more than they would show like Hugh, for instance, and also he failed to communicate to the reader the presence of other languages on stage, such as Greek and Latin. The latter, however, was not forgiven by the press once the play reached London. In July, 1981, Maev Kennedy also quoted in an article in one of the biggest newspapers in Ireland, *The Irish Times*, some of the general press' feelings towards *Translations*:

*The Sunday Telegraph* said forgive it, but it simply could not believe in 19th-century Irish peasants speaking Greek and Latin, and it certainly couldn't believe that a British officer would mistake Latin for Erse. And *The Standard* said, bafflingly, that in the play the young English officer falls in love with an Irish peasant. 'As in the way of the Irish with the English, his reward for this is a mystery disappearance.' (KENNEDY, 1981)

Kennedy also mentioned a certain roar at the fall of the curtain at the end of the play. Some of the audience felt that the play should not have ended without them knowing what happened to the young people; however, as Friel stated, no words are needed for the wise. Apart from the press that took offense in some of the scenes of the play, other important press names such as *The Guardian* called it a rich and yeasty play whereas Irving Wardle from *The Times* called it a national classic. And, indeed, *Translations* lived up to this statement, entering the canon of Irish theater and having yearly productions since its premiere. The play reached Broadway in 1995, although it had a New York production in 1981. However, according to *The New York Times* reviewer of the 2007 production, neither the one in 1981 nor the one in 1995 'made much of a splash' (ISHERWOOD, 2007), being its longest run 25 performances.

*Translations* was acclaimed as a success in almost every place it was staged, however, there are differences in reviews and, also, in duration of productions, as the one in New York., for example. What could account for such a dramatic change from a huge success in the homeland, considered a national classic, and a play that did not make a 'splash' overseas? In a press interview in December 1980, Friel mentions the idea of Irish dramatists talking to themselves, the idea that was explored in Boland's article in 1970, the articulation of inarticulate feelings, a way of rethinking things and understanding, the creation of a fifth province, a place where the crisis and other Irish issues could be thought without the anger and fear that are commonly seen. In this sense, it almost seems as if the play is the work of a dramatist thinking out loud or, as Friel says, talking to himself,

I think for the first time... that there is some kind of confidence, some kind of coming together of Irish dramatists who are not concerned with this, who have no interest in the English stage. We are talking to ourselves as we must, and if we are

overhead in America, or England, so much better.  
(FRIEL, 1980)

In a way, this may explain why the play did not cause such a 'splash' overseas because the play is so intimate in Irish issues and themes that it is almost confessional, and this confession is not expected to be heard or understood elsewhere, but if it is, 'so much better'<sup>1</sup>. Moreover, it is a celebration of Irish theater to the Irish people.

Although Irish dramatists were talking to themselves about Ireland, as a troubled person mumbles words to himself trying to make sense of a situation, they were still boxed inside stereotypes that the critics did not seem to let go of. As has been seen, *Translations* received several reviews; it was called a modern classic, an outstanding play as well as a typical Irish play in which an English soldier always gets killed or disappears. However, it is understandable after analyzing the context in which *Translations* came out that these reviews were produced, after all, in a context similar to the one of the writers themselves, in other words, the critics and journalists were also part of that situation and sometimes it was not possible to find a balance and produce true critical journalism instead of reinforcing an ideology. However, in 2007, Charles Isherwood wrote a review of the play staged in New York for the *The New York Times* using somewhat dangerous terms to describe characters. He describes Manus, for instance, as 'an ardent nationalist' (ISHERWOOD, 2007), even though the concept of nationalism was not even mentioned or worked upon during the play. This is the common straightforward view that any critic has of an Irish play or work: that it must, somewhere, between the lines, be nationalist. Even in 2007, 27 years after the first premiere of the play, *Translations* may still be viewed as a nationalist play or containing nationalist issues. Isherwood was not the only one to quickly assess the play that way. However, historian Kevin Whelan discards such an idea on the play and on the group *The Field Day* as a whole:

I think that the last thing Field Day would have

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<sup>1</sup> This is not the first time that Irish theater has this position of confiding in its public, as if the play on stage and the audience watching it shared the same secret. In the early stages of Irish theater, this also happened and it is what may account for many Irish dramatists returning to their homeland to produce theater because this could not be done elsewhere. This will be later approached in the second chapter of this study when the creation of an Irish national theater is seen with the efforts of W.B. Yeats.

been, or should be seen as, is nationalist. Whether you could say it was republican is another thing, but they certainly had a cosmopolitan view of the situation - were never promoters of 'ourselves alone' narrow nationalism. (WHEELAN apud DEANE, 2009, p. 42)

Nonetheless, the beauty of the play lies in the fact that it provides and can be read in terms of nationalism as well, in the sense of praising Ireland as a nation but not in the sense of supporting the cause of nationalist Catholics in the conflict Northern Ireland was living at that moment. This was exactly the opposite of the play's and the theater company's intention. However, to quickly discard it as being nationalist is not giving it enough time to amaze and unfold itself into something a lot more complex and beautiful. These others aspects of *Translations* were being discovered little by little as the play started to be studied. The first studies of Friel's career were carried out in the 70s; in 1988, Ulf Danatanus argues that Brian Friel belongs to the tradition of Irish writers such as James Joyce, Sean O'Casey and J.M. Synge: 'the habitat, heritage and history of Ireland have made him an Irish writer.' (DANATANUS apud BOLTWOOD, 2007, location 133) Despite their political inclinations towards a more active or inactive activity in the Irish cause, all three authors mentioned by Danatanus are known for a care with language. O'Casey was a member of the Gaelic League, Synge studied the folklore of the Irish as well as the language in the Aran Islands, and Joyce was a master in the word play having written *Finnegans Wake*, a book which is said to have the presence of over half a dozen languages. In this sense, Brian Friel does indeed belong to that group of writers in which language, moreover, form is more important than the content. Form, in Irish literature, proceeded content because mainly that was the way Irish writers found to 'win' the battle against the English language, that is, to master it to the point of creating a style that could not be created by an English writer, but by an Irish one. - this was one of the first ways that the Irish conquered their freedom from England, first by imitating their style so they could craft their own and break ties with them, 'since freedom cannot be won in them, it must be won from them' (KIBERD, 2002, p. 115). Besides that, Ireland is one of the few countries that a national culture and literature proceeded the status of nation-state. In the case of Northern Irish writers during the period known as the 'Troubles', such is the case of Friel, in creating a work in a language that it is already not considered their own, mastering the form their work

would take is somehow how an artist has control over their work. If the saying 'the pen is mightier than the sword' is right, then style was the writer's weapon in fighting for a cause, 'the self-conquest of the writer who is not a man of action is style...' (YEATS apud KIBERD, 2002, p. 120). However, as Boltwood points out in his book *Brian Friel, Translations, and the North*, 'by the late 90s, only the most naive critics would read Friel's career within a straightforward nationalist framework.' (BOLTWOOD, 2007, location 133) There were few studies on *Translations* based only on language, even though Brian Friel had said that the play was about language and only language (FRIEL, 1985, p. 58). Nonetheless, although the characters' actions and vague words may send the viewer/reader straight to a nationalist reading of the play, this may be just another device used in the play to make the viewer/reader stop and forget all they knew about history, language and Ireland and to rethink the possibilities of readings the play allows.

Although *Translations* was premiered in the 80s, the treatment to Irish works had been much the same since before the partition of the country. As highlighted in the introduction of this study, when studying an Irish work of literature, most critics look for what makes it Irish, most of the time connected to the political aspect of Irish history. Friel does not easily fit in any of these courses of studies, which made his work a challenge to critics,

*This recognition of Friel's problematic relationship to conventional constructs of Irishness has deprived the critical community of a vocabulary to discuss his career; while he cannot be accommodated comfortably by Republican nationalism, he strenuously opposes the Protest domination of the Northern Irish province and rejects its brand of Unionism. Thus, without the ability to associate Friel's position to a statist ideology, the criticism has retreated to interpretive frameworks based upon such amorphous criteria as a generic 'Irish psyche', a tenuously undefined 'new nationalism,' or a vague identity 'defined, to a very large extent, as 'not English.'* (BOLTWOOD, 2007, location 133 - 146)

Friel's play *Translations* does not respond quickly to pre-framed criticisms such as the ones that were used on his play. The play is far more complex, and has been approached in many ways. In order to understand how this study aims at approaching *Translations* in a rather different way, or at least with a different proposition, some studies on the



play will be presented.

As Friel's work could not be easily put inside an ideological frame of study, critics started to pay more attention to his plays' themes rather than what those plays could or not symbolize. Amongst themes such as love, cultural differences, the one theme that held all of those together was the one of language. However, to talk about language is already abstract in its own sense, especially with a play like *Translations* in which the whole concept of language can be drawn to text books by George Steiner and Martin Heidegger. In this sense, the way the theme of language was approached by critics varied according to their view of Irish literature as a whole. For instance, if a critic had a more narrow nationalist view of Irish literature, it was likely that the theme of language would be addressed in such a way, rendering criticisms on how the play is based on the sad amusement that the Irish people do not know their own language. To critics such as Declan Kiberd, author of *Inventing Ireland*, and Martine Pelletier, author of the essay '*Translations*', *the Field Day debate and the re-imagining of Irish identity*, which is part of 'The Cambridge Companion to Brian Friel', the twofold device used by Friel served to illustrate the illiteracy of the Irish in their country's 'native'<sup>2</sup> tongue.

The very fact that audiences are to imagine the play being enacted in Irish is not just a clever double-take, but a conceit which is savagely satiric of those modern audiences which lack proficiency in their own language. If they laugh at the Englishman's halting attempts to express himself to the villagers, they are also in effect laughing at themselves. (KIBERD, 2002, p. 616)

Contemporary Irish audiences must also confront their own lack of proficiency in Irish, their historical responsibility in having accepted English as the everyday language of the Republic as well as the extent to which they have succeeded in making Irish-English their own distinctive tongue. (PELLETIER, 2009, p. 69)

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<sup>2</sup> My choice of using the word *native* between quotation marks was to highlight the fact that it is hard to speak of a native tongue in Ireland since most people (for over a few centuries now) are born and raised speaking English whereas Irish speakers are a minority, even though there is a region in Ireland where Irish is the main language of communication, Gaeltacht. Nonetheless, the word is also in quotation marks to highlight the fact that even in the 90s and the 2000s there were still questions of how to name the official, native language of Ireland. This shows the general feeling of failure that Irish critics and the audience usually have towards an Irish work of literature written in English, and as Brian Friel pointed out about *Translations* itself, it is a sad irony it was not written in Irish.

However, what is in fact Ireland's 'true' language? As pointed out in the introduction of this study, in 2001, only a little over a million people had some knowledge of Irish, but few mastered all linguistic skills that are required to call a person fluent in a language. Moreover, Pelletier mentions two important things: one is that the English language was accepted as the everyday language of the Republic. There is, indeed, a difference in the treatment of the Irish language between the North and the Republic: in the Republic you can choose whether you would like to learn Irish, and in reality people were encouraged to learn it in order to have better chances of being hired whereas in the North to speak Irish was considered a political act:

He [Friel] believes that culture can be causative, can have political consequences: so, when he discusses language, he sees it as a specific basis for all the politics which may ensue. Northern Irish writers are more conscious than southern counterparts of this fact, because they grew up in a state where the speaking of Irish was a political act, and where a person who gave a Gaelic version of a name to a policeman might expect a cuff on the ear or worse. The language did not enjoy the levels of support in schools or government which it had in the south. Writers, accordingly, were aware of a cultural deprivation from birth and sought to repair it as best they could. (KIBERD, 2002, p. 616)

It is not exactly a repair that they looked for, but a reflection as pointed out before when Brian Friel stated that Northern Irish writers were producing a literature as a way to talk to themselves. Moreover, as stated before, *Translations* was not another play to point out who was right and who was wrong, it did not seek to blame any side for the condition the Irish were in. The play worked in fact as a reflection and as Friel said: 'the only merit in looking back is to understand how you are and where you are at this moment.' (FRIEL apud KIBERD, 2002, 616) In this sense, how the nation is and where they are at the moment is what takes us to the second point made by Pelletier which is the success (or failure) the Irish have achieved in making this interaction between the Irish language and the English language distinctively their own 'true' language. I say success or failure because it will all depend on how it is perceived. If one believes that Ireland should speak and produce their art etc. only in Irish, then it is a failure. Now if one sees it as a way of the Irish turning the game around and taking control over something, a language, that

was supposed to control them, then it is a success. However, this subject will be further approached in the second chapter of this study. First we will take a look at how other scholars envisioned the play.

Scott, for instance, summarizes the play as being a competition between two men for the love of a woman, and according to Boltwood, 'because one of these men is English and the other is Irish, the play is as much about Ireland's colonial condition as it is about simple romantic rivalry.' (BOLTWOOD, 2007, lo. 2748) Nearly putting the female character of *Translations*, Maire, in the century-long role of the personification of Ireland, Boltwood uses the love triangle Manus - Maire - Yolland as a metaphor for the coexistence of two languages, nations, powers to 'marry' or 'take over' one woman, one land or country, represented by Maire and the troubles it will bring between those two men. However, Boltwood recognizes the importance of the theme of language in the play, though still within a political view.

Certainly the most productive critical strategy has focused on the self-conscious representation of language as both the play's polyvalent theme and its metatextual structure. The earliest analysis by such critics as Kearney, Deane, and Dantanus interpret the staged encounter of Irish speakers with the English language within the context, as Deane describes it in his introduction to Friel's *Selected Plays*, of 'a crisis both of language and civilization' that, in its broadest applications, elucidates 'the tragedy of English imperialism as well as of Irish nationalism'. (BOLTWOOD, 2007, lo. 2796)

For the Brazilian scholar Alexandre Sampaio who launched a postcolonial study of *Translations* in 2008, the play is mainly about language but not only about that. For him, the play questions issues such as society, its foundation and identity, and language is the most important element in the development of a nation's culture, tradition, history and knowledge. (SAMPAIO, 2008, p. 14) Moreover, according to Sampaio, *Translations* works as a rereading of the colonial relationship between Ireland and England, only translated to another time where it will work as a metaphor for contemporary Northern Ireland. (SAMPAIO, 2008, p. 15). Like Boltwood, Sampaio also approaches the play through the postcolonial view; however, *Translations* may be approached in many ways. It is a work of literature that allows as many readings as it can bear because besides being

a work of literature - and henceforth becoming susceptible to many interpretations and studies - it is a work of literature about the crafting of a new form of expression and about translation as an act of interpretation and vice versa. In this sense, the play allows viewers and readers to have their own translations and, consequently, interpretation of the facts being enacted on stage.

Although it is said that Friel's work cannot be classified by any standard form of political ideology encountered in literature before, that does not mean that the play does not echo known ideological issues. In this sense, it is almost as if the play is a type of place like Babel in which all of these interpretations get confused in the ocean of possibilities of readings it allows. In the beginning of this section, I opened with a newspaper article from the 70s by Boland that was about the articulation of inarticulate feelings such as trauma, repression, issues that have been read throughout Irish literature. However, a writer's work is to be able to find the perfect words that will articulate that inarticulacy, that will produce sounds to a mute's speech, like Manus' attempts to help Sarah, who will articulate the trauma of betrayal towards the end of the play. Nonetheless, all the characters are articulating something that is inarticulate to themselves, like many writers in Irish literature sought the form that could articulate what and how they felt. In this way, the play constitutes itself as a being that articulates an inarticulacy read in Ireland's theater and literary tradition because 'the act of articulation is an act of will, a shaping of self and an enabling of selfhood.' (O'BRIEN, 2011)

Bearing these aspects in mind, the second chapter of this study aims at analyzing the play within the scope of Irish literature as a whole. As a text, *Translations* will be analyzed within the Irish literary tradition highlighting the points in which it reinforces a certain ideology or not, and studying the way it belongs to a pre-determined Irish literary tradition. As a play, it will be studied within the scope of Irish theater tradition and how it breaks with the theater that had been done up to the point of formation of The Field Day Group and the premiere of the play in Derry in 1980. Towards the end of both analyses, a new reading of the play will be presented, one that reads the play, not inside a political history of Ireland, but within the history of literature (both on stage and page) and how the play somehow articulates the shaping of the self that constitutes Irish literature, moreover how it articulates the selfhood of language in Ireland.

## CHAPTER 2

### (RE) PRESENTATIONS OF THE IRISH

No people hate as we do in whom past is always  
alive...Then I remind myself that...All my family  
names are English, and that I owe my soul to  
Shakespeare, to Spenser and to Blake, perhaps to  
William Morris, and to the English language in  
which I think, speak, and write, that everything I  
love has come to me through English; my hatred  
tortures me with love, my love with hate.

W.B. YEATS

If one should ask what many, if not all, Irish writers have in common, the answer would not be that they shared their nationality but that, at some point, all of them thought about what it meant to be Irish and, moreover, what it meant to be an Irish writer. Many Irish writers (of drama, fiction, poetry, etc) chose to exile themselves in foreign lands so that the idea of a homeland, of *Irishness*, could take shape in their minds and work. This was more evident after the Famine period (1852), especially during the beginning and throughout the 20th century. The Famine killed about a million Irish people and another million emigrated, especially to Britain, North America and Australia. Ireland was left to be reconstructed by whoever was left, mostly English, but also Irish people who had survived the Famine and either wanted to stay in their homeland or did not have the means to flee from it. Ireland, therefore, was a country of loneliness. Many people had lost their families or were left behind by them, and had to find the strength and means to rebuild whatever they knew as life in Ireland. Nevertheless, what happened next was the same thing that happened many times during the history of Ireland when the nation faced difficult times such as violent and ideological confrontations: the nation had to reinvent itself, and, more importantly, reimagine what Ireland could be - that was the role of nationalism. The nationalist movement was not only about conquering the status of nation-state, but at this point, it came as a symbol of hope and reminiscence because the movement “imagined the Irish people as an historic community, whose self-imagined was constructed long before an era of modern nationalism and the nation- state.” (KIBERD, 2002, p. 1) Perhaps this reminiscence was towards a past that did not fully exist or was not accurately true, but what is history if not a select use of the past tense as George Steiner has stated?

By selecting the past tense to be used in the present, nationalism brought up the esteem of a people used to suffering and losses by talking about historic brave times in which Ireland as a nation fought against much bigger evils. In order to maintain that vision, nationalists chose to omit much of the heterogeneous past Ireland had, as previously pointed out in the introduction. Ireland, as seen in the introduction of this study, had a multilingual past and the Irish had the gift to assimilate other cultures well, to the point that there were bilingual households. The problem began when this assimilation stopped being friendly and started to be imposed, and nationalism had no room for exceptions in the history nationalists told and imagined as the history of Ireland. However, if it were not for England, the idea that developed of Ireland would never have existed as well. This may be a point often taken for granted because, although it may seem obvious, identity is built out of differences and for Ireland to define itself, it had to rule out England as a definition. Not only England in this matter, but many other cultures had to be ruled out as a definition of what it meant to be Irish. This was the route most writers (not only Irish) would take to shape what they believed was national culture and national feeling. Oscar Wilde was one of the Irish writers who sought England as a sort of laboratory to think about Irish culture. He believed that

through contact with the art of other countries that a modern Irish culture might be reshaped. The implication was that only when large numbers of Irish people spoke and wrote in English (and, maybe, French and German) would a fully-fledged national culture emerge. (KIBERD, 2004, p. 2)

One of the writers who also sought English lands and audiences was W.B. Yeats. For most Irish writers, England was the place where they could get their work published and give their careers a decisive start. For Yeats, it was not any different, however it did not turn out as he had expected,

[...] he [Yeats] grew rapidly depressed at the ease with which London publishers could convert a professional Celt into a mere entertainer, and so he decided to return to Dublin and shift the centre of gravity of Irish culture back to the native capital. (KIBERD, 2002, p. 3)

However, London proved to be the perfect place to think about Ireland and *Irishness*.. Many meetings among artists and political activists were held in London to discuss matters such as *Irishness* and the building of a national identity. Among the people who attended these meetings were Michael Collins, an important figure in the negotiation for the independence of the Republic of Ireland; Desmond FitzGerald, a rebel involved in the 1916 uprising; and Pádraic Ó Conaire who wrote the first novel in the Irish language. However, in England they would not receive the attention they wanted.. W.B. Yeats realized this and knew that

if they were to create an authentic movement, Irish writers must commune above all with themselves and with their own people. They must go back to Dublin and there found a national theatre and publishing houses, in the attempt to gather around them a truly national audience. (KIBERD, 2004, p.100)

Nonetheless, England was the place where they would think about ways to build an Irish identity, but Ireland would be the place to implement them. This constant movement to and from places amongst Irish writers had a great impact on the literature and art they produced. The following chapter aims at pointing out some of the main characteristics in the construction of the national theater starting from the point when the Irish Literary Theater was founded in 1897, as well as highlighting certain tendencies in the construction of the Irish literature, especially prose. Taking these two main points into consideration, this chapter will also bring a comparison of the play *Translations* within the tradition in theater presented here outlining the characteristics it maintains or discards, as well as outlining the importance of the play, not as a performance, but as a text within Irish literature. In other words, there are two questions to be answered in this chapter: (1) how does the play *Translations* relate to its predecessors in theater?, (2) how can we read the play within the broad history of Irish literature?

Nonetheless, before moving forward in the chapter, it is important to explain the importance of this chapter's title: (re) presentation. In arts (in general) (re) presentation of life or an object, etc is often spoken of. Frequently, art is the place where this re (presentation) will occur and identity will be built either by recognition or estrangement - this can be seen in several self-portraits of artists, or in the so called *Bildungsroman*. In

this sense, the arts may portray what is individual or what may (come to) be collective, and, in that way, the (re) presentation of a nation is part of the process of a nation building itself, very similar to the process of an individual building his character and personality. However, when thinking about the representation of a nation, it has to be unique, something that the people of that nation could look at and recognize themselves in. According to Martin Esslin, theatre is “the place where a nation thinks in front of itself” (ESSLIN, 1978, p. 10) whereas fiction may be a place of individual thinking. The process of going abroad to England, for instance, and other places, to get in touch with other cultures is an individual process done only by the writer. This experience will reflect in his work. However, as Yeats puts it, in order to create a national movement, writers must get together with themselves and their audience. In fiction, it may not always be the case – it is more individual. Bearing this difference in mind, when analyzing the building of an Irish national theater in comparison to *Translations*, the focus of the analysis will be on this broader sense of the collective whereas the analysis of the play within the context of literature will be more individualistic in that how the history of Irish literature is present in the characters will be analyzed, for instance. This link will be mainly pointed out through the main theme of the play, and the main theme of most Irish works, which is language.

## 1. THE IRISH IN AN IRISH PLAY

The first step to analyze the differences and similarities in theater is to understand what it meant to constitute a national theater at the end of the 19th century. Up to that moment, what dominated the stages in Ireland were English plays that portrayed the Irish as being a land of ignorant people, barbarians, without education, and other kind of negative stereotypes. In this sense, to constitute a national theater would mean to change this negative stereotype and portray the Irish people as they were “in reality”; however, whose reality? Dramatists and audience seemed to differ in what it meant to be Irish or how they should represent Irishness on stage. As highlighted before, up to the moment of the creation of the Irish Literary Theater in 1897 in London, the (re) presentation of the Irish were made by English or other foreign dramatists to an



audience that were, mainly, outside of Ireland. These representations were stereotypes of the Irish people as being ignorant and barbaric. The Irish Literary Theater was not the first kind of movement to attempt a more "realistic" representation of the Irish on stage; however, it was the starting point for a different kind of theater that broke with the line of melodrama being staged in Ireland<sup>1</sup>, and also for many Irish productions in Dublin that coexisted with the movements of rediscovering the Celtic heritage, such as what was called the *Celtic Revival* and *The Gaelic League*, and its role in the building of the Irish identity. Nonetheless, how does one build a nation's identity? The first aspect that would come to mind would be the language of this nation. In the case of Ireland, as has been previously seen, English had been the official language of all English colonies since the Hundred Years War. The English and their language tried to erase the Irish language by translation and military dominance.

In the literature of translation studies, one point commonly discussed among scholars is the act of translation as an inevitable act of betrayal. George Steiner points out that every act of understanding starts with an act of trust, "all understanding, and the demonstrative statement of understanding which is translation, starts with an act of trust." (STEINER, 2004, p. 186) First of all, the trust that the translator first has in the text he is going to translate (his first position as a reader who is going to understand, interpret the text); then, comes his trust in his own translation and understanding of the text; and, finally, the trust that the reader of that translation will have on the translated text. This trust may be broken for various reasons, the act of betrayal towards the text may be conscious or not. For instance, some translations may betray the original due to an ideology they must maintain. It can be said that a similar relationship between the writer and language of production happens amongst Irish writers when they are faced with the question of which language to produce in. As Yeats says that everything he loves has come to him through English and that his hatred towards it tortures him with love for and vice-versa. This dual relation in Irish productions as a whole (in theater and fiction) will be addressed later on in this chapter, however it is important to note that the discussion existed in all the main fields of Irish arts and communication. For instance, newspapers were written both in English and Irish, there were often articles discussing if

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<sup>1</sup> For more on melodrama in late 19th century Ireland, see Stephen Watt's article *Late nineteenth-century Irish theatre: before the Abbey - and beyond*, 2004.

it was really worth trying to revive the language, etc. By the end of the 19th century, any person living in Ireland who wished to attempt to get a public service position had to know Irish. Notwithstanding, with these discussions, intellectuals and the people in general were somehow reimagining what the Irish language was and what it could and effectively did communicate.

This reimagining, inventing or even constant translation happened more than once during Irish cultural history and was often called “revivals”. They happened in every sphere of Irish cultural life: dance, movies, language, literature, theater, etc. In a nation constantly shot down by oppression, the Irish had to constantly reinvent themselves and create new reasons to fight for what they believed in, even if their beliefs did not yet match “the landscape of fact”. One of the most important revivals happened at the end of the 19th century and it was called the Literary Revival or Celtic Twilight. This movement's intent was to revive the Gaelic heritage and spread a sense of nationalism through art. At this moment, many works on folk tales, superstitions, etc. were published, including Yeats' book of romantic tales from the West of Ireland from 1893 called *The Celtic Twilight* from whom the movement borrowed its nickname. Writers would travel across the country to collect legends and myths to put into books that would be sold across the country and abroad. It felt as if there were no Irish public to hear stories written in Irish, then it was the writer's job to collect these stories, translate them or reimagine them in English in order to present to the people their heritage and, moreover, to present them with a reimagination of Ireland.

In 1897, Lady Augusta Gregory and W.B. Yeats wrote what came to be known as a manifesto for the Irish national theater, especially the Irish Literary Theater, in which they expressed their expectations, especially towards the reception by the audience. Moreover, Gregory and Yeats point out in this manifesto their distance from the political issues of the time.

We hope to find in Ireland an uncorrupted and imaginative audience trained to listen by its passion for oratory, and believe that our desire to bring upon the stage the deeper thoughts and emotions of Ireland will ensure for us a tolerant welcome, and that freedom to experiment which is not found in theatres of England, and without which no new movement in art or literature can succeed. We will show that Ireland

is not the home of buffonery and of easy sentiment, as it has been represented, but the home of an ancient idealism, and we are confident of the support of all Irish people, who are weary of misrepresentation, in carrying out a work that is outside all the political questions that divide us. (GREGORY and YEATS apud PILKINGTON, 2005, p. 300)

Notwithstanding, what these playwrights did not consider is **how the Irish people wanted to be portrayed**. Although their intention was to give a true representation of the Irish on stage, the political tension that lay in the background could not be ignored causing the first plays staged as a representation of the Irish to offend most Irish people because it did not reflect the image they wished to see. For instance, in Yeats' *The Countess Cathleen*<sup>2</sup> from 1892, set in Ireland during the Famine period, the play's main character, Cathleen, tries to save tenants from starvation by selling her soul to the devil – this was a reference to a practice that happened in Ireland in which Catholics would convert to Protestantism so they could have more benefits such as food, shelter, etc. The play received many negative responses from the public and critics, including O'Donnell who said that,

Mr. W.B. Yeats seems to see nothing in the Ireland of the old days but an unmanly, an impious and renegade people, crouched in degraded awe before demons, and goblins, and sprites, and sowths and thivishes, - just like a sordid tribe of black devil-worshippers and fetish-worshippers on the Congo or the Niger. (O'DONNELL apud RICHARDS, 2004, p. 4)

Yeats' play represents “the critical eye”, the first moment of the Irish national theater. This critical eye worked in the sense of rebuilding a nation, pointing out what was wrong and fixing the broken pieces; however, it did not aid in the aspect of forming a national identity. It was necessary to work on an image before fixing any problems.

