

SHAMROCK

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IRISH MUSIC
CONQUERS
FINLAND

FAMINE REMEMBERED // OLUTTA KESKELLÄ PELTOJA

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KANNEN KUVA

Larry, Co. of Wicklow. Lehti on väärinpäin, koska siinä on lankomiehen kuva kannessa.

Kuva: Matti Sovijärvi

Jäsenmaksu maksettu?

Kiitos kaikille jäsenmaksun maksaneille. Monella se kuitenkin on vielä maksamatta! Lehden osoitetarrassa on viimeksi maksamasi jäsenmaksun vuosiluku. Vuoden 2017 jäsenmaksu on vain 22 € sekä saman talouden muilta jäseniltä 10 €. Maksuohjeet alla ja nettisivuillamme.
– Johtokunta

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Viesti-osaan maksaneiden nimet ja osoitteet.

TERVETULOAA FESTAREILLE!

Lehdet punertuvat, ilmat viilenevät, mutta soitto soi ja olut kuohuaa! On taas irlantilaisen musiikin juhla-aika Suomessa, ensin Salossa, sitten Helsingissä ja Hämeenlinnassa. Kuten niin monen monena vuonna aikaisemmin, saamme kuulla upeita muusikkoja sekä Irlannista että Suomesta.

Festivaali on jo 32. peräkkäinen irlantilaisen musiikin juhla Suomessa. Vastaavaan on päästy tuskin missään muualla maailmassa, paitsi tietysti Irlannissa ja kahdessa muussa irlantilaisessa maassa: Kanadassa ja USAssa. Meillä on syytä olla ylpeitä festivaalitamme!

Tämän syksyn suurin tähti on Mundy, joka on kunnostautunut paitsi laulajana ja laulujen tekijänä, myös elokuvamusiikin luoja. Mundy mukana on hänen muusikkokumppaninsa, amerikkalaissyntyinen viulisti ja multi-instrumentalisti Deni Bonet, joka on ehtinyt tehdä myös mittavan oman uran.

Suomalaisista irkkumusiikin taitajista festivaalikauden avaa jo 22.9. The Green Hope Salossa, Hometown-ravintolassa. Toinen suomalainen, hieno irkkubändi on Tha Scrapes, joka esiintyy Helsingissä Mundy ohella. Ei tällaista ole usein tarjolla, ei ainakaan irlantilaisten maitten ulkopuolella. Tule mukaan!

MATTI SOVIJÄRVI

Päätoimittaja

WELCOME TO THE FESTIVAL

The leaves are turning red, the weather is getting colder, but beer flows and there is music, Irish music in the air. It is the 32nd time for the Irish Festival in Finland. We begin in Salo, continue in Helsinki and in Hämeenlinna. Like so many times before, we have the privilege of hearing great musicians from both Ireland and Finland.

This is the 32nd Irish Festival in Finland. There is hardly anything comparable in anywhere in the world, except, of course, in Ireland – and in the two other Irish countries, Canada and the US. Irish music and Irish culture do have a very special role in Finland. We have every reason to be proud of our festival.

The great star of this year is Mundy, a singer-songwriter who has left his mark also in film music. Mundy performs with Deni Bonet, an American born violinist and multi instrumentalist, who has also made a career of her own before joining forces with Mundy. The Finnish bands are The Green Hope, in Salo, and The Scrapes, in Helsinki. Both are fine groups with their Finnish roots deep in Irish music.

Join us! You cannot find anything like this outside Ireland.

MATTI SOVIJÄRVI

The Editor

The IRISH FEST is here

22.9. Salo: The Green Hope, ravintola Hometown

24.9. GAA Helsinki Harps Family Day, Pallokenttä

27.9. Helsinki: Mundy, Deni Bonet - The Scrapes, Virgin Oil

28.9. Hämeenlinna: Mundy + co, Verkatehdas



A MESSAGE FROM OUR PATRON, PETER CARR

WHEN I WAS asked by the Finnish-Irish Society to be this year's Patron of the Festival my first reaction was that I was being set up by Pulvis Tauri, but this was quickly replaced by a feeling of emotion and honour when truth prevailed.

HAVING BEEN INVOLVED with the Festival since the very first days, of what then went by the name of "The Helsinki Irish Folk Festival" back in the eighties, the memories of the various festivals over the years as it evolved into "The Irish Festival In Finland", come flooding into mind as I pen these few words. The festival then spread from Helsinki to many parts of Finland.

