



## Irish Interlude

DUBLIN.

**T**HE IRISH SENSIBILITY is an egregious one. It feeds on its obstacles with passion, with irony, with tragedy — Deirdre feeding the hungry with her soul. There's personalness in Ireland, an individual *rencontre* with destiny. There's vastness of imagination, and a tongue that seems made of bell-metal: it rings with the depths of a cathedral gong. The whole country is human, human in a way no other nation that I know is. Its peatfields, its waterfalls, its incoming bays, its turreted hills — Ireland's ruins are historic emotions surrendered to time.

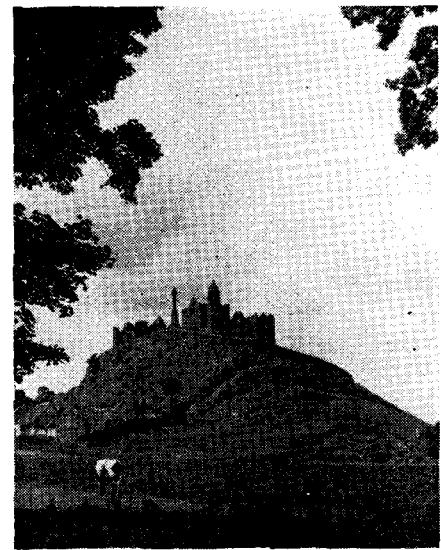
Its lakes seem so much a metaphysical in-turning that you expect them to wake up and talk, rise up and take a stride with you, and even make the familiar gesture of becoming a white bird and turn a pool on Ben Bulbin's top. For if you know Ben Bulbin at all, it's like a hero lying down after a battle, in full knowledge of his victory, sword struck to the earth, breathpipin through space over clear waters, and trying to

heal his desperate wounds. The Bay of Donegal is to his right, and the great poet, the greatest of Ben Bulbin's children, perhaps, lies at his feet, kicking at his heels. The poet, foolish man, had gone off to France and the Mediterranean to die, but Ben Bulbin would have him lie at his mountainous feet. And there he remains, does W. B. Yeats . . .

Under bare Ben Bulbin's head  
In Drumcliffe churchyard Yeats is  
laid . . .  
Cast a cold eye  
On life, on death.  
Horseman, pass by!

(W. B. Yeats)

Yeats lies in a churchyard that looks like a drawing room (Protestant churchyards keep the living trim), and Yeats, who always could see the past, hears the sermons of his great grandfather, the clergyman—"An ancestor was rector there, long years ago." Here, however, there is a Celtic cross that seems to whirl life into space and turn the drawing room into a house of supernal judgment.



—Pan American World Airways.

"Ireland's ruins are historic emotions surrendered to time."

Ireland itself looks like a Celtic cross—which explains why it is mountainous all around and an empty plain in the middle. God made rare things in His image. Ireland is His image—hence, the Celtic cross, Deirdre Mother of Sorrows, and poetry. Poetry in Ireland does not seem the privilege of the intellect, it seems the leaping tongue of the hedge, the sparrow, the stream of Connemara, the ringed silence of Kerry, the light of Clannacnoise, the metallic ingredient of the Irishman's speech. The Irish roll their tongues as if to change words into acts, and finally they are so frightened of their own vocables that they pour molten metal on fellow Irishman. And then laugh. The Irish tongue laughs at all men, and weeps when necessary. "For, if you've sorrow," said Arland Usher, "all Ireland's on your side."

**S**EAN O'FAOLAIN remarked "In Ireland it's bad taste to be serious. You have no heroes in Ireland, and were you to have one you must laugh at him too." And, indeed, one day in the halls of Trinity College, Dublin, Frank O'Connor, talking of his dead elder, Yeats, laughed so much and made everyone so full of gaiety one wondered if, as in some ancient cultures, one does not weep at death, but one is, as it were, at a festival. The Irish ever talk of death and so laugh it away. And drink does the rest.

