

I

Mapping Moves

If this was Beirut we would just take you out into the yard and shoot you. You're not going to walk out of here, but if you do then someday you'll get what's coming to you. We mean to get you, you murdering little bastard. You don't come from Newry. You're from Camlough and your mother's from Crossmaglen. You're a murderer from south Armagh. We don't give a fuck what goes on in the mountains and bogs of South Armagh, or who you Provos kill out there in your gaelic shitholes, but you're not going to bring it into Newry, Warrenpoint and Rostrevor like you've done; you're not going to bring it into civilization.

Eamon Collins, *Killing Rage* (1997)

Eamon Collins was an IRA intelligence officer who joined the Provisional IRA in 1979, was expelled from it in 1987, and, many people surmise, was murdered by members of it in 1999. Responsible for organizing a number of brutal murders and bombings in the 1980s, he was questioned by detectives from the RUC on several occasions. The quote in the epigraph represents his memory of one such interrogation. The RUC was investigating the murder of a Roman Catholic whom Collins had mistakenly identified as a member of the security forces, and an RUC detective uttered this statement, Collins remembers, as he presented the possible results of Collins's refusal to cooperate.

As he interrogated Collins, the RUC man drew boundaries between safe and civilized spaces, Protestant and British ones, and dangerous and uncivilized spaces, Catholic and Irish nationalist ones. He valued

those spaces differently, and he drew lines at which the actions he associated with "gaelic" spaces must stop. His rhetoric demarcated sites that coincided with the division of Northern Ireland made by a line provided by nature, the River Bann. Camlough and Crossmaglen, the places he associated with Collins, were west of the river. Newry, Warrenpoint, and Rostrevor, the places he associated with himself, were east of it. Ballyboggin, too, lies west of the River Bann. Map 2 shows the island of Ireland divided into its four provinces and thirty-two counties. Map 3 features the six counties of Ulster that were made into Northern Ireland in 1921. Colonizing and decolonizing meanings adhere to these maps and the territories they represent.

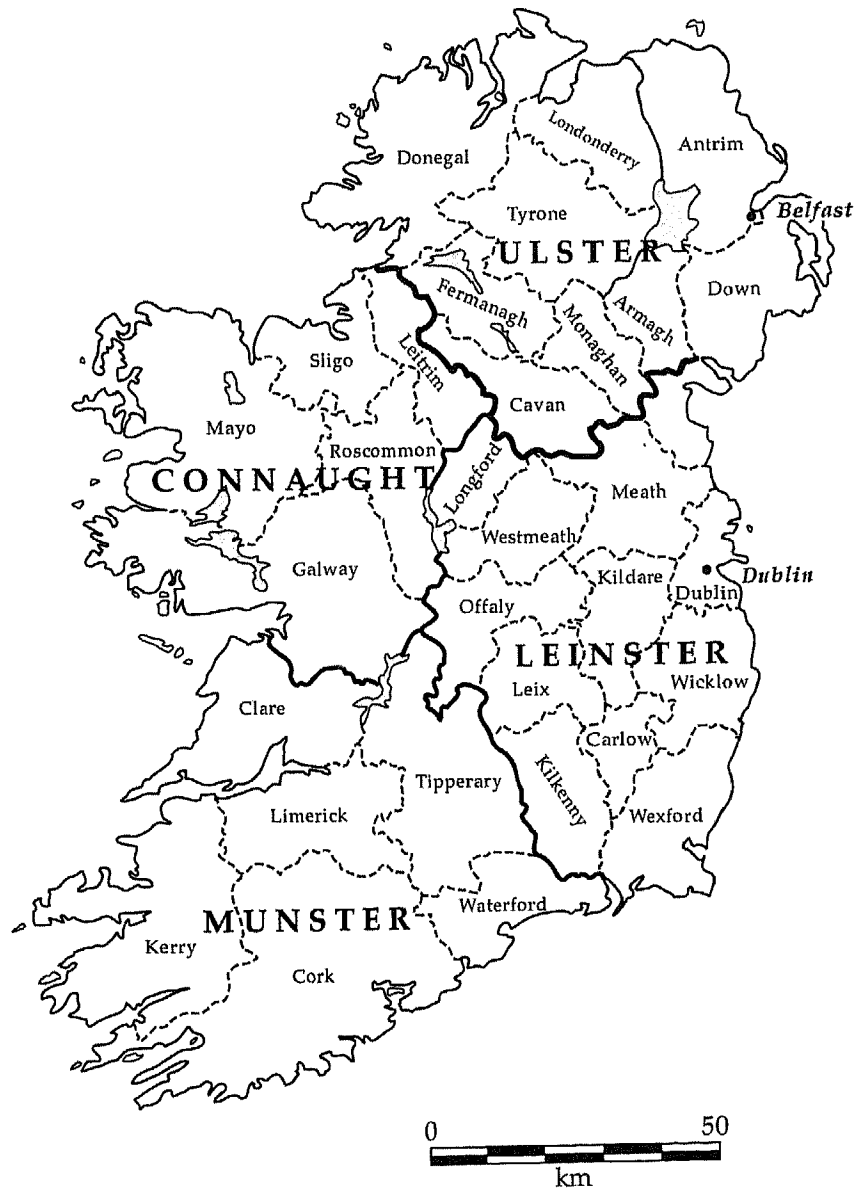
Geography and Space

The River Bann nearly bisects Northern Ireland. It flows from the North Atlantic and enters the northern coastline at County Londonderry, an official name not recognized by Catholics, who refer to it as County Derry. The word "London" was prefixed to the Irish Gaelic name for the monastic settlement in the area when the London Company established a plantation there in the seventeenth century. Catholics do not use this colonial appellation.¹

For a considerable distance, the River Bann forms the border between the counties of Londonderry and Antrim until it empties into Lough Neagh (see map 3). The river flows south from the lough into County Armagh, sweeps through the loyalist stronghold of Portadown, then turns into the Newry canal. There it divides rural south Armagh, a notorious Irish republican terrain and Collins's home area, from south Down, the area of Newry, Rostrevor, and Warrenpoint, until it enters into Carlingford Lough, along the north central east coast of the island.

Three counties lie to the west of the River Bann: County Tyrone, County Londonderry, and County Fermanagh. The river splits County Armagh, and to the east lie County Antrim and County Down. The counties east of the river have a different demography than those to its west. The eastern region has greater population densities. Historically, it has had many more people employed in manufacturing.

A map of industrial employment produced by the Royal Irish Academy in 1979 represents this clearly. Colorful circles indicating the number of persons employed in manufacturing in 1971, the period when



The Island of Ireland: Its four provinces and thirty-two counties



The six Ulster counties that comprise Northern Ireland

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Northern Ireland's troubles accelerated, nearly cover Counties Antrim, Down, and north Armagh (Royal Irish Academy 1979, 69-71). The only dull brown spaces within those three counties, those indexing the lack of industry, occur in north Antrim, the Moyle District, and south Armagh/south Down, the Newry and Mourne District, the two districts in those three counties that had a majority Roman Catholic population.

Dull brown spaces highlight the lack of industry in Counties Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Londonderry, which splits one of its industrial conurbations, the city that Protestants call Londonderry and Catholics call Derry, with the Republic of Ireland. Textile and clothing manufactures, older industries, dominated manufacturing employment west of the Bann. Although these declining industries formed the largest single manufacturing sector east of the Bann in the 1970s, only in Armagh did such jobs form the majority, just over 50 percent.

Representations: Geography and Identity

Roman Catholics formed the majority population west of the Bann. In elections, they have voted for parties that identified themselves as Irish nationalist. Some of those parties supported violence in the name of the nationalist cause, although the Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP), the majority Catholic party, did not. In the 1980s some groups of Protestants from east of the river named that region "Wobland" according to a 1984 report in the *Irish Times* (McEldowney 1984). This pejorative name, one not taken up widely in the east of the Bann vernacular, referred to the political sentiments of the west's citizens and the region's economic plight. Several locations within the region had unemployment rates nearing 40 percent at the time. Voters in Fermanagh and South Tyrone had elected Bobby Sands, the IRA's commanding officer in the H-blocks of Northern Ireland's highest security prison and the leader of their hunger strike, as their region's member of Parliament (MP) at Westminster in 1981.²

Historically, the area west of the River Bann had less manufacturing industry than the area east of the Bann, and its Catholic citizens were assumed to be less disciplined because of their relative lack of industrial employment. When I told Catholic, Irish nationalists from Belfast that I was studying an effort to build a new industry in this less developed area, I was often asked, "Can they find any good workers out there?"³

THE TROUBLES IN BALLYBOGOIN

People living east of the river often referred to the western area as "bandit country" in the 1980s. Such cultural codes inscribed national popular mappings of Northern Ireland. The March 1984 *Irish Times* article addressed this culturally configured political economic division.