WHILE THE LIST of Irish performers over the years cannot but impress even the most sceptical, the achievements of the myriad of volunteers, in sustaining the festival for these thirty two years is to be greatly admired – I salute them, one and all. A special mention also to **Malcom Fry** who stepped into the breach last year.

SOME OF THOSE wonderful people are no longer with us and it would be remiss of me not to make a special mention of the Big Fella, the late **Olli Pellikka**, without whom, in my opinion, there would be no Festival today. Similarly **Aarno Arvela** was a great steadying influence when The Rocky Road from Dublin got a bit bumpy. **Jussi Aalto** also participated, doing the magazine in the early days.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a namnaca dílis.

I HAVE MANY, many personal highlights and memories from the various festival performances over the years and while it would be unfair to highlight one over another, there is one in particular which still brings tears to my eyes when I think of it: when the "Bringing It All Back Home" ensemble gave a Maire Breathnach arranged rendition of Finlandia in Tullikamari, Tampere.

SO, IN 2017, I am highly honoured to have been invited by The Finnish-Irish Society to be patron of this wonderful cultural event in the Finnish-Irish calendar. I sincerely thank them for the honour. I welcome the performers from Ireland, Finland and elsewhere and a special acknowledgement and thanks to the volunteer workers who make it all possible.

Go mbeith muid go léir beo ag an am seo arís.

PETER CARR,
Goatstown, Dublin.
September, 2017

Mundy has had a long career, starting some twenty years ago. No wonder.

MUNDY MEANS MUSIC

The Mundy we are going meet
Wednesday, the 27th of September,
2017, in Virgin Oil, Helsinki is one of
Ireland's best performers just now.

THE DICTIONARY GIVES us three meanings for the word 'mundy'. The first is a slang term for normal human beings, mundanes, people who are not part of any fairy tale and who, generally, are unaware of such things as magic or fables. Not this time. The word 'mundy' is also used to describe a person who is disliked by many, who actually is a complete waste of space. Wrong, wrong, wrong. The third meaning is only a bit better: a great police dog, who can detect drugs before he even gets out of a police car. How ignorant can dictionaries be!

THE MUNDY, the real Mundy, we are going see and hear is a singer-songwriter, creator of magical moments, performer, if not magic himself. Recently he has been touring with that other great songwriter Jimmy Webb and he has also supported Oasis and other top groups in their hey day on many occasions. His roots are both in Irish traditional music and modern rock. Folk-rock? Maybe, but not only that.

MUNDY'S BEST known song is, of course, the very Irish Galway Girl. It is easy to see – and hear – Mundy's roots in that song. Mundy's other great hit, July, which he wrote about the Oxegen festival is considered by many to be the official anthem of the festival – and a good example of his rock background. You can watch him performing at the Oxegen in You Tube,

AT THE OXEGEN he has performed on the same bill as Coldplay, Beyonce, Bruno Mars, Kings of Leon, REM, Snow Patrol and all the top acts in the World. Oxegen – held close to Dublin – is Ireland's Ruisrock and Isle of Wight.

MUNDY ALSO WROTE and sang the wonderful song, To you I Bestow, from the modern film version of Romeo and Juliet and of course the Galway Girl was featured in the hit romantic movie – PS I love you – which starred Gerard Butler and Hillary Swank.

MUNDY WILL NOT BE alone. With him is performing that multi-talented multi-instrumentalist and violinist Deni Bonet, of whom more is said on this page, in Finnish.

WHAT WE CAN expect with Mundy and Deni is an unforgettable evening of great music and beautiful songs. These guys are top performers by any standards, just now among the best in the world.

THE TICKET PRICE for this great event will be 20 Euro, which is fantastic value for such a show. Join us to see one of Ireland's greatest performers play at our 2017 Irish festival.

Oma valo riittää

Deni Bonet on multi-instrumentalisti, säveltäjä-laulaja, viulisti, muusikoiden muusikko, vaikka Euroopassa vielä tuntematon. Ennen yhteistyötään Mundyn kanssa Deni on tehnyt komean soolouran ja esiintynyt muun muassa sellaisten artistien kuin Cyndi Lauperin ja R.E.M.:n kanssa.

