

# Northern Ireland and the Canonization of Conflict

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## Constructs of the Northern Ireland Conflict

**A**CCORDING TO Joseph Ruane and Jennifer Todd,<sup>1</sup> when talking about the interpretation of the Northern Ireland conflicting situation, two are the most important approaches. The first one is the cultural one and the conflict it generates lies in the expectations, norms, values and attitudes of the two communities; each community is trapped in its ancestral myths, the religious beliefs are archaic and the super-imposed political attitudes are intransigent and prone to violence. The second one is the structural one: the institutional and structural context is abnormal, the communities are locked in their conflict. The problem seems to be one of perception in the existence of a “double minority,” or the unworkable permanent Unionist majority.

## The Cultural Basis of Conflict

**A**S PREVIOUSLY mentioned, it has been argued that Ireland is unusually preoccupied with its myths about the past, which is not uncommon, such characteristic being present in all modern societies where myths are actually embedded in popular culture. But, as Ruane and Todd remark,<sup>2</sup> what is unusual about Northern Ireland is that many of its myths lay emphasis on conflict and division. They rely on the existence of two different national communities brought together in a long history of conflict and competition. Myths of past conflict and division offer explanations for the present conflict. To exemplify, one of the best-known Irish sagas is *The Táin* which revolves around the conflict between the forces of Connacht and those of Ulster, fought by two emblematic heroes Medbh and Cú Chulainn, perceived as representatives for the Connacht and Ulster communities and set in an endless clash.

This perspective points to the sharp and bitter religious divide and to examples of sectarianism and religious intolerance, which in the case of Northern Ireland coincides with the cultural, political and ethnic, or national divide. As a result, the political and national conflict is aggravated by the religious opposition and the other way round. In

this context, the Protestants see their survival in the unity with the United Kingdom—the Unionists want an entirely British Northern Ireland, whereas the Catholics favour the integration with the Irish Republic—the nationalists want an entirely Irish Ireland. Each of the two religious communities perceives this attraction as a potential threat to their communal survival. The antidote is a violent opposition, with tragic and reprehensible results.

## The Structural Basis Of Conflict

**T**HE ACTUAL nature of the conflict arises from an interesting set of relationships: in Northern Ireland there are intra-relationships between the two communities, while, on the other hand, there are also inter-relationships with the United Kingdom and the Republic of Ireland. And yet Northern Ireland is a distinct community made up of the two underlying religious communities. But, as Ruane and Todd<sup>3</sup> argue, each community monopolised the channels of communication with the overruling political entity: the Unionists with Westminster with its associated political, economic and cultural power, whereas nationalists refused recognition of any legitimacy of the British authorities and tried to maintain strong links with Dublin. But in a Northern Ireland merely Protestant they felt excluded and discriminated against, politically, economically and culturally. The institutions of the state, predominantly Protestant and British, marginalised and repressed Catholics. The fights for civil rights in the 1960s and later on worsened all underlying conflicts and opposing interests. The nationalists went on to claim economic equality, real power, equality of the two cultural and national traditions. But even more: withdrawal of the British from Ireland and formation of a united Ireland, a goal absolutely unacceptable to the Unionists.

The origin of the conflict is the result of opposing ideas and ideals, mistaken perceptions and fears on the Northern Irish. Northern Irish culture, like mainstream culture, reflects this divide and shows the same degree of nationalism, religion, compromise and violence.

## Violence and Representation: The Culture and Literature of the Troubles

**F**OR A very long time, talking about Northern Ireland implied running into the expected clichés of violence: Ulster was nothing else but terrorism, violence, bombs, bloodshed whereas the perception of culture and cultural manifestations was displaced by the violence raging around. But Ulster also meant publication and selling of books, going to the theatre, opera or ballet or enjoying an evening out in a restaurant or a pub with family or friends. In spite of everything—bombs, bomb-scares and reported armed incidents—life must be enjoyed.

The question that consequently arises is that of commitment of arts and artists: to be, like many ordinary people, non-committed, neutral, disengaged, apolitical and reflect thus the preferences and the views of the middle-class, non-involved audience or become fully involved and overtly reflect the bloody and traumatic reality of Ulster. As a result of this dilemma, artists often had to answer a problematic question of representativeness: what was representative enough to be given the artistic endorsement.

