

# The Stewanee Review

ADRIFT ON THE MIRACULOUS  
STREAM OF IRISH LETTERS

*Fiction by* SEAN PADRAIC MCCARTHY AND WILLIAM TREVOR

*Poetry by* PADDY BUSHE, MAURICE HARMON,  
KNUTE SKINNER, FLOYD SKLOOT, AND DANIEL TOBIN

*Criticism by* JAMES SLOAN ALLEN, ALAN CHEUSE,  
HENRY HART, AND BEN HOWARD

*Reminiscences by* SHEILA O'MALLEY AND AUSTIN WARREN

"BETWEEN TWO LANGUAGES": *essays by* MARK HARMAN AND  
LAURA O'CONNOR; *translations by* DENIS CORISH

*Chronicles by* ED MINUS (THEATER) AND MARY ZWIEP (POETRY)

*Reviews by* BRUCE ALLEN, PAULA DEITZ,  
ALICE HUGHES KERSNOWSKI, JOHN REES MOORE,  
AND OTHERS

Summer 2006

VOLUME CXIV, NUMBER 3

EACH COPY \$8

A spirit of imaginative daring now prevails in Irish writing, tempered by artistic tact and conservative literary form. With only a little exaggeration it might be said that contemporary Irish writers have been standing on the table and slapping their teachers (and priests and politicians) for the past two decades.

—Ben Howard, “Audacious Ireland”



O Jersey boy! Or should I say, Oi! You there, standing before the gates of the 1960s, trembling book in trembling hand! What a connection to make! To feel more kinship with a fallen turn of the century Dublin Catholic aesthete than with one’s own family and friends!

—Alan Cheuse, “Rereading *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*”



We wrap things up by listing the kingdoms of Ireland. “Connacht, Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Meath,” we proudly declaim, like little Celtic fighters, holding onto the past with fists. The words, to me as a child, are chestnuts. Hard, prickly, angry, begging to be cracked.

—Sheila O’Malley, “Two Birds”



As Heaney circled back on his personal history on the farm and the history of Ireland and other nations, he also circled back on himself. He obsessively scoured his conscience, admitted that there was no such thing as an “innocent bystander” when family members and neighbors were being killed for their religious affiliations, and punished himself in confessional poems that tried to make amends for his sins of omission.

—Henry Hart, “Seamus Heaney: Circling Back”



“Are we at one?” she heard James ask, and she apologized for being abstracted. He loved to use that old expression. He loved to be reassured, was reassured now. How profoundly he would hate what she had protected him from, how chilling and loathsome it would seem to him, how disappointing. “You’re looking lovely,” he said, and she heard but pretended not to so that he’d say it again.

—William Trevor, “At Olivehill”

VOLUME CXIV, No. 3

*The Swanne Review*

SUMMER 2006