In this article, entitled "The New Partition of Ireland," Eugene McEldowney, the reporter, writes:

There's a new word beginning to creep into the political lexicon of Northern Ireland. It's used mainly in the eastern part, and mostly in Unionist circles when there are no Catholics present.

The word has definite derogatory undertones, and perhaps in its own way, underlines the defeatism felt by those who use it.

The word is Wobland—and it is shorthand for what is perhaps the most significant development taking place in the North today.

Wobland means West of the Bann land, and it is used to some extent in the same patronizing way that Northern Yankees used to refer to Dixie in the Reconstruction days after the American Civil War.

The big difference is that this is happening now, before any civil war, real or imagined, takes place on this island.

Wobland is important to the political viability of Northern Ireland because, possibly for the first time since the State was set up, most of the people in the area are voting against the Government.

GROWING

A large, and possibly growing, number of them are also voting against the very existence of the Northern State altogether.

Wobland is Fermanagh, Tyrone and Derry. It has a majority of Catholic voters and the majority is increasing. It is growing because, despite the gerrymanders and discrimination practiced by successive Unionist governments, the Catholics have stayed and bred, perhaps not like rabbits as some people would have it, at least faster than the Protestants.

And if that sounds sectarian, that is how life is down in Lisnaskea and Newtownbutler.

The Catholic majority is growing also, because Protestants are beginning to desert the frontier posts assigned to them by the generals behind the lines. They are moving to Belfast, and towards the golden triangle of Portrush, Ballymena and Coleraine. (McEldowney 1984, 13)

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In 1984, when I announced my plans to do ethnographic work in this western region, an anthropologist who knew Northern Ireland told me that nothing happened “out there.” When I protested he said, “yes, a lot happens up here,” as he undulated his fingers over the back of his head. One Belfast social scientist told me that “those people out there” had high rates of spina bifida and passed it on to their children. In the eugenic discourse this man deployed that population lacked genetic diversity. At another juncture, a Belfast supporter of Sinn Féin told me that “those people out there” were not political, not progressive. “They’re Fianna Fail with guns,” he said, indicating that they were atavistic, backward Irish republicans, unlike the forward-looking Belfast activists with whom he partially identified.

These statements demonstrated that a transition narrative marked Northern Ireland social space. Transition narratives, which Dipesh Chakrabarty, writing about India, believes are “shared by imperialist and nationalist imaginations,” work to marginalize populations as they figure them as lack, as those who “fail to measure up to the ‘secular’ ideals of citizenship” (Chakrabarty 1992, 7). The category “wobland,” the industrial maps, and the fragments of everyday discourse uttered by the people who represented the Ballybogoin area to me as passive and backward figured this area through such a narrative. They positioned its residents as lesser.

On several occasions, Sinn Féin members from Ballybogoin’s hinterland described to me the dismissive way their comrades from Belfast treated them when they tried to organize the area during the mid-1980s. They said these urban leaders did not recognize their particular political and economic situations. This lack of acknowledgment was remembered as one reason why some Ballybogoin area republicans quietly resigned from the party. Such positionings and the discourses that accompanied them devalued the differences in the western region and distanced the spaces of the dominant from the subordinate. But, in this case, complication abounded. Some Irish nationalist republicans from the east, descendants of the natives who identified with those dispossessed in the long ago past, deployed representations culled from the transition narrative to differentiate and distance themselves from their fellow Irish nationalists in Northern Ireland’s west. For this reason, Frankenburg and Mani’s understanding of the postcolonial applies to this discourse and its 1980s moment, a time when ambiguity marks “the

post," a moment when some colonizing processes have ended, others have transformed, while still others have remained intact (Frankenberg and Mani 1996, 276).

This specific understanding of the postcolonial does not indicate a disavowal of "the conviction" that the Northern Ireland problem "is, above all, a colonial crisis" (Deane 1990, 6), but it complicates that belief.⁴ It holds that both decolonizing and colonizing processes occurred simultaneously in the past and do so today. This concept of the postcolonial maintains that cultural processes of colonialism continue, and it enables the specific cultural practices of Ballybogoin's everyday life to be articulated to colonial history and the continuing, imperialist practices of the British state.

Following Irish cultural critic Declan Kiberd, I understand imperialism and colonialism to be intimately related. Imperialism "is a term used to describe the seizure of land from its owners and the consequent subjugation by military force and cultural programming," which entails "the description, mapping and ecological transformation of the occupied territory." Colonialism describes the settling of the land seized by imperialism "for the purpose of appropriating its wealth and for the promotion of the occupiers' trade and culture" (Kiberd 1996, 5).

Acts of cultural resistance that challenge the military conquests, cultural impositions, or redrawn maps and social borders of colonial formations are understood as decolonizing practices. As such they are postcolonial: they engage in struggle with colonizing processes, transforming some and eradicating others while leaving many intact (see Kiberd 1996, 6). The postcolonial, then, includes native acts of cultural resistance to the technologies of colonial rule as those tools are being implemented.⁵ It does not necessarily imply the period after colonizing states have abandoned their colonies, but it may refer to such historical conjunctures because the cultural programming that imperial formations require endures long after colonizing states depart once-conquered lands.

This coupling of colonizing and decolonizing processes enables a view of colonial identity formation that transforms the binary of the colonizer and the colonized. It requires specific historical, geographic, social, cultural, and political economic analyses that demonstrate the interrelations of those who seized the land and those whose social worlds were remapped by such colonizing actions.⁶ It opens up the pos-

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sibility that colonial forms of knowledge and its accompanying discourses could be taken up by the colonized in acts of resistance or accommodation and used in the remaking of their social order or vice versa.⁷ It takes the position that both the colonizer and colonized constituted each other and that the hybrid cultural forms they often produced endure long after colonial rule ends.⁸ From this perspective, then, the struggles around colonization/decolonization, as well as the memories and legacies of them, form an axis, one among many, through which social relations and subjectivities get shaped in both colonized and formerly colonized societies.⁹

In contemporary Ballybogoin, this colonizing/decolonizing axis works on a variety of levels and across social and cultural differences. It influences how people locate themselves in their social worlds and how they form relationships with others. For example, the stories of Margaret and the stratigraphic representation of the British and Irish forts in the introduction as well as the quotation from the RUC officer that opens this chapter show the value for the state and its unionist citizens of controlling social space. The maps re-presented and the newspaper account of "Wobland" demonstrate that many northern Ireland people attribute value to space, and their evaluations cannot be so easily described as the opposition between Protestant settler and Catholic native.

The region east of the Bann is modern, industrial, orderly, and valued; the west is partially industrialized, disorderly, and less valued. The social scientists who believe that nothing happens "out there" and that the gene pool prevents development position people west of the Bann as passive and restricted. The Belfast Sinn Féin supporter who took up this discourse connected the people "out there" to an urban, socialist nationalism that Ballybogoin nationalists did not take up, and he rendered them backward, devaluing them in terms of the hegemonic discourse of modernity and its progressive sense of time. His representations differed from the unionists, however, because he did not articulate their backwardness to other colonizing discourses. He positioned people "out there" as nonmodern, not other, but those location practices had effects on Ballybogoin party members' senses of belonging to Sinn Féin.

Such wrangles over space and its representations have a long history in the area west of the Bann. They marked Ireland during the Elizabethan Conquest and its aftermath, when the colonial state reconfigured Ulster's social space. Ballybogoin people remembered that his-

tory when they repeated, "They got the land, we got the view." They reproduced a social memory of the early-seventeenth-century events associated with Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy. When Mountjoy was appointed lord deputy of Ireland in 1600, discourses representing the Irish as a population of savages, beasts, and vermin prevailed. How to dispose of the Irish was a topic of debate among colonial administrators. Proposals had circulated in 1599 for transferring the Irish as a whole "to provide a helot class in England," and Mountjoy himself desired "to make Ireland 'a razed table' upon which the Elizabethan state could transcribe a neat pattern" (Foster 1988, 35). Mountjoy wanted to remap Ireland and inscribe it anew. In 1600 Richard Bartlett, who was beheaded by Irish warriors in the course of his work, began making maps of Ulster (see Ó Tuathail 1996, 1-15).

