THE ARAN ISLANDS BY JOHN M. SYNGE

PART I ERASED

MAUNSEL & COMPANY LTD. DUBLIN AND LONDON 1912 Part I Erased

A set of erasure texts from The Aran Islands by John M. Synge

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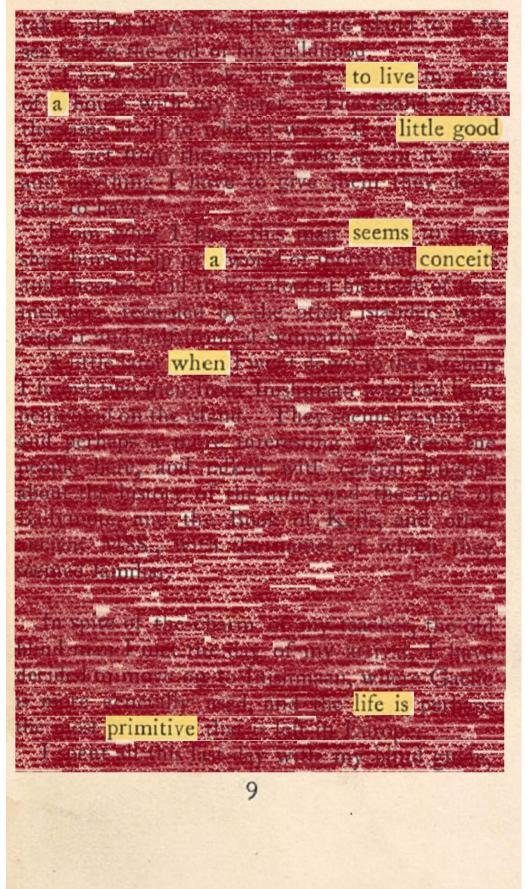
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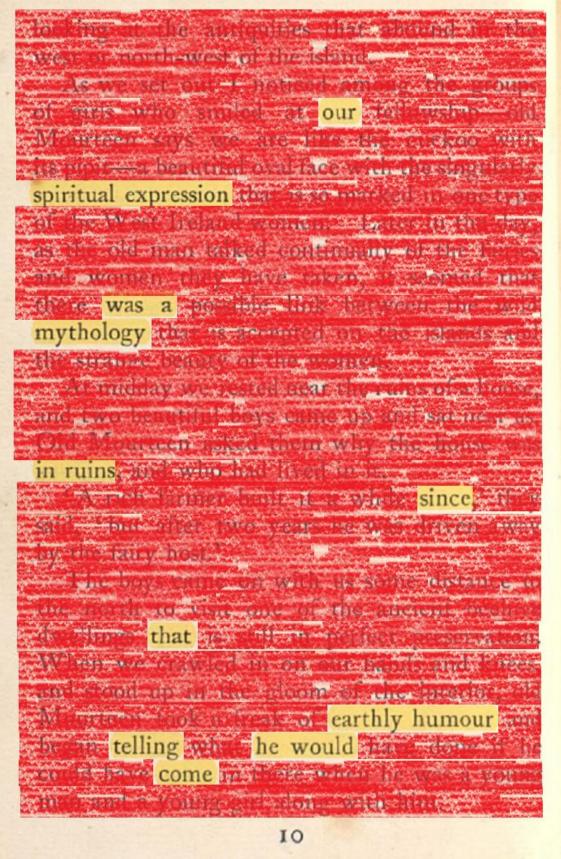


mined and made them talk to me. such a start of their poverty, and then one No. - Carton of I date say you do have to pay ten shifting Work same in the house it of Whore, I answered. A TWO NO PARA S. T. Marrison and St. divisore stall. An Inden the Alice Land did not question and die de breven petro de congeneration a riches av con inhite and repressing Killenry I was planed aware on which man specific to concer years in Amarchine the the biddressentis head brand at contain stress day SO aver the stand of the stand of the stand of the stand of the changing make mersuadorstand data, el.tec.secon hopelesse must word astannance and and WE SHITE POST SEWE REPART STREET STREET as the ten compares the intermental left, and ment dama a fur of tobaccor and and the cost of the howel. when he was gone and find and short and

place behind me, and Loren then and done to the property of the second s

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poteen drinking and fighting that he did in his youth, and went on to talk of Diarmuid, who was the strongest man after Samson, and of one of the beds of Diarmuid and Grainne, which is on the east of the island. He says that Diarmuid was killed by the druids, who put a burning shirt on him—a fragment of mythology that may connect Diarmuid with the legend of Hercules, if it is not due to the 'learning' in some hedgeschoolmaster's ballad.

