

Peann agus Pár — New Galway writing

Welcome to the Galway Review literary page. In collaboration with the Galway Advertiser the Galway Review will be publishing a literary page as a feature in the Advertiser each week from now on. An open invitation is being given to writers in Irish and English to submit their works for consideration and publication. Writers worldwide are invited to send their submissions to thegalwayreview@gmail.com and selected pieces from The Galway Review will be published on the literary page of the Galway Advertiser.

It is the goal of this joint venture to encourage writing amongst young and old and to have a panel of editors who will determine what will be published on the literary page. At a recent meeting in Taibhdhearc na Gaillimhe the General Administrator of The Galway Review, Uinseann Mac Thómais and Managing Editor, Ndrek Gjini outlined their plans for the Galway Review to a select attendance of Galway writers present. While the emphasis will be on writers with a connection to Galway, or from Galway itself, it will not be exclusively so affording extra variety of content. We look forward to a lively and entertaining literary page with the help and support of contributors and the team at the Galway Advertiser.

Students' Corner

The Galway Education Centre in association with the Galway Review and The Galway Advertiser has recently circulated an invitation to all of Galway's post-primary schools to encourage their students, especially their transition year students, to get writing in Irish and English. The goal of the project is the early development of the creative skills of the students concerned. Media, whether writing a script for Youtube or preparing a powerpoint presentation or a romantic poem requires the discipline of writing - the written word. Smart phones, tablets, and laptops may ease the process of writing for many but the humble pencil and biro has its role too. Get writing is the message... who knows we may have a new Seamus Heaney or Caitlín Maude in our midst! The literary page of the Galway Advertiser will be dedicated each third week of the month to the writing talent of Galway's post primary schools. Subscribers from schools may send their writings to thegalwayreview@gmail.com with a view to having it published in the Galway Advertiser.

Men and beauty

BY PROF ADRIAN FRAZIER

Pat Sheeran was a writer, filmmaker, and teacher at the National University of Ireland, Galway. In September 2001 he died of a heart attack. Four years earlier, not long after I arrived in Galway on a research fellowship, I found out what his other friends already knew. He had a wild genius for sincerity. (Indeed, as Kevin Barry remarked after his passing, Pat was so "boyishly sincere" he was sometimes baffled by university bureaucracy and its forms of politesse; "he had no other way than sincerity; he flew in under your radar.")

The evening began in this way: Pat Sheeran caught me by the arm in the crowds on Shop Street in Galway, and pulled me into a pub. The drinks were not yet drawn when he said that he was shattered; his mother had died. He had come into money and wanted to spend it as fast as possible. We should go eat the most expensive meal it was possible to eat in Galway, and drink until everything that had recently passed had been forgotten. Was I game?

I was game. As the waiter landed in front of us two saucers with a dozen oysters each, he told me about the film, "The Fifth Province." It was set in a place both within and supplementary to the Four Provinces of Ireland, a place in which the impossible always happens. Pat Sheeran explained that through transcendental meditation he had learned to travel to this other province, striding out of his body while his body slept. There was such a gleam in his eye as Yeats possibly had when he spoke of talking with the dead.

—So where do you go when you have these out-of-the-body experiences—rooms where ladies are lonely? But

then you would wish you'd brought your body with you, wouldn't you?

For rambunctious combinations of the laddish and the elfin, Pat Sheeran had both a taste and a talent. He was good at getting out of bounds quickly and gaily, and for coming to grips with what could bring two people together in talk of what most mattered. As good a gossip as a very smart woman, Pat Sheeran soon established that we were both married, both parents of children in their twenties, both in love with the woman of our (different) dreams, both unhappy with the current orthodoxies of our profession, even with those elements that we ourselves in the past had helped to make orthodox, both trying to find a new way of writing that enabled us to allow ideas to arise out of and return to the both the dalliness and depths of our personal lives.

In his 1992 opening address to the Yeats Summer School, Pat Sheeran had made much of the importance of colonization to the understanding of Irish literature. Now he said he was tired of the "post-colonial racket." He had a theory (he always had "a theory") that British imperialism had enriched his life as an Irish person. He would not have things different from what they'd been. He had been left with both the English and the Irish languages. He had a great hook-up with America because of the Irish diaspora, he could take advantage of whatever was on offer in Britain just like a British person, and still he was a citizen of this little republic on the receiving end of EU transfer payments, a nation too small to do much harm to others. The bellyaching of middle-class academics—as if they were personally oppressed—annoyed him, as would any kind of bellyaching. The default setting for his mindset was joyousness.