Yeats obviously did not appreciate death in the same manner; he was too grave a gentleman, too particular about his gestures, his tongue, the cut of his hair, the color of his handkerchief, the tip of his boot-knob. He took everything seriously. He took his tower very seriously, and built it up against dampness and war, so that when the troubled years came and the British were search-

(Continued on page 37)

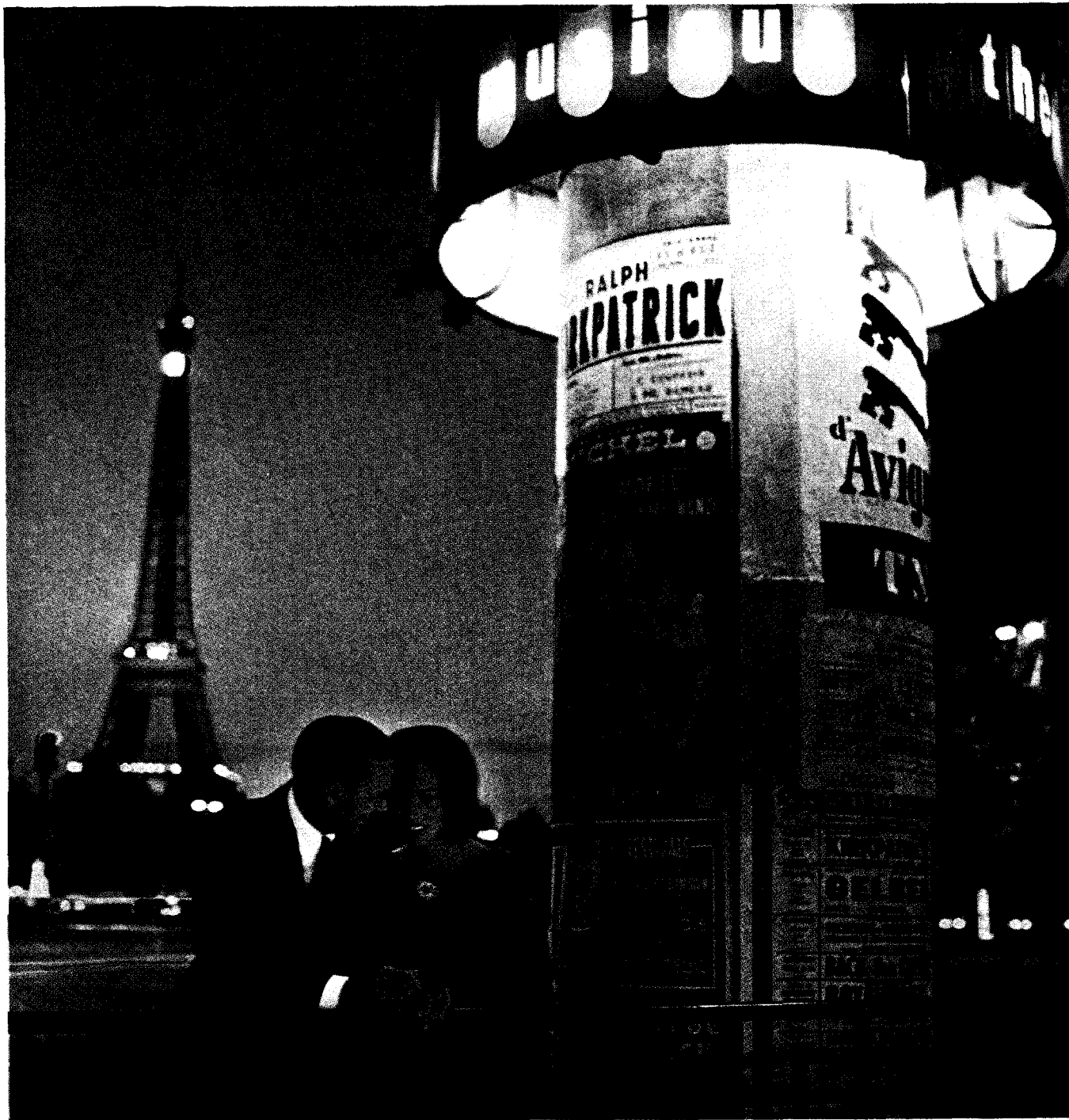
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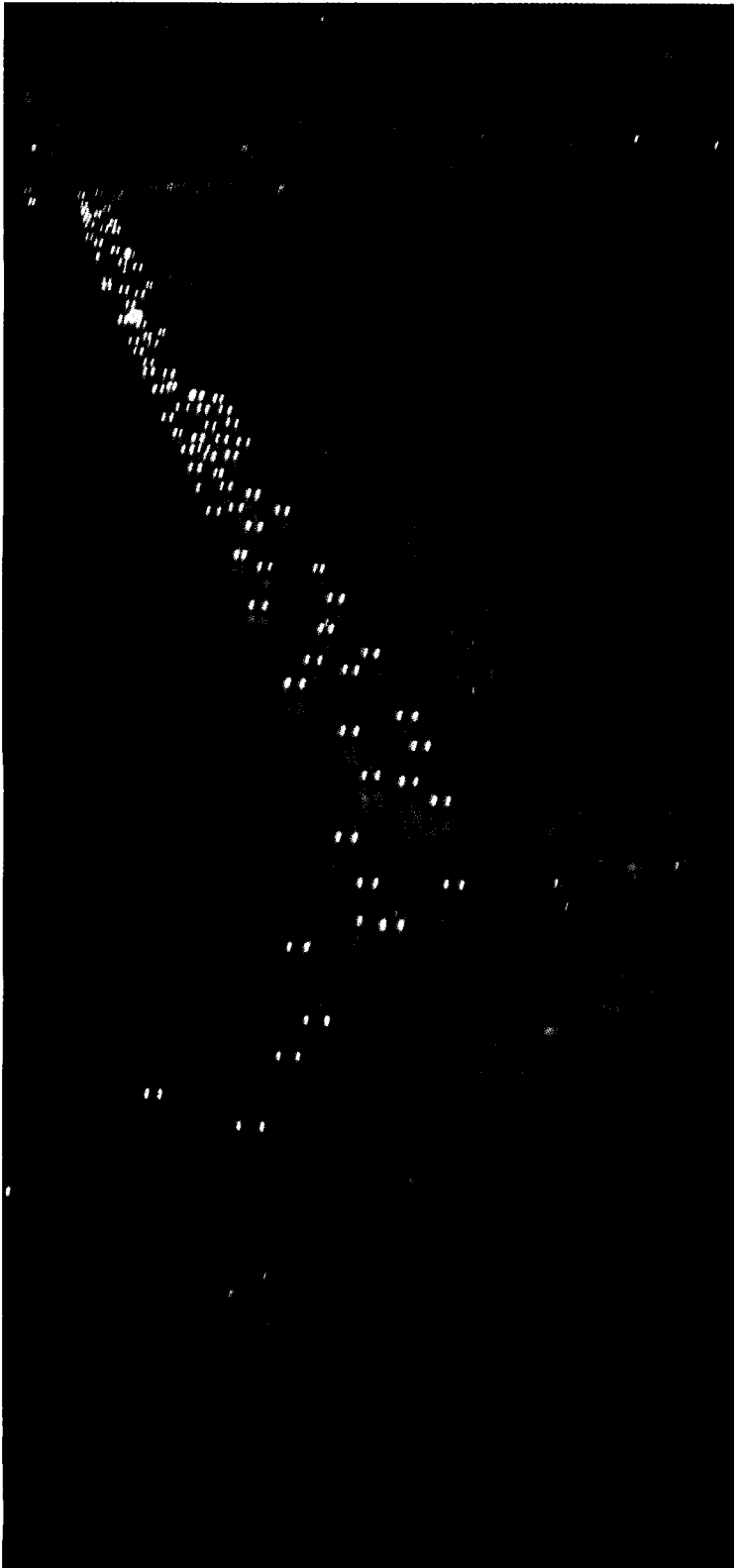
