

## 1:  Riverbank Computing 

*John Ford's Festive Comedy: Ireland Imagined in The Quiet Man. By William C. Dowling. In late , as his film The Quiet Man was being edited into final form, director John Ford sent a cautiously optimistic telegram to his friend Lord Killanin in Dublin: "The Quiet Man looks better and better.*

My name is William C. As most of my students know, I will be retiring at the end of June. During my 28 years as a Rutgers professor, a course I taught every semester was English, an introductory course for English majors that focused on the close reading of poetry. A video of one of my English classes was made several years ago by Robert Andersen, director of the films *Asbury Park* and *Ashore*. It is now available for viewing on the Web. I grew up in Warner, New Hampshire, a little town in the middle of the state. I graduated from Simonds High School. When I was away at college, all the elms on Main Street died. I was an undergraduate at Dartmouth College in Hanover, N. It was a great place to be an English major because there was always snow on the ground and one wanted to stay inside in Sanborn House library and read by the fire, and because afternoon Sanborn tea was an occasion for students and faculty to get together in a pleasantly informal setting. Students in my course on Tolkien and Oxford Christianity have asked that I restore the link to "The Temptation of Galadriel," a selection from one of my lectures giving a sample of the course and its perspective. The selection may be heard by clicking on the link above. English majors in my generation took a three-day Comprehensive Examination in the spring of our senior year. Most of the material was covered in our core English courses, but we all realized at the end that the list had an independent value: It shaped our reading, our thinking, and our discussions with each other about literature, during three entire years of college. At the request of some of my Rutgers students, I several years ago reconstructed the list for their personal use. Classroom teaching in English courses was based on "close reading" of major works in English and American literature. At Rutgers, this was the approach used in English, which for many years served as the foundation of literary study at the upper levels of the major. I went to Harvard for my PhD, concentrating on 18th-century English literature, early American literature, and literary theory. My dissertation was on three works by James Boswell -- the *Tour to Corsica*, *Tour to the Hebrides*, and *Life of Johnson* -- and the idea of the hero in the later eighteenth century. This became my first book, *The Boswellian Hero*. Students who took my seminar on *Holmes and Literary Boston* have asked about the church of St. A picture of the interior may be found at St. My account of *Holmes and literary Boston* takes as its center the classical republican ideal of civic virtue as it shaped New England thought and writing through the end of the nineteenth century. A work that strongly influenced my own understanding of Boston literary culture is *Charles Eliot Norton*: Dowling "The scholarship in William C. Dowling knows Ricoeur inside out. Here time exists simultaneously on two levels. It includes the time of the characters whose actions and choices unfold one by one with unknown results, but as recounted by a narrator who already knows the results those actions and choices will have. What Dowling delivers is an accessible and very useful introduction to a long, difficult, and complicated text. An Introduction to *Temps et recit* are different and reputable to be yours. First of all reading a book is good nonetheless it depends in the content than it which is the content is as yummy as food or not. Ricoeur on Time and Narrative: An Introduction of *Temps et recit* giving you information deeper since different ways, you can find any guide out there but there is no book that similar with Ricoeur on Time and Narrative: An Introduction to *Temps et recit*. It gives you thrill reading through journey, its open up your own personal eyes about the thing that happened in the world which is maybe can be happened around you. It is not important along? Or just adding material when you need something to explain what the one you have problem? How about your extra time? Or are you busy individual? And you have time? What did you do? Every individual has many questions above. They have to answer that question mainly because just their can do that. It said that about book. Book is familiar on every person. Yes, it is proper. Because start on *jardin de infancia* until university need this Ricoeur on Time and Narrative: In literary theory, he is the author of Jameson, Althusser, Marx: *Intensional Semantics and Literary Theory*. *Ireland Imagined in The Quiet Man*. I stopped reading the book when I reached a section describing what the Aztecs, in their ignorant and backward civilization, thought of as basic