Uusinta Deniä on keväällä ilmestynyt instrumentaalialbumi Bright Shiny Objects (Zip Records), jonka nimikappale löytyy You Tubesta. Sieltä löytyy myös paljon muuta Deni Bonetin musiikkia, mukaanluettuna cover-versio Beatlesien varhaisesta Please, Please Me -hitistä oudon lunkissa tempossa. Deni siis myös laulaa, ja laulaa hyvin.

Mundyn kanssa Denin yhteistyö on kantanut paljonkin hedelmää. Parin kuuluisin esiintyminen on varmaan Valkoisessa Talossa Pyhän Patrickin päivänä 2014. Paikalla oli silloinen, musiikkia ymmärtävä Yhdysvaltain presidentti Barack Obama ja Irlannin pääministeri eli Taoiseach Enda Kenny ja sadoittain muita politiikan kuuluisuuksia.

Syyskuun Festivaalin yksi ulottuvuus onkin siis Valkoisen Talon tarjonnan tuominen Suomeen. Mundy ja Deni esiintyvät meille kuitenkin paljon pitempään kuin Obamalle ja pojille.

The Scrapes in Finnish summer. From the left Scrippe Scrifvars, Thomas Nyberg, Pone Klemetz, Mauri Kuokkanen, Christian Komonen and Mårten Svartström.



OUR STARTER: THE SCRAPES

The Scrapes were one of the most active and popular bands on the Finnish folk rock scene in the mid 1990's. With their unique blend of Irish and Finnish folk rock and their punkish attitude they were not surprisingly often described as the Finnish Pogues.

DURING THOSE YEARS they were gigging extensively, a familiar act on the Irish pub scenes in Finland. During their most active years (1993-96) they would clock up around 100 gigs a year, both in Finland and abroad. They even toured Ireland twice and were often invited to play in Sweden and Estonia.

THEY OF COURSE also played the festivals – especially the annual Irish Festival in Finland, where they were considered a house band. Surprisingly not, it was also the former chairman of the Finnish-Irish Society, legendary Olli Pellikka (R.I.P), who spotted The Scrapes early on, and took them under his wing and kick-started their career.

IN BETWEEN TOURING and performing live they recorded three albums: Scrapes (1995), With Love From the Living Land (1996) and Our Mature Recollections (1999). Their two first albums were produced by legendary Finnish producer T. T. Oksala (R.I.P), who had seen The Scrapes perform at numerous occasions at his local pub O'Malley's in Helsinki at the beginning of the 90's, and he was therefore the natural choice for the band's producer.

THE SCRAPES self-titled debut is an underground classic, featuring signature up-tempo songs like Pint Of Beer and Whistling Gipsy, while their second album became their most ambitious and critically acclaimed album. It caught the attention of both media and a wider audience, and featured their first small radio hit, Weakness for

Tradition. With Love From the Living Land was recorded during three intensive days at legendary Bow Lane Studios in Dublin during the Christmas holidays in 1995-96. On the album The Scrapes were joined by such legendary Irish artists as Gerry O'Connor, Vinnie Kilduff, Richie Buckley and The Screaming Orphans.

AFTER THE ALBUM was released in the spring of 1996, the year – and possibly the band's whole career – was topped with The Scrapes being invited to perform at the annual Ruisrock festival in Turku.

THE SCRAPES RECORDED one more album (in 1999), and although it featured their most air-played singles to date (Saints Of Bombay and Crossfire) the band members had started feeling it was time to call it a day, or at least take a break, which they did. At the beginning of the millennium there was occasionally talk about gigging again, but with the sudden death of their bass player Jonas Hansson in 2004, it seemed like the band had definitely come to an end, at least for the time being.

THIS YEAR IT'S almost 20 years since The Scrapes' last live performance! And although The Scrapes never split officially, there was always talk about "that comeback" at some point. That point came when the Finnish Irish Society last year contacted The Scrapes and asked them to consider a re-union for the Irish Festival in 2017. This time the band members couldn't say no, this was the point of no return they had been waiting for.

The Scrapes 2017 – line-up:

Pone Klemetz (lead vocals), **Mårten Svartström** (rhythm guitar, backing vocals)
Scrippes Skrifvars (banjo, backing vocals), **Mauri Kuokkanen** (viola, backing vocals)
Thomas Nyberg (bass), **Christian Komonen** (drums)



IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE HUNGRY

In May 1847, during some of the darkest weeks of the Great Hunger, a group of 1,490 tenants from the Strokestown estate in Co. Roscommon were offered a stark choice by the local landowner, Major Denis Mahon.

