



Citation: S.E. Gontarski (2025)
“Well, cut my legs off and call me Shorty”:
Flann O’Brien, the American Mythos and its
Argot. *Sijis* 15: pp. 117-124.
doi: 10.36253/SIJIS-2239-
3978-16598

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Data Availability Statement:
All relevant data are within the
paper and its Supporting Infor-
mation files.

Competing Interests: The
Author(s) declare(s) no conflict
of interest.

“Well, cut my legs off and call me Shorty”*: Flann O’Brien, the American Mythos and its Argot

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Abstract:

In the conservative Dublin of the 1950s, a tiny Pike Theatre was making a name for itself by staging the controversial American playwright, Tennessee Williams, for Dublin’s first International Theatre Festival. Its director, Alan Simpson, was arrested, however, for “presenting for gain an indecent and profane performance”. According to *The Lost Letters of Flann O’Brien*, O’Brien apparently wrote to Williams for advice about resuscitating his own flagging theatrical attempts (McGowan, Sherlock 2021, 155-56). This essay contextualizes the letters to situate O’Brien’s grafting an American mythos and its idiom onto “The Auld Sod”.

Keywords: Alan Simpson, Dublin Cattle Market, Modernism, Tennessee Williams, The Pike Theatre

He has no personal name at all.
His dad is in far Amurikie
(O’Brien, *The Third Policeman*, 1976)

In the conservative if not reactionary Dublin of the 1950s, a tiny, 50-seat Pike Theatre was making an international name for itself by staging Brendan Behan’s *The Quare Fellow* and offering the first uncensored English-language production of Samuel Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot*, admittedly in something of a Hibernicized rewrite. But the venture seems to have run aground along the rocky road to Dublin when, even as a subscription theater club, it took on the controversial American playwright, Tennessee Williams. The program read: “Pike Theatre Club [.] Edmund Kelly [.] Georoid O’Lochlainn [.] Alan Simpson [.] Carolyn Swift presents for the Dublin International Theatre

* “The Hateful Eight” (2015) or “H8ful Eight”, Quentin Tarantino:
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rzbBjUuTG-c>> (05/2025).

Festival An Tostal [that is, The Gathering] May 12-26, 1957 the English language European Premiere of *The Rose Tattoo* by Tennessee Williams". As Cian o hEigartaigh writes in a letter to the *Irish Independent*, "[f]or a few years the world was at their feet, but it all came crashing down after a prosecution for obscenity when they staged Tennessee William's *Rose Tattoo* for the Dublin International Theatre Festival in 1957" (O'Toole 2002). This would be Dublin's first International Theatre Festival as the Irish stage was struggling to become a world stage². Simpson was arrested for obscenity, however, after having refused to heed warnings from detectives from An Garda Síochána, who attended performances, to eliminate certain scenes from the play. The charge was, "presenting for gain an indecent and profane performance" (*ibidem*).

How much this initial controversial festival engaged Flann O'Brien is difficult to assess, but one Myles na gCopaleen affirms that "a Saturday never passed when I wasn't in d'Abbey", but, alas, "D'Abbey's gone to hell this ten years" (O'Brien 1999, 356-357). *The Pike Rose Tattoo* incident was unmissable in the press and he seems to have wanted to be part of it. He followed the scuffle in letters to the *Irish Times*, between Seán Ó Faoláin and Frank O'Connor about recent productions at the Abbey Theatre, and O'Brien, as O'Nolan, waded into the fray under a variety of noms de plume ridiculing both authors. In the summer of 1940, he again weighed in as news of poor attendance at a Gate Theatre production of *The Three Sisters* prompting a string of pseudonymous letters claiming acquaintance with the greats of Scandinavian drama and offering facetious anecdotes about them. According to *The Lost Letters of Flann O'Brien*, recovered only recently from "an old cupboard upstairs" (McGowan, Sherlock 2021, 155) in the Palace Bar and published in 2021³, he maintained an active interest in theater and apparently wrote to the controversial American playwright asking for advice about resuscitating his own flagging theatrical attempts (155-156). We do not have O'Brien's solicitation since the letters recovered were responses to him (with one exception), but in his reply, Williams summarizes parts of it, including O'Brien's outline of the impact that contemporary American theater was having on its Irish counterpart, a reference, at least in part to Simpson's staging of *The Rose Tattoo*. We posit that the same or similar might be said for American genre fiction and *At Swim-Two-Birds*, the subject of this disquisition. As welcome as the discovery and subsequent publication of *The Lost Letters of Flann O'Brien* was, however, the joy is tempered by their being offered naked, so to speak, that is, without what some of us believe to be necessary apparatus, as we call it in the business, footnotes and other annotations, even as the "The Contributors" page offers an impressive list of possible annotators, including one "Stan Gortanski", dubbed a "Florida professor", although he may be a fiction since Google offers no confirmation of such a so-called "professor". The attempt here is to mitigate or redress such omission, or at least to contextualize the letters, and so to situate O'Brien's creative and commercial pursuits more thoroughly, particularly his transplanting or grafting an American mythos and idiom onto "The Auld Sod".