While Yeats' play seemed to be a disaster in representing the Irish on stage in the eyes of the critics and the public, a play in the Irish language by Douglas Hyde had a different outcome in 1901. Hyde's play *Casadh an tSúgáin* (The Twisting of the Rope) set

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<sup>2</sup> In some editions it is referred to by its original spelling, *The Countess Kathleen*. For many editions the spelling of the final version published and staged in 1911 is used, which is the spelling used in this study.

in a peasant community had a different effect on the audience that were brought to tears because of old Irish songs during its performance. According to Synge who was present at the performance and witnessed this reaction, it was as if the soul of a nation or people had come into the theater. This was the Ireland that the public wanted to see on stage, and a representation of the Irish that they could identify themselves with. Hyde's play portrays the other kind of theater being produced in Ireland at the time, and, in opposition to the word "the critical eye", Shaun Richards uses the term "the adoring eye" used by Dipesh Chakrabarty when he questions

How could one reconcile the need for these two different and contradictory ways of seeing the nation: the critical eye that sought out the defects in the nation for the purpose of reform and improvement, and the adoring eye that saw the nation as already beautiful or sublime? (CHAKRABARTY apud RICHARDS, 2004, p. 4-5)

There was no way to reconcile both forms, but they could be redirected. What happened next was a redirection of the critical eye towards the practice of the English military in Irish soil and its policies in the country, whereas the adoring eyes (not eye anymore) had one redirected towards the free Ireland of the old days and another towards the free Ireland of the future. However, for the theater, the predominant look was to the past. Despite all the controversies raised by Yeats' play *The Countess Cathleen*, he is one of the most important figures in the making of an Irish national theater.

Yeats is seen by critics more as a poet than a playwright, even though in his Nobel prize acceptance speech he to himself as a man of the theater. He was the one who formulated the role of the Irish playwright, that of a sort of "shaman, as the necessary outsider/insider with the power to bring wholeness and self-knowledge to a community." (MURRAY, 1997, p. 16) Moreover, as the founder of the Irish Literary Theater and in 1903 the Abbey Co. and theater, Yeats brought productions to Dublin, turning the city into an important center for stagings and art creation. He was preoccupied in making serious theater in Ireland and moreover, was preoccupied with the nation. According to Yeats, as a dramatist, he was trying "to put upon the stage in playing as in playwriting the life of this country, not a slavish copy of it as in a

photograph, but a joyous, extravagant, imaginative image as in an impressionist painting” (YEATS, 1975, p. 366). In this sense, Yeats’ theater is divided into three main categories which seem to have a chronological logic to it if we consider his idea of staging the life of the country. The first category has folklore as its basis; this can be noticed in plays up to 1903, that is, before the Abbey Theater. In this first category, according to Murray, the theme is “the consolidation of the self” (MURRAY, 1997, p. 16) whereas the second category, plays from 1904 to 1919, is based on myth (those of mythical hero Cuchulain, for instance) and art triumphs. The third and final group refers to the period from 1920 up to 1939, and the theme is the irony of history.

As has been previously mentioned, Yeats was one of the most important figures in the creation of the Irish national theater. He founded, along with Lady Gregory, the Irish Literary Theater as well as the National Literary Society in 1897, where the origins of the Abbey Theatre lies. The National Literary Theatre counted with the support of the Gaelic League, an organization whose intent was to revive the Irish language; however, the National Literary Theatre did not have the same language preoccupations as it occupied itself with productions of original plays by Yeats, as well as translations into Hiberno-English dialect (as previously seen the English spoken in Ireland) of Molière, for example. Joep Leerssen in his article *The Theater of William Butler Yeats* (2004), points out to the importance of the words “literary” and “national”.

It aimed at being ‘literary’ in the tradition of the new art theatres of the 1890s, with their dreamlike, understated symbolism, their denial of spectacular productions and their preference for small audiences of refined cognoscenti; and it aimed at being ‘national’ in the sense that it hoped to lift Irish culture out of second- rate drab provincialism and to let Ireland, in terms of theatre and literature at least, take its place among the nations of Europe.(LEERSSEN, 2004, p. 51)

However, as has been said before, it was not possible to ignore the political background in Ireland at the time and, although Yeats had a different approach to the word “national”, political activists saw it differently. “National” for them meant anti-British propaganda and praise for the Gaelic heritage and past, again, without even

considering the flaws in their version of history such as the heterogeneity of Ireland as seen in the introduction of this study. Henceforth, the dominating public who attended the theater were people who knew exactly how they wanted to be represented on stage and what images they wanted to see: their Gael unaltered, un-anglicized heroic past. With such a demanding public, most plays started to be set in the countryside, with peasant themes, always including an elderly woman character who would represent Mother Ireland. Yeats wished to produce a theater he called the theater of the heart, “understanding heart, according to Dante’s definition, as the most interior being” (YEATS, 1962, p. 252-3). Ireland’s heart at the time was in the right place to find and understand (reinvent) their nation, and Yeats is probably one of the most important figures in this reinvention. This becomes even more explicit after the 1916 Rising, also known as Easter Rising, a battle fought by Irish political activists such as Patrick Pearse and James Connolly. Before the Rising, in one of his speeches, Pearse calls upon Cuchulainn to fight beside them and help them win the battle. Cuchulainn is a mythological figure who appears mainly in the stories of the Ulster cycle such as *The Táin* in which he defends a whole country by himself. Moreover, the image of Cuchulainn was reimagined by Yeats in plays and poems; it was through his work that Cuchulainn entered the national consciousness as the symbol of the heroic Gael past, and also as a symbol of their cause. Again, Yeats’ ideas that there is no great nationality without literature, and vice-versa, seems to be validated. Moreover, Yeats knew of his role in this process, “because the text abolishes its authority in favour of oral tradition or the songs of the people, which record folk experience as reality, Yeats can end the play with the inference that, like Homer, he has imaginatively molded a nation. The death of the author is the life of the imagined community.” (MURRAY, 1997, p. 35) Imagination was such that for the men who lost their lives for Ireland at the Easter Rising in 1916, Patrick Pearse amongst them, a statue of the death of Cuchulainn was raised at the GPO where the battle started to honor those men.

Nevertheless, as stated before, to a people constantly under oppression and who had suffered many losses, the national theater when not reaching out with the critical eye, but with the adoring one, came to raise their spirit and give them hope of a better Ireland in the future. After 1916 and the turmoil which followed the negotiations of the partition of

the country, Yeats wrote one more play with the character of Cuchulainn entitled *The Death of Cuchulainn* which, according to Murray, is what Yeats meant as the theater of the heart because

By showing Cuchulain's continuity, his resurrection, Yeats was asserting that the true heart never dies, the heart of a nation, and he was asserting by means of the ideal medium: for the theatre is itself a form of representation, of circularity, the public heartbeat of emotional re-circulation. The Yeatsian theatre has as its ambition, through 'emotion of multitude', the creation of *cor unum*. (MURRAY, 1997, p. 35)

If Synge felt the soul of a nation had entered the theater with Douglas Hyde's play in the Irish language, Yeats managed to bring to the theater the heart of a nation, all beating as one as the end of the play *The Death of Cuchulainn* approaches and there is nothing else left to stage or say, only emotion taking place:

The harlot sang to the beggar-man. I meet them face to face,  
 Conall, Cuchulain, Usna's boys, All that most ancient race;  
 Maeve had three in an hour, they say. I adore those clever eyes,  
 Those muscular bodies, but can get No grip upon their thighs.  
 I meet those long pale faces, Hear their great horses, then  
 Recall what centuries have passed Since they were living men.  
 That there are still some living That do my limbs unclothe,  
 But that the flesh my flesh has gripped I both adore and loathe.  
 [Pipe and drum music.]  
 Are those things that men adore and loathe Their sole reality?  
 What stood in the Post Office  
 With Pearse and Connolly? What comes out of the mountain  
 Where men first shed their blood? Who thought Cuchulain till it seemed  
 He stood where they had stood?  
 No body like his body  
 Has modern woman borne,  
 But an old man looking back on life Imagines it in scorn.  
 A statue's there to mark the place, By Oliver Sheppard done.  
 So ends the tale that the harlot Sang to the beggar-man.  
 [Music from pipe and drum.]

(YEATS, 1997, p 271-272)

This cross-reference between mythical past and actual history that took people from a far away past in Ireland with a character like Cuchulain in the play to their immediate reality facing that now he was a symbol in honor of men that, like him, fell for Ireland is what may set the tone for the upcoming literature and theater produced in Ireland, especially after the partition of the country which left one to be rebuilt and another to pick up the cracks and keep on fighting. Nevertheless, it is undeniable Yeats' importance and influence in the construction of an Irish national theater. Like Kiberd's interchapter title, Yeats was the one who looked "into the lion's face" (KIBERD, 2004, p. 99) and gave the Irish national theater and a tradition in theater a definite start. Yeats' influence in the Irish theater is immense in a way that it was present during the 80s when the *Field Day Company* was founded by Brian Friel and Stephen Rea in Northern Ireland.

Similarly like many artists before them, the founders of the *Field Day*<sup>3</sup> took a similar route that Yeats and many other Irish artists on the make had taken. At the time of the foundation of the theater company, Friel was already a well-known Irish dramatist inside and outside of Ireland, having had plays staged in England and in the US. Rea was also a well-known actor established in London who had steady employment in English theaters such as the Royal Court and the National. However, it seems there is a certain curse raised a long time ago on Irish artists in which the homeland calls them back at some point, "despite his success in England, Rea was tired of feeling himself part of an expatriate subculture there and wanted to return to Ireland and perform for Irish audiences." (RICHTARIK, 2004, 191) Rea had previously worked in a Friel's play production called *The Freedom of the City* from 1973, and in 1979 Rea approached Friel with the idea of an Irish touring production of his next play. Friel accepted Rea's proposition for "he, too, wanted to speak first to Irish audiences and was concerned about the effect on Ireland of living in the shadow of England and the English language." (RICHTARIK, 2004, p. 192) Moreover, Friel wanted to distance himself from the Dublin theater establishments and so Derry came up as a good alternative to open a theater company and premiere their first play. However, Derry was not a random choice. It is a city located on the border of Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland, besides

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<sup>3</sup> Although the name "Field Day" has a military connotation which means a day for military exercises and display, Friel said that it was a rhyme of Friel-Field and Rea-Day.



being the place where many conflicts between nationalist Catholics and unionists Protestants happened. Derry did not have an active theater life, but it could be said that it was the center stage for many of the “Troubles” confrontations. As it has been said before, the terms “Troubles” refers to the period from the late 60s up to early 90s marked by constant violent conflicts between nationalist Catholics and unionists Protestants, the former supporting the idea of an Ireland united whereas the latter supported the idea of remaining part of the United Kingdom. At this point, we may draw the first comparison between the Derry of Friel and Rea and the Ireland of Yeats: in both periods, theater came as a form of reimagining and reinvention in a time where people were hopeless and had no ways to reflect upon what was happening. One concern that the *Field Day* had and, in this sense, concerned many other artists, was how to approach the issue of what was happening to Northern Ireland and, moreover, how does not seem that one was trying to profit from it. Although the company did not state any political inclination at first, they did want to address the problems in Northern Ireland without committing themselves to a nationalist or unionist view and neither to a north or south politics. Soon, other artists joined Friel and Rea creating a balance of three Catholics: Brian Friel, Seamus Deane and Seamus Heaney; and three Protestants: Stephen Rea, David Hammond and Tom Paulin. Together their intention was to “engage with the Northern crisis in a fashion which might encourage people to think about it in new ways.” (RICHTARIK, 2004, p. 194) Once more, like Yeats’ theater did it in its time, theater would be used to address the nation, to place a mirror in front of them, a place of reflection and understanding and, moreover, a place of choice. According to the Rea, their purpose was to give hope of change and help people choose “the history that is enabling to you rather than one that holds you back” (WORTH, 1993, p. 76)., moreover their purpose was not to find meaning and explanations for what was happening or had happened, as Friel had stated, “we don’t go to art for meaning. We go to it for perceptions of new adjustments and new arrangements” (1980, p. 43).

Like once Yeats’ theater entered the public consciousness till the history presented on theater became the nation’s history, the *Field Day* had a similar view on the role of theater which could present a story/history that the public could believe,

If a congealed idea of theatre can be broken, then the audience which experiences this break would be more open to the modification of other established forms. Almost everything which we believe to be nature or natural is in fact historical; more precisely, is an historical fiction. If *Field Day* can breed a new fiction of theatre, or of any other area, which is sufficiently successful to be believed in as though it were natural and an outgrowth of the past, then it will have succeeded. At the moment, it is six characters in search of a story that can be believed. (DEANE, 1982)

The place that needed a change in its history was Derry without a doubt; located on the border of the two modern Irelands, it was the perfect stage for the “fifth province” created by Field Day. Theater historian, Christopher Murray, points out the importance of the word “province” in old Irish which means “fifth”, which led to the belief of a lost province since Ireland has only four provinces. Moreover, Murray points out the resemblance with Heaney’s “ ‘omphalos’ or ‘a country of the mind’ “ (MURRAY, 1997, p. 210) which in the case of Field Day’s fifth province, the theater would be a “theater of the ideas”<sup>4</sup>, ideas that can ultimately bring new perspectives and changes. In this sense, Field Day was not **only** a theater company as it also became active as a publishing house. From 1983, it published pamphlets on language, myth, law and the relations between literature and colonialism all towards the issues between Ireland and England, without trying to engage itself in any sort of political terms, though. Inside the tradition of the Irish theater, Seamus Deane compared Field Day to the Abbey in the sense that

It is like the Abbey in its origin in that it has within it the idea of a culture which has not yet come to be in political terms. It is unlike the Abbey in that it can no longer subscribe to a simple nationalism as the basis for its existence. (DEANE apud MURRAY, 1997, p. 210)

Field Day’s aim was to constitute a cultural state and according to Brian Friel, a cultural state should precede any sort of political state. He believed that once a nation had a cultural state, then a political state became a valid possibility.

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<sup>4</sup> The term “theater of ideas” comes in opposition to Yeats’ “theater of the heart” in the sense that Ireland no longer needed to find its identity, the nation’s heart, but needed to reflect and understand where they came from so they could think about where they stood at that moment.

Like Yeats who wished to break with certain stereotypes in the representation of the Irish on theater, Friel also wished to break with certain stereotypes, mainly three: political, stranger and soldier. Political in the sense that culture was attached to politics on some level, that could be said to be the first stereotype to be broken. Culture could and should be thought outside the sphere of politics, as state before, only after thinking about culture could the thought of politics be possible. The second stereotype is somehow connected to the one first which is the idea of a stranger, that also brings to mind the idea of the exile. What is a stranger? Can we be strangers in our own land? Can we be strangers speaking our own language? As history shows, yes. At the period of the “Troubles” in Northern Ireland, “the speaking of Irish was a political act, and where a person who gave a Gaelic version of a name to a policeman might expect a cuff on the ear or worse” (KIBERD, 2002, p. 616). Moreover, in the history of Irish literature as seen earlier in this chapter, many writers left Ireland to think about *Irishness*. They chose to exile themselves in order to develop an idea of “home”. However, as pointed out by Declan Kiberd, “For the Irish who stayed in their own country that language was English, and a life conducted through the medium of English became itself a sort of exile.” (KIBERD, 2002, p. 2) The third stereotype was of the soldier, the person who fights for a cause. Moreover, the questioning of what is a soldier in opposition to a term often used to denominate activists on the side of the nationalist Catholics, terrorist. An Englishman fighting for his country is called a soldier whereas an Irishman fighting for his is called a terrorist. All of these three stereotypes are presented in Field Day’s first production, *Translations*. Moreover, the company believed that by analyzing the opinions, myths and stereotypes that had become the symptom and the cause for the situation in Northern Ireland, they could aid for a solution. (MURRAY, 1997, p. 209) Henceforth, the company’s and their first production’s proposition was to question these stereotypes and dismantle them through art and that required “deconstructing the language that creates them.” (DEANE, 2009, p. 11) In this sense, to dismantle the literature produced thus far, mainly in the metropolis (Dublin and Belfast), Friel deconstructed these three known patterns, not only in literature but also in the Irish society and daily life, into his characters in *Translations* who are going through a transformation due to the renaming of places and translating themselves into a new (old) form in order to be or take part in this

transformation.

*Translations*, as the first production of Field Day, had all it was necessary to launch a theater company and to bring forth a new idea on the table, that of reflection of the present moment. It deconstructs the main ideas found in Irish theater and literature such as the ideas of language, identity, history, mythology and vision. Like Yeats' "critical eye", the play brought new perspectives for solutions of problems the nation had; on the other hand, like Hyde's "adoring eye", the play also made the public recognize themselves on those characters and in the Irish life being staged, "people applauded frequently and with vigour, as if the play stirred something special in their hearts." (MURRAY, 1997, p. 210) The "something special in their hearts" that the play successfully made its Irish audience feel (perhaps more than any other audience) was the hope that, as a nation entroubled, they had not yet reached a conclusion, "Field Day generated excitement and hope in Ireland at a time of political and indeed theatrical uncertainty." Like the final lines of Yeats' play *The Death of Cuchulain*, in which he makes the connection between the mythical figure of Ireland's hero and the real heroes who had fought for Ireland, and gives hope to his audience that the fight is not over, that like Cuchulainn, many other heroes like Pearse and Connolly would rise from and for Ireland, moreover that their figures would live on, like Cuchulain's, on theater - Friel also provides this shift to and from history, placing his audience not in the Ireland of 1833 as in the play, but in the Ireland of 1980 when Hugh tells his son Owen that they must learn where they live and make that place with those names their own to which Owen responds he knows where he lives - the final words that place the public and the characters on the same stage, the one in which they are forging a form to call their own, in terms of language, culture, politics, etc as it was the period that Derry and Northern Ireland was living, a moment of crafting old forms into new ones, the redifition of an identity,

All Field Day plays insist that the problem of identity is best understood theatrically, involving audiences in the process of redifition. [...] Thus Field Day made cultural nationalism a live issue once again in Ireland, North and South, and turned the 'narrow ground' of factionalism into an imaginative playground. (MURRAY, 1997, p. 222)

In this sense, Field Day and Friel's *Translations* followed many aspects of the

Irish tradition in theater started by Yeats with the foundation of the Irish Literary Theater in 1897 when it concerns aspects such as the redefinition of identity, reimagining of a nation and how these reinventions or translations can be started and carried out on stage where, as previously mentioned, a nation thinks in front of itself. However, *Translations* and *Field Day* distances themselves from the Yeats' theater when it concerns their connection to nationalism and politics. Although Yeats did not wish to connect himself to any political terms, it was difficult not to when it was also part of the redefinition and construction of the nation. Therefore, at Yeats' time, theater and nationalism ended up serving one another whereas in 1980, when *Translations* was staged, the idea of connecting it to a nationalist view would make matters worse when they wanted to introduce a solution to the problem or a new perspective of looking at it. Having said that, this takes us to the second part of this chapter in which *Translations* will be analyzed as a text and inside the main concepts of Irish literature.

## 2. FOREIGNER'S STRONGHOLD

As mentioned in the previous section of this chapter, the Famine killed about a million of Irish people while the another million emigrated leaving the country nearly empty and leaving writers in doubt of whom were their readers, speakers (readers) of Irish or English. Most native Irish were lost between two languages, one they were ashamed of knowing because like Maire in Friel's play, the Irish language represented the old world, and another language which they barely knew. This brought a problem to Irish writers who were left without an audience,

Those Irish who were literate in English were not great buyers of books and so Irish artists wrote with one eye cocked on the English audience. They were, for the most part, painfully imitative of English literary modes, which they practised with the kind of excess possible only to the insecure. (KIBERD, 2002, p. 115)

Nevertheless, this process of imitating a literary mode is decisive in the construction of another mode. There are no writers who are not readers at first, who digest another

form in order to craft their own. As previously mentioned, to create an idea of what it meant to be Irish, England had to be ruled out as a definition. The same goes for creating an Irish literary mode; the movement of Irish writers going out of the country in order to think about what is *Irishness* is the same movement done in this field, in which the trip is a more abstract one that refers to the act of understanding a literary mode in order to create a new one, “to create a new genre in the act of destroying another” (KIBERD, 2002, p. 115). The word used by Kiberd, “destroy”, resembles the Heideggerian idea that “understanding, recognition, interpretation are a compacted, unavoidable mode of attack.” mentioned by Steiner (2004, p. 187). Steiner goes further in mentioning Heidegger’s idea of being, that the being is only there once it is comprehended or translated, that the motion of “being consists in the understanding of another being” (STEINER, 2004, p. 187). A similar motion can be noticed in Owen’s transition as a character in *Translations*. At first, working as a translator for the Ordnance Survey, he believes that his work is beneficial for the community and the future of that place and in this sense, he makes a sort of “contract” with them which is sealed by his change of name from Owen to Roland. According to Derrida in *Des Tours de Babel*, for a translation to be possible, there must be a contract between the two languages (2006, p. 42). Once this contract is sealed, any other form of translation is possible. The contract between Irish and English in the play is sealed with the first translation of a name made which is Owen’s name translated to Roland and which enabled every other translation of place names in Baile Beag. It is noticeable that as long as Owen is referred to as Roland and he does not tell Yolland about his real name, the translations continue to occur and any trouble is kept to a minimum. However, after Owen decides to tell Yolland about his real name, it seems that this contract is broken and that the pacific translations from Irish to English cease to exist. That is the shift in the character of Owen, the first action towards his dissatisfaction of being translated that would later grow into an dissatisfaction with the activity of translating place names as a whole culminating in the final scenes of the play in which he says that Name Book was a mistake, *his* mistake.

This brief analysis of Owen’s character inside the idea of translation as a contract and crafting of a new form through the destruction of another illustrated the objective of the second part of this chapter which is to analyze the characters of *Translations* as

metaphors to periods and perceptions in the building and definition of the Irish literature. Henceforth, Owen represents this first moment in Irish literature in which Irish writers imitated the English literary mode (Owen's translations through approximation of sound or literal translation) in order to craft their own which is represented in the play by Owen's sudden wish to be called by his true name and his revolt against what he had done. He is Shaw's *John Bull's Other Islander*, because he "did not know what my own house was like because I had never been outside it." (SHAW, 1991, p. 438) It is through his position standing by the outsiders and being an outsider himself in the sense that he no longer fit in the community's lifestyle that Owen realized where he came from. In a way, all characters in *Translations* are strangers; however, Owen is the character who had to become a stranger in order to become a native like Shaw's character Peter Keegan in *John Bull's Other Islander* who only realized how his house was like once he had been outside it. This is also a metaphor to the movement mentioned in the previous section in which Irish writers would exile themselves in London in order to think about meant to be Irish and later returned to the homeland to create their work.

Owen also resembles national poets such as Yeats and Whitman, which are also categorized by Yolland and Maire as we will see in a while. As a translator, Owen's job is to provide the pronunciation and meaning of the place names in Irish.

OWEN: [...] We've come to this crossroads. Come here and look at it, man! Look at it! And we call that crossroads Tobair Vree. And why do we call it Tobair Vree? I'll tell you why. Tobair means a well. But what does Vree mean? It's a corruption of Brian - (*Gaelic pronunciation*) Brian - an erosion of Tobair Bhriain. Because a hundred-and-fifty years ago there used to be a well there, not at the crossroads, mind you - that would be too simple - but in a field close to the crossroads. And an old man called Brian, whose face was disfigured by an enormous growth, got it into his head that the water in that well was blessed; and every day for seven months he went there and bathed his face in it. But the growth didn't go away; and one morning Brian was found drowned in that well. And ever since that crossroads is known as Tobair Vree - even though that well has long since dried up. I know the story because my grandfather told it to me. But ask Doalty - or Maire - or Bridget - even my father - even Manus - why it's called Tobair Vree; and do you think they'll know? I know they don't know. So the question I put to you, Lieutenant, is this: what do we do with a name like that? Do we scrap Tobair Vree altogether and call it - what? The Cross? Crossroads? Or do we keep the

piety with a man long dead, long forgotten, his name  
 'eroded' beyond recognition, whose trivial little story  
 nobody in the parish remembers?  
 YOLLAND: Except you.(FRIEL, 1996, p. 420)

They proceed to keeping the name as it is and not translating it. Probably the first place name in the play not to get a translation, either literal or by approximation of sound. Owen asks Yolland if that is what he wants and he says yes and that Owen wanted it too. Like it has been pointed out before, Owen had to become a stranger to become a native, and his knowledge and recovering of literal meanings of place names allows him to break with the contract with the English by telling his real name and to later become the defensor of Irish as the end of the play suggests, "there are hints of alternative forms in Gaelic poems and place names, whose recovered literal meanings allow the poet to see his native landscape anew." (KIBERD, 2002, p. 118) This new perception of the landscape is what enable Owen to break free and say that he knew where he lived (FRIEL, 1996, p. 445).

From that we move on to the analysis of Yolland and Maire. Yolland and Maire are not so different as pointed out in chapter one, and in terms of the literary analysis on their perception of language, do not differ that much from Owen himself. They both represent and are in love with the idea of a place: Yolland represents the new world of the English language, but he is in love with the idea of Ireland and he loves the sounds of words in the Irish language whereas Maire represents the old world represented by the Irish language and she loves the idea of English represented by Yolland, "Say anything at all. I love the sound of your speech." (FRIEL, 1996, p. 427). Together they work as a metaphor for nationalist poets like Yeats in Ireland and Whitman in the United States who praised their love through the name of places just like the two lovers did to express their love for each other, "Whitman's admiration for the word *Mississippi* (which to his ear flowed and unwound like the river) is paralleled by Yeats's ritual invocation of places known and esteemed." (KIBERD, 2002, p.118) Whitman's admiration for the sound of words like the name of a river is parallel to Yolland's wish to keep the place names the same and not translate them. Once Yolland tries to express his feelings for Maire, he decides to "invoke" places he knows and somehow esteems and are also known by Maire. It is their way to communicate their love for each other, moreover, for Yolland, it is his way to also communicate his love for Ireland. Like Owen's name



was the first translation made in the play which allowed every other translation, the first name to be invoked by Yolland is Maire's and after that all other Irish place names as if Maire was indeed part of the landscape that enchanted Yolland.

YOLLAND: Maire.  
*(She still moves away.)*  
 Maire Chatach.  
*(She still moves away.)*  
 Bun na hAbhann? *(He says the name softly, almost privately, very tentatively, as if he were searching for a sound she might respond to. He tries again.)* Druim Dubh? *(MAIRE stops. She is listening. YOLLAND is encouraged.)*  
 Poll na gCaorach. Lis Maol. *(MAIRE turns towards him.)* Lis na nGall.  
 MAIRE: Lis na nGradh.  
*(They are now facing each other and being moving - almost imperceptibly - towards one another.)*  
 MAIRE: Carraig an Phoill.  
 YOLLAND: Carraig na Ri. Loch na nEan. MAIRE: Loch an Iubhair. Machaire Buidhe.  
 YOLLAND: Machaire Mor. Cnoc na Mona. MAIRE: Cnoc na nGabhar.  
 YOLLAND: Mullach. MAIRE: Port.  
 YOLLAND: Tor. MAIRE: Lag.  
 (FRIEL, 1996, p. 428 - 429)

Moreover, Owen, Maire and Yolland are rediscovering the place they call home which is allowed by the rediscovering of place names which in a way will become a reimagination of the map and landscape of a place.

The love of catalogue common to both national poets may have its roots in the epic poetry of the Gael and the native American; but the ecstatic lists of native placenames which result are the Adam-like incantations of writers, rediscovering the exhilaration with which the first persons in Ireland or America named their own place and, in that sense, shaped it. (KIBERD, 2002, p. 118 - 119)

Owen is left with the Name Book which he says it is his mistake. Although we do not know what is going to happen next in the play, we might infer that Owen plans to fix his mistake, that is, to reimagine and translate the place names again, this time to Irish. In this sense, Owen, as the translator, is also the crafter of a new form because he took the old form, the Irish place names, translated them into a imitative form which was now his

own, that is the Anglicized versions, so that he could go back to his native language and craft his own style of what he understands as the form he wants to live in and call his home. Yolland disappears after speaking up his love for Maire by calling out place names in Irish in a sort of catalogue manner whereas Maire is left as if under the spell of Yolland and the night before, she is back at the hedge-school with the sole purpose of learning English in order to go away with Yolland even with his disappearance. Maire somehow represents the exiles in the sense that she is ashamed of her own language and yet her guide in the other language has disappeared. Moreover, she represents the wanderer who does not find a form in neither language, in terms of language she is homeless.

### CHAPTER 3

#### TRANSLATING *TRANSLATIONS*

Brian Friel once said that it was an irony that *Translations* had not been written in Irish (FRIEL, 1999, p. 80-81). However, had it been written in Irish, it would probably not have had the same effect as seen in previous chapters, mainly because Irish theater, literature and its concept as a nation only existed in opposition to England and the English language. Therefore, had the play been written in Irish, most of its force would have been lost, especially because the most interesting point made in the play is that even though the characters are speaking Irish on stage, they are in reality speaking English and that highlights more than any other Irish work previously done the fact that Irish writers have reshaped Irish into English and made the latter their own language. Nevertheless, the play received a translation to the Irish language, one that will soon be seen. As a play on a textual and performative level, *Translations* poses interesting challenges to translators worldwide; first, how to transmit the double-take relation of English and Irish on stage in a third language that represents neither; second, how to differentiate a common language on stage to reinforce the idea they are speaking a different language; and third, how to work with the translation processes presented during the play in another language. However, these three issues pointed out do not represent the only challenges posited to the translator by the play. There are other challenges the translator faces on the level of text and on the level of performance. For instance, how to differentiate a common language on the text and how to do that on the stage? Moreover, how to bring to a foreign audience *Translations*' effect and its layers of complexity seen in previous chapters?

