WEAVE AND MEND

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Frontiers: A Journal of Women's Studies

Volume XXI, Number 3, 2000

> "Freedom. It isn't once, to walk out
> under the Milky Way, feeling the rivers
> of light, the fields of dark
> freedom is daily, prose-bound, routine
> remembering. Putting together, inch by inch
> the starry worlds
> from all the lost collections."
>
> "A Wild Patience Has Taken Me This Far"
>
> Adrienne Rich

On a fine June day in 1995, Ruth Carr, an Irish poet and editor, picked me up at the Belfast bus terminal. As she patiently cradled her seven-month old baby, Amy, I argued with the counter clerk about where to store my bag. Not in the station, he assured me, because "Ye just don't know what's in a wee bag, now do ye?" My duffel finally landed across the street at the Europa, the most frequently bombed hotel in Europe.

The shadow of the "troubles" lingered everywhere. I should have expected it; the bloody, thirty-year conflict capped centuries of Catholic-Protestant division. Yet I kept expecting rifts to heal before my eyes. This was the fabled first summer of peace, following cease-fire declarations by both the Irish Republican Army and Protestant Loyalist groups. I was here for a six-month residency at the Verbal Arts Centre (VAC) in Derry, an ancient walled city on the country's northwest border with the Republic. [1] With a grant from the British Council, I came to research women's lives, but I had no plan for what that might entail.

From my childhood in Philadelphia to my adult home in the Pacific Northwest, I had learned Irish history and literature through men: Michael Collins, Robert Emmett, W.B. Yeats, and James Joyce. Contemporary news coverage of the Irish conflict offered notable names like Gerry Adams and Ian Paisley. But I was after other stories, the unofficial tales that often stay hidden. Trained as an anthropologist/folklorist, I had worked for over a decade with women in Alaska and Oregon. Their oral traditions amplified written history, often challenging the American West's metaphors of conquest and domination. Did Irish women similarly confront existing myths? Where were their stories? Scholar and activist Monica McWilliams argues that twentieth century Irish women shaped politics in community centers, shelters, kitchens and on the streets. However, the demands of daily life often obscured their work. [2] Excavating such tales would take time and patience. But somewhere in Northern Ireland lived the stories that might, in Seamus Heaney's words, make "hope and history rhyme." These, I suspected, would tell of daily life, family and local history. I was after the cultural mortar that solders long-standing schisms, threads that re-weave the jagged tears of religion and politics.

Women's groups seemed a perfect entry point. I knew Ruth by reputation as someone dedicated to making women's lives public and visible. She'd edited a collection of women's stories from Northern Ireland, The *Female Line,* written feminist essays and poetry, and taught in varied community settings. As we drove through town past brick buildings crowned by barbed wire and broken glass, one of her poems echoed. She'd written the verse for Amy, slumbering in the back seat, "who dreamed nine months in my inner sea/ tumbling, kicking, hiccupping/while cease-fires were declared/ in the world that she will absorb/like litmus paper." We talked in fragments, the way women do while minding a sleeping child, trusting that the whole cloth of story would grow from scraps.

At the Greenway Women's Centre in East Belfast, a lively, religiously mixed writing group awaited us. Tea mugs rested on the table next to homemade scones. Who had time to bake, I wondered? In Northern Ireland, women have long worked outside the home, often as the primary wage earners. In Belfast, the linen industry brought women into the factories in the

eighteenth century; in Derry, women still file each morning into the shirt factories. One popular Derry song, "The Town I Love So Well," chronicles "the men on the dole" who "played a mother's role."

Soft-voiced, 60-year old Marie read a poem about her mother's soda bread. Short, blonde Diane, eyes twinkling, related a fable. Her protagonists, the leaders of Sinn Fein and the leading Unionist party, bitter enemies in real life, are Siamese twins separated at birth, now destined to search for their other half. "In my peace plan," she declared, "there would be forced mixed marriages, Catholic and Protestant, for twenty-five years." The room exploded with riotous applause; a small, fiery woman cheered the birth of such "mongrels." Ruth told me later that she'd given the group the prompt "What does peace mean to you?" Diane, whose husband is a police officer with the largely Protestant Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC), didn't hesitate. With the cease-fire, she could hang her husband's uniforms on the outside line without fear. The simplest task, laundry, tore the center of her daily life for thirty years. "Weave and mend, weave and mend," Ruth intoned from Canadian writer Anne Cameron's *Daughters of Copper Woman*, to close the group's meeting.[3]