The two opposing points of view and choices are also reflected in two publications of the early 90s. According to Ronan Bennett's article "An Irish Answer,"<sup>54</sup> the artists' attitude of non-involvement is not accidental and the arts are basically not committed. The origin of this outlook is part of a very pervasive and persuasive campaign, according to which students of art are taught that art is only for art's sake and does not mean getting involved in local issues. The conflict is there, it is ugly, monstrous even, it cannot be traced back as being anyone's fault or guilt and, consequently, cannot be the concern of art and artists. This implies that as far as culture is concerned, the Irish Matter should be either overlooked, deliberately avoided or, in other cases when it is present, that it is only effect, destructive, appalling, condemnable without apparent and nominated cause and with only sporadically proven culprits.

Bennett's article was soon and vehemently blamed, among other readers, by Jeffrey Hall and Edna Longley. Edna Longley's intervention was included in the article "On the Frontiers of Culture."<sup>55</sup> Longley's point of debate is that Bennett's analysis is sectarian, partisan and rather republican. She argues that the arts in Northern Ireland are not apolitical and disengaged—a view that we also try to demonstrate in this essay—and that taking sides does not necessarily mean "proximity to violence," but exploring "the communal pathologies of a politically unstable frontier region."<sup>56</sup>

Ulster's cultural voice was and is still vigorous and, on the one hand, in the "service" of its underlying sectarianism and social groups and, on the other, active to change the ethos so as to finally achieve the peace process.

The extent to which the committed writers and their topics and manner of representation are quintessential for Northern Ireland so as to be part of the Northern Ireland canon constitutes the substance of what follows.

## The Committed Fiction

**A** LOT OF creative territories in Ulster literature abound in recurrent metaphors about the North: abattoir, charnel house where carcasses and blood are described to a horrified reader. Blood in the streets, bombs, killed fathers and sons are recurrent images of the committed writers at the other end of the barricade.

Fiction has made special use of such archetypes of Ulster as in Bernard Mac Laverty's *Cal*, where the main hero refuses to become part of the slaughter just as he refuses to work in an abattoir like his father, and, by extrapolation, get involved with the IRA:

*He stood at the back gateway of the abattoir, his hands thrust into his pockets, his stomach rigid with the ache of want. Men in white coats and baseball caps whistled and shouted as they moved between hanging carcasses. He couldn't see his father, yet he did not want to venture in. He knew the sweet warm nauseating smell of the place and he had no breakfast. Nor had he smoked his first cigarette of the day. Smells were always so much more intensive then. At intervals the crack of the humane killer echoed round the glass roof. Queuing beasts bellowed in the distance as if they knew.<sup>7</sup>*

This first introductory paragraph contains relevant elements that stand for generally valid symbols in an unequivocal relation: “abattoir,” “ache,” “hanging carcasses,” “sweet nauseating smell,” “crack,” “killer,” “beasts bellowing.” The allegorical interpretation is unavoidable, the violence of representation strikes the reader from the very beginning.

Mac Laverty constructs his character Cal to illustrate two cases in point against the background of the Ulster Troubles: the individual who realises that terrorism is bad and wants to free himself from its terrible influence and the killer who falls in love with his victim. In both cases the materialisation is Cal who, shattered by his involvement in the killing of a RUC officer, tries to appease his feelings of guilt and expiate his crime by offering his love to the officer’s widow, Marcella. As Kennedy-Andrews suggests,<sup>8</sup> this attitude gives Cal’s story theological connotations of sin and redemption, or moral ones of crime and punishment.

*Cal* offers the readers an interesting and somewhat unexpected psychological structure of the main hero. In spite of the fact that he is the victim of a gang of Loyalists, that his and his father’s home is burnt down as a result of a paramilitary firebomb, that his attitude is anti-British and he would like to see a united Ireland, he still cannot accept terrorism and any violent manifestations of nationalism. As seen by Head,<sup>9</sup> Cal is a victim of circumstance in an Ulster where work is difficult to find for the Catholics, where they are the victims of innumerable cases of sectarianist discrimination, where involvement in terrorists acts is perceived as the only choice. In fact, the whole network of social relationships that this novel constructs is overwhelmed by social and political forces.<sup>10</sup>