O'Brien apparently wrote a series of letters to prominent figures in order to resuscitate something of his "less than successful" theatrical efforts, as he wrote to Williams, or as Myles na gCopaleen has it, "[d]id you ever see my play, hah? (You had to be quick as it happens)" (1999, 395), O'Brien rather Myles here is probably referring to *Faustus Kelly* (1973, 115-198), which had a short run at the Abbey in January 1943. As early as 29 October 1953, having seen *Double Trouble*, he wrote to Stan Laurel after having met him and performed for him some arabesques involving porter and a ball in "the foyer of the Royal Marine Hotel in Dunleary" (1999, 356). As a follow up, O'Brien offered him the lead in his play *Two Policemen*

² For a list of the festival's offerings cfr. <<https://dublintheatrefestival.ie/about/archive>> (05/2025).

³ Cf. Frank McNally's review of the "Flannndemic" in *The Irish Times*, 9 February 2021.

and a Bicycle. Laurel, and performing partner Oliver Hardy, however, declined the offer (90). In 1960 he engaged Orson Welles in a pub “near the Gaiety Theatre” (125) as Welles writes subsequently “where I began my career” (*ibidem*), at least his debut performance was at The Gate Theatre in 1931⁴, their meeting after Welles spoke at the Dublin Theatre Festival of that year. Welles praised Micheál Mac Liammóir, co-founder of The Gate Theatre, for his role in a TV version of *King Lear* (1953), in which he played Poor Tom. Williams, on the other hand, praised Mac Liammóir’s earlier major role as Iago (to partner Hilton Edwards’ Brabantio) in Welles’ abridged and re-arranged *Othello* with its opening of Desdemona’s cortege and scenes of the public display of a caged Iago – in a monumental opening of 12 varied and stunning shots (1949-1952). The film was evidently ignored in Welles’ praise of the Irish actor since he and Mac Liammóir were at odds for most of their professional work at The Gate Theatre in their various film ventures. *Othello* finally exists in multiple versions, at least two commercially released, the one premiered at Cannes and the other recut for the American market. More to the point, O’Brien evidently felt a connection with Welles’ cut-up Shakespeare as he was starring in a mash-up of the Bard’s work, *The Chimes of Midnight*, at the Gaiety Theatre when they met. O’Brien apparently took the opportunity of the meeting to propose to Welles “an adaption of *Citizen Kane* in the Irish context” (McGowan, Sherlock 2021, 125-126). Welles was intrigued by such a brash offer, noting that the project “holds my imagination captive this fine evening” (*ibidem*). Kane would become O’Kane, the sled, “rosebud”, become a bicycle in O’Brien’s adaptation, but no follow-up correspondence has been discovered – at least to date, although *The Lost Theatrical Adaptations of Flann O’Brien* may not be far in the offing if further renovations to the upper level of the Palace Bar are effected. One might hope to find as well not only other bits and pieces of *Slaterry’s Sago Saga* but drafts and fragments of the play he proposed that Williams write about the founders of the Gate Theatre that he provisionally titled *Love at Harcourt Terrace* or *For the Love of Hilton* or even fragments of the rumored sequel, *At Swim-Three Birds*. Williams declined the offer, but one can only hope that O’Brien took up his own challenge and that effort may be sitting silently among rafters somewhere, its subject of *The Boys* not conducive to the Ireland of the 1950s and 60s when even James Joyce’s *Ulysses* was still denied official entry through Irish customs (and so never officially banned), although Archbishop John Charles McQuaid essentially halted the presentation of an adaptation of the novel for the 1958 Dublin Theatre Festival, and his recent published letters, *His Grace is Displeased*, reveal that he worked diligently in 1960 to have the Joseph Strick film adaptation of *Ulysses* banned in the Republic. Fintan O’Toole recently offered his “personal history” of the era, featuring the issues of Ireland’s struggle for modernity. An excerpt appeared in *The Irish Times* on 25 September 2021 describing the Church’s effective censorship of the 1958 Dublin Theatre Festival as a story “barely worth an inside paragraph” at the time but one which turned out to be “more consequential” than other more sensational headlines of the day:

