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LA NUOVA BIBLIOTECA UNIVERSITARIA

# Il Tolomeo

Articoli, recensioni e inediti delle Nuove Letterature

STUDIOLT2

**Il Tolomeo**

N. 14, secondo fascicolo – anno 2011  
*Articoli, recensioni e inediti delle  
Nuove Letterature*

ISBN 978-88-88028-80-4

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# europa postcoloniale



**David Newbold**

## What happened to Anglo-Welsh? Translation trends in writing from Wales

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Throughout the 20<sup>th</sup> century there were two Wales: there was Welsh-speaking Wales, the *Bro Cymru*, the heartland of the agricultural west and mountainous north west, economically and geographically the remotest reaches of the principality; and there was the rest, industrial South Wales, and the genteel border country in the east. The "rest" meant most, in terms of population; by the second half of the century the percentage of Welsh speakers had dropped to around 20%. The main population base, in the South, centred on Cardiff and Swansea, had been English speaking for more than a century, when the coal and steel industries took over.

One of the side effects of this great divide meant that 20<sup>th</sup> century Wales developed two literatures; literature in Welsh, which continued a grand tradition stretching back 1500 years, and which

reached its heyday in the Middle Ages (with poets such as Dafydd ap Gwilym), and which is still celebrated and showcased today in the annual Eisteddfod; and writing in English, which began to emerge at the beginning of the century, and which has achieved international fame through poets such as Dylan Thomas and, more recently, R.S. Thomas. The list of Welsh poets writing in English is in fact very long: some of them, such as Dylan Thomas and especially Alun Lewis, were also polished short story writers. But most people would be hard pushed to indicate an "Anglo-Welsh" novel.

We have a problem of definition here. The anonymous Wikipedia contributor claims that «the term "Anglo-Welsh", as applied to writing, is now discouraged, because it is felt to have colonial overtones». But it is important to distinguish between writing in English which is about Wales, or has a Welsh focus, and writing by people who may incidentally be of Welsh origin but who are mainstream writers in English, such as the poets Edward Thomas and Wilfred Owen, or the novelist Richard Hughes. In his seminal

1968 work, *The Dragon has two tongues*, Glyn Jones, after defining Anglo-Welsh writers as «men and women who write in English about Wales», then feels it necessary to point out that they share a background of Welsh-speaking radical non-conformity. Many, if not most, twentieth century Anglo-Welsh writers came from Welsh speaking families – Dylan Thomas is a prime example – or families which had been Welsh speaking a generation before. In other words, the Welsh language is never far away from their consciousness; and this of course links them to their Welsh speaking counterparts, writing in Welsh.

But the divide between the two languages is crucial. The simple fact is that most Welsh people today cannot access writing in Welsh; English and Welsh are two separate languages. Glyn Jones illustrates this effectively at the beginning of *The Dragon Has Two Tongues*, by referring to two major anthologies of poetry published around the middle of the century. The first of these, edited by Keidrych Rhys, was entitled *Modern Welsh Poetry*; the second was the *Oxford Book of Welsh Verse*. You

might expect a certain amount of overlap between the two, but there was none, not just because the Oxford anthology was historical, and the Rhys collection contemporary, but primarily because the former contained only poems in Welsh, the latter only poems in English. Two parallel worlds, and never the twain should meet, or so it seemed then.

The very title *Modern Welsh Poetry* did not go down well with Welsh speakers. Welsh poets were poets who wrote in Welsh, and who in doing so, were keeping the language alive. Indeed, only by making the choice to write in Welsh could there be any hope for the future of Welsh, under constant threat from its nearest and more powerful neighbor. A growing awareness that urgent action was needed to save Welsh from extinction led to the formation in 1963 of the Welsh Language Society, *Cymdeithas yr Iaith Gymraeg*, a pressure group which aimed at counteracting the domination of English in public life in Wales. Around the same time the Free Wales Army emerged, protesting the building of new reservoirs in Wales intended to provide water for England; by the 1980s the focus of anger had changed to English people buying holiday homes in Welsh-speaking Wales, fuelled by a shadowy organization, or group of organizations, known as the *Meibion Glyndwr* (Sons of Glyndwr), who torched hundreds of properties owned by English people over a 15 year period.

