

# Interview with Beth Lordan

Mary Stepp



Beth Lordan's newest work *But Come Ye Back* (William Morrow) is a novel of interconnected stories that explores love and marriage over three decades. She is also the author of the novel *August Heat* and the short-story collection *And Both Shall Row*. Her short fiction has appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Best American Short Stories 2002*, and *Gettysburg Review*, and on NPR's Selected Shorts. She is the recipient of a creative writing fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, as well as an O. Henry Award for

her short fiction. Lordan directs the creative writing program at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale.

The first time I saw Beth Lordan was when I arrived at SIUC in August 2000 to begin work toward an M.F.A. in fiction. She stood with other professors on the outdoor balcony of Faner Hall, which houses the English Department. She wore a long-flowing light blue dress, and it's not that she looked out of time, but someone of her own time. During my final year, she served as my thesis director, and each time I visited her office—with its large window and comfortable chair and photographs of writers like Eudora Welty and William Faulkner—we talked about characters and stories, and often I left with the feeling that I had *learned* something, not only about the craft and form of fiction, but also about people and the way lives are lived.

And now, when I reflect on the great teachers I've had, and there have

been quite a few, I think first not of a classroom but of those conversations in the spring of 2003 with Beth Lordan. And so the seed for this interview was planted before I left Carbondale, Illinois, before *But Come Ye Back* was published, as a way for me, in my post-M.F.A. life, to continue to learn from a wise teacher, kind friend, and extraordinary writer.



*I've read that you were thirty-seven when you decided to follow your dream of becoming a writer. Why then?*

Well, I was thirty-seven when I started the M.F.A. program at Cornell, but I'm not sure that's when I decided to become a writer—and I'm not sure it ever was quite a dream. It was where I'd ended up: writing fiction seemed to be the thing I could do pretty well and enjoy quite a lot. (I still have trouble saying, "I'm a writer," when asked what I do.) But why wait so long? The practicalities, I suppose I could say: I flunked out of college my first time around, married young and had children young and didn't have much money, so I worked as a secretary and worried about daycare a lot. I earned my undergraduate degree part-time while working full-time, and I wasn't in a financial situation to attend school full-time until I was thirty-seven, so that was part of it.

I think, though, that fiction, unlike some other arts, requires (or at least rewards) perspective, a distance on experience, an awareness of the immense varieties and com-

plexities of experience. Most first novels are highly autobiographical, not so much because young writers are narcissistic but because they simply haven't yet had time to consider anybody's life but their own. I'm not sure how broad my vision was at thirty-seven—or how broad it is now!—but I know it was an improvement over my vision at, say, twenty-three, which is the age many people begin believing they're fiction writers. I didn't even begin trying, with any seriousness, to write fiction until I was twenty-nine or so, and even then the idea of "being a writer" seemed way too romantic and impractical to devote real resources to. In truth, if I hadn't published while I was in graduate school, I don't know that I'd have kept going—approval is important, validation really matters, and by then I had three children and a mortgage, and it's often difficult to sustain the dream all by yourself that making up stories about things that didn't happen to people who don't exist is a sensible thing to do. You know, in *A Room of One's Own* Virginia Woolf says while it's all well and good to say writers

shouldn't care what people think, we wouldn't *be* writers if that weren't exactly what we cared about.

*In the beginning and end of But Come Ye Back, your most recent novel, characters are often about the business of "getting sorted"—of organizing their lives. And yet the book itself has many symmetries; that is, the novel is embedded with character foils and parallels. To this novel, how important is the theme of revival, of reorganizing to begin again?*

Isn't that a lovely idiom—"getting sorted"? It seems to imply that if you could just understand the system—this goes here, that goes there—bigger things would literally fall into place, and make sense. And in a novel-in-

stories, which is still an unusual form, making sure the connections hold seems to require highlighting what stays the same or repeats in an identifiable

way. To this novel as a whole, exactly "reorganizing to begin again" is the heart of the matter—it's part of what I want the title to do: But (meaning both "except" and "only" or "just") come (i.e., I'm here and you're not) ye (the plural, but unspecified) back (where ye were before and left but where I/we still

stay). If we can return to some solid beginning place, we can go forth from it again, and return to it again for renewal. And if we're really living our lives, taking chances and making changes, we'll need that solid place, whether it's a country/culture/family, or old stories, or love itself—a homeland in which we know who we are and what goes where.