The first story was the cancellation of the Dublin Theatre Festival. The ruler of Catholic Ireland, the Archbishop of Dublin John Charles McQuaid, had silently indicated his displeasure at the inclusion of an adaptation of James Joyce’s *Ulysses*, and a new play by Sean O’Casey [*The Drums of Father Ned, or a Mickrocosm of Ireland*]. Samuel Beckett [who was prepared to submit his mimes and allow a reading of his radio play, *All that Fall*] had then withdrawn two of his works from the festival.⁵

⁴ Cf. “Orson Welles”, the TG4’s Documentary (17/11/11): <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yXvHZ-Vm0gEc>> (05/2025).

⁵ For a fuller version of the account see O’Toole 2021, 10-11.

The adaptation of *Ulysses* had previously cleared the clerical censors, but not the Archbishop, who, also citing *The Rose Tattoo* case of the previous year, refused to offer a votive Mass for the 1958 Festival if these works remained on the program. That refusal resulted in the cancellation of the entire 1958 Festival. O'Casey and Beckett would subsequently prohibit their works' performance in the Irish Republic. The O'Casey issues in 1958 were also reminiscent of Abbey Theatre's reluctance to stage *The Plough and the Stars* in 1926. That year O'Casey would win the Hawthornden Prize, a British literary prize for younger authors, for the play. Presenting the prize, Herbert Asquith described *Juno and the Paycock* as "the most moving and most impressive drama we have seen for ten, it may be twenty, years"⁶. But Irish resistance to O'Casey's dramatic vision continued. Yeats rejected *The Silver Tassie* for the 1928 Abbey Theatre season. And much to O'Casey's astonishment, O'Brien joined the push back, at least through his alter ego "Myles na gCopaleeni", as O'Casey addressed him, noting that the columnist had earlier approached O'Casey "looking for some good words back" (O'Brien 1999, 80), that is, some puffery, a blurb, say – now, in October of 1951, Smiles na gCopaleeni (OK, it's a cheap shot) was:

condemning from his pulpit on the Cruiskeen Lawn [...] a man who dared to produce so 'loathsome and offensive a 'play' that has ever disgraced the Dublin boards. [...] O'Casey's *Tassie* [...] was 'a straightforward travesty of Catholic ritual' mixed up with 'bunkum and drool'. (*ibidem*)⁷

Frank McGuinness would eventually pick up the Mac Liammóir and *The Boys* thread with *Gates of Gold*, however, which premiered in 2002 at The Gate Theatre, appropriately. Jason Zinoman called it an "enduring love letter of a play" in the *New York Times*, and further notes, "[t]he play explores themes of inheritance, what a dying man leaves behind, and self-invention, while nicely capturing the particular brand of bickering that doubles as an expression of love" (3 March 2009). One reading of *The Lost Letters of Flann O'Brien*, then, is that O'Brien, at least on this conflicted issue of Irish modernism, seems to have felt left out of local creative scuffles. Outraged, he wrote to the Archbishop in November of 1963, who replied, "regarding the banning of your books [...] this is the first time that an author has claimed that he is being discriminated against because not a single piece of his 'work' has been banned" (McGowan, Sherlock 2021, 150). The Archbishop acknowledged that "the censors have been unable to make neither head nor tail of the stuff you have been producing. Frankly, neither have I", calling O'Brien's work, finally, "incomprehensible rubbish that will never be read by anyone" (150-151). Shortly thereafter, O'Brien would seek writing advice from the author of *The Rose Tattoo* (155-156).