Andy Newby

These were their alternatives: they could either enter the disease-ridden workhouse, or emigrate to Canada. In taking the latter option, these tenants walked 155 km to Dublin, from where they crossed the Irish Sea to Liverpool and then filled four 'coffin ships' to Québec. Over half of those on board these ships died either on the Atlantic or in the vast 'fever sheds' of Grosse Île in Canada. A few months later, Denis Mahon was assassinated, the first landlord to be mur-

dered during the Great Irish Famine. Today, the gun that slew Mahon is still in Strokestown, as part of the permanent exhibition housed by the Irish National Famine Museum.

In April 2015, a pioneering group composed largely of Strokestown natives set out to recreate that long slog to Dublin. The walk was reprised in 2017, and I was lucky enough, with various other walkers from Ireland and beyond, to join the original party. The route fol-

lows the Royal Canal eastwards, and has now been developed as the National Famine Way (www.nationalfamineway.ie), a collaboration between Strokestown House, the Irish National Famine Museum, Waterways Ireland, Irish Heritage Trust and other partners.

The 2017 walk was preceded by a traditional Canadian Wake. One of the guests at the wake was Marita Conlon McKenna, author of the seminal children's famine book *Under the Hawthorn*



The Emigrants Leave for Canada (photo: David Redmond)

Tree, who noted that the event was “strangely emotional” as the walkers set off. Each participant walked in the footsteps of one of the original 1,490 emigrants. My own ‘character’ was Thomas Brennan, who survived the voyage across the Atlantic but who was later convicted of the murder of two of his fellow Strokestown emigrants by the Niagara River, and was hanged in 1848.

The next morning, we congregated in Termonbarry to get into costume, before making a short hop of just over one kilometre into Leinster, for the official start of the pilgrimage in Cloondara, Co. Longford. Twelve hours earlier, as I walked by crowds of students enjoying the hot early summer evening in Maynooth, I had wondered whether one challenge of the walk might be the heat. Now, however, the heavens had opened and we took cover in a large tent as President Michael D. Higgins sent us on our way. Uachtarán unveiled a new memorial, and gave a thoughtful speech which covered not alone the place of famine in national commemoration, but also the importance of biodiversity and the use of Ireland’s canals for leisure.

WALK!

The walkers were corralled out of the marquee and on to the tow-path. The aggressive harangue of the bailiff caused some concern for the President’s security detail, and a little jump for Michael D. himself, but after some interviews with RTÉ and TG4 we finally got out into the open. The rain subsided after about an hour, and we made good time – most of the days were covered about approximately 6km/h – and finished the day at Mosstown. A few of our number had blisters caused by the wet conditions, but in general there was a strong sense of optimism for the days ahead.

The next two days saw the group making its way through Abbeyshrule to Mullingar, by turns contemplating those who walked this way in 1847, taking in the pleasant scenery of the Royal Canal, and enjoying the company of fellow walkers. The group was swelled sporadically by local walking groups, historical societies and schoolchildren, who came out to discuss or ask questions about the famine, emigration and life in the 1840s. We also visited historic

sites of particular relevance near to the main route. Not far from the township of Ballynacarrigy, which suffered over 50% depopulation during the famine years through death and emigration, the route passes Emper, Co. Westmeath.

Remarkably, this small townland has been twinned with Pahkala, in Himanka, Central Ostrobothnia, since 2003. Completely coincidentally, I passed through Pahkala earlier this summer, without realising the connection. I was, however, in the region to photograph the 1860s Great Finnish Famine memorials at Lohtaja, Kälviä and Merijärvi. Maybe the shared sense of loss from the famine years in these areas could be explored in the future.

Tuesday 30th May was the longest day of walking (30km) from Mullingar to Longwood, Co. Meath, and the next day got as far as Maynooth, Co. Kildare. As we arrived in Maynooth, filing in costume along the canal and past the railway station, commuters streamed past without a sideways glance at our motley assembly, creating a sense that we were ghosts from a past age, somewhat separate from the daily concerns of The Pale of the twenty-first century.