*The complexity of male/female relationships is an important element in this work. Can you discuss why you chose to focus much of the novel on the relationship between a husband and wife?*

One reason, from the very start, was that I had realized that in my last

book, *And Both Shall Row*,

although all the stories are about love in some way, nowhere in the whole book does a married couple in which both parties are alive

appear in the same story. I had written marriages in my first novel, *August Heat*, but never in a short story. That seemed to me a rather remarkable omission.

That all came into the focus it has in the book when I spent time in Ireland, and decided to try to write about the experience of being

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foreign, in the context of the odd relationship between Ireland and America as I experienced. Here were these people who looked like my people, dressed mostly like my people, ate somewhat like my people, spoke the same language, shared much of the same history, had the same surnames . . . and yet they were, certainly and inescapably, foreign to me. This seemed to me to be not unlike what happens between people who are married—they are more alike than different, but somehow the likenesses seem to increase the sense of difference. So it seemed to me that marriage, as a metaphor for all the kinds of love between peers, and especially as a metaphor for the relationship between Ireland and America (since the Irish and Americans seem to have agreed to their uneasy and constantly changing but enduring union), seemed right. I hope that it's a good metaphor, which would mean that it would work the other way, too—that the relationship between the two countries is a metaphor for marriage, as well.

(Oddly, I'm not sure that I was as foreign to the Irish people I met as they were to me, and I'm not sure that this can be laid at the feet of the profound presence of American popular culture around the world. I have the suspicion that the Irish understand Americans, maybe because, as I think is the case with

women and men, they've paid attention to us, figured us out, much the way women generally pay attention to men and try to figure them out. I often felt the Irish attitude toward America was that of an indulgent older sister, affectionate, amused, irritated, but seldom intrigued.)

The third reason probably preceded and created that more central one. When I started "The Man With the Lap Dog," which was the first of these stories I wrote, I thought that Lyle's wife was going to be so minor a character that I wouldn't even have to give her a name. And then she up and took over the heart of the story. That seems to me part of how mature marriage works: we think our spouses are just there, part of the landscape, and then when things have to happen, we discover their importance. Maybe our heritage is like that, too: we think we're Americans, and then discover that something about the way we deal with life is actually quite directly traceable to our Irishness or Italianness or Frenchness.

*Could you also discuss the strong focus on the ordinary domestic details of living?*

As to the domestic details: Well, I believe that life is lived at home, and that what happens outside of home is deeply connected to what

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happens in the kitchen, sitting room, bedroom, within the family. Not that a president starts a war because he wants his dad to be proud of him, exactly, but that we're most vulnerably human around the house and out in the yard, and therefore the mysteries of our humanness seem clearest at home, and mostly clearly expressed in the small gestures that occur within the home. James Agee, in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, wrote about having a midnight supper he didn't particularly want in the home of and at the insistence of the Gudgers—"eating from unsorted plates with tin-tasting implements the heavy, plain, traditional food," and realizing that "the forms of these plainest and most casual actions are the hardest I can conceive of to set down straight as they happen; and each is somewhat more beautiful and more valuable, I feel, than, say, the sonnet form" (417). I agree with him, as to both the difficulty and the value, though I don't know that we need be mean to the sonnet form.

*Please talk about the narrative voice of "Digging," a story that sweeps across generations.*

While I realize that "Digging" concerns history, and while I certainly wanted to position Lyle and Mary within the emigrant reality of Ireland, I was far more interested in

the hiddenness of stories in writing "Digging" than in excavating historical facts. Lyle, as Mary says, doesn't make much of his Irish heritage. The history that matters—like the individual stories, told or untold, that have formed them—is the stuff that isn't talked about. One of the things that made me most aware of my foreignness in Ireland was the sense that the Irish had a shared history, and that I didn't know that history; I imagine Americans have the same thing, but I think not to the same extent, or at least not as self-consciously, as the Irish. This makes sense, of course, considering what Irish history has been—a long series of invasions and attempts to obliterate or change or, even, define what Ireland and Irishness are.