decency. I found it deeply depressing. Primitive Culture of the Aztecs "No vainglorious, presumptuous or noisy man has ever been chosen as a dignitary; no impolite, ill-bred man, vulgar in his speaking, impudent in his speech and inclined to say whatever comes into his head, has ever sat upon the petltal or upon the icpalli. And if it should happen that a dignitary makes unsuitable jokes or speaks with levity, then he is called a tecucuecuetli, which means a buffoon. No important office of state has ever been entrusted to a vain man, overfree in his speaking, nor to a man that plays the fool. Anderson In fall semester , I taught English , a senior seminar on the problem of "internal" audience in art and literature. In relation to the authors we read -- Marvell, Browning, Shakespeare, Jane Austen, David Foster Wallace -- this was a course in the ontology of literary works. The inset picture is a thumbnail. Click on it to see the group in its vibrant entirety. In fall semester , I co-taught with my colleague Myra Jehlen English , a small undergraduate seminar entitled Narratology: The seminar met in Bishop House on Wednesday afternoon. It was one of the most exciting teaching experiences of my time at Rutgers. We were all of us, I think, sorry when it had to come to an end. A Life in Teaching, a memoir of my career in literary studies. An early chapter entitled Blossomberry Farm will give account of the folk-blues scene at Dartmouth in the s. Every year, Rutgers English majors ask me about going on for a Ph. D in English literature. To help answer their questions, I composed a booklet on graduate study in English for my students at Rutgers, explaining why I think the traditional English major may be doomed to extinction in the reasonably near future, giving newly-minted English Ph. Ds no place to find work. But recent developments in MAT training have made that, too, an untenable option. You can read a revised version of my original booklet by clicking here on Graduate Study in English. At Rutgers, I served for some years as faculty advisor to the Peithessophian Society , an undergraduate literary and debate society whose history goes back to the early the nineteenth century. The majority of the students I met through Peitho went on to top law schools, medical schools, or graduate programs in such areas as classics, philosophy, history, physics and mathematics. It was a great privilege to oversee their progress through a Rutgers essentially different from the one that exists today.

2: Fords The Art Of Photography Vincennes Indiana www.enganchecubano.com

*JOHN FORD'S FESTIVE COMEDY: IRELAND IMAGINED IN THE QUIET MAN WILLIAM C. DOWLING in late 1930, as his film The Quiet Man was being edited into final form, director John Ford sent a cautiously optimistic telegram to his friend Lord.*

It was also a departure for Republic Pictures, which backed Ford in what was considered a risky venture at the time. It was the only time the studio, known for low budget B-movies, released a film that would receive an Oscar nomination for Best Picture. They did, and after completing *Rio Grande*, they headed for Ireland to start shooting. One of the conditions that Republic placed on Ford was that the film run under two hours. However, the finished picture was two hours and nine minutes. When screening the film for Republic executives, Ford stopped the film at approximately two hours in, on the verge of the climactic fistfight. Republic executives relented and allowed the film to run its full length. Filming commenced on June 7, 1930. The inside scenes were filmed toward the end of July at the Republic Studios in Hollywood. Cong is now a wealthy small town and the castle a 5-star luxury hotel. The connections with the film have led to the area becoming a tourist attraction. In 1990, a pub opened in the building used as the pub in the film; it had actually been a shop at the time when the movie was shot; the pub hosts daily re-runs of the film on DVD. Other locations in the film include Thoor Ballylee, Co. Galway, home of poet W. B. Yeats for a period, Ballyglunin railway station near Tuam Co. Galway, which was filmed as Castletown station, and various places in Connemara Co. The latter is located on R 340 south of Maam, but has long ago fallen into ruin. Playfair maintains a strong friendly relationship throughout the film, which represented the norm in what was then the Irish Free State. Religious tensions occurred in the 1930s, but were the norm only in Northern Ireland. Danaher asks Hugh Forbes, who had been commander of the local Irish Republican Army unit during the fight to expel the British, "So the IRA is in this too, ah", to which Forbes replies, "If it were, not a scorched stone of your fine house would be standing. One piece of music, chosen by Ford himself, is most prominent: The melody of the "Isle of Innisfree", which is first heard over the opening credit sequence with Ashford Castle in the background, becomes the principal musical theme of *The Quiet Man*. The melody is reprised at least eleven times throughout the film. The upbeat melody comically hummed by Michaela O'Connell Flynn and later played on the accordion is the "Rakes of Mallow". Romero was also said to have died listening to the score. Coe of *The Washington Post* called it "a complete jim-dandy. This was among the top ten grosses of the year.