Then we talked about inishmann.

"You'll have an old man to talk with you over there," he said, "and tell you stories of the fairies, but he's walking about with two sticks under him this ten year. Did ever you hear what it is goes on four legs when it is young, and on two legs after that, and on three legs when it does be old ?"

f gave him the answer.

"Ah, master,' he said, ' you're a cute one, and the blessing of God be on you. Well, I'm on three legs this minute, but the old man beyond is back on four; I don't know if I'm better than the way he is; he's got his sight and I'm only an old dark man

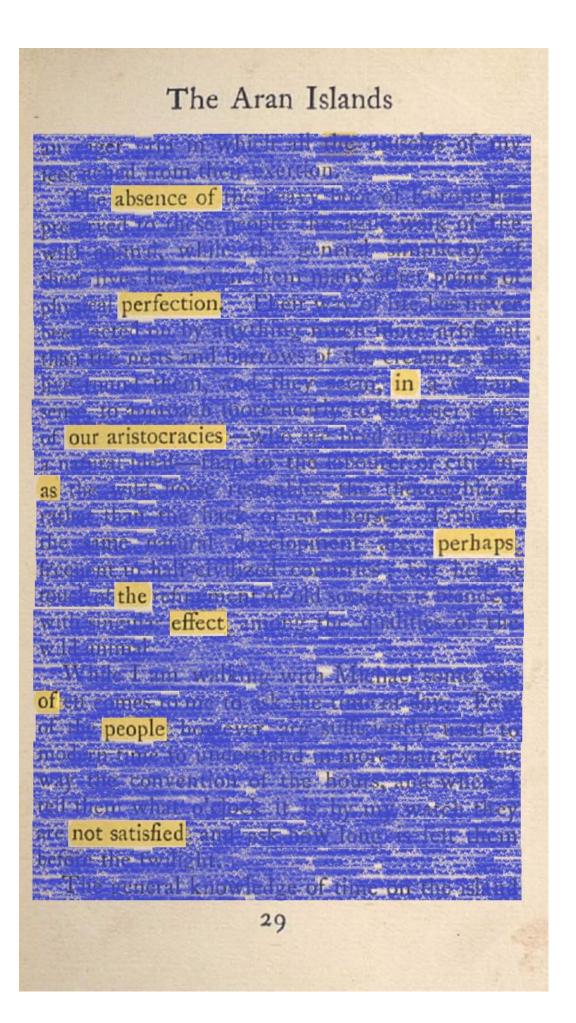
I am settled at last on Inishmaan in a small cottage with a continual drone of Gaelic coming from the kitchen that opens into my room.

the main down in the ministered the nit in the neares of the first preserve we Instructure and an article and the are my eves, though a understood but diversion Concern Why home has gave me the Catholic theory of the once Lucifer Sale - hunsered elienenne hittigelie erreiste with a fore and street the with the welling and the command with which is that below and to have a high offer year to contraction nonnegative fine in and a choses that a week alling are in the directly and have power week ships, and rectronic will not be world if 2. Broun - This the wanner of the most matters, or effection vestor represent fourzent 1) die son a and a state of the second and L<mark>asked hum who was tre</mark> Exclaim of a second procession is ofderive puckets and a section of pagan TIC COLUMN search master, he said, twomptoned as an been chose and to be kissinge A - couple of indications through the work of the state of the of the state of the state of the of the state of the state