Those words echo even now, meshed with olfactory memories of Ireland - incense in Catholic churches, the earthy sweetness of burning peat, chips sizzling in hot oil, and the acrid stench of burning rubber from car-jackings and burnings during that first summer of peace. From the room I rented in Derry, I could see and smell the breadth of the Catholic Bogside neighborhood, site of some of the troubles' worst violence. On July 3, I woke to a black dome of sky. Smoke filled the streets. A truck smoldered at the corner, prompted by the release of Lee Clegg, a British soldier who served but two years for the murder of a Belfast girl. The stench followed me to the bus station as I fled to Donegal to visit a writing group.

When I reached Killybegs, a fishing village on the west side of Donegal, the burning rubble seemed a distant memory. Noelle Vial, a poet in her early forties with five children, set me up in her comfortable home, a remodeled nineteenth century school. That evening, herring seiners streamed by the Bayside Hotel as we waited for the writing group to gather. A liquid

feast of tea, red wine, then tea again sustained us as women trickled in after bedding down children. With no official starting or closing time, the critique crept towards 3 a.m. A poem about breast-feeding followed a story about the Famine, but sandwiched in-between was the magical world of what the Irish call *craic*: gossip about local politicians, abusive physicians, wayward husbands, and children's mischief. Here were the truths I was after - the not-yet polished and still-in-formation stories. For the Irish live by the spoken word, which by its very nature, argues poet Nuala Ni Dhomhnaill "has a plumb line into the subconscious."[4] Stories create as well as reflect the world, and I hungered for these incompletely articulated stories, the raw sources of literature.

I returned home to a message from the Director of the Derry Well Woman Centre requesting a writing teacher. Well Woman provides aid unavailable or often curtailed in the Catholic Republic: counseling for unwanted pregnancy, support groups for survivors of sexual abuse, domestic violence, cancer and other illnesses. Few in these groups would claim the title "writer"; they were individuals struggling to give form to painful experience. I eagerly accepted for the job. I would begin with two groups - cancer and sexual abuse survivors.

Cancer has not touched my life, so I felt awkward at our first gathering. Writing on "firsts," most chronicled joyful memories of first school days, kisses, and romances. But politics crept in with the prompt "what if.." Aine was back to the dark night she gave newspapers to a British soldier at the Derry-Donegal checkpoint. But hadn't that soldier asked her nicely, and wasn't he lonely there, and hadn't he only wanted a wee paper? Her children had fumed; didn't she know she could be taken for an informer? But she stood by her actions, crossing family expectations as well as political lines. Linda told of the repeated raids on her house - the broken glass, the food ground into the floor, the children's terror-filled nightmares, the panicked waiting. Tension hovered like a slumbering giant. "One night," she described, "I was out. The wains [children] were watching television, and the soldiers stormed right in!" The group braced for the blunt edges of brutality. "Sure, I got home, didn't I see guns propped in the corner. And weren't

the soldiers on the couch with the wains, the lot of 'em eating popcorn and watching "Little House on the Prairie"! Aye, it was good *craic*, everyone agreed.

The first Tuesday of the sexual abuse survivors group, I felt better prepared; I had worked with women's crisis intervention programs in the U.S. Each participant brought a photograph or an object to write about. Bridget, who often facilitated the group, showed the two-year-old shoes of "the person I was before the abuse." Marian displayed a photograph of a child in a dress and pinafore, held upside down by a man in what appeared to be a well. The strange setting and awkward angle skewed the photo. The child's vulnerability struck me first, but closer inspection revealed a slightly turned face, flooded with light, a nearly religious glow. The face of an angel. "Aye, it's me kissing the blarney stone," Marian announced proudly. "I'm ten. It was my only vacation." We laughed about the Blarney Stone, and the proverbial gift of gab in tricky situations that it supposedly confers. For weeks afterwards, as Marian detailed the court case against her father, the man who "interrupted" her and her sister and sired their children, the hope in this photo flashed in my mind like crocus buds in deepest winter.

Near the end of our meeting, pixie-faced Rosemary, younger-looking than her 40-some years, silent through most of the session, turned to me. Her voice taunted, "So, what's this writing supposed to do for us?" She had written a short piece about the man who repeatedly abused her as a child, whom she still saw outside the bar where he worked, his nonchalance a brutal trigger to her pain. "Make me cry, will it? I haven't shed tears in years. Won't, either. I feel nothing." Here was a rip in my uniformly smooth entry to Northern Ireland. I cringed, stung by her challenge to my belief that words might release us from the darkness of inchoate memory.