## 3: John Ford's The Quiet Man

*JOHN FORD'S FESTIVE COMEDY: IRELAND IMAGINED IN THE QUIET MAN WILLIAM C. DOWLING in late , as his film The Quiet Man was being edited into final form, director John Ford sent a cautiously optimistic telegram to his friend Lord Killanin in Dublin: "The Quiet Man looks better and better.*

Introduction At Rutgers, I try to teach regularly in all the areas in which I do research. I also used to English every other term. I teach English every semester. For my English students, I produced a handout on how to use the Oxford English Dictionary when reading literary works written in earlier periods. It is herewith left up. They were a heroic and wonderful group. This is only part of the class. The class in the picture was also the latest to hear the never-ending saga of WCD, his friend Robert H. Bell, and Stephen Duck, the Thresher Poet. Another old friend about whom my students have heard me tell stories is John Gordon, the great James Joyce scholar who has recently and unexpectedly altered course and written the most original study of Charles Dickens published in the last 30 years. To hear the inimitable Gordon voice, click here on his Conn College Convocation address. Here is a picture of me with the members of the seminar. Right after this picture was taken we had a breakthrough, so if the photographer had shown up three days later we would all be smiling. Another wonderful course was the Mirror of Enlightenment, jointly offered in Fall by the English department and the Comparative Literature program. This was a seminar in which we studied the relations between French and English thought and politics in the 18th century, and in which every assignment had readings in English and French. Here I am with members of the seminar. We are standing in front of the statue of William the Silent in the old quad. You can see a larger picture of the seminar with their bronze friend by clicking here on William the Silent. This group is a great example of why so many faculty consider it a privilege to teach at Rutgers. Look carefully at the picture. And it is, partly. Happy they were, most days. Delightful they were, tous les jours. Normal they were not. And this they did, night after night, week after week, until we had covered the Enlightenment from Locke and Newton to the French Revolution. It was, in its way, heroic. If you look carefully at the New Historicism seminar and the Mirror of Enlightenment picture, you will see that two students, Rob Young and John Davies, are present in both. I hope eventually to teach several other seminars in two languages English and Latin, English and German , so I am leaving the original Mirror of Enlightenment course description in place as a sort of prototype. They should get in touch with me if they would be interested in a similar course in their language. A high point was the session we spent with Commander Charles Standard , a Helldiver -- dive bomber -- pilot who won the Navy Cross for extraordinary bravery in the Battle of the Philippine Sea. We found it a rare and moving experience to have the chance to talk for three hours with a carrier pilot who had actually lived through the events we had been discussing. It was, as one member of the seminar said, like having someone walk into the seminar room straight out of the pages of history. The picture above shows the class with Commander Standard on the day of his visit. I taught the same course in Spring as my farewell to the Honors Program, having notified the director that I would not be available to teach seminars again until Rutgers began to devote the same amount of resources to its best and brightest students that it has been devoting over the last 10 years to a handful of hired athletes on the basketball and football teams. The splendid group with whom I spent my farewell semester is pictured at right. My last work devoted entirely to eighteenth-century literature was on the English verse epistle. This is the subject of my book *The Epistolary Moment*, which is also about the concept of "internal audience" in literature. In early American literature, I subsequently concentrated on literary Federalism. *Poetry and Ideology in Revolutionary Connecticut* is about the Connecticut Wits, a group of poets who thought of their poetry as a form of "symbolic action" that could change the course of history. It was followed by *Literary Federalism in the Age of Jefferson*, which is about the literary opposition to Thomas Jefferson and "American jacobinism," has just been published. My most recent work in film studies is an essay on my favorite director, John Ford: *Ireland Imagined in The Quiet Man*. In literary theory, my best-known book is *Jameson, Althusser, Marx*, an introduction to Althusserian Marxism and the work of the American theorist Fredric Jameson. It has been translated into a number of languages, including Chinese and Korean. I keep a copy of the Korean translation