In *Cal* everything is seen as a direct result of the destructive presence of the Troubles but, nevertheless, the novel does not seem to foreground political explanation<sup>11</sup> and insists more on the moral problem of responsibility and redemption. Marcella is not a credible creature, she is sooner Cal’s “fairy-tale Sleeping Beauty,” as Kennedy-Andrews calls her.<sup>12</sup> The IRA is depicted as a terrible, ominous force but it remains on an abstract plan, whereas its men like Skeffington or Crilly are given allegorical dimensions just to illustrate inhumanity and barbarity. Cal himself is, as pointed out before, a mere literary creation who serves to illustrate the idea of redemption through suffering—Cal becomes almost a Christ figure, taking upon himself the sins of society, arrested as he is on Christmas Eve.<sup>13</sup>

Mac Laverty’s human relations cannot hold together, they split like the country, as in *Cal* or as in the short story “Father and Son” where the unnamed father is torn between his incapacity to communicate with his son and show him that he loves him and the tormenting worry that the latter might be killed by getting involved in the Troubles. The

whole story is, like in the theatre of the absurd, a desperate dialogue with nobody and when the inevitable comes, the father's whole fabric of communication prepared for his son falls to pieces and he simply cannot believe that it has happened to him, as to many other Ulster families:

*There is a bang. A dish-cloth drops from my head and I run to the kitchen door. Not believing. I look into the hallway. There is a strange smell. My son is lying on the floor, his head on the bottom stair, his feet on the threshold. The news has come to my door. The house is open to the night. There is no one else. I got to him with damp hands.*

*"Are you hurt?"*

*Blood is spilling from his nose.*

*They have punched you and you are not badly hurt. Your nose is bleeding. Something cold at the back of your neck.*

*I take my son's limp head in my hands and see a hole in his nose that should not be there. At the base of his nostril.*

*My son let me put my arms around you.<sup>14</sup>*

Tragic and dramatic is the fact that, if the father and son could not find a way to communicate in life, it is in death that they find each other and restore their lost parental and filial relationship.

Ann Devlin in "Five Notes After a Visit" is interested in another pattern: violence and its traumatic impact on the inhabitants of both nationalities—they seem to be inoculated with it, their reactions are in accordance with it, violence dominates their daily professional and family life, inter-human relationships are marred by it, people react according to programmed routines. Conversation seems to be stuck in the paradigm of Nazi cross-examinations, as in the scene at London airport:

*"You were born in Belfast?" the security man at the airport said.*

*"Yes."*

*"What is the purpose of your visit there?"*

*To be with my lover. Well, I didn't say that. I had written "research" on the card he was holding in his hand. I reminded him of this.*

*"I would like you to answer the questions," he says.*

*"I am doing research."*

*"Who is your employer?"*

*"Self." I stick to my answers on the card.<sup>15</sup>*

Communication has become difficult and life stereotyped by slogans like those painted on the gables: "sinn féin is the political wing of the provisional ira... / westminster is the political wing of the british army"<sup>16</sup> in a patched country where, if you are Irish, it is safer to write British under nationality and where generalisations like "There was a bomb in Oxford Street yesterday. Some of your countrymen"<sup>17</sup> intersperse the daily conversational routine.

In the middle of the human despair watched over by policemen in bulletproof jackets, the woman's sympathetic remark at the end of the story conveys the whole benevolent message of the tale: "Doesn't matter what nationality you are, dear. We all suffer the same."<sup>18</sup> The message is obviously pacifist and humane, but something might be added to it, read between the lines: we know who the aggressors are, but they are not named, they are but organisations and initials. What makes things worse is that even now they cannot be stopped and what matters is that there is always and everywhere human suffering, destruction and degradation.

Robert McLiam Wilson is mainly known as the author of *Ripley Bogle* and *Eureka Street*. His novel *Ripley Bogle*, written from the republican perspective (!), shows what to be a Northern Irish Catholic writer really means. The novel contains the confessions of "Ripley Irish British Bogle," as the main hero calls himself, a man of Catholic, nationalist origins and hybrid parentage—half Welsh and half Irish—estranged from his own people in West Belfast. He goes to Cambridge as an undergraduate and then ends up without a job in the streets of London.

