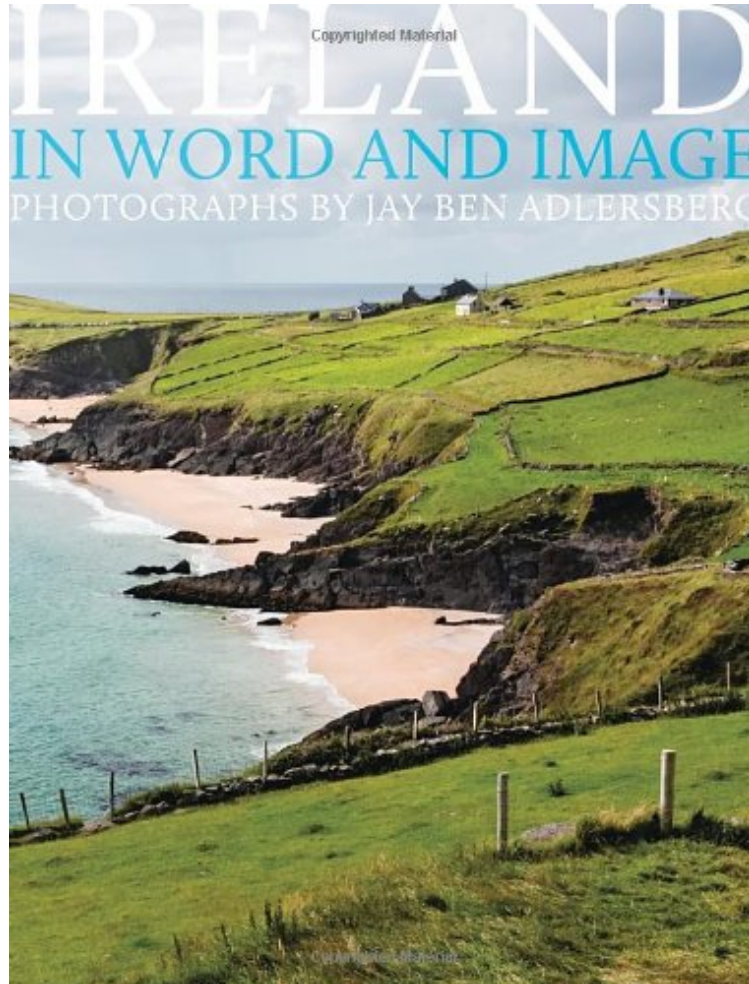


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Ireland: In Word and Image

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From Brand: Welcome Books : Ireland: In Word and Image before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Ireland: In Word and Image:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. The Heart of the People, the Heart of the Land By wandering monk
Of all the books in my library, I wanted the one about Ireland to be the most personal and the most magnificent. Let me tell you, "Ireland In Word and Image" fulfilled that order in spades. You see, I didn't want another giant coffee table with lovely photos of the Emerald Isle. There's breathtaking scenery throughout the countyside, and there's no denying it. But the real beauty of Ireland is the PEOPLE and their story. How did it become filled with poets, writers and folk musicians that can take you from the heights of bliss, to the deepest heartbreak? "Ireland In Word and Image" has found the best quotes in Irish literature and combines hem with many truly beautiful photographs. The result is not just another coffee table book. The result is a commanding book in every way that lets you in (or takes you back) to

the HEART of Ireland: The heart of the people and the heart of the land. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Wonderful match of photographs and classic literature By Lewis H. Kaminester I've visited Ireland many times and Doctor Adlersberg has captured so many classic settings, from countryside to city to even graveyards. and the classic literature that matches these wonderful pictures are worth going back to read and view again and again. One of the very best and most interesting "coffee table books" but it is much more than that. it is an intellectual exercise. Should be recommended before any visitor travels to Ireland. The literature alone gives great insight into the people and places of Ireland, and the photos show what the luckiest visitor may see in months of travel. Lewis Kaminester, M.D. 6 of 6 people found the following review helpful. Like Ireland and its Poets....Magical By Paula Silver Rarely do you find a book that goes beyond your expectations when you're talking about a place you've traveled to often. Jay Ben Adlersberg has captured Ireland in all her glory with many of her very most favored writers...from W.B. Yeats to Elizabeth Bowen we are reminded of their writings while being transported to magical Ireland. The coffee table book is heavy because there was no skimping on imagery...gatefold spreads, in addition to text you don't need a magnifying glance to share make this book a wonderful gift to friends but especially buy for yourself!