Leaving the Well Woman Centre, I moved slowly past rows of stately Georgian homes. My partner, Bob, who had joined me in Derry for three months, waited at the pub. "A tough nut to crack," I lamented, giving a rudimentary description of Rosemary. "I didn't know you were here to crack nuts," he countered gently.

What was I in Northern Ireland to do? I played with the perfectly formed shamrock on the foam of my Guinness, guessing that the bartender shaped these for tourists. I felt beyond that status, entrusted with women's stories. Yet the weight of their words rested uneasily on my shoulders, and I wasn't sure why. Stories were a point of entry, but the violence in women's lives seemed a barrier as thick and impenetrable as Derry's stone walls. I still rested on the other side.

* * *

In late summer, Ruth invited me back to Belfast, this time to meet her poetry collective, "Word of Mouth." The group gathers monthly at the Linen Hall library, the oldest in Northern Ireland, an eighteenth century structure sacred in this culture wed to words. The collective includes twelve of the country's finest writers, but I wouldn't have found their work on bookshelves. For in shops and in library catalogues, a huge gap exists - the place where "Northern" and "women" merge as a literary category.

The gap stretches across Irish history. Scholars have long ignored or denigrated women's literary traditions - oral and written. Folklorist Clodagh Harvey describes how Irish women's oral Seanchas or "histories" - short, realistic narratives - were deemed pale versions of the men's Scealaiocht, literally "stories" or hero tales. Angela Bourke, a writer and Irish scholar, points to the one poetic form women traditionally ruled, the "caoineadh" - keening for the dead with discipline and artistry, a skilled conveyance of grief which led the entire community through emotional catharsis. Despite the importance of women poets, laments poet Nuala ni Dhomhnaill, "the literary canon was drawn up without them." Women are central to Irish written literature but they are often, argues poet Eavan Boland "passive, decorative, raised to emblematic stature." A case in point: the 1991, 4,044 page, three-volume, *Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing,* billed as the definitive anthology of Irish literature, included almost no women. The editors finally acknowledged their error and agreed to produce a fourth volume. [5]

Women in the Republic forged new literary paths with anthologies such as Ailbhe Smyth's *Wildish Things: An Anthology of New Irish Women's Writing*. In a relatively short time,

Eavan Boland asserts, "women have moved from being the subjects and objects of Irish poems to being authors of them. It is a momentous transit."[6] Yet few women writers in the North have achieved such visibility; in anthologies of the "troubles" collected and edited by men, women are largely absent. In my conversations with Ruth Carr, she argued that the idea that Northern women aren't represented because they "aren't good enough is itself simply not good enough."

At the Word of Mouth collective meeting, I witnessed the truth of her words. Each woman read skillfully, offering insightful critiques to the others. Joan Newmann opened with a haunting poem about her childhood.[7] Ann McKay, writer, teacher and administrator of the prestigious Pushkin literary prizes, followed. She struggled with a still-emerging identity, wistful for her days as a teacher in Zimbabwe, where she was seen not as Protestant, but simply "Irish." Yet she also wanted to honor her family, religion, and history. I told Ann about a gay and lesbian pride parade I'd attended in Derry, dismayed by the dour Protestant men in black reading biblical passages in protest. Her eyes flared in shared anger, then she added quietly, "But they're part of me, too, those dour men."

Ann's words crystallized the religious-political complexities I still barely grasped after three months in Northern Ireland. Some Catholics, historically disenfranchised, now claim rights to greater cultural authenticity and "Irishness." Some of the same Protestant women who marched alongside Catholics in the 1960's civil rights marches feel silenced, denied access to the Irish language, folk traditions, and other cultural resources. The schisms cut deep, with multiple layerings. The troubles' rifts did not mend after the cease-fire, as I'd naively hoped. Reports of arson and car-jackings dotted the newspapers through the summer; angry confrontations during the annual Protestant “marching season" had brought British tanks to Derry's main square just weeks before. One Saturday morning, a sea of gray-green armored trucks greeted me at the bakery, a small glimpse of the troubles' unchanging landscape. Yet many women’s writing seared through the mythic divides. Did stories reflect temporary repair or genuine mending?