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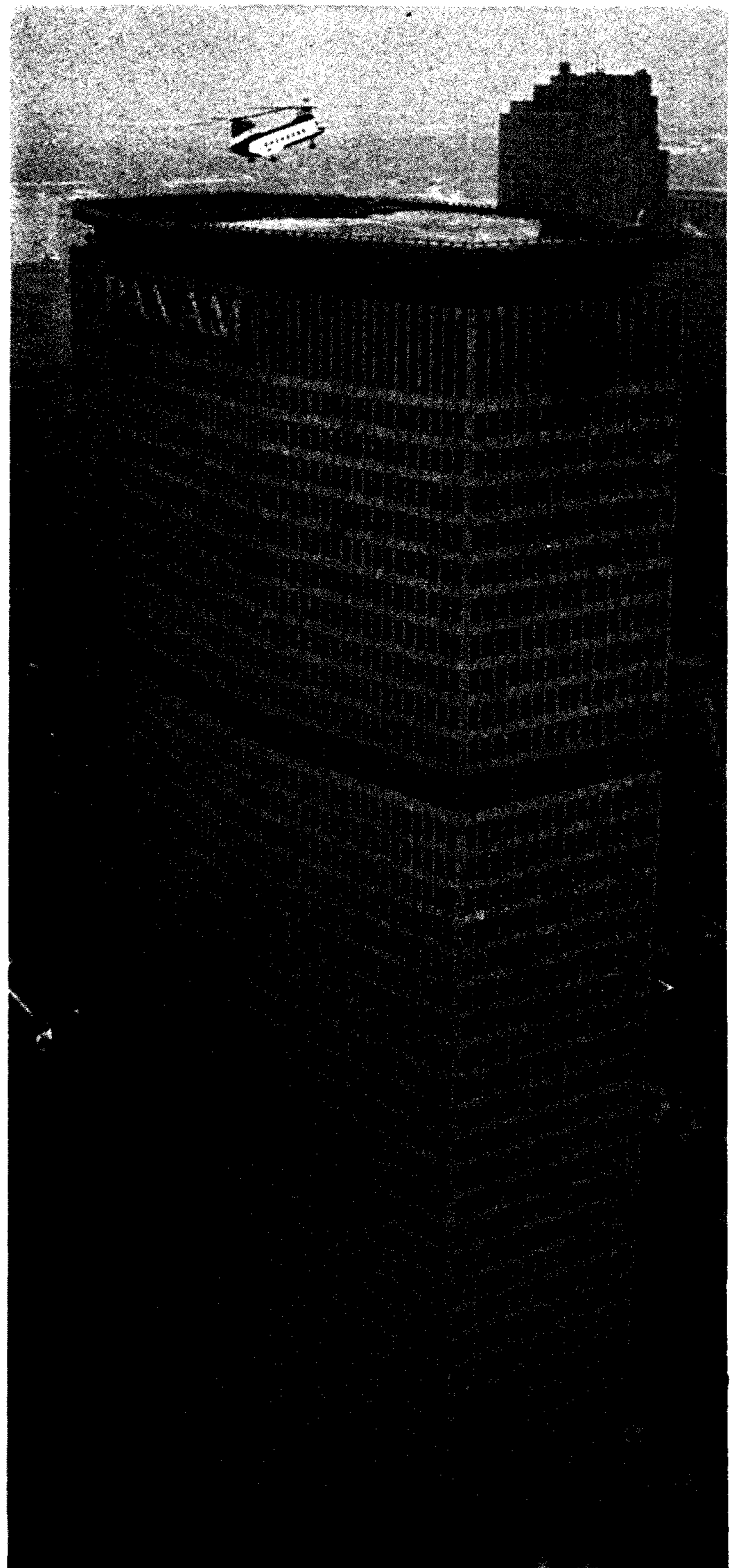
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Ideas like these (and those at left) come from trying to serve our customers better. But the people at General Electric have another motive:

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# ANNOUNCING *SR's* FOURTEENTH ANNUAL World Travel Photo Contest

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for black-and-white winner:

A TRIP TO MADRID

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

**Ivan Dmitri**—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts*.

**Leopold Godowsky**—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

**Norman Cousins**, Editor, *Saturday Review*.

**Norris Harkness**—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

**Margaret R. Weiss**, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

## SR's 1965 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS



**Arthur J. Heiser**, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.



**Gaylord A. Morrison**, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.

## *Saturday Review*

380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

### Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of SATURDAY REVIEW and the McCALL CORP., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. **Black-and-white photographs**
  - a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.
  - b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
  - c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

- d. No negatives should be submitted.
- e. **NO BLACK-AND-WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**
4. **Color photographs**
    - a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency or print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
    - b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
    - c. Color prints must be no larger than 8 x 10 and unmounted.
    - d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
    - e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
    - f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.
  5. SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part

of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPH CONTEST DEPARTMENT. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.

**IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of SATURDAY REVIEW, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. SATURDAY REVIEW retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

(Continued from page 32)  
ing for the "rebels," Yeats stood with a red light by a broken bridge, warning nationalists against suicide. The waters gurgled past his night, and Ireland was saved.

And Parnell loved his country  
And Parnell loved his lass.

(W. B. Yeats)

Ireland is like no other country in the world. It's a gem apart, something historic and holy that man has set aside for his imagination, a country where the "little people" still hold sway; and if you've any doubts you've just to sit by a stream, or lie in a meadow, or contemplate the cloud-bannered hill, and suddenly the whole countryside is peopled with little folk—not more than a foot-and-a-half high, perhaps—who still seem to enjoy the first privileges of man before his fall. They are genuine and mischievous—they can frighten you behind hedges, and make the air suddenly so crisp and transparent on an evening that you expect a chariot drawn by bees, and the grasses to individually stiffen and shine. It's all a question of your ability to see space. Some only look at distance; but you must look at space as you look



—Irish Tourist Office.

Thatched, whitewashed cottages—  
part of Ireland's enchantment.

at a jewel. Then all at once movements are seen, and color, and humanity.

Man is so supercilious to think that he alone inhabits the earth. There are some older than he, and thus they have remained small. They, the fays, do not want to scale to the moon or to read philosophy. The fays just live among flowers, and move without effort, think without a mind, and seem supremely knowledgeable in nature's laws: the waxing of the moon or the waning of the sap. They are charmed by ecstasy, which explains the puckishness of the Irish.

The Black and Tan still hide be-

## Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

### CURTAIN

Here are the closing lines of ten of Shakespeare's plays. Peggy Collison of Mansfield, Ohio, asks you to assign them to the right plays. Open the promptbook on page 40.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| ( ) So, call the field to rest: and let's away,<br>To part the glories of this happy day.                      | 1. <i>Hamlet</i>                        |
| ( ) Give me your hands, if we be friends,<br>And Robin shall restore amends.                                   | 2. <i>Julius Caesar</i>                 |
| ( ) Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:<br>That she may long live here, God say amen!             | 3. <i>King John</i>                     |
| ( ) As you from crimes would pardon'd be,<br>Let your indulgence set me free.                                  | 4. <i>King Lear</i>                     |
| ( ) . . . such a sight as this<br>Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.<br>Go, bid the soldiers shoot. | 5. <i>King Richard II</i>               |
| ( ) The oldest hath borne most: we that are young<br>Shall never see so much, nor live so long.                | 6. <i>King Richard III</i>              |
| ( ) Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee<br>brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers!         | 7. <i>A Midsummer<br/>Night's Dream</i> |
| ( ) March sadly after: grace my mournings here,<br>In weeping after this untimely bier.                        | 8. <i>Much Ado<br/>About Nothing</i>    |
| ( ) Nought shall make us rue,<br>If England to itself do rest but true.  | 9. <i>Othello</i>                       |
| ( ) Myself will straight aboard and to the state<br>This heavy act with heavy heart relate.                    | 10. <i>The Tempest</i>                  |

SR/June 25, 1966

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