in my office so that Sean Yoon and Alicia Kim and my other Korean students can read it and tell me what I said. Corral Columbia University Press, It concentrates on Chomskyan linguistics and the work of Jerrold J. Katz *The Metaphysics of Meaning* in philosophy of language. I have also posted "Manfred Mickleson Applies for an 18th-century Job," a letter that I found in my files from an 18th-century search run by my department some years ago. On a related note, Chip Szalkorski recently sent me a copy of "Ideology in the Classroom," which addresses some of the same issues. In recent years, I have done a good bit of research on standardized testing and college admissions, in preparation for an essay about American democracy and the "consumer model of education. I am proud of my membership in the Drake Group, which was founded at the Drake Conference on College Sports Corruption, a historic national meeting on ways to save universities from being swallowed up by the TV-revenue-driven behemoth of professionalized college sports. Another educational policy issue that concerns me is teaching evaluation forms, which I regard as "customer satisfaction surveys" that encourage students to adopt a "consumer model" of education. To understand why I see the commodity model as the single biggest danger to genuine education in America read my Targum op-ed column "Why We Should Abolish Teaching Evaluations. Michael Sun drew this caricature of me reacting to a bad "like day" in class. He thought it was pretty funny. Another student, Tim Steffens, thought it was funny that I loathe and detest television and keep telling my students to smash their TV sets and fill their rooms with books. I actually do think that the people in Hell watch TV. Tim was taking 18th-century poetry. He flunked the course. My wife and I recently moved to Reading, Pennsylvania. For over twenty years, my favorite pastime outside of reading and studying languages was training for marathons. For a picture of me in marathon trim, with my amazing mother Lillian Dowling and my younger brother John, click here on Vermont City Marathon. My favorite "personal" writer is Parson Woodforde, an 18th-century Norfolk clergyman who kept a five-volume diary covering most of his adult life. For the story of how my students have been expanding my musical and cultural horizons, click here on Jerry Garcia. D, I spend part of every year in Paris. A few years ago, I began doing restaurant reviews for the guide *Bon Sejour*. For a review of my favorite Paris restaurant, click here on *Le Refuge du Passe*. During the Vietnam war, I was one of the principal organizers of the New England Resistance , whose role in breaking the will of the Johnson administration has, until recently, never been given its due by historians mainly because the story of the antiwar movement has relied on the accounts of those who spent the Vietnam period hiding out behind student deferments or Peace Corps exemptions or other Bill Clinton-type dodges for "opposing" the war while remaining perfectly safe. It will make a lot of so-called tenured radicals unhappy, but it is going to have a marked effect on the way future generations understand the anti-Vietnam War movement. Just because I opposed the war in Vietnam does not mean that I consider all wars the same. They can be quite different. I helped my graduate school friend Chip Szalkorski compose a page explaining why the War in Iraq , for instance, is being fought for entirely different reasons than the Vietnam War. My contribution was research on the Constitutional amendment -- the one that gives every American a inalienable right to drive an SUV no matter how many American soldiers are dying for Mideast oil -- that makes the war perfectly legal.



**4: Eire-Ireland (Autumn/Winter ) Vol Nos. 3 & 4**

*John Ford's Festive Comedy: Ireland Imagined in The Quiet Man By William C. Dowling In late , as his film The Quiet Man was being.*