The two seminal bits in "Digging"—Seamus's discovery of the gold and Mary Alice's kissing of the priest—are, of course, highly unlikely, highly atypical. And yet their reactions (his sense that the treasure is something ancient and splendid about him but not belonging to him, her sense that her sweet moment in the kitchen with a forbidden man is a call to or from something ancient) seem to me fundamental—I'm not sure to what. To being male or female? To being an Irish man or an Irish woman? To being a person who can go and come back. I think that's it: there's a

sense of culture, of home and all that means, and also a sense of individual responsibility and possibility within that culture. And that pairing, of community and self, is what gets passed down, even though the stories aren't told, to Lyle and to Mary.

The narrative voice? I wish I could catch it again. It was one of the rare writing experiences where I felt I was writing absolutely free, writing with my whole arm, able to move anywhere, unable to make a false move—in the zone, as my students say. I'm grateful to Alice McDermott for writing "Enough," a story that does even more impossible things in even longer sentences in an even shorter story. After I read that, I knew what to do with Seamus, and knew that Mary Alice had to show up, and then I just tried to ride it all the way.

*In "The Hard Stand," the last story in But Come Ye Back, Lyle is alone. Unlike the stories leading up to it, all of which are in third person, this final story is in second-person POV. What influenced that decision?*

I'd like to claim that I began it in second-person voice (I'm not sure

second person is really a point of view) with a purpose in mind, but I think, actually, that I started it that way because that semester I required my advanced fiction writers to do a story in second person, and I kind of wanted to try it out myself—I'd never done it before, and the students came up with some very fetching stories.

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Once it started, however, I had to figure out what I wanted it to do to the story I wanted to tell, and to the book as a whole. I'd already used a variety of approaches: limited third in Mary's POV, in Lyle's, and in Mark's, separated omniscience (in "Evening"), integrated omniscience (in "Digging"), shifting third with omniscience (in "But Come Ye Back")—and it would have made a kind of sense to use first person, just to prove I could do anything. The limitations of first person, though, are several: first-person narration is inherently unreliable, and although I wanted a kind of openness at the end, a sense of possibility, it didn't make sense to me to create that by having Lyle be the narrator; first person, I think, is appropriate when the character has a story he or she wants to tell, and often first-person narrators are, one

way or another, trying to justify something, and that didn't seem to me, quite, Lyle's situation; and first person implies an audience—which is exactly what Lyle no longer has. Besides, though I felt I had Lyle's sensibility well in hand, and could hear his voice in dialogue, I couldn't imagine how he'd narrate a story. And besides, it *sounded* right in second.

Largely, I think, I didn't want to leave the poor man all by himself, and I wanted him to understand where he was. I know it's completely illegal, but really the narrator of that last story is me, the writer, speaking to the character, whether he can hear me or not. I had thought I could start it with "There you are," addressed to Lyle, and end it with "Here you are," addressed both to

Lyle and to the reader—because that "you," of course, does seem always to be addressed to the reader, and can be singular or plural in American English (though the plural would be "ye" in Irish English)—to say that this foreign "there" has become a familiar "here," and that the situation of having to move on without Mary, with only her ghost and her memo-

ry, is the situation that the reader now shares with Lyle. But that ended up seeming awfully neat, a bit cute, so I didn't keep it—though I do keep the hope that, at the end of the day, readers are cajoled into feeling their connection with Lyle.

*You have talked about "canonical cousins." Please describe what you mean by that term and address how it has influenced your work.*

I'm tempted here to give a rant about postmodernism, but I won't. The fact is, any serious reader creates a canon—sainted stories, stories we press on all our friends and

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students, stories we believe are somehow essential, stories or scenes we simply and helplessly love. Most of us who teach also have a group of stories that trouble or confuse us, stories that we

know are admirable but that we don't respond to, or think we don't respond appropriately to. For me, Chekhov's stories fall into this last category: every fine writer and reader I know admires Chekhov, and I always feel, reading him, like I'm missing the point. Kent Haruf, who was my colleague here for a long time, always made students read "The Lady With the Lap

Dog”—he said he couldn’t imagine being a fiction writer without it. And that story has always troubled me: I can’t figure out why Chekhov wants to give this clearly superficial pair of people true love, and I can’t figure out what he means by giving them true love and totally ignoring the people they’re married to, as if those people didn’t exist with a desire for true love themselves, as if marriage were simply an imposed social contract. So when I found I was writing a story about a man with a small dog walking on the prom in a resort town in Europe, Chekhov’s story came to mind, and I thought I’d try to “correct” it—write a story about true love within a marriage, and steal Chekhov’s fine lines about complications still to come.

