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The Dialogic Insinuation

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Abstract of the Thesis

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The Dialogic Insinuation is a Thesis devoted to analysis of certain works by James Joyce and William Trevor, as read through the theories of dialogism posed by Mikhail Bakhtin. The thesis analyzes three short stories, namely Joyce's "Two Gallants," Trevor's "Two More Gallants" and "Autumn Sunshine," interplaying the roles of intra and intertextuality as a means for defining how history and literature should be read, in dialogue with one another. The Thesis utilizes literary theory, as its backdrop, the analysis of which claims that literature, like history, is rife with dialogism, and the history of Ireland particularly is one that should be read without an oppressive insistence on the past, but with reform, and revision.

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The epic past functions like an imagined memory; on a singular and national level, it is created, but it exists before time. Its heroes are never contemporaneous with its listeners, and its history is one of mythos, a mythos that establishes national identity and tradition. When Mikhail Bakhtin wrote about the epic, he considered it an absolute, closed circle, whose heroes couldn't be mocked into the contemporary sphere, but were valorized through their epic distance. Both James Joyce and William Trevor play with epic distance. In Joyce's Dubliners and Trevor's Collected Short Stories, we have novelistic, as opposed to epic, characters. They are brought into the author's contemporary sphere, and they are thereby brought into a dialogic sphere, where their conversations, sometimes inter-textual, and often intra-textual, contribute to an imperfect but melioristic view of both the historical and fictional future. Joyce's and Trevor's characters may be remnants of colonial subjugation, but it is only through this subjugation that they form a national and individual identity, an identity rooted in novelistic, as opposed to epic discourse, with malleable, and not absolute repercussion.

In *The Dialogic Imagination*, Mikhail Bakhtin's essay on the Epic and Novel describes the novel with "semantic open-endedness, a living contact with unfinished, still evolving contemporary reality (the open-ended present)" (Mikhail Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination*, 7). While language is often assimilated to form, the novel seeks to shape its form to languages. It is a fluid entity; it doesn't possess the quality of epic language,

which “is not separable from its subject, for an absolute fusion of subject matter and spatial temporal aspects with valorized (hierarchical) ones is characteristic of semantics in the epic” (17). The epic exists in a valorized hierarchy; the planes of hierarchy are neatly construed, so you have the hero, the defined distance of the epic past, the valorization of the mythos this past creates, and the indisputable repercussions of fate and heritage.

Unlike the epic, which Bakhtin characterizes as a closed circle, the novel is an open circle. Its contemporaneity is molded in clay, while epic “contemporaneity” for the future (for descendants) is molded in marble or bronze” (19). Joyce and Trevor’s short stories are novelistic inasmuch that they are open-ended. They embody a living contact with the past, yes, but their characters are in living contact with the unfinished, still evolving contemporary reality. More than this, they are dialogic. In other words, they talk within the text, or between texts, intertextually. They have different layers of voice, different displays of dialogue.

R.B.Kershner, in his study, Joyce, Bakhtin, and Popular Literature, refers to Bakhtin’s *Discourse In The Novel*, where Bakhtin establishes three broad applications of dialogism in a literary text. These are “(1) between authorial language and protagonist’s language (2) between protagonist’s language and the languages of other characters in a text; and (3) between the language of a text or a protagonist taken as a whole and the language of other relevant texts to which implicit or explicit allusion is made” (R.B. Kershner, *Joyce, Bakhtin, and Popular Literature*, 19). Nowhere is the third scenario, of inter-textual relations made more evident than between Joyce’s “Two Gallants” and Trevor’s “Two More Gallants.”

The dialogue between “Two Gallants” and “Two More Gallants” questions the influence of subjugation, Irish identity, and even gallantry as a means of disabling the heroic structure, inherent in epic lore. “Two Gallants,” Joyce attested, came from Guglielmo Ferrero, whom “he had probably read during his phase of self-confessed socialism” (Kershner, 80). In Ferrero’s work, Il Militarismo, Ferrero talks about warfare having its origins in a thirst for emotion and sensation, satisfied by drunkenness, as the basest mean, and on a higher plane, love.

And in the sphere of love, Ferrero makes the point that “sexual relations are adjusted to the brutality of the male rather than to the gallantry that the female might desire” (Kershner, 82). In “Two Gallants” the brutality of love and the futility of gallantry is not only questioned, but also ultimately asserted on a social, national, and individual sphere. Gallantry is, as Kershner attests, a secular form of simony (86), and this is evident throughout, but mainly by the end of Joyce’s story.

Probably the most poignant image Joyce illuminates in “Two Gallants” is the harpist Corley and Lenehan (casually) walk by. For, in the game of gallantry, gallants play their lovers like a harpist upon his/her strings. In “Two Gallants,” this harp carries double imagery. It parodies Corley and Lenehan’s “gallantry,” and is symbolic of Ireland as a motherland abused and shamed, at the behest of its denizens.

The harp, once a symbol of Celtic, cultural ethos, is demeaned in Two Gallants. The harpist playing on Kildare street not far from the porch of a club, plucks at the wires of his harp heedlessly, “glancing quickly from time to time at the face of each newcomer and from time to time, wearily also, at the sky” (Joyce, Dubliners, 42). And the busker playing this harp is prostituting his talent, for a scrap of bread.

This notion of prostitution is illumined by the way the harp is described. For, the harp, “heedless that her coverings had falling about her knees, seemed weary alike of the eyes of strangers and of her master’s hands” (Joyce, 42), one hand playing in the bass the tune of Silent O Moyle, “while the other hand careered in the treble after each group of notes” (Joyce, 42). The harp is being exploited. Her coverings had fallen about her knees, and, like a sexually exploited woman, she’s weary. Not just of the person “playing” her, but of the passers by, many of who pass complacently by.

The relationship between the harpist and harp is illuminating, because it mirrors Corley’s relationship with the slavey, and furthermore, Lenehan’s witnessing her-the slavey’s-exploitation. Corley unknowingly embodies the role of harpist. He plays the slavey, but he doesn’t know he is exploiting himself in the process of exploiting her. While the busker, we can assume, is aware that he is prostituting his talent, and thereby exploiting a symbol of Celtic ethos, degrading it as he plays it, he doesn’t wish to do this. But his role is ineluctable. He is the consequence of Irish subjugation, and he plays the harp because he is enacting a microcosmic rape.

Ireland has been raped by subjugation. Her dressings are about her knees. She’s weary of anyone who passes by, even of her “master’s” hand. But her “master” continues to play, continues to prostitute her and his talent to unwitting passers by.

The thought that the master of this harp could embody England is an intriguing concept, but faulty insomuch that there’s something more profound at stake in the story, here. Joyce is revealing the harpist as complicit, but also sacrificial. Once the master of his own harp, his own Ireland, he is now prostituting his talents, his ability to play her in an honorable, gallant way, just so he can make a dime or two.

Ireland has been cheapened, but so has her denizen; the one who should be her sentinel, is now exploiting her. He cannot guard her, because his talents are unappreciated. He is the master because he is playing a role his subjugators want him to play.