Walkers in Dublin among Rowan Gillespie's "Famine" sculptures (photo: David Redmond)



President Michael D. Higgins and the 2017 Walkers at Cloondara (photo: David Redmond)

PEOPLE, NOT ONLY NUMBERS

On Thursday, we passed under the M50 and into Dublin. There was a realisation that – as the bucolic sights of Meath and Kildare gradually metamorphosed into more industrial scenery – that we were nearing the end of our journey. The towpath took us past Mountjoy Gaol (opened only a few years after the 1,490 passed by) and the statue of Brendan Behan, through Cabra and Drumcondra and along the side of Croke Park. After a brief costume change at the Croke Park Hotel, we walked the final kilometres of the journey, some barefoot, to Dublin's North Wall.

The modern opulence of the International Financial Services Centre contrasted starkly with the ragged appearance of the famine emigrants. Large crowds had gathered along the Custom House Quay as we threaded our way past Rowan Gillespie's iconic 'Famine' sculptures, and with heavy hearts boarded the Jeanie Johnston famine ship. We spent some time in the cramped interior – to the slight bemusement of some of the tourist groups present – before disembarking and joining the concluding ceremony. Afterwards we congregated along with well-wishers and dignitaries and spoke a little about the people in whose footsteps we had walked.

The intention is that the famine walk will become a biennial event, but also that individuals or groups will be able to walk the route at any time of year, perhaps with a passport system seen on Camino de Santiago or, more recently, the Wild Atlantic Way. Certainly, the canal itself – its wildlife, and the small snippets of life that exist along its banks – will be a strong attraction as the walk's popularity develops in the future.

From a personal point of view the week was memorable for a number of reasons. It was an absolute pleasure to spend time in the company of a wonderful group of people, in a tranquil part of the country that I usually observe as a blur whilst haring along the N5.

I was not suffering or starving, far from it, but this walk gave me the time, the space, and the ideal context to contemplate the members of my own family had made similar journeys from Attymass, Bonniclon and Breaghwy to Britain and America in the 1840s. As a historian, it can be all too easy to become dispassionate about statistics such as "a million died and a million emigrated." And yet, each individual among those millions represented a tale of suffering, often extreme suffering.



Our writer waiting at the IFCS, Dublin. (photo: David Redmond)

Sanoja

liri on oma kielensä. Sanastoon on jäänyt ihmehen vähän jälkiä latinasta, vaikka latinaa käyttävä kirkko on ollut vahvasti läsnä 1500 vuotta. Jotkut sanoista muistuttavat latinapohjaisia ilmaisuja, mutta useimmista on mahdoton arvata, mistä on kyse.

Valokuvaus on iiriksi yksinkertaisesti **grianghrafadóireacht**. Piano on taas **pianó**, mutta ne millä soitetaan, koskettimet, ovatkin **luibheanchár**. Lamppu on arvattavissa, se on **lampa**, mutta sähkö onkin **leictreachas**. Oikein fiksu voi toki löytää sanasta elektrisiteettiä.

Laastari on arvattavissa, **plástar**, mutta haava onkin sitten **gearradh**. Sairaala on onneksi **ospideal**, mutta potilas **othar**.

Aina logiikka ei ole ilmeinen iirin sisälläkään - kuten ei useimmissa muissakaan kielissä. Haluaisitko mieluummin kokea miespuolisen poliisin, **gardan** otteen olkapäässäsi vai **banghardan**, naispoliisin? Jälkimmäinen kuulostaa pahalta.

Presidentti on melkein sama sana jokseenkin kaikissa eurooppalaisissa kielissä, mutta ei iirissä. Valtionpäämies on **Uachtarán**. Pääministerissä ei ole häivääkään ministeristä, hän on **Taoiseach**. Molemmat sanat ovat maskuliineja, tottakai, vaikka henkilöt eivät aina olisikaan.

Joskus iiri suorastaan kiusoittelee sitä opettelevan kanssa. Kameraan pantava filmi ei olekaan film eikä mitään sen tapaistakaan, vaan sana naapurimerkityspehdestä: **scannán**. Elokuva on itsestäänselvä, melkein: **pictiúrlann**. Oopperaan ei ole iiriksi ooppera, vaan ilkeä yhdistelmä: **ceoldrama**. Draama nyt on selvää ja koko sanakin, jos sattuu tietämään, että **ceol** tarkoittaa musiikkia ja laulua.

*Kauniit, hymyilevät,
naispuoliset
leprechaunit ovat niitä
vaarallisimpia.*



*The good looking,
smiling, female
leprechauns can be
very dangerous.*

Words

Irish is a language of its own. In its vocabulary there are not many traces of Latin, even though the Latin-speaking church has been a powerful force on the island for roughly 1500 years.