John Ford By Marilyn Ferdinand In the years since *The Quiet Man* premiered, its vision of rural Ireland during some indeterminate time in the 20th century has come under attack. I now know that it is the Irish mythic tradition. As Joseph Campbell and William Butler Yeats have affirmed, the power of myth transcends national and cultural boundaries—“myths are the universal stories of the human animal. To truly understand *The Quiet Man*—its structure, its world, and its appeal—it is important to understand how John Ford created a time out of time, his own Brigadoon. He has returned to the land of his birth to escape reminders of a tragic incident that has scarred his life—a boxer of single-minded ferocity, he accidentally killed a man in the ring. Sean sees a red-haired beauty, Mary Kate, walking in an emerald field amid a herd of sheep and determines to make her his. Hoping to help Sean and Mary Kate make their love official, some of the townspeople, including Father Lonergan Ward Bond and Micheleen, persuade Will that Widow Tillane is only waiting to become the sole woman of the Danaher house. Without the dowry, Mary Kate does not feel that she has really come into her own and refuses to recognize the legitimacy of her marriage. From the very first scene, Ford sets us up for a journey to a mythic place. After alighting from the train, Sean asks the train conductor how to get to Innisfree. Before long, a gaggle of helpful onlookers gather to give Sean convoluted and contradictory advice. 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. The first sight that greets Sean as he looks upon Innisfree—the Prodigal Son returned—is the cottage in which he was born. Then he is gobsmacked by a vision of a beautiful woman dressed in red, white, and blue, the sun glowing off her long, red hair. He searches for his secret angel as a strong wind buffets his windows. In an impulsive, energetic act, Sean whoops and hurls a stone through a glass pane. Mary Kate screams, and the wind flings open a door. There is Mary Kate bent by the wind and shimmering in a glowing moon. Sean grabs her with a violent passion and bends her backward with a deep kiss. A real spitfire, Mary Kate slaps him hard. Sean recovers himself and thanks her for her efforts. Mary Kate seems mesmerized by the lightning, and hugs Sean closer with each successive strike. The subject of the dowry may seem strange to modern audiences in the United States and Ireland alike. When she leaves one house to take over another, her dowry affirms her status as the mistress of the house, a woman of substance. The idea of the clan is strongly felt in Celtic countries, a continuity with history that helps members of a society find and claim their place—just as Sean is welcomed into an initially suspicious town once they know who his people are. Sean, pained by the stark memory of the real price of the desire for money—Mary Kate gets her furniture but not the pounds that was part of the settlement—calls his wife mercenary. She will have no real stake in their marriage. The final showdown represents a coming together of the entire town, as well as Sean and Red Will Danaher. In a spectacularly shot scene, Sean rides on horseback to the train station. All of the coach doors are open, and he rides up, looks inside, and slams the door if the compartment is empty. An entire row of doors gets slammed, as Mary Kate can hear her fate grow louder and louder as he travels down the platform on his black horse, the opposite of the white knight of romantic imagination. Dowling puts it this way: Having come near to each other, the custom was of old to cast short darts at the company that attended the bride, but at such a distance that seldom any hurt ensued; yet it is not out of the memory of man that the Lord of Howth, on such an occasion, lost an eye. But the point remains the same: Sean takes the pound notes, and with Mary Kate at his side, strides to the fire stoking the threshing machine; Mary Kate opens a door on the machine, and Sean throws the money onto the flames. This act is an affirmation by Mary Kate that it was never about the money itself, but about her ability to do with it as she liked, as something that was hers alone. Following this dramatic scene, a donnybrook the likes of which the town has never seen, ensues, as Sean and Danaher punch each other all across town, with Micheleen taking bets. Through this mano e mano interaction, Sean and Danaher bond, truly joining their families together and showing the whole town that the natural order of things has

been restored. This glorious Technicolor film shot largely on location in Cong, County Mayo which has made Quiet Man tourism a major industry , looks like an array of sparkling jewels surrounded by emerald. This is a timeless film about a timeless place of our longing.

**5: The Quiet Man - Wikipedia**

*Download Citation on ResearchGate | On Sep 1, , William C. Dowling and others published John Ford's Festive Comedy: Ireland Imagined in The Quiet Man }.*