At this meeting, only six of the usual dozen Word of Mouth Collective members were present, yet the room felt full. "Aye, the ghosts are here," Joan's daughter, Kate Newmann told

me only half in jest, followed by the assurance that "many people have seen them." Courageous women, these, inhabiting the "Governor's Room" in this august literary space where phantom men still hovered. Another kind of bravery brought women in Killybegs to gather at midnight. All at once, I wanted the Word of Mouth group to share the stories I'd heard in Killybegs and Derry and other towns. As Joan closed the meeting, I sat quietly, struggling with an emerging idea. Here, where physical division and silence have ruled, collaboration was needed, a gathering of women from varied backgrounds, religions, and classes. If stories are shaped not merely as individual memories, but in the flow of social life, how else might a new vision of Northern women find form? I voiced my idea: an overnight conference to bring women together to write and share stories - oral and written, with no division between "amateurs and professionals." Quiet murmurs of interest came first. Then, several women expressed a concern that would rise again and again: wouldn't this invite American-style-writing-as-therapy, Oprah-chat-show-culture thinly veiled as literature? I thought of Marian and Rosemary from the survivors' group. Were their stories "mere therapy"? In the end, the Word of Mouth Collective offered to help organize the event. I left feeling heartened.

* * *

A month later, on a warm August night, Ruth, Joan, Kate, Ann, Noelle, and four other women congregated at The Smuggler's Inn B&B in Greencastle, a fishing town in northeastern Donegal. On the map, this edge of the Innishowen Peninsula forms a mouth to Lough Foyle, the top lip poised to kiss Magilligan Point across in the North. The geographic symbolism of open flirtation seemed apt; crossing the border, everyone marveled at the absence of army checkpoints, dismantled in the wake of the cease-fire. As we gathered that weekend in Greencastle, the differences eased further, giving way to common purpose.

Nine clear, ringing voices planned "Multistoried Women," the gathering that had germinated through weeks of visits to writer's groups. Several were teachers from the Verbal Arts Centre; others simply appeared and volunteered to help. The event's name plays on the "multistoried" parking structures now ubiquitous in Northern Ireland. Many consider them an

eyesore, a sign of too-rapid growth, in need of dismantling. "Yes, we are multistoried," several women grinned in response to the suggested analogy. We talked over tea at the B&B, on walks along the granite cliffs licked by white tongues of sea, and over dinner at Kieley's Seafood House. Two a.m. found us back on the pier for a game of kick the bottle under a waning moon. Miraculously, the next morning, we left with an outline for the gathering. This was planning, Irish-style.

Back in Derry, getting ready for Tuesday night's sexual abuse survivor's group, the vexing charge of writing as therapy stayed with me. Which of the stories I would hear that night might transform to literature? At the Well Woman Centre, I invited everyone to "Multistoried Women." Several women voiced interest. Marian updated the case against her father, whom she feared would be exonerated because of his public position. Her story now vied with the Catholic Church's sex scandals for the front page of the tabloids. When we wrote on "I remember ..." Marian described herself at fourteen, in the hospital delivery room, feet in the stirrups, "one blue sock, one pink." She'd had so many questions for her mother on their nightly walks through the graveyard, late, under shadowy cover. "Where will the baby come?" she'd queried. "Same place it went in," came her mother's matter-of-fact reply. Many in the group wept quietly, except me and Rosemary, our faces dry-masks. Did we feel the grief, but keep it at bay, mimicking the discipline of the "caoineadh," the traditional keener? Why couldn't I tap the smoldering rage I expected to find?

In the 1970's, when I worked in a women's crisis center in Alaska, I listened to women who'd survived rape, incest, domestic violence. I couldn't *know* their lives; still, I grieved with them, entered if only for a moment their storied worlds. But in Northern Ireland, the convoluted melding of history and family violence felt too volatile, the path in too labyrinthine. How else to explain my curious detachment as I listened to these stories? The words simply washed over me. Rosemary and I sat silent, eyes locked in shared denial.

A light rain chilled the evening as I left the Well Woman Centre to meet Bob at the pub. A gaggle of young people streamed in for the evening music session: black leather, black high-

heeled boots, black hair and lined eye-lids shimmering through the smoky haze. The children of the troubles. Nothing could penetrate the blackness of this raw, biting night until I remembered Rosemary's eyes as she bid good-bye. For just an instant, I thought I saw a spark of hope.