Even Samuel Beckett – sensing competition, perhaps, or piqued that O'Brien ignored the daring, uncensored Pike Theatre production of *Waiting for Godot* – distanced himself from O'Brien, as both would from the anxiety of James Joyce's influence. Beckett likewise declined O'Brien's overture, a solicitation to translate his work into Gaelic and to collaborate on "a joint Irish-French research project" (150-151). O'Brien received one of Beckett's curt and cutting replies, ending with "do not write again" (*ibidem*), the letter unpublished, alas, in *The Letters of Samuel Beckett*. And perhaps just as well since the response appears disingenuous if not evasive as Beckett denies having read any O'Brien, or perhaps memory had already begun to fade by 1960 since we know he read

⁶ Cf. <<https://www.nytimes.com/1926/03/24/archives/sean-o-casey-wins-literature-prize-irish-dramatist-receives-100.html?auth=login-google1tap&login=google1tap#>> (05/2025).

⁷ "Cruiskeen Lawn", *Irish Times*, 3rd October 1951, on a revival of the play on 24th September 1951, noting further: "Like Sygne [O'Casey's] stuff is strictly for export. Paud and Pauden drooling on the stages of the West End, with the 'poetry' slobbering out of their unwashed mouths, will always be a winner. I hope the rest of us know the phony when we see it". Not included in McNally (2015, n.p.).

and delighted in *At Swim-Two-Birds* (McGowan, Sherlock 2021, 125) passing a copy on to Master Joyce. Although that may be mere history, its facticity is confirmed fictively in Joyce's response to one Mr O'Nolan in this case, in March of 1939: "[...] Mr Sheridan [Niall, probably] brought me your novel with inscription. [...] I did not have the heart to tell him that I'd already read a copy given to me by Mr Beckett. [...] Both your novel and *Murphy* have the true comic (and Dantean) spirit [...]" (23). Archbishop John McQuaid goes further, denigrating Joyce in the process, *At Swim-Two-Birds* declared "a work of true comic genius" by that renegade heathen [...]" (150).

What Joyce fails to acknowledge at this point is the novel's American mythos, central to its "comic genius". Joyce seems to have disengaged from the Dublin cowboys who are "[...] cowpunching down by the river in Ringsend with Shorty Andrews and Slug Willard" (31), the reading of which phrase seems to have put a quick end to the life of American writer Pearl Zane Grey on 23 October 1939, the day he received and began to read a copy of *At Swim-Two-Birds*. According to his widow, who found him lying (in all senses, perhaps) on the floor of his study with the book open to the phrase above, he died the result of "badly drawn cowboys" (*ibidem*). We have on good authority that carelessly composed words can kill, or at least Myles na gCopaleen has informed us of an essay on Joyce in *The Bell*, which Myles more usually calls *The Ball*, that "[t]hroughout the piece the master's last novel is consistently referred to as 'Finnegan's Wake'. That apostrophe (I happen to know) hastened Mr. Joyce's end" (O'Brien 1999, 239). More likely, however, was that *At Swim-Two-Birds* may have heralded the end of "horse operas", Western genre fiction, to its king, as Zane had written some 80 volumes of "shoot-em-ups" by then. Cowpokes, O'Brien announced, function wherever there were cows to poke or punch, whether that be Ireland or Poland, where the buffalo also roam. Witness, for instance, that Paddy Dignam's funeral cortege in *Ulysses*, that begins in Sandymount in a kind of buckboard, perhaps, and that is interrupted by a cattle drive – a Wednesday ritual through the streets of Dublin, a common occurrence until the demise of the Dublin Cattle Market in 1973. The herd, "a divided drove of branded cattle" as it is called in *Ulysses* (Joyce 1922, 80), driven down the north quays to the docks. They are referred to as "emigrants" by Mr Power since they were bound for English and Scots abattoirs, "[r]oastbeef for old England" (*ibidem*), Bloom muses. Those that remained, these cattle of Helios, or the brown bull of Cooley from the *Táin bó Cuailnge*, perhaps, or those along the Chisholm Trail, where some 1,500-2,500 head of cattle were driven from Fort Worth, Texas, to the rail head in Abilene, Kansas – roughly 520 miles away – on their way to the Chicago slaughterhouses. Those that remained in Dublin would meet their fate on "Thursday, Tomorrow is killing day" where they will be "poleaxed" as Bloom reminds us, remembering his days as sales clerk for the cattle market, "walking around with book and pencil", before he "got the boot for giving lip to a grazier" (80-81)⁸. Drovers or cowpunchers, Fintan O'Toole identifies this Dublin cattle exchange as part of the Irish power elite, "big cattle ranchers" (2022, 10)⁹, a follow up to his invocation of the Amurikan idiom in his 1994 exposé, *Meanwhile Back at the Ranch: The Politics of Irish Beef*.