Beyond the green land, the pubs and the auburn hair, is a rich culture dating back nine thousand years, including invasions by just about every nation in Northern Europe. The Irish have survived as a people, perhaps because of the genetics of hope, the richness of tale-telling and laughter, and the scent of peat in the air. Jay Ben Adlersberg The Emerald Isle is known for its gorgeous countryside, and rightfully so. From the rugged cliffs of the Atlantic coast to the lush meadows and lakes of the interior, Ireland is rich in imagery both awe-inspiring and serene. The vibrant streets of such cities as Dublin and Belfast, where modern architecture rubs shoulders with Georgian townhouses and Norman stonework, testify to the island's 21st century resurgence as the cosmopolitan 'Celtic Tiger.' From the remains of a Bronze Age ring fort to the soaring modern Spire of Dublin to the stallions of the National Stud, Ireland is a land of surprising variety. The rich color images collected here weave together the portrait of a land where Paleolithic monuments, medieval castles, quiet fishing villages, and bustling cities all exist alongside each other. From the eerie, astonishing hexagonal stones of the Giants Causeway in County Antrim to the cozy atmosphere of the town pub; from breathtaking wild landscapes to the exquisite gardens of stately homes; each page offers a new glimpse of Ireland's multifarious beauty. The prehistoric tombs of Newgrange, the Gothic peaks of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the sublime scenery of Connemara National Park, and countless country villages, all are here. With a keen visual sensibility, Jay Ben Adlersberg captures the tiniest details and the most magnificent vistas that are at the island's heart and that make Ireland one of the world's loveliest places to travel or to call home. Here, too, is a journey through Ireland's history. The soaring modern Spire of Dublin monument, the elegant campus of Trinity College, the ancient seat of Ireland's kings at Tara each evokes a different moment in Ireland's many-layered past. Written in the land itself, Ireland's history appears here in the slope of a thatched roof, in the grass-grown remains of a Bronze Age ring fort, in a field tilled for centuries. Finally, here is the soul of a land where, out of the hardships of the past, have come arts and culture alive with creativity and resilience, from traditional flute and fiddle music to a diverse literary tradition from which thirty poems and literary excerpts have been chosen to accompany Adlersberg's images, including the romantic prose of James Joyce; the humorous boyhood memories of Frank McCourt; the celebration of natural beauty in the poetry of W.B. Yeats; and the folk tales of Douglas Hyde; as well as numerous others whose writings capture the unique spirit that is Ireland. Samantha Bowser supplies the rich and nuanced captions for the more than two hundred photographs.