These were the years in which R. S. Thomas, who openly supported the *Meibion Glyndwr*, was hammering out his place as one of the foremost poets writing in English.

Thomas is an emblematic, paradoxical figure. An Anglican priest, he worked in small rural Welsh-speaking parishes, preaching to his tiny congregations in Welsh. He was a tireless, vociferous, angry champion of Welsh. But he came late to the language, learning it in his thirties, despite growing up and studying in north west Wales – driven to do so, it seems, by a sense of guilt.

When lost motorists stopped to ask directions in English in the rural backwaters where he lived and worked, Thomas pretended not to know the language, and would answer in Welsh. Yet he spoke English with an extraordinarily patrician English accent, as can be heard in the recordings he made of his own work.

For Thomas, Wales was «a problem of translation»; this is the title he gave to a lecture given at the Centre for 20<sup>th</sup> Century Cultural Studies at Kings College London. «I don't know how much it is realized in England how distasteful to some Welsh people the term the "United Kingdom" is», he begins in typical uncompromising fashion, suggesting that the union between England and Wales was more like the union between the whale and Jonah than an agreement between equals. The premise is that Wales is, in essence, the Welsh language, and that this language is untranslatable, especially in the poetry which is its lifeblood. Not only that – it must *continue* to be untranslatable:

What I have been trying to say is that my country, Cymru, to be understood presents a problem of translation, and, if it is to maintain a separate and valuable identity, it must continue to do so.<sup>1</sup>

But the future is bleak, because both the English and the Welsh have conspired to push the language into the grave of oblivion:

Where can I go, then, from the smell  
Of decay, from the putrefying of a dead  
Nation? I have walked the shore  
For an hour and seen the English  
Scavenging among the remains  
Of our culture, covering the sand  
Like the tide and, with the roughness  
Of the tide, elbowing our language  
Into the grave that we have dug for it.

[R. S. Thomas, "Reservoirs"]

*Reservoirs* appeared in the 1968 collection, *Not that he brought flow-ers*. But by the time Thomas delivered the lecture on the problem of translation, in 1996, (just four years before his death in 2000), a lot of things had changed in Wales. In the 1980s, the Welsh Language television channel (*Sianel Pedwar Cymru*) had come onto the air, and rapidly earned a reputation for high quality programmes. Around the same time, parents had obtained the right to send their children to Welsh medium schools wherever they lived in Wales – leading to a blossoming of Welsh language schools in the English speaking south. The Welsh Language Act of 1993 gave Welsh equal status with English – not the "official" language status that *Cymdeithas yr Iaith* had been campaigning for, but an important milestone nonetheless (and it is perhaps worth remembering that English has never been formally declared the official language of England).

The biggest single event in recent Welsh history, however, was the establishment of the Welsh as-

sembly in 1998. This devolutionary process gave Wales more powers of self-government than it had ever had before, in areas such as education, health and the environment. It also had the side effect of creating new bilingual jobs in Cardiff, the home of the new Assembly, and bringing waves of Welsh speakers into the capital. It is now common to hear Welsh being spoken on the streets of Cardiff; twenty or so years ago it was a rarity. At the same time, a new generation of Welsh-speaking writers had begun to emerge, in south Wales as well as the heartlands of the north and west; but unlike previous generations, these writers did not choose to ignore English.