Having done that, I thought it would be a fine thing to include in the “ye” of “but come ye back” writers coming back to the great works of literature—which we all do all the time, wrestling with the issues those works raise, as well as wrestling with the anxiety of influence. So I thought I’d have each story engage with some literary work from my own canon, both to enact that wrestling and to bow deeply in acknowledgment to the stories, novels, and poems that have touched and moved me as a reader and writer. For a while I tried to impose the cousins: Okay, I admire

*The Member of the Wedding*, I’ll write a story that pays homage to that; or here I’ve got a story where an important event occurs during the interval of a play, so I’ll import something from *Madame Bovary*—but that really didn’t work. Instead, I just kept an ear out as I wrote each story to hear what canonical work wanted to be recognized, or wanted to be in on the conversation. What developed is fascinating to me: the canonical cousins of the first three stories are not Irish (even though I began by wanting to write “like” McGahern), then the next three are Irish, then in the novella most everybody I’ve ever admired on either side of the Atlantic checks in at least for a moment, and the cousin of the last story is, again, Irish. It’s as if while Mary and Lyle are getting settled in Galway, other influences come to bear, but once “Digging” begins, their context becomes firmly Ireland, until Mary dies and everything becomes chaotic, but then settles down, again, in Ireland. I didn’t orchestrate that, and I’m pleased by it.

*What do you see as general weaknesses in student work?*

As I said earlier, the most general weakness is simply youth, and they’ll outgrow that. A more serious one is that so many of them have—for their whole lives, really—gotten their stories from television and



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movies, rather than from the page. This leads them to ignore both their own lived experience—because it's not very “dramatic,” and movies and television shows are forms of drama—and the purpose and power of language. So they want to write a *Friends* episode, even though they've never known any real upscale urban apartment-dwellers except as presented on television, and they want to do it in first person because that's how they'd tell somebody about the episode; because they've read so little, they aren't aware that first-person narrators aren't *just* telling a story, or that metaphors and similes aren't *just* independent clever comparisons, or that there really isn't anything at stake in the dialogue-heavy scene they come up with.

I'd say that's a more specific weakness—many students depend completely on, voice in both first-person narration and dialogue. They tend to write better dialogue than narration, especially if they dare (or are required by some mean teacher like me) try third-person narration where they don't know how or why to describe setting or action, or even objects, or that summary has use. They depend on space breaks as transitions, present tense to create “immediacy,” first person to create “intimacy,” without having enough experience as readers to know that present tense makes foreshadowing

impossible, first-person narrators are less likely to be honestly intimate than third, and some stories are *about* transition.

And to the extent that they *have* read for pleasure, most of them have read fantasy, romance, science fiction, horror. The same problem arises from this as arises from television and movies—instead of writing about how it actually feels to be an outsider in their own experience of it, they want to write about being a werewolf, and they get lost as writers in the experience of werewolfdom, which they only know second hand. The young writer doesn't understand, yet, that the reason he's fascinated with werewolfdom is that it's a metaphor for the experience of feeling like a freak, which is an experience this writer could write about; he doesn't realize that werewolfdom is a metaphor somebody else developed, and somebody else made generic long before it got to whatever book this young writer read. The same goes for auburn-haired girls with emerald eyes disappointed in love, and runaway technologies, and haunted houses: by the time they show up in genre fiction in easy-to-read form, they've outlived their metaphoric freshness.

To be fair, student writers who *have* read good fiction borrow heavily from it as well—I just believe that there's a great deal more that's

valuable to learn about writing fiction from that kind of borrowing.

And, oh, wouldn't it be lovely if more of them would spell and punctuate and proofread!

*I remember that in your office there is a framed quote by Eudora Welty. It goes something like "Listen to your story. Your story will help you." Could you explain your interpretation of this quote and why you think it's worthy advice for writers?*

"Read your story: your story will help you." Yes. Welty says elsewhere something about getting a story to the point where it helps you as you help it, and the little quote is just a version of that. We all have the experience of writing a story that goes along quite well until it doesn't—and that's when we need help. Eventually, when you no longer have a teacher or a workshop handy to provide that help, you have to do it yourself, and that's when your story can help you. In order to get that help, you have to learn to read as a writer, which is hard to explain, but I can give you an example. "Digging" originally began with this sentence:

So one day a farmer—Seamus Sullivan he was, and this was in County Mayo, not far from Knock, where, when Seamus was eighteen, the Virgin had appeared—says to the wife, I'm up the field then, and he goes off in his green boots in the early afternoon with

the dog at his heel and a spade in his hand.