Although the translation of the play may be a difficult process, it has been translated into a few languages including Irish, Italian, Greek as well as Portuguese. However, it is important to highlight that it is not because the play has been rendered in another language that it has been performed in that language. *Translations* has been translated to Brazilian Portuguese but has never been staged due to several reasons such as its performative challenge and the peculiarity of its theme; the play does not need any explanation for an Irish audience, but for a foreign audience who has not experienced what

is being staged at the same level the Irish audience has, any sort of identification or connection to the play becomes more difficult. The following chapter aims at taking a look at the translation processes of *Translations* to the languages mentioned, pointing out strategies the translators chose in carrying over the play to the target language. Moreover, it will be presented how these strategies used by other translators of other languages helped me make decisions in my own translation of the play which can be found attached to this study. Besides that, this chapter also aims at bringing up a discussion between the relation of literary studies and translation studies, how one can aid the other in the process of translation. Henceforth, the following chapter is structured as follows: review and analysis of the Irish, Italian, Greek and Portuguese translations of the play, followed by the description of my own translation process of the play. After that, I present how literary studies can aid in the process of translation, highlighting how studying the play aided me in the process of my own translation of Friel's *Translations*.

## 1. THE CHALLENGE OF *TRANSLATIONS*

The first thing that needs to be mentioned when talking about translating *Translations* is identifying its theme - as Friel has stated, *Translations* is a play about language and only language (FRIEL, 1985, p. 58). Therefore, the theme of the play is language and that constitutes the first edge of a triangle that can be built. The languages that are the central theme of the play are Irish and English. Then, we move on to the medium used in the play, that is, the language in which this particular piece of literary text was written, which is the English language. The Irish language is a haunting presence in the play that shows its absence in the place names; the Greek language as well as Latin are also in the peripheral areas of the play. Nóra de Buiteléir, in an article about the translation of the play into Irish, argues that

Friel's tactic of putting the classical languages back into the vernacular (as illustrated by the banter of Hugh Mor and Jimmy Jack) is a direct challenge to the unhelpful label of "dead" languages. If Greek and Latin can sit up and talk back at us from the grave,

cannot Irish do much the same? (DE BUITELÉIR, 2007, p. 11)

In this sense, although we do have the presence of languages such as Greek and Latin, we must not forget that the main medium of the play is English and that the other languages are merely illustrative. The third edge of this triangle is formed by what is called the staging language. The two first points are rather textual, however the third lays at the performative level. In the case of the original text, the staging language is also English. This might make the challenge posed to the translator who ventures in translating this play clearer, because the theme will continue to be the relation between Irish and English whereas the medium will change, becoming the target language of translation; the staging language will need to suffer a change as well. Hence, the question is: how to write a play in a medium that will not quite reflect its theme? Moreover, how to think about a staging language through a medium that is supposed to reflect a process that happened to another language? Although it seems tricky, a sort of linguistic illusion in which there is a language within a language within a language, these questions are highly important to help the translator decide how to structure the play.

The first translation process that will be looked at is the translation of the original text into Irish, that is, the rendering of a text that in the original is just as native and fluent as the translated text will be. In this sense, what is being translated? What is being “brought home”? Moreover, the translation of the play into Irish also brings an interesting perspective. In the original text, we have Irish characters split by the English language, which is the common historical perspective of the linguistic process that happened in Ireland. The Irish translation of the play done by Gearóid Ó Cairealláin in 1981, one year after the premiere of the play in Derry, brings the perspective of English characters split by the Irish language. That may, on one level, enhance the comical aspect of the arrival of British soldiers to the hedge-school and their confusion among the other characters who do not speak their language. In terms of literary analysis, it is probably the play every nationalist ever wanted to watch or read. Moreover, this Irish version of the play brings closer to its Irish audience issues of Irishness such as the internal differences in the Irish language -, in this case used as a device to differentiate the characters in the play (we will soon see more about this) - and how it is this diversity that builds their

identity as Irish people as has been seen in previous chapters. As a translator, Ó Cairealláin has the privilege of knowing both languages perfectly. Besides that, he can count on his audience's familiarity with the play's historical and cultural background. In this sense, there is no explaining or accommodation of information bearing in mind a better reception of the audience. Moreover, one of the most interesting aspects of this translation is that Irish is not a foreign language to the play. It is there, it is present, and bearing this in mind, an Irish translation could be called a translation but also the original version of the translated text which is the original play since, although *Translations* was written originally in English, it should be received as a translation for the majority of its characters are not speaking English. In this sense, the Irish translation of *Translations* is its lost twin brother because it cannot be called a *foreign* translation of the play, it is the true concept of translating *into* in a way that Friel's original text was translated out of, whereas Ó Cairealláin's translation was in an inward direction. Although Ó Cairealláin's job as a translator can be said to have been easier in a way than that of a foreign translator, he also had to make choices such as the device to use on stage to divide two sets of speakers, the Irish ones and the English ones. Moreover, Friel's Irish names are the Anglicized form and one of the noticeable differences in the Irish translation is the rendering of Irish characters' names in their Irish form again. For instance, Owen in Ó Cairealláin's translation is called Eoghan<sup>1</sup>. Another device used by Ó Cairealláin when it came to splitting the characters between Irish speakers and non-Irish speakers was through accent and word choice. For instance, Irish speakers had an accent that can be found in the area of Donegal, which is only logical since the fictional town of Baile Beag is located where the real Donegal is and, moreover, the Irish speaking community of Gaeltacht is also in that area. In this sense, Ó Cairealláin's choice to apply Donegal accent to the Irish speaking characters was a way to "translate" the text by creating a comfort zone to most of his audience that had the same accent. The English speaking characters had a Munster accent which can be found in southern areas of Ireland. Munster Irish, however, is a dialect formed by words that are not used in any other dialect of Irish, hence Munster offered the kind of "language exclusion" needed to place the

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<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately, I did not have access to Ó Cairealláin's full text especially because it is not a published text, therefore I do not know how he dealt with the translation of *Roland* and the word-play done by Yolland and Owen after the he tells Yolland his real name.

English characters as outsiders because they do not only speak with a different accent, but they also speak in a dialect that has no resemblance to other Irish dialects. Besides that, there is one very important aspect in this choice by the translator. In Friel's original text, Yolland's interest in Irish was explicit because he was actually pronouncing Irish words in English. His wish to learn Irish was evident because he was not speaking it. However, in Ó Cairealláin's translation that interest of Yolland loses a bit of its impact and effect because he already spoke Irish. The alternative found to represent Yolland's interest in Irish was to have him try to pronounce words in a Donegal accent and use words that are more commonly found in the Northern area of Ireland than it is in the Southern areas. And, in that way, that represented Yolland's movement of interest in Irish.

The translation of place names in the Irish translation was made by this difference in accent. When Eoghan and Yolland are translating place names, to represent Yolland's interest in keeping the place names in Irish, he tries to pronounce them in a Donegal accent. However, this can only be perceived in the staging language. The medium used to translate the text does not pass it on to the reader - in this sense, this translation was made for the stage, to be spoken, rather than read.

YOLLAND: Bun na hAbhann.  
 EOGHAN: Tá sé sin  
 millteanach, a Sheoirse.  
 YOLLAND: Tá fhios  
 agam. Tá brón orm. Abair  
 arís é. EOGHAN: Bun na  
 hAbhann.  
 YOLLAND: Bun na nAbhann.  
 EOGHAN: Tá sin níos fearr ... (FRIEL, 1981,  
 Aistriúcháin 31-32)

In Friel's text, although the reader as well as the viewer of the play need to make an effort and believe that certain characters are speaking Irish while others are speaking English, in the parts in which there is a translation of a place name happening, the reader/viewer feels as foreign as Yolland does - in this sense, in Friel's text, the reader/viewer is treated as an outsider like Lancey and Yolland whereas in Ó Cairealláin's translation, it seems they are all locals at the hedge-school, they are all the translators and the ones that can guide the outsiders through Baile Beag because that is where they live, in an Irish speaking community struggling against influences from other languages, especially the

English language.

In order to represent the difference between Yolland and Lancey's inclinations, the translator put in Lancey's speech a feature that is not as explicit in Friel's play although it is made known through Lancey's actions which is his unfriendly disposition towards the locals and the Irish language. Lancey's accent in Ó Cairealláin's translation is also from Munster, like Yolland's, but he has an influence of English words in his speech, "Lancey's English influences can be seen in his fondness for words like *conclúid*, *gobhairmint*, *úinéir* and *mapa*."<sup>2</sup> (DE BUITELÉIR, 2007, p. 15) Although they are valid terms in Irish, these words come in opposition to the words used by the other characters, distancing Lancey from the others in terms of language and representing his unfriendly manner towards the small community of Baile Beag. This device used by Ó Cairealláin clearly shows the influence of English in the Irish language, whereas Friel's play shows exactly the opposite when most characters are speaking Hiberno-English and the English characters are speaking standard British English; in this sense, Ó Cairealláin's translation is successful in representing the interaction between the two languages. This translation of Brian Friel's play has had two productions in Ireland, one in 1981 and one in 2007; the other translation processes that will soon be analyzed differ from this translation because they were not staged translations. Therefore, much of the staging language part is only thought of but not put into action, although the translators kept this aspect in their translation in mind. Moreover, the translations to Italian and Greek are only attempts at translating the play and present the translation of certain extracts from the play.

Unlike Ó Cairealláin's translation into Irish that counted with the audience's familiarity with the historical and cultural background, the next translation did not have the same privileges. While the previous translation process seen was staged and successfully brought the viewer closer to the play, it is expected that any foreign translation of the play might do the exact opposite and take the reader/viewer a bit further. However, to translate this play is to hope to open up new perspectives on it and, moreover, to try not to narrow the perspectives the reader/viewer might have of the play. However, this aspect will be developed later on when we reach the relation between literary

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<sup>2</sup> Respectively: conclusion, government, owner and map.



analysis and translation.

Federica Mazzara and Dimitra Philippopoulou attempted at translating certain extracts from *Translations* to Italian and Greek, respectively, using the theory of *Skopostheorie* started in 1978 by Hans J. Vermeer. This process of translation seeks to follow what is called the “Skopos rule”, that is, to “translate/interpret/speak/write in a way that enables your text/ translation to function in the situation in which it is used and with the people who want to use it and precisely in the way they want it to function.” (VEERMER, 1997, p. 29) In this sense, any translation is valid as long as the translator can justify his choices of a particular context. The translators point out before presenting their translation that they did not mean to “acculturate” the text as done in the translation of the play to the French by Théâtre de l’Événement’s (1984), for instance, in which characters are not drinking poteen, but *eau-de-vie* as well as calculating distances in *kilometers* which had never been heard of historically in Donegal in the 19th century. However, this “acculturation” done by the French translation was a way to bring the characters closer to the audience since everything else would feel distant to them. Mazzara and Philippopoulou acknowledge that their translations will lose this involvement encountered in Friel’s original text as well as in Ó Cairealláin’s translation,

Obviously, the play has a very strong effect on the Irish audience, which identifies with the Irish characters, and deeply feels the dilemmas surrounding Irish identity. In this respect, our translation, indeed every attempted translation of this play, is a ‘loss’ in the degree of involvement from the part of the audience. (MAZZARA & PHILIPPOPOULOU, p. 8)

The translation in Italian kept the same character names, there is no change as seen in the previous translation. The extract translated by Mazzara was one that did not encompass many of the challenges the translator encounters in translating this play which I believe to be the word play and the translation of place names. Mazzara chose to translate the very beginning of the play in which Owen introduces Lancey and Yolland to the community. There’s no difference in the Italian used by characters except in the level of formality. Mazzara applied a more formal Italian for British characters whereas the Irish speaking characters are speaking a more informal Italian.

**Owen** Non c'è nessun'altra presentazione da fare, aggiungo solo che questi sono alcuni abitanti di Baile Beag e – che altro? – adesso vi trovate tra la gente migliore dell'Irlanda.

*Si ferma per permettere a Lancey di parlare. Lancey non parla.*

Vuole dire qualcosa, capitano? **Hugh** Che ne dite di un gocchetto? **Lancey** Un che?

**Hugh** Forse meglio dire, un modesto rinfresco? Un assaggio della nostra acqua vitae?

**Lancey** No, no.

**Hugh** Forse dopo, quando...

**Lancey** Dirò ciò che ho da dire, se mi è concesso, e nel più breve tempo possibile. I presenti parlano un po' d'inglese, Roland?

**Owen** Non si preoccupi, tradurrò io.

**Lancey** Giusto. (Si schiarisce la voce. Parla come se si stesse rivolgendo a bambini

– a voce un po' troppo alta e scandendo esageratamente le parole). È possibile che mi abbiate già visto – visto – lavorare a questa sezione – sezione? – lavorare. Noi siamo qui – qui – in questo luogo – mi capite? – per redigere una mappa – una mappa – una mappa e –

**Jimmy** *Nonne Latine loquitur?* (MAZZARA & PHILIPPOPOULOU, p. 13)

Jimmy's last question to Lancey - if he did not speak Latin - is answered in Italian: that he [Lancey] does not speak Gaelic. In this sense, the distance the play acquires from the audience is huge. The imaginative effort required from the audience is tremendous: to imagine an Irish speaking community who is suffering translation from Irish to English in a third language that represents neither might, indeed, compromise the staging of the play and its reception by the audience, besides the background gaps such as historical and cultural information concerning Ireland and the relation between the two language-themes. The translation highly depends on the level of permission allowed by the target language, that is, knowing the source and the target language does not guarantee a quality translation. It is important the translator take the target language one step higher in order to meet the original text; in other words, *Translations* is a highly imaginative language play and the translation should follow this lead.

In the Greek translation of the play, the same extracts were translated. The names of characters were kept in Latin alphabet rather than transliterated into Greek. Yolland and Lancey's speech is written in a Greek that will sound awkward to the reader/viewer of the play and, even though it is not an unacceptable form of the Greek language, "his

different ‘register’ creates in Greek the effect of ‘foreignness’ and ‘awkwardness’, associated stereotypically with English people” (MAZZARA & PHILIPPOPOULOU, p. 18). Apart from this device offered by the Greek language, the extract translated is very similar to the Italian one; below is the same passage quoted previously in Italian:

**Owen** Και οι τελευταίες συστάσεις: από δω, ορισμένοι κάτοικοι του Baile Beag.

Τώρα βρίσκεστε ανάμεσα στους εκλεκτότερους ανθρώπους στην Ιρλανδία. (Σταματάει για να αφήσει το Lancey να μιλήσει. Ο Lancey δε λέει ούτε κουβέντα.) Θα θέλατε να πείτε δυο λέξεις, λοχαγέ;

**Hugh** Ένα ποτηράκι, κύριε; Lancey Ένα τί;

**Hugh** Ίσως ένα ελαφρύ αναψυκτικό; Ένα μικρό δείγμα από αυτό που εδώ λέμε

«νερό της ζωής»;

**Lancey** Όχι, όχι...

**Hugh** Ίσως αργότερα, αφού...

**Lancey** Άν μου επιτρέπετε, θα πω ό,τι έχω να πω, και όσο το δυνατόν συντομότερα. Roland, δε μιλούν

28

καθόλου Αγγλικά;

**Owen** Μην ανησυχείτε. Θα μεταφράζω.

**Lancey** Μάλιστα. (Ξεροβήχει. Μιλάει σα να απευθύνεται σε παιδιά –μάλλον δυνατά, προφέροντας με υπερβολική ευκρίνεια.) Ίσως με έχετε δει –δεις, εσείς εμένα

–να δουλεύω σε αυτόν τον τομέα –τομέα; -να δουλεύω. Είμαστε εδώ... εδώ... σε αυτό το μέρος – καταλαβαίνετε; -για να φτιάξουμε ένα χάρτη –χάρτη – ένα χάρτη και-

**Jimmy** *Nonne Latine loquitur?* (MAZZARA & PHILIPPOPOULOU, p. 19)

Nevertheless, both Italian and Greek do have an advantage in their efforts which is that at some point, the audience will recognize a familiar aspect in the play. The Italians probably feel this through the use of Latin in the play whereas the Greeks, needless to say, feel this towards Jimmy Jack’s obsession with Greek mythology. This does not happen when the play is translated into Brazilian Portuguese, for instance.

The first translation into Portuguese of the play occurred as an attachment to a master’s dissertation in 2008 by Alexandre Sampaio from *Universidade Estadual Paulista* (UNESP). It is quite possible that his intention was not to actually translate the play, but to present a version of it in Portuguese due to academic necessities. There is no comment on the process of the translation of the play, hence all we have is an analysis of the translation and the choices made. First of all, characters’ names were kept as they

were in the original text. There is no change in the spelling of their names as there was in the Irish translation which made it convenient to have the names changed. Moreover, there is no acculturation as pointed out in the 1984 translation of the play to the French; the word *poteen* is still used in the play even though there is a great probability the audience will not know what it means.

**OWEN:** Por que não?

**DOALTY:** O *poteen* de lá está pior do que nunca!

**BRIDGET:** Dizem que eles colocam sapos na bebida!  
(SAMPAIO, 2008, p. 203)

The level of formality in the play is basically the same, all characters use “você”, for instance. The speech of the Irish characters is nearly comical whereas the speech of English characters is aggressive and straightforward. In order to compare the Brazilian Portuguese translation of the play with the two previous translations seen, below is a quotation of the same exact passage:

**OWEN:** E não vou apresentar mais ninguém exceto alguns dos moradores de Baile Beag que aqui estão e – o que? – bem, vocês estão em meio ao melhor povo da Irlanda agora. (*Ele faz uma pausa para LANCEY falar. LANCEY não fala.*)

Gostaria de falar algumas palavras, Capitão?

**HUGH:** Que tal um gole, senhor?

**LANCEY:** Um o quê?

**HUGH:** Talvez um modesto refrescamento? Uma pequena amostra da nossa *aqua vitae*?

**LANCEY:** Não, não.

**HUGH:** Talvez mais tarde quando –

**LANCEY:** Falarei o que tenho para falar, se me permitem, e o mais resumidamente possível. Eles falam *algum* inglês, Roland?

**OWEN:** Não se preocupe. Eu traduzo.

**LANCEY:** Entendi. (*Ele limpa a garganta. Ele fala como se estivesse se dirigindo a crianças – um tom muito alto e enunciando excessivamente.*) Vocês devem ter me visto – me visto – trabalhando nesta secção – secção? – trabalhando. Estamos aqui – aqui – nesse lugar – vocês entendem? – para fazer um mapa – um mapa – um mapa e –

**JIMMY:** *Nonne Latine loquitur?* (SAMPAIO, 2008, p. 207)

Again, we encounter the same problem as in the Italian and Greek translation in which a third medium is being used to represent two other completely different languages. In every

translation seen thus far, Latin and Greek passages, as well as Irish passages, were kept the same. However, one of the most important aspects of the play are the translations being made of Irish place names from Irish to English. As stated in the previous chapter, these translations are made literally or through sound approximation. Going back to the triangle relation of languages in the play, the relation between Irish and English continues to be the theme of the play whereas the medium now is Brazilian Portuguese and, henceforth, the staging language should take into consideration that Brazilian Portuguese is representing the theme of the play. This is highly important when presenting to the public the translations made in the play. Sampaio chose to keep the Irish names of places and the translations according to the original text, in other words, an Irish place name such as *Cnoc Ban*, in the play, is translated as *Knockban* through sound approximation and as *Fair Hill*, therefore the literal translation of the Irish place name into English was kept in the translated text to Brazilian Portuguese (SAMPAIO, 2008, p. 210). This causes an even greater distance between the audience and the play who cannot be expected to make such an effort of watching a play with five languages: Latin Greek, Irish, English and Brazilian Portuguese Moreover, in terms of critical analysis, this might compromise the work of the literary study of the play of a scholar who does not have access to the original text - this is one example of how a translation can change the course of a study.

When producing my own translation of the play, I took into account all the devices used by other translators when transposing the play to their target languages. Each translation has a brilliant idea of how to connect certain ideas in order not to compromise the aesthetic experience the viewer/reader may have of the play. In my translation I propose devices mainly used in the translation made to the Irish. Brazilian Portuguese is a widely variable language; we can find different ways to say many things in each state of the country. Therefore, the choices we have are immense and as stated before, *Translations* is an imaginative language play and the translation should follow and take advantage of the target language's already existing cultural life. I tried to think of my translation within the triangle presented earlier, in which the theme of the play is never changed, my medium is Brazilian Portuguese and the staging language is all that the target language can allow me. Latin and Greek passages were kept the same as in the original text as well as the original Irish place names; however, the translation was brought to Brazilian

Portuguese because in the translation, Brazilian Portuguese is substituting the medium of English and, therefore, translations in the play should be rendered in Brazilian Portuguese as if they were rendered in English. *Cnoc Ban*, the example used above, is translated through sound approximation or literally. The sound of the junction between k and n as in “knock” does not exist in Brazilian Portuguese; most readers would pronounce the “k” sound unless they had some knowledge of English. However, the translation of sound approximation is done with words that actually exist in English, as *knock* and *ban* are words in English. Therefore, the sound approximation translations were done according to the sound in Brazilian Portuguese while its spelling, as much as possible, was done with existing words in Brazilian Portuguese to highlight the nonsense of these translations. In this way, *Cnoc Ban* by sound approximation becomes *Nóquebã* through the joining of the words “Nó”, “que” and the interjection “bã”, since “bom” (my first choice) would not quite transmit the sound of “ban”. Nonetheless, not every example turned out well, for instance the word *Burnfoot* in my translation became *Burnfut*; although there is not a big difference, it makes it easier for the reader to visualize the differences in spelling instead of creating a further distance between the reader and the text in keeping the English standard of spelling.

In order to translate through sound approximation, I used the sound devices offered online by Cambridge Dictionary, always choosing the British pronunciation over the American. The literal translation of *Cnoc Ban* in Brazilian Portuguese was rendered as *Morro Claro*. Translating the place names to Brazilian Portuguese, instead of leaving them in English, keeps the consistency within the play and brings the audience closer to what is happening on stage as they can think of their own personal choices like the audience of Friel’s original text and of Ó Cairealláin’s could also think of. However, the name of the city, Baile Beag and its English translation to Ballybeg was kept as it is in the original text in order to keep consistency between texts since this fictional town is also the setting for other of Friel's plays such as *Philadelphia, here I come!*. Therefore, to translate it to a Portuguese equivalent might not only bring problems among Friel's texts as it can also cause issues among studies of this fictional town within Friel's work.

Besides that, other changes such as measurements were also localized to a standard that the Brazilian audience understands, henceforth inches and yards were,

respectively, translated as centimeters and meters whereas miles was translated as kilometers. However, the currency used in the play which is pounds was kept as it is a peculiar characteristic of the region where the play takes place. I believe that to translate it to Brazilian currency would create a sort of confusion. Nonetheless, I add the approximate equivalent to the amount mentioned in *Real* as a footnote in the text. If the play is to be staged to a Brazilian audience, the decision whether to use pounds or Real will have to be the director's.

Irish speaking characters have language features that can be encountered in spoken language rather in written language. In the original play, Friel adds aspects of Hiberno- English to his characters' speech, moreover, he adds features that are also found in people's speech, such as the sentences "them cows", "will he ate me?", "aul fella" and etc. To keep this feature in the speech of Irish speaking characters on stage, I used characteristics commonly found in spoken Portuguese, such as "pra" instead of "para" as well as starting sentences with *pronome oblíquo átono* as it is used in spoken Portuguese, for instance, "Me solte!" instead of "Solte-me!" This choice was also aiming at creating a difference between speeches of scholarly characters such as Hugh, Manus and Owen and other non-scholarly characters such Doalty and Bridget and to highlight the darkness that is casted on their speech with the development of the story.

Moreover, to differentiate characters on stage as well as on the page, I chose to use the possibility Portuguese offers, which is the usage of two different pronouns. In this sense, Irish speaking characters use "tu" while English speaking characters use "você"; nearly by consequence, Irish speaking characters on stage should have a more Southern accent, pronouncing consonants such as *r* in the same way as the word "bar" is pronounced by a local from Rio Grande do Sul. Moreover, the choice of using "tu" and the Southern accents for the Irish speaking characters has to do with sounds that can be encountered in Irish. The "t" sound is constant in Irish, in reality, the Irish language is full of consonantal sounds. For instance, "how are you?" in Irish is "conas atá tú"<sup>3</sup> which in terms of sound is closer to "como tu estás?" than "como você está?" would be. Besides that, the use of "você" for English speaking characters carries the idea of metropolis and big city

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<sup>3</sup> For more information on the pronunciation of this Irish sentence, please visit the following link on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TNU0b1nhpzY>. Last accessed: April 6th, 2013.

centers such as São Paulo which would be an opposition to the regional aspect of “tu” and, in the case of *Translations*, the regional aspect of the Irish language in opposition to the worldwide aspect of the English language. Moreover, English speaking characters should oppose Irish speaking characters in accent, prioritizing sounds encountered in the Brazilian Portuguese spoken in Northeastern parts of the country so as to keep the “sh” sound as well as the “s” sound in certain words and remind us of the sounds produced in English in words such as “wash” and “pass”, as well as the standard “r” sound encountered in words such as “carro”. This does not mean English characters should have a Northeastern accent, but we can follow their way of treatment of sounds; the accent should remind us of the two dominating cities in Brazil which are São Paulo and Rio, though without the friendly sound of the *carioca* accent and more with the business manner of speaking linked to the *paulista* accent. This choice is meant as a way to give the audience the idea that those two English characters are there on business, following orders and to highlight the distance acquired between Yolland and Lancey when Yolland starts to fall in love with the Irish language and Lancey becomes more intimidating towards the end of the play. Like in the Irish translation in which Yolland starts to have an accent change as he falls deeper in love with the Irish language, the same happens in my translation of the play as Yolland’s speech clearly shifts from noticeable sounds such as the “r” in “carro” for the one in “bar” uttered in a Southern accent.

My idea in translating the play was to reproduce as best as I could the great effect of language play *Translations* presents to its public. Moreover, I did not want the play to lose its characteristic of a play about language and language only as Friel stated. I wanted to keep historical and political aspects in the background as much as possible in the same way as they shadow the play in the original text. *Translations* is a fun play, with comical parts, romantic parts - in a way, it fills every entertainment necessity a reader/viewer has. It allows the reader to deepen his reading of the play if he wants to, but it should not be considered one of those plays that needs to be studied in order to be appreciated, that is, it is a play for the wide public as well as for scholars. This is what I tried to present in my translation, considering that though the public of the play in Brazilian Portuguese do not have the cultural and historical background, this will not interfere in their experience of the play. *Translations* should present a new perspective to



veteran readers of Irish literature and history; however, it should also present a perspective of Ireland to readers/viewers who have absolutely no idea what happened on the green island. Moreover, the play should invite the reader/viewer to an imaginative experience and not impose this on them.

In the second part of this chapter, I will briefly present some ideas on how literary studies can aid the translation process.

## 2. THE *LITERARY* IN LITERARY TRANSLATION

A literary translation is the translation of a literary text. In opposition to technical translation in which there is a certain terminology to be followed as well as preferences; in a literary translation, the translator needs to follow his own reading of the original text which already is the first act of translation. Reading and interpreting are the basis of a translation process: “reading is already translation, and translation is <sup>4</sup>translation for the second time (...).” (GADAMER apud BIGUENET & SHULTE, 1992, p. ix) In this sense, the study of a literary work is also a translation because the text will be studied in every sphere possible, nearly anatomically opened in order to extract every bit of reading and interpretation that is within the scholar’s capacities. Editions of different translations never cease being published like studies of the same literary work rarely stop existing. A good example is the continuous studies of works such as the ones by Shakespeare or Machado de Assis. Every study of a literary text opens up new perspectives on it and, henceforth, new possibilities for translation. All that comes from the effort of one person to render a text in one perfect manner that will be continuously worked on by other writers, *i.e.*, translators and scholars.

In *Principles of a Story*, Raymond Carver mentions Evan Connell’s style of working with short stories, saying that Connell “knew he was finished with a short story when he found himself going through it and taking out commas and then going through the story again and putting commas back in the same places.” (CARVER, 2005, p. 33) What Carver describes here is one of the many processes a writer goes through before really finishing a

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<sup>4</sup> Evan Connell (1924 - 2013) was an American writer best known for his novel *Mrs. Bridge* (1959) and *Mr. Bridge* (1969) later adapted to the movies under the title *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* from 1990 starring Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward.

story, for to finish a story is not to produce the final resolution, but to be sure that everything, from punctuation to the poetical<sup>5</sup> structure, is where it should be, and as Carver says “that’s all we have, finally, the words, and they had better be the right ones, with the punctuation in the right places so that they can best say what they are meant to say.” (CARVER, 2005, p. 33) Writers, translators and scholars are not so different from each other. They differ in the level of interaction with a certain text, but they are all workers serving the same purpose. On different levels, all three figures work as translators. First, the writer will go through a process of translation often called creation which is the rendering of ideas into words. The translator’s task “is then the same as the writer’s: to come to know these forms [abstract idealess forms] and then render them into words.” (LORD, 1986, p. 71) The scholar, on the other hand, will not produce his translation of the text mirroring the structure and form of the original. He will *describe* the text bringing forth ideas from others to support his own. In this sense, the scholar can aid the translator by presenting an analytical reading of a text and, in this way, help the translator decide which are the best words to render that idea in the target language as not to lose the effect and reading the scholar digs out of the text because, like Carver says, all we have are words and they better be the right ones.