The new Assembly oversaw and supported the development of new or refocused support networks for the arts, such as the *Academi*. Originally the Welsh language writers' society *Yr Academi Gymreig*, the *Academi* today is a thriving literature promotion agency, with a database listing more than a thousand authors writing in English, and 300 in Welsh; many of them feature on both lists, indicating that they write in both languages. The database «includes living authors who were born, raised and/or are currently resident in Wales». Not all the Welsh language writers were born in Wales, or are of Welsh parentage. Newcastle born (but of Italian ancestry) Tony Bianchi, for example, learnt Welsh as a student in Wales; four out of his five published works are in Welsh. In 2010 he published two books, one a novel, the other a collection of short stories, both set in Newcastle; the first, *Bumping*, is in English; the second, *Cyffesion Geordie Oddi Cartref*, in Welsh. For bilingual Welsh-English writ-

ers there is a special challenge in switching languages, especially those (the majority) who write about Welsh speaking people. As Sian Melangell Dafydd, who won the prose medal at the 2009 *Eisteddfod* with *Y Trydedd Peth* ("The third thing"), puts it:

One special aspect of translating a creative text from Welsh is that my characters speak English too. In translating to English you have to translate the words of a character who already uses English in his life, and that bilingualism is part of his or her makeup, something that shouldn't be sacrificed.<sup>2</sup>

There are echos here of R. S. Thomas here, although the sacrifice in translation that Melangell refers to seems to be different. For Thomas, translation was a threat, because it implied the systematic elimination of the source language by making it unnecessary, an optional extra. Melangell is worried about being faithful to her characters, and their right to be faithful to themselves. When translating her own work into English, she has to find the words her characters would be likely to use, and this might not be equivalent to "translating" dialogue. This is a genuine concern, and perhaps might come some way to explaining why there was so little translation of Welsh literature into English through the last century. Too much would be lost, too little gained.

One glorious exception is the translation of Caradog Prichard's 1961 novel *Un Nos ola Leuad*, which nonetheless took more than thirty years to appear – in 1995, translated by Philip Mitchell ("One Moonlit Night"). *Un Nos ola Leuad* novel is an extraordinary rite of passage

novel in which a boy aged about ten (but we see through his eyes at different ages too, in dream like sequences, flashbacks and flash-forwards) confronts the darkness of the adult world – perversion, violence, poverty, mental illness, madness; but it is the solidarity of friendship, love in different forms, and the taste of bread and butter which end up illuminating the darkness. The novel has been compared to Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* in its portrayal of a village community through the night-long antics of the inhabitants, and for its quintessential Welshness. This badge of identity has been maintained in the translation by reliance on two principles, *faithfulness*, and *function*; the latter of which Mitchell defines as the attempt to «produce a narrative which will evoke in the English-language reader the same strong feelings that the original work evokes in the Welsh reader». The translation captures the voice of the unnamed narrator in his own inner reflections, reasoning and rambling, and in the banter which he engages in with his two friends *Moi* and *Huw*, all of which has a linguistic quality reminiscent of "Welsh English", which carries a residual substratum of the ancestral language. It seems effortlessly authentic. The narrator's voice has survived the test of translation.

But it is a lone voice. Until the end of the last century, fiction in either Welsh or Anglo-Welsh writing primarily meant short stories. So there was little output, and less translation – since, almost by definition, Welsh fiction was considered not to travel well outside Wales. Poetry was a different matter, as we have seen. But with the more devolved, more

confident Wales that began to take shape in the 1980s and 1990s, the novel began to come into its own. Suddenly, Wales was worth more than a short story. On both sides of the language divide, fuelled by burgeoning bilingual publishing houses, such as *Seren* and *Y Lolfa*, a young generation of creative writers turned to fiction as the most appropriate means for capturing the rapid changes happening in Wales; one of the most significant being mobility across that divide. This is reflected in a number of ways. In Welsh language novels, monoglot English characters may be made to speak English, or bilingual speakers use English to reflect real life code-switching, as is the case in Llwyd Owen's *Ffawd, Cywilydd a Chelwyddau* ("Fate, Shame and Lies"), whose characters swear in English. But there is a shift in the fictional landscape, too. Rural life in the *bro* is no longer the only setting for fiction in Welsh; in many Welsh language novels, the focus is now urban life, particularly Cardiff, and particularly Cardiff low life. Cardiff has become a Welsh-speaking city, reflecting the language of a generation which has grown up in Welsh medium schools (and which includes Llwyd Owen himself, who was a pupil of Cardiff's foremost Welsh medium school Ysgol Glantaf, which opened in 1978), as well as the migration of Welsh speakers from all over Wales to the post-devolution capital; at the same time, English speaking writers (such as John Williams, in his Cardiff trilogy) are exploring similar themes, and similar parts of the city, though English speaking characters.