These early modern state projects indexed a transformation in power/knowledge relations between the English and the Irish. Gearóid Ó Tuathail, citing Michel Foucault, interprets this shift as an epistemic move from the preclassical episteme in which knowledge was organized around "resemblance, affinity and similarity" to a classical one "that inscribed the 'Irish' as irreducibly and permanently inferior" (Ó Tuathail 1996, 6). Hugh O'Neill, the earl of Tyrone, whose fort people sometimes remembered when they imagined the future in 1980s Ballybogoin, embodied this shift. O'Neill went to school in England, addressed the queen in Latin, and in 1591 married Mabel Bagenal, whose brother, Sir Henry, was marshal of the Elizabethan army in Ireland. Four years later, O'Neill defeated Bagenal at Clontibret and was declared a traitor.¹⁰ Although a culturally hybrid character who mixed English and Irish cultural practices, he, the territory he controlled, and his followers became an other against whom the English fashioned themselves as early modern subjects in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries (see Cairns and Richards 1988, 1-21; esp. Hadfield and Maley 1993, 1-23). Ireland was often punned as "Land of Ire" and represented as a woman, a virgin in need of husbandry, in British representations at that time. The native Irish were "inadequate suitors for their own land" (Hadfield and Maley 1993, 4). British colonial rule represented itself as the able-bodied filler of that gap.

Throughout the Elizabethan Conquest the English attempted to map Ireland, but their cartographic efforts met with difficulties. "English mapping," David J. Baker writes, "was not a one-sided affair, but a

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complex attempt to create coherence in a space populated by antagonistic and elusive 'others' who, in battle and beyond it, could not be located. Ireland was marked by cultural borders, and its landscape was confusing and "its inhabitants incomprehensible" to the cartographers and those who used their maps (Baker 1993, 79–80). The English could not make sense of Irish territory during the battles that raged during the last half of the sixteenth century. They were unable to demarcate it because Irish disorder kept entering the spaces they believed they had ordered. The recalcitrance of the Irish to mapping was the reason why the "razed table" became Mountjoy's hope at century's end.

In 1602, Mountjoy destroyed crops in the Ballybogoin region, dispersed its inhabitants, and destroyed the coronation stone where successive O'Neill leaders underwent investiture. In 1603, upon his surrender, Hugh O'Neill accepted an arrangement that permitted him to retain his traditional title to territory under English law, but the arrangement did not endure. The new English lord deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, and the Irish attorney general, Sir John Davies, challenged O'Neill's legal agreement. O'Neill and the other Gaelic leaders, their power lost and their rights abrogated, fled to Spain in 1607. This event has become known as "the Flight of the Earls" (Bardon 1992, 75–125). In the dominant Protestant narrative around Ballybogoin, one partially reproduced in a variety of local histories, textbooks, and classic works on Irish history, that flight was a move for progress, for modernity.¹¹

Geography and Memory

Nearly four centuries later, Ulster unionists and Irish nationalists recalled these colonial struggles in their daily lives. During the mid-1980s Ballybogoin and its hinterland were the sites of an intensive IRA assassination campaign. In response, the British security forces carried out several controversial killings in the area. Irish nationalists remembered the violence of the Elizabethan Conquest as they represented the violence of the 1980s in Ballybogoin not so much with monuments, parades, or even storytelling but in the bodily practices and sensory perceptions of "both sides of the house."

Allen Feldman has elucidated this interrelation among violent political acts, memory, and embodiment in his ethnographic work with both British loyalist and Irish republican fighters in the unionist/loyalist and

Irish nationalist/republican ghettos of Belfast.¹² Building upon Edward Said's classification of geography as the imperial methodology, Feldman demonstrates that the ghettoization instituted to implement colonial agendas in Belfast used "geographical control to constrain and rationalize social and therefore bodily and perceptual contact" between Protestant unionist and Catholic nationalist populations (Feldman 1997, 34).¹³ In this setting, travel between strange neighborhoods could be dangerous, and it was essential to be able to recognize bodies in and out of their proper places, to be able to identify them as Protestant or Catholic, as one traveled through social space. The eye became the privileged organ of perception.

This "ocular strategy of ghettoization," as Feldman names it, has continued in Northern Ireland during the last thirty years of ongoing political violence, through the practice of telling that was described in the introduction. Telling requires the reading and typifying of bodies through a visual imaginary, and it marks others as strangers or friends, as victims and possible aggressors, or as coreligionists and possible colleagues and defenders (see Burton 1978, 1979; Feldman 1991, 1997).

At times, telling can be as simple as asking job applicants where they went to school. At other times, it can be as imprecise as defining specific spaces with specific types of politicized bodies, such as neighborhoods that are Protestant or Catholic, Ulster unionist or Irish nationalist. Loyalist assassins of the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF), for example, would travel to a Roman Catholic neighborhood, select a pedestrian at random, usually a male, and kill him because they perceived all bodies moving through that space as Irish nationalist.¹⁴

Now and then, these paramilitaries and those of the IRA mistakenly killed a member of their own population. Such errors, Feldman notes, reveal the imaginary dimension of telling that organizes victims and aggressors into stylized embodiments. These stylizations articulate to the "high contrast categories" of Irish politics—colonizer/colonized, unionist/Irish nationalist, loyalist/republican—and the spatial backgrounds of these marked individuals identify people as self or other (Feldman 1997, 34–36).

Feldman holds that ideological objects in Northern Ireland are made through typifying practices analogous to the imaginary practice of telling and that people evaluate political acts or statements, whether they be ideological arguments or acts of violence, through a lens pro-

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vided by the imagination of prior events or practices. Violence, its embodiments, and typologies function as collective memory. Feldman writes, "contemporary political acts of insult and injury are proposed and popularly received as reenactments, replications, analogies, and echoes of earlier acts in a linear trajectory that eventually recedes toward an elusive historical horizon line of first injury, first assault, and first death dating back to the Cromwellian Plantation if not earlier" (1997, 35).

In the Ballybogoin area during the mid-1980s such invocations of the past were common. With the signs of the forts and the place names of marginalized Catholic spaces readily available, historical horizons before Cromwell's incursion into Ireland were often retrieved. The IRA assassinated several security force members in the town and its vicinity during those years and justified those acts by referring to the victims as "legitimate targets" because they worked for the British state. They remembered that political entity as having established itself in the area through violence and declared it illegitimate. The IRA also killed some Roman Catholic businessmen in the area who did contract work for the state. They too were labeled "legitimate targets," and several local republicans told me, "History shows violence is the only thing the Brits understand."

When an act of nationalist violence was committed, a prior violent act by the British was often cited as justification in the everyday talk of Ballybogoin's pubs and clubs. Even people who did not believe violence was a legitimate political method uttered these justifications. Most Catholics knew these narratives and might repeat them to maintain social ties even though they were ambivalent about them. Irish nationalist people who strongly disagreed with the assassination campaign remained silent in such settings. They were regarded as people who were "deep as a well," and their associates were not sure how to read them.

For the most part in the 1980s, the IRA's support community did not retrieve memories from the long ago past to justify IRA actions. They pointed to the controversial "shoot to kill policy" that the British army and the RUC carried out in the area west of the Bann at that time. The security forces reported that these killings occurred as the police or army attempted either to intercept IRA volunteers picking up and moving weapons or to foil a military action by the IRA. But many Catholics

believed that the security forces shot suspects on sight instead of trying to arrest them. This practice led to the deaths of unarmed IRA members and civilians who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time (see Asmal 1985; Thomas 1985, 1986).

In my first month of fieldwork the IRA murdered two men in Ballyboggin, off-duty Protestant members of the UDR, the locally organized part-time, almost entirely Protestant fighting force that supplemented the British army in Northern Ireland. The UDR was a regiment much reviled by Catholics, and the IRA justified the murders of these UDR men simply because they were in a British military unit, a fighting force that, from their perspective, had done injury to the Irish for centuries and still did.

In Ballyboggin, the IRA's support community, the minority of the Catholic townspeople who called themselves Irish republicans, applauded this violent act. They believed that UDR men like these had perpetrated similar killings, and they had stories to prove it. It was not unusual to hear yelps of victory at the factory where I worked when workers heard on the news that the IRA had carried out such a murder. Such justifications and emotive responses absorbed acts like these killings into a "mimetic temporal schema" (Feldman 1997, 36) that contextualized them as repetitions of analogous, prior acts perpetrated by the other side.

Feldman calls this justificatory schema "the historiography of excuse" (1997, 36). Through it, prior violent acts provide extenuating circumstances to contemporary ones and become typified, a representation that renders acts of violence immediately ascertainable as to cause and consequence, "undifferentiated as to their concrete human consequences," and excusable because they are taken up into idealizing cultural codes that render the bodily and environmental harm done, whatever its brutality, as already a representation, a reenactment of what happened previously (Feldman 1997, 33-36).

Introductory Tours: Moving Stories

These processes of political objectification did not go entirely unrecognized by Irish nationalist people in Ballyboggin. A variety of people questioned the violence of this locally hegemonic form of representing political deaths. I learned this early in my fieldwork, within weeks after

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the murders of those two UDR men, when Kathleen McDuffy, a Roman Catholic in the town, a woman who described herself as religious and Irish nationalist, introduced me to the town and the villages around it. Kathleen had some sympathies for the cause of Irish republicanism but generally supported the moderate Irish nationalist SDLP rather than Sinn Féin. She could not bring herself to support violence.