In translation studies, the investigative process of reading of the source text is often talked about, one in which the translator will pay attention even to the tiniest detail, “all acts of translation begin with a thorough investigation of the reading process. (...) Even the smallest detail in a text, as Rabassa points out, cannot be neglected.” (BIGUENET and SCHULTE, 1989, p. IX) Good translators, according to Umberto Eco, are those who spend a long time reading and rereading the text that is going to be translated in order to allow the future reader of the translated text a better comprehension of obscure passages and etc (ECO, 2007, p. 291). Eco goes further in affirming that a good translation is the one that presents a critical contribution to the understanding of the text translated; the scholar can help the translator in his decisions in the process of translation, as pointed out before, and the translator can also aid the scholar in redirecting his reading of a text because just like the scholar will focus on a reading of the text in his studies, the translator will, consciously or unconsciously do the

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<sup>5</sup> By poetical I do not only mean the genre, but any literary effort.

same. Like Eco suggests, in this sense, all translations of a same text complete each other (ECO, 2007, p. 291).

During the process of literary translation, the translator does not need to work alone - he can work along with the scholar whose job is to investigate the text. As previously pointed out, a literary translation is not like a technical translation. A technical translation follows certain rules and a terminology that must be followed, it translated the *language* of the text. Although, in theory, the same is done with a literary text, the translator must keep in mind the “literary” in the process of “literary translation” and remember that it is not purely language being translated, but literature. According to Henri Meschonnic, to steal the literary text from what made it literary in the first place is the first and final act of betrayal carried out by the translator (MESCHONNIC, 2010, p. 30). It is in this sense that literary translators act as writers, because writing, artistically speaking, is not to render ideas into words as if they were native to that language, to those words, but to go in the direction of language. According to Heidegger, all poetic efforts are a writer’s attempt to bring to language his own experience of language (HEIDEGGER, 2008, p. 123). Literary translation is the effort of a writer (translator) to bring to his target language the experience he had of the original’s text language, and this experience is what constitutes the “literary” aspect of a text, because literature is experienced aesthetically, like any other work of art, and this experience happens through words, through language. To translate only the language and not the experience is to translate the text and erase the literary. According to Meschonnic, translation should be a reinvention of language, if the original aimed at that as well (MESCHONNIC, 2010, p. 270). For instance, Friel’s *Translations* aimed at being a reinvention, a rewriting of the history of language in Ireland; like it was pointed out before, the play a language imaginative play - the translation should follow this aspect because it is one of the aspect that constitutes *Translations* as a valuable literary text in the first play. Furthermore, the translator, in the case of *Translations* needs to keep in mind his experience of the literary text as well as the experience the characters in the play have of language.

In this study, I played the part of both figures: at first, I positioned myself as a scholar towards *Translations*, extracting every kind of reading and interpretation I could. The interpretations presented in this study were my experiences of the text over the

years I had read it and reread it as well as studied it. My second moment was to position myself as the translator of the play, far more difficult because I had the presence of my scholarly figure saying that one choice would compromise one of the readings of the play. However, that is what literary translation is all about: choices of readings. It is in this sense that a translation might never equal the original because it will, one way or the other, leave something behind (RABASSA apud BIGUENET and SCHULTE, 1998, p. VII). However, as Benjamin said, translation would not be possible if it aimed at being equal to the original,

(...) here it can be demonstrated that no translation would be possible if it its ultimate essence it strove for likeness to the original. For in its afterlife – which could not be called that if it were not a transformation and a renewal of something living – the original undergoes a change. (BENJAMIN, 1992, p. 74)

Moreover, the process of translating *Translations* is already a way to keep the “spirit” of Friel’s text alive because the play presents characters that through constant translations are moving towards language and their experience of language is what constitutes what they know as home. According to Heidegger, it is through the experience of language that we find the “home” of our existence, moreover, our being will be transformed through these experiences (HEIDEGGER, 2008, p. 121). By translating the play, we are putting in practice what the play stages, this movement towards language as a transformation of the being, in this case, the text itself.

It is in this sense that a translation might never equal the original because it represents the metaphor presented by the play - the process of translation as a process of renewal, like Heidegger suggests, a transformation of a being enabled by their experience of language. In this case, the Irish have had many experiences with language, from its historical period in which Latin and Greek formed their critical thinking towards language and led them to compare their own language with the foreign ones to the forging of a national literature in which the medium of creation was a major preoccupation to most writers. Translation, within the scope of Irish literature, equals the process of writing because of their constant movement between codes. Moreover, the

continuous renewal of images and symbols in Irish literature is what Friel understands and means as *Irishness*, because if they did not renew those images, they would fossilize as it is suggested by the hedge-school master Hugh.

Finally, literary translation and literary criticism have much to gain from each other when working together. Moreover, to translate a literary text, it is necessary to go further into the text as to study it, and in that sense, literary criticism can provide shortcuts the translator can take after reading the play, guiding the translator's second reading of the play and preparation for the translation. Needless to say that in this case the translator should not rely on only the work of one scholar, but many. Like Eco said, all translations complete each other, the same should be thought of literary criticism. Each study is a piece of a bigger puzzle which is the original text. In the same way a translation might change the course of a study due to the reading it presents to the reader, the study of a literary text might change the path a translation was taking. Literary translation should, therefore, see beyond the translation and navigate into the literary including all its layers of study, criticism among them.

## FINAL CONSIDERATIONS

### UNDER THE SIGN OF BABEL

It is not easy to reach a final consideration about *Translations* because the play itself does not offer a final consideration, it ends in an open way leaving the choice of how to fill in the blanks to the reader/viewer. However, final considerations towards the play are necessary to acknowledge its highly metaphorical potential. In the introduction, we saw a bit of the linguistic historical past of Ireland which is very similar to the one presented in the play in the sense of the coexistence of so many languages like Latin and Greek that which, as previously seen, were very decisive in the construction of an Irish intellectual and cultural life. Their presence in the play is not merely a symbolism of two dead languages that continue to cast their shadow upon other languages and, in this sense, continue to live through those languages much in the same way Irish lives through the English language; they are also representing the beginning of the culture of languages Ireland developed thanks to its linguistic historical past, and thanks to Ireland's opposition to England, because without it, Irish writers would probably not have crafted language in literature the way they did. As Heidegger suggests, consciously or unconsciously we live in language, and our being is shaped by the experience we have of it, and language becomes our home. (HEIDEGGER, 2008, p. 121) In this sense, a writer is trying to put to words his experience of language, moreover, in the case of Irish writers, they were trying to build a nation through words as seen with Yeats and other writers. The characters in *Translations* are not so different; Maire wishes to live in Yolland's speech, she wishes to learn English to translate herself out of Ireland. In this sense, her idea of home is in a language she does not yet speak, but that her experience of it thus far has showed her that it could make a fine home for her. Jimmy Jack reads Greek and prefers to live in the reality of mythological Gods, his life is shaped by his experience of the Greek language. *Translations*, therefore, is a metaphor for the Irish experience of language in more than one way because the Irish have experienced it in many ways such as repression, as rebellion, as freedom, etc. This may account for the fact it has received so many different readings and it is open to very different interpretations - as it is a play about

language and the experience of it, our interpretation of the play will also depend on our experience of language and what it means to us. To present a reading of the play as a metaphor for language and, moreover, a metaphor for language inside Irish literature was my main goal throughout this study, for that I organized this study in three main chapters.

In the first chapter, I attempted to elaborate a summary of the plot along with an analysis of it; when I say “attempted”, it is because I directed my summary towards linguistic issues and not so much to other issues the play also brings forth such as the occupation of Ireland by English troops, the post-colonial readings the play could have etc. Besides that, the first chapter also contained some of the receptions the play had throughout the years: from the very first night after its premiere up to productions in the first decade of the 21st century, I tried to locate the evolution in the criticism made towards the play over the years as well as the way the play was perceived by different critics around the world. Under the same intentions of analyzing the reception by the critics the first chapter also brought the first studies made on the play showing its development throughout the years according to ideology shifts. It also gave us an idea of how the play entered the public consciousness and the lineup of works studied in Irish literary studies.

The second chapter aimed at presenting a brief historical description of the creation of a national theater in Ireland starting by the foundation of the Irish Literary Theater in 1897 and then opposing it to the foundation of Field Day and the premiere of *Translations* in 1980

– this opposition was important as to perceive the dialogues the play established with the drama made before its time and, moreover, its contribution to Irish theater. In this chapter, we also saw that Field Day’s intent was to enable people, through literature, to choose a reading of history that set them free instead of imprisoning them. In the programme note for Friel’s play *Making History* from 1988, he writes that “history and fiction are related and comparable forms of discourse and...an historical text is kind of a literary artifact.” (FRIEL apud MURRAY, 1997, p. 216) This was the case throughout most of Irish literature periods, Yeats’ theater back at the end of the 19th century and early 20th century aimed at forging a history people could see as their own, furthermore, they were forging a reinvention of the representation of Irish people on stage and in literature. These representations in literature work as metaphors we can encounter living in the

characters of *Baile Beag* because of their treatment of language; it is possible to link each character to a period or a particular Irish literary figure; although I only pointed out four characters of great importance in the play, the possibilities are immense.

The third chapter presented an analysis of the translations of the plays into other languages and my own choices in the process of translating the play as well as the idea of literary studies aiming at the process of translation and how it helped me in rendering my idea of *Translations* into Brazilian Portuguese. Furthermore, nearly as an experiment, I tried to keep in my translation the aspects I brought up in the second section of the third chapter, the relation between literary translation and literary criticism, trying to keep the “literary” present in the translation. Although I believe the success of the translation of a play can only be acknowledged once it is performed, I believe that my translation provided important aspects that surround the main plot of the play, such as the process of translations inside the play. My translation of the *Translations* is the second translation of it in Brazilian Portuguese, and like Eco points out, I hope my translation becomes part of the one already existing in Brazilian Portuguese and also the other translations of the play, in other words, I see my translation of the play as a contribution to the study of the play, hoping it will provide Brazilian readers a new access to Brian Friel’s work as well as open up new perspectives on it.

With this study, I aimed at providing a different approach to Friel’s *Translations*, but also providing a different approach to Irish literature as a whole, putting aside political issues and concentrating mainly on the literary. Besides that, I wanted to present *Translations* as a play about metaphors, a play about the translation of the history of culture in Ireland. *Translations* presents readings of the history of languages in Ireland with the presence of Greek and Latin which, as presented in the introduction, were important languages in the construction of the Irish cultural and intellectual life. Moreover, the relation between Irish and English, despite allowing a post-colonial reading, is more about the interaction between two languages and how that interaction played a great role in the *bildungsroman* of Irish literature and the construction of the Irish as a nation, as seen in the second chapter, with the tradition in theater and the metaphors we can trace back to Irish writers’ process of representing and crafting the concept of *Irishness* in literature. James Joyce once said that through literature it was possible to catch a glimpse of a people’s



consciousness (KIBERD, 2002, p. 328) and in the case of *Translations*, the characters represent the consciousness of a whole nation's literature because they represent different stages of thoughts of language which built the Irish tradition in literature.

As seen in previous chapters, the figure of the writer and artist in Ireland often reached the level of nation in the sense that the writer would help build a concept of nation as seen in the case of Yeats and the case of Field Day's purpose in presenting new perspectives to change the reality and, besides that, presenting a new story that could become a history. About this relation, Kiberd says that ultimately "an autobiography in Ireland becomes, in effect, the autobiography of Ireland" (KIBERD, 2002, p. 119), and, in the case of *Translations*, it presents a sort of autobiography of language in Ireland and through that an autobiography of a whole nation whose identity was built between two languages, that is, in translation. In the introduction, I stated that the aim of this study was to present the relation between literature and language and how *Translations* works with the concept of *Irishness*. The answer to this question is in the title of the play, the play's translations work as a metaphor for *Irishness* in the sense that the Irish were constantly in a place of moving from one code to another; this was the way modern Ireland was built, thanks to the process of translation. *Irishness* is that place between the idea of Ireland and the idea of England in which neither Irish nor English is spoken, *Irishness* can be found in the place of the exile who does not feel at home in his own country but does not feel like a foreigner either. The idea of a national literature is formed upon language exiles, one that would express *Irishness* and the national feeling through the longing for form found not in one language, but in many. *Irishness* is to continuously look for that form to exile oneself in, to build a Baile Beag, a foreigner's stronghold, and learn to live in it, to call it one's home.

*Translations*, finally, is not a play about the death of Irish and the rise of the English language. It is not making fun of its audience; it is presenting how Irish persisted vigorously in English (O'BRIEN, 1993, p. 283), as if English were a translation of Irish. Hence, the linguistic history of Ireland should not be Old Irish - Middle Irish - replaced by English, but Old Irish - Middle Irish - English, thanks to literature, because the Irish successfully made English their own in a way the English could not and, in this way, *Translations* is not the death of a language but the transmutation of one

language into another. In his play, Friel stages the history of a nation as well as of a nation's literature, because like the characters in the play, Irish writers

have known estrangement from all languages as the natural condition of their work: this has meant that they have been able to make a home in many. Far from being ill-fitted to modernity, they have taken it as the one sure given, and so theirs has been a genius for adjustment. While their people have scattered across the face of the earth, moving from neolithic communities to the hyperreality of Hell's Kitchen, the writers have shown similar gifts of adaptation. Beckett wrote his greatest masterpieces in French before translating some of them "back" into English; and then he reverted wholly to creation in English, but only when French had become '*trop facile*'. Liam O'Flaherty began writing in Irish, soon switched to English, and oscillated between them after that. Flann O'Brien and Brendan Behan wrote most of their work in English, but each also wrote major texts of the modern Irish language. Joyce, the greatest of them all, wrote his last simultaneously in about two dozen languages. (KIBERD, 2002, p. 636)

In this sense, Irish literature is placed under the sign of Babel, a place where language was destroyed and writers are picking up the cracks and building up again their experience of language or what they think it is, like the characters in *Translations* are left at the end of the play.

Yolland connects his father's birth year, the year when the Bastille fell, to his character. Yolland's disappearance seemed to have shaped the life of the other characters because at the end of the play, Sarah can no longer speak. She loses her ability to speak, when Lancey addresses her, she cannot answer. She represents the Irish language that is being shut up. The baby who was born at the beginning of the play, Eamon, dies at the end representing the death of the last child who could have grown up speaking Irish, all other children would be taught in the national schools, hence, their first language would be English. Jimmy Jack is going to marry Athens, the goddess of another culture, of another language. Manus runs away, Doalty is going to stay and fight, Owen wants to go back to the way things were even though that is no longer possible. Hugh, on the other hand, is left telling the story of one of the greatest rebellions in Irish history, the battle of 1798, not only remembering it as a witness, but as the artist who reinvents the deed in his own style. Like many Irish writers, as pointed out in chapter two, who not only took the place of observers but also of witnesses and sometimes of victims, they had to forge a

style they could reinvent their history.

Concluding, *Translations* is Synge's theme-song which chants the work of remodeling English as Irish and does not sing the death of a language to give way to another. The final question is: what would be of Irish literature without this language, mysterious language as Flann O'Brien calls it, which is not Irish nor English, what would be of Irish literature if this language never existed or stopped existing? O'Brien answers that "a race of harmless, charming and amusing people" would have been "extirpated." (O'BRIEN, 1993, p. 283) In this sense, if the idea of this *race* exists, as Yeats himself used to refer to the Irish people, and the idea of Ireland itself exists, it is because of the efforts of writers and, moreover, because of translations.

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## **TRADUÇÕES**

**BRIAN FRIEL**

Tradução de Mariana Lessa de Oliveira

## PERSONAGENS

MANUS

SARAH

JIMMY JACK

MAIRE

DOALTY

BRIDGET

HUGH

OWEN

CAPITÃO LANCEY

TENENTE YOLLAND



*Traduções* foi encenada pela primeira vez pela companhia de teatro Field Day no Guildhall em Derry, na terça-feira, 23 de setembro de 1980. O elenco era composto por:

MANUS	Mick Lally
SARAH	Ann Hasson
JIMMY JACK	Roy Hanlon
MAIRE	Nuala Hayes
DOALTY	Liam Neeson
BRIDGET	Brenda Scallon
HUGH	Ray McAnally
OWEN	Stephen Rea
CAPITÃO LANCEY	David Heap
TENENTE YOLLAND	Shaun Scott

<i>Direção</i>	Art O Briain
<i>Projeto</i>	Consolata Boyle
<i>Assistente</i>	Magdalena Rubalcava Mary Friel
<i>Iluminação</i>	Rupert Murray

A Companhia de Teatro Field Day foi fundada por Brian Friel e Stephen Rea. *Traduções* foi sua primeira produção.

A peça se passa em uma escola regional na cidade de Baile Beag/Ballybeg, uma comunidade falante de irlandês na região de Donegal.

PRIMEIRO ATO

Uma tarde no final de agosto em 1833.

SEGUNDO ATO

Alguns dias depois.

TERCEIRO ATO

A noite do dia seguinte.

Um intervalo: entre as duas  
cenas no Segundo Ato.

## PRIMEIRO ATO

*A escola regional fica em um galpão, ou celeiro, ou curral fora de funcionamento. Ao longo da parede dos fundos, estão os restos de pilares de madeiras, correntes e cinco ou seis divisórias onde antigamente vacas eram ordenhadas e alojadas. À esquerda, há uma porta dupla, grande o bastante para a entrada de uma carroça; à direita, há uma janela, uma escada de madeira (sem corrimão) que leva até o andar superior onde moram o mestre e seu filho (esse andar está fora de cena). Espalhados pela escola estão utensílios quebrados e esquecidos como uma roda de carroça, algumas gaiolas para prender lagostas, ferramentas de fazenda, feno, uma batedeira, etc. Há também banquinhos e bancos que são utilizados pelos alunos, e uma mesa e uma cadeira que são utilizadas pelo mestre. Um balde d'água e uma toalha suja ficam próximos à porta. O lugar é desconfortável e empoeirado, porém prático. Não há sinais de toque feminino.*

*Quando a cortina abre, MANUS está ensinando SARAH a falar. Ele se ajoelha a seu lado. Ela está sentada em um banquinho baixo. Cabisbaixa e muito tensa, ela está apertando uma ardósia sobre seus joelhos. De uma forma firme e gentil, MANUS está a persuadindo com um certo zelo, como tudo que ele faz.*

*MANUS tem vinte e tantos ou trinta e poucos anos. Ele é o filho mais velho do mestre. Pálido, magro e sério, ele trabalha como assistente voluntário de seu pai, ou seja, um monitor. Suas roupas são farrapos e quando caminha, notamos que é manco.*

*SARAH possui uma disfunção de fala tão grave que por toda sua vida foi considerada idiota pela comunidade e ela aceitou isso. Quando ela deseja se comunicar, emite grunhidos e sons nasais ininteligíveis. De aparência frágil, ela pode ter qualquer idade entre dezessete e trinta e cinco anos.*

*JIMMY JACK CASSIE - conhecido como O Prodígio - senta só e, contente, lê Homero em grego, sorrindo para si mesmo. Ele é um solteirão na casa dos sessenta anos, mora só, e vai às aulas da noite em parte pela companhia e em parte pelo*

*estímulo intelectual. Ele é fluente em latim e grego, mas não é de maneira alguma pedante. Para ele, é perfeitamente normal falar essas línguas. Ele nunca se lava; suas roupas (um casacão, chapéu e luvas) são sujas, e ele as usa sempre - faça frio ou calor, dia ou noite. Ele agora lê em voz baixa e sorri satisfeito. Para JIMMY, o mundo dos deuses e mitos clássicos é tão real e imediato quanto o dia-a-dia na cidade de Baile Beag.*

MANUS *segura as mãos de SARAH carinhosamente e fala devagar e com clareza.*

MANUS: Nós estamos indo muito bem. E nós vamos tentar mais uma vez, só mais uma vez. Agora, relaxa e inspira...bem fundo...e expira...ins...e ex...

*(SARAH balança a cabeça teimosamente.)*

MANUS: Vamos lá, Sarah. Este é o nosso segredo. *(De novo, SARAH balança a cabeça teimosamente.)*

MANUS: Ninguém está escutando. Ninguém te ouve. JIMMY: *“Ton d’emeibet epeita thea glaukopis Athene...”*

MANUS: Ponha os lábios e a língua para funcionar. “Meu nome...” Vamos lá. Mais uma vez. “Meu nome é...” Isso.

SARAH: Meu...

MANUS: Ótimo. “Meu nome...”

SARAH: Meu... meu...

MANUS: Cabeça erguida. Põe pra fora. Ninguém está ouvindo. JIMMY: *“... alla hekelos estai em Atreidao domois...”*

MANUS: Jimmy, por favor! Mais uma vez, só mais uma vez. “Meu nome...” Isso. Vamos lá. Cabeça erguida. Boca aberta.

SARAH: Meu...

MANUS: Bom...

SARAH: Meu...

MANUS: Ótimo...

SARAH: Meu nome...

MANUS: Sim?

(SARAH *para. De repente.*) SARAH: Meu nome é Sarah.

MANUS: Magnífico! Excelente!

(MANUS *abraça SARAH. Ela sorri um orgulho acanhado.*) Ouvisses, Jimmy? “Meu nome é Sarah”, claro como um cristal. (*para SARAH*) O Prodígio não sabe do que estamos falando. (SARAH *ri. MANUS a abraça novamente e se levanta.*)

Agora nós realmente demos a largada! Nada vai nos parar agora! Nada no mundo inteiro!

(JIMMY, *rindo do texto, caminha até eles.*)

JIMMY: Escuta isso, Manus.

MANUS: Logo tu estarás me contando todos os segredos que estão nessa tua cabecinha há anos. Claro, James, o que é? (*para SARAH*) Será que tu poderias organizar os bancos?

(MANUS *sobe as escadas.*)

JIMMY: Espera até ouvires isso, Manus.

MANUS: Vá em frente. Eu já desço.

JIMMY: “*Hos ara min phamene rabdo epemassat Athene* - “ “Após Atena ter dito isso, tocou Ulisses com sua varinha. Ela enfraqueceu a pele clara de suas pernas fortes e destruiu o cabelo loiro de sua cabeça, e nas pernas colocou a pele de um velho...”! A diaba! A diaba!

(MANUS *reaparece com uma tigela de leite e um pedaço de pão.*)

JIMMY: “*Knuzosen de oi osse* - “ “Ela obscureceu seus belos olhos e o vestiu com um manto esfarrapado e vil, tismado de fuligem imunda...” Visses? Fuligem! Fuligem! Visses? E olhe o que a mesma fuligem imunda fez comigo! (*Rapidamente tira o chapéu e mostra sua cabeça calva.*) Tu chamarias isso de cabelo loiro?

MANUS: Certamente.

JIMMY: “E sobre ele lançou a pele de uma corça imunda, sem cabelos, e em sua mão colocou um cajado e uma carteira”! Ha-ha-ha! Atena fez isso com

Ulisses! Transformou Ulisses em um mendigo! Difícil ela, não?

MANUS: Tu não darias conta dela, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Sabes como a chamam?

MANUS: “*Glaukopis Athene.*”

JIMMY: Isso mesmo! Atena dos olhos em chamas! Por Deus, Manus, meu caro, se tu tivesses uma mulher dessas em casa, não seria bem em aparar o gramado que tu ficarias pensando, né?

MANUS: Ela era uma deusa, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Melhor ainda! Claro, nossa Grania também é um tipo de deusa e...

MANUS: Quem?

JIMMY: Grania, Grania, a Grania de Diarmuid.

MANUS: Ah.

JIMMY: E ela com certeza não se satisfaz facilmente.

MANUS: Jimmy, tu és impossível.

JIMMY: Eu estava pensando cá com meus botões ontem à noite: se tu tivesses que escolher entre Atena, Artemis e Helena de Tróia, todas filhas de Zeus... Imagine todas essas três lindas divindades no mesmo lugar em Atenas! Agora, se tu tivesses que escolher uma delas, quem tu escolherias?

MANUS: *(Para SARAH)* Qual devo escolher, Sarah?

JIMMY: Sem ofensas à Helena, e nem à Artemis, e sem dúvida não quero ofender nossa Grania, Manus. Mas, eu acho que não tenho escolha se não correr direto para os braços de Atena. Meu Deus, aqueles olhos flamejantes deixariam qualquer homem na ponta dos pés a todo momento! *(De repente e por um momento, JIMMY, como se em um espasmo, se levanta em sentido e cumprimento, seu rosto em uma expressão de êxtase aflito. MANUS ri. SARAH também. JIMMY volta para seu lugar e para sua leitura.)*

MANUS: Tu és um homem muito perigoso, Jimmy Jack.

JIMMY: “Olhos flamejantes”! Hah! Com certeza Homero sabia das coisas, meu caro. Homero sabia das coisas.

(MANUS *vai até a janela e olha para fora.*)

MANUS: Onde será que ele se meteu?

(SARAH *vai até MANUS e toca seu cotovelo. Ela imita uma pessoa balançando um bebê*)

MANUS: Eu sei, ele está no batizado. Mas, não demora o dia todo para dar nome a um bebê, certo?

(SARAH *imita uma pessoa servindo doses de bebidas e tomando-a rapidamente.*)

MANUS: Tens razão. Qual bar?

(SARAH *indica.*)

MANUS: No Gracie?

(*Não. Mais longe.*)

MANUS: No Con Connie Tim?

(*Não. À direita desse.*)

MANUS: No Anna na mBreag?

(*Sim. Esse mesmo.*)

MANUS: Ótimo. Ela vai tratá-lo bem até demais. Acho melhor eu dar a aula então.

(MANUS *começa a distribuir alguns livros, lousas, giz, textos, etc. Ao lado dos bancos, SARAH vai até o palheiro e retira um buquê de flores que havia escondido ali. Enquanto isso:*)

JIMMY: “*Autar o ek limenos prosebe*” “No entanto, Ulises partiu do porto e entrou na floresta e para o lugar onde Atena o havia mostrado onde poderia encontrar um bom porqueiro que - “*o oi biotoio malista kedeto*” – o que é isso, Manus?

MANUS: “Que cuidasse bem de sua propriedade”.

JIMMY: Isso mesmo! “O bom porqueiro que cuidasse bem de sua propriedade, inclusive de todos os escravos que Ulises possuía...”

(SARAH *mostra as flores para MANUS.*)

MANUS: São lindas, Sarah.

*(Mas SARAH corre envergonhada para seu banco e enterra a cabeça em um livro. MANUS vai até ela.)*

MANUS: Flo-res.

*(Pausa. SARAH não olha.)*

MANUS: Diga: flo-res. Vamos lá, flo-res.

SARAH: Flores.

MANUS: Viste? Deste a largada!

*(MANUS se curva e beija a cabeça de SARAH.)* MANUS: E as flores são lindas. Obrigado.

*(MAIRE entra, opinativa, uma mulher forte na casa dos vinte anos. Cabelo encaracolado, ela carrega uma pequena caneca de leite.)*

MAIRE: Isso é tudo? Não tem mais aulas à noite? MANUS: Se meu pai não voltar, eu darei a aula.

*(MANUS se sente desconfortável por ter sido pego beijando SARAH e com flores próximas ao seu peito.)*

MAIRE: Ah, se isso não é lindo. Aqui está o teu leite. Como estamos, Sarah?

*(SARAH responde com um grunhido.)*

MANUS: Eu te vi na colheita.

*(MAIRE ignora e vai até JIMMY.)*

JIMMY: E como tu estás, Jimmy Jack Cassie? JIMMY: Senta ao meu lado, Maire.

MAIRE: Estarei a salvo?

JIMMY: Mais do que qualquer outro lugar em Donegal.

*(MAIRE puxa um banquinho para o lado de JIMMY.)*

MAIRE: Aah! Dizem por aí que é a melhor colheita da história, mas não quero ver outra como esta. *(Mostra as mãos para JIMMY.)* Olha os calos.

JIMMY: *Esne fatigata?*

MAIRE: *Sum fatigatissima.*

JIMMY: *Bene! Optime!*



MAIRE: Isso é tudo que sei de latim. Seria melhor ter esse tanto de inglês.

JIMMY: Inglês? Eu pensei que tu soubesses falar inglês.

MAIRE: Três palavras. Espera, tinha uma frase que eu sabia de cor. Como era mesmo? *(Seu sotaque é estranho pois está falando em uma língua estrangeira e porque ela não entende o que diz.)* “Em Norfolk, dançamos em volta do *nastro*.” Que tal, hein?

MANUS: Mastro.

*(MAIRE ignora MANUS novamente.)*

MAIRE: Que Deus abençoe minha tia Mary. Ela me ensinou essa frase quando eu tinha quatro anos, sei lá o que significa. Sabes o que significa, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Tu certamente deves saber que só falo irlandês como tu.

MAIRE: E latim. E grego.

JIMMY: Minto: eu sei uma palavra em inglês. MAIRE: Qual?

JIMMY: Pei-tos.

MAIRE: O que é pei-tos?

JIMMY: Sabes *(Ele indica com as mãos)* *Pei-tos, pei-tos*, sabes, Diana, a caçadora, ela tem dois pei-tos magníficos.

MAIRE: Só podia ser essa a única palavra que conheces em inglês. *(Levanta-se)* Tem água por aqui?

*(MANUS entrega sua tigela de leite para MAIRE.)*

MANUS: Desculpe-me por não ter aparecido ontem à noite.

MAIRE: Não importa.

MANUS: Bidy Hanna me pediu para escrever uma carta para a irmã dela de Nova Scotia. Contou toda a fofoca da região. “Levei a vaca para cruzar com o touro três vezes semana passada, mas não adiantou de nada. Não há mais nada agora, a não ser o Big Ned Frank.”

MAIRE: *(Bebendo)* Assim está melhor.