But one of the most dynamic aspects of mobility across the language divide can be found in the

growing numbers of writers who write in both Welsh and English. Or rather, there is a growing trend for Welsh writers to rewrite their own works in English. In 2010 Llwyd Owen published an English language version of the first of his four Welsh language novels, *Ffydd Gobaith Cariad*, (the predecessor of *Ffawd, Cywilydd a Chelwyddau*) which he calls an "adaptation" of the Welsh. Reflections on bilingualism, and language loss, acquire a special significance in this context, such as when the narrator mentally chides his brother for willfully losing his "birthright":

We were raised in a bilingual home, me and Will, and spoke Welsh to Mam and English to Dad during our childhood. But, as Will grew older, he decided to turn his back on the language. I embraced it like a true patriot. I'm proud of my language, my heritage, my birthright and use it every day as part of my job. When you think about it, it's about the only thing that sets us apart from our neighbours on the other side of Offa's Dyke. Anything that makes us stand apart from our dear oppressors has got to be a good thing. I mean, otherwise aren't we just an irrelevant principality clinging to our bastard brother's underbelly? Without our own language, we're no more of a country than Kent. (25)

The title, *Faith, Hope & Love* is a literal translation; in novels by other Welsh speaking writers, such as Fflur Dafydd and Jon Gower, the change in the titles already indicate that there is a dynamic process of rewriting – rewriting, not translation – at work. Fflur Dafydd's "Twenty thousand saints" (2008) is a reworking of her 2006 novel *Abyniad* ("Attraction") while Jon Gower's *Uncharted* (2010) began life the previous year as *Dala'r*

*Llanw* ("Catching the tide"). Between them, these two novels are emblematic of how literary horizons are being pushed back in a brave new Wales.

The first of these is set on the small island of Bardsey, off the north west coast of Wales, (where, incidentally, R S Thomas used to go birdwatching – but the homage is probably intentional, since Dafydd's PhD was entitled *The Uncanny and the Unhomely in the Poetry of R.S. Thomas*). A small, mostly female, community of summer archeologists interact with an even smaller community of local residents, in a hothouse atmosphere. One of the local residents is an unlikely Welsh-speaking hermit nun from Cardiff, who took holy orders in disgust at the failure of the Welsh people to call for a Welsh parliament in the 1979 referendum (it was the later 1997 referendum which led to the creation of the Assembly). The tension grows with the arrival of her son, recently released from prison, and suspected of having murdered his mother's friend on the island some ten years previously. Then there is a resident Welsh poet looking for inspiration, and an archeologist hoping to dig up his own past as much as the bones of the 20,000 pilgrims who, legend has it, made the journey to Bardsey in the 6<sup>th</sup> century; and linking the two, the theme of an ancestral language lost, found, or dimly remembered – according to the character. Iestyn, the suspected murderer, and Deian, the archeologist and Iestyn's erstwhile childhood playmate find that while Iestyn has managed to keep his Welsh alive in Cardiff Jail, Deian, now living across the border in Lancashire, has all but forgotten

his – he remembers the word for *remember*, but has forgotten *forgot*:

“Ond ma’n rhaid bo chdi’n cofio chydig?” [...] He recognized all these words on their own, but strewn together they seemed a little overwhelming. *Cofio* was to remember. He’d forgotten what to forget was. (56)