Kind and hospitable, Mrs. McDuffy met me early on in my stay and wanted to teach me about the area's history and "how to go about the town and the country." Mrs. McDuffy drove me around the Ballybogoin region and told me how to negotiate the RUC-operated checkpoints that controlled traffic in and out of Ballybogoin's town square. She warned me not to leave my car in that space because many cars with bombs in them had been left there since 1969 and it was illegal to park a car and leave it.

She told me that people had to drive their automobiles to a car park on the square's periphery and walk to the shops. She pointed out the parking lot where Catholics likely left their cars, the westernmost one, and where Protestants left theirs, the one to the southeast. She let me know that many bombings had occurred in the town as she pointed out which buildings had been built anew and which had been repaired in their aftermath. She considered Ballybogoin to be "the most bombed town in Northern Ireland," "town" as distinguished from "city," until the late 1970s or the early 1980s, when another town surpassed it.¹⁵

She pointed out to me, and others repeated it, that these bombings were not by any means the work of the IRA alone. Loyalist groups had carried out bombings in the town, including the most deadly one, a no-warning bomb that had killed some Catholics drinking in a "nationalist pub." She believed many loyalist bombings had been organized by Protestant business people in the town who wanted their premises renovated and used the insurance available for bomb damage to get that new work done, an abuse of the British political system that Ulster unionists believed only Irish nationalists perpetrated.

Mrs. McDuffy indicated to me the housing estates that were inhabited by Protestants and those by Catholics. She warned me about entering those that were dangerous. She marked all the Protestant working-class estates as ominous social spaces, and she noted that a stranger like me entering the most beleaguered Catholic working-class housing development could be unsafe as well. She remarked that if I got to know

the people there then I would be all right inside that neighborhood, an opinion that differed from many middle-class Catholics in the town who told me never to enter that place.

After touring the town Mrs. McDuffy took me to the countryside, to the surrounding villages from where her ancestors had come. She taught me the geography of these settlements, all of which were to the west of the town, in the "hill country," as she named it, to which she said Catholics were dispersed at the time of the late-sixteenth-century conquest and during the seventeenth-century plantation. Teaching me the landscape, she specified not only the villages where the ancestors of her mother and father had lived before moving to the town several generations earlier but also the townlands, the small land divisions that evolved from the *ballyboes* of Gaelic society, the territories on which a group of families worked the land prior to the plantation (Robinson 1984, xiii).

Mrs. McDuffy identified strongly with Ballyboggin, the town where her family had made successes of themselves, but she affiliated herself to the relatively infertile and poor-quality townlands to which she believed her ancestors had been exiled. Solidly middle class, Mrs. McDuffy nonetheless identified with the Catholics who lived in these marginal agricultural areas and their relatives who moved to the town several generations earlier, many of whose descendants lived in the Catholic estate she noted as dangerous. She and they shared the powerful narrative of dispossession that Catholics in this area told, retold, and used to emplot their lives.¹⁶

After showing me around the hill country, Mrs. McDuffy drove from the mountains and headed east. We did not descend the road to Ballyboggin on which we had come but went down into the region's rich agricultural valleys on a more northeasterly thoroughfare. As we descended, Mrs. McDuffy pointed out the changing house structures to me. There were a greater percentage of large two-story houses as we left the hill country, and those belonged to Protestants, she said. She advised me that if I ever needed help traveling those roads, I should look for it at the smaller, newer, one-story houses. Catholics lived in those poorer, more disheveled domiciles, she held, and they would most definitely come to my aid if I ever needed it. As we traveled down, those one-story abodes dwindled until they were marked by their absence. Mrs. McDuffy remarked on the size of the fields in these lowlands, their

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relative flatness, and their suitability for agriculture and grazing. "The Protestants got the good land," she said as she took me to a site from which she could teach me the history behind this social fact.

Nestled in a grove of trees in this lowland area, an idyllic space, stood an old church with an old cemetery alongside it. Mrs. McDuffy stopped there and showed me a story displayed in a glass case erected at the start of the pathway to the church.¹⁷ The narrative summarized the church's early modern history. It mentioned that the original church building had been constructed as a Roman Catholic one, but, near the beginning of the seventeenth century, at the end of the Elizabethan Conquest, that building had been appropriated by the Church of Ireland, the Episcopal church established in Ireland and affiliated with the Church of England.

The Church of Ireland added to the architecture of this formerly Roman Catholic edifice by raising a new portal through which congregants could enter. Those early plantation settlers extended the entry outward, creating a large foyer and a new door. Around this new threshold the colonial builders mortared pieces of the O'Neill coronation stone that Mountjoy, the Crown's lord deputy, had broken to pieces in 1602. Mrs. McDuffy pointed out these jagged, irregular, off-colored bits of stone to me. She lamented that there was little worth seeing at the original coronation site and took me into the church to show me how the planters had modified and subverted its spatial organization.

After a quick tour of its interior, Mrs. McDuffy escorted me to the small cemetery on the church's west side, where she tried to decipher the washed away gravestones. She had studied these objects before and emphasized their age and the Irish language inscriptions on them. She showed me dates but stopped at a particular grave, one with a story attached. It marked the remains of a Roman Catholic priest who was native to the area and died after the Elizabethan Conquest and the establishment of the plantation. Mrs. McDuffy told me the story of that priest's desire to be buried at his home church and the difficulty his family and friends had carrying out his will.

The priest died far to the southeast, in the Dublin area, she believed, and, at the time of his death, priests and the honoring of them were suspect throughout the colony of Ireland, particularly in Ulster. Getting him home proved a demanding task, according to Mrs. McDuffy. His supporters and family members disguised him as a peasant and put him

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in a simple wooden casket, she told me. They then transported him secretly for the long journey home. They carried him through the countryside at night when they could, and during the day they staged local funerals to move him through towns and villages. "He had more funerals than any Irishman who ever lived," she joked, but he made it back and was buried in the place he wished to lie.

After touring me around the Ballyboggin area for several hours, Mrs. McDuffy took me back to her home. Her teenage sons and husband, Sean, were there, and I sat in the parlor with Sean as she put together some tea for us. He asked what I thought of the tour, and I told him that the still functioning Church of Ireland that we visited was surprising. The building's history made it an interesting tourist site, I noted, although it was not marked on the various Northern Ireland tour guides I had seen. He told me that it would not be because "it gets too close to the way things are around here."

Sean said that history was the reason for the ongoing troubles. He believed, however, that it did not justify them, and he remembered the killing of those two Protestant, UDR men that took place several weeks before. He informed me that he agreed that the history between England and Ireland and between local Protestants and Catholics was a terrible one, that Britain and local Protestants had oppressed Catholics, and that the security forces had dealt with local Catholics unfairly, even oppressively. He believed that some members of the UDR had terrorized Catholics in the earlier days of the troubles, in the 1970s particularly. Still, he iterated, he saw no cause and no justification to murder those men.

Sean said it used to be that the IRA killed policemen and UDR members who had harassed Catholics, but that had changed. "Now they kill anybody they can," he uttered, and he questioned the morality of such acts. He reaffirmed that the history perpetrated on the Irish, like the history I had learned that day on my tour around Ballyboggin, was horrific, and he understood that such historical events were used to rationalize and normalize killings such as those of the local UDR men. He worried about that, about those justifications, about the historical practices entailed in excuse making. He told me that those particular UDR men "had done nothing to nobody as far as I know." He knew them by sight. He had patronized their place of work, and they had provided him services. One of them had carried supplies he purchased out

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to his car one time, and as a result of that encounter Sean perceived him as "a man who would do no harm to nobody." He believed these men had joined the UDR not for sectarian reasons, not because they hated Catholics, but because they needed money for their families.

At the same time as he deconstructed the IRA's legitimization of these local killings, Mr. McDuffy found a full-fledged condemnation of this act and others like it difficult. He damned the act but not necessarily the agents of it. He did so by remembering local IRA fighters who had died in action or had been convicted of violent crimes. He recalled the story of two men who had blown themselves up with several bags of explosives they were moving one evening when they got home from work.

He described these men as hard-working, good men, as many Ballybogoin Catholics did when they told this often-narrated story. Such men, the storytellers said, never would have been involved with such crimes in a properly functioning society. Sean had known them as children and thought them to be good people despite their hardships growing up. He told of other IRA members who had grown up in families who suffered because of acts of discrimination by the unionist government that ruled Northern Ireland from 1922 until direct rule by the British Parliament in Westminster that took over the government of Northern Ireland in March 1972.