Dowling In late , as his film *The Quiet Man* was being edited into final form, director John Ford sent a cautiously optimistic telegram to his friend Lord Killanin in Dublin: There is a vague possibility that even the Irish will like it. That scene is not so nice because I think it does the Irish down. In Ireland, a sense that American cinema represents a threat to Irish cultural independence is nearly as old as the republic. Yet Gibbons has also, virtually alone among Irish commentators, grasped the sense in which *The Quiet Man* has for nearly fifty years been serving as a mirror for Irish cultural anxieties, provoking reactions having very little to do with the film itself. His essay "Romanticism, Realism and Irish Cinema," which goes some way toward taking *The Quiet Man* seriously as a work of the artistic or cinematic imagination, anticipates several points I want to make in this essay. Nonetheless, my attempt will be to get entirely beyond the matter of "alienating images" of Ireland, as Gibbons calls them. For my argument will be that John Ford saw in "Ireland" something like the imaginative resource that Yeats found in Irish myth--"a symbolic language," as Yeats himself once puts it, "reaching far back into the past"--and that *The Quiet Man* is far closer to Shakespearean romantic comedy, and to the premodern world of village festivity and pagan ritual we glimpse in its immediate background, than to anything in recent Irish culture. My argument will be, ultimately, that the power of *The Quiet Man* is the power of cultural myth. Ford the Irishman v. In , when Ford had made *The Informer* on a Hollywood sound stage and a very tight shooting schedule, the making of a Hollywood film for personal or artistic reasons was still possible. By , when Ford returned to Hollywood after three years as head of a wartime Navy photographic unit, the idea had become virtually unthinkable. He had learned his trade in the ruthless economic competition of the silent film industry and had come of age as a director of sound films under Darryl Zanuck at Twentieth Century Fox. An architect conceives his plans from given premises--the purpose of the building, its size, the terrain. If he is clever, he can do something creative within these limitations. And a lot of money. And he wants a lot of profit on it. For the stock company served Ford throughout his career as a surrogate community or extended family able to protect him as an artist from the otherwise destructive commercial pressures of Hollywood. The story of how Ford came to Hollywood has become a legend. His older brother Francis, a handsome scapegrace driven out of Portland by a bit of local scandal, had lost touch with the family for several years, drifting into an acting career in the fledgling film industry in Los Angeles, where he had emerged as an important director as well as a successful leading man. Meanwhile, back in Portland, their mother Abby, who as a native Irish speaker had never learned to read and write English, was an enthusiastic fan of the new silent films being shown at the Empire Theater. On a weekend in , the inevitable happened. Abby Feeney returned to announce to her family that she had just seen her eldest son, listed in the credits as Francis Ford, in a starring role. They contacted Francis through his studio and he made a short triumphal visit to his old home town. Shortly thereafter, some weeks after graduating from high school, John Martin Feeney was on his way to join his older brother in Los Angeles. Virtually from the moment of his arrival, Ford set about establishing the private world within filmmaking that would sustain him through a long Hollywood career. Here lie the origins of the John Ford stock company: In reminiscences by members of the Ford stock company, even the smallest of these rituals of solidarity assumes a mythic importance. Consider, for instance, the accordion playing of Danny Borzage, who would greet the arrival on the set of each principle player with a theme drawn from a film they had done with Ford--"Red River Valley" for Henry Fonda, "Wagons West" for Ward Bond, "Marquita" for John Wayne--and softly fill in the background between takes with Ford favorites like "Bringing in the Sheaves. You would feel spiritually awakened all of a sudden. This feeling has never happened to me again on any set. Yet this scene is not in any simple sense about Ireland. At such moments *The Quiet Man* is gazing through or beyond its Irish story to a deeper relation between ritual and community. The story of how *The Quiet Man* at last came to the screen does read like a fable of Hollywood greed versus artistic integrity. Its villain was Herbert B. Yates, a former tobacco magnate whose