"Best Travel Book of the Year" Next Generation Indie Book Awards, 2014 "Best Coffee Table Book of the Year" National Indie Excellence Awards, 2014 "Finalist, Best Photography Book of the Year" Foreword Book of the Year Awards, 2014 "Ireland is a prism between the sun and the Irish Sea.' With these telling words, photographer Jay Ben Adlersberg begins a book full... of stunning images and lyric salutes to the Emerald Isle. Think you've already seen every kind of Irish steeple and saloon? Perhaps. But Adlersberg's eye for texture and detail brings familiar subjects alive in new ways. "Ireland: In Word and Image" is as wide and long as a dinner tray, making the 160 photos even more stunning. Passages by wordsmiths such as Thackeray and Yeats also grace the pages." Los Angeles Times, "Holiday gifts to fuel that wanderlust," December 1, 2013 "It is the best coffee table book on Ireland that has ever crossed my desk!" Adrian Flannelly on Irish Radio "...a beautiful tribute to Ireland...in a format that invites browsing, the photographs soothe the eyes: from the sea to pasture; historical buildings including castles, churches, and colleges to modern street scenes; and race horses to the industries of linen, wool, and whiskey. For those with a special interest in Ireland, this volume creates an illuminating and engrossing armchair journey." Publishers Weekly, November 25, 2013 "Capturing Ireland in text and picture involves entering its soul; getting under its skin. This beautiful book somehow manages to achieve that intangible goal." The Very Reverend John Mann Dean, St. Anne's Cathedral Dean of Belfast "This is a beautiful publication which highlights the best of what Ireland has to offer. The stunning photographs capture all aspects of Irish life and everyone should have a copy." Michael Healy-Rae TD Kilgarvan, County Kerry Member of the Irish Parliament "The deep soul and spirit of this luminous country is evident on each finely wrought page of this book. A wonder to behold and to be treasured." Father Edward L. Beck, CNN Contributor and

author"From the Happy Rainbow to the Flora and Fauna, the Majestic Buildings and the wonderful shots of the people the book evokes all that Ireland offers and more. A wonderful publication and an ideal gift."Francis BrennanEntrepreneur, Hotelier, BroadcasterProprietor, Park Hotel Kenmare"This book is a must have for every Ireland enthusiast. Whether an avid armchair traveller or an intrepid explorer, this collection of gorgeous photographs and its compendium of great Irish Authors, poets and wordsmiths, highlights what make the Island of Ireland so unique and compelling for visitors."Ruth Moran,Tourism Ireland"What a stunning tribute to this island's landscape."Electric Ireland"There is something comforting and familiar in this new bookput out by Jay Ben Adlersberg. From the very moment I held the book in hand to the very last page, I was carried back to the land that sings in my soul and haunts my dreams.I would look at each image and say 'I have stood in that very spot.' This is a book that you set out on yourcoffee tableand people will actually pick it up and become lost. If you have visited Ireland, it serves as a memory nudge and a story prompter. If you long to visit but have neither a passport nor the finances, fix yourself a cuppa, grab up this book, find a comfy chair and be transported. Jay will guide you through verdant green landscapes, hustle-bustle cityscapes, along craggy cliffs and into the halls of Manor houses, Government Buildings, Churches and ruins that stand today as a testament to History and time. Along the way, you will be immersed in the light and energy of her people, be they child, Elder, fisherman or shopkeeper, commoner or king. Along with the fabulous pictorial journey, a lot of thought went into the selection of written material. I found it to be educational and rich without being dry. I was delightfully turning pages to see which writers, modern and eternal, he had chosen: J.M Synge, Douglas Hyde, William Butler Yeats, Mary Ann Larkin; 36 authors, if my count is correct, in all.Each writer lent their unique voice to the magic of his images. It is a rarity to find someone so diverse that they can make landscapes, streetscapes, people and animals equally seem alive and 'at-your-fingertips.' Adlersberg has done this with a seeming ease and grace. I find myself going back to the fold-outs, holding my breath each time in anticipation of the view within. It isnt that the image changes each time that I open the book but in the anticipation of the beauty that I know waits within.If you treat yourself to one thing this year, let it be this amazing book. Catherine Lilbit Devine, thenewwildgeese.comAbout the AuthorJay Ben Adlersberg is a contributing artist to Getty Images. His clients include Microsoft, Saatchi and Saatchi, Macmillan and The New York Times. He brings a journalist's eye to his images of countries and their people. He was inspired by his daughter, an editorial and portrait photographer in New York City, to pursue photography more seriously.Jay has been voted one of the Best Doctors in New York. For the past 30 years, he has reported nightly on medical news for WABC-TV, and--together with other ABC NEWS staff--won a Peabody Award for coverage of the September 11, 2001 attacks. He lives in New York City.Jay Ben Adlersberg website: <http://www.jaybenimages.com> EDITOR, Samantha Bowser is an avid student of history and culture pursuing a career in archival work. She has contributed to a number of Welcome titles including Exodus and Red Carpet. She claims Irish heritage through her father and was thrilled to travel in Ireland with Jay Adlersberg for the creation of this book. She lives in New York City.Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.from Ireland: In Word and Image by Jay Ben Adlersberg1 Introduction by Jay Ben Adlersberg2 Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man by James Joyce3 The Lake Isle of Innisfree by W. B. Yeats4 Angela's Ashes by Frank McCourt---1. IntroductionIf photography is about light and color, then Ireland is a prism between the sun and the Irish Sea. The North Atlantic Drift from the Gulf Stream brings warm air to meet a variable jet stream, and the result is four seasons of weather in one Irish day. Want flat light? Youve got it. Want a golden sunset? That, too. Rain and fog over slieve and glen? Bring a slicker. That wasnt the view I had of Ireland at the outset. Green and Guinness, red hair, freckles, and civil war were what came to mind when I thought about the weeks I would spend there. I wasnt at all sure that I was going to have a rich experience. I was wrong. Indeed there was a lot of green, the green of the fields and sea, the amber-green of crops and falling leaves, the green-gray of hillsides shawled in mist and fog. This is an agrarian economy, and while light industry has come and gone, the green fields begin smack up against city lines and intertwine with villages and towns. The changeable weather guarantees an almost daily rainfall. The result is the richness and depth of color on the land, greens interspersed with a rainbow of crops, plants, and flowers. The red hair, the freckles, and the Guinness need no further mention. The politics, however, do.My eyes were first opened when we pulled up at the old fort of Carrick Fergus in Northern Ireland, which is still a part of Great Britain. I got out of the car and dressed to take photos, putting on a floppy-brimmed jungle hat and a black photo harness and belt with a bunch of black lens pouches hanging from it. I was hefting a big, black DSLR and lens in my hand, completely obscured by a plastic rain sleeve in the bad weather. The effect made our driver, Jerry, visibly upset. He thought that I might be taken as a bomb-vested terrorist brandishing a concealed .45 Colt 1911. He was very serious; I got that it was not a joke. Fortunately, nothing happened. However, Jerry insisted that I have my picture taken in that getup so he could show the other drivers at Pro Bus and Car, to illustrate what he said was his best story ever. Jeremiah Ginnifer reminded me of Irelands tradition of storytelling. Jerry was a raconteur. He was a storyteller in the tradition of Irelands four Nobel Prize winners in Literature (no other country matches that renown: Yeats, Bernard Shaw, Beckett, and Heaney). As a young Corkman in the South, he had worked the countrys forests and sailed its seas. For the last few decades, he had driven its roads professionally. He knew Ireland. He regaled us with the tales of an Irish upbringing in a tight-knit home of fourteen children raised in a small house in County Cork. Jerrys chronicles of that upbringing helped pass the time like a breeze

across a loch as we drove for a month between landmarks and vistas. My favorite story was of Jerry one night in a pub as a wild young man who countered a drunkards taunt with a barbed retort. Before things fell to fisticuffs, an older, wiser friend drew an agitated Jerry aside, and told him a fishing tale, of his failure time after time, year after year, to catch a wily old trout. He asked Jerry if he knew the reason for the poor luck. Jerry shook his head. The man said, It was because he kept his bloody mouth shut! As funny as that was, woven into Jerrys stories was his detailed, intense recollection of the fighting between the North and the Republic in the South: us and them, as Jerry put it. The Troubles, the insurrection of the Republicans against the Loyalists in Northern Ireland, have raged over the last half-century. The 1998 Good Friday peace accord is a veneer, and to this day, the wood underneath is gnarled with enmity, distrust, and violence. Jerry showed us every landmark of insurrection, every mural-splashed wall, every monument to the struggle of his people against the British, who had, in the minds of many, occupied his country for nine hundred years. I was not prepared for the politics of Ireland, but I did anticipate the vistas, which were breathtaking. There were mountains that tumbled into vast areas of forest and farmland, all of it rolling down to the sea. Grinding down to the West Coast was a moonscape of stone and grass, the Burren Hills, or simply the Burren, a glacier-dump of stone from prehistory, scarring the otherwise fertile fields surrounding it. Nearby were the coastal crags of the Cliffs of Mohr. But to my surprise, there were beaches, deep stretches of sand scalloped around the edges of the island, and a number of beautiful coves