Mr. McDuffy told of one family that had produced convicted IRA members. The extended family lived together in a small rented house. "The children used to sleep in shifts," Sean said, "and the mother used to try to get them to sleep standing up to make room for all of them!" Although their needs were great, they were unable to get family housing from the Ballybogoin District Council, Sean believed, because they were Catholic. Before the Parliament at Westminster took control of local government functions, he said, such discrimination was the rule.

Sean said that many IRA members were produced by injustices, but he was not certain. He worried about the direction the IRA had taken, because it was not directed at those who could be specified as unjust. He worried that the history of long ago, whose local version I had learned that day, was behind the shootings of local security force members and individuals, both Catholic and Protestant, who did any work for the security state, such as building security walls or putting plumbing in police stations. He agonized over the possibility that he might be lured

into Feldman's "historiography of excuse," that he might rationalize these killings as reenactments of prior events and forget the specific time, place, and circumstance of those human beings killed, maimed, and injured.

Sean's fears of typifying others in terms of this perceptual apparatus become understandable when placed in the context of an event that occurred several weeks after this discussion. Mr. and Mrs. McDuffy took me for a scenic drive beyond the Ballybogoin region, up into a different "high country" than I had seen on my first tour. After climbing several hills, we stopped at a point with hills and valleys all around. An RUC station stood there with a wall, a barbed wire fence on top, and several thick rows of sandbags in front. The road had large speed bumps to prevent high-speed driving around that point, and the scene reminded Mr. and Mrs. McDuffy of a story.

Several years earlier, they said, they had been driving this road with their sons, observing the growing number of security instruments that had attached to the station, from thickening walls, to a greater and greater number of surveillance cameras, to higher speed bumps, to more and more sandbags. They registered these changes each time they drove by. Then one day this concatenation of bricks, mortar, tarmac, sand, and high technology was almost gone. The IRA had bombed it. As they drove past shortly after, the boys, their parents remembered, "laughed and laughed for miles, so they did." They found this penetration of state space very funny, as did Mr. and Mrs. McDuffy, who accompanied this story with slight laughter. They never said if anyone was injured. They did remark upon the alacrity with which the state rebuilt the station, a site ready for reenactment.

When Kathleen McDuffy had finished making tea the day of that first tour, she asked Sean to call the boys for tea. Sean finished our conversation about the UDR men before they arrived. "I'm afraid of forgetting that they're human beings. I go to mass every day, and I pray. I pray that we don't forget that."

Different Settings, Alternative Mappings

Sean feared the objectification and typification of his Protestant fellow townspeople, although he understood it. He reflected upon the terms through which the IRA and its local support community represented

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political killings, but, as the laughter over the bombing of the police station shows, these categories were articulated to spatial practices and spatial stories, to social memory and embodiments of history (see de Certeau 1984, 91–130).

Sean found it difficult to distance himself fully from Feldman's "historiography of excuse," although that was his desire, and he did not engage his dilemma publicly. There were no institutions of civil society available for him to articulate his concerns. No political party met locally for any regular discussion of social problems. The organizations affiliated with Sean's Roman Catholic parish did not address such issues. The one group that might have engaged Sean's moral and political worries was composed of college- and university-educated teachers and Catholic business leaders. Sean was placed outside this group and did not attempt to participate in it. He dealt with his predicament in his home and in his prayers, his most intimate private spaces. Yet, Sean's statements demonstrated that possibilities for transformation existed. The subtle changes he introduced to that common moral discourse, "the historiography of excuse," offered possible signs for the transformations of political subjectivity and, perhaps, of political organization.¹⁸

Even if such statements were taken up by others and became public, agentic discourses, these complex moral quandaries would be difficult to resolve. Practices of everyday life were linked to the discourses that constituted "the historiography of excuse." Such practices were repeated in a variety of social spaces and made local explanations for violence appear a natural cultural artifact.¹⁹ The ethnicized landscape and the dominant perceptual apparatus of the persons that moved through it, the focus on the eye and watching, made a powerful combination of hegemonic social forms that countered the transformative possibilities indexed by Sean's discussion. Even in the local Roman Catholic churches such discourses of excuse did not get addressed. When priests offered criticism of them from Ballybogoin area pulpits in the 1970s and early 1980s, "republican-minded" individuals shouted protests and walked out of Sunday mass.

The Ballybogoin region's politicized landscape was experienced from different perspectives, however, as it produced different subject positions. Three additional introductory tours to the Ballybogoin region demonstrate this. They illustrate the enigma surrounding the forgetting and remembering of "the historiography of excuse" that Sean faced.

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Colm Muldoon, an unskilled Irish nationalist worker at the Doo Glassworks, worried that I was getting a prejudiced view of the area because people from Ballybogoin itself, the urban district, had been showing me around, taking me to the pubs they dominated and their Gaelic football matches. Loyal to his locality, just a few miles from the Ballybogoin town square, Colm wanted to acquaint me with his own places. He brought me to where he lived, the last Catholic enclave before reaching the predominantly Protestant lowland area that M. McDuffy had introduced to me.

Several Protestant farming families lived down the road from Colm. He knew their surnames, but he did not recognize them by their first names, even the young men his own age. He knew the specific households from which each person came because he had passed by them and observed them on the roads all his life. He did not know them personally, he said, "because I don't talk to them."

People who knew Colm did not read this lack of talk as a sign of bigotry. He often drank at the one pub where working-class Protestants and Catholics of several generations congregated in Ballybogoin. I had played rugby for a while, a sport considered Protestant in Ballybogoin, and he traveled to Scotland with local rugby club members, primarily young Protestant men, to support regional and Irish national teams. When I worked at the factory he wanted to make sure that I met Protestants around the town. Politically, he supported the SDLP. He told me he had never voted for Sinn Féin, but he did not denigrate or condemn them or their supporters.

One night as we crawled around the town's pubs with a group of his fellow glassworkers, we discussed Irish nationalist politics seriously. He told me, "I could not vote for Sinn Féin, but I know what they're trying to do." When I asked him what that was, Colm replied, "See, out of the way the Protestants have all the land, and that's not right." And later on in the conversation he added, "They and the Brits have the power, but we will win because we always outwit them."

Colm was against violence, but he believed that wrongs had to be righted. Those seventeenth-century injustices, the escheated lands of the plantation, appeared to him to be the preeminent injustice. Colm had a reputation as a man of wit. He could quickly respond to remarks made to him or about him, and his company was looked for when his fellow workers wanted a good time. On the Friday and Saturday nights of

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drinking and dancing in which he and his workmates partook, he was a chief source of story and song. He would often be mocked for his idiosyncrasies but came back with humorous rejoinders when made the object of ridicule. People appreciated him for that.

Colm was particularly adept at negotiating the police checkpoints and roadblocks that he and his mates encountered when they went to the Chinese take-away after the pubs closed. He knew some RUC men from his travels to rugby matches and felt he understood that category of persons and could exchange verbal ripostes with them if anything untoward was said to one of his companions. He could have some *craic* (the Irish word for wit in conversation, pronounced "crack") with the police, not defer to them but outwit them.²⁰ Colm was confident that he could displace the angrier reactions aroused in his friends by routine police procedures, the occasional frisking and the repeated questioning about their departures and destinations. Like his mates, Colm did not like these interrogations, but he knew how to handle the police through wit not anger. He believed he always came out on top when he had verbal exchanges with the RUC.

The day Colm toured me around his neighborhood he told me he saw the Ballybogoin townspeople as somewhat rude, a belief that stemmed from the rivalry between his rural Gaelic Athletic Association football club and the town's. He measured his team's accomplishments by their victories over the town's team, a group that had a much bigger population from which to choose their players. This rivalry had led to fights at matches and some enduring personal animosities between Colm and his Ballybogoin Irish nationalist neighbors.

Colm told me that the workers from the town would not possibly recognize and represent his townland and those surrounding it adequately. He was right. No one from the town had showed me the places he did in their introductory tours. He brought me to new and different houses to which he attached stories. Colm showed me one that was built by a young Catholic man who had made himself into a success through hard work. His modern home was on the top of a hill, on useless farmland his grandfather, who had migrated back and forth to Scotland over the years to work, had given him. That young man had earned the money to build the house by working in West Africa for a British construction firm. Colm took me to see several other houses, one of which had been built by a locksmith who had worked in the United

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States and was about to return because his Jamaican-born wife was lonely in the nearly all-white environment of Northern Ireland.

Colm brought me to see the big new homes of a local builder and a plumbing contractor. Catholics in his area were making successes of themselves, and he was proud of that. He showed me the land in the Catholic areas and compared them to the neighboring Protestant holdings. Protestants won this comparative contest.