A week later, Bob and I started searching for a conference site. We drove out past the first wash of aubergine heather en route to the Rural College in Draperstown, a wooded, modern facility at the center of Northern Ireland. Against the Sperrin Mountains southeast of Derry, a farmer moved mounds of drying turf, spilled out onto the velvet hills. The land here welcomes as fully as the people, as though blood never soaked this soil. As we drove by, he raised a hand in welcome, and I felt again the heart-breaking graciousness the Irish don like a light shawl, the heavy cloak of history dropped. We passed the towns of The Cross and Claudy, crossed the Banagher and Moydamiaght Forests, and discovered at Draperstown the perfect setting for our gathering.

The next day, excitement filled the Verbal Arts Centre as we finalized plans. With grant funds, we arranged sumptuous meals, "creche" (childcare) facilities, poetry readings, music, and theatrical presentations. Angela Bourke, a writer and Irish scholar, would offer a keynote talk on women's stories. Brochures advertising the event stacked up in the outgoing mail. In the bottom right corner rested Muriel Rukuyser's words, "What would happen if one woman told the truth about her life? The world would split apart." [8]

As we stuffed envelopes, the room abuzz with talk, I looked up and saw Rosemary in the doorway. Shocked that she had sought me out in a public place, I introduced her, giving no indication of how we met. We chatted over tea between rows of computers, under the spire of St. Columb's Cathedral. Rosemary tapped nail-bitten fingers on the worn wooden desk. She'd been thinking, maybe this gathering we were planning, you know, well, sure, she wasn't certain, but she might like to talk about it. Would I meet her at Austin's? Located on Derry's central square, the department store's pride is its 115-seat restaurant, and surely we could blend anonymously into the sea of tea drinkers.

The next day, I ascended Austin's stairs past plaid jumpers and wool blazers toward bobbing heads and white teacups. Rosemary stood out in a bright crimson sweater. "Well, then," she picked nervously at her wheaten bread as she described her struggle to keep a part-time job, to somehow find release from the relentless tug of her past. It was always there, the powerless feeling of suffocating, a smothering under something that kept her numb, sapped her energy, and suctioned her tears. She talked on and on. Her face softened and I nodded, released to a violent incident in my own past, a memory I'd kept a bay while in Northern Ireland. Safe in the anonymous crowd, I returned to a dark woods, a jumble of unknown men, the gasping for air, the years of disbelief and shadowy dreams, and then, the embrace of a rape support group in Seattle. Ten years before in a different Northwest, we had shared stories like rivers finding common source, ending with a reading of Anne Cameron's *Daughters of Copper Woman*,

There are women everywhere with fragments
gather fragments
weave and mend.

Language, our shared salvation, formed a narrow island on which I now stood with Rosemary, each of us surrounded by turbulent waters of memory. Rosemary's face came back into focus, flush as the flaming sweater. Perhaps this gathering of women at Draperstown might help her, maybe even get her writing a bit, get past some of this, you know? I looked out onto the square, where British tanks had rolled in August, the miraculous cease-fire challenged, where peace again prevailed and I knew that there is more hope in this world than our fragile beings can hold. When the flood that threatened to engulf me stilled, when I had matched the "caoineadh's" discipline, I finally looked up. Sounds emerged and I heard my voice give calm encouragement. Yes, of course, Rosemary should come to Draperstown. For that moment, the debate over art and therapy dissolved, for I remembered that to crawl to the opaque center of a story and scratch away slivers of light is how the slow transformation to what we call literature begins.

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As we struggle to refine our words, we sometimes forget the surfacing from silence, the groping towards the very notion that we *have* a story worth telling. At Draperstown, under bright October skies, we remembered. For two days, women of varied backgrounds and ages inhabited the nucleus of Northern Ireland. As participants arrived, faces I recognized streamed by - writers from groups I'd visited in Donegal, Belfast, Omagh, and Derry. Rosemary appeared early. She hung back from the crowd, a bit apprehensive, but flushed with anticipation.

The following morning, Angela Bourke read her story, "The Dark Island," the transformation of a traditional tale "The King Who Wished To Marry His Daughter." When the king's wife dies, he declares that he will marry the only woman who fits the dead queen's clothes - his daughter. Terrified, she puts off the wedding again and again with requests for new clothes. In Bourke's version, the heroine outwits her father and escapes with the aid of a hen-wife, a midwife and "disregarded woman." She helps the daughter hide in a trunk tossed into the sea until she washes onto a new shore. A hush fell over the room as the tale ended. My eyes closed over the image of Marian, hopeful and innocent, poised above the blarney stone. Where was she now, in a courtroom with her father? I prayed for rivers of eloquence to flow miraculously to Marian's tongue.