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s particulard, Gagine studies in occupation of the outside worlds seen trenchmen, and data net and suite the owned thish books along with men, and t fing them better duan ourselves. Believe me lewerich men now made workery meseniamis ------C v sometimes ask me the French for sin and when the lay atton for a moment most of Trodewoodt with admiratic Margaret Wasser and out this and high round the island with Michael, the boy ish chire-me frish I metan old assever down to the cortage. The was take mm service of ICS-W michaes of the details ave come a company management and was some or BRITIS TO SHERE S - Continued more like a spider than a huma chestold medit teller old Mourteen had spoken of on ished to but have he appen e sitting by the fire when we et you not be afraid, there we THE PARTY IS A DESCRIPTION be time enough to be talking to him by and b



intous a contemply one press and all and outside wo cloors opposit sheltered or which lies open a Sale Part opened end observed moving steeres ditable of deale the hour; as soon, however, is th Anthrow working presentation of the second in the state of the second of the state of the second of t Concernant of doorways deals and the second A LEVEL DE LEVEL DE LEVEL DE LEVEL are are thresho **FELID** and the second of the - - - a distanti tommendadan Ter-TTO SOT to white states and the states of the states will address and the second second second second second second in our desine of ante-weblero. Life of the the change of the change of the change of the from a brillantly-lighted room looking out ford and hine way to a some cell with at a the see ten the wind is from the north-themanneed as a contract on the regularity mother days the one makes in 30

an edges grip in which all the massles of my feet whed from their exertion.

The absence of the heavy boot of Europe has preserved to these people the agile walk of the wild sumal while the general simplicity of their irres has piece them many other prints of physical perfection Their way of life has never issen acted on by anything much more artificial man the nests and harrows of the creatures that Evenement them, and they seem, in a certain sense, te apponch more nearly to the finer types of our aristoctacles-who are bred artificially to a unimat ideal -than to the labourer or citizen. as the wild herse resembles the thoroughbred miller than the back or cart horse. Tribes of the same natural development are, perhaps incoment in huif-civilized countries, but here a couch of the reflectment of old societies is blended, with singular effect among the qualities of the wild animal

While I am walking with Michael some one effenciones to me to ask the time of day. How of the people increaser are sufficiently used to modern time to understand in more than a vacue way the convention of the bours, and when I tell them whet o'clock it is by my watch they are not satisfied and ask how long is left them batote the califyht.

The general knowledge of time on the island

over a wall and went up to the house to look in at the window.

I saw a dead man laid on a table, and candles lighted, and a woman watching him. I was frightened when I saw him, but it was raining hard, and I said to myself, it he was dead he couldn't hurt me. Then I knocked on the door and the woman came and opened it. 'Good evening, ma'am,' says I

'Good evening kindly, stranger,' says she. 'Come in out of the rain.'

Then she took me in and told me her husband was after dying on her, and she was watching him that night.

'But it's thirsty you'll be, stranger,' says she. 'Come into the parlour.'

Then she took me into the parlour—and it was a fine clean house—and she put a cup, with a saucer under it, on the table before me, with fine sugar and bread.

When I'd had a cup of tea I went back into the kitchen where the dead man was lying and she gave me a fine new pipe off the table with a drop of spirits.

"Stranger,' says she, 'would you be afeard to be alone with himself?"

Not a bit in the world, ma'am,' says I; the that's dead can do no hurt.'

Then she said she wanted to go over and tell

the state the meters of state the Luchase in the puts i down to similar for three neurs in the curf, and then, beings it in at six o chock and me moren to know it mais whim changes contract many is set mesting what I should send him a clore when I go a work, the cash, to have something from me in the lighter he cave, the way they wouldn't forget me, and Wouldn't -a cioc is as handy as another things and they of be thinking on me whenever they book on its Hard Con The general innorance of any precise hours in the day makes it impossible for the people to have regaring me la to eat not her mer her second and sometimes in the morning which he are en dawn, before they scatter for then work ; but during the day they simply drink's scup of teaand cat a piece of bread, or some potatoes, whenever they are haugry. For men who live in the open air they ear stor durbate Offen when Michael has been out weedow potntoes for eight or nine hours without food the onnes in and ests a text shees coldinate bread, and then he is ready to not out with me and wanger for hours about the island " They use no an had fore except shirt onand sale fish. The old woman says she would be very ill if she are fresh mean.

of clumsy wicker-work, with two pieces of rough wood fastened underneath to serve as rockers, and all the time I am in my room I can hear it bumping on the floor with extraordinary violence. When the baby is awake it sprawls on the floor, and the old woman sings it a variety of luilables that have much musical charm.