The central event which gave the Welsh version of the novel its title is a natural phenomenon – thousands of disorientated seabirds, like moths to a candle, dash themselves to death against the island’s lighthouse, a self-inflicted massacre which is the result of an “attraction”. The English version of *Afyniad* is, in Dafydd’s own words, more “polished”, since she had more time to work on it, to scale down the number of characters, and to move away from autobiography in the portrayal of the poet in residence. The rewriting was not so much a matter of choice as necessity; Dafydd had tried translating the novel for about a year before deciding to break free of the limitations of translation and discover her own voice as a writer:

Writing in Welsh is completely different to writing in English; because fewer writers are writing in Welsh, there is so much more to be done, and there is real opportunity to be innovative with the way that you use the language. English is different; less vulnerable as a language and therefore more robust and exacting, so that when writing in English I’m less concerned with language innovation and more concerned with finding my own voice and identity within that language. Ideally, I would like to be able to recreate the rhythm and feel of the Welsh language in the way I use English, though I’m yet to discover if my readers will recognise that in the

writing itself, or whether English is inevitably always just English.<sup>3</sup>

There is an added attraction in using English – it can allow the writer to achieve anonymity. Wales is a small country in which critics, in Dafydd’s personal experience, pursue personal agendas and often find it difficult to see the work beyond the person (Dafydd is well-known as a pop singer). In the wider English-speaking world she can expect neutrality from critical scrutiny.

The end of the novel offers an epiphany. Twenty years after her self-imposed exile began, Viv the hermit returns to Cardiff. The changes take her breath away. The bilingual road signs (“a small yet colossal feat”), the old docks area reconstructed as the cultural hub of Europe’s youngest capital, the Millennium Centre with the huge letters carved in stone, *Creu gwir fel gwyr o ffwrnais awen*, *In these stones horizons sing*, and like the jewel in the crown, the Assembly building, the home of Welsh self-government:

Here was the building that she never thought would be possible, the building that had only ever existed in her mind. Even her imagination could never have conjured anything so beautiful, so dazzling. It stood there, squat, a gleaming ship of promise, guiding her on, urging her to step on board. (242)

If *Twenty Thousand Saints* makes the journey from the *Bro* to the new centre of Welsh cultural life, bringing the Anglo Welsh novel firmly into the millennium, *Uncharted* takes on the world and looks into the future. It starts, echoing the opening of *Under Milk*

*Wood*, with an invitation to listen, but the night-time estuary location is the Plate, not the Towy:

Listen! Like a million small, slippery wet kisses on muddy shore and hard escarpment, on pebble beach and marshy reaches, the enormous river meets the land and sings to it, a song of love, water to earth. It is a polyphonic symphony with a chorus of aqueous voices – sucking seductions, rippling percussions, and millions of swamp frogs looking for a wet date. This is the river song. *Cancion del Rio*. (7)

A comparison with the opening paragraph of the Welsh version is immediately revealing even to the non-Welsh speaker:

Gwrandewch! Fel miliynau o gusanau bach ar ei hymylon mwdlyd, tywodlyd a graenog mae’r afon enfawr yn cwrdd a’r tir ac yn ei garu ac yn canu iddo. Symffoni berseiniol. Can yr afon. *Cancion del rio*.

*Uncharted* is about thirty percent longer than *Dala’r Llanw*. It is a story that grows in the telling, and in the description; but, unlike *Twenty Thousand Saints*, the story remains essentially the same across the languages. Flavia, a dying tango dancer from Buenos Aires, is put to rest by her lifetime lover in a small boat made of paper and pushed out to sea. But Flavia does not die – she sails across the world, unharmed by sea monsters, storms, and Japanese whaling vessels, until brought into port some thirteen months later in Oakland California, suspended between life and death, a miracle which science cannot explain, heralding in a new religion for a spiritually starved planet. It is an effervescent novel which seems to owe more