.....continued on www.thegalwayreview.com

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Two Poems by Slovenian writer Dusan Sarotar

WATERCOLOUR

Now that everything has settled down, as among brothers, and the last birds had flown away far into the heart of the country, it all appeared all the more unreal. Poppies blossomed in unmowed acacia groves, the stone glowed in the early summer sun, the bees grazed elder blossoms and the water of the forgotten brook flowed persistently into the unknown. Everything was as it had always been, and yet, in that tiny grey cloud floating in the stillness of the afternoon, there was something about it that could be grasped by the attentive eye. All that seeming loftiness, false absence sketched into this beautiful landscape, bore witness of pain, of the loneliness of man who created these perfect colours.

WHIRLPOOLS

There is no echo here, and nothing comes back. Here everything slowly drifts towards the horizon. Only now and then would someone let it slip that he had seen the river stopping, slowing down its eternal current and for a moment, as if lost in thoughts, turning against the current. They say that's where whirlpools form. All that is above, the shimmer of light, the shadows of clouds, is pulled down towards the dark and cold ground. And all that the river has carried and hidden in itself for a long time suddenly floats to the surface. Those who have witnessed such beauty know they have to keep quiet about it.

Dusan Sarotar was born in Murska Sobota, Slovenia in 1968. He is a writer, poet and screenwriter. He studied Sociology of Culture and Philosophy at the University of Ljubljana. He has published three novels (*Island of the Dead*, 1999, *Billiards at the Hotel Dobray*, 2007, *Stay with me*, 2011), three collections of short stories (*Blind Spot*, 2002, *Bed and Breakfast*, 2003 and *Nostalgia*, 2010) and three poetry collections (*Feel for the Wind*, 2004, *Landscape in Minor*, 2006 and *The House of My Son*, 2009).

Dusan is in Galway as Writer in Residence as part of the Cúirt International Literary Festival 2013.

CLEAGHTADH DOMHNAIGH

Domhantaí beannaithe
ceathrú chéid ó shin;
ardú chroí orainn
agus daoine ag teacht

ina sruthanna suaimhneacha
ó gach ceathrú den bParóiste
chun bailiú isteach sa tsáipéal;
na slite tréigthe ina ndiaidh.

Sea, is sinne beannaithe chomh maith
ar bhóithre ciúine na nDomhantaí;
agus Lasse dhá bhliain déag d'aois
ag foghlaim tiomána.

Louis Mulcahy

AMENDMENT

One by one, fireplaces
drift into hibernation.
Merchants re-open market stalls,
tulips gently hatch
as unclenched fists.
The days stretch their arms
and head off to work, whistling.
Winter is now only a trickle
in a mountain stream, dashing
headlong into lakes
where it will plot again
its rise.

Beavers begin the workings of dams
and snow cowers in the shade
as a new sun strides to the sky,
pulling Spring
on a washing line behind it.

Luke Morgan

HYMN

We're wild and we're wicked, we're wanton and wilful,
As we spin through the city proclaiming our madness,
We will not be quiet, we've discovered our wildness
And our leapings and lurchings and lustings
unending.

We'll lustily slash as we wander and wonder:
We will not be controlled in our roving and raging,
Our passion, compassion, fanatic obsession,
Eyes open reviling our being unyielding.

We're wild and we're wicked, we're wanton and wilful,
As we spin through the city acclaiming our madness.
We will not be quiet, we've discovered our wildness,
Our lurchings and lustings, our hurlings and
whirlings.

Margaretta D'Arcy

BALANCE

As I stand upright at this moment, the tiny convulsions
between heel and calf providing the level
for my knees to lock,
a parakeet is held on an elm's forearm,
a zebra stills herself over a bank to drink,
a flamingo strides across a tight-rope of water.
Have you heard of the myth
that an elephant can roll on a beach ball, feet tucked-

in,
for a child who must stand against the wooden fence
to see? A cricket hangs onto grass long enough to feed.
A lion on a cliff-edge crouches deep,
the zebra's muscle ticks. The great world
spins, like a beach ball.

Luke Morgan