He is a gallant, yes, but only because he is debasing himself, in the process of debasing the ethos of the country he loves. Gallantry is thus an affront, his playing for an audience the lie belying his complicit betrayal of identity. He doesn't have an identity in the story, no name; he is more a cipher, a symbol of Ireland's countrymen, contributing to its disintegration, and their own exploitation, and without, as evident in Corley, the slightest cognizance of their sin.

It is here that we sense epic disintegration. Any concept of nationalism, of a national hero, so rooted in epic discourse, is replaced with intra-textual dialogue, between the busker and harp and Corley and Lenehan. Corley and the busker complement each other. Like the busker, Corley's dialogue and actions are all a display.

Kershner notes in his study that the "element of performance is central to gallantry" (Kershner, 85). The gallant is a "conspicuous consumer," whose consumption, always public, of drink, food, ornaments, etc., validates his masculinity. Joyce, Kershner assumes, must have read Dumas. And in looking at Three Musketeers, must have seen the way that gallantry percolated into the economic sphere. Many of the gallants, Dumas even states, would not have won "their spurs in the first place, nor their battles afterward, without the purse, more or less furnished, which their mistresses fastened to the saddlebow..." (Kershner, 84). And Kershner takes this a step further, by highlighting a

scene from Dumas, in which Porthos is unfaithful to Mme. Coquenard, precisely because she did not provide him an adequate economic display (Kershner, 84-85).

Gallantry, a variety of objectification and depersonalization that is “especially pernicious because it mimics and parodies romantic devotion, while replacing the interpersonal element with impersonal economic exchange” (Kershner, 86), is thus put on display via Corley and the slavey for Lenehan. Corley has no amorous interest in the slavey; it is more a matter of display.

He and Lenehan arrange it so that Lenehan can witness the slavey with Corley, without the slavey knowing it. And when Lenehan notices them together, Corley has a particular walk. For, “his bulk, his easy pace, and the solid sound of his boots had something of the conqueror in them” (Joyce, 42). His boots having this quality to them is significant, because, like the busker, as the story progresses, he becomes robotic, a trend Kershner notes, less than human, and more like an automaton.

If we look at the way Corley has been described throughout the text, we see this. He “walked with his hands by his sides, holding himself erect and swaying his head from side to side” (Joyce, 39). His head was large, globular, and oily. And “he always stared straight before him as if he were on parade and, when he wished to gaze after someone in the street, it was necessary for him to move his body from the hips” (Joyce, 39).

Even when he speaks, the speech is self-centered. It is mainly about himself. In the instance of Two Gallants, even a bit pornographic. And when he talks about himself, he aspirates the first letter “of his name after the manner of Florentines” (Joyce, 40).

The fact that Corley speaks this way, the fact that everything he does is a display, that he’s almost an automaton in his movements, suggests that he has been conquered.

Joyce is thus invoking an intriguing dialogic element to this text. The text's authority has conquered Corley, the conqueror; he is less a human and more a symbol of Ireland's disenfranchised, non-heroic denizens.

Like the harpist, then, he plays his slavey. And we see this in the economic exchange at the end of the work. After the slavey goes inside, and comes back to meet Corley, when Corley walks away and Lenehan is trying to catch up with him, Corley, with a grave gesture "extended a hand towards the light and, smiling, opened it slowly to the gaze of his disciple. A small gold coin shone in the palm" (Joyce, 47).

Corley convinced the slavey to steal for him. He used her. He exploited her. He put her on display like the harpist/busker; and she too becomes less than human. She is another cipher, another symbol of Ireland. Joyce is enacting a dialogue between the microcosmic and the "real." "Two Gallants" is thus intra-textual, but the question becomes, what is Joyce getting at by pitting these elements of dialogism in his text? We only get to the point when we enter Lenehan's mind as he travels through Dublin.

The first of Lenehan's thoughts involve the slavey. She had her Sunday finery on (Joyce, 43), with a "stout, short muscular body. Frank ruddy health glowed in her face, on her fat red cheeks and in her unabashed blue eyes," but she also had "broad nostrils, a straggling mouth which lay open in a contented leer, and two projecting front teeth" (Joyce, 43). The way she is described in the latter part of his thoughts intimates somebody who has become less than human. From a frank ruddy glow to a frozen leer in her mouth, and protruding teeth, she seems mechanic, robotic, like Corley.

And when Lenehan eyes them walking away, Corley's head looks like a big ball revolving on a pivot (Joyce, 43). The juxtaposition is eerie and problematic. Problematic

for Lenehan, as he is witnessing a display, two symbols playing upon each other, like the busker and his harp.

The harpist dominates this section of the text, particularly when the air, which the harpist had played, controls Lenehan's movements. Lenehan's "softly padded feet played the melody while his fingers swept a scale of variations idly along the railings after each group of notes" (Joyce, 43). Lenehan is being instigated, controlled by the music. He is part of the display; he isn't autonomous.

And as he walks "listlessly" around Stephen's Green and down Grafton Street, he takes in many elements of the crowd, albeit morosely. He "found trivial all that was meant to charm him and did not answer the glances which invited him to be bold" (Joyce, 43). We begin to sense Lenehan's longing. When he's in a shop, eating, and imagining Corley's "voice in deep energetic gallantries" (Joyce, 44), he sees the leer of the young woman's mouth. This drives him to thoughts of his own "poverty of purse and spirit" (Joyce, 44).

It's no accident that by imagining the two together, Lenehan feels an emblematic dearth. He sees what has become of himself, not knowing that this is the ineluctable result of what has become of his country, and that he is part of its disintegration. He doesn't shoot for anything grand. He wants to settle in some smug corner and live happily with "some good simple-minded girl with a little of the ready" (45). He's not even willing to make his own financial contribution.

Joyce seems to be touching on a self-defeatism, here. Perhaps even hinting at something Jim Haughey touches upon in his essay on Two Gallants and Two More Gallants. That is, "the self-defeating construction of opposing political and cultural

homogenies that embrace narrowly exclusivist interpretations of Irish ethnicity and history” (Haughey, Jim, Joyce and Trevor’s Dubliners: The legacy of Colonialism, Studies in Short Fiction, v 32 n3, pg. 355). In other words, the self-defeating constructions of political and cultural absolutes, that is, which reign and conquer over any relic of individual identity, are responsible for the downfall of individualism. The individual is lost, put on display, because of the powers that be, which the individual often, ironically, fosters.

Lenahan is destroyed by the dialogism in this text. He is impotent. He can do nothing, but watch the display. And because when he sees Corley and the slavey, he is suddenly invigorated, he is symbolically defeated by the troubling binary that composes Irish identity.

Rather than break away, Lenahan is compelled towards the display that Corley and the slavey symbolically relay. He is drawn to the harpist. The harpist controls his movements.

What the harpist does microcosmically for the story is to establish a motif: the rape of Ireland, and the ineluctable disintegration of heroism. Lenahan, Corley, and the slavey aren’t epic characters; they are nearly comic in their existential demise. Comic in the sense that they don’t even realize what they are enacting; they are responsible, partly, for the display upon which they are put. A display that serves to eradicate their individuality, one could even say, their existence. Because of this, because we get a less than epic view of them, we’re confronted with reality. We’re confronted with dialogism, and therefore, a discourse that is novelistic, as opposed to epic.