MANUS: E ela estava tão concentrada que esqueceu para quem estava

ditando: “Aquele mestre velho e bêbado e seu filho aleijado ainda estão perdendo tempo naquela escola regional, e fazendo as pessoas perderem tempo e dinheiro.”

(MAIRE *ri.*)

MAIRE: Eu não acredito!

MANUS: E eu anotando tudo. “Graças a Deus que uma dessas escolas nacionais está sendo construída perto de Poll na gCaorach.” Já passava da meia-noite quando voltei.

MAIRE: É ótimo ser um homem ocupado.

(MAIRE *se afasta.* MANUS *a segue.*)

MANUS: Eu ouvi a música quando estava voltando, mas achei que era muito tarde para aparecer.

MAIRE: (*Para SARAH*) Teu pai estava com um vozeirão ontem, não?

(SARAH *afirma com a cabeça e sorri.*)

MAIRE: Tu deveras ter chegado em casa por volta das três da manhã, não?

(SARAH *mostra quatro dedos.*)

MAIRE: Quatro? Por isso estamos acabados.

MANUS: Eu posso te ajudar na colheita amanhã.

MAIRE: É o nome de uma música, não? “O erudito no campo de colheita.” Ou é uma dança?

MANUS: Se o dia estiver bom.

MAIRE: Fique à vontade. Os soldados ingleses nas tendas lá de baixo, os sapadores, eles vão nos dar uma mão. Não entendo uma palavra do que dizem, e nem eles o que eu digo. Mas, isso não importa, não é mesmo?

MANUS: Por que diabos tu estás tão mal-humorada?!

(DOALTY e BRIDGET *entram fazendo barulho. Ambos tem vinte e poucos anos. DOALTY está sacudindo o mastro de um sapador. Ele é um jovem rapaz de mente aberta, coração generoso e um pouco ignorante. BRIDGET é uma jovem moça gordinha, vaidosa, sempre pronta para rir e com uma astúcia inerente às mulheres do campo. DOALTY entra imitando o mestre.*)

DOALTY: Saudações vespertinas a todos.

BRIDGET: Ele está vindo de Carraig na Ri e está podre de bêbado!

DOALTY: *Ignari, stulti, rustici*, garotos servindo bebidas e camponeses desprezíveis, semi-analfabetos e bastardos.

BRIDGET: Está assim desde de manhã. Mandou os pequeninos para casa às onze horas!

DOALTY: Três perguntas: a) estou bêbado?; b) estou sóbrio? (*Na cara de MAIRE.*)

*Responde - responde!*

BRIDGET: c) Quando foi a última vez que esteve sóbrio?

MAIRE: Que arma é essa, Doalty?

BRIDGET: Já o avisei. Ele vai ser preso qualquer dia desses.

DOALTY: Eu estava no pântano com a Bridget e o velho dela, e os Casacas Vermelhas estavam do outro lado, ao pé de Croc na Mona, arrastando suas correntes velhas e espiando por aquela máquina enorme que carregam para todo canto. Sabes o nome daquilo, Manus?

MAIRE: Teodolito.

BRIDGET: Como tu sabes?

MAIRE: Às vezes, quando chove, eles deixam no nosso estábulo à noite.

JIMMY: Teodolito. Qual é a etimologia dessa palavra, Manus?

MANUS: Não faço a mínima ideia.

BRIDGET: Continua contando a história.

JIMMY: *Theo* , *theos*, tem a ver com um Deus. Talvez *thea*, uma deusa! Qual é o formato da canga?

DOALTY: “Formato!” Cala a boca, seu velho idiota! De qualquer forma, cada vez que eles cravavam um desses mastros no solo e andavam pelo pântano, eu ia lá e trocava os mastros de lugar, uns vinte ou trinta passos pro lado.

BRIDGET: Meu Deus!

DOALTY: E daí eles voltavam e olhavam, e conferiam os cálculos, e

olhavam de novo, e coçavam a cabeça. E sabe o que eles acabavam fazendo?

BRIDGET: Esperem só até ouvirem isso! DOALTY: Eles desmontavam a máquina!

*(Imediatamente ele começa a fazer sons estranhos, uma imitação dos dois sapadores agitados e confusos discutindo.)*

BRIDGET: Era bem assim que eles faziam!

MAIRE: Tu deves estar muito orgulhoso, Doalty.

DOALTY: Como assim?

MAIRE: Foste muito astuto.

MANUS: Foi um gesto.

MAIRE: Que tipo de gesto?

MANUS: Só para indicar... uma presença.

MAIRE: Hah!

BRIDGET: Estou te avisando, tu serás preso.

*(Quando DOALTY está envergonhado, ou satisfeito, ele reage fisicamente. Ele agora agarra BRIDGET pela cintura.)*

DOALTY: E o que tu achas desse mastro, Bridget? Não daria um belo mastro pra tua bateadeira?

BRIDGET: Me solta, seu bruto imundo! Eu tenho deveres pra fazer antes que o velho Hugh chegue.

MANUS: Acho que não esperaremos por ele. Comecemos.

*(Aos poucos, e com relutância, eles começam a ir para seus lugares e fazerem os deveres. DOALTY vai até o balde d'água e lava suas mãos. BRIDGET segura um espelho e escova seus cabelos.)*

BRIDGET: O bebê de Nellie Ruadh foi batizado esta manhã. Alguém sabe o nome do bebê? Sabes, Sarah?

*(SARAH grunhe: não.)*

BRIDGET: E tu, Maire?

MAIRE: Não.

BRIDGET: Nosso Seamus disse que ela estava ameaçando colocar o nome do pai.

DOALTY: E quem é o pai?

BRIDGET: Eis a questão, seu burro!

DOALTY: Ah.

BRIDGET: Pois é, então tem muito macho preocupado em Baile Beag hoje.

DOALTY: Ela me contou domingo passado que ia colocar o nome de Jimmy.

BRIDGET: Como tu mentes, Doalty.

DOALTY: Eu iria mentir pra ti? Ei, Jimmy, o velho de Nellie Ruadh está te procurando.

JIMMY: Me procurando?

MAIRE: Para, Doalty.

DOALTY: Alguém contou para ele...

MAIRE: Doalty!

DOALTY: Que você sabia de cor o primeiro livro de Sátiras do Horácio.

JIMMY: É verdade.

DOALTY: E ele quer que tu recites o livro para ele.

JIMMY: Farei isso, com certeza. Com certeza.

DOALTY: Ele mal pode esperar.

*(JIMMY revira seus bolsos.)*

JIMMY: Eu encontrei isso ontem à noite. Isso vai te interessar, é o segundo livro das Geórgicas de Virgílio.

DOALTY: Nossa, com certeza esta é a minha praia.

BRIDGET: Palhaço! *(Para SARAH)* Segura isso pra mim? *(o espelho.)*

JIMMY: Escuta isso, Manus. *“Nigra fere et presso pinguis sub vomere terra...”*

DOALTY: Calma, muita calma garotos, não me apressem...

*(Ele simula uma grande concentração.)*

JIMMY: Manus?

MANUS: “Terra tão roxa e rica sob a pressão do arado...”

DOALTY: Deixa *eu* tentar!

JIMMY: “E com *cui putre*, com solo quebradiço, é o melhor para o milho.”

Pronto!

DOALTY: Pronto.

JIMMY: “Em nenhuma outra terra encontrarás mais carroças rumando para casa atrás de bois morosos.” Virgílio! Pronto!

DOALTY: “Bois morosos”!

JIMMY: Não é o que sempre estou dizendo? Terra roxa para milho. *Isso* é o que vocês deveriam ter nos campos: milho, e não batatas.

DOALTY: Escutem só esse aí! É preguiçoso até para se lavar e quer dar sermão sobre agricultura! Por favor, faz a gentileza de ir catar minhoca no campo, Jimmy Jack Cassie! (*Agarra SARAH*) Venha comigo, Sarah, e plantaremos milho juntos.

MANUS: Tudo bem, tudo bem. Vamos nos acalmar e trabalhar um pouco. Eu sei que Sean Beag não vem, ele está pescando. E os gêmeos Donnelly? (*Para DOALTY*) Os gêmeos Donnelly não vão mais aparecer?

(*DOALTY balança os ombros e se vira para o outro lado.*)

Tu perguntaste a eles?

DOALTY: Não.

MANUS: Onde estão, então?

DOALTY: Como é que eu vou saber?

BRIDGET: Nosso Seamus disse que dois cavalos dos soldados ontem foram encontrados ao pé dos penhascos em Machaire Buidhe e... (*Ela para de repente e começa a escrever com o giz em sua lousa.*) Dá para acreditar no barulho dessa lousa? Ninguém conseguiria escrever por muito tempo nessa coisa.

MANUS: Que frase meu pai te passou?

BRIDGET: “É mais fácil abandonar o aprendizado do que lembrá-lo.” JIMMY: Livro três, *Agrícola* de Tácito.

BRIDGET: Minha nossa, como tu és chato.

MANUS: Tu consegues fazer a frase?

BRIDGET: Aí está. Muito ruim? Ele vai matar eu?

MANUS: Está muito bom. Mantenha o cotovelo perto do teu corpo. Doalty?

DOALTY: Estou fazendo a tabela do sete. Eu sou muito bom, chefe.

(MANUS vai até SARAH.)

MANUS: Tu entendes essas somas?

(SARAH balança a cabeça: sim. MANUS se abaixa e fala no ouvido de SARAH.) MANUS: Meu nome é Sarah.

(MANUS vai até MAIRE. Enquanto ele fala com ela, os outros trocam livros, e conversam em baixo tom, etc.)

MANUS: Posso te ajudar? Onde tu estás?

MAIRE: Mapa dos Estados Unidos. (Pausa.) O dinheiro da passagem chegou sexta passada.

MANUS: Tu nunca me contaste nada disso. MAIRE: Porque eu não te vi, né?

MANUS: Tu não queres ir. Tu mesma falaste isso.

MAIRE: Eu tenho mais dez para alimentar e nenhum homem na casa. Qual é a tua sugestão?

MANUS: Tu queres ir?

MAIRE: Te candidataste para aquele emprego na nova escola nacional?

MANUS: Não.

MAIRE: Tu disseste que ia.

MANUS: Eu disse que talvez fosse.

MAIRE: Quando as escolas nacionais abrirem, essa aqui está acabada. Ninguém vai pagar para frequentar uma escola regional.

MANUS: Eu sei e eu... (Ele para porque vê SARAH escutando perto de seus ombros. Ela se afasta novamente.) Eu pensei que talvez eu pudesse...

MAIRE: São 56 libras<sup>1</sup> que tu estás atirando pela janela.

MANUS: Eu não posso me candidatar para esse emprego.

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<sup>1</sup> Aproximadamente 170 reais.

MAIRE: Tu me prometeste que iria.

MANUS: Meu pai se candidatou para a vaga.

MAIRE: Ele não fez isso!

MANUS: Anteontem.

MAIRE: Meu Deus do céu, tu sabes que ele nunca...

MANUS: Eu não posso... não posso competir com ele.

*(MAIRE o encara por um segundo. Depois...)*

MAIRE: Fique à vontade. *(Para BRIDGET)* Eu vi o teu Seamus indo para Port hoje cedo pela manhã.

BRIDGET: E espera até ouvir isso, eu esqueci de te contar. Ele disse que assim que ele atravessou Cnoc na Mona, um pouco depois de onde os soldados estão fazendo os mapas, o cheiro doce estava por toda parte.

DOALTY: Tu nunca me contaste isso.

BRIDGET: Eu esqueci.

DOALTY: Ele viu as plantações em Port?

BRIDGET: Algumas.

MANUS: Como estava o solo?

BRIDGET: Bom, eu acho.

DOALTY: E o caule também?

BRIDGET: Eu não sei, acho que sim. Ele não disse nada.

MANUS: Só o cheiro doce?

BRIDGET: Ele disse que essa é a maneira que começa, não é? Primeiro o cheiro doce e depois, um dia, os caules ficam pretos e murchos.

DOALTY: Tu és burra ou o quê? São os caules apodrecidos que dão o cheiro doce. Esse é o cheiro, cheiro de caule apodrecendo.

MAIRE: Cheiro doce! Cheiro doce! Nessa época do ano todo mundo tem histórias sobre o cheiro doce. Meu Deus, alguma vez não tivemos batatas em Baile Beag? Bem, alguma vez? Alguma vez? Nunca! Nunca tivemos nenhum mal aqui. Nunca. Nunca. Mas, estamos sempre procurando esse mal, não? Procurando por tragédia. Os aluguéis vão aumentar de novo, a colheita vai ser perdida, os arenques se foram para sempre, seremos expulsos. Meu Deus, alguns de vocês



nunca estão felizes se não estiverem tristes e nunca estarão contentes até estarem mortos!

DOALTY: Isso aí, Maire. E com certeza Santo Colmcille preveu que nunca haveria mal nenhum aqui. Ele disse:

As batatas florescerão em Baile Beag

Até o dia em que os coelhos tenham uma orelha a mais.

E com certeza isso nunca vai acontecer. Então, estamos bem. Sete vezes três são vinte e um. Sete vezes quatro são vinte e oito. Sete vezes cinco são quarenta e nove. Ei, Jimmy, o que tu achas de eu me tornar chefe da nova escola nacional?

JIMMY: O que é? O que é isso?

DOALTY: Argh, volta para a Grécia, meu filho.

MAIRE: Tu deverias te candidatar, Doalty.

DOALTY: Tu achas? Talvez eu vá mesmo. Hah!

BRIDGET: Tu sabias que tu inicias ao seis anos e tens que ficar lá até teres doze, no mínimo. Não importa se tu és muito inteligente ou se tu sabes bastante.

DOALTY: Quem te contou essa ladainha?

BRIDGET: E toda criança de toda casa tem que ir todos os dias, o dia todo, faça verão ou inverno. É a lei.

DOALTY: Te digo uma coisa: ninguém vai chegar perto de lá. Eles não vão, com lei ou sem.

BRIDGET: E tudo é gratuito. Não se paga por nada, só pelos livros. Isso foi o que nosso Seamus disse.

DOALTY: “Nosso Seamus”. Ele não pagaria um centavo de qualquer maneira. Ela está inventando tudo isso.

BRIDGET: Não é verdade, Manus?

MANUS: Acho que sim.

BRIDGET: E do primeiro dia, tu não escutarás uma palavra em irlandês. Tu aprenderás inglês e toda matéria será ensinada em inglês e todo mundo ficará

bonitinho que nem as pessoas Bucrana.

*(SARAH emite um grunhido e gesticula que o mestre está vindo. A atmosfera muda. Todos se ocupam, cabisbaixos.)*

DOALTY: Ele chegou, pessoal. Meu Deus, ele vai fazer picadinho de mim por causa dessas tabuadas.

BRIDGET: Tens um giz sobrando, Manus?

MAIRE: E um atlas para mim?

*(DOALTY vai até MAIRE que está sentada em um banquinho no fundo.)*

DOALTY: Troca de lugar.

MAIRE: Por que?

DOALTY: Tem um vazio ali do lado do Prodígio.

MAIRE: Eu estou bem aqui.

DOALTY: Por favor, Maire. Eu quero ficar aqui no fundo.

*(MAIRE se levanta.)*

Eu te amo. *(Alto)* Alguém está com o maldito livro de tabuadas? Credo, estou acabado. *(SARAH o entrega um livro.)* Sabia que eu te adoro? *(Na pressa para voltar para seu lugar; DOALTY esbarra em BRIDGET que está ajoelhada no chão escrevendo laboriosamente em uma lousa sobre um banco.)*

BRIDGET: Olha por onde anda, Doalty!

*(DOALTY belisca BRIDGET. Ela grita. Agora o silêncio de todos trabalhando: JIMMY está lendo Homero em voz baixa; BRIDGET está copiando sua frase; MAIRE está estudando o atlas; DOALTY, de olhos fechados, está dizendo a tabuada; SARAH está fazendo somas. Depois de alguns segundos...)*

BRIDGET: Este “g” está correto, Manus? Como se põe o rabinho nele?

DOALTY: Cala a boca! Não consigo me concentrar!

*(Mais alguns segundos de trabalho. DOALTY abre os olhos e olha em volta.)*

Alarme falso, pessoal. O velhote não está vindo. Provavelmente não consegue nem ficar em pé.

*(Imediatamente HUGH entra. Um homem robusto que carrega uma*

*bengala, mal vestido e com uma aparente dignidade. Ele sempre toma uma quantidade significativa de bebida, mas nunca está bêbado. Ele tem sessenta e poucos anos.)*

HUGH: *Adsum, Doalty, adsum.* Talvez eu não esteja em *sobrietate perfecta*, mas estou *sobrius* o suficiente para ouvir tua observação. Saudações vespertinas a todos.

*(Diversas respostas.)*

JIMMY: *Ave, Hugh.*

HUGH: James. *(Ele tira o casaco, o chapéu e os entrega junto com a bengala a MANUS, como se ele fosse um mordomo.)* Sinceras desculpas pelo meu atraso; estávamos comemorando o batismo do bebê de Nellie Ruadh.

BRIDGET: *(Inocentemente)* Como o bebê se chama, mestre?

HUGH: Eamon? Sim, Eamon.

BRIDGET: Eamon Donal de Tor. Credo!

HUGH: E após a *cerimonia nominationis*, Maire?

MAIRE: O ritual do nome.

HUGH: De fato. Nós libamos para selar a ocasião. Tudo muito agradável. Derivação da palavra “batizar”? Onde estão meus alunos de grego? Doalty?

DOALTY: Seria ... é... ah...

HUGH: Muito devagar. James?

JIMMY: “*Baptizen*” - afundar ou imergir.

HUGH: De fato. Nosso amigo Pliny Minor fala de “*baptisterium*”, o banho frio. DOALTY: Mestre.

HUGH: Doalty?

DOALTY: Quer dizer que o senhor poderia chamar de “banho frio” o batizado de um bêbado, não?

*(Risos. Comentários.)*

HUGH: De fato. O exemplo está aí, o dia que tu foste nomeado de Doalty, sete vezes nove?

DOALTY: Como?

HUGH: Sete-vezes-nove?

DOALTY: Sete vezes nove, sete vezes nove, sete vezes nove, sete vezes nove. Ai meu Deus, eu tinha isso na ponta da língua, mestre. Eu sabia a resposta hoje de manhã. Engraçado, é o único que me confunde.

BRIDGET: *(Sem demora.)* Sessenta e três.

DOALTY: O que tem de errado comigo? Claro. Sete vezes nove são sessenta e três, mestre.

HUGH: Sófocles de Colonus concordaria com Doalty Dan Doalty de Tulach Alainn: “Não saber nada é a doce vida.” Onde está Sean Beag?

MANUS: Pescando.

HUGH: E Nora Dan?

MAIRE: Ela disse que não volta mais.

HUGH: Ah, Nora Dan consegue escrever o próprio nome. A educação de Nora Dan está completa. E os gêmeos Donnelly?

*(Pequena pausa. Depois...)*

BRIDGET: Provavelmente estão na relva. *(Ela vai até HUGH.)* Aqui está o dinheiro que devia do último trimestre de aritmética e aqui está o dinheiro pelas aulas de escrita desse trimestre.

HUGH: *Gratias tibi ago. (Ele senta em sua mesa.)* Antes de começarmos nossa *studia*, tenho três informações para repassá-los... *(Para MANUS)* Uma tigela de chá, chá forte, preto...

*(MANUS sai.)*

1: em minhas perambulações hoje, Bridget? Muito devagar. Maire?

MAIRE: Perambulare - passear.

HUGH: De fato. Eu encontrei o Capitão Lancey dos Engenheiros Reais que está encarregado da mapeação desta área. Ele me contou que nos últimos dias, dois de seus cavalos fugiram e alguns de seus equipamentos desapareceram. Lamentei pelo ocorrido e sugeri que ele falasse com vocês sobre isso. Então, ele me disse que não falava irlandês. Latin? Perguntei. Nada. Grego? Nem uma sílaba.

Ele admitiu falar apenas inglês e parecia muito verecundo, James?

JIMMY: *Verecundus* - humilde.

HUGH: De fato. Ele expressou surpresa por não falarmos sua língua. Expliquei que alguns de nós falava, por conveniência, fora daqui, claro, e geralmente com o propósito comercial, um uso para o qual sua língua parece muito adequada. (Grita) E um pedaço de pão! E eu continuei falando que nossa cultura e as línguas clássicas formavam uma conjugação mais feliz, Doalty?

DOALTY: *Conjugo* - eu uno.

(DOALTY está tão orgulhoso que ele cutuca e pisca para BRIDGET.)

HUGH: De fato. Inglês, eu falei, não poderia nos expressar. E, novamente, ele aquiesceu à minha lógica. Aquiesceu, Maire?

(MAIRE vira a cara impacientemente. HUGH não percebe.)

Muito devagar. Bridget?

BRIDGET: *Acquiesco*.

HUGH: *Procede*.

BRIDGET: *Acquiesco, acquiescere, acquievi, acquietum*.

HUGH: De fato. 2... MAIRE: Mestre?

HUGH: Sim?

(MAIRE se levanta, um pouco desconfortável, mas determinada. Pausa.)

Então?

MAIRE: Nós devíamos estar aprendendo inglês. É o que minha mãe diz. É o que eu digo. É o que Dan O'Connell disse mês passado em Ennis. Ele disse que o quanto mais cedo aprendermos inglês, melhor.

(De repente, todos falam ao mesmo tempo.)

JIMMY: O que ela está dizendo? O que? Como?

DOALTY: É irlandês que ele usa quando ele está caçando votos.

BRIDGET: E dormindo com mulheres casadas. Nenhuma mulher está a salvo daquele lá.

JIMMY: Quem, quem, quem? Quem é esse? Quem é?

HUGH: *Silentium!* (Pausa.) De quem ela está falando?

MAIRE: Estou falando de Daniel O'Connell.

HUGH: Ela está falando daquele politicozinho de Kerry?

MAIRE: Estou falando do Libertador, mestre, como tu bem sabes. E o que ele disse foi: “A velha língua é uma barreira para o progresso.” Ele disse isso mês passado. E ele está certo. Eu não quero grego. Eu não quero latim. Eu quero inglês.

*(MANUS reaparece na plataforma acima.)*

Eu quero saber falar inglês porque estou indo para os Estados Unidos assim que a colheita acabar.

*(MAIRE continua em pé. HUGH coloca a mão no bolso e retira um frasco de uísque. Ele tira a tampa, serve uma dose nela, bebe, coloca a tampa de volta e põe o frasco de volta no bolso. Depois...)*

HUGH: Fomos divertidos, *diverto, divertere*. Onde estávamos?

DOALTY: Nas três informações, mestre. Paraste na segunda.

HUGH: De fato. 2... 2... 2.. ah, sim! Quando eu estava no batizado hoje pela manhã, eu conheci o senhor George Alexander, A Justiça de Paz. Conversamos sobre as novas escolas nacionais. O senhor Alexander me ofereceu um cargo na escola nacional que esta abrisse. Agradei e expliquei que só poderia aceitá-lo se eu pudesse fazer do meu jeito como venho fazendo na escola regional pelos últimos trinta e cinco anos, enchendo o que nosso amigo Eurípedes chama de “*aplestos pithos*”, James?

JIMMY: “O barril que não pode ser enchido”.

HUGH: De fato. E o Sr. Alexander, muito cortês e enfático, disse que era assim mesmo que ele esperava que fosse.

*(MAIRE senta.)*

De fato. Eu tive um dia cheio e estou cansado de todos vocês. *(Ele se levanta.)*  
Manus dará a aula.

*(HUGH caminha até a escada, OWEN entra. OWEN é o filho mais novo. Um jovem bonito e atraente de vinte e poucos anos. Ele está bem vestido, como um*

*homem da cidade. Sua conduta é natural e charmosa. Ele faz tudo com consideração e entusiasmo. Ele está parado na porta, com um saco de viagens em suas costas.)*

OWEN: Alguém pode me informar se é aqui que Hugh Mor O'Donnell dá aula?

DOALTY: É o Owen! Owen Hugh! Olha só, pessoal, é o Owen Hugh!

*(OWEN entra. Ele cumprimenta cada pessoa individualmente.)*

OWEN: Doalty! *(Dá um soco brincalhão.)* Como tu estás, rapaz? *Jacobe, quid agis?* Tu estás bem?

JIMMY: Bem, bem.

OWEN: E Bridget! Um beijo, por favor! Aaaaaah!

BRIDGET: Seja bem-vindo, Owen.

OWEN: Não pode ser...? É a Maire Chatach! Meu Deus! Uma jovem moça!

MAIRE: Como tu estás, Owen?

*(OWEN agora está na frente de HUGH. Ele coloca as duas mãos nos ombros de seu PAI.)*

OWEN: E como está o meu velho?

HUGH: Indo. Indo.

OWEN: Indo? Pelo amor de Deus, tu nunca pareceste tão bem! Venha até aqui!

*(Ele abraça HUGH carinhosamente e genuinamente.)* É muito bom te ver, pai. É ótimo estar de volta.

*(Os olhos de HUGH estão lacrimejando, em parte de felicidade e em parte por causa da bebida.)*

HUGH: Eu... Eu... não dá bola para mim.

OWEN: Que isso, o que é isso... *(Ele entrega a HUGH o seu lenço.)* Sabe o que faremos hoje à noite? Iremos até o bar de Anna na mBreg...

DOALTY: Lá não, Owen.

OWEN: Por que não?

DOALTY: O uísque dela está pior do que nunca.

BRIDGET: Ela coloca sapos nele!

OWEN: Melhor ainda. *(Para HUGH)* Ficaremos podres de bêbado. Está acertado.

*(OWEN vê MANUS descer as escadas com chá e pão. Eles se encontram no último degrau.)*

E Manus!

MANUS: Bem-vindo, Owen.

OWEN: Eu sei que sou. E é ótimo estar aqui. *(Ele se vira com os braços abertos.)* Não posso acreditar. Eu volto depois de seis anos e tudo está como antes. Nada mudou! Nadinha de nada! *(Aspira o ar.)* Até o cheiro, é o mesmo cheiro de sempre. O que é esse cheiro afinal? É a palha?

DOALTY: O chulé do Jimmy Jack.

*(Todos riem. Formam-se pequenos grupos de conversa na sala.)*

OWEN: E o Doalty Dan Doalty não mudou nada também.

DOALTY: Com certeza, Owen.

OWEN: Jimmy, tu estás bem?

JIMMY: Na medida do possível.

OWEN: Alguma notícia do grande dia?

*(Isso é recebido com “ohs” e “ahs”.)*

Ainda está em tempo, Jimmy. É mais fácil de conviver com o Homero, não é?

MAIRE: Ouvimos falar que tu tens dez lojas em Dublin. É verdade?

OWEN: Apenas nove.

BRIDGET: E que tu tens doze cavalos e seis empregados.

OWEN: Isso é verdade. Minha nossa, dá para acreditar nisso, me bisbilhotando!

MANUS: Quando chegaste?

OWEN: Saímos de Dublin ontem de manhã, passamos a noite em Omagh e chegamos aqui meia hora atrás.

MANUS: Deves estar com fome.

HUGH: De fato. Pega comida e bebida para ele.



OWEN: Agora não, obrigado. Depois. Escutem, estou interrompendo? HUGH: De maneira alguma. Terminamos por hoje.

OWEN: Maravilha! Direi porque. Dois amigos meus estão esperando do lado de fora. Eles querem conhecê-los e eu quero que vocês os conheçam. Posso deixar eles entrarem?

HUGH: Certamente. Tu comes e...

OWEN: Agora não, pai. Vocês viram os sapadores trabalhando nesta área na última quinzena, certo? Então, o homem mais velho é o Capitão Lancey...

HUGH: Eu já conheci o Capitão Lancey.

OWEN: Ótimo. Ele é o cartógrafo encarregado de toda essa área. Cartógrafo, James?

*(OWEN começa a fazer o jogo de seu pai, em parte para envolver seu público e em parte para mostrar que ele não esqueceu e também porque ele gosta.)*

JIMMY: Uma pessoa que faz mapas.

OWEN: De fato. Eu vim de Dublin com o homem mais jovem, o nome dele é Tenente Yolland e ele está no departamento de toponímico, pai? *Responde, responde!*

HUGH: Ele dá nomes a lugares.

OWEN: De fato. Na verdade, ele é um ortógrafo, Doalty? Muito devagar. Manus?

MANUS: A ortografia correta desses nomes.

OWEN: De fato! De fato!

*(OWEN ri e bate palmas. Alguns o acompanham.)*

Maravilha! Que maravilha! Por Deus, é um prazer estar entre vocês de novo, pessoas “civilizadas”. Enfim, posso deixá-los entrar?

HUGH: Os teus amigos são nossos amigos.

OWEN: Volto já.

*(Conversa generalizada enquanto OWEN se dirige até a porta. Ele para ao lado de SARAH.)*

OWEN: Esse rosto é novo. Quem tu és? *(Uma pequena hesitação. Então:)*

SARAH: Meu nome é Sarah.

OWEN: Sarah do quê?

SARAH: Sarah Johnny Sally.

OWEN: Claro! De Bun na hAbhann! Eu sou o Owen, Owen Hugh Mor de Baile Beag. Bom te ver.

*(Enquanto SARAH e OWEN conversam.)*

HUGH: Vamos lá. Vamos arrumar este lugar. *(Ele esfrega a superfície de sua mesa com a manga da camisa.)* Mexa-se, Doalty. Junte esses livros do chão.