As we got to the rural Protestant neighborhood adjacent to his, we encountered a funeral procession. There were many cars heading down the lane to the Protestant cemetery, so Colm backed up and took a different route. He took pride in his knowledge of local lanes and roadways, and we ended up near the Church of Ireland site Kathleen McDuffy had shown me. When we saw that steeple on the horizon, I asked Colm if he knew the story of that church and the O'Neill coronation stone. He did not, so I told him. When I asked him if he wanted to get out and see it, he said something to the effect that he did not want anyone to recognize him, to see him out of his place. He did not want to walk through the area, a space he had only driven through in the past. We went straight to his home for tea.

Ian McCumber, like Mrs. McDuffy, was from the town. A Protestant, Ian had gone to the local Protestant grammar school and worked at a Ballybogoin industrial company, one that was known as "a Protestant firm." Ian's company employed a few Catholics, and Ian was friendly with them. He brought me to his place of work and showed me around. He took me to a state school, what local Catholics called "the Protestant grammar," and toured me through the grounds. He brought me to the old linen mills in the area and showed me some of the tiny, saltbox-shaped houses in which workers in those mills lived, where older, retired working-class couples still did. He wanted me to know, as he put it, "the hard lives we had."

Ian brought me to a nineteenth- and twentieth-century industrial area in the town that Mrs. McDuffy had told me about but to which she had not taken me. She had said, "it's a black place," meaning that the people there hated Catholics. Ian knew that reputation, told me it was partially true, but qualified it with some stories of individuals he knew who lived there. He did not make comments about security measures and the activities of the police, UDR, and army as we drove around, nor did he reiterate stories about bombings. Neither did Colm.

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For our final two stops Ian took me out to the area around that same Church of Ireland with the pieces of the O'Neill coronation stone. On the way, we came across several UDR roadblocks. Ian knew some of the part-time soldiers manning them, waved, and rolled down the window to shout a greeting as we were signaled through. We drove in and out of Colm's area, but Ian did not comment on that terrain. He went beyond that territory to two historic, rural industrial sites. The first was located in a village that Mr. and Mrs. McDuffy, along with many other Catholics, warned me to stay out of. They referred to this rural village in the same way they referred to the industrial neighborhood in the town: "it's a black hole." They described the people living there as "bitter" and antagonistic to Catholics. "No Catholic would ever be allowed to live there," one Catholic woman reported. They told me that it would be a dangerous place for any stranger.

This village possessed plantation architecture. Its stone buildings were well preserved, and its streets and lanes were remarkably neat and clean. Ian pointed me to the architecture of an old mill and residences for workers, and he contrasted those worker residences to those in the town that he believed were inferior. To him, such architecture signified that some mill owners and early industrialists treated their workers well, just as he believed he was well treated in the firm that employed him. He favored the architecture of this village to that of his hometown of Ballybogoin.

The final site we visited that day was an early linen mill preserved by the state-run historic preservation body. It was a marked tourist site and well maintained. Ian toured me through the stone building and described the production process to me. He emphasized the hard labor that had gone into this aspect of linen manufacturing. Like Colm, whom Ian knew from the rugby club, Ian worried that I got a biased view of Ballybogoin and its hinterland from the Irish nationalist people. As we drove back to his house for tea, he asked me if I had previously seen the sites he had shown me. I told him that I had not, and he responded, "We'll set you straight."

Ronan McShane also wanted to set me straight about the Ballybogoin region. He, too, believed I would not get the full story from the Ballybogoin Irish nationalist people with whom he associated me. He wanted me to tour his small town, another rival of Ballybogoin located in the bigger town's hinterland, and get a sense of the way things were

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in his home place. He insisted that I did not have a full picture of life in the area, that his home place was different.

I had met Ronan while I was doing some research on programs combating unemployment in this "economic blackspot," a term used to mark the Ballyboggin area because of its joblessness. He worked in one of the area's employment "schemes," a word used locally to describe government-backed attempts to deal with economic problems, specifically ones that gave jobs, however temporary, to the unemployed, especially young people. This training program was located in an abandoned factory building in an evacuated industrial site that formed a borderland area within the town of Ballyboggin, one separating exclusively Protestant and exclusively Catholic neighborhoods.

Ronan was a man of many skills. He could turn his hand to most manual trades and had some artistic abilities. He taught general carpentry, and he tried to develop craft skills in his students that went beyond the basic requirements of the courses he taught. Ronan was a dedicated Irish republican. He had spent several years in the Maze prison, in the H-blocks, among the Irish republican prisoners whom the state classified as political, and he made this autobiographical fact known shortly after I met him. I was surprised that he talked so openly about his political past and his experiences in prison with the mixed Protestant and Catholic group of students and staff at the center when we all took a tea break. He made his republican identity public and was proud to do so in a variety of social spaces.

Ronan wanted to show me how the politics that articulated to his autobiography were embodied in his town. A few weeks later, after meeting him on occasion in a Ballyboggin pub, we arranged to meet for a tour. We met at his fastidiously neat home in a working-class housing estate. Ronan took me for a walk around the estate and gave me a sense of the kinship networks that were in place there. He told me who was related to whom. He then drove me around the town, showing me abandoned factory buildings, the new Roman Catholic parish hall, the football pitch of the Gaelic Athletic Association with its pro-Irish republican inscriptions painted all around, and the ever-expanding RUC station that hovered over the center of town, whose traffic pattern had been rearranged for security reasons. He told me a few stories about the owners of the town's commercial premises. Catholics owned most of the town's enterprises and formed a solid majority. Our tour of

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the town was short. Ronan was more interested in bringing me to the surrounding countryside.

Ronan took me in the direction of the solidly Protestant industrial village to which Ian had introduced me. As we drove there, he told me, "the SAS [Special Air Services] might be watching us," a statement often uttered by Irish republicans as they took me through sparsely populated rural townlands or border zones. When we got to the outskirts of the village, Ronan stopped to show me the spot where he and his colleagues were arrested by the RUC after they tried to carry out an IRA military operation that was foiled by the British army back in the 1970s. He described with technical precision the action they had plotted, what went wrong with the explosives, how they tried to get away, and why and where they were apprehended.

After viewing this site, we drove a little farther down the road, a straight one that ran through the flat country and provided travelers with good views on both sides. Ronan told me that this road had often been used for IRA operations in the past. After a short drive, we veered off this thoroughfare a bit, went down a narrow, tree-lined lane, and stopped at a field, one on which a close relative of Ronan had been killed in a controversial shooting a little over a year before.

We got out of the car, and Ronan had me stand in the spot right next to the driver's side door. He told me to watch him as he jogged across to the other side of the field. He stood next to a grove of trees and yelled across, asking if I could see him clearly. I said that I could. Then he came back to explain what had happened at that small field.

The IRA had an arms dump at one end of the field, he said. His relative and another man had gone to move the weapons. However, before they got to the spot, they were shot dead by a unit of the SAS, the crack unit of the British army that was lying in wait. Ronan believed that the men who were killed were unarmed. He admitted they were IRA members, but he maintained this double killing was an act of state terror in which the orders were "shoot to kill" and "take no prisoners." He believed the soldiers could see the two unarmed men clearly from where they shot, where I stood that day.

At the time there was a growing list of security force engagements that were marked by army ambushes of both unarmed and armed people, sometimes members of the IRA and other times not. To Ronan, this was a campaign in which the security state was hunting IRA members.

This thought was provoked by a Northern Ireland unionist politician who said, "Two swallows do not a summer make," after this particular killing. In Ronan's view, that statement indexed a desire for repetitions of acts like this SAS one.

We ended our tour, Ronan's moving story, with a visit to the Irish republican plot in Ronan's parish cemetery. He showed me the graves of IRA members and picked up the debris blowing around them. We went back to his home for tea when we were done.

"Workin' Work and Workin' Moves"

"Workin' work and workin' moves" was a phrase used by Seamus McRory, the shop steward for the skilled glassworkers in the glassblowing shop of the Drumcoo Glassworks. I first heard him use this term when he was joking with the managing director of the firm, Nicholas Dolan, in a nationalist pub just after a meeting between management and the skilled glassblowers over a one-day labor dispute. Dolan had just introduced me to Seamus, who, he had warned earlier, might not speak to me because of his general militancy on both labor and political matters. The opposite occurred. Seamus joked with Dolan and me. When Dolan sarcastically said, "you boys need to learn to work," Seamus replied that all the men who survived Dolan's firings were men who "worked work, not them ones who worked moves."