And this is significant, because the novel works to eradicate a closed-circle consequence, fictionally and socially. It is more fluid than the epic. It doesn't solidify its characters into an immutable mold. Though the characters in the story may seem confined, seem isolated and even robotic/frozen; there is nothing to say this won't change.

Joyce didn't employ binaries as the ineluctable consequence of subjugation, when he wrote "Two Gallants," or any of the stories in Dubliners. If we look at Corley and Lenehan's jaunt through Dublin, they pass many landmarks, including Rutland Square, Trinity College, Kildare Street, the Duke's Lawn and Dame Street. Corley and Lenehan are so oblivious to these landmarks that they even joke about Corley's dodge with the good slavey as they saunter past some of Ascendancy Ireland's notable landmarks (Haughey, 355).

Their sauntering signifies the enormous impact Anglo-Irish influence had on Irish history. And their enormous apathy towards these landmarks might even suggest how a constricted, in fact, impotent national ethos contributes to such apathy. Corley and Lenehan tour through centuries of Irish history, but the only thing that seems to goad Lenehan as he walks is the sound of the harp and the busker.

The harpist intrigues Lenehan, because it is part of the fictional and social dialogue within "Two Gallants." It pits prostitution against history, and foresees the way that Ireland has been exploited as futile. It sets up the dialogue between an Ireland at war with itself and an Ireland that is coming to be. Just as Joyce saw the battle of two civilizations-Anglo and Irish-pointless, "he also endorsed a more inclusivist definition of Irish nationality" (Haughey, 355).

Joyce has been quoted as saying, in his essay, “Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages,” that “to exclude from the present nation all who are descended from foreign families would be impossible, and to deny the name of Patriot to all those who are not of Irish stock would be to deny it to almost all of the heroes of the modern movement” (Haughey, 355). When Lenehan thus hears the harp, he is drawn to the interplay between defeatism and Patriotism. He is experiencing the symbolic impotence of taking the binary stance, that being influenced by the Anglos suggests being defeated, and vain, and unknowingly interplays this with some sense of yearning, albeit small.

When Lenehan is walking through Dublin, as afore-mentioned, he thinks about wanting things to change. He realizes he is thirty-one, and just wants a simple-minded girl with “a bit of the ready” to help him out. This is of course laughable because it doesn’t suggest pure drive. If anything, it is impotence, but an impotence that wants something more.

And this wanting more is precisely what Joyce is getting at in “Two Gallants.” He takes gallantry, the display of romance interspersed with war, and makes it a display of epic disintegration. Anyone who wants a purely Irish nationality, must accept that there are touches of the Anglo in them, and that a large portion of nationalism was founded because of the very subjugation Ireland’s denizens were fighting against. There is no pure, epic nationalism, no pure epic past, as in The Odyssey, as an example. There is only disintegration of that ideal.

This doesn’t suggest “Two Gallants” isn’t melioristic. It is because Joyce bombards his readers with this display, of social and fictional proportions, that we are

able to formulate capability for the characters. Because this is a novelistic text, we know that the characters may be defined, but their import, their ability to change, isn't confined.

The dialogism Joyce utilizes is a testament to the ways in which discourse as Bakhtin would have it, formulate the individual. That all was an act of dialogism wasn't lost on Joyce. He knew, as he displays in "Two Gallants," that much of Corley and Lenehan's identity pivots on their dialogue with the busker and harp; on the dialogue between social and fictional impotence; on the dialogue between nationalism and epic disintegration.

Joyce wants us to believe, because the text is novelistic, that things will change. He wants us to believe that the only way for progress is to eradicate the nefarious nature of the binary, between Anglo and Irish that seems to inhabit everything. Joyce, through "Two Gallants," is putting on a dialogic display. He is saying that the Irish identity isn't epic; it is an identity, like all identities, as Bakhtin would have it, rooted in discourse. And it is only through Corley and Lenehan's interplay with the dialogic world that any measure of existence can be gained.

Although Joyce takes an intra-textual approach to this concept/irony, Trevor's work, "Two More Gallants," is inter-textual. It works against "Two Gallants" to signify how Dublin has changed, and how it has stayed the same. It is also, like "Two Gallants," melioristic, because of its novelistic and dialogic approach

"Two Gallants" works dialogically, and inter-textually with Trevor's "Two More Gallants." In "Two More Gallants" we have a narrator, who has acquainted himself with Fitzpatrick and Heffernan, meant to replicate Lenehan and Corley respectively. We have

the same setting as a backdrop, Dublin, and a woman who is played upon, but who is also miserly, and thus complicit in Professor Flacks' downfall.

It should be noted that the narrator in "Two More Gallants" is sitting with Fitzpatrick in College Park, watching a cricket game, which is ironic for several reasons. First, cricket was a colonial import; it is meant to symbolize ideals of gallantry and its concomitant decorum. This of course signifies the vanity and hubris of the Ascendancy culture, of which Fitzpatrick cannot escape, considering his perpetual laziness.

The narrator and Fitzpatrick are immobile during Fitzpatrick's telling of the story. Cricket functions as a "Leitmotif that signifies how vestiges of colonialism still remain part of the fabric of Dublin society to this day" (Haughey, 357). The fact that the narrator and Fitzpatrick are inert, and the cricket game is being played, imposes impotence upon oppression.

Fitzpatrick is too lazy to change matters much. In fact, his "eyes reflected so profound a degree of laziness that people occasionally professed surprise to find them open" (Trevor, William, The Collected Stories, 1992, Penguin Books, 1025). Like Lenehan, he is lazy, and this laziness sustains the rift between Colonialism and Irish nationhood, a connective rift that illumines how impotent subjects can become when their nationhood is at war with Colonialism. And the two, Colonialism and Nationhood, are actually co-dependent.

Of key importance in "Two More Gallants" is the manner through which the maid is played upon. In "Two Gallants" we had a slavey, who was complicit in her crime, for the sake, as Fitzpatrick and the narrator and Heffernan suggest, of love. But in "Two

More Gallants” the maid is complicit out of miserliness; it isn’t love that drives her to her part in Professor Flacks’ downfall. The crux of her contribution comes down to finance.

Trevor is keen to the pitfalls of gallantry. He is keen to its display, its perfunctory exchange. He knows that like the busker upon his harp in “Two Gallants,” Heffernan is becoming Corley, except Heffernan’s pride, and revenge, grows from the superiority of Colonialism, the superiority of the establishment: what Professor Flacks embodies.

Heffernan’s anger with Professor Flacks stems from a remark Professor Flacks had made, “I see you are still with us” (Trevor, 1025). Heffernan, like Fitzpatrick, embodies an impotence, or laziness. An uncle in Kilkenny funds Heffernan (Trevor, 1026), but Heffernan takes this too far, by being a perpetual student.

If anything, besides what has already been argued, can be said of “Two More Gallants,” it’s that there are numerous buskers in the story. But the buskers aren’t just playing upon a passive womanhood, a passive Ireland. These buskers are playing upon the Establishment, the cricket games and universities.