The first part of the narrative concentrates on growing Ripley Bogle who comes into contact with Long Kesh and the Internment Night and develops the writer's extreme violence when he expresses his acrid cynical doctrine about Ireland:

*And Ireland? What about old Ireland? I just leave it at that, can I? Before fleeing my beastly birthplace where should I have stood on that?*

*We Irish, we're all fucking idiots. No other people can rival us for the senseless sentimentality in which we wallow. Us and Ulster. The God-beloved fucking Irish, as they'd like to think. As a people we are shambles; as a nation—a disgrace; as a culture we're a bore... individually we're often repellent.*

*But we love it, Irish fellows. We just slurp it. The worse we are, the better we like it. We love old Ireland and it loves us...*

*Oh, yes, begorrah! Belfastard! Cities to use with our voicey badges of accent unIrish. Ulstermen speak in tones Scottish... Kicking in the holiest face you can find. Bloodying the streets. A curious thing my country.<sup>19</sup>*

At other moments, the novel reminds us that it is religious rivalries that triggered the divide and the Troubles lavish in death tolls:

*Our Ireland is a lovely place,  
A supergroovy nation.  
Bigotry is her pastime  
Death her occupation.<sup>20</sup>*

As Kennedy-Andrews remarks<sup>21</sup> this first part of the novel offers the readers an interesting vision of the Troubles, since the incidents are not seen through the eyes of an adult, but from the perspective of the child for whom everything is perceived with naïveté,

amazement and fascination. As in the scene when Ripley describes the days of Internment and his visits to Long Kesh Prison to see his uncle:

*The other branches of the Bogle clan were not prospering quite as much as we—partly due to the fact that most of their menfolk (such as they were) had been imprisoned on Internment Night. Goodness knows why the British Army went to such considerate expense and trouble to incarcerate a shower of imbeciles, degenerates and wastrels—but there they were—in Long Kesh. With its barbed wire, its turrets, its cell blocks and all that sort of thing. At the time I thought it was all because of some obscure parliamentary grudge against the Bogles in general. This would have been excusable, perhaps even laudable. As a matter of fact, in arresting the run of defectives and worse that made up the Men of Bogle, the security forces had actually managed to net one object of legitimate interest in the shape of my interesting uncle, Mr Joe Bugle. Uncle Joe was a layabout like the others but he had once been part of Civil Rights marches and had even been spotted chucking some bricks during a riot on Castle Street.*

*I loved visiting time in Long Kesh (or the Maze to you Brits). Names are important in Ulster, like Derry/Londonderry, names show your creed. They're an oath, a cry of allegiance. Aspirate your aitches in the wrong place in Belfast and you end up with a rope around your neck. Yes, visiting the Kesh was fun. There were strip searches for civilians and I always entertained lustful hopes of being allowed to get through the women's section on account of my tender years. It was, however, not to be. I was always shoved in with the blokes and had to endure the brunt of fat, sweating men with their odours and strange sprouts of hair and flesh.*

*Like most of other prisoners, Uncle Joe spent most of his time carving exquisite wooden Gaelic harps. The Bogle domain was littered with dozens of these clumsy emblems of solidarity. They were utterly and spectacularly useless until George, my brother, began to make vast sums of money by selling them to American television crews at hugely inflated prices. The rest of Joe Bogle's time in the Kesh was taken up in being recruited for Sinn Féin by the band of actual paramilitaries that the army had managed to nab that night.<sup>22</sup>*

Soon the narrative runs into cynicism, parody and pastiche, a language of double code that allows the hero “to interrogate both Englishness and Irishness.”<sup>23</sup>

Ripley Bogle is a figure who blends in his narrative anecdotal scenes from Turf Lodge and Belfast with irony, meant to supply a robust story<sup>24</sup>, as in the scene below:

*Two boys returning home late, when questioned by three assailants about whether they are Catholic or Protestant, are at a complete loss about what to say, to save their lives. Like in a Russian roulette they have only one first time and as they randomly choose to be Catholic they have to prove to their assailants that they are really Catholics by reciting Hail Mary. Which they gladly do, hoping that this was the rescuing answer. But, their option squeezes the death trigger:*

*You'd guessed, hadn't you? Dontcha just love that?! The bastards actually made sure. They fucking checked! The perfect, the cynical cruelty of that moment of hope and san-*

*guine prayer. The heartless artistry of that pause of glad incantation. Clever bastards you have to admit!*<sup>25</sup>

Just like Cal, Ripley also envisages some form of escape from an attitude and way of thinking that he had to adopt in spite of himself; but if Cal is forced to act and react according to what sectarianism had instilled in him, Ripley counterattacks with irony and a mocking attitude.