Another daughter, who lives at home, has gone to the fair also, so the old woman has both the baby and myself to take care of, as well as a crowd of chickens that live in a hole beside the fire. Often when I want tea, or when the old woman goes for water, I have to take my own turn at rocking the cradle.

One of the largest duns, or pagan forts, on the islands, is within a stone's throw of my cottage, and I often stroll up there after a dinner of eggs or salt pork, to smoke drowsily on the stones. The neighbours know my habit, and not infrequently some one wanders up to ask what news there is in the last paper I have received, or to make induities about the American war. If no one comes I prop my book open with stones touched by the Fir-bolgs, and sleep for hours in the delicious warmth of the sun. The last few days I have almost lived on the round walls for by some miscalculation, our tour has come to an end, and the fires are kept

of clamsy wicker-work, with two precessor rough wood fastened underneath to serve as rockers attache time Lancin ma 100m Lacapabe tett 200 hur hing on the floor with extraordinary violence When the buby is awake it sprawle on the floor, and the eld woman sings it a wontety of hullables that have much musical charm, Another daughter, who lives at homes has come to the fair also, so the old woman has both the baby and myself to take care of as well as crowd of chickens that live in a hole beside the fire. Often when I want tea, or when the old woman goes for water. There to take my own num at rocking the oradle. One of the largest due or magan lonis on

the islands is within a store's throw of our cotine, and folice stroll up there dies a dimer of each or salt pork, to smoke prowsity on the stores. The neighbours know my habit and not infrequently some one wanders up to alk what news there is in the last paper I have received, or to make inquiries about the American war. If no one comes I prop my book open with stores touched by the bir-boles and sleep for hours in the delicious warmth of the up. The last few days I have almost used on the round walls, for, by some miscalculation on tour bas come to an end, and the fires are lapt

Pat told me a story of an unfaithful wife, which I will give further down, and then broke into a moral dispute with the visitor, which caused immense delight to some young men who had come down to listen to the story. Unfortunately it was carried on so rapidly in Gaelic that I lost most of the points.

This old man talks usually in a mournful tone about his ill-health, and his death which he feels to be approaching, yet he has occasional touches of humour that remind me of old Mourteen on the north island. To-day a grotesque twopenny doit was lying on the floor near the old woman. He picked it up and examined it as if comparing it with her. Then he held it up: Is it you is after bringing that thing into the world, he said, "woman of the house?"

Here is his story :

One day I was travelling on foot from Galway to Dublin, and the darkness came on me and I ten miles from the town I was wanting to pass the night in. Then a bard rain began to fall and I was tired walking, so when I saw a sort of a house with no root on it up against the road, I got in the way the walls would give me shelter. As I was looking round I saw a light in some trees two perches off and thinking any sort of a house would be better than where I was I not

the neighbours the way her husband was filer dying on her, and she went out and locked the door behind her.

I smoked one pipe, and I leaned out and took another off the table. I was smoking it with my hand on the back of my chair—the way you are yourself this minute, God bless you l—and I looking on the dead man when he opened his eye as wide as myself and looked at me. "Hon't be aleard, stranger, saw the dead man : "Fm not dead at all in the world. Come her and help me up, and I'll tell you all about it."

Weil, I went up and took the sheet off of him, and I saw that he had a fine clean shirt on his body, and fine flannel drawers. He sat up then, and says he t

We son a bad wife, stranger, and I let on to be dead the way 1'd catch her goings on." Then he got two fine sticks he had to keep down his wife, and he put them at each side of his body, and he laid himself out again as if he was dead

In half an hour his wife came back, and a young man along with her. Well, she gave him his tea, and she told him he was tired, and he would do right to go and he down in the bedroom.

The young man went in, and the woman sar

rock, a strip of surf, and then a tumult of waves,

The slaty limestone has grown black with the water that is dripping on it, and wherever I turn there is the same grey obsession twining and wreathing itself among the narrow fields, and the same wail from the wind that shricks and whistles in the loose rubble of the walls.