It seems in the story Heffernan only plucks the maid’s strings, but the fact that Heffernan is even still a student suggests he is playing with the system, too. It’s no wonder he has a grudge against Professor Flacks. Professor Flacks sustains a Joycean scholarship second to none in the university system (Trevor, 1027). Heffernan, who continually takes advantage of his uncle’s funds, are anathema to what Flacks’ scholarship embodies: a love for scholarship and for one of Ireland’s great literary forces, “Jas Joyce.”

Heffernan relays his stories of Professor Flacks to Fitzpatrick, whose laziness causes him to converse in a manner that suggests Fitzpatrick has actually talked to

Professor Flacks (Trevor, 1026). When in fact, Fitzpatrick hasn't. When Fitzpatrick first encounters Professor Flacks, he's not at all as Fitzpatrick had imagined. He had no hint of "tetchiness" (Trevor, 1029), and he actually questions the maid in a very courteous, respectful manner. At the end we are also privy to the truth that he didn't drive a wife and two sisters mad, but died a bachelor, and was an only child (Trevor, 1032).

Heffernan's devising tales about Professor Flacks is significant because he's inventing a discourse. He's fashioning a character for Fitzpatrick to abhor, indulging Fitzpatrick with lies that seem true to Fitzpatrick, if only because of Fitzpatrick's laziness. Heffernan is mirroring the busker from "Two Gallants;" except that he's making his harp, Professor Flacks, vulnerable to his "establishment" peers.

Nowhere is this more evident than at the meeting of the James Joyce Society. When Heffernan and Fitzpatrick sit there, and listen to Professor Flacks go on about finding the inspiration for the slavey in "Two Gallants," so much that Flacks's face is blushing with a flush. Fitzpatrick, who becomes uneasy after Professor Flacks gives his speech, realizes the absurdity of the situation. For, "notes had been taken, questions were now being asked. A voice just behind the two students exclaimed that this remarkable discovery was worth coming two thousand miles to hear about..." (Trevor, 1031). He knows North Frederick Street would be visited the next day, if not that night, and noted the mental pictures of James Joyce flashing about the hall.

It is then that Heffernan asks his damning question: "If that whole thing couldn't be a lot of baloney" (Trevor, 1031). Professor Flacks then has a lost kind of look, staring at Heffernan, not comprehending at first. It seems Professor Flacks had been congenial to Heffernan after Heffernan had made this "discovery." They even had what seemed like

mutual respect for each other. But Heffernan sullies this, by fooling Professor Flacks in front of his friends and colleagues. He admits the miserly nature of the maid, who would do anything “for a single pound note” (Trevor, 1032), and that a student failed in an examination by Professor Flacks made this his moment to get his own back.

It is then that Professor Flacks becomes miserable. He “lifted the tumbler to his lips, his eyes cast down.... you could sense him thinking that he suddenly appeared to be unreliable, asinine and ridiculous,” (Trevor, 1032), and to the people who had mattered most to him in the world. Within twenty-four hours his students would know what had happened, and he could never show his face to the friends of James Joyce again.

Given this, Fitzpatrick’s telling Heffernan to “go to hell” when Heffernan asked him to go out for a drink seems quite gallant. And Fitzpatrick asks the narrator, how anyone could be so petty. When all Professor Flacks said was “I see you are still with us.” And Flacks’s gaffe had become so famous in Dublin, that it even sullied his obituary.

Fitzpatrick and the narrator go on talking about Professor Flacks, marveling over the love that had caused a girl in a story to steal, and over the miserliness that had persuaded an old woman to be party to a trick (Trevor, 1033). Fitzpatrick also touches upon his own laziness, finding a place for that in their cobweb of human frailty. It seems, then, we are to sympathize with Professor Flacks. What was done to him was an evil trick, after all.

But this gaffe was ineluctable. If you note, when Fitzpatrick and the narrator are talking, at the story’s end, they are still sitting amid the cricket game. Not only do they unquestionably assume Heffernan’s joke to be evil, but also they marvel over the slavey’s love in *Two Gallants*, and the miserliness depicted by Fitzpatrick’s maid.

In short, they're misreading the situation. Heffernan had established a discourse they are oblivious to. What they don't seem to understand are the subterranean currents at work in their story.

Note, for instance, Professor Flacks, as he assumes a woman of the maid's class wouldn't have read the story. He assumes she'd hardly have known about "Two Gallants." This assumption may be accurate, but it's rather damning. Not necessarily on an individual level, but on a symbolic, historical and social one. He's pinpointing an Irish citizen, pigeonholing her into ignorance, because of her class. And the fact that she even mirrors Joyce's slavey is important, because she has obviously been played upon, like Corley's "lover;" except, in this story, she was getting back at the Establishment for its prostituting her virtue. She's poor because of the way things are, and the only way to fight back is to be complicit with her busker's (Heffernan's) song.

During the meeting of the James Joyce society, a woman near Fitzpatrick said it was extraordinarily moving that the ill-used servant girl, who was an off stage character, should bear no grudge so many years after (Trevor, 1031). As irony would have it though, her grudge was borne. It was borne by Heffernan.

As readers, we cannot underestimate the intimations of Heffernan's cleverness. Fitzpatrick rightly assumes it was Heffernan's pride that was at stake, here. When in actuality, it was the pride of nationhood, of the occupied against their occupiers.

Heffernan being responsible for the gaffe was ineluctable, because like the busker upon his harp, he is continually playing with the system, with the establishment, even with the lower classes. Fitzpatrick even makes the observation that Heffernan was

playing the maid and Professor Flacks upon strings. As if they were marionettes to be toyed with, and never taken seriously.

This may be the rub of Trevor's genius, via *Two More Gallants*. He takes the original story, and lets the maid have her share of getting back. Heffernan may have used her, abused her in some way, but she was privy to it. She wanted it, because she wanted the money.

If Kershner's analysis, as stated previously, is correct, gallantry occurs between a man and a woman, has ties with the human proclivity for war, and often involves an economic exchange, at the behest of the woman. The woman is meant to give her suitor, to leave him with some vestige of her appreciation. If she doesn't do this, it isn't worthwhile.

It's no wonder, then, that in "*Two Gallants*" the slavey gives up the money. It isn't a manner of love, as Heffernan and Fitzpatrick would have it. It's more a matter of war. Going back to Joyce's slavey, it should be remembered that she was played upon like the harp. And her busker, Corley, was more an end-result of the nefarious binary, the binary between Anglo-Irish that more often than not ignited impotence, than he was of pure will.

But Corley was still novelistic; the story was novelistic, given its intra-textual discourse, its fictional fecundity. Trevor's story is also novelistic. But he puts a clever twist on Joyce. He lets the maid take the money, rather than give it up.

Heffernan, then, may have known "*Two Gallants*" on a deeper level than the reader can surmise. For, he was keen enough to know what happened with the slavey. And as irony would have it, *Two Gallants* was the favorite story of Professor Flacks.

What a golden opportunity for Heffernan, to get back at Professor Flacks not on a personal, but an ideological scale.

Unlike Lenehan and Corley, who cannot play with the establishment, this is precisely what Heffernan is doing. He plucks at the maid and Professor Flacks, he plucks at the establishment by remaining a student, he even plucks at his friend, Fitzpatrick, by making him privy to his slanderous act.