But Western genre fiction had moved on to the silver screen, Zane Grey's most famous work, the 1911 novel *Riders of the Purple Sage*, made into a six-reel, silent film in 1925 starring Tom Mix, the pre-eminent Western star of his generation, as a former Texas Ranger in usual

⁸ Details at <<https://www.joyceproject.com/notes/040037cattlemarket.htm>> (05/2025).

⁹ According to Declan O'Brien, the numbers in this weekly cattle drive are almost as fantastical as those suggested by that other O'Brien, Flann, suggests: "[...] the South exported around 500,000 cattle annually to Britain, through the 1950s and 1960s. The fat cattle went straight to slaughter in abattoirs in Birkenhead, Liverpool and Manchester. The store cattle were finished by North of England and Midlands' farmers" (<<https://www.farminglife.com/country-and-farming/new-book-reveals-the-rich-heritage-of-dublins-cattle-market-3348767>>; 05/2025). And the Dublin livestock Auction is still functioning: <<https://m.facebook.com/DublinLovestock/>> (05/2025)

pursuit of justice. That is, the American mythos, had gone international by the first decade of the twentieth century, and it is reconstituted, clichés and all, complete with its own operatic absurdities and interchangeable characters who could easily move from one story to another – to wit the Circle N Ranch in Irishtown and Sandymount where some 10,000 steers and 2,000 horses roam, the ranch accessible by Dublin tram, the number 3, to be specific, its Edenic gardens, open on Thursdays and Fridays, even as not much open grazing land was available in Sandymount.

Yet, it's all true, we learn, or are told, especially given the activities of the Dublin Cattle Market that processed some 6,000 head of cattle a week in the middle of the city (O'Brien 2021), and so, like everything else in O'Brien, fiction, even in its fantastical mode, is never far removed from fact, as O'Brien grafts American Western lore on to Dublin's weekly cattle drives, badly or well – that is, whether or not he got the idiom of "United Stations [...] down" or not is for others to judge as the interchange among Furriskey, Lamont, and Shanahan plays out to their internal audience of Casey, Finn and Sweeney. O'Brien's principle mode, like the American western itself, is excess, what in *Ulysses* Joyce calls "Gigantism". To wit, as Shanahan declaims:

Be damned to the lot of us, I roared, flaying the nags and bashing the buckboard across the prairie, passing out lorries and trams and sending poor so-and-so's on bicycles scuttling down side-lanes with nothing showing but the whites of their eyes. (O'Brien 2008 [2007], 52)

We might carp to suggest that "lorries" and "lanes" are not part of an Amurikan idiom, even as the spirit pertains.

Even as such fictive responses to questions never asked belie veracity, they do suggest a persistent theoretical and critical thread and the facticity of the fictive, as O'Brien's continued interest in the American ethos and mythos, complete with its argot, at least since the writing of *At Swim-Two-Birds*, is punctuated *passim*.

Such recreation would be filtered through other, local psyches as well:

This is a private visitor who says he did not arrive in the townland upon a bicycle. He has no personal name at all. His dadada is in far Amurikey.

Which of the two Amurikeys? asked MacCruiskeen.

The Unified Stations, said the Sergeant.

Likely he is rich by now if he is in that quarter, said MacCruiskeen. because there's dollars there, dollars and bucks and nuggets in the ground and any amount of rackets and golf games and musical instruments. It is a free country too by all accounts.

Free for all, said the Sergeant. (1976, 270)

And indeed, Amurikey is something of a free for all – in and out of O'Brien. But such a "free for all" of a novel would run afoul of English editors of the day. O'Brien received the news from his literary agent Patience Ross of A.M. Heath and Co. on 11 March 1940. She informed her client that Longmans had declined *The Third Policeman* citing the rejection sent to her: "We realise the Author's ability but think that he should become less fantastic and in this new novel he is more so" (qtd. in Willis 2019). Four other rejections quickly followed, and so

the typescript was relegated to what might be considered O'Brien's unofficial archive, "an old cupboard upstairs in the Palace Bar" (McGowan and Sherlock 2021, 155-56), retrieved only after his death and published in 1967. Its "fantastic" nature would finally receive international popular validation, if briefly but aptly, however, after its flash appearance in the cult TV show of 2006, *Lost*, after which sales surged, particularly in Amurikey, if perhaps for the wrong reasons.