Reading as a writer, what I see, roughly in order of appearance:

"So" a formulaic storytelling marker, so the story I'm writing better be about storytelling.

*Dashed parenthetical* ("—Seamus . . . appeared—"): a complete sentence inserted into a complete sentence; the dashes open the sentence up to reveal the other sentence, so the story I'm writing better be about revelation.

*A particular day interrupted by geography* (County Mayo, Knock) and history: so my story better be about the continuing effects of place and time.

*Inversion* ("Seamus Sullivan he was"): to the extent that this is an accurate "Irishism," my story better be about language difference.

*A miracle* ("the Virgin had appeared"): so the story better be about miracles.

*A Catholic miracle*: so the story better care about religion.

*A funny juxtaposition* (Knock and Virgin): so some humor about mismatches and coincidences better be forthcoming, and important.

*Absence of quotation marks*: so the story better consider the relationship between narrative and dialogue, between what's said aloud and what's behind it.

So when I'd finished the scene

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that this sentence starts, and didn't know what to do with it, I went back to the opening and read it: I hadn't noticed any of these things in the writing, but once I registered them, it was clear that the story had to be about hidden stories being excavated, about miraculous appearances and comic juxtapositions, and about the relationship between stories and their telling, or about stories from the past and from far away continuing to exert influence whether they were told aloud or not. So I figured I had to hurry along through time so this particular story could be buried and dug up. But if coincidence was important, maybe I could have a second story running parallel to this that would, eventually, coincide. After a while, I realized that I wanted the narration to be in standard American English so the evolution of the characters' speech (from Irish English to American) would be clear, so I turned "he was" around to "his name was Seamus." Somewhere in the process I discovered Seamus Heaney's poem, "Digging," and was delighted with the feeling that I must have "known" that when I named my character Seamus and put him to digging; it's one of those eerie events that makes you believe in the muse, even while you're obligated to be doing severe analysis—reading your story so it can help you.

The ultimate point is that, yes, there's something magical about writing, but it's more likely to happen, and to happen at a deeper and higher level, the more carefully we apply our intellect. Sort of "God helps those who help themselves": If you've written something that "sounds" or "feels right," and you can figure out what its elements are, you can make use of the gifts of the muse. If you *don't* read your story carefully, you're doomed to dependence on flashes of inspiration—and the muse is notoriously undependable, quite willing to flit off mid-paragraph and leave you on your own.

*In a 1999 Atlantic Monthly interview, you mentioned that you had visited Ireland. After that visit—and at the time of the interview—you had already envisioned this collection of novel-in-stories. Please describe how this collection came to you. And could you also address the theme of community and interconnectedness in **But Come Ye Back**.*

As I said, the book began with a writing exercise, and that first story took about eight months to write. By then, I was convinced I could write a whole book of such stories, but when I look back in my journal at the list of stories I made then, I find that I wrote almost none of them, and the ones I did write turned out totally different from

what I was imagining at the time. The idea that the stories would all be about Lyle and Mary didn't really begin to gel until I had written "Digging"; until then I was thinking I'd have a story from the point of view of each of the sons, a novella from Laura's point of view, heaven knows what else, though I was certainly thinking all the stories would be somehow about marriage. But after "Digging," I began to see a shape to the book as a whole, and began to think of it as a novel in stories, rather than as a collection of stories connected by place and character. Then I had to sit down and figure out what the narrative arc of the whole thing would be, what had to be covered, what order the stories would have to be in to satisfy the expectations we have of a novel. The endeavor was aided, of course, by the fact that nobody's ever been quite sure what constitutes a novel, but I did want to do the two things I think a novel should do: create a whole world, and show change over time.