At other junctures in the next year and a half, Seamus said that Catholics in the area had to do both, "work work and work moves." It was a phrase he had coined to represent the workers as their spokesperson, but he extended it to describe the general condition of Ballybogoin area Catholics. To "work work" meant to be disciplined. It indicated disciplining the body, and, I was to learn later, Seamus's glassblowing team exemplified it. They kept their heads down at the factory and worked very quickly, almost in a unified motion. They watched the clock constantly and measured, themselves, how long it took to make particular items of glassware. They always tried to produce more, to prove themselves and what they called "our inventions," the procedures they introduced to speed up production. Disciplining the body, following rules, "keeping the head down," "watching yourself" while watching the clock, and yielding to authority were the practices entailed in "workin' work" at the Drumcoo Glassworks.

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Seamus, a Catholic and a strong supporter of Sinn Féin, believed that Protestants were more likely “to work work” than were Catholics. They succumbed to authority more readily, in his view, and you could see that on their bodies. You could recognize them, he believed, because they stood erect and looked straight ahead when they walked. Many of them dressed more neatly, and they talked less often. “They have no *craic* and no culture,” he often said.

“Workin’ moves” differed. Seamus said that Dolan had fired those workers who “had worked moves” at the Drumcoo Glassworks. In the factory context, to “work moves” meant to subvert rules, to question institutional authority, sometimes for no reason, to attempt to get something for nothing, to be dishonest, or to steal from the company. But, as “workin’ work” did, “workin’ moves” articulated different meanings in different contexts.

“Workin’ moves” also described practices that Seamus felt Catholics, by necessity, had to produce. They had to try to manipulate situations to their advantage in an institutional context that, he believed, excluded or marginalized them. While he castigated workers who stole from his “nationalist” company, he exhibited some appreciation for those workers around the area who “did the double,” who worked at a job and registered for unemployment benefits simultaneously. He thought the generally low-paying jobs open to Catholics required such deception. He classified practices of outwitting authority, like Colm’s engagement with the RUC men at security checkpoints and roadblocks, as “workin’ moves.”

Seamus lived in a border area and loved to regale people with stories about trickery in the border zones around his home. These included stories of smuggling in the 1950s and 1960s, when sugar was illegally brought back and forth across the border, and in the 1980s, when Catholic farmers around his home place herded cattle across the border in the dead of night to make profits on fluctuating exchange rates or varying market conditions.

Such tales also extended to the IRA, who evaded the police and circumvented the British army’s border checkpoints, hiding arms and explosives in truckloads of hay and other vehicles carrying sundry agricultural supplies. “Workin’ moves,” in Seamus’s usage, extended to IRA acts such as the bombing of the RUC station that created laughter among the McDuffy boys, who seemed to be aroused by the IRA’s out-

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witting all that visible state power. Tricking and outwitting "the Brits" was a common narrative form used in Ballyboggin to frame acts of Irish challenge to the British state. The stories of O'Neill's fort, Tom Barry (TB) and his inscription on the square, and Colm's interaction with the police demonstrated this.

These stories became entangled with each other in Ballyboggin, and violent acts, such as the bombing of that highly fortified RUC station, were added to them. Tricking the state and the displacement of it through wit or violence, however temporary, were remembered through stories that were often the source of laughter. Acts of terror, like tales of trickery, turned the world upside down and were utopian moves: many Irish nationalists, particularly Irish republicans, did not perceive such violence as affecting real places. The trickery was focused upon and remembered, while the victims of violence were forgotten.

Seamus classified the maneuvers leading to IRA attacks that entered into and disturbed exclusionary state spaces and the witty relational practices with the security forces, such as Colm Muldoon's, as "workin' moves." These tactics of the marginalized displaced the powers at the center and were sources of laughter. Seamus did not categorize the people who carried out the acts of violence as men and women who "worked moves," however. People like Ronan McShane were people who "worked work." They were "hard men" and had to maintain control at all times.

Republicans like Ronan and Seamus would hardly speak to soldiers and policemen at checkpoints: jokes and sarcasm were out of the question for them. Ronan gave one-word answers to the security forces if he gave any at all when he was stopped at roadblocks. Republicans like Ronan and Seamus would keep silent after answering the basic and often repeated questions about where they were going and from where they were coming. Often, they would not answer at all.

Such everyday practices required self-discipline, control of the body, "workin' work." They required silence in the face of the provocation that may have erupted in these tense encounters. Ronan and Seamus were brought to interrogation centers during the mid-1980s, and they told me they had kept silent as the Special Branch of the RUC vigorously questioned them. This brand of "workin' work" was highly valued in the Irish republican support community.

Seamus McRory was the only person I encountered during field-work who regularly referred to situations as "workin' work" or

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“workin’ moves.” I heard him use these phrases often at the Drumcoo Glassworks and occasionally in other settings. I had no doubt that his interlocutors understood what he meant when he used them. They nodded their assent or added material that corresponded to his message. I understand “workin’ work and workin’ moves” to represent everyday Irish nationalist practices not because of their wide use around Ballybogoin but because they describe a split subjectivity that I find key in making sense of Ballybogoin area Irish nationalists.

In my translation, Seamus’s “workin’ work” describes the modern, the practices that make a modern subject. This term describes activities, not categories of people, but in Seamus’s understanding, Protestants, members of the security forces, English people, and certain elements of the local Catholic middle class, including some members of the Drumcoo Glassworks management, were totally subjected to such practices. Most Catholics, as he described them at various times, were subjected to them, but never totally, although Irish republicans had to subject themselves to the disciplines associated with “workin’ work” more often than most. He used to say, “We have to work work and work moves.”

I translate Seamus’s “workin’ moves” as indexing practices that are modern and nonmodern, ones that are not “traditional” as we commonly understand the term.²¹ These were not resurrections or direct continuations of the past but ones that were marginalized by the ideologies of the modern nation-state and its preferred modes of cultural organization.²² From the perspective developed in this book, people who work moves are neither modern nor traditional, but contemporary (see Lloyd 1997). They differ because they move through different spaces, not because they exist in separate times or perpetuate past historical practices without creatively articulating them to the present. Their spaces and their connection to the dominant ones surrounding them require examination: their modernity is a colonial one, and that difference makes a difference.²³ Catholic people in 1980s Ballybogoin knew they were watched, and they watched themselves. Their consciousness was double (see DuBois 1903, 1–4).

Moving Maps and Finding Directions

These four introductory tours function as moving stories, and they

index the embodiment of history. As these people move through their social spaces, they make the structures that, in turn, make them. Their practices made the ethnicized landscape into the real, making them fields for particular types of action. Each of these four people moved through social space differently, but each of them paid heed to boundaries that could be connected to seventeenth-century events. As these people moved through their home places, they brought the past into the present not only by telling stories but also by their bodily movements and the everyday practice of telling.

Telling has a double sense that relates to the complicated relationship of history and memory, a connection that anthropologist Tim Ingold addresses when he writes of the duality marking the difference between commemoration and memorization (see Ingold 1996, 201-5). History writing and commemoration resemble each other because both represent past events. Historical writings, dramas, the erecting of cenotaphs, and the reciting of oral narratives separate the past from the present. The experience of the past so commemorated cannot be reproduced and made authentic. Too much history has intervened between that past time and the time of writing or commemoration, so people who perform that past history, whether it is a historian writing a past event or a group of marchers reenacting one, have been transformed by the intervening history.

Ingold holds, however, that another form of remembering exists where this distance between then and now is not so clear. This different memory forms practical consciousness.²⁴ It informs social action, but the agents of the action do not remark upon it. Memory here involves repetition and embodiment and constitutes the skill-deploying faculty that people use to make their way through everyday life. Such repetitions, forms of sociocultural practice, not only take place in time and space, they form it (Ingold 1996, 202-3). They make different experiences of time, different temporalities.

Ingold illustrates this point further by discussing the dual meanings of narration or telling. Telling stories entails the telling of past or fictional events for the speaker and the education of the senses for the listener. It has a dual function. More relevant here, telling possesses a dual meaning. It has the sense of narration where the past is placed elsewhere as the object of a story told in the present while it also refers to the perception of an astute observer for whom "past experience pro-

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vides the very foundation, through practice and training, for present skills" (Ingold 1996, 203). Telling, in this second sense, references moving into situations, interpreting them, and responding to them without reflection. Such practices bring space and time together, and Ballybogoin's telling is a practical one in this sense.

Nancy D. Munn has studied space and time relations in the Massim region of Papua New Guinea, and her work sheds light on this process. People on Gawa, the island Munn studied, evaluated acts in terms of their relative capacity to extend or expand what she calls "intersubjective spacetime—a spacetime of self-other relationships formed in and through acts and practices" (Munn 1986, 9). Practices such as food hospitality were valued differently than the exchange of Kula items that Malinowski made famous, because Kula exchange expanded intersubjective space-time to a greater degree. Kula exchanges mapped out who was where in the interisland network, and the exchanges of arm shells and necklaces with stories attached functioned to move the mind with social force. Kula exchanges expanded the actor's time and space to a greater extent than acts that exchanged food, for example. The more highly valued Kula objects created longer memories than food sharing did and mandated traveling over greater spatial distances, a touring that made Kula partners renowned and valued.