to magic realism and science fiction, than to a tradition of radical non-conformism which 50 years before Glyn Jones had identified as the heart of Welsh writing in English. And yet... in the final part of the novel *Flavia* (now renamed *Marina*, she who came from the sea), laid to rest in state in the decommissioned luxury liner *Queen Elizabeth*, arrives in Wales, sparking off a spiritual revival which parallels in its intensity the 19<sup>th</sup> century explosion of Welsh non-conformism. In a wry glimpse of the future break-up of the United Kingdom, in which the King has been forced to abdicate, Gower prepares the way for the erstwhile principality to reclaim its spiritual heritage:

Now that it's had its formal independence there are those seeking to underline the difference between Wales and its imperious neighbor, England. They can keep that tired Anglicanism, and its High Church antics. Here, in a country which went from being one of the most religious on earth to the most secular in three generations, there's a spiritual vacuum to match an imploded dark star. (166)

There is black humour here, too, in the description of Cardiff low life as well as in the institutional scenarios. Indeed, in this final part of the novel the reader may well feel a loss of direction in the riotous, unpredictable development, ambushed by details and distracted by the author's delight in story telling for its own sake (Gower spends seven pages elaborating a spurious etymology for *Cardiff*). But the end of the novel reads like a low-key celebration of the unity of Wales, as mysterious shrines to the goddess appear overnight throughout the length and breadth

of the country, the litany of place-names pinning the narrative to the old language:

From Moelfre to Cwmrhydyceirw, from Garnswllt to Penmaenmawr, little shrines, mushrooming, in all their frail and fragile architecture. Someone would clean them, someone would leave pictures of the family to be blessed. (235)

Although *Uncharted* has little in common with *Twenty Thousand Saints*, the conclusions of the two novels share a similar sense of coming home, and its attendant emotions of repossession, pride, and renewal. It is also tempting to see Gower's final image as a metaphor for creative fiction itself, with the shrines re-defined as:

"honest and simple temples: giving expression, or candlelight hope to travelers, who would sometimes pause contemplatively, thinking of an old lady from a country far away and what she meant to them. They might then nod briefly, pensive but satisfied, before walking on with renewed vigour". (235)

However, in a reflection published in the *Western Mail*, Gower reveals that he changed the ending of *Uncharted* because a friend (the poet James Jones) had told him he wasn't happy with the ending of the Welsh version – a reminder that rewriting may be a result of criticism as much as creative whim.

In the autumn 2010 issue of *A470*, the bilingual newsletter published by Academi, (the title is itself a metaphor, since the A470 is the road which links – or tries to link – north and south Wales) Gower refers to the growing phe-

nomenon of "switchback" writing, and his own first experience of it in *Uncharted*. The bilingual author, he suggests, has an option in the act of translation, which is «a chance to revise, winnow, or expand». But rewriting is, above all, a dynamic process, with its own pleasures and pitfalls. Citing Pflur Dafudd and Tony Bianchi as examples of bilingual talents which «pixillate to form a confident face that can proudly greet the literary world» Gower acknowledges that these are exciting times in writing from Wales; and indirectly, endorses R.S. Thomas's warning cry about the undesirability of translation.

At the end of *Twenty Thousand Saints*, the main character Viv returns to Cardiff after twenty years away and finds herself staring at the huge letters carved in stone on the face of the new Millennium Centre. *Creu gwir fel gwydr o ffwrnais awen*, *In these stones horizons sing*, they read. They are the words of Gwyneth Lewis, the first National Poet of Wales. The Welsh part of the inscription translates literally as «creating truth like glass from the furnace of inspiration» – referring to the poetic tradition of Wales as well as to the building materials used in the centre. In the English text the stones are also part of the building, the singing is equally part of the Welsh tradition, and the horizons are those of the whole world which lie beyond the seafront location of the Centre, within reach (it is tempting to think) through a means of communication – a language – which has become the world's lingua franca. The two languages together, not translated but complementing each other, provide a more complete sense of the reality

which is Wales today. What would have been lost in the translation has (perhaps) been gained in the rewriting. ■