Given this, that Fitzpatrick is sitting, impotent basically, watching the cricket game with the narrator, is it any wonder the reader may be able to take sides with Heffernan? Fitzpatrick is letting things go as they come. He sits and watches the game and misreads the slavey's giving Corley the coin as a signifier of love. When Heffernan joked with Fitzpatrick that he wasn't a romantic, he may have been daft in saying this. He may not have been serious. Heffernan may have known what was at stake in "Two Gallants," and unlike Fitzpatrick who is too lazy to make a change, he strikes back.

The question becomes, was this for the good or the bad? It could conceivably go both ways. It was bad for Heffernan to put his professor in such a situation. It was insidious of him to make such a fool out of the man, who seemed only to slight him with a remark.

But, as said before, it was much more than a remark that warranted Heffernan's outdoing him. Heffernan was playing with literary history. He had the opportunity, and as the cliché goes, struck gold. Heffernan's doing this was also important because it rendered Joyce's work all the more novelistic. Heffernan, after all, was able to set a new mold for the slavey, and Trevor, in writing this story, new molds for Lenehan and Corley.

What Trevor does that Joyce didn't is simple. He takes the establishment, and overtly puts a human face upon it. With Joyce it was all intimations. It was intimated that so long as Lenehan and Corley continued with their playing, being privy to impotence precisely because of the Anglo-Irish binary, nothing could be done, even when the whole concept of Irish nationhood came from Ireland's occupation. Joyce noted this irony, and played with it. He took the epic idea of mythos, and established it into something nefarious, suggesting that only the disintegration of (a pugnacious) Irish mythos could possibly contribute to change.

In Trevor's work, the establishment has a face that its readers sympathize with. In many ways, then, he's tricking the reader. He wants the reader to experience this work on a fundamental level, and attribute everything that happens to "the cobweb of human frailty" (Trevor, 1033). He wants us to feel for Professor Flacks, he wants us to comprehend the depths of his embarrassment and shame, all at the behest of a spoiled brat of a student.

But then, he asks us to penetrate Heffernan's façade, to see what he is doing. How he is providing Joyce's work with a new, real edginess. And how he sharpens this edginess into the ultimate revenge. Not just on an individual level, but a social and ideological one. It is only because of Heffernan that the maid gets her money back. In many ways, she is the re-creation of Joyce's slavey, except that she is not an off-stage character. Rather, she is front and center for all to see.

And the "web" gets even more complicated, when the reader takes into account the fact that Heffernan is being funded to go to school. To attend university, he's getting funds filtered through by his uncle. He does not want for money, he is taking his position,

then, too, and being a busker with it. He's playing upon himself; he's playing upon the idea of what he thinks he is. And also with the idea of what he thinks the establishment is.

Another busker in *Two More Gallants* is embodied in Professor Flacks. When he meets with the Society of James Joyce, he is prostituting the idea of Joyce to his listeners. Joyce is absurdly caricatured in the minds of the Society. People, Fitzpatrick notes, court mental pictures of James Joyce in a dentist's office on North Frederick Street, which would be visited "tomorrow, if not tonight" (Trevor, 1031). What Professor Flacks may not know, just yet, is the fact that by doing this, he's parodying Joyce. And, Bakhtin clearly proposes that the novel has its root in the serio-comical, in parody, and the dialogism that ensues. The position and tendency of the parodic-travesty consciousness is oriented "toward the object" (Bakhtin, 61). But also towards another's word, "a parodied word about the object that in the process becomes itself an image" (Bakhtin, 61).

So, when Heffernan spoils the excitement, it has roots in novelistic discourse. He's contributing to the parodying of Joyce, and knows precisely that he's doing this. Everything Heffernan does is meant to spoil the boundaries of the Establishment. When Professor Flacks notes that a maid wouldn't have read Joyce's story, it's a testament to such boundaries, and Heffernan destroys them by giving the maid her payback, by giving the maid the upper-hand, getting her money, and debunking all the confining rules of gallantry.

In the sphere of gallantry, as Kershner noted, women are treated as objects. Ciphers, meant to recompense their partners with money or gifts. Heffernan, by unhinging this concept, by playing with "Two Gallants" to this extent, is creating an

intra-textual and inter-textual war. He exploits a maid, exploits Joyce, and his professor, whose love for Joyce is clearly displayed, via his joy, having thought this maid was the inspiration for his favorite story, “Two Gallants.”

Heffernan, then, is responsible for the parodying of Joyce, the tension between the world of parody and fiction. The discourse within “Two More Gallants” is one of tension and war. And when Professor Flacks acts the part of busker, before his audience, Trevor cleverly takes the “Establishment,” and makes it susceptible to faltering, just as the Irish denizens were in “Two Gallants.”

In this respect, then, these stories are very similar. Both Trevor and Joyce attest to the peril of putting ideas before people, of viewing people like ciphers, rather than people. In both cases the Anglo-Irish binary is visited. In both cases it is played with. In both cases the idea of gallantry is played with, to fit into this binary.

And like Joyce, Trevor also makes his story melioristic. He wants his readers to believe, that because Fitzpatrick snubbed Heffernan, and the two of them aren’t even friends any longer, we should assume there is progress to be had. Maybe, ultimately, Heffernan, though clever, was erroneous, and even evil in his actions. Perhaps Fitzpatrick’s snub, the “go to hell” he provided to Heffernan, was really the red flag that Joyce and Trevor would have agreed upon. That is, it is only when we give into ideas, to closed circle characteristics, that we fail. And Heffernan functions as the pivot on which this argument rests, which is why he’s so tantamount to the story. While we may detest him on a moral and personal level, rhetorically he’s irreplaceable.

Fitzpatrick, watching the cricket game in the end, seems to court his perpetual laziness, and this, Trevor signifies, is to his detriment, because it is only when characters

are given scope, when they can transcend the boundaries of moral and fictional repercussion, that any change can occur. And this applies also historically, to Ireland. It is only when people stop pigeonholing the establishment, or people of lower classes, or their own brethren, into confining roles that any revolution can occur.

There is an intra-textual dialogue in *Two More Gallants*. Unfortunately, Fitzpatrick is too lazy to pick up on it. But, Trevor seems to signify that it is the reader's job to pick up where Fitzpatrick leaves off. In this sense, to see just what Heffernan is doing, and react to it. And the fictional consequence of this read is applicable to the real world. So much that this story, and *Two Gallants*, are a testament to the age-old truth: life really does imitate art, and not vice versa.

In Trevor's story "Autumn Sunshine," the discourse is intra-textual. There are two predominant threads in the story. One pertaining to Canon Moran coping with the death of his wife, who hasn't yet become a ghost, the other with Deirdre's (Moran's youngest, estranged daughter) boyfriend, Harold, who can't seem to let go of the brutal historical incident that happened at Kinsella's Farm and much to Canon Moran's annoyance.

When Canon Moran begins to admit he dislikes Harold, he goes on in his mind about his other daughters. How he didn't initially like their spouses, but the situation with Harold is far different. Harold, in this story, functions as a complement to Canon, a dialogic element to the gyre that ensues between Canon and Harold. Harold being both a voice for the Irish "cause," and as guilty as the Anglos; Canon having sympathy with the Anglos, and thus being rooted in the real Irish "cause."

