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Red beg smoo na mee er-dy-henney raink mee dys Aberystwyth ayns mean y Thalloo Vretnagh dy chur toshiaght er keim mainshtyr ronsee. She caghlaa mooar t'ayn voish Nalbin as seihll y Ghaelg Albinagh raad va mee rish kiare bleeaney. Ga nagh vel agh 30% jeh pobble y valley loayrt y Vretnish (shegin cooinaghtyn dy vel thousaneyn dy ynseydee voish er feiy ny cruinney ayn), ta'n ghlare bio as ee ry-chlashtyn dy mennick er ny straidyn as ta'n chooid smoo jeh'n sleih jeh dagh sheeloghe ta ny fraueyn oc ayns yn ard shoh loayrt ee. Ayns shamyr-fieau yn lheelann s'coan chluinnys oo veg agh Bretnish, as she ee glare obbree yn offish neesht; ta ny shenn vraane ta shappal ayns Lidl loayrt ee; ta daa hie-lhionney as ec y chooid sloo kiare kialteenyn ayn raad she yn ghlare ghoovie yn ghlare chadjin; as ta dy chooilley pheigh ta gobbragh ayns Lioarlann Ashoonagh yn Thalloo Vretnagh loayrt Bretnish.

Agh she ny hynseydee smoo ta mee soiaghey jeu. Ayns yn ollooscoill shoh foddee oo jannoo Bretnish hene, as ram cooishyn elley, lheid as leigh, shennaghys, politickaght eddyr-ashoonagh, çheer-oaylleeaght, as scoillarys fillym as çhellveeish, dy bollagh trooid y ghlare Vretnagh. Ta'n chooid smoo jeh ny hynseydee ta loayrt Bretnish voish y chlean cummal ry-cheilley ayns yn un thie-aaght, Pantycelyn. Ta'n boayl red beg gollrish Eton y Thalloo Vretnagh (ga nagh vel eh cha *posh* edyr...), son dy vel wheesh jeh leideilee yn theihll Vretnagh çheet ass; as va caggey mooar ayn nurree tra phrow yn ollooscoill dy yeigh yn boayl. Caggey ren ny hynseydee Vretnish cosney. T'ad ooilley lane dy vree as dy yeeanid dy chummal seose y ghlare as y cultoor oc *er gwaethaf pawb a phopeth* (noi dy chooilley pheigh as dy chooilley nhee) as s'cumme y lhiu cre ta sleih elley coontey jeu.

Ta shen ny chaghlaa mooar rish stayd y Ghaelg ayns Nalbin, raad ta *taboo* bunnys mastey'n sleih aegey dy loayrt y ghlare ghoovie nyn vud oc hene; cha jean ad loayrt ee agh rish shenn sleih. Ayns ny hayrnyn shen s'treih lhiam gra dy vel mee fakin dy feer vaghtal yn un sorçh dy agh-smooinaghtyn va ry gheddyn ayns Mannin shiaght feed ny hoght feed dy vleeantyn er-dy-henney. My ta'n Ghaelg Albinagh goll dy hannaghtyn bio ayns ny hardjyn dooghyssagh eck, shegin da'n sleih aegey shen doostey as geiyrt er sampleyr ny Bretnee, as cur er bun gleashaghtyn, sheshaghtyn, ve arryltagh dy varçhal as dy gheulaghey ad-hene rish buildalyn er graih yn ghlare oc: my vees ad cooyrtoil as faitagh as biallagh myr va shinyn, yiw yn chloan as ny hoeghyn oc foill daue son coayl yn eiraght chair oc.

Just over a month ago I arrived in Aberystwyth in mid Wales to start a research masters degree. It has been a big change from Scotland and the Gaelic world where I have been for four years. Though only 30% of the people of the town speak Welsh (bear in mind that there are thousands of students from around the world), the language is a living one which you will hear every day on the streets, and most people with local roots, of all generations, speak it. In the waiting room of the GP surgery you will scarcely hear anything but Welsh, and it is the language of the office too; the old ladies shopping in Lidl speak it; there are two pubs and at least four churches where the native tongue is the main language used; and all employees in the National Library of Wales are Welsh-speaking.

But it is the students who make the biggest impression. In this university you can study Welsh itself, and many other subjects, such as law, history, international politics, geography, and film and television studies, through the medium of Welsh. Most of the first-language Welsh speakers live together in one halls of residence, Pantycelyn, which is a bit

like a Welsh Eton (less posh of course), for many of the leading lights of Welsh public life come out of it. Last year there was a big campaign when the university tried to close the halls: a battle which the Welsh-speaking students won. They are all fervently committed to supporting their language and culture *er gwaethaf pawb a phopeth* (despite everything and everyone) and they don't care what people think of them.

That is very different from the situation of Gaelic in Scotland, where there is almost a taboo among the younger generation against speaking their native language amongst themselves; they only speak it to older people. In the Gaelic regions I am afraid to say that I see clearly the same sort of attitudes and complexes that existed in the Isle of Man 150 years ago. If Scottish Gaelic is going to survive at all in its heartlands, the young people must awaken and follow the example of the Welsh, and set up movements, societies and campaigns; be ready to march and to chain themselves to buildings for the sake of their language: if they are polite and shy and submissive as we were, their children and grandchildren will blame them for the loss of their rightful inheritance.