Critic Michael Wood has suggested that "Ireland, unlike England or France, can be itself and easily stand for other places" (2010, 177). *Ulysses*, for example, is a thoroughly European novel, as it is undeniably pervasively Irish. Beckett as well is, that is, can be Irish and easily be from or of other places – or nowhere in particular. I am proposing a similar fluidity for O'Brien who can be substantially if not dominantly Irish, yet also American, speaking to an American mythos and through an American idiom, which is why L.L. Lee could suggest of *At Swim-Two-Birds*, at least, that "this Irish book is also an American book" since "at least the cowboy is a universal symbol by now" (1969, 219). In his "Introduction" to Flann O'Brien's *Stories and Plays*, Claud Cockburn puts it another way:

It is a tribute to the Irish genius in particular to Irish writers' powers of observation, expression and dramatization that whole tracts of general human experience are acknowledged to be specifically Irish, the Irish having acquired squatters rights to them. It is in this sense that O'Nolan is to be acclaimed as the kind of thing that could only happen in Ireland. (12)

In a moment of cohesion amid the disparate and conflicted characters and raucous story lines of *At Swim-Two-Birds*, for instance,

The travellers would sometimes tire of the drone of one another's voices and join together in the metre of an old-fashion song [...] They sang *Home on the Range* and the pick of old cowboy airs, the evergreen favourites of the bunkhouse and the prairie; they joined together with a husky softness in the lilt of come-all-ye's, the ageless minstrelsy of the native-land [...]. (O'Brien 1998, 186)

Such cultural fusion, however, is double edged, or, to alter the metaphor, blurs borders and thus distinctions. O'Toole cites Brendan Behan's take on the issue of the "specifically Irish", "Ireland is a lie, a state or place non-existent [...]" (2021, 17); and he cites a Heinrich Boll story of "a nun finding a dead American Indian in Duke Street in the center of Dublin" (16). For O'Toole the story becomes part of "the fevered images of the Irish as a moribund tribe" (*ibidem*), a follow up to his 1994 *Black Hole, Green Card, The Disappearance of Ireland*, perhaps, or for us, something of the Americanization of Ireland. Alternately, in the unfinished *Slattery's Sago Saga*, a plan is devised to keep the Irish at home and thus to prevent Irish immigrants' colonizing and so further ruining Amurikey, such absorption finally another road to double extinction of native distinctions – much of this is a designated strategy of global corporate modernization that the powers that O'Toole cites, Pan Am, in particular, were promoting. Lee's conclusion further punctuates America's growing global cultural hegemony, witness the outpouring of what were generally called "spaghetti westerns", some 600 of which were produced between 1960 and 1978, all European co-productions shot on location in (mostly) Italy, one of which, the 1966 *Django*, has recently been re-released on Sky. O'Brien lived only a few years into this cowboy craze, but one hopes that he felt some vindication in his double demythologizing, that of his native island and that of the American West – witness the anti-genre films *Midnight Cowboy* (1970), *The Unforgiven* (1993), *The Revenant* (2016), perhaps, and *The Power of the Dog*, the last a winner of the BAFTA "Best Picture" award in 2022, made by a New Zealand cowgirl. On the other hand, iconic character actor Sam Elliott returns us to some good old "identity politics", xenophobia and some misogyny thrown in for good measure – readers may recall Elliott's introducing "The Dude" to us at the

opening of *The Big Lebowski* – Elliott has said of Jane Campion, “[w]hat the f--- does the woman from down there know about the American west?” (Carras 2022). Had he taken the trouble to read *At Swim-two-Birds*, he might have said something of the same about O’Brien. As it turns out, Elliott notwithstanding, Campion won the “Best Director” award for *The Power of the Dog* at the curious 2022 Oscars. Elliott might have said something of the same of another foreigner, Oscar winning director Alejandro G. Iñárritu. Ah, well, Westerns are back in the global market, whoever directs them, wherever they are located and whoever is punching or poking those cows – to all of which O’Brien might also have replied, “Well, cut my legs off and call me Shorty”, although we have it on good authority that the Irish version might simply refer to wearing new shoes that are “cutting the feet off me” according to Myles na gCopaleene (O’Brien 1999, 351).¹⁰

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¹⁰ Listen to the “American idiom” in Louis Armstrong at: <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jhAq9xHbCmA>> (05/2025).