The physical atmosphere of "Autumn Sunshine" is one of forgetting and growth. At Canon Moran's lonely rectory, in County Wexford, the sunlight cast an extra sheen on

leaves that were gold already. And “roses that had been ebullient in June and July bloomed modestly now” (Trevor, 838), Michaelmas daisies were beginning to bud, crab-apples were falling, and hydrangeas had a lost, “forgotten look.” Conan Moran knows decay and rotting are only weeks away, and his rectory, like he, is alone in the countryside.

And the trouble with Canon Moran’s dead wife, Frances, is the fact that at the story’s outset, she isn’t a ghost yet. Her being alive was too raw. “The past refused to be the past” (Trevor, 839). Because she isn’t yet a ghost, her presence is always palpable, the moment when she died, when he’d found her dead in the garden, rooted in the present. So Canon Moran is melancholy in its confining grasp.

When he receives a letter from his youngest daughter, Deirdre, Canon Moran is thrilled at the thought of being re-united. The cleverest of his children, she didn’t meet his or Frances’s expectations. She worked at factories in London; she was the most difficult one, having taken the Rosslare boat to Fishguard one night, lying to Canon Moran and Frances, having gone to England to work in an egg-packing factory.

The dynamics between Canon Moran and Deirdre are significant, because her being back at the rectory, accelerates the tension that will ensue between C Moran and Harold. Her coming back, simply speeds the process of letting Frances become a ghost. Of having Harold show Canon that when one doesn’t become a ghost, when the past is still so immediate, like Professor Flacks’s remark to Heffernan had been in “Two More Gallants,” the danger is that one doesn’t evolve. One remains rooted in blame and in denial.

Deirdre Moran is thus an intriguing and complex character because she's represented, albeit not exclusively, through the eyes of C Moran and Harold. So she becomes their object of representation. She is an object, a mechanism of, in Harold's sense, motivation and for C Moran, coping. By being this she becomes an interesting microcosm of Ireland.

Physically Deirdre has hollows where her cheeks, having lost their chubbiness, had been. This makes her eyes more dominant. And these are "pools of seaweed green" (Trevor, 839). Physically, Deirdre is markedly an Irish stereotype. Complicated by her rebellious short hair, simplified by her seaweed pools of green.

Raised not in a Catholic but we can assume, Protestant atmosphere, Deirdre segues between her father and Harold, whose plying for the Irish "cause," makes Canon Moran suspect this is his only interest for Deirdre, to have a real Irish sympathy case. But Canon, before he even meets Harold, imagines Deirdre will occupy her mother's place (Trevor, 841). He thinks he recognizes in Deirdre a loneliness that matches his own; so much that it seems like an act of God she should have come back at this time. He wonders if the feeling that their loneliness might be shared brings her back to the rectory.

He imagines by Christmas she would know what to do with her life. And in the spring that followed she might be able to set forth again, occupying the year that would have passed since the death of Frances. Canon Moran imagines so much about Deirdre, that she is an object of his representation. She is his youngest daughter, the one that, having been estranged, would ironically help him cope with the loss of Frances.

There are varying levels to this imagining. Microcosmically, Moran seems to be someone whose loss, having felt he lost something, makes Deirdre a mechanism of this

loss, of compensation. Like Ireland, then, she is something to fight for, something rooted in the need to grow, and continue. Ironically, though, Canon isn't an Irish nationalist. What Deirdre does, though, is highlight this lost aspect of his character. It becomes the invisible backdrop to Canon Moran, which establishes a gyre of reality and opposition between him and Harold.

When Deirdre first brings up Harold, she mentions he's a "friend," the only person who... (Trevor, 842). Canon Moran is delighted to take him in, to have Harold and Deirdre stay with him. And when Canon Moran meets Harold, what he notes about Harold physically is quite intriguing, quite microcosmic of England, even.

Harold's afflicted face bore an edgy look, "as if he'd never become wholly reconciled to his birthmark" (Trevor, 843). It was like "a scarlet map on his left cheek." It reminded Canon Moran of Italy, and seemed an affliction, though an affliction so much easier to bear than others.

If we take this at face value, we see a father scrutinizing his daughter's boyfriend. If we look at it dialogically, we see the tension between a father's simple scrutiny and the Anglo burden. Harold looks more like a representation of England, but an England that is guilt-ridden, that bears the burden of its sins. Bears the burden of Ireland, which can be viewed as a cumbersome birthmark on the Anglo-conscience.

When Deirdre mentions that Harold is fascinated by Ireland, Harold eventually says " 'the struggle of the Irish people' " (Trevor, 843). This puzzles Canon Moran. In Canon Moran's mind, Irish history had always been of considerable interest. He thought it had a good story to it, and found the tragedy uncomplicated. But Harold actually complicates Moran's idea, by hating his own country.

It seems to Canon Moran, by a certain point, that the relationship between Harold and Deirdre had a lot to do with Harold's Irish fetish, which wasn't superficial, but deep. Harold doesn't take a tourist's fascination in Ireland. He had read widely, speaking of ancient battles, of Mitchelstown martyrs, and Pearse and de Valera. But Canon worries Harold preys on Deirdre because having been from Ireland; she is a representation of everything Irish, a case to which he can affix himself, having so much hatred for the actions of his homeland.

Harold, after all, hated his own country (Trevor, 843). Harold thinks England is a degenerate place. Harold finds it's destroyed by class-consciousness and the unjust distribution of wealth. Harold thinks, "One could keep an Indian village on what the Queen's corgis eat."

Though Canon Moran finds Harold's talk rather "specious," particularly when Harold goes on about how the English had brought it, the enslavement of minds, the catering to "the hypocrisy of that empire the bosses ran" (Trevor, 844), he's surprised to see Deirdre doesn't. Deirdre, much to Canon's surprise, has nothing much to say. She seems to agree with Harold, even as Canon Moran knows much of Harold's arguments could be pitted against Ireland, and many other nations throughout the world.

Nowhere is Canon Moran's doubt, and the gyre between Harold and Canon set forth earlier, more fully established than when Harold and Deirdre make their way to Kinsella's Barn. As they set off on their walk Canon Moran thinks about Harold, how he peers at you cruelly from his afflicted face. How strange it is that he's so fascinated with a struggle that isn't even his own. He hopes Deirdre and Harold will get into a fight on their walk, to something that is nothing more to Canon than a ruined wall.

Kinsella's Barn will act as the pivot in this story, a pivot similar to what Deirdre embodies. The history of the Barn is tragic. According to the history, in March 1798 twelve men and women, accused of harboring insurgents, had been tied together with ropes at the command of a Sergeant James. Led through the village of Boharbawn, they were part of a procession, the Sergeant bringing up the rear, his soldiers at the procession's side on horseback (Trevor, 846). The twelve were herded into a barn owned by Kinsella, and there burned to death. Kinsella, though he'd never harbored insurgents and wasn't involved in the execution of the twelve, was later murdered by his farm laborers.