. In Saturday's workshops, women wrote, edited, revised, and shared publishing strategies. The roles of writer, editor, and creative worker emerged alongside, not as substitutes for those of mother, partner, caregiver, sister and friend. Silences were broken. "There is more than one way to rape," lamented one woman. "I am a woman who lays out the dead," wrote another, a tribute to the traditional "handywoman" who handled birth and death, and to the contemporary woman who nurtures aging parents through their final days.

Everywhere, women reached across divides. Published writers, such as Aine Miller and Joan Newmann, sat with women from support groups who'd just begun to voice their stories. The troubles were present, but as a soft undertone, not often the governing metaphor. Nationalist women sat with policemen's wives. An image rose, the statue of an ancient Celtic deity on Boa

Island in County Fermanagh who is, historian Catherine Shannon argues, like Northern women: able "to look in two directions at once and still remain whole." [9]

In one workshop, storyteller Liz Gough offered each person a key, with directions to narrate through the locked doors in their lives. I saw Rosemary enter, worrying that this task would strain her brittle emotions. We'd talked of her fears; I'd reassured her that she didn't need to tell the story of her abuse. I wanted to plead, "Don't let that story rule you. We are *multistoried*." But I remembered the complex, sometimes labyrinthine nature of multistoried structures. One twisted channel may block access to the rest, one story may subjugate the others into frozen stillness. Who can know when and where someone else's path might open?

Rosemary accepted the key, fingering its smooth, chill challenge. She found voice and slowly descended, unlocking and entering the dwelling place of demons which for thirty years choked her emotions, clogged her tears, bent her slender self like a wire taut with anger, a sealed container through which no stories flowed. The women sat spellbound under her tale, but they couldn't know the full miracle of wetness on her cheeks. Or so I imagine it was. For I saw the session only through Rosemary's excited words in the hallway afterwards, when she tugged at my sleeve with an animated, tightly whispered, "*I cried*!' The words rolled over me like thunder sweeping vast skies, a longed-for explosion. The world split apart.

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In 1996, a year after I'd left Northern Ireland, a slim volume of poems, *Word of Mouth*, arrived in my mailbox in Oregon. Named for the poetry collective I visited in Belfast, this fine publication holds the offerings of friends, including Ruth Carr's hope for her daughter born "while cease-fires were declared/ in the world that she will absorb/like litmus paper." The heathered center of Northern Ireland felt close, accessible, full of multistoried possibility.

The poems carried me back to Derry and Draperstown, and to a long table in a Belfast restaurant. There, we held our final, celebratory gathering, uncorking bottles of red wine in a flow of laughter and possibility. Kate and Joan Newmann presented me with a gift - a flowing, purple sari from their travels in Asia. We ordered pizzas and talked for hours about the next step

for women to ensure that our gathering wouldn't simply fade to a "once-off." I missed the last bus to Derry. Sleeping on Ruth Carr's floor, I drifted to sleep dreaming of the world that sleeping Amy would soon absorb.

Today, I drape their words around me like the shimmering floral sari, shaped by a distant hand, carried back from India, across oceans of words. The subtle layers of "text" and "textile" remind me that they share the Latin root, "texere" - to weave. Sometimes, sliding my fingers over the sari's smooth cloth, I light upon a ragged piece, ripped perhaps in transit back to Oregon. I remind myself to find needle and thread, lest the tear grow. The cloth will be stronger for the mending, I know, yet I rest a long while stroking that jagged edge, wanting only to remember how it feels.

References

1. "Londonderry" is the city's official name, and the one used by the Loyalist community. However, I used "Derry" throughout because it is the more common, colloquial usage, adopted by both Catholics and many Protestants.

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6. Ailbhe Smyth, ed., *Wildish Things: An Anthology of New Irish Women's Writing* (Dublin: Attic Press, 1989); Eavan Boland, "A Kind of Scar," p. 75.

7. Joan Newmann, *Coming of Age* (Belfast: The Blackstaff Press, 1995).

8. Muriel Rukuyser, "Kathe Kollitz," *The Speed of Darkness* (New York, Random House, 1968).

9. Catherine Shannon, "Recovering the Voices of Women of the North," *The Irish Review*, No. 12, Spring/Summer 1992, p. 30