At first the people do not give much attention to the wilderness that is round them, but after a few days their voices sink in the kitchen, and their endless talk of pigs and cattle falls to the whisper of men who are telling stories in a haunted house.

The rain continues; but this evening a number of young men were in the kitchen mending nets, and the bottle of poteen was drawn from its hiding-place.

One cannot think of these people drinking wine on the summit of this crumbling precipice but their grey poteen, which brings a shock of joy to the blood, seems predestined to keep sanity in men who live forgotten in these worlds of mist.

I sat in the kitchen part of the evening to feel the gaiety that was rising, and when I came into my own room after dark, one of the sons came

fro, addending her forchead to the stone before her, while the called out to the dead with per mally recurring chant of sobs

Women looking out from under the deep red petticoars that clocked them, rock 4 themselves with the same rhythm and intoned the inarticulate chost that is sustained by all is an

accompanyment. I to morning had been beaution write, but as they low led the contraction these arrive the der <mark>rumbled</mark> overhead and had tones has to

among the bracken. I Interman one is forced to believe in a sympathy between tran and nature, and at this moment, when the thunder sounded a deathpeal of extraordinary graniteur above the voices of the women. I could see the takes near me off and drawn with emotion. When the colline was in the maxe, and the thunder had rolled away across the hills of that the keen broke out again more passionately than

This priet of the keen is no personal complaint for the death of one woman over childry vorse but scents to contain the whole passionate of that hurles somewhere in every parice of the island. In one cry of pain the inner conscious ness of the people scents to lay itself bare for an

defore.

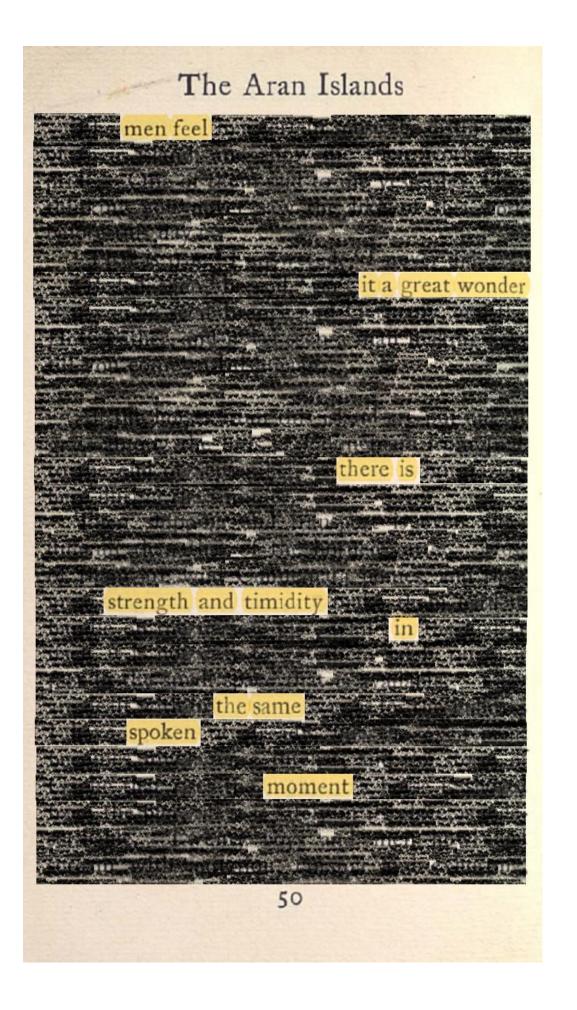
instant, and to reveal the mood of beings who feel their isolation in the face of a universe that wars on them with winds and seas. They are usually silent, but in the presence of death dl outward show of indifference or patience is for gotten, and they shrick with pittable despair before the horror of the fate to which they all are doomed. Before they covered the coffin an old man kneeled down by the grave and repeated a simple prayer for the dead

There was an irony in these words of atonement and Catholic belief spoken by voices that were still hoarse with the cries of pagan desperation.

A little beyond the grave I saw a line of old women who had recited in the keen sitting in the shadow of a wall beside the roofless shell of the church. They were still cobbing and shaken with grief yet they were beginning to talk again of the daily trifles that well from them the terrors of the world.