When Canon and Deirdre and Harold discuss the matter, Harold is quick to note that Sergeant James was a Nottingham man, that he often boasted of being responsible for the death of a thousand Irish citizens, having hit that point once he murdered the "insurgents" at Kinsella's Barn. When Canon says not much is known of Sergeant James, just the "legend" of Kinsella's barn, Harold takes it the wrong way. He retorts with "no way it's a legend," and Canon later notes that it has passed into legend. No one questions the place, but two centuries have almost passed.

And that is the crux of the story. Canon is trying hard to make a ghost of his wife. Because she's not yet a ghost, because the past refuses to be the past, he's mired in a restraining melancholia. This parallels Harold's affliction: Harold hasn't made a ghost of the incident of Kinsella's Barn. To him, it is rooted in the present; it constrains him to immense hatred of his homeland.

Of course, the hatred Harold feels does not equal the love Canon Moran felt for his wife. But the sentiment, of being too rooted in an incident, is clearly paralleled.

Canon Moran's love, in many ways, opposes and exposes the depth of Harold's hatred. While Canon Moran must get over the loss of someone he loved dearly, on an individual level, so Harold historically and socially must make the shift, of letting the past become a ghost, so that it can be revised.

There's so much Anglo-hatred in Harold that he believes the Irish still share their "bondage" with the Kinsella 12. Harold affirms the "sickness" is everywhere, and Canon notes the way his daughter agrees. She's zombie-like, almost like a somnambulist touching thoughts with her eyes closed. She is being used, Canon knows, because she is an Irish girl, she embodies Harold's connection with Ireland, and in some frightening way, believes she is in love with Harold.

What surprises Canon more than anything, is Harold's remark that Kinsella got his "chips." Harold is convinced Kinsella was working with the Imperial Forces. It is here that Canon Moran realizes something, fundamental to the story, that Harold was an Englishman who espoused an Irish cause because it was one through which the status quo of his own country might be damaged. Canon thinks of the men he's read about in newspapers, changing their names to Irish ones, dealing out death and destruction by ingratiating themselves within the Irish language and thus with the Irish revolutionaries.

This realization is fundamental to the story, because we see two layers to Canon Moran. We have already seen the Protestant Clergyman, whom, one would assume, Harold would detest, because of his religious affiliation. And we also see the invisible Canon Moran, which the story makes a point of revealing to its readers now, that is ironically more nationalist than Harold. He knows Harold is a detriment, not a blessing,

to Ireland. He knows that Ireland, like Deirdre, is not to be toyed with, but equaled out respect, for its history, even if that is volatile, and love.

And Deirdre's role is significant, because like the slavey in "Two Gallants," like the maid in "Two More Gallants," she is a pawn, a possession, and a cipher that is more a representation of Harold's motivation, than a real, viable person. In this sense, Harold is like the busker. He's playing upon Deirdre, he has it so that her dressings are fallen about her, she has become weak, she has become emblematic, and she has become something he wants to protect to avert himself from the guilt of his own homeland.

"Autumn Sunshine" is intriguing because the predominant "busker" in this story isn't even Irish. Trevor takes the traditional complex, of an Irishman unknowingly pawning and "raping," his own homeland, and takes it to another extreme. With Harold, who is an Englishman, with ancestors already responsible for the raping and pawning of Ireland, who wants his pay back. Little does he know that by wanting to espouse the Irish claim, he is more like the Englishman he fears to be.

Canon Moran makes this evident in his sermon, a day after Deirdre and Harold take their "walk." It is in this sermon that Canon says one horror should not fuel another, and passing time brings its own forgiveness. Though Deirdre and Harold are not in the Church as this sermon ensues, C. Moran thinks of them. He thinks of Harold, more specifically, how Harold would have delighted in the vengeance exacted on an innocent man. Because, in Canon's mind, Harold wanted to inflict pain, to cause suffering, just as perilous as Sergeant James riding the rear of his doomed Irish procession.

And here is the point this story makes. People are always motivations, or motivators. In "Autumn Sunshine," Deirdre is the motivation; Harold treats her too

superficially. She is treated like a “cause,” and not a person, and for reasons unknown to Canon, she buys into this dynamic. But she’s also a motivation for Canon, a means to which he can overcome his wife not yet becoming a “ghost,” a coping mechanism for him.

And at some point, the reader must ask to what degree are Canon’s claims judicious? When Canon Moran berates Harold, internally, are we to believe his thoughts are accurate? The answer can go either way, but whichever way it goes, the claim that an intense dialogic network is established between Canon and Harold must be made. When Canon thinks of Harold, he isn’t just berating Deirdre’s love; he’s fishing out the complexity of his own personality. He’s finding that there is a dynamic at stake between his Anglo sympathies (Church) and his own brand of nationalism, between Harold’s “nationalism,” and his own penchant for being like Sergeant James.

And the impetus behind this realization, are two women that he loves: his daughter and his wife. Deirdre, by brining Harold to the rectory, introduces Canon Moran to an individual who cannot let the past be the past. Frances, by not yet becoming the past, enlightens Canon to Harold’s character, and to Canon’s own intrinsic nationalism.

What Canon discovers is significant, and fundamental. He realizes that Harold is almost like Sergeant James, insomuch as he wants to dish out blood for something that in Canon’s mind is a ghost from the past, but in Harold’s mind, rooted still in the present. Just like Frances refuses to be a ghost at the story’s outset, so Kinsella’s Barn refuses to be a ghost in Harold’s mind. And by refusing to be a ghost, Harold is mired in the immediacy of the event, the need to spill blood for what happened. Like Sergeant James,

he is taking a cluster of people, represented by England, and damning them to his own limited concept of history.

And the issue of time and history is intriguing, because between “Two More Gallants,” and “Autumn Sunshine,” we have characters that can’t seem to break from the past, a past, which refuses to be a past. With Heffernan, it all pivoted, not just on the remark Professor Flacks made, but on the slavey that was so ill treated in Two Gallants, and could finally get her “pay-back.” Heffernan, actually, is a lot like Harold. The only difference between them is their nationality.

Heffernan, after all, was rooted in a “slip” he couldn’t let go, ultimately in giving the maid what she was owed, and Harold is rooted in an incident he can’t let go; he wants to be a national, he wants to espouse an Irish cause. It’s no wonder he seems ridiculous to Canon, because Canon knows that when somebody is so rooted in the past so that it isn’t even the past but an obsession rooted in the present, nothing good can come of it, only a confining sort of revenge, and melancholia.

The most insightful thought to come from Canon occurs near the end of the story. When Deirdre announces they will leave the next day, and Harold is sitting down reading a biopic of Che Guevara, Canon comes to a bit of an epiphany. “Harold,” he thinks, “was the same kind of man as Sergeant James had been; it didn’t matter that they were on different sides. Sergeant James had maybe borne an affliction also, a humped back or a withered arm. He had ravaged a country that existed then for its spoils, and his most celebrated crime was neatly at hand so that another Englishman could make matters worse by attempting to make amends” (Trevor, 849).

And in Harold's mind, the problem with Kinsella's Barn was that it didn't refuse to be the past. It was the past. It was history. And thus was forgotten. Nothing more than source of inspiration to which pilgrims like Harold could flock. But in Canon Moran's mind, this was what made it extraordinary. It was the thought that by being rooted in the past, it could be revised. When the past was rooted in the present, it could only be confining and despised.