DOALTY: Certamente, mestre. É pra já, mestre. Estou dando o melhor de mim, mestre.

*(OWEN para na porta.)*

OWEN: Só um detalhe, pai.

HUGH: *Silentium!*

OWEN: Estou na folha de pagamento deles.

*(SARAH, orgulhosa de seu sucesso, está ao lado de MANUS.)*

SARAH: Eu consegui, Manus!

*(MANUS ignora SARAH. Ele está muito mais interessado em OWEN agora.)*

MANUS: Tu não te alistaste, né?

*(SARAH se afasta.)*

OWEN: Eu? Um soldado? Eu trabalho meio-turno e mal pago como um intérprete civil. Meu trabalho é traduzir esta língua bárbara e arcaica que vocês insistem em falar para o bom inglês do Rei.

*(Ele sai.)*

HUGH: Mexam-se! Mexam-se! Vamos! Coloquem ordem nesse lugar! Vamos, Sarah, esconda aquele balde. De quem são essas lousas? Alguém tira essas louças daqui. *Festinate! Festinate!*

*(MANUS vai até MAIRE que está ocupada organizando.)*

MANUS: Tu não me contaste que realmente irias embora.

MAIRE: Agora não.

HUGH: Isso, Bridget. Esse é o espírito.

MANUS: Tu poderias ter ao menos me contado.

HUGH: Estes livros são teus, James?

JIMMY: Obrigado.

MANUS: Tudo bem! Que seja! Vá! Vá!

MAIRE: Tu me falas de casamento, mas não tem nem um telhado sobre a tua cabeça e nem um punhado de terra sob teus pés. Eu sugeri te candidatares para a escola nacional, mas não, “meu pai se candidatou”. Bem, agora ele conseguiu o cargo e está acabado e tu não tens nada.

MANUS: Eu sempre posso...

MAIRE: O quê? Ensinar os clássicos para as vacas? Argh...

*(MAIRE se afasta de MANUS. OWEN entra com LANCEY e YOLLAND. O CAPITÃO LANCEY é um homem de meia-idade, baixo, ríspido e especialista em sua área que é cartografia, mas sem tato com pessoas, especialmente civis, especialmente estes civis estrangeiros. Seu talento é com tarefas, não com palavras. TENENTE YOLLAND tem vinte e tantos ou trinta e poucos anos. É alto, magro e desengonçado. Loiro, tímido e sem jeito. Soldado por acidente.)*

OWEN: Aqui estamos. Capitão Lancey, este é o meu pai.

LANCEY: Boa noite.

*(HUGH se torna expansivo, quase cortês, com seus visitantes.)*

HUGH: Já nos conhecemos, senhor.

LANCEY: Sim.

OWEN: E o Tenente Yolland, ambos fazem parte dos Engenheiros Reais, este é o meu meu pai.

HUGH: Sejam muito bem-vindos, senhores.

YOLLAND: Como vai.

HUGH: *Gaudeo voc hic adesse.*

OWEN: E não apresentarei mais ninguém exceto que estas são algumas das pessoas de Baile Beag e, bem, vocês estão entre os melhores da Irlanda agora. *(Ele para para deixar LANCEY falar. LANCEY não fala.)* Gostaria de dizer algumas palavras, Capitão?

HUGH: Que tal um trago, senhor?

LANCEY: Um o quê?

HUGH: Um refresco? Uma pequena amostra de nossa *aqua vitae*?

LANCEY: Não, não.

HUGH: Talvez mais tarde quando...

LANCEY: Direi o que tenho para dizer e, se puder, o mais sucinto possível. Eles falam um pouco de inglês, Roland?

OWEN: Não se preocupe. Eu traduzirei.

LANCEY: Certo. *(Ele limpa a garganta. Ele fala como se tivesse falando com crianças: um pouco alto e articulado demais.)* Vocês devem ter me visto, me visto, trabalhando nesta área, área? Trabalhando. Estamos aqui, aqui, neste lugar, entendem? Para fazer um mapa, mapa, um mapa e...

JIMMY: *Nonne Latine loquitur?*

*(HUGH levanta a mão em censura.)*

HUGH: James.

LANCEY: *(Para JIMMY)* Não falo gaélico, senhor.

*(Ele olha para OWEN.)*

OWEN: Continue.

LANCEY: Um mapa é a representação no papel, uma foto, entendem foto? Uma foto no papel, mostrando, representando este país, sim? Mostrando o seu país em miniatura, um desenho em escala de... de... de...

*(De repente, DOALTY gargalha. Depois BRIDGET. Depois SARAH. OWEN intervém rapidamente.)*

OWEN: É melhor o senhor pressupor que eles entendem você...

LANCEY: Sim?

OWEN: E eu traduzo enquanto você fala.

LANCEY: Entendi. Certo. Ótimo. Talvez você tenha razão. Bem. Eis o que estamos fazendo. *(Ele olha para OWEN. OWEN balança a cabeça encorajando-o.)* O governo de Vossa Majestade ordenou a primeira inspeção que compreende o país inteiro. Uma triangulação geral que trará informações hidrográficas e

topográficas detalhadas e que serão feitas em uma escala de 15 centímetros de acordo com o quilômetro inglês.

HUGH: *(Servindo uma bebida.)* Excelente, excelente.

*(LANCEY olha para OWEN.)*

OWEN: Eles estão fazendo um mapa do país.

*(LANCEY olha para OWEN: é isso? OWEN sorri afirmando e indicando para continuar.)*

LANCEY: Esta tarefa grandiosa foi designada para que as autoridades militares tenham acesso à informações precisas e atualizadas de toda esta parte do Império.

OWEN: O trabalho está sendo feito por soldados porque eles têm habilidades para isso.

LANCEY: E também para que toda a base de avaliação territorial seja melhor analisada com a finalidade de aprimorar a distribuição dos impostos.

OWEN: Este mapa substituirá o mapa imobiliário. Assim, de agora em diante, vocês saberão o que é de direito de vocês de acordo com a lei.

LANCEY: Concluindo, gostaria de citar duas passagens curtas da carta regente:  
*(Lê)*

“Todas as inspeções feitas anteriormente na Irlanda tinham sua origem no confisco e transferência violenta de propriedade. A presente inspeção tem como objetivo o alívio que pode ser trazido aos proprietários e ocupantes de terra de impostos desiguais.”

OWEN: O Capitão espera a colaboração de todos com os sapadores e que o novo mapa traga redução de impostos.

HUGH: Uma ótima empreitada, *opus honestum!* E a segunda passagem?

LANCEY: “A Irlanda é privilegiada, pois a mesma inspeção não está sendo feita na Inglaterra. Deste modo, esta inspeção só pode ser tomada como prova da disposição do governo em cooperar com os interesses da Irlanda.” Meus sentimentos, também.

OWEN: A inspeção demonstra o interesse do governo na Irlanda e o Capitão agradece a atenção de vocês.

HUGH: O prazer é nosso, Capitão. LANCEY: Tenente Yolland?

YOLLAND: Eu... eu... eu não tenho nada a dizer... mesmo...

OWEN: O Capitão é o homem que está realmente encarregado do novo mapa. O trabalho de George é assegurar que os nomes dos lugares nesse mapa estão... corretos *(Para YOLLAND.)* Só algumas palavras, eles querem lhe ouvir. *(Para a turma.)* Vocês não querem escutar o George?

MAIRE: Ele tem algo a dizer?

YOLLAND: *(Para MAIRE)* Per... perdão?

OWEN: Ela disse que está louca para lhe ouvir.

YOLLAND: *(Para MAIRE)* Muito gentil de sua parte... Obrigado... *(Para a turma)* Só posso dizer que... que me sinto muito mal por... por estar trabalhando aqui e não falar a sua língua. Mas, eu pretendo mudar isso e... com a ajuda de Roland, eu mudarei isso.

OWEN: Ele quer que eu ensine irlandês para ele!

HUGH: Serás mais do que bem-vindo, senhor.

YOLLAND: E eu acho que o seu país é... é... é... muito bonito. Eu já estou apaixonado. Espero que não sejamos muito invasivos na vida de vocês. E eu sei que serei muito feliz, mas muito feliz aqui.

OWEN: Ele já é um hibernófilo comprometido. JIMMY: Ele ama...

OWEN: Certo, Jimmy. Nós sabemos... Ele ama Baile Beag e ele ama todos vocês. HUGH: Com licença... Posso?

*(HUGH agora está bêbado. Ele se segura na ponta da mesa.)*

OWEN: Vá em frente, pai. *(Levanta a mão para pedir silêncio.)* Por favor, por favor.

HUGH: Quanto a nós, senhor, nós estamos felizes por lhes oferecer nossa amizade, nossa hospitalidade e toda assistência necessária. Meus senhores,

bem-vindos!

*(Aplausos inconsistentes. As formalidades terminam. Conversa generalizada. Os soldados conhecem os locais. MANUS e OWEN se encontram na frente do palco.)*

OWEN: Lancey é um general, mas o George é legal. Enfim, como tu estás?

MANUS: Que tipo de tradução foi aquela, Owen?

OWEN: Eu estraguei tudo?

MANUS: Tu não estavas dizendo o que o Lancey estava dizendo!

OWEN: “Incerteza do significado é o princípio da poesia”. Quem disse isso?

MANUS: Não havia nada incerto no que Lancey falou: é uma operação militar, Owen! E qual a função do Yolland? O que há de “incorreto” nos nomes de lugares que temos?

OWEN: Nada. Eles só vão ser padronizados.

MANUS: Tu queres dizer mudados para o inglês?

OWEN: Onde houver ambiguidade, eles serão anglicizados.

MANUS: E eles te chamam de Roland! Os dois te chamam de Roland!

OWEN: Quietos... não é ridículo? Eles pareceram ter entendido errado desde o início ou não conseguem pronunciar Owen. Eu temia que um de vocês fosse rir.

MANUS: Tu não vais contar para eles?

OWEN: Sim, sim. Logo, logo.

MANUS: Mas, eles...

OWEN: Relaxa, rapaz. Relaxa. Owen, Roland, o que que tem. É só um nome. Ainda sou o mesmo eu, não? Então, não sou?

MANUS: Sim, é. De fato, é o mesmo Owen.

OWEN: E o mesmo Manus. E de uma forma, completamos um ao outro. *(Ele dá um soco de leve em MANUS, de forma brincalhona e se vira para se juntar aos outros. Enquanto ele vai.)* Certo, quem conheceu quem? O meu trabalho não é interceder?

*(MANUS observa OWEN seguro de si enquanto ele caminha, pegando MAIRE pela mão e apresentando ela a YOLLAND. HUGH está tentando subir as*

*escadas. JIMMY está perdido em um texto. DOALTY e BRIDGET voltam a rir. SARAH está encarando MANUS.)*

## **SEGUNDO ATO**

### **CENAI**

*Os sapadores já haviam mapeado grande parte da área. A tarefa oficial de Yolland, da qual Owen está fazendo, é anglizar todos os nomes em gaélico: morros, riachos, pedras e até trechos de terra que possuam um nome irlandês. Esta anglização tanto pode ser feita por uma aproximação de sons em inglês ou pela tradução literal destes nomes para o inglês. Por exemplo, um nome gaélico como Cnoc Ban*



*poderia ser Nóquebom ou, traduzindo-o literalmente, Morro Claro.*

*Estes nomes assim que padronizados são registrados no Livros dos Nomes, e quando os novos mapas aparecerem, eles terão essa nova nomenclatura. A função oficial de Owen como tradutor é pronunciar cada nome em irlandês e traduzi-los para o inglês.*

*O clima quente continua. O segundo ato, cena um se passa alguns dias depois, à tardinha.*

*Ao lado direito do palco: um varal improvisado está pendurado entre os eixos da carroça e um prego na parede. Pendurados no varal estão algumas camisas e meias.*

*Um mapa grande, um dos novos mapas em branco, está espalhado no chão. OWEN está sobre seus joelhos e mãos, consultando o mapa. Ele está completamente concentrado em sua tarefa que ele realiza com muita energia e eficiência.*

*A hesitação de YOLLAND sumiu. Ele está se sentindo mais em casa agora. Ele está sentado no chão, suas longas pernas esticadas, suas costas contra um cesto, seus olhos fechados. Sua mente está longe. Um dos livros de referência, um registro da igreja, está aberto sobre seu colo.*

*Em volta dos dois estão vários livros de referência, o Livros dos Nomes, uma garrafa de uísque, alguns copos, etc.*

*OWEN termina um registro no Livros dos Nomes e volta a consultar o mapa no chão.*

OWEN: Então. Onde estamos? Sim, no ponto em que esse rio encontra o mar, essa prainha aqui. George!

YOLLAND: Sim, estou escutando. Como se chama? Diga o nome em irlandês novamente.

OWEN: Bun na hAbhann.

YOLLAND: De novo.

OWEN: Bun na hAbhann.

YOLLAND: Bun na hAbhann.

OWEN: Horrível, George.

YOLLAND: Eu sei, me desculpe. Diga de novo.

OWEN: Bun na hAbhann.

YOLLAND: Bun na hAbhann.

OWEN: Melhorou. Bun em irlandês significa boca. E Abha significa rio. Então, literalmente, é a boca do rio.

YOLLAND: Deixe assim. Não há som equivalente em inglês. OWEN: Como é o nome no registro da igreja?

*(Apenas agora YOLLAND abre os olhos.)*

YOLLAND: Vejamos... Bãnoem..

OWEN: Está errado. *(Consulta o texto.)* Na lista dos proprietários está escrito Ouemmor, está tudo errado. Ouemmor é o rio grande ao oeste. *(Outro texto.)* E nas listas do júri está escrito... Minha nossa! Binrom! Da onde tiraram isso?! Acho que podemos deixar como Bãnoem, não é nem uma coisa nem outra.

*(YOLLAND fecha os olhos novamente.)*

YOLLAND: Desisto.

OWEN: *(Olhando o mapa)* Primeiro as coisas primeiras. O que estamos tentando fazer?

YOLLAND: Boa pergunta.

OWEN: Estamos tentando dar nome e ao mesmo tempo descrever uma pequena área de terra inundada, rochosa e arenosa onde aquele pequeno rio encontra o mar. Uma área conhecida como Bun na hAbhann... Burnfut! Que tal Burnfut?

YOLLAND: *(Indiferente.)* Muito bom, Roland. Burnfut está ótimo.

OWEN: George, meu nome não...

YOLLAND: B - u - r - n - f - u - t?

OWEN: Você está satisfeito com isso? YOLLAND: Sim.

OWEN: Então, sim. *(Ele registra no Livro dos Nomes.)* Bun na hAbhann - B - u - r-n...

YOLLAND: Você está ficando muito talentoso nisso.

OWEN: Não estamos indo rápido o suficiente.

YOLLAND: *(Abre os olhos novamente)* Lancey me deu outro sermão ontem à noite.

OWEN: Quando ele vai embora?

YOLLAND: Os sapadores vão embora no final da semana. O problema é que os mapas que fizeram não podem ser impressos sem esses nomes. Então, Londres grita com o Lancey e ele grita comigo. Mas, eu não fiquei intimidado. *(MANUS aparece no andar de cima e desce.)* “Desculpe-me, senhor,” eu disse, “Mas, algumas tarefas têm seu próprio tempo. Não se pode dar nomes a um país inteiro da noite para o dia.” Seu ar irlandês me tornou ousado. *(Para MANUS)* Quer que nos retiremos?

MANUS: Ainda há tempo. A aula só começa daqui a meia hora.

YOLLAND: Per... perdão?

OWEN: Tu não podes falar em inglês?

*(MANUS retira as roupas do varal. OWEN volta a trabalhar no mapa.)*

OWEN: Agora temos essa praia...

YOLLAND: Tra. é a palavra em irlandês para praia. *(Para MANUS)* Estou entendendo a palavra curiosa, Manus.

MANUS: E.

OWEN: ...passa Burnfut, e não há nada aqui com um nome que eu conheça até chegarmos ao extremo sul, por aqui... e é pra ter uma cordilheira rochosa aqui... Os sapadores marcaram? Eles marcaram. Dê uma olhada, George.

YOLLAND: Onde estamos?

OWEN: Ali.

YOLLAND: Estou perdido.

OWEN: Aqui. O nome da cordilheira é Druim Dubh. Coloque isso em inglês,

Tenente.

YOLLAND: Repita.

OWEN: Druim Dubh.

YOLLAND: Dubh significa negro.

OWEN: Sim.

YOLLAND: E Druim significa... o quê? Um forte?

OWEN: Nos encontramos ontem em Druim Luachra.

YOLLAND: Uma cordilheira! A Cordilheira Negra! *(Para MANUS)* Viu, Manus?

OWEN: Você estará fluente em irlandês antes do verão acabar.

YOLLAND: Bem que eu queria. *(Para MANUS enquanto cruza o caminho para subir as escadas)* Recebemos hoje um cesto grande de laranjas de Dublin. Mandarei algumas para você.

MANUS: Obrigado. *(Para OWEN)* Melhor esconder essa garrafa. O pai acabou de levantar e é melhor que ele não a veja.

OWEN: Tu não podes falar em inglês na frente dele?

MANUS: Por quê?

OWEN: Cortesia.

MANUS: Ele não quer aprender irlandês? *(Para YOLLAND)* Tu não queres aprender irlandês?

YOLLAND: Per.. perdão? Eu...

MANUS: Eu entendo os tipos como Lancey perfeitamente. Agora, pessoas como tu me confundem.

OWEN: Manus, pelo amor de Deus!

MANUS: *(Ainda para YOLLAND)* Como está o trabalho?

YOLLAND: O trabalho? O trabalho? Ah, o trabalho está indo, eu acho. *(Para OWEN)* Não é mesmo? Mas, estaríamos perdidos sem o Roland.

MANUS: *(Saindo)* Tenho certeza. Mas sempre haverá os Rolands, não? *(Ele sobe e desaparece.)*

YOLLAND: O que ele disse? Alguma coisa sobre o Lancey, não?

OWEN: Ele disse para escondermos aquela garrafa antes que nosso pai coloque as mãos nela.

YOLLAND: Ah.

OWEN: Ele sempre tenta protegê-lo.

YOLLAND: Ele é manco de nascença?

OWEN: Foi um acidente quando ele era bebê. Nosso pai caiu sobre o berço. Por isso Manus se sente tão responsável por ele.

YOLLAND: Por que ele não se casa?

OWEN: Não tem condições, acho eu.

YOLLAND: Ele não tem um salário?

OWEN: Que salário? Tudo que ele ganha é uma moeda que nosso pai dá para ele e lá de vez em quando. Eu saí a tempo, não é mesmo?

(YOLLAND *está servindo uma dose.*) Cuidado com isso aí. Sobe à cabeça de repente.

YOLLAND: Eu gosto.

OWEN: Vamos voltar ao trabalho. Druim Dub, como está escrito nas listas do júri?

(*Consulta o texto.*)

YOLLAND: Algumas pessoas aqui não gostam de nós.

OWEN: Dramaduf. Errado como sempre.

YOLLAND: Eu passei por uma menininha ontem e ela cuspiu em mim.

OWEN: E aqui está Drimdo. O que está escrito no registro?

YOLLAND: Você conhece os gêmeos Donnelly?

OWEN: Quem?

YOLLAND: Os gêmeos Donnelly.

OWEN: Sim, são os melhores pescadores da região. Por que?

YOLLAND: Lancey está atrás deles.

OWEN: Por que?

YOLLAND: Ele quer interrogá-los.

OWEN: Provavelmente roubaram a rede de alguém. Dramadufe! Ninguém nunca chamou esse lugar de Dramadufe! Escolhe um dos três.

YOLLAND: Minha cabeça não está mais funcionando. Vamos descansar. Você quer uma dose?

OWEN: Obrigado. Agora, todo Dubh que encontrarmos, teremos que mudar para Dufe. para mantermos a consistência, então acho que Druim Dubh tem que se tornar Dromdufe.

*(YOLLAND agora está olhando pela janela.)*

Você pode enxergar o fim da cordilheira de onde você está. Mas, D - r - u - m ou D - r - o - m? *(Livros dos Nomes)* Você lembra qual colocamos para Druim Luachra?

YOLLAND: Aquela casa bem acima de nosso acampamento... OWEN: Que?

YOLLAND: A casa onde Maire mora.

OWEN: Maire? Ah, Maire Chatach.

YOLLAND: O que isso significa?

OWEN: Cabelo encaracolado. A família toda se chama Catachs. O que tem?

YOLLAND: Escuto música vir daquela casa quase toda noite.

OWEN: Por que você não vai lá?

YOLLAND: Eu posso?

OWEN: Por que não? Então, usamos D - r - o - m. Então, temos que chamar de D - r - o - m - d - u - f - e, tudo bem?

YOLLAND: Volte para onde a nova escola está sendo construída e diga os nomes para mim novamente, se você não se importa.

OWEN: Boa ideia. Pulqueri, Ballybeg...

YOLLAND: Não, não. Como eles ainda são, na sua própria língua.

OWEN: Poll na gCaorach,

*(YOLLAND repete os nomes silenciosamente.)*

Baile Beag, Ceann Balor, Lis Maol, Machaire Buidhe, Baile na gGall, Carraig na Ri, Mullach Dearg...

YOLLAND: Você acha que eu poderia morar aqui?

OWEN: Do que você está falando?

YOLLAND: Me mudar para cá, viver aqui.

OWEN: Ora mais, George.

YOLLAND: Estou falando sério.

OWEN: E viver do que? Batatas? Leite?

YOLLAND: É paradisíaco aqui.

OWEN: Pelo amor de Deus! O primeiro verão quente em cinquenta anos e você acha que é Éden. Não seja tão romântico. Você não sobreviveria um inverno ameno aqui.

YOLLAND: Você acha que não? Talvez você esteja certo.

*(DOALTY entra com pressa.)*

DOALTY: Olá rapazes, o Manus está?

OWEN: Ele está lá em cima. Chame-o.

DOALTY: Manus! O gado está enlouquecendo no calor. Credo, estão correndo por todo lugar. *(Para YOLLAND)* Como tu estás, chefe?

*(MANUS aparece.)*

YOLLAND: Muito obrigado por ... Eu estou muito agradecido por estar...

DOALTY: Gastando seu tempo. Eu não entendo uma palavra do que tu dizes. Oi, Manus, tem dois rapazotes te procurando.

MANUS: *(Descendo as escadas)* Quem?

DOALTY: Nunca vi nenhum deles antes. Eles querem falar contigo. MANUS: Sobre?

DOALTY: Não disseram. Venha. As bestas vão acabar em Loch an Iubhair se não forem presas. Boa sorte, rapazes!

*(DOALTY sai correndo. MANUS o segue.)*

OWEN: Boa sorte! Por que diabos você estava agradecendo o Doalty?

YOLLAND: Eu estava me lavando do lado de fora da minha tenda hoje pela manhã e ele veio até mim com uma foice no ombro e apontou para a grama alta e depois cortou um caminho em volta da minha tenda, e da tenda até a estrada para que

os meus pés não ficassem molhados por causa do orvalho. Não foi gentil da parte dele? E não tenho palavras para agradecê-lo... Acho que você tem razão. Acho que eu não conseguiria viver aqui... Um pouco antes do Doalty aparecer hoje pela manhã, eu estava pensando que eu poderia estar em Mumbai naquele momento em vez de estar em Ballybeg. Meu pai não sabia mais o que fazer comigo e conseguiu um emprego para mim com a Companhia das Índias Orientais, para um cargo de secretário. Isso foi há dez, onze meses atrás. Então, fui para Londres. Infelizmente, eu... eu perdi o barco. E eu não podia voltar e encarar meu pai, sem dizer que eu não tinha dinheiro suficiente para esperar pelo próximo barco. Então, me alistei no exército. E eles me colocaram nos Engenheiros e me mandaram para Dublin. E Dublin me mandou para cá. E, enquanto eu me lavava hoje, eu fiquei olhando para Tra Bhan e pensando sobre como sou sortudo, muito sortudo por estar aqui e não em Mumbai.

OWEN: Você acredita em destino?

YOLLAND: Lancey é muito parecido com o meu pai. Eu estava observando ele ontem à noite. Ele conheceu todos os grupos de sapadores quando se apresentavam. Ele conferiu todas as cozinhas. Ele examinou todos os cavalos. Ele analisou cada relatório, até mesmo a textura do papel e a clareza do manuscrito. O comandante colonial perfeito. O trabalho não pode ser só feito, tem que ser feito com excelência. Meu pai é assim também, tem essa dedicação, essa energia inacabável. Ele constrói estranhas, indo de um canto do Império a outro. Não consegue ficar parado nem por cinco minutos. Ele diz que o máximo de tempo que ficou parado foi na noite anterior a Waterloo quando eles esperaram por Wellington para dar o sinal de ataque.

OWEN: Quanto anos ele tinha?

YOLLAND: Nasceu em 1789, o dia da queda da Bastilha. Frequentemente penso que isso moldou o caráter dele. Você acha que poderia ter sido o caso? Ele herdou um mundo novo no dia em que nasceu - O Ano Um. O tempo antigo tinha chegado a um fim. O mundo trocou de pele. Não tinham mais fronteiras para as ambições dos homens. As possibilidades eram infinitas e atraentes. Ele ainda



acredita nisso. O Apocalipse está prestes a começar... Creio que sou uma grande decepção para ele. Não tenho a energia dele, nem a coerência dele, nem sua crença. Se eu acredito em destino? O dia em que cheguei em Ballybag... Não, Baile Beag, o momento em que você me trouxe aqui, eu tive uma sensação estranha. É difícil explicar. Era um sentimento momentâneo de descoberta, não... descoberta não... um sentimento de reconhecimento, de confirmação de algo que eu sei só instintivamente, como se eu tivesse entrado...

OWEN: No passado?

YOLLAND: Não, não. Não era em um sentido de direção mudada, mas da experiência de estar completamente diferente. Eu me mudei para uma consciência que não estava agitada sufocada, mas estava em paz com sua própria certeza e convicção. E quando ouvi Jimmy Jack e seu pai trocando histórias sobre Apolo e Cuchulain e Páris e Ferdia, eu sabia que eles viviam logo ali, foi aí que pensei, que eu sabia, que talvez eu pudesse viver aqui... *(Envergonhado)* Onde está o uí-que?

OWEN: Uísque.

YOLLAND: Uísque, uísque, uísque. Mesmo se eu falasse irlandês, eu sempre seria um forasteiro aqui, não? Eu posso saber a senha, mas a língua da tribo sempre vai me iludir, não vai? A essência sempre vai ser... hermética, não vai?

OWEN: Você pode aprender a nos decodificar.

*(HUGH aparece no andar de cima e desce. Ele está vestido para sair. Hoje ele está fisicamente e mentalmente alerta e animado, quase ciente disso. Com o progresso da cena, nota-se que ele está deliberadamente parodiando si mesmo. O momento em que HUGH pisa no último degrau, YOLLAND se levanta rapidamente em respeito.)*

HUGH: *(Enquanto desce)*

*Quantumvis cursum longum fessumque moratur Sol, sacro tandem carmine vesper adest.*

Eu borribo em versos, Tenente, no estilo de Ovídio. *(Para OWEN)* Uma dose para me fortificar.

YOLLAND: Você terá que traduzir para mim.

HUGH: Vejamos...

Não importa quanto tempo o sol leva em sua jornada longa e cansativa

No final, a noite vem com sua canção sagrada.

YOLLAND: Muito bonito, senhor.

HUGH: O inglês consegue torná-lo... plebeu.

OWEN: Onde você está indo, pai?

HUGH: Em uma *expeditio* com três propósitos. 1: conseguir um atestado de nosso padre local. (*Para YOLLAND*) Um homem digno, mas pouco letrado. E já que ele vai pedir que eu escreva, com toda modéstia, como posso ser justo comigo mesmo? (*Para OWEN*) De onde essa bebida veio?

OWEN: Anna na mBreag.

HUGH: (*Para YOLLAND*) Neste caso, beba com moderação. (*HUGH imediatamente bebe em um gole só e faz uma careta.*) Aaaaaaaagh! (*Oferece o copo para mais uma dose.*) Anna na mBreag significa Anna das Mentiras. E 2: falar com os construtores da nova escola sobre o tipo de acomodação que vou ter lá. Eu já vivi demais como aprendiz de alfaiate.

YOLLAND: Alguns anos atrás nós morávamos bem perto de um poeta. Bem, uns cinco quilômetros da casa dele.

HUGH: O nome dele?

YOLLAND: Wordsworth, William Wordsworth. HUGH: Ele falou de mim para o senhor?

YOLLAND: Na verdade, eu nunca falei com ele. Eu só o via caminhando, de longe.

HUGH: Wordsworth? Não. Desculpe, mas não estamos familiarizados com a sua literatura, Tenente. Sentimo-nos mais próximos do Mediterrâneo. Costumamos ignorar sua ilha.

YOLLAND: Estou aprendendo a falar irlandês, senhor. HUGH: Bom.

YOLLAND: O Roland está me ensinando.

HUGH: Magnífico.

YOLLAND: Quero dizer, sinto que não faço parte do povo daqui. Eu estava tentando explicar a pouco como este lugar me fascina. Conhecer pessoas como o senhor e o Jimmy Jack que realmente conversam em grego e latim. E o nome dos lugares... Qual era aquele nome que vimos hoje de manhã? Termon de Terminus, o deus das fronteiras. É... é... surpreendente.

HUGH: Gostamos de acreditar que vivemos em meio a verdades imemoravelmente postuladas.