## The Committed Drama

SO FAR as drama as cultural phenomenon is concerned, Bennett underlines in “An Irish Answer”<sup>26</sup> that in West Belfast there is no separation between art and the Troubles—here culture is secular (despite its importance, there is little or no influence of the Catholic Church), it blends traditional Gaelic and contemporary Irish influence in the visual arts, writing and dance with those of modern culture. Here culture is politically aware with sometimes overt political commitment of writers or producers.

At the core of this political culture of awareness and commitment is Brian Friel, who can be integrated in the tradition of committed Derry nationalists, acknowledged as one of the most important Irish dramatists since the second World War, for whom the Matter of Ireland becomes a study case. His unique dedication was the foundation, together with his friend, the actor Stephen Rea, of The Field Day Company in 1980. One of the company’s commitments was to the development of a sort of English for the Irish, since Friel believed that centrality of language is necessary for any profound political change. In this respect he wrote his play *Translations* where his version of a painful period in the history of Ireland was meant to teach his contemporaries a lesson in what conquering and being conquered actually means. And to make them understand that the Troubles is the direct result of a long colonization process of which the events in the play are but one tragic stage.

*Translations* is a play based on reality which soon after its first representation on the stage proved to be very successful not only in Derry, but throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland. As a result of the fact that the play deals with 19<sup>th</sup> century Ireland and, more exactly, with the events of mapping the country in 1833, being consequently referred to as historical, it aroused a lot of controversy as to the extent to which history and fiction are complementary or exclusive, as forms of discourse.

Both fiction and history configure the past by sharing the images and structures of the narrative. Thus they bring into present what a society has to understand of its past. Both emphasise memory, loss, human characters and events. Although it is not our aim to discuss the fictionality of history and the historicity of fiction, as well as the intrinsic intertextuality of such a discourse, Kevin Barry’s underlining of their shared sectarianism might prove useful: “However, neither discourse understands its own authority quite differently. History cannot pretend to project itself as unreality. Fiction cannot project itself as unrhetoical.”<sup>27</sup> In the case of Friel the history in the play is (or should be)



reality, whereas his fiction is often rhetorical. The past and past events are important to him to the extent that they can be projected into the present, although we cannot judge them in a linear, one-to-one cause and effect relationship. He is interested in the Irish past in so far as it proves convenient for present issues: nationhood, education, language, politics. Brian Friel says about the reasons that pushed him to write this play: “I wrote *Translations*... [having in mind] a play set in the 19th century, somewhere between the Act of Union and the Great Famine... a play about colonialism... a play about the death of the language and the acquisition of English and the profound effects that the change-over would have on a people.”<sup>28</sup>

The scope of the dramatic discourse is wide and far-reaching; its origins are rooted in 19th century Ireland, while its apex is visible in the 20th century Ulster society. The effects of the mutation are long-lasting. In Friel’s opinion the most easily noticeable is language, which explains its acquiring a personality of its own. The title of the play sets from the start the inevitability of bridging two entities: tongues, characters, civilisations, past and present. The work itself is a linguistic compromise and convention; the actors on stage speak English, but the audience has to imagine that many of the characters are speaking Gaelic.

This convention lies at the core of certain farcical interpretations of the text. Such an instance may be found in scene II, act II, a brilliantly constructed one, when Yolland and Máirie express their love, as it were: neither of them can understand each other’s language, though they utter practically the same very concerned small talk, as if taken from a Teach Yourself English manual: “Máirie: The grass must be wet. My feet are soaking. Yolland: Your feet must be wet. The grass is soaking.”<sup>29</sup> Almost desperately, the “uneducated” Máirie resorts to Latin in an effort to make herself understood, while the “educated” Yolland, representative of the superior civilisation, due, according to historical laws, to colonise and assimilate the inferior civilisation, not only does not understand a single word, but also thinks that she is using Irish.