Some words resemble their common European, Latin-based counterparts, but as a rule is quite impossible to guess the meaning of a word.

Photography is good example. In Irish it is just **grianghrafadóireacht**. Piano is just **pianó**, but the black and white things you play with, the keyboard, is **luibheanchár**. Lamp is a piece of cake, **lampa**, but electricity is **leictreachas**. If you are very clever, you might find something in common in the two words.

Plástar is easy to guess, sticking plaster, but a cut is not: **gearradh**. **Ospideal** is not difficult, either, but a patient is: **othar**.

Like in all natural languages, logic is sometimes quite non-existent in Irish. A policeman is just **garda**, which sounds quite nice, like a guard. But who would like to have a conflict with a person called **bangharda**? Well, she is just a police woman.

A president is a president, or something very much like it, in all European languages. Not in Irish. The head of the Republic is **Uachtarán**. And there is very little minister in the PM, he is **Taoiseach**. Both words are masculine, even if the actual person might not be.

Sometimes Irish plays games with your wit. A film you used to put in your camera is **scannán**, a familiar word, but from the next family of meanings. Opera is not opera in Irish, but **ceoldrama**. Drama is drama, of course. It is very easy to understand the whole word if you happen to know that **ceol** is music or song. If you understand Irish, you can understand it.



Isäntä Denis otti ylpeänä vastaan
HIFK:n huivin.



ENSIMMÄINEN SPORTTIPUBI KANADASTA ITÄÄN

Irlannin lounaisrannikolla, Ardfieldin kylässä, rantaniittyjen, hevosten laidunten ja Atlantin rantaan ulottuvien peltoteiden joka ainoassa haarassa on kyltti O'Donovan's Bar ja nuoli näyttämässä suuntaa. O'Donovan's on niin aito irkkupubi kuin vain voi, paikallisten työmiesten lounaspaikka – paintti ja kaksi sandwichiä – ja sekä paikallisten että kulkijoiden ylimääräinen olohuone.

Pubin seinille on huolella kiinnitetty muistoja voitoista ja tappioista, urheilijoiden paitojen keskelle seurojen ja joukkueiden huiveja, nykyisin myös Helsingin IFK:n jääkiekkjoukkueen huivi. O'Donovanin löysimme jo talvella 2016, mutta eihän meillä ollut huiveja matkassa. Kun lähdimme uudelleen Irlantiin vuotta myöhemmin, matkaan otettiin erittäin tarkoituksella IFK:n huivi. Muiden suomalaisten joukkueiden kannattajat! Tarttukaa toimeen ja viekää omanne sinne, isäntä Denis ottaa ilolla vastaan ja laittaa seinälle, ainakin muutamana.

Kuinka vanha O'Donovan's on, sitä





Denis ja oikea asiakas

ei tiedetä edes baarissa. Isäntä viittaa pubin matalampaan puolikkaaseen ja kertoo, että tuo kivinen osa on ollut pubina ainakin 1700-luvulta, luultavasti jo aikaisemmin. Silloin noillakin seuduilla riitti väkeä, pienissä taloissa eli ja asui kymmenlapsisia perheitä, usein englantilaisten torppareina. Isien pyyteetön sosiaalisuus vei heidät toisten isien seuraan, kylän yhteiseen olohuoneeseen. Ennen suurta nälänhätää Irlannissa oli muuten kahdeksan miljoonaa asukasta, paljon nykyistä tasaisemmin levittyneinä yli vihreän saaren - eikä pienissä torpissa ollut olohuoneita. Kylällä oli ja sen nimi oli O'Donovan's Bar. Väkeä riitti.

YKSI ASIAKAS

Nyt pubiin astuttaessa hämmentää sen hiljaisuus. Aika monella käyntikerroistamme muita asiakkaita oli tasan yksi, vanha mies juomassa teetä ja tuijottamassa herkeämättä televisiota, jossa hevoset juoksivat välillä tasaisella, välillä estettein yli hyppien. Ainoa asiakas luki lehteä, oli hiljainen ja mieteliäs eikä meitä ollenkaan hämmästyttänyt, että isäntä kertoi hänen olevan saman talon asukas, pubin entinen pitäjä ja itse asiassa hänen isänsä.