Republic Pictures specialized in cheaply-produced westerns--the typical shooting schedule was seven to fourteen days--and whose only major asset was a contract with John Wayne, who after having been lent to directors like Howard Hawks and John Ford was emerging as a major star. Unable to get out of his contract with Yates, Wayne attempted to improve his own lot by bringing Ford to Republic. The result was a draconian deal: The lure was *The Quiet Man*, a project that Yates detested--he described it to John Wayne as a "phony art-house picture"--but that he agreed to let Ford make if the first of the three films turned out to make a profit. Wayne was already under contract at Republic. It was a box office success, and the Ford film family was, at long last, ready to move on to *The Quiet Man*. To permit Ford to make the film within the rigid budgetary limits imposed by Herbert Yates, John Wayne agreed to work for a greatly-reduced fee. Wayne brought his four children along on location, and Ford gave them parts in an important scene in the film. Ward Bond and Victor McLaglen, veteran stalwarts of the Ford stock company, played major roles as the unsaintly parish priest Father Lonergan and the blustering squireen Red Will Danaher. But the real homecoming of Ford and *The Quiet Man* company was not to Ireland but to Innisfree, the wholly imaginary village in which the story takes place. It is Innisfree that embodies the sense of community and shared ritual that had permitted Ford and his film family to create their own magic space in a Hollywood presided over by the likes of Herbert B. Yates, for whom the entire meaning of a film was its box office receipts. This is the space Federico Fellini would later have in mind in describing Ford as someone "who has made out of motion pictures a fairy tale to be lived by himself, a dwelling in which to live with joyous spontaneity. At the deeper level of comic structure, however, *The Quiet Man* bears a far stronger resemblance to the comedies Shakespeare wrote in the period between *The Taming of the Shrew* and *As You Like It*, with their characteristic movement--as Northrop Frye once says, thinking in particular of the Forest of Arden in *As You Like It*--"out of the world of experience into the ideal world of innocence and romance. The point of the pattern lies precisely in the principle of ritualized disorder called *misrule* or the-world-turned-upside-down, a moment of collective freedom from the rule of an unvarying obedience to authority that might otherwise threaten to become intolerable. A particular object of Puritan detestation was the May Day customs associated with "bringing home the May," in which young men and women went into the woods together--a certain amount of sexual dalliance being expected and tolerated--to return with the Maypole, a slender sapling set up in the center of the village to celebrate the return of spring. A strong element of Bacchic release survived, at any rate, in the Elizabethan customs that permitted a great deal of drinking and verbal and physical bellicosity during the period of holiday license, usually under the direction of a Lord of Misrule chosen to preside over the festivities. Barber quotes in this connection Sir Thomas Urquhart, who describes this personage as "the King of Misrule, whom we invest with that title to no other end, but to countenance. Bacchanalian riots and preposterous disorders. This is the point missed by Puritans like Phillip Stubbs, who treats the very idea of common holidays, or time taken out from work or business and devoted to festivity, as an offense to God and man. Tawney in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* "a world of isolated, busy individuals, each prudently deciding how to make the best use of his time. The major difference is that in Shakespeare the symbolic opposition between the world of sober morality and that of holiday freedom is normally made internal to the play. This is posed at the beginning of the story as a problem about romantic love and traditional marriage customs, originating in the overwhelming romantic attraction between Sean and Mary Kate, which corresponds in the film to the overpoweringly "natural" forces set loose in Elizabethan May Day revelry or the green world of Shakespearean comedy. Later in the story, the same overflow of barely-controlled romantic passion sets in motion the jubilant "escape" of Sean and Mary Kate from the fussy propriety of Michaelen Oge Flynn in his role as shaughraun, ending in the famous thunderstorm scene in the graveyard where wind and rain rise up as if in response to the elemental force of the attraction between the lovers. For in America--where, as Sean once plaintively says, all a man has to do is honk his horn outside the house and the girl comes running out--brothers or parents or family or community have no part in such matters. A painful undercurrent of pure emotional bafflement always runs just beneath the comic surface of *The Quiet Man*, at times coming very close to tipping the story over into personal heartbreak. Nowhere is this possibility more obvious than in the scene where an uncharacteristically grave Michaelen Oge Flynn must explain to Sean Thornton that in Ireland his proposal of marriage to Mary Kate means, by