When we had all come out of the graveyard, and two men had rebuilt the hole in the wall through which the coffin had been carried in we walked back to the village, talking of anything and joking of anything, as if merely coming from the hoat-slip, or the pier.

One man told me of the poteen-drinking that takes place at some funerals.



will out knowing, most of the time, what they are saying, A rt, however, from this primitive pablic the lextenty and power of the men are displayed to nore advantage than in anything I have seen intherto. I noticed particularly, the owner of a broker from the north island that was loaded uns menner He seemed able to hold up achorse by his sincle weight when it was swingling from the ma thead, and preserved a humorous caim with in moments of the wildest excitements. Sometimes a large more would come down, sideway on the backs of the other horses, and kick there till the hold seemed to be liked when a mass of struggling centurs, for the men themselves offer lean down to try and save the toals from infury-The backs of the horses put in first are often mood deal cut by the shoes of the others has arrive on the top of them ; but otherwise the do not seem to be much the worse, and as the are notion their way to a fair, this not of much consequence in that condition they come to lan 1 There is only one bit and saddle in the island which are used by the priest who rides from the changed to the pier when he has held the service on Sunday The primitiers themselves ride with a simple halter and a stick, yet sometimes travel, at least

The good aven the prototical age this monthly and could me down his both miserable from the spends of threshold and the son and threshold and te leaned ou a shool aching ane mean his and to demost the last story a share as (estron) anne sheepole and wommerce of the ne told me with carend omblesis how do. wandered when he was a young man, and -fme-sollege, teaching bask-to-th priests a boy say on the island that he can tell many lies as four men : perhaps the sid has been have strengthen as his imagination Gold blessing, he leaned over on the straw for mission many and shield a messare Langue merson economication and an and the state in the the mitten worn to a hole on the parmitten rubbing of his crutch. the sub-sec you again the sub-subtricking on his face, 'and you're a kindly When you come back next year I won't be t. I won't live beyond the winter. But his now to what I'm telling von the work insurance one occupation city of blue and the humber bounds you it set on survey this evening, my last in the island, is a

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manipues Number Contract of Distances of the (officially parameters) The Section Children the area sine belief A CALCER STREET with the controlladie rule, as she say whith the particular state of the ter an en direkade TASTORNAL CONTRACTOR STATES a nine states and in Sta Transition Incolligate catastrophe 3 Garde and Contract of the entrace of a Weinson Alega and a Contract of the second second second second second s filled were setting No. of Contract and it must Contraction in the second state whiter of DESCRIPTION STATES and an a specific state outrage to France Lower South State Blogen and Wirld Henrichter auch Champen Billing ann anter the state of The second with when the week Bier Contractory and the same Seatth 11 Cartes and the seatth course of the faith the same sympathy The states and a second 68

was a shear scuffle, and then the pies continued their mad rush to the east, heaving three police men wing in the dust. 1 he satisfaction of the people was immense They shricked and hugerd each other thin delight and it is likely that they will hand down these animale for generations in the conduction of theastands two hours large the other party retimen detting three jern cows before them, and d star was made for the sho At the public house die poli omen were given a crink, while the druse crovid that was following waited in the line The island bull huppened to be in a field close by and he became wildly excited at the sight of the course and of the strangely dread men Two young islanders sidiled up to me moment or two as I was resting our wail and one of them whispered in my ear, Down think they could take miss of us we let out the bull on them ? In face of the crowd of women and enddren Contra only say it was probable, and they show off At the slip there was a good deal of bargaining, which ended in all the cattle being given back to their owners It was plainly of no use to take then away, as they were worth nothing, When the last policeman had embarked,

old women came forward from the crowd and, mounting on a rock near the slip, began a fierce rhapsody in Gaetic, pointing at the bailiff and waving her withered arms with extraordinary tage

"This man is my own son," she said ; "it is I that ought to know him. He is the first ruffian in the whole big world."