YOLLAND: E sua literatura gaélica... O senhor mesmo é um poeta... HUGH: Receio que somente em latim.

YOLLAND: Sei que parece ser muito rica e ornamentada.

HUGH: De fato, Tenente. Uma língua rica. Uma literatura rica. O senhor vai descobrir que algumas culturas criam em seu vocabulário e sintaxe energias e ostentações ausentes de suas vidas materiais. Suponho que o senhor possa nos chamar de um povo espiritual.

OWEN: *(Sem ser grosseiro, mais por estar envergonhado na frente de YOLLAND)* O senhor pode parar com esse absurdo, pai?

HUGH: Absurdo? Que absurdo?

OWEN: O senhor sabe onde o padre mora?

HUGH: Em Lis na Muc, perto de...

OWEN: Não, ele não mora lá. Lis na Muc, o Forte dos Porcos, virou Forte Suíno. *(Agora virando as páginas do Livro dos Nomes, uma página por nome.)* E para chegar a Forte Suíno, tem que passar por Castelo Verde e Cabeça Clara e Morro Costa e Gort e Campos Claros. E a nova escola não fica em Poll na gCaorach, fica em Rocha da Ovelha. O senhor conseguirá encontrar o caminho?

*(HUGH se serve de outra dose. Então:)*

HUGH: Sim, é uma rica língua, Tenente, cheia de mitologias fantásticas e de esperança e decepção: uma sintaxe com abundante do que está por vir. É a nossa resposta às cabanas de lodo e à dieta de batatas. Nosso único método de resposta ao... inevitável. *(Para OWEN)* Você pode me emprestar meia coroa<sup>2</sup>? Eu lhe devolvo com o dinheiro das contribuições que estou arrecadando para a publicação do meu novo

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<sup>2</sup> Equivalente, aproximadamente, à trinta centavos.

livro. (*Para YOLLAND*) Intitulei: “O professor pentaglotista ou o Instituto Fundamental das Línguas inglesa, drega, hebraica, latina e irlandesa; desenvolvido para o aprendizado de damas e cavalheiros que desejam aprender sem a ajuda de um professor”.

YOLLAND: (*Ri*) É um título maravilhoso!

HUGH: Cá entre nós: a melhor parte do empreendimento. Na verdade, eu nem falo hebraico. E a última parte: “sem a ajuda de um professor” foi escrita antes da nova escola nacional ter me oferecido o cargo. Você acha que eu deveria tirar essa parte agora? Afinal, não se deve ficar com ninguém só por serem bonitos, não é mesmo?

YOLLAND: Claro que não.

HUGH: Esta parte sai. Estou interrompendo o trabalho. (*Vai até a porta e para.*) Voltando rapidamente àquele outro assunto, Tenente. Eu compreendo seu sentimento de exclusão, de não ter uma vida aqui. Espero que o senhor encontre o que procura com a ajuda de meu filho. Mas, lembre-se de que as palavras são signos, opostos. Não são imortais. Usarei um exemplo que o senhor vai entender, pode acontecer que uma civilização fique aprisionada num envolto linguístico que não corresponda mais ao panorama dos... fatos. Senhores. (*Sai.*)

OWEN: “Um *expeditio* com três propósitos”. Os alunos riem dele. Ele sempre promete três e nunca passa do primeiro e do segundo.

YOLLAND: É um homem perspicaz. OWEN: É um velho pretensioso. YOLLAND: Mas muito perspicaz.

OWEN: E bebe demais. É perspicaz não conseguir se adaptar para sobreviver? Vivemos em meio a verdades imemoravelmente postuladas, hah!

YOLLAND: Ele sabe o que está acontecendo.

OWEN: O que está acontecendo?

YOLLAND: Não tenho certeza. Mas, mas me preocupo com a minha parte nisso tudo. É um tipo de despejo.

OWEN: Estamos fazendo um mapa de quinze centímetros do país. O que há de estranho nisso?

YOLLAND: Não em...

OWEN: E estamos pegando nomes de lugares que são confusos e...

YOLLAND: Quem está confuso? O povo está confuso?

OWEN: E padronizando esses nomes do modo mais correto e sensível que podemos.

YOLLAND: Algo está sendo corrompido.

OWEN: De volta ao romance. Tudo bem! Certo! Certo! Vejamos onde chegamos.

*(Fica sobre os joelhos e as mãos e aponta um dedo para o mapa.)* Chegamos a essa

encruzilhada. Vem aqui e olhe, rapaz! Olhe! Nós chamamos essa encruzilhada de

Tobair Vree. E por que nós a chamamos de Tobair Vree? Vou explicar o porquê. Tobair

significa poço. Mas, o que significa Vree? É uma corrupção de Brian... *(pronúncia*

*gaélica)* Brian, uma erosão de Tobair Bhriain. Isso porque cento e cinquenta anos

atrás havia um poço lá, não na encruzilhada, isso seria simples demais, mas numa

área perto da encruzilhada. E um velho que se chamava Brian, e que tinha o rosto

desfigurado por protuberância, colocou na cabeça que a água daquele poço era

abençoada. Todo dia, durante sete meses, ele ia lá lavar o rosto no poço. Mas a

protuberância não desapareceu e um dia encontraram Brian afogado naquele poço.

Desde então, aquela encruzilhada é conhecida como Tobair Vree, apesar de aquele

poço ter secado há muito tempo. Eu conheço a história porque meu avô me contou.

Mas pergunte ao Doalty, ou a Maire, ou a Bridget, até ao meu pai, até ao Manus o

motivo de se chamar Tobair Vree. Você acha que eles sabem? Eu sei que eles não

sabem. Então, a pergunta que eu lhe faço, Tenente, é a seguinte: o que fazemos com

um nome como esse? Descartamos Tobair Vree e chamamos, sei lá, de A cruzada?

Encruzilhada? Ou devemos ter piedade de um homem morto há muito tempo,

esquecido, o seu nome esvaído sem sinal de reconhecimento, cuja história trágica

ninguém na região se lembra?

YOLLAND: Você lembra. OWEN: Eu saí daqui.

YOLLAND: Você se lembra.

OWEN: Eu lhe pergunto: o que devemos escrever no Livro dos Nomes? YOLLAND:

Tobair Vree.

OWEN: Apesar de o poço, que não existe, estar a cem metros da encruzilhada e que

diabos significa Vree?

YOLLAND: Tobair Vree.

OWEN: É o que você quer?

YOLLAND: Sim.

OWEN: Tem certeza?

YOLLAND: Sim.

OWEN: Tudo bem. Tudo bem. É assim que vai ficar, então.

YOLLAND: É o que você quer também, Roland.

*(Pausa.)*

OWEN: *(Explode)* George! Pelo amor de Deus! *Meu nome não é Roland!*

YOLLAND: O quê?

*(Gentilmente)* Meu nome é Owen. *(Pausa.)*

YOLLAND: Não é Roland?

OWEN: Owen.

YOLLAND: Você quer dizer...?

OWEN: Owen.

YOLLAND: Mas eu..

OWEN: O-w-e-n.

YOLLAND: De onde saiu Roland?

OWEN: Eu sei lá.

YOLLAND: Nunca foi Roland?

OWEN: Nunca.

YOLLAND: Meu Deus!

*(Pausa. Os dois se encaram. Então, eles se dão conta do absurdo da situação. Gargalham. OWEN se serve de uma dose. Enquanto riem, suas falas se cruzam.)*

YOLLAND: Por que você não me contou?

OWEN: Eu tenho cara de Roland?

YOLLAND: Soletre Owen novamente.

OWEN: Eu estava gostando de Roland.

YOLLAND: Meu Deus!

OWEN: O-w-e-n.

YOLLAND: O que vamos escreveremos...

OWEN: ...no Livro dos Nomes?!

YOLLAND: R-o-w-e-n!

OWEN: Ou que tal Ol... YOLLAND: Ol... o que?

OWEN: Oland!

(*Gargalham novamente. MANUS entra. Está muito alegre.*) MANUS: Qual a comemoração?

OWEN: Um batizado!

YOLLAND: Um batismo!

OWEN: Centenas de batizados!

YOLLAND: Milhares de batismos! Bem-vindo ao Éden!

OWEN: Éden de fato! Nós nomeamos alguma coisa e... pronto! Passa a existir!

YOLLAND: Cada nome em perfeita harmonia com suas raízes.

OWEN: Uma congruência perfeita com sua realidade. (*Para MANUS*) Tome uma dose.

YOLLAND: *Uísque* – maravilhoso.

OWEN: Tomando o uísque de Anna.

YOLLAND: *Uísque* de Anna na mBreag.

OWEN: Excelente, George.

YOLLAND: Já vou te decodificar.

OWEN: (*Oferece uma bebida*) Manus?

MANUS: Não se é isso que faz com vocês.

OWEN: Você está certo. Firme, firme, sóbrio, sóbrio.

YOLLAND: Sóbrio como um padre, Owen. (*MANUS vai para o lado de OWEN.*)

MANUS: Tenho uma ótima novidade! Onde está o pai?

OWEN: Ele saiu. Qual é a ótima novidade?

MANUS: Ofereceram-me um emprego.

OWEN: Onde? (*Agora ciente de YOLLAND.*) Vamos lá, mano. Fale em inglês.

MANUS: Em benefício do colonizador?

OWEN: Ele é um homem decente.

MANUS: Não são todos eles em um certo ponto?

OWEN: Por favor.

(*MANUS encolhe os ombros.*) Ofereceram-lhe um emprego.

YOLLAND: Onde?

OWEN: Bem, conte logo!

MANUS: Acabei de ter uma reunião com dois homens de Inis Meadhon. Eles querem que eu vá para lá e comece uma escola regional.. Estão me dando uma casa, turfa e leite de graça. Um lugar para plantar milho e batatas...

*(Ele para.)*

OWEN: E o que?

MANUS: Um salário de 42 libras<sup>3</sup> por ano!

OWEN: Manus, isso é maravilhoso!

MANUS: Você está falando com um homem de posses.

OWEN: Estou contentíssimo.

YOLLAND: Onde fica Inis Meadhon?

OWEN: Uma ilha ao sul daqui. E eles vieram procurando por você?

MANUS: Bem, quero dizer... (OWEN dá um soco em MANUS.)

OWEN: Aaaaagh! Isso merece uma comemoração de verdade.

YOLLAND: Parabéns.

MANUS: Obrigado.

OWEN: Cadê você, Anna?

YOLLAND: Quando você começa?

MANUS: Segunda-feira que vem.

OWEN: Nós vamos visitá-lo quando formos até lá. *(Para YOLLAND)* Quanto tempo ainda até chegarmos a Inis Meadhon?

YOLLAND: Qual a distância daqui? MANUS: Uns oitenta quilômetros.

YOLLAND: Será que conseguimos até dezembro?

OWEN: Passaremos o natal juntos. *(Canta.)* “Natal em Inis Meadhon...”

YOLLAND: *(Brinde)* Espero que você seja muito feliz lá, Manus.

MANUS: Obrigado.

*(YOLLAND estende a mão. MANUS a pega. Apertam as mãos cordialmente.)*

OWEN: *(Brinde)* Manus.

MANUS: *(Brinde)* A Inis Meadhon.

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<sup>3</sup> Aproximadamente, 127 reais.



*(Ele bebe rapidamente e se vira para sair.)*

OWEN: Espere, espere, mais uma.

MANUS: Tenho que ir.

OWEN: Que isso, mano. Isso é importante. Tu estás correndo assim para onde?

MANUS: Preciso contar para a Maire. *(MAIRE entra com a lata de leite.)*

MAIRE: Tu tens que contar para a Maire o que?

OWEN: Ele conseguiu um emprego!

MAIRE: Manus?

OWEN: Ele foi convidado para abrir uma escola regional em Inis Meadhon.

MAIRE: Onde?

MANUS: Inis Meadhon, a ilha! Me pagarão 42 libras por ano e...

OWEN: Uma casa, combustível, leite, batatas, milho, alunos, e outras coisas mais!

MANUS: Começo na segunda-feira.

OWEN: Tu tens que tomar uma dose. Não é uma maravilha?

MANUS: Eu quero falar contigo por causa...

MAIRE: Aqui está teu leite. Preciso da lata de volta. *(MANUS pega a lata e sobe a escada correndo.)*

MANUS: *(Enquanto sobe)* Tu vais gostar de morar numa ilha?

OWEN: Conheces o George, não é?

MAIRE: Nós nos acenamos nos campos.

YOLLAND: Como... como?

OWEN: Ela disse que vocês se acenam nos campos.

YOLLAND: Sim, é verdade. Isso mesmo. De fato nós nos acenamos.

MAIRE: O que ele está falando?

OWEN: Ele disse que vocês se acenam nos campos.

MAIRE: É verdade. Nós nos acenamos mesmo.

YOLLAND: O que ela está dizendo?

OWEN: Nada... nada... nada. *(Para MAIRE)* Quais são as novidades? *(MAIRE sai de perto, tocando os livros com o dedo do pé.)*

MAIRE: Nada demais. Estão ocupados, os dois.

OWEN: Acho que sim.

MAIRE: Ouvi dizer que o violonista O'Shea está aqui. Há rumores de uma festa amanhã à noite.

OWEN: Onde será?

MAIRE: Talvez do outro lado da estrada. Talvez em Tobair Vree.

YOLLAND: Tobair Vree!

MAIRE: Sim.

YOLLAND: Tobair Vree! Tobair Vree!

MAIRE: Ele sabe do que eu estou falando? OWEN: Nenhuma palavra.

MAIRE: Conte pra ele então.

OWEN: Contar o que?

MAIRE: Da festa.

OWEN: Maire disse que talvez tenha uma festa amanhã à noite.

YOLLAND: *(Para OWEN)* Mesmo? Posso ir? *(Para MAIRE)* Alguém seria contra se eu fosse?

MAIRE: *(Para OWEN)* O que ele está dizendo?

OWEN: *(Para YOLLAND)* Quem seria contra?

MAIRE: *(Para OWEN)* Contaste para ele?

YOLLAND: *(Para MAIRE)* Como... como?

OWEN: *(Para MAIRE)* Ele perguntou se ele pode ir.

MAIRE: *(Para YOLLAND)* Tu quem sabes.

YOLLAND: *(Para OWEN)* O que ela disse?

OWEN: *(Para YOLLAND)* Ela disse...

YOLLAND: *(Para MAIRE)* O qu...que?

MAIRE: *(Para OWEN)* Então?

YOLLAND: *(Para OWEN)* Como... como?

OWEN: *(Para YOLLAND)* Você vai?

YOLLAND: *(Para MAIRE)* Sim, sim, se eu puder.

MAIRE: *(Para OWEN)* O que ele disse?

YOLLAND: *(Para OWEN)* O que ela está falando?

OWEN: Ai, pelo amor de Deus! *(Para MANUS que está descendo com a lata*

vazia.) Tu assumes esse trabalho, Manus.

MANUS: Eu vou te levar para casa. Tua mãe está em casa? Quero falar com ela.

MAIRE: Qual a pressa? (*Para OWEN*) Tu não me ofereceste uma dose?

OWEN: Vais arriscar Anna na mBreag?

MAIRE: Por que não?

(*YOLLAND fica intoxicado de repente. Ele pula em cima de um banco, levanta o copo e grita.*)

YOLLAND: Anna na mBreag! Baile Beag! Inis Meadhon! Bombaim! Tobair Vree! Éden! E *uísque*... certo, Owen?

OWEN: Perfeito.

YOLLAND: E que coisa maravilhosa é essa, também. Adorei! Realmente uma maravilha!

(*Simultaneamente com a última sílaba, num volume muito alto, a música introdutória da dança. Imediatamente após caem as cortinas. Mantém-se a música durante o breve intervalo.*)

## CENA II

*Na noite seguinte.*

*Essa cena pode ser feita na sala de aula, mas seria recomendável que as luzes fossem escurecidas a fim de se perder o máximo possível o aspecto de escola, e encenar esta cena em um área razoavelmente fora da escola.*

*A música eleva-se em crescendo. Então, ouvimos, na distância, MAIRE e YOLLAND rindo e correndo de mãos dadas. Eles acabaram de sair do baile. A música enfraquece no fundo distante e é substituída por uma música acústica. MAIRE e YOLLAND agora estão na frente da escola, ainda de mãos dadas e animados pela fuga repentina e impetuosa do baile.*

MAIRE: Ai meu Deus, eu quase morri para pular aquele fosso.

YOLLAND: Eu quase não consegui alcançá-la.

MAIRE: Espera até eu recuperar meu fôlego.

YOLLAND: Acho que parecíamos fugitivos.

*(Agora eles percebem que estão a sós e de mãos dadas. O começo do constrangimento. As mãos se soltam. Os dois começam a se distanciar. Pausa.)*

MAIRE: Manus deve estar se perguntando onde fui.

YOLLAND: Eu me pergunto se alguém nos viu saindo. *(Pausa. Levemente mais separados.)*

MAIRE: A grama deve estar molhada. Meus pés estão ensopados.

YOLLAND: Seus pés devem estar molhados. A grama está encharcada.

*(Outra pausa. Mais alguns passos de distância. Eles estão agora bem longe um do outro.)*

YOLLAND: *(Indicando si mesmo)* George.

*(MAIRE acena com a cabeça: Sim, sim. Então:)*

MAIRE: Tenente George.

YOLLAND: Não me chame assim. Eu não me vejo como Tenente.

MAIRE: O que? O que?

YOLLAND: Co... como? (*Aponta para si mesmo novamente.*) George. (MAIRE *acena com a cabeça: Sim, sim. Aponta para si mesma.*)

MAIRE: Maire.

YOLLAND: Sim, eu sei que você é a Maire. Claro que eu sei que você é a Maire. Quero dizer, faz um tempo que lhe observo, dia e noite...

MAIRE: (*Ansiosa*) O que? O que?

YOLLAND: (*Aponta*) Maire. (*Aponta*) George. (*Aponta os dois*) Maire e George. (MAIRE *acena com a cabeça: Sim... sim... sim.*) Eu... eu... eu...

MAIRE: Diga qualquer coisa. Eu adoro o som das tuas palavras.

YOLLAND: (*Ansioso*) Como... como?

(*Em profundo desespero, ele olha ao redor, na esperança de que alguma inspiração lhe proporcionará meios para comunicar-se. Ele tem uma ideia: tenta erguer a voz e articular num estilo staccato, enfatizando cada palavra de maneira absurda.*) Todo-dia-de-manhã-eu-lhe-vejo-alimentando-as-galinhas-e-dando-comida-ao-bezerro... (*Percebendo a futilidade da coisa*) Ai, meu Deus.

(MAIRE *sorri. Ela se aproxima dele. Tentará se comunicar em latim.*)

MAIRE: *Tu es centurio in... in...in exercitu Britannico...*

YOLLAND: Isso... isso. Continue, continue. Diga qualquer coisa. Eu adoro o som das suas palavras.

MAIRE: *... et es in castris quae... quae... quae sunt in agro...* (*Percebendo a futilidade da coisa*) Ai, meu Deus.

(YOLLAND *sorri. Ele se aproxima dela. Agora ela tenta as palavras em inglês.*)

George – água.

YOLLAND: “Água”? Água! Sim! Água... água. Muito bem: água... ótimo... ótimo.

MAIRE: Fogo.

YOLLAND: Fogo, isso mesmo. Maravilhoso... fogo, fogo, fogo. Esplêndido, esplêndido!

MAIRE: Ah... ah...

YOLLAND: Sim? Continue.

MAIRE: Tera.

YOLLAND: “Tera”?

MAIRE: Tera. Tera.

(YOLLAND *continua sem entender*. MAIRE *se abaixa e enche a mão de barro*.  
*Estendendo- a.*) Tera.

YOLLAND: Terra! Claro ! Terra! Terra. Terra. Meu Deus do céu, Maire, seu inglês é perfeito!

MAIRE: (*Ansiosa*) O que... o que?

YOLLAND: Inglês perfeito. Perfeito inglês.

MAIRE: George...

YOLLAND: Isso é lindo. Isso é realmente lindo.

MAIRE: George...

YOLLAND: Fale isso de novo... fale de novo...

MAIRE: Shh. (*Ela posiciona a mão em sinal de silêncio. Está tentando se lembrar da única frase que sabe em inglês. Agora ela se lembra e fala como se o inglês fosse sua língua: de maneira fácil, fluente e sociável.*) George, “Em Norfolk nós dançamos em volta do *nastro*.”

YOLLAND: Meu Deus, sério? Minha mãe é de lá, Norfolk. Na verdade, Norwich. Não exatamente da cidade de Norwich, mas de um pequeno vilarejo chamado Little Walsingham bem ali do lado. Mas, no nosso vilarejo de Winfarthing também temos um mastro e todo ano no dia primeiro de maio... (*Ele para bruscamente, percebendo somente agora. Ele a encara. Ela, por sua vez, interpreta mal a sua agitação.*)

MAIRE: (*Para si mesma*) Minha nossa Senhora, o que será que a minha tia Mary me ensinou?

(*Pausa*. YOLLAND *estende a mão para MAIRE. Ela dá as costas para ele e anda lentamente pelo palco.*)

YOLLAND: Maire.

(*Ela continua andando.*) Maire Chatach.

(*Ela continua andando.*)

Bun na hAbhann? (*Ele pronuncia o nome gentilmente, quase para si mesmo, sem firmeza, como se estivesse procurando por um som que pudesse criar uma reação nela. Tenta novamente.*) Druim Dubh?

(MAIRE *para. Fica ouvindo. YOLLAND se anima.*) Poll na gCaorach. Lis Maol.

(MAIRE *se vira na direção dele.*) Lis na nGall.

MAIRE: Lis na nGradh.

*(Eles estão agora de frente um para o outro e andando, quase imperceptivelmente, em direção ao outro.)*

MAIRE: Carraig an Phoill.

YOLLAND: Carraig na Ri. Loch na nEan.

MAIRE: Loch an Iubhair. Machaire Buidhe.

YOLLAND: Machaire Mor. Cnoc na Mona.

MAIRE: Cnoc na nGabhar.

YOLLAND: Mullach.

MAIRE: Port.

YOLLAND: Tor.

MAIRE: Lag.

*(Ela estende as mãos para YOLLAND. Ele as pega. Cada um agora fala quase para si mesmo.)*

YOLLAND: Queria tanto que você pudesse me entender. MAIRE: Mãos macias, de cavalheiro.

YOLLAND: Porque se você pudesse me entender, eu poderia lhe contar como eu passo os dias ou pensando em você ou na frente de sua casa na esperança de que você apareça nem que seja por um segundo.

MAIRE: Toda noite, tu caminhas sozinho em Tra Bhan e todo dia de manhã tu te lavas na frente da tua barraca.

YOLLAND: Eu lhe diria: você é linda, Maire dos cabelos encaracolados. Eu adoraria lhe dizer como você é linda.

MAIRE: Teus braços são longos e finos e a pele do teu ombro é muito branca.

YOLLAND: Eu lhe diria...

MAIRE: Não para, eu sei o que tu estás dizendo.

YOLLAND: Eu lhe diria como eu quero ficar aqui, morar aqui, para sempre e com você... sempre, sempre.

MAIRE: “Sempre”? Que palavra é essa: “sempre”?

YOLLAND: Sim... sim: sempre.

MAIRE: Tu estás tremendo.

YOLLAND: Sim, estou tremendo por causa de você.

MAIRE: Eu também estou tremendo.

*(Ela apóia o rosto na mão.)* YOLLAND: Eu já decidi...

MAIRE: Shh.

YOLLAND: Eu não vou ir embora...

MAIRE: Shh... me escuta. Eu também te quero, soldado.

YOLLAND: Não pare, eu sei o que você está dizendo.

MAIRE: Eu quero viver contigo. Em qualquer lugar, qualquer lugar que seja... sempre... sempre.

YOLLAND: “Sempre”? Que palavra é essa: “sempre”?

MAIRE: Me leva contigo, George.

*(Pausa. De repente eles se beijam. SARAH entra. Ela os vê. Chocada, os encarando. Sua boca funciona. Então quase para si mesma.)*

SARAH: Manus... Manus!

*(SARAH sai correndo. Música num crescendo.)*



### TERCEIRO ATO

*A noite seguinte. Está chovendo.*

SARAH e OWEN estão sozinhos na sala de aula. SARAH, parecendo mais frágil que nunca, está sentada imóvel num banquinho, com um livro aberto sobre seus joelhos. Está fingindo ler; mas seus olhos continuamente procuram o quarto no andar de cima. OWEN está trabalhando no chão como antes, cercado por livros de referência, mapa, Livro dos Nomes, etc. Mas não está concentrado nem interessado. Assim como SARAH, ele olha de relance o andar de cima.

*Após alguns segundos MANUS aparece e desce, carregando uma sacola grande que já contém suas roupas. Seus movimentos são precisos e urgentes. Ele anda pela sala, juntando alguns livros, examinando cada livro com muito cuidado, e escolhendo seis deles que coloca na sacola. Enquanto ele seleciona os livros:-*

OWEN: Sabes aquele forno de cal antigo além do Com Connie Tim, o lugar que nós chamamos de O Murren? Sabes por que ele se chama The Murren?

*(MANUS não responde.)*

Acabei de descobrir: é uma corrupção de Santo Muranus. Parece que Saint Muranus tinha um monastério perto do local no começo do século sétimo. E com o tempo, o nome foi reduzido para O Murren. Nome nem um pouco atraente, não é? Eu acho que deveríamos voltar ao original: Santo Muranus. O que tu achas? O Santo Muranus verdadeiro. Tu achas que deveríamos voltar a ele?

*(Nenhuma resposta. OWEN começa a escrever o nome no Livro dos Nomes. MANUS está agora mexendo em alguns utensílios esquecidos na procura de um pedaço de corda. Encontra um pedaço. Começa a amarrar a sacola frágil e super carregada: ela estoura, tudo se espalha pelo chão.)*

MANUS: Porcaria, desgraça, que merda!

*(Sua voz vacila em irritação. Está prestes a chorar. OWEN se levanta num pulo.)*

OWEN: Espera um minuto. Eu tenho uma mochila lá em cima. *(Sobe as escadas correndo.)*

*(SARAH espera OWEN sair. Então:)* SARAH: Manus... Manus, eu...

*(MANUS ouve SARAH, mas não demonstra que a ouviu. Ele junta seus pertences. OWEN reaparece com a mochila que usava quando chegou.)*

OWEN: Pega esta aqui, não vou mais usá-la mesmo. Ela protege contra a chuva.

*(MANUS transfere seus poucos pertences. OWEN volta ao trabalho. O empacotamento está completo.)*

MANUS: Tu vais ficar aqui por um tempo? Uma ou duas semanas ainda?

OWEN: Vou.

MANUS: Tu não vais embora com as tropas?

OWEN: Eu não decidi ainda. Por quê?

MANUS: Aqueles homens de Inis Meadhon vão voltar para ver porque eu não apareci. Diga a eles... diga que escreverei para eles assim que puder. Diga que eu ainda quero o emprego, mas que pode demorar três ou quatro meses até que eu esteja livre para ir.

OWEN: Tu estás sendo muito burro, Manus. MANUS: Fazes isso para mim?

OWEN: Se tu sumires agora, Lancey achará que tu estás envolvido.

MANUS: Fazes isso pra mim?

OWEN: Pelo menos espera alguns dias. Tu conheces o George, ele é um romântico bobo. Talvez ele tenha ido a uma das ilhas e volte amanhã de manhã. Ou talvez as pessoas que o estão procurando vão encontrá-lo à noite caído bêbado no chão em algum lugar pelos bancos de areia. Tu viste que ele bebeu aquele *uísque*, ele não sabe se controlar. Ele tinha bebido muito ontem à noite no baile?

MANUS: Eu estava com uma pedra na mão quando eu saí procurando por ele... eu ia acertá-lo. O professor manco se rebelou.

OWEN: Alguém te viu?

MANUS: *(De novo quase chorando)* Mas na hora que o vi lá parado do lado da estrada, sorrindo, e o rosto dela no ombro dele... nem consegui chegar perto deles. Só gritei alguma coisa idiota, do tipo, "Yolland, seu canalha". Se pelo menos eu tivesse dito em inglês... porque ele ficou dizendo "Co... como?" O gesto errado na língua errada.

OWEN: E tu viste ele de novo?

MANUS: “Como?”

OWEN: Antes de tu partires, conte tudo isso para o Lancey. Só para ficar fora dessa história.

MANUS: O que eu tenho para falar para o Lancey? Tu podes dar essa mensagem para o pessoal da ilha?

OWEN: Eu estou te avisando: se fugires agora, tu vais ser...

MANUS: *(Para SARAH)* Tu podes dar essa mensagem para o pessoal de Inis Meadhon?

SARAH: Posso.

*(MANUS pega o saco velho e joga nos ombros.)* OWEN: Tens alguma ideia de onde esteja indo?

MANUS: Mayo, talvez. Eu me lembro s mãe dizendo que tinha primos em algum lugar em Erris. *(Pega sua mochila.)* Fala para o pai que eu só peguei o Virgílio, o César e o Ésquilo porque são meus mesmo. Comprei com o dinheiro que consegui com aquele cabritinho que eu tinha. Te lembras dele? E diz para ele que a Nora Dan nunca devolveu o dicionário e que ela ainda deve duas libras e seis<sup>4</sup> pelas últimas aulas de leitura, ele sempre se esquece dessas coisas.

OWEN: Sim.