where the cliffs seemed to disintegrate into pebbles and silica that ran to the sea. There were actually bathers in the chilly water, surfers as well red-haired surfer girls, with freckles. From the beach, we drove up into the fog and mist hanging on the hills and blowing softly through the glens. It had a spiritual quality and gave me goose bumps. There is much said about magical, mystical Ireland, but you dont feel it until you step out of a fog bank into a still, eerie forest black-green with moss-coated trees, and edge over to a stream white with foam and red with iron from the soil. I didnt see a banshee or leprechaun, but I felt I was standing on their home turf. The sense of spirituality extended to the graveyards that dot the landscape like freckles on a lasss face. The final resting places of these Irish were not foreboding; they were almost welcoming, the stones marking lives spent lovingly and conjuring families richer for them. There was an old graveyard on the grounds of a beautiful hotel where we stayed outside the town of Kerry. One early evening, I heard the strains of Amazing Grace. I looked out the window to find dozens of cars parked on the wide hotel lawn and hundreds of locals gathered in the graveyard for a mass. I later learned that this gathering happened once a year, when the townspeople came to pay their respects to some of the dead who had no one else to mourn them. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess within the veil, A life of joy and peace. The caring of a whole town of people for those they had never known is just one example of Irish warmth and hospitality. One time, we pulled over near a tractor moving bales of hay. Jerry told the young driver that I was taking photos for a book and wanted to shoot him laboring away (he was a college student working the family farm for the summer). He pointed to a hard metal edge in the one-person tractor cab and said Hop in! I did, and, scrunched in by the cab door and sitting painfully on the steel support, I spent an hour taking shots of the young man as we drove from field to field. Another time, I asked Jerry to stop after we overtook a restored 1920 Austin so I could shoot it driving past. A while later we were stopped behind it at a light. I jumped out and ran over to the driver, explaining that I wanted some more photos of his gorgeous two-seater convertible. He said, Hop in! I did, and we drove ten miles together to an antique car show in Galway town for a grand afternoon. Several days later, we stopped in the rain at a peat bog to watch a man gather wet pieces of peat to dry for winter fires. He said burning dried peat to heat his house cost him only about \$250 a year. When I told him I wanted some photos, he pointed to his tractor, got in the front seat, and said Hop on! This hopping thing was now wearing thin as I tried to balance on the back of the open bin behind the tractor, one hand on a wet and slippery roll bar and the other snapping images with a heavy, rain-slickered camera as we bounced along, tracking though the wet mud of the ancient bog. While were talking of peat, I visited the Fields of Ceide, essentially acres of rolling peat bog, where archeologists have found ruins going back thousands of years to the original immigrants. Thousands of years before that, glacial ice melted to create lakes into which standing vegetation fell and settled to the bottom. Over millenia, the compressed organic matter displaced the water and, with the growth of sphagnum moss, formed a peat bog. The smell of burning peat is unique, by the way intense and musty. Its a pleasurable aroma, much earthier than the smell of a wood fire. Even the ancient Irish were aware of the value of peat, and the archeological digs show a history of its use even earlier than the Viking invasions of the 900s (the source of the red hair and the blue-eye genes, and maybe the freckles). Theres a sad side to Ireland. The country is pockmarked with the homes of people who suffered through the Potato Famine of the mid-nineteenth century. Potatoes and a little buttermilk for protein had kept the poor alive to till the land. But in 1845, when a blight killed the potato crop, Irish families died a million people. Another million scraped money together for sea passage abroad. They were the lucky ones. Both the living and the dead left their homes behind. These houses stand to this day. The roofs are gone now just the skeletons of the walls remain. These so-called famine cottages are the only visual testament to the near death of an entire nation. The Irish have preserved them, perhaps as reminders of their dependence on the land, perhaps to remember their loved ones who passed, or who fled death for life in lands far away. Dont go to Ireland with preconceptions. Keep an open mind. Beyond the green land and the auburn hair, there is a rich history dating back nine thousand years, including the influences of invasions by just about every nation in