Kula exchanges, then, had subjective effects, remembering being an important one, and they influenced future actions. Munn writes, "in certain crucial cases, Gawans emphasize the importance of remembering as the means by which acts occurring at a given time (or spatiotemporal locus) may be projected forward and their capacities retained so that they may yield desired outcomes at a later time" (1986, 9–10). Acts like this displace the present, make it past, and establish the ground for the future. The past enters one's subjectivity and becomes a part of one's self-organization.

This point can be applied to the Ballybogoin area and articulated to the theoretical positions developing in this book. Think of those four tours retold in this chapter. Those spatial stories narrated the articulation of space and time by Kathleen McDuffy, Colm Muldoon, Ian McUmbert, and Ronan McShane. They demonstrated the construction of different, yet patterned, intersubjective space-times.

Each of these persons possessed a different mapping of the Ballybogoin area, but they conducted most of their lives within recognized

boundaries. When they transgressed them they did so differently, but they all brought space and time together as they moved. All four people observed boundaries more multiple than Protestant versus Catholic, native versus settler, colonizer versus colonized. They mapped their social world through their moving bodies. Those moves were acts of memorization, forms of practical consciousness, and they elicited narration. As these four people taught me how to move through their social spaces, they told stories that connected those present-day movements to the recent and long ago pasts. In narrating their stories they objectified the past and distanced themselves from it as they celebrated or regretted past events.

Simultaneously, however, they enacted that past. They utilized the past experience that has been carried on for generations to perceive the invisible boundaries around physical sites and human bodies. This historical consciousness, which Ballybogoin Catholics believed stems from the Elizabethan Conquest, provided the foundation for the skills needed to negotiate Ballybogoin's complex social world. These four people wanted to teach me those faculties as they told me the stories of their home places, but those lessons of the everyday were not pedagogical. They were practical. I learned them by observing and developing patterns of movement, not by being lectured. I, as a stranger, however, could transgress those established patterns and cross boundaries that "the natives" from "both sides of the house" could not.

These mapping movements recognized differences within each "side of the house," but the routine ways these four people traveled through space maintained the political binary, either in articulated narratives like Kathleen McDuffy's or in the moving of their bodies through the ethnicized landscape that they reproduced as it reproduced them. Such movement has historical meaning. It is an iterative product, reproduced over time and in space, and those repetitive acts that make it "are built into the bodily *modus operandi*" (Ingold 1996, 203).²⁵

The competencies deployed in these tours were ones articulated to the colonial past, the imperial geography that divided planter and native. They connected not only to the contact avoidance and ocular strategy incurred by current political violence, that is, competencies concerning the dimension of space, but also to the narration of stories and talking to or remaining silent with others, that is, competencies concerning the dimension of time.

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These tours narrated and constituted intersubjective space-times, ones that did not simply follow Protestant and Catholic divisions but were articulated to the interweaving of colonizing and decolonizing processes that adhere to Frankenberg and Mani's understanding of the postcolonial. People located themselves through colonization/decolonization. Colonizing practices rank order social formations, and, in the Ballybogoin region, the town center and the lowland agricultural spaces were valued by the state and were associated with Protestants in patterns consonant with seventeenth-century mappings. Catholics felt out of place in Protestant and state spaces. The boundaries they observed got materialized in a variety of ways: whether a space is populated by people wearing uniforms or not, whether a house is two stories or one story, whether or not you and your neighbor know each other's first names, whether one's movements through space are "Protestant" or "Catholic," whether you park your car east or west of the town square, whether you talk or do not.

These materializations of everyday life exhibit a memorization of the colonial past for Catholics, and penetrations of exclusionary spaces were often understood as reenactments of past efforts to decolonize. Colm Muldoon carried out decolonizing acts by "workin' moves." He valued outwitting his Protestant neighbors and the police through indirect means, and his practices articulated to those stories told about O'Neill's warriors at the fort. He tried to get the last laugh and upend the hierarchy that put Protestant policemen and UDR soldiers in control of the spaces through which he moved. Ronan McShane confronted the security forces head on and let his position be known through a directness associated with "workin' work." Ronan identified with and valued the fighting men of the past, as the tour of the death spaces of his fallen comrades and the cemetery indicated. He understood himself as living the militant nationalist tradition of decolonizing struggle.

Ian McCumber did not recognize the colonial past in the introductory tour he gave me. The well-preserved industrial sites to which he brought me demonstrated his identity with and positive valuation of the modern, the industrial history of Ballybogoin. For him, the moment of plantation and the ensuing industrialization of the area marked local history's beginning, but his was an identification made in ambivalence. When I asked him what he thought about the category "Wobland," he interpreted it as a sign of betrayal. He responded, "It sounds like they're

getting ready to sell us down the road." He read "Wobland" as a sign that he might be marginalized by unionists east of the Bann, that he might be excluded from an entity he cherished.

Local Irish nationalists whom I queried about "Wobland" had a different response. Several reacted by looking away, pausing, and making statements like this one made by a middle-class man: "It sounds like they think we are an African tribe or something." Catholics read this signifier to represent them as other, a colonized one. Both responses indicated that each group west of the Bann was aware that a dominant geographic discourse divided their respective "sides of the house." East and west of the Bann were markers of difference within each group. The unity of the two sides of the Protestant/Catholic binary could not be assumed.

These tours show that the everyday practices of Catholic, Irish nationalists subdivided the divisions in their ethnicized landscape of Protestant versus Catholic. People constructed those subdivisions as neighborhoods, in Arjun Appadurai's sense, as places, ones staked out in physical space, that "imply a relational consciousness of other neighborhoods, but they act at the same time as autonomous neighborhoods of interpretation, value, and material practice" (1996, 186). Such neighborhoods proliferate in the Ballyboggin area. For example, Colm Muldoon separated his townland and those neighborhoods that joined together to establish his Gaelic Athletic Association football club not only from the Protestant neighborhoods next to his but also from those of Catholic Ballyboggin, where he conducted a good part of his work and recreational life. He highly valued those practices that made his home place appear markedly different, especially the *craic*, the wit in conversation that brought people together in his locale. The stories he told and the conversations in which he participated made his home place. They distinguished him, and he identified those forms of cultural practice, as most Catholics in the area did, as those that his "side of the house" possessed.

These valued practices differed from those ocular strategies involved in telling, the reading of bodies and the scopic regime that organized bodies and political spaces in Northern Ireland, ones that the state arranged with most social force. If those strategies privileged the eye and contributed to the form of remembering and forgetting that marked "the historiography of excuse," then the practices of building appar-

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ently autonomous neighborhoods for Catholics valued the mouth. They valued talk and storytelling, drinking in pubs, and singing, the means of exchange in these Irish nationalist locales that created shared memories and the notion of a shared space.

Talk indexed a different embodiment than that of the ocular strategy. Oral practice countered the positioning of others through telling that so pervaded the spaces of everyday life. The stories and verbal games that made these troubled spaces into places articulated differences, linked them together, as they enacted desire (as they related one person to another). Such practices are highly valued among Catholics, not only because they constructed "community" but also because they expanded spatiotemporal relations in the context of their having to endure both an ethnicized landscape where silence reigned and a nation-state that attempted to saturate their everyday lives and reduce their spaces to relate. In these home places, these subdivisions of acute division, talk enabled members to locate themselves, to render their spaces meaningful and make them into their own places.

These efforts show that place-making practices are not natural but are contingent. Social and political processes effect them, and in this case they are colonial. As the preceding stories about space and place show, such processes may be profoundly connected not only to space but also to time and the organization and movement of bodies. Colm Muldoon did not want to visit the old, colonized Roman Catholic church because he did not want to be perceived as being out of place, even though he was close to home. Ronan McShane wanted to differentiate himself from such Catholic acts. He said SDLP supporters were like him and his colleagues, "except we won't lie down no more." Ronan wanted to make his incursions into exclusionary spaces public and direct.

Both men's practices articulated to the colonial past, and that past was not only background: it entered social action. Its meanings were present in telling and in the practical consciousness that guided their bodies through space. These practices indexed the fact that colonialism remains a social force in Northern Ireland. Its discourses are taken up in representations of the contemporary social world, and people emplot social actions through the narratives associated with them. Past meanings remain, although they, of course, are articulated to the social and political world differently than they were. The people who deploy them

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are contemporary, not traditional, but they often use "tradition" to blind themselves to the complex cultural and political differences and similarities that surround them, ones that the binary of the colonizer and the colonized, lived through the telling associated with memorization and the foundation for the practical skill of moving through social space, makes them, too often, forget. Their modernity, although colonial, is mixed.