Talvisten arkipäivien autius on kuitenkin harhaanjohtavaa. Sesonkeja ja

kävijöitä riittää, etenkin viikonloppujen illat ovat tiivistunnelmaisia. Keskelle ei mitään pääsee kätevästi autolla ja autolla pubista myös lähdetään. Osa laskee tuoppiensa määrät, eivät kaikki. Onnettomuusriski on onneksi pieni: ainoa liikenne Atlantin autioiden rantaniittyjen kapeilla teillä sujuu alkuillasta pubiin ja lopulta pubista pois, kaikki liikkeellä samaan suuntaan, luoja kiitos.

O'Donovan's on myös musiikkipubi, tottakai. Harva muu paikka voi ylpeillä samanlaisesta tähdestä esiintyjäkunnassaan. Kun Jimi Hendrixin basisti Noel Redding vetäytyi julkisuudesta, hän muutti Irlantiin, Ardfieldin kylään. Musiikin tekeminen jatkui, mutta rahavirtojen suunta muuttui. Noel kokosi ystäviään Ardfieldin pubeihin soittamaan, osallistui kaikin tavoin kylän yhteisiin toimiin, jos ei muuten niin lahjoittamalla. Niinpä hänelle pystytettiin muistomerkki, kun tuoni korjasi hienon muusiikon vain vähän yli viisikymppisenä.

Ja sitten suunnistamaan. Lähin kaupunki on Clonakilty, pieni, suloinen kauppa- ja ravintolakeskittymä reilut 50 kilometriä Corkista länteen. Ardfield on vielä paljon pienempi, kylänen oikeastaan, viisi kilometriä Clonakiltystä edelleen kohti länttä. O'Donovan's Bar on puolestaan pubi seuraavat viisi kilometriä Ardfieldistä kohti Atlanttia, keskellä heinäisiä niittyjä eikä oikeastaan yhtään missään. Seuraa tienviittoja!

Näkymä pubin ovelta. Tarkkasilmäiset erottavat Toronton korkeimmat rakennukset.



CULTURAL EXCHANGE

The text is from November 2012.

KAID MEALEH FAWILJEH as we say in the garlic. I often think as I sit here in my study, on the west wing of my challet in Little Blanket Bay that we here in Finland have it lucky. Where else could you look out on so tranquil a scene and still have the luxury of a large city around you? And every year an Irish Festival, bringing the best of Irish music to your doorstep.

WHY, IT SEEMS like only yesterday that I had the good fortune to drop into the Pressi-klubbi in Hel-sinki to catch the final roundup of the 27th Irish Festival in Finland. It was an intimate affair in the wood-panelled room above the bustle of the Central Railway station. As I entered the room I noticed that we were all friends here. Olli and Seppo at one table and Markku Lauren slipping in from the bar with a round of drinks. Fran Weaver and John Caulton sat near the wall with the ubiquitous Russell Snider hovering close by. Marylee from the Embassy and many more friendly faces were seated about the room.

I MADE MY WAY past the greetings to the other side of the room and below a sculpture of a declining nude on the windowsill, I found a seat at the table. The travelling band of the festival The Danny O'Mahony Trio, who had just returned from a grand tour of the provinces of Suomimaa, were looking like veterans returning from the front. Kerava, Joensuu, Viitasaari, Lapua and Turku were among the stops they had made. By now they were well seasoned veterans of and experts in, the delights of the Finnish countryside; Karhu, Karjala, Olvi, Pori and Koff. The other half of the Trio, Cyril O'Donoghue and Johnny 'Ringo' McDonagh and opened up with Cyril's cheery voice; "How're ye all doing?"

THE GIG WAS acoustic which meant no clutter about the little stage and a sound that was vibrant and real. The natural warm voice of Danny announced O' Dwyers whistle tunes from Cork

and we were off. As the music played melodiously we were transported to another time and place. Fran leaned his tall frame over the table and whispered that Danny was from Ballyduff in Kerry. "I know" I said "its in the programe" Fran continued earnestly, "Ballyduff is the same village my grandfather left 100 years ago, I must have a word..." "Did he leave in a hurry?" said someone nearby.