Northern Europe. But the Irish have survived as a people, with the genetics of hope, the scent of peat in the air, and the richness of tale-telling. Yes, Irelands writers helped their people survive. Though this book project started with photographs, it grew to include the literature that chronicled the countrys history and the writers who were inspired by the places pictured here. Read Daniel OConnells embrace of his homeland next to a country landscape; Pat Borans ode to mans best friend, adjoining (what else?) two Irish setters; Samuel Becketts terse epitaph bordering a graveyard he could be describing. The combination of the visual and the word will draw out your emotions as quickly as any moving picture. Speaking of moving pictures, theres a line in a movie about the Troubles, where an Irish-American asks an IRA man visiting the U.S. how he could have gotten involved in the mayhem and bloodshed of the conflict. He replies, Its an Irish thing. Ireland, the entire country, is an Irish thing, a unique realm of landscape, culture, and politics. Only by being there, even for just a while, will you be able to understand and revel in the country and its people. ---2. Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man by James Joyce He looked northward towards Howth. The sea had fallen below the line of seawrack on the shallow side of the breakwater and already the tide was running out fast along the foreshore. Already one long oval bank of sand lay warm and dry amid the wavelets. Here and there warm isles of sand gleamed above the shallow tide: and about the isles and around the long bank and amid the shallow currents of the beach were lightclad figures, wading and delving. In a few moments he was barefoot, his stockings folded in his pockets and his canvas shoes dangling by their knotted laces over his shoulders: and, picking a pointed salteaten stick out of the jetsam among the rocks, he clambered down the slope of the breakwater. There was a long rivulet in the strand: and, as he waded slowly up its course, he wondered at the endless drift of seaweed. Emerald and black and russet and olive, it moved beneath the current, swaying and turning. The water of the rivulet was dark with endless drift and mirrored the highdrifting clouds. The clouds were drifting above him silently and silently the seatangle was drifting below him; and the grey warm air was still: and a new wild life was singing in his veins. Where was his boyhood now? Where was the soul that had hung back from her destiny, to brood alone upon the shame of her wounds and in her house of squalor and subterfuge to queen it in faded cerements and in wreaths that withered at the touch? Or, where was he? He was alone. He was unheeded, happy, and near to the wild heart of life.---3. The Lake Isle of Innisfree by W. B. Yeats I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree, And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made: Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee, And live alone in the bee-loud glade. And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow, Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings; There midnights all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow, And evening full of the linnets wings. I will arise and go now, for always night and day I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore; While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey, I hear it in the deep hearts core.---4. Angela's Ashes by Frank McCourt Grandma warns me to take the dinner can directly and not be meandering, looking this way and that, kicking canisters and ruining the toes of my shoes. This dinner is hot and thats the way Bill Galvin wants it. Theres a lovely smell from the dinner can, boiled bacon and cabbage and two big floury white potatoes. Surely he wont notice if I try half a potato. He wont complain to Grandma because he hardly ever talks outside of a snuffle or two. Its better if I eat the other half potato so that he wont be asking why he got a half. I might as well try the bacon and cabbage too and if I eat the other potato hell surely think she didnt send one at all. The second potato melts in my mouth and Ill have to try another bit of cabbage, another morsel of bacon. There isnt much left now and hell be very suspicious so I might as well finish off the rest. What am I going to do now? Grandma will destroy me, Mam will keep me in for a year. Bill Galvin will bury me in lime. Ill tell him I was attacked by a dog on the Dock Road and he ate the whole dinner and Im lucky I escaped without being eaten myself. Oh, is that so? says Bill Galvin. And whats that bit of cabbage hanging on your gansey? Did the dog lick you wit his cabbagey gob? Go home and tell your grandmother you ate me whole dinner and Im falling down with the hunger here in this lime kiln. Shell kill me. Tell her dont kill you till she sends me some class of a dinner and if you dont go to her now and get me a dinner Ill kill you and throw your body into the lime there and there wont be much left for your mother to moan over. Grandma says, What are you doin back with that can? He could bring that back by himself. He wants more dinner. What do you mean more dinner? Jesus above, is it a hole he has in his leg? Hes falling down with the hunger below in the lime kiln. Is it coddin me you are? He says send him any class of a dinner. I will not. I sent him his dinner. He didnt get it. He didnt? Why not? I ate it. What? I was hungry and I tasted it and I couldnt stop. Jesus, Mary and holy St. Joseph.