itself, exactly nothing: For had Sean Thornton simply had the misfortune to fall in love with a woman weakly submissive to social demands, there would be a problem for him but none for the story. But Mary Kate Danaher is, as we see almost from the beginning, the very opposite of such a woman. It is nowhere more obvious than in those scenes where Mary Kate responds to any hint of male domination with a fearless physical defiance: The Quiet Man will resolve this problem by giving primary importance to a relation between marriage and property that was a survival from early or pre-Christian Irish law. Family and Community in Ireland describes rural Irish marriage as a transaction between families or kinship groups in which property functions much more as a symbolic medium of group consolidation or alliance than as a medium of exchange in the modern sense. Thus the men of Innisfree, who recognize his ancestral right to "Thornton land," will assume the status of a surrogate family or kinship group in relation to Sean, taking his side in the quarrel with Red Will Danaher and even fighting for his rights in the wedding night sequence where Danaher refuses to bestow on his sister the furniture she inherited from her mother and grandmother. But the underlying issue in the conflict between Sean and his bride is a breakdown of custom that she feels as a matter of deep personal shame and he finds wholly unintelligible. So long as Mary Kate has married a husband in "American" terms--that is to say, as a union of two isolated or unattached persons operating in a social void--she will remain a woman in exile from her own community, an unintegrated figure cut off from communal life and values. She will also remain, in terms of ancient Irish law and custom, an unequal partner in her own marriage. The notion of marital equality here, though it has been mistaken in feminist commentary on *The Quiet Man* for gender equality of the modern sort, goes back once again to a notion of balance or equality between kinship groups. Yet the threshing fire scene is a mere prelude to the great donnybrook episode that follows, for which everything else in the story has been in a manner of speaking a preparation. Playfair about the dowry, thus opening the way to release of the pent-up energies that culminate in the donnybrook. The prize fight flashback is a technical tour de force. He killed Tony Gadelo, he says bitterly to Mr. From that perspective Sean persistently mistakes the meaning that her dowry has for Mary Kate--"Money! The nightmare flashback involves a much harsher condemnation of American economic individualism than Sean Thornton, whose thoughts are focused entirely on the death of his opponent, will ever be asked to understand. The truly nightmarish element in the flashback sequence is not the death of Tony Gadelo--that is, as the gentle Reverend Mr. Playfair remarks, "just one of those things," the sort of accident that might happen in any sport involving strong physical contact--but the press photographers, figures updated from Bosch or Grunewald, who climb through the ropes once the ringside physician has pronounced death. With hats on their heads, cigarettes dangling from their lips, eyes weary with cynicism, they fire flashbulb after flashbulb at the corpse on the floor--now, at last, with a towel mercifully draped over its face--and then at the stunned, stupefied, half-comprehending agony of Sean Thornton watching helplessly from his corner. By morning, we understand, their pictures will be splashed over the sports pages of mass circulation newspapers in an America where death and personal agony are important mainly as they can be used to sustain advertising revenues. The scene is itself a comedy of ludic violence: Playfair has tried to prepare him by pointedly remarking that he considers Sean now to be "in training" for the fight with Danaher, it will take Sean Thornton some hours yet to understand that he is operating in an altered social dispensation. Yet from the moment that Mary Kate switches from English to Irish, the rules governing life in Innisfree will be those of an earlier Irish society where property has no meaning outside communal values and where, within a closely-related context of festive or Bacchic release, certain ritualized forms of violence or abuse have a power to regenerate community. As we have seen, the episode drew a great deal of angry comment in Ireland when *The Quiet Man* was released. Yet the villagers of Innisfree understand, as does Mary Kate Danaher herself, that the dragging scene is not some gratuitous display of male violence, but a ritual of community meant to put right the violated kinship relations that Sean Thornton, with his American understanding of property and marriage, has until this moment utterly failed to grasp. Macpherson labeled the ideology of possessive individualism. *The Quiet Man* is closest to early Irish custom in the dragging scene, which directly echoes various marriage rituals meant to dispel antagonisms between kinship groups through what the Reeses in *Celtic Heritage* call "displays of mock hostility. But the point remains the same: The ritual quality of the dragging scene in *The Quiet Man*, which as

Ford conceives of it as inseparable from its comic character, is signaled throughout by the hilarious counterpoint of elaborate politeness, suitable to the drawing room or Sunday parlor, with the knockabout physicality of the march across the meadows. Thus the villagers and train crew, for instance, madly on the run to catch a view of Sean and Mary Kate as they start on their epic walk, nonetheless pause momentarily to tip their hats or curtsy to the visiting Protestant bishop looking wonderingly on from his car. And thus Mary Kate, when she loses her shoe, not only has it retrieved for her with an air of ceremonious courtesy by the station master, but finds a moment in the mad physical whirl to acknowledge his gallantry with a gracious "I thank you kindly, sir. In purely formal terms, the signal of the donnybrook as entry into the world of saturnalian release is the punch with which Sean Thornton floors Red Will Danaher at the end of the threshing furnace scene. This is the moment that Mary Kate, with the triumphant air of a woman who has at last seen her world come right, exits the scene as the crowd parts before her. Yet the festive or Bacchic nature of the scene is fully signaled only some moments later in the sequence, when Michael O'Connell spontaneously assumes the role of Lord of Misrule, firing a pistol into the air to abruptly put a stop to what has rapidly been turning into a joyous free-for-all. This is, he announces in the tone of someone who expects to be obeyed, a private fight, in which third parties have not been invited to participate. He then adds, altogether less hopefully, that when the main bout resumes it should be conducted according to Marquis of Queensbury rules. As the donnybrook sequence gathers momentum, betting on the outcome gradually becomes an activity equal in importance to the fight itself, supplying a mode of vicarious participation that serves to channel the energies and emotions of the entire community into the common drive toward saturnalian release.

### 6: Leprechauns, Boxers And Jennifer Aniston: Best St. Patrick's Day Films - MTV

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### 7: Ireland | Ferdy on Films

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### 8: The Quiet Man - Bing ½'â... ,

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