THE MUSIC SEEMED to float in the air – the melodious strains of Danny's accordion box, Cyril's Buzuki and the gentle "pita-pat" of Ringo's Bodhran in the background. A little later and a soft beginning and Cyril was singing Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore. Then a few more tunes and Danny spoke softly about growing up in Ballyduff. "The Irish Gaelic word for the town is Bailedubh – the black town – it had been burnt to the ground once many years ago, but we rebuilt it. When I was growing up I was lucky enough to get to know the older musicians. Music, and the playing of it was the peak of their lives. I was maybe 12 and learning a whistle at first. My father took me to the local pub and in the kitchen at the back they used meet to play. Those older musicians encouraged me and helped me and sometimes sneaked the odd sip of a pint or a smoke to me. But most important of all it was the respect and love of the music I learned from those good people." said Danny. After a pause Ringo chimed in, "I grew up in Galway" says he, "we threw stones at each other... that was our cultural exchange." We laughed easily and sipped on our beers and the atmosphere was warm and friendly, like we knew each other for years.

"WHAT DO YIZ WANT TO HEAR NOW?" said Danny. There was no set-list, they didn't need one. Fran piped up in his nasal tone that he'd like to hear some Kerry Slides. Danny replied "Sure that'll be no problem, although at home we would usually play the Slides exclusively for dancers." "It's a bit of

a coincidence, but as your talking about home, Fran here tells me that his grandfather emigrated from Ballyduff." I said. "What?!" said Danny standing up to look down the room at him. "What was his name then, your grandfather?" asked Danny. "Brassill" said Fran. There was a pause. "Dinny Brassill house?" Fran nodded. "Sure it's from here to that wall there, from my house to his front door" said Danny genuinely astounded. There was a long pause while they gazed at each other. "It's a very small world, me, coming all the way to Finland, to play the music from Brown's kitchen for a grandson of the Brassills from across the road. We'll surely talk afterwards." The Kerry Slides came and the music went on and like magic took us with it. We were in Brown's kitchen and hearing the tunes that used to be played there... From D to G to Am and then into reels from county Clare; The crosses of Anna from Quilty, The swallows tail, The stoney steps..

THE TOUR and the Festival were nearly at an end but the night was just getting started. Ringo talked of the marvelous welcomes they got, Cyril too and asked if we were going to the next place. They had played longer than planned and with the kitchen closed, it was too late for the sausages (this is Finland after all). Anyhow they didn't seem to mind and beyond I could see Fran and Danny animated in the doorway. Ringo confided in me and everyone else close by, that while touring he was asked about all the places he had been around the world with various other bands. At some point somebody mentioned "Canada?" "Ah Canada, sure there's nothing there but whoures and Ice-hockey players!" Someone in the company indignantly said "Hey, my wife is a Canadian!" The musician replied, quick as a flash, "Er, What team does she play for?"

THE FESTIVAL may be over but the memory and the music of that night lingers on in Little Blanket Bay. Slàn leat. "After the morning comes an evening."



Helsinki Harps family day

If you fancy a nice afternoon out of the house
on Sunday 24.09.2017 (from 12:00-15:00)
in Helsinki, come along to our
Helsinki Harps GAA family open day.

This is a free event for kids and adults with
introduction hurling and gaelic football workshops,
sports day type fun, penalty kick and Puc Fada (long
puck) competitions, lots of Irish craic and much more.

**Sunday 24.09.2017
from 12:00-15:00,
Pallokenttä 2,
Urheilukatu 3,
00250 Helsinki**

Stop press: The Green Lights!

Our Festival in Helsinki
will start with something
special. The fantastic
dance group Green Lights
will perform in Virgin
Oil, already at seven
o'clock (on the 27th of
September), before all
the musicians. So do
come in good time!

The Other Festival

Salo is a special place
for Irish culture. There
will be a festival,
very well worth
attending, in coming
March, 2018, that is.
There will be more
information in the
coming issues of
Shamrock.



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TORNI

- **IRISH JAM SESSIONS** keskiviikkoisin klo 19 ->
- **LIVEMUSIIKKIA** torstaisin klo 20-22 ja lauantaisin 21-23

Syyskuun esiintyjät:

2.9. Levytanssit

7.9. Jari Väyliö

9.9. Duo Salatuikkaajat

14.9. Vesa Holmala

16.9. the Slipovers

21.9. Erkki Seppänen

23.9. Jaylon Temes duo

28.9. Olli Kärki

30.9. E.Karppinen duo

Aukioloajat:

ma-ti 17-24
ke-to 16-24
pe 16-02

la 14-02
su suljettu

Keittiö palvelee ma-la 17-22

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