Another memorable scene in this respect is at the end of act I, when Captain Lancey reproduces his previously well-learned speech, which has to be translated, and is done so by Owen, whose version is a well-trimmed summary: “His majesty’s government has ordered the first ever comprehensive study of this entire country—a general triangulation which will embrace detailed hydrographic and topographic information, and which will be executed to a scale of six inches to the English mile.”<sup>30</sup> This very pompous sentence, abundantly interspersed with totally useless technical terms is preposterously and insipidly translated by Owen as: “A new map is being made of the whole country.”<sup>31</sup> The whole dialogue continues on the same derisive, yet flat tonality with Owen’s filtering and censoring Lancey’s oration. The implication is transparent: intentions on paper totally differ from actual results.

Duality, division with constant oscillation between one end and the other is detected not only in language and the invariable necessity to translate (as in the case of Jimmy, Captain Lancey, Lieutenant Yolland and Máirie, whose sphere is always bilingual), but also in the schizoid personality of some characters (Máirie, divided between Manus and Yolland, Yolland, partly in love with the Irish landscape, the “traitor” Owen). This

dualism is manifest in the characters who must painfully take sides: Owen in favour of the Irish or English, Yolland between Máirie and Ireland or England or the USA, as well as in the split personality of contemporary Northern Ireland, divided between the Republic of Ireland and the United Kingdom. The choice is painful and destructive in both situations; Yolland is killed, bombs and terrorism kill in Ulster. This is the teleology of Friel's text: events in the 19th century, finality now. Who exactly are the killers of Yolland? We will never know—not Manus, but peasant farmers who will never have names. Who are the originators and executors of today's massacre in Ulster? They may be on either side, but they will never have names.

Another topic of the play is love, in its apparently across-barriers aspect. Because *Translations* is after all a compelling love story. But, unfortunately, if love can theoretically overcome, the drama shows its opposite effect: not union, but separation. Manus will have to go, Yolland will be killed, while Máirie will probably leave Ireland. The Northern Irish contemporary projection is overt: separated families, killed fathers and sons, grieving mothers and sisters in a divided country.

Ultimately the play turns to be a profound analysis of language, seen as metaphor for the colonial penetration of people's minds.<sup>32</sup> Two are the actual ways of achieving this: through education and mapping and re-formation of all local place-names. The results of this colonialization process are not beneficial, but threatening for the local community. If the immediate results are humorous, amorous and fatal, the extensive effects are no less than the annihilation of a culture.<sup>33</sup> Friel is very straightforward here: he cannot limit his investigation to the mere presentation, sometimes comic (but laughter is also a potent weapon) of amusing situations; he has to go all the way: murder, to awake slumbering spirits. The matter is serious and tragic: destruction, annihilation, reprisal are dramatic issues and request, accordingly, appropriate tonality. Hence, the protests against the farce scenes in the Abbey Theatre productions of the play, and the questioning of how much fiction is accepted in a historical play if it deals with serious matters that involve responsibility of the writer.

Brian Friel assumes in fact full responsibility as committed writer whose aim is not to entertain, but to trigger cathartic reactions. Life on the stage is a magnified version of everyday actual life that often tends to overlook some of its problems. Oblivion is seen as dangerous and, therefore, dealing with such issues is inevitable today. Dealing with his country does not mean superficiality, non-involvement, or commercialism. On the contrary, it means participation, unveiling, responsibility and dedication to Ireland.

## Conclusions

**I**N SPITE of all adversities, bad times and trials, the North has produced art—often as a reaction against bigotry, claustrophobia. The Irish literary geography is very prolific and multifarious. The artists may live far from their birthplace and accept the ways of the society of adoption. Even though alienation may affect their way of thinking, the spirit is always there, instinctually tradition always takes over. It is constituted

out of a disturbingly rich plurality. “But it is only in this plurality and complexity that the modern Irish writing can be fully understood.”<sup>34</sup> This plurality allows either neutral, non-committed or committed attitudes, even biased perspectives.

For Northern Ireland we consider—and this article was meant to bring arguments in this respect—that it is the committed, even if biased, perspectives that are closer to the Irish spirit and realities in Ulster, and consequently, it is such authors and writings as those discussed here that may be seen as representative and, hence, canonizable. □

## Notes

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### **Abstract**

#### Northern Ireland and the Canonization of Conflict

This article discusses a few instances of the committed literature of the Troubles in Northern Ireland and brings arguments in favour of the canonization of this kind of literature as being representative for this territory and specific period in its history.

### **Keywords**

Troubles, sectarianism, Protestant, Unionist, Loyalist, Catholic, nationalist, republican, committed.