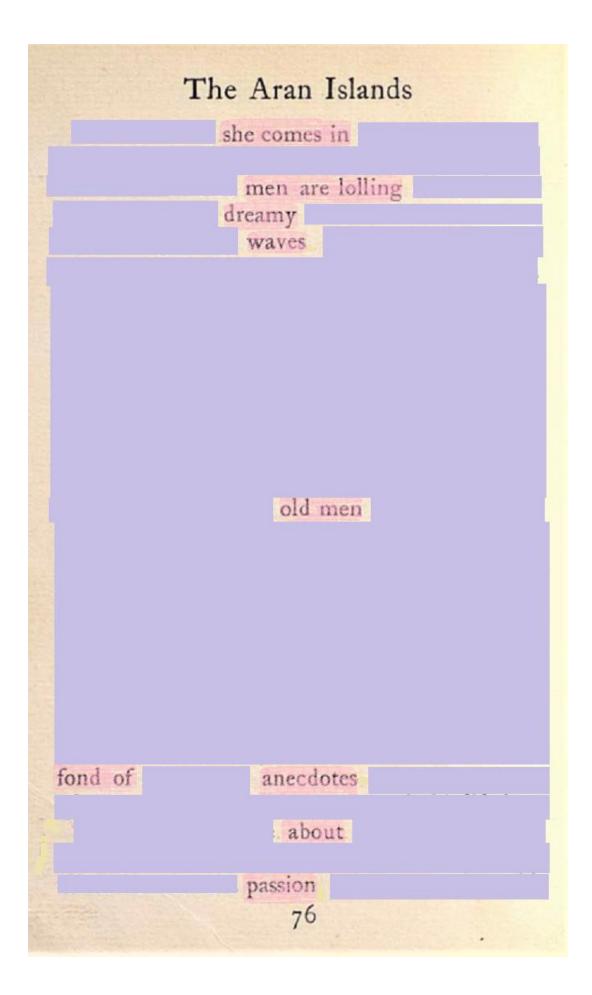
Then she gave an account of his life, coloured with a vindictive fury I cannot reproduce. As she went on the excitement became so interce I thought the man would be stoned before he could get back to his cottage.

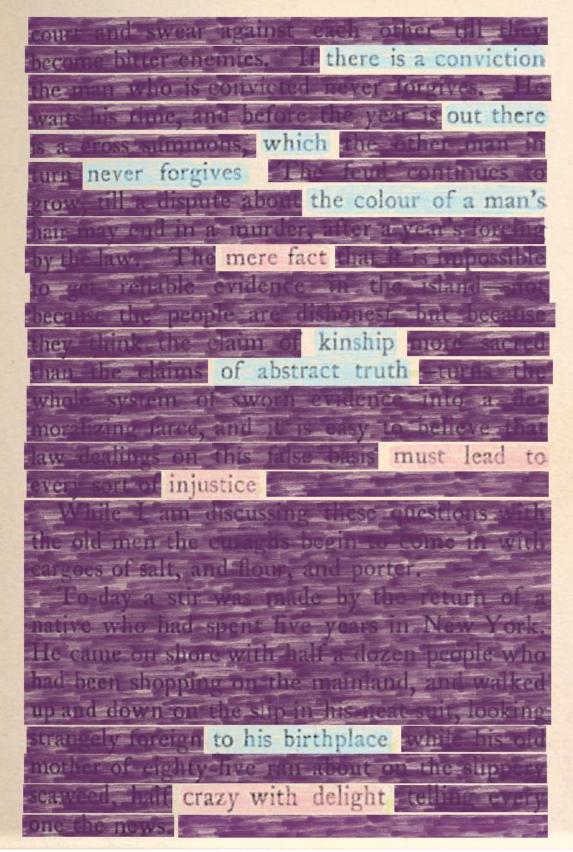
On these islands the women live only for their children, and it is hard to estimate the power of the impulse that made this old woman stand out and curse her son.

In the fury of her speech I seem to look again into the strangely reticent temperament of the islanders, and to feel the passionate spirit that expresses itself, at odd moments only, with magnificent words and gestures.

Old Pat has told me a story of the goose that lays the golden eggs, which he calls the Phoeniz.

A poor widow had three sons and a daughter. One day when her sons were out looking for





The Aran Islands
for
morning had
luxuriance with nakedness
yielded
to remain quiet
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