

FROM THE BARSTOOL

Madra Rua puts the Irish in North Charleston

BY GEORGE GEORGAS
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It took the pluck of the Irish for owner and former Dubliner Stephen O'Connor to open up an upscale Irish pub in a mellow corner of North Charleston.

The results seem to prove that his resolve is justified. Madra Rua, Gaelic for "red fox," is Irish, but ire-poor. In other words, everyone involved in the operation is in a great mood, and it made me equally so when dropping by. In fact, the East Montague pub may soon replace the poetry of William Butler Yeats as my favorite Irish sense-heightening institution.

Sitting there recently, I kept thinking of the word "anomaly." An anomaly, defined as anything that defies logic or understanding, ain't just a Gaelic-sounding girl's name. It arguably pertains to the existence/persistence of

the Madra Rua, which seems completely, but oh-so-pleasantly, out of place in the North Chuck social skyline.

The place, which used to be called the Sandy Dollar, was significantly and exquisitely refurbished by O'Connor.

The bar was literally and figuratively polished to a high sheen. Booths are partitioned by lovely encasements that sustain mugs, Irish-themed and otherwise, but still allow for access to conversations going on and around individual seats.

The woodwork, whether on the tables, bar or complementary frameworks, looks really good and classy. Similarly, the staff there is equally resplendent; these servers and bartenders come off as highly professional and pleasantly knowledgeable.

This must rub off on the patrons, who also have proven quite cordial. Indeed, I was beset by friendly people on my two visits



PROVIDED

Wain, that's Miller life, not Guinness. Patrons enjoy some St. Pat's Day libations at Madra Rua

in North Charleston.