And I wanted it to be a novel in stories because that's one of the things I want the book to say: here are individuals who function independent of one another—Mary, Lyle, Laura, Mark, Kevin, Jimmy—

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and yet they are connected, and within the connections they have with one another they seem (even to themselves) somewhat different than when they stand alone. Thus Lyle in "The Hard Stand" is a more sympathetic character than he is in "From Mutton Island"; Mary has far more depth in "Evening" than in "The Man With the Lap Dog";

Mark and Laura lose their romantic aura when they get their own story; and so on. In the same way, the stories stand each on its own, but read together they resonate and create a larger story than any of

them could alone. It seems to me that the novel in stories is a perfect form for investigating the tension between the individual and community: I think most people struggle to find the balance between autonomy and connection, afraid almost equally of isolation and engulfment. The novel in stories doesn't subscribe to the illusion of the more conventional novel, which is that there is one true story and that story can be told, but at the same time it insists that there is a truth to be found in the interactions of many stories. I think two of the greatest American novels are Faulkner's *Go Down, Moses* and Welty's *The Golden Apples*—maybe

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the novel in stories is the perfect form for the American experience, given our cultural love affair with individuality. And the first thing I wrote in my journal in Ireland was that my daughter and husband both said on our first day in Galway that they felt they had come home—and I didn't feel that way at all; so clearly, they were in a different story than I was, right from the beginning.

*In the same interview, you noted that you were Irish-American. Are you concerned with how the novel, which is set in Ireland, will be received by Irish readers?*

When I went to Ireland for four months, I had every intention of never writing anything set in Ireland: I know that four months isn't nearly long enough to know a place well enough to write about it. So the fact that I've gone and set a whole book there—it's a little terrifying to think how much of the place itself I may have misunderstood or misrepresented or just plain missed. But the book isn't about Ireland or being Irish, and I think mostly my affection for the place and the people will be clear. I was very fortunate in having Irish

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readers throughout most of the work on the book, Irish students who were here on the Irish Studies exchange program and many of whom generously read and corrected the stories. One of them was

concerned about the irony implicit in my use, as an American writer, of rural Irish idioms, placed in the mouths of Irish characters—concerned, I think, that some Irish readers might think I was being condescending, or making my Irish characters too “folksy.” I trust that won't be the case: Winston Churchill once said something to

the effect that the British and Americans were two peoples divided by a common language, and I think the same is deeply true for the Irish and Americans.

I found the ordinary Irish idioms refreshed my appreciation of language—just things like saying “You're welcome” to someone who has just entered a place, or the vividness of an expression like “bringing home the Christmas” or even an ordinary term like “dual carriageway” (which we'd call “divided highway”). They made me aware of the buried meanings in all ordinary speech. I mean, I think it's

an important difference that the Irish say “footpath” and we say “sidewalk”—for them, the path is for feet; for us, the same thing is in relation to the road, which we walk to the side of. Where we’d have a sign saying “SPEED ZONE AHEAD,” they have signs that say, “TRAFFIC CALMING AHEAD”—I love that idea, that just ahead, we can all take a deep breath and relax and get ourselves settled before we go on, more calmly. It’s certainly a very different emphasis, and all those small things speak to the subtle and not-so-subtle differences in the two cultures. In one story I was going to have Mary fix Lyle’s plate of breakfast, and I wanted to use “fix,” because, in the act of putting the food on the plate and presenting it to him, she was also attempting to repair a small rift between them. But I was told very firmly that no Irish woman would “fix” a plate unless it were broken—“fix” meaning to

“prepare” doesn’t exist. And that made me think about what it meant that it does exist in American English.

Anyway—that’s well off the question, though it was one of the most frightening and delightful things about the writing of the book for me, trying to get it right without lapsing into Darby O’Gillisms. I’d like to think that people in Galway will be as pleased with the picture of their city I show them as I was with the city itself, but the story is probably of more interest to American readers than to Irish readers.

*How does But Come Ye Back fit in the arc of your work? What will be next for you?*

Ah, the arc of my work. Certainly I think it’s the best thing I’ve written so far. And now I’m working on a story. We’ll see what becomes of it.



**Mary Stepp**, of Inez, Kentucky, teaches writing at Big Sandy Community College. She has published poems in *The Peralta Press*, *Poetry Midwest*, *Limestone*, and others, and recently received a \$1,000 fellowship from the Kentucky Arts Council. She earned her M.F.A. from Southern Illinois University–Carbondale.