MANUS: E a camisa boa dele está passada e pendurada e as meias limpas estão na caixa embaixo da cama.

OWEN: Tudo bem.

MANUS: E diga que escreverei.

OWEN: Se a Maire perguntar onde foste...?

MANUS: Ele só vai precisar da metade da quantia de leite agora, não é? Até menos... e geralmente ele toma chá preto. *(Para.)* E quando ele chegar durante a noite, você vai ouvi-lo, ele faz muito barulho. Geralmente eu desço e ajudo ele a subir. Essa escada é perigosa sem corrimão. Quem sabe antes ir embora, tu consigas com que o Big Ned Frank coloque algum tipo de corrimão. *(Para.)* E se tu souberes cozinhar, ele adora pão fermentado.

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<sup>4</sup> Aproximadamente, 6 reais e 14 centavos.

OWEN: Posse te dar dinheiro. Eu sou rico. Sabe quanto me pagam? Dois xelins<sup>5</sup> por dia por esse... esse...

(MANUS *recusa a oferta levantando a mão.*) Adeus, Manus.

(MANUS e OWEN *apertam as mãos. Então, MANUS pega sua mochila rapidamente e caminha em direção à porta. Para a alguns passos de SARAH, se vira, e volta. Ele se dirige a ela como no Primeiro Ato, mas agora sem afeto ou preocupação com ela.*)

MANUS: Qual é o teu nome? (*Para.*) Vai. Qual é o teu nome?

SARAH: Meu nome é Sarah.

MANUS: Só Sarah? Sarah do quê? (*Para.*) Então?

SARAH: Sarah Johnny Sally.

MANUS: E onde tu moras? Onde?

SARAH: Eu moro em Bun na hAbhann. (*Ela está chorando calmamente.*)

MANUS: Muito bem, Sarah Johnny Sally. Nada vai te parar agora, nada no mundo inteiro. (*Para. Olha para SARAH.*) Está tudo bem, tudo bem, tu não fizeste nada de errado, nada de errado mesmo.

(*Ele se inclina até ela e beija sua cabeça, como num ato de absolvição. Então sai rapidamente pela porta.*)

OWEN: Boa sorte, Manus!

SARAH: (*Quieta*) Me desculpe... Eu sinto muito... Por favor, me desculpe, Manus...

(OWEN *tenta trabalhar, mas não consegue se concentrar. Começa a fechar o mapa. Enquanto fecha:*)

OWEN: Vai ter aula hoje à noite? (*SARAH afirma que sim com a cabeça.*)

Eu acho que o pai sabe. Onde ele está agora? (*SARAH aponta.*)

Onde?

(*SARAH imita alguém balançando um bebê nos braços.*) Não estou entendendo.

Onde?

(*SARAH repete e limpa as lágrimas. OWEN ainda está confuso.*) Deixa pra lá. Provavelmente ele aparecerá.

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<sup>5</sup> Aproximadamente, 0,05 centavos.

(BRIDGET e DOALTY entram, com sacos em cima da cabeça para proteger-se da chuva. Fazem muito barulho e estão cientes disso. Mais agitados, mais falantes do que o costume, esbanjando animação e contando fofocas.)

DOALTY: Vocês estão perdendo tudo, pessoal! Meu Deus, vocês estão perdendo tudo! Mais cinquenta oficiais chegaram faz uma hora!

BRIDGET: E eles estão enfileirados desde a casa do Sean Neal até Lag e estão indo em direção aos campos de Cnoc na nGabhar!

DOALTY: Marcando cada pedaço de terra na frente deles com baionetas e assustando os animais e as galinhas para bem longe!

BRIDGET: E botando abaixo tudo o que vêm pela frente: cercas, fossos, os montes de feno e de turfa!

DOALTY: Eles entraram na plantação de milho do Barney Petey como se fossem donos!

BRIDGET: Não sobrou nada!

DOALTY: E o Barney Petey pulou da cama e saiu correndo atrás deles de cueca: “Desgraçados! Saiam da minha plantação, malditos!”

BRIDGET: Primeira vez que ele correu na vida.

DOALTY: Preguiçoso até para cortar a grama quando o tempo está bom.

(SARAH começa a arrumar os assentos.)

BRIDGET: Conta para eles do velho Hugh.

DOALTY: Credo, se tu tivesse visto o teu velho, Owen.

BRIDGET: Eles estavam todos lá dentro do bar de Anna na mBreag , todo mundo do velório...

DOALTY: Aí eles ouviram o tumulto e saíram na rua...

BRIDGET: Teu pai na frente; o Prodígio logo atrás!

DOALTY: E o teu velho viu os oficiais no campo...

BRIDGET: Minha nossa!

DOALTY: E começou a gritar com eles!

BRIDGET: “Visigodos! Hunos! Vândalos!”

DOALTY: “*Ignari! Stulti! Rustici!*”

BRIDGET: E o Jimmy Jack pulando pra cima e pra baixo, gritando: “Termópilas!

Termópilas!”

DOALTY: Nunca se viu tanta confusão assim na vida, gente. Venha comigo, Sarah, e tu vais ver.

BRIDGET: O velho Hugh não está em condições de dar aula. O Manus está por aí?

OWEN: O Manus foi embora.

BRIDGET: Embora para onde?

OWEN: Embora, ele foi embora.

DOALTY: Para onde?

OWEN: Ele não sabe. Mayo, talvez.

DOALTY: O que tem em Mayo?

OWEN: *(Para BRIDGET)* Vocês viram o George e a Maire Chatach saírem do baile ontem à noite?

BRIDGET: Vimos. Vimos, não é Doalty?

OWEN: Vocês viram o Manus seguir os dois?

BRIDGET: Eu não vi ele saindo, mas vi ele entrando sozinho depois.

OWEN: O George e a Maire voltaram para o baile?

BRIDGET: Não.

OWEN: Viste eles de novo?

BRIDGET: Ele saiu da casa dela. A gente passou por eles voltando pela estrada, não foi Doalty?

OWEN: E o Manus ficou até o fim do baile?

DOALTY: A gente não sabe nada. Por que tu estás perguntando para nós?

OWEN: Porque o Lancey vai me questionar quando souber que o Manus foi embora. *(De volta para BRIDGET.)* Foi assim que o George voltou para casa? Pela estrada? Foi onde vocês viram ele voltando?

BRIDGET: Me deixa em paz, Owen. Eu não sei nada do Yolland. Se quiseres saber alguma coisa do Yolland, pergunte aos gêmeos Donnelly.

*(Silêncio. DOALTY vai até a janela.)*

*(Para SARAH)* O’Shea toca muito bem o violino, né? Ele disse ao nosso Seamus que vai voltar por um noite no Dia das Bruxas.

*(OWEN se aproxima de DOALTY, que olha fixadamente para fora da janela.)*

OWEN: Que história é essa dos Donnelly? *(Para.)* Eles estavam aqui ontem à noite?

DOALTY: Nem percebi se eles estavam.

*(Começa a assobiar.)*

OWEN: O George é meu amigo.

DOALTY: E.

OWEN: Eu quero saber o que aconteceu com ele.

DOALTY: Eu não sei o que aconteceu com ele.

OWEN: O que os Donnelly têm a ver com essa história? *(Para.)* Doalty!

DOALTY: Não sei de nada, Owen, nada mesmo, juro por Deus. Tudo o que sei é isso: indo para o baile, eu vi o barco deles em Port. Não estava mais lá quando voltei, depois de ter deixado a Bridget em casa. E é tudo o que sei. E Deus é minha testemunha. A meia dúzia de vezes que vi ele, não entendi uma palavra do que ele me disse. Mas, ele parecia boa gente... *(Com súbito interesse excessivo no cenário de fora.)* Meu Deus, eles estão tomando conta do lugar! Meu Deus, tem milhões deles! Meu Deus, eles estão destruindo a terra toda!

*(OWEN se afasta. MAIRE entra. Ela está com a cabeça descoberta e molhada da chuva, seus cabelos desarrumados. Ele tenta parecer normal, mas está muito aflita, beirando a loucura. Está carregando a lata de leite.)*

MAIRE: Sinceramente, eu devo estar enlouquecendo. Na metade do caminho para cá me perguntei, “Por que esta lata está tão leve?”, olhei para ela e não é que ela estava vazia!

OWEN: Não faz mal.

MAIRE: Como vocês vão se virar hoje à noite?

OWEN: Temos o suficiente.

MAIRE: Tens certeza?

OWEN: Tenho, obrigado.

MAIRE: Não vai me custar nada voltar e pegar um pouco.

OWEN: Sério, Maire. Não precisa.

MAIRE: É melhor terem o leite do que aquele bezerro preto que... que... *(Ela olha ao redor.)* Ficaste sabendo de alguma coisa?

OWEN: Nada.

MAIRE: O que o Lancey disse?

OWEN: Só o vi pela manhã.

MAIRE: O que ele acha?

OWEN: Nós não nos falamos direito. Ele esteve aqui só por alguns segundos.

MAIRE: Ele me deixou em casa, Owen. E a última coisa que ele me disse, ele tentou falar em irlandês, foi: “te vejo ontem”, ele quis dizer “te vejo amanhã”. E eu ri tanto que ele deu uma de esperto e disse “Nastro! Nastro!” porque eu tinha falado essa palavra errado. Aí ele se foi, rindo... rindo, Owen! Tu achas que ele está bem? O que *tu* achas?

OWEN: Tenho certeza de que ele vai aparecer, Maire.

MAIRE: Ele vem de um lugarzinho chamado Winfarthing. *(De repente, ela fica de joelhos e mãos no chão, onde OWEN estava com o mapa alguns minutos atrás. Com o dedo traça o esboço de um mapa.)* Venha aqui ver. Olha. Ali está Winfarthing. E tem outros dois vilarejos pequenos ao lado. Um se chama Barton Bendish, ali; e o outro se chama Saxingham Nethergate, ali. E aqui está Little Walsingham que é a cidade natal da mãe dele. Não são nomes estranhos? Não fazem sentido nenhum para mim. E Winfarthing fica perto de uma cidade grande chamada Norwich. E Norwich fica num condado chamado Norfolk. E Norfolk fica no leste da Inglaterra. Ele desenhou um mapa para mim na areia molhada e escreveu os nomes dos lugares. Está tudo na minha cabeça agora: Winfarthing – Barton Bendish – Saxingham Nethergate – Little Walsingham – Norwich – Norfolk. Sons estranhos, né? Mas os sons são bonitos, é como o Jimmy Jack recitando Homero. *(Ela fica de pé e olha ao redor. Está quase calma agora. Para SARAH)* Tu estavas muito bonita ontem à noite, Sarah. É aquele o vestido que tu ganhaste de Boston? Tu ficas bem de verde. *(Para OWEN)* Alguma coisa muito ruim aconteceu com ele, Owen. Eu sei. Ele não iria embora sem me contar. Onde ele está, Owen? Tu és amigo dele: cadê ele? *(Ela olha novamente ao redor da sala. Depois senta num banquinho.)* Não tive tempo de fazer a lição de geografia ontem à noite. O mestre vai ficar bravo comigo. *(Ela se levanta novamente.)* Acho que vou para casa agora. Preciso dar banho nas crianças e colocá-los para dormir e alimentar o bezerro... Minhas mãos estão ásperas. Ainda têm calos da colheita. Tenho vergonha delas. Espero que não haja



colheita para ser feita em Brooklyn. *(Ela para à porta.)* Ficaste sabendo? O bebê de Nellie Ruadh morreu no meio da noite. Preciso ir até o velório. Ele não durou muito, né?

*(MAIRE sai. Silêncio. Então.)*

OWEN: Não acho que vá ter aula. Talvez vocês devessem... *(OWEN começa a recolher seus textos. DOALTY vai até ele.)*

DOALTY: Faz tempo que ele foi embora? O Manus.

OWEN: Faz meia hora.

DOALTY: Que burro idiota.

OWEN: Eu disse isso a ele.

DOALTY: Eles sabem que ele foi embora?

OWEN: Quem? DOALTY: O exército.

OWEN: Ainda não.

DOALTY: Eles vão ir atrás dele que nem loucos. Idiota, mancando pelo litoral. Não alcançá-lo antes mesmo do anoitecer, minha nossa Senhora.

*(DOALTY retorna à janela. LANCEY entra. Desta vez, como o oficial imponente.)*

OWEN: Alguma novidade? Qualquer coisa?

*(LANCEY caminha para o centro da sala, olhando ao redor, como é seu costume.)*

LANCEY: Pensei que ia ter uma aula. Onde estão os outros?

OWEN: Era para ter uma aula, mas meu pai...

LANCEY: Isso será suficiente. Me dirigirei aos que estão aqui e será responsabilidade deles passar a informação adiante para cada família desta região.

*(LANCEY faz um gesto para OWEN traduzir. OWEN hesita, tentando analisar a mudança no comportamento de LANCEY.)*

Estou com pressa, O'Donnell.

OWEN: O capitão tem um comunicado a fazer.

LANCEY: O Tenente Yolland está desaparecido. Estamos procurando por ele. Se não o encontrarmos, ou se não recebermos nenhuma informação de onde ele possa ser encontrado, adotaremos as seguintes medidas. *(Ele faz um gesto para OWEN traduzir.)*

OWEN: Eles estão procurando pelo George. Se não o encontrarem...

LANCEY: A começar a partir das próximas 24 horas, mataremos todas a pecuária de Ballybeg.

(OWEN *encara* LANCEY.) Imediatamente.

OWEN: A partir desta hora amanhã, eles matarão todos os animais de Baile Beag, a menos que alguém fale onde o George está.

LANCEY: Se isso não surtir resultados, após 48 horas a partir de agora, começaremos uma série de despejos e destruiremos as propriedades nas seguintes regiões...

OWEN: Vocês não...!

LANCEY: Faça seu trabalho. Traduza.

OWEN: Se eles ainda não tiverem encontrado ele, em dois dias a partir de agora, eles começarão a despejar as pessoas de suas casas e destruir as propriedades começam por essas áreas:

(LANCEY *lê sua lista.*)

LANCEY: Forte Suíno.

OWEN: Lis na Muc.

LANCEY: Burnfut.

OWEN: Bun na hAbhann.

LANCEY: Dromdufe.

OWEN: Druim Dubh.

LANCEY: Campos Claros.

OWEN: Machaire Ban.

LANCEY: Cabeça Real.

OWEN: Cnoc na Ri.

LANCEY: Se até lá o Tenente não for encontrado, continuaremos até que uma limpeza completa seja feita de toda região.

OWEN: Se Yolland não for encontrado em dois dias, eles acabarão com a toda a região.

LANCEY: Espero que eles saibam exatamente o que eles têm que fazer.

(*Apontando para*

BRIDGET.) Eu conheço você. Sei onde mora. (*Apontando para SARAH.*) Quem é você?

Nome!

*(A boca de SARAH abre e fecha, abre e fecha. Seu rosto se contorce.)* Como você se chama?

*(Mais uma vez, SARAH tenta freneticamente.)*

OWEN: Vamos lá, Sarah. Tu consegues responder.

*(Mas, SARAH não consegue. E sabe que não consegue. Ela fecha a boca e abaixa a cabeça.)*

OWEN: O nome dela é Sarah Johnny Sally.

LANCEY: Onde ela mora?

OWEN: Bun na hAbhann.

LANCEY: Onde?

OWEN: Burnfut.

LANCEY: Quero falar com seu irmão. Ele está aqui?

OWEN: No momento, não.

LANCEY: Onde ele está?

OWEN: Ele está no velório.

LANCEY: Que velório?

*(DOALTY, que ficou olhando pela janela durante todo o comunicado de LANCEY, agora fala, calmamente, quase casualmente.)*

DOALTY: Diga a ele que o acampamento dele está pegando fogo.

LANCEY: Qual é seu nome? *(Para OWEN)* Quem é aquele espertinho?

OWEN: Doalty Dan Doalty.

LANCEY: Onde ele mora?

OWEN: TulachAlainn.

LANCEY: Como nós chamamos?

OWEN: Morro Claro. Ele disse que o seu acampamento está em chamas.

*(LANCEY corre até a janela e olha para fora. Então ele se vira para DOALTY.)*

LANCEY: Me lembrarei de você, Sr. Doalty. *(Para OWEN)* Tudo isso é responsabilidade sua. *(E sai.)*

BRIDGET: Meu Deus, ele estava falando sério, Owen?

OWEN: Sim.

BRIDGET: Vamos ter que esconder os animais em algum lugar. Nosso Seamus vai saber aonde. Talvez atrás de Lis na nGradh ou nas cavernas no final de Tra Bhan. Vamos, Doalty! Venha! Não fica aí parado!

*(DOALTY não se mexe. BRIDGET corre até à porta e para de repente. Ela respira fundo e sente um cheiro. Pânico.)*

O cheiro doce! Sentiram? É o cheiro doce! Meu Deus, é o mal das batatas!

DOALTY: São as barracas no acampamento pegando fogo, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Mesmo? Tens certeza? É isso mesmo? Meu Deus, achei que estivéssemos completamente destruídos. Vamos!

*(Ela sai correndo. OWEN vai até SARAH, que está se arrumando para sair.) OWEN: Como tu estás? Tudo bem? (SARAH afirma com a cabeça: sim.)*

OWEN: Não te preocupes. Tu vais conseguir falar de novo. *(SARAH balança a cabeça.)* OWEN: Vais sim. Tu estás nervosa agora. Ele te assustou. Foi errado.

*(Mais uma vez SARAH balança a cabeça devagar e com certeza, e sorri para OWEN. Então ela sai. OWEN se ocupa em juntar seus pertences. DOALTY sai da janela e vai até ele.)*

DOALTY: Ele fará isso.

OWEN: A não ser que encontrem o Yolland.

DOALTY: Hah!

OWEN: Caso contrário, ele certamente o fará.

DOALTY: Eles fizeram a mesma coisa quando o meu avô era um menino.

*(Completamente sem ironia)* E depois de todo o trabalho que tu passaste, mapeando o local e pensando em novos nomes para eles.

*(OWEN continua ocupado. Para. DOALTY quase em devaneio.)* Eu não tenho muito o que defender, mas ele não vai me tirar fácil de lugar nenhum. E terão outros que pensarão como eu.

OWEN: Isso é um problema seu.

DOALTY: Se nos uníssemos. Se soubéssemos como nos defender.

OWEN: Contra um exército treinado.

DOALTY: Os gêmeos Donnelly sabem.

OWEN: Se soubéssemos onde encontrá-los.

DOALTY: Se soubéssemos onde encontrá-los. (*Ele vai até à porta.*) Me chame depois de ter terminado suas pendências com o Lancey. Talvez eu já saiba de alguma coisa.

(*Ele sai.*)

(OWEN *recolhe o Livro dos Nomes. Olha para ele por um instante, então o coloca no topo da pilha que está carregando. O livro cai no chão. Ele se curva para pegá-lo, hesita e deixa o livro lá. Sobe as escadas. Enquanto OWEN sobe, HUGH e JIMMY JACK entram. Ambos encharcados e bêbados. JIMMY caminha desequilibrado. Ele está tentando acompanhar HUGH, tentando interromper a declamação de HUGH. HUGH está tão bêbado quanto JIMMY, mas apresenta mais habilidade nesse estado. Uma parte da sua mente ainda conserva sua própria lucidez.*)

HUGH: Lá estava eu, prestes a oferecer minhas condolências à mãe inconsolada...

JIMMY: Hugh...

HUGH: ... e prestes a entrar a *domus lugubris*, Maire Chatach?

JIMMY: A casa de velório.

HUGH: De fato. Então, tenho a sensação de um cutucão no ombro: o senhor George Alexander, Juiz de Paz. “Minhas notícias são infelizes”, disse ele, Bridget? Muito devagar. Doalty?

JIMMY: *Infelix* – infeliz.

HUGH: Infeliz, de fato. “O professor Bartley Timlin foi indicado para a nova escola nacional.” “Timlin? Quem é Timlin?” “Um professor de Cork. Ele será um grande ganho para a região. Ele também é um talentoso defumador de toucinho!”

JIMMY: Hugh...

HUGH: Hahahaha! O defumador de toucinho de Cork! *Barbarus hic ego sum quia non intelligor ulli*, James?

JIMMY: Ovídio.

HUGH: *Procede*.

JIMMY: “Sou um bárbaro neste lugar porque não sou compreendido por ninguém.”

HUGH: De fato. (*Grita*) Manus! Chá! Vou compor uma sátira sobre o Mestre Bartley Timlin, professor e defumador de toucinho. Facil demais, não é? (*Grita*) Chá forte! Preto! (*O único jeito que JIMMY encontra de chamar a atenção de HUGH é*

*parando à sua frente e segurando seus braços.)*

JIMMY: Tu podes parar e me escutar um segundo, Hugh?

HUGH: James. *(Grita)* E uma fatia de pão caseiro.

JIMMY: Vou me casar.

HUGH: Ué!

JIMMY: No Natal.

HUGH: Magnífico.

JIMMY: Com Atena.

HUGH: Quem?

JIMMY: Palas Atena.

HUGH: *Glaukopis Athene?*

JIMMY: Dos olhos em chamas, Hugh, dos olhos flamejantes!

*(Ele tenta se comportar como antes: em sentido, o espasmo momentâneo, o cumprimento, o rosto erguido uma animação dolorosa, mas o corpo não responde com como antes. O resultado é grotesco.)*

HUGH: A dama consentiu?

JIMMY: Ela *me* pediu, *eu* consenti.

HUGH: Ah. Quando foi isso?

JIMMY: Ontem à noite.

HUGH: O que a mãe dela disse?

JIMMY: Métis de Helesponto? Gente boa, boa linhagem.

HUGH: E o pai?

JIMMY: Vou conhecer Zeus amanhã. Hugh, tu aceitas ser meu padrinho?

HUGH: Estou honrado, James. Muito honrado.

JIMMY: Tu sabes o que procuro, Hugh, não sabe? Quero dizer, tu sabes que eu... eu... eu brinco como todo mundo, né? *(Mais uma vez ele tenta a patética rotina, mas a abandona imediatamente.)* Tu te conheces, Hugh, não é mesmo? Tu sabes das coisas. Mas, o que eu realmente procuro, Hugh, o que eu quero... é companhia, Hugh. Nessa altura da vida, uma companhia, uma companheira, alguém com quem conversar. Lá em Beann na Gaoithe, tu não fazes idéia da solidão lá. Companhia, certo, Hugh? Correto?

HUGH: Correto.

JIMMY: E eu sempre gostei dela, Hugh. Correto?

HUGH: Certo, James.

JIMMY: Alguém com quem conversar.

HUGH: De fato.

JIMMY: E é isso, Hugh. A história toda. Agora tu sabes de tudo, Hugh. Tu sabes de tudo. *(Ao falar essas últimas palavras, JIMMY chora, balançando a cabeça, tentando manter o equilíbrio, e colocando um dedo sobre os lábios em gestos ridículos de discrição e intimidade. Agora ele cambaleia, tenta sentar em um banquinho, erra e cai no chão, seus pés em sua frente, e as costas para a carroça quebrada. Ele adormece quase de imediato. HUGH assiste a tudo isso. Então ele pega seu frasco de bebida e está prestes a se servir quando ele vê o Livro dos Nomes no chão. Ele junta o livro e o folheia, pronunciando os nomes estranhos. Mal ele começa, OWEN surge e desce com duas tigelas de chá.)*

HUGH: Ballybeg. Burnfut. Cabeça Real. Campos Claros. Morro Claro. Dãmbói. Monte Verde. *(OWEN arranca o livro das mãos de Hugh.)*

OWEN: Eu fico com isso. *(Desculpando-se.)* É só um catálogo de nomes.

HUGH: Eu sei bem o que é.

OWEN: É um erro... um erro meu. Nada a ver conosco. Espero que o chá esteja forte o bastante. *(Ele joga o livro sobre a mesa e vai até JIMMY.)*

Jimmy. Acorde, Jimmy. Acorde, homem.

JIMMY: O quê...o quê... que foi?

OWEN: Toma. Beba isto. Depois vá para casa. Talvez tenhamos problemas. Estás me ouvindo, Jimmy? Talvez tenhamos problemas.

HUGH: *(Apontando para o Livro dos Nomes)* Precisamos aprender esses novos nomes.

OWEN: *(Procurando em volta)* Viste um saco por aqui?

HUGH: Precisamos saber onde moramos. Precisamos torná-los nossos. Precisamos torná-los nosso novo lar.

*(OWEN encontra o saco e o joga sobre os ombros.)*

OWEN: Eu sei onde moro.

HUGH: James também acha que sabe. Eu olho para o James e três pensamentos me vêm à mente: 1, não é o passado literal, os “fatos” da história que fazem de nós quem somos, mas as imagens do passado presentes na língua. James não sabe mais a diferença.

OWEN: Não discursa para mim, pai.

HUGH: 2, nunca devemos parar de renovar essas imagens porque se pararmos,



nós nos fossilizamos. Não tem pão?

OWEN: E 3, meu pai, um único e inalterável “detalhe”: se Yolland não for encontrado, vamos todos ser despejados. Lancey já fez o comunicado.

HUGH: Ah. *Edictum imperatoris*.

OWEN: Devias trocar essas roupas molhadas. Tenho que ir. Tenho que me encontrar com Doalty Dan Doalty.

HUGH: Para quê?

OWEN: Voltarei logo. (*Enquanto OWEN sai.*)

HUGH: Tenhas cuidado, Owen. Lembrar de tudo é um tipo de loucura.

(*Ele olha ao redor da sala, cuidadosamente, como se nunca mais fosse vê-la. Então, ele olha para Jimmy, adormecido novamente.*) A estrada para Sligo. Uma manhã de primavera. 1798. Indo para a batalha. Tu te lembras, James? Dois jovens rapazes com lanças nos ombros e a *Eneida* nos bolsos. Tudo parecia fazer sentido naquela primavera. Uma congruência, uma combinação milagrosa de esperança e passado e presente e possibilidade. Marchando pela terra fresca e verde. A percepção intensificada. A consciência acelerada. Fomos deuses naquela manhã, James. Eu tinha acabado de casar com a *minha* deusa, Caitlin Dubh Nic Reactainn, que ela descansa em paz. E deixá-los para trás, ela e meu filho ainda bebê no berço, aquilo foi heróico, também. Por Deus, meu caro, nós fomos grandiosos. Marchamos até, onde mesmo? Glenties! Todos os trinta e sete quilômetros em um dia só. E foi lá, na taverna Phelan, que ficamos saudosos de Atenas, assim como Ulisses. A *desiderium nostrorum*, a necessidade de ficar perto dos nossos. Nosso *dever*, James, era com coisas mais antigas, mais calmas. E esses foram trinta e sete quilômetros percorridos mais longos da minha vida. (*Brinda a JIMMY.*) Meu amigo, estar confuso não é uma condição desprezível.

(MAIRE *entra.*)

MAIRE: Voltei. Saí para algum lugar, mas não conseguia me lembrar para onde. Então voltei para cá.

HUGH: Sim, te ensinarei inglês, Maire Chatach.

MAIRE: O senhor me ensina, mestre? Eu tenho que aprender. Eu preciso aprender.

HUGH: De fato. Talvez tu sejas minha única aluna.

(*Ele caminha até a escada e começa a subir.*) MAIRE: Quando começamos?

HUGH: Hoje não. Amanhã, talvez. Depois do funeral. Começaremos amanhã. (*Subindo.*) Mas, não espere muita coisa. Eu te ensinarei o vocabulário disponível e com a gramática disponível. Se isso te ajudará a interpretar entre as intimidades? Não faço ideia. Mas, é tudo o que temos. Não tenho ideia mesmo.

(*Agora ele se encontra no topo.*)

MAIRE: Mestre, o que significa a palavra inglesa “sempre”?

HUGH: *Semper – per omnia saecula*. Os gregos a chamavam de “*aei*”. Não é uma boa palavra para se começar. É uma palavra boba, menina.

(*Ele se senta. JIMMY está acordado. Ele se levanta. MAIRE vê o Livro dos Nomes, junta-o do chão, e se senta com ele sobre os joelhos.*)

MAIRE: Quando ele voltar, será pra cá que ele voltará. Ele me disse que aqui era onde ele foi mais feliz.

(*JIMMY se senta ao lado de MAIRE.*)

JIMMY: Conheces a palavra grega *endogamein*? Significa casar-se dentro da tribo. E a palavra *exogamein* significa casar-se fora da tribo. Tu não podes cruzar essas fronteiras sem preocupação, ambos os lados ficam muito brabos. Agora, a questão é essa: Atena é mortal o suficiente ou sou eu que sou divino o suficiente para que o casamento seja aceito pelo povo dela e pelo meu povo? Pense sobre isso.

HUGH: *Urbs antiqua fuit* – existia uma antiga cidade, contam, a qual Juno amava mais que qualquer outra. E era o objetivo e esperança da deusa de que lá seria a capital de todas as nações se a moira assim o permitisse. No entanto, ela descobriu que uma raça descendente do sangue troiano estava nascendo para, um dia, tomar essas torres... uma raça *late regem belloque superbum* – de reis de impérios grandiosos e magníficos, viriam para a guerra que traria a queda da Líbia, tal era... tal era o caminho traçado pelo destino... O que tem de errado comigo? Eu conheço isso de trás pra frente. Vou começar de novo. *Urbs antiqua fuit* – existia uma antiga cidade, contam, a qual Juno amava mais que qualquer outra.

(*As luzes começam a diminuir.*)

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*Cortinas*