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**Marco Fazzini**

**Sorley Maclean-Somhairle MacGill-Eain, *White Leaping Flame-Caoir Gheal Leumraich: Collected Poems*, edited by Christopher Whyte and Emma Dymock, Edinburgh, Polygon, 2011**

Già curatore del precedente *Dàin do Eimhir*, il volume che conteneva il famoso ciclo di canzoni dedicate a Eimhir, prima d'allora in parte disperse o occultate dallo stesso Maclean per decenni e poi ritrovate con perizia nel 2002 attraverso lettere e frammenti d'appunti, Christopher Whyte oggi ci regala un altro libro imperdibile per la letteratura scozzese: questo nuovo *Collected Poems* ha sia le dimensioni sia la precisione d'una vera e propria parola definitiva sul grande bardo gaelico.

Sorley Maclean era nato nel 1911 a Raasay, una piccola isola delle Ebridi roccaforte della fede presbiteriana, ed era cresciuto in una famiglia legata alle antiche tradizioni di canto e poesia gaelici. «Attorno ai vent'anni», dice Sorley Maclean nell'intervista qui di seguito in parte tradotta, «scrissi versi che esprimevano il mio fallimento a tener fede ai miei ideali di condotta. Ero affascinato dalla fusione di "musica" e poesia in molti canti gaelici, e frustrato dalla mia stessa incapacità di cantarli, come invece facevano i miei familiari. Ero urtato dai miei tentativi di "migliorare" i canti gaelici».

Laureatosi presso l'Università di Edimburgo in Letteratura Inglese nel 1933, lavorò come insegnante per diversi anni ricoprendo poi l'incarico di preside della scuola locale

di Plockton, nel Wester Ross, dal 1956 al 1972. Fu tra i primi intellettuali a battersi perché il gaelico fosse introdotto come lingua d'insegnamento nelle scuole superiori delle Highlands celtiche. Scrisse poesia in gaelico sin dagli anni trenta, ma solo dal 1977 le sue raccolte cominciarono ad apparire in edizioni bilingui con la traduzione in inglese a firma dello stesso Sorley Maclean. Numerosi i premi, i riconoscimenti e le lauree *honoris causa*, tra cui quelle dalle università di Dundee, di Edimburgo e della National University di Dublino. Morì in Scozia nel 1996.

Tra le numerose pubblicazioni ricordiamo qui solo le principali: *17 Poems for 6D*, con Robert Garioch (Edinburgh: Chalmers, 1940); *Dàin Do Eimhir, agus Dàin Eile* (Glasgow: Maclellan, 1943); *Poems to Eimhir*, traduzione a cura di Iain Crichton Smith (Newcastle upon Tyne: Northern House, 1968); *Four Points of Saltire. The Poetry of Sorley MacLean, George Campbell Hay, William Neill and Stuart MacGregor* (Edinburgh: Reprographia, 1970); *Reothairt is Contraigh: Taghadh de Dhàin 1932-72/Spring Tide and Neap Tide: Selected Poems 1932-72* (Edinburgh: Canongate, 1977); *Poems 1932-1982* (Philadelphia: Iona Foundation, 1977); *O Choille gu Bearradh/From Wood to Ridge. Collected Poems in Gaelic and English* (Manchester: Carcanet, 1989). L'intero ciclo a Eimhir è stato ripubblicato nel 2002, per la cura di Christopher Whyte, col titolo *Dàin do Eimhir/Poems to Eimhir* presso la Association for Scottish Literary Studies.

Il nuovo volume di *Collected Poems* contiene tutto quello che si era letto in *From Wood to Ridge* e in *Dàin do Eimhir*, ma anche molto di più. Oltre alle prime poesie del periodo 1932-1940, e a significativi