When Deirdre and Harold finally leave, Canon Moran thinks of Harold's afflicted face and his dirty fingernails in Deirdre's clean hand. He thinks of Kinsella's Barn. He thinks of the writhing bodies revealed, burning, and Sergeant James on his horse laughing. It is at this point that Canon sees Frances again. And this is significant, because when she places the tray between them, she says that Harold is just a "talker" (Trevor, 851). Canon clings to these words, and knows Harold is a coward, that England and the troubles of Ireland was an easy target. It's then that her death, for the first time, seems far away. For "the visitors had blurred her fingerprints to nothing, and had made of her a ghost that could come back." The garden was less melancholy than it had been. (Trevor, 851).

It's significant that Deirdre and Harold were the ones to blur Frances's fingerprints to nothing, because the barn does revisit Canon Moran just as Frances does. But it does so metaphorically. If Frances can become a ghost from the past, then so too does the barn; Canon's realization that Harold is just a "talker" indicates this. Frances comes back to revise Canon's interpretation of Harold, and his own underlying prejudices about what men like Harold embody, historically and socially. Harold, in many respects,

as much as Canon disliked him, was the impetus for Canon's coping, and for his larger historical and social scope.

It is also significant that Deirdre and Harold blurred Frances's fingerprints because it is through them that Canon Moran comes to a rhetorical epiphany, and one that is applicable to "Two Gallants" and "Two More Gallants." Canon Moran realizes that when the past refuses to be the past, when one is mired in the past as if it were the present, nothing resembling revision is possible. It is only when history becomes history, becomes a ghost of itself, that it can revisit people, to their own interpretations. But when history refuses to be history, it is the fatal simplicity of its fatal moment, like Kinsella's Barn.

When Corley and Lenehan then stroll through Dublin, when Corley uses the slavey for his own financial gain, reduces her to an economic exchange, prostituting himself and his homeland, like the busker upon his harp, the past refuses to be the past. When Fitzpatrick sits and watches the Cricket Game, when Heffernan can't let a slip go, when Heffernan gives the maid what she's owed, the past refuses to be the past. In "Two Gallants" and "Two More Gallants" we see Irish men taking aim at their homeland, at the Establishment, only to prove that when the victim and victimizer are attacked, there is always the same end result: futility.

And this futility is given another distinct layer in Autumn Sunshine, because here we have an Englishman with an axe to grind. We have Harold, whose obsession with Ireland is an attack on his own homeland, an attack on his own inherent guilt, which drives him to find a "cause" in Deirdre. Deirdre, like the incident at the Barn, is a complex crux because she is being played upon. Just as the slavey in Two Gallants was

played upon, like the harp was played upon, like the maid and Professor Flacks were played upon, Deirdre is played upon as a signifier of Ireland. Except in Deirdre's situation, she's being toyed with by an Englishman. She fled her homeland, we must remember, she fled for England, but her fleeing to someone like Harold, intimates a complex yearning for her own roots. She is, after all, an Ireland at war with itself.

Being an Ireland at war with itself, Deirdre is also a lot like the harp in "Two Gallants." When Lenehan hears the harp in the air, we remember, he's almost driven by it. When he and Corley pass it, its dressings are about its knees, and the busker, who is also prostituting himself, is prostituting it. The same analogy can be made when we look at how Harold, though an Englishman, prostituting himself, and Deirdre in the process, selling himself out, in a sense, selling his ideas out, for the sake of his own historical and social revenge. Deirdre is exposed and played upon, zombie like as previously stated. But she's also such a symbol of Ireland, a symbol of an Ireland that cannot quite come to terms with its division: the citizens who flee, like she did, and the citizens who are violent nationalists, like Harold, albeit Anglo.

The dialogic thread in "Autumn Sunshine" is thus evident, when we take into account the relationship between Canon and Deirdre and Harold and Frances. When Canon thinks of Harold, two elements of Harold's personality are illuminated. The evident one, the one that wants to find a cause in Ireland, and the invisible one, the one that is just like Sergeant James. The same is also true with Canon. We have the Protestant, Church going Canon, and then the invisible thread, the Canon Moran who is most like Ireland because he recognizes the futility of assuming there was ever an axe to

grind in the first place. Of seeing that attacking England does no good for progress, if anything, it is an extenuation of guilt and fear.

Deirdre and Frances also embody this. When we think about their relation to Canon, we realize that Deirdre is the mechanism through which Canon can make Frances a ghost. In this sense, Ireland, thinking of Ireland not on a vindictive level, but on an objective one, Ireland is the mechanism through which history can become a ghost of itself. Trevor is making a scintillating point through “Autumn Sunshine.” He fashions a world of novelistic characters. There is no epic closure; there is revision and possibility. Canon Moran realizes this when he thinks of Kinsella’s Barn, and ties it in with Frances, so that she finally becomes a ghost. She can come back and visit, but she’s never a past rooted in the present. She is the present rooted in a past, the present that can be revised and interpreted, by being part of something that has already occurred.

Through “Autumn Sunshine” Trevor details the way in which Ireland can become a curse of itself, when people refuse to let the past become the past. In this sense, in reference to “Two Gallants” and “Two More Gallants,” “Autumn Sunshine” is actually inter-textual. Because it takes Corley, it takes Heffernan and Fitzpatrick, and Lenehan, and puts them in the guise of an Englishman, whose only axe to grind is against his homeland. All three stories are dialogic, all three disintegrate an Irish mythos, all three display, more importantly, orphans. Men who are disconnected with their homeland, so much that they’ll attack and take advantage of it, as in Corley’s case, attack its gentle “oppressors,” the Establishment, as in Heffernan’s case, and as embodiments of the oppressor take sides with the “victim,” as in Harold’s case.

Together, all three of these stories take a revisionist look at history. They don't intimate a be all and end all closure. They don't signify that Corley was right to take advantage of the slavey, or Heffernan was right to trick Professor Flacks. If anything, the crux of "Two Gallants" and "Two More Gallants" is rooted in "Autumn Sunshine," because it is Canon Moran's ultimate observation, that a ghost can revisit, a ghost can be revised, history can be revised, which lends a melioristic touch to the Irish "cause," rooted too often in people who are seeking their own personal gain. It isn't the cobweb of human frailty, then, that damns Ireland, it is the frailty of this cobweb, when people forget how frail and human they are, when they exceed their boundaries and attack what they do not know.

So we cannot take blame on humanity generally. What we can take blame on is the machismo of assuming our frailty can be broken. When in fact, it is only when we realize just how frail we are, that we can come to terms with the past, as something still malleable. And come to terms with its repercussions, as something to help us grow.

With the disintegration of myth, then, we don't have a disintegration of history. Epic mythologizing is historical, yes, but only to a point. Trevor and Joyce, through these stories, suggest that the disintegration of myth and blame might be the only ways in which history can become a ghost of itself. Blame should not be found on sides, then, but in the manner through which history is interpreted. When it is rooted violently in the present, it can only make a mess of itself; when it becomes a ghost, rooted in the past, it can make a miracle or revision, rooted in the future and not the imagined, often violent memory of the present.

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