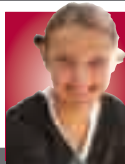


Musings



with Marta Kaminska

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Seeing the bigger picture

Today I was thinking about what Ireland means to me. Before, when I thought about Ireland, I could see Oscar Wilde and Bono singing in the background. After a few years spent in Roscommon, I changed my mind, probably because U2 never play in Loughnaneane Park and Oscar Wilde definitely won't be writing anything about Roscommon.

I thought and thought and decided that Ireland for me is basically the Lamb Festival, St. Patrick's Day parade and Dunnes Stores. It's terrible, I don't move my nose outside work, the Castle and everyday pleasures. I have lost my fascination with all things Irish. I was terrified but suddenly in my hand landed a DVD, 'Irish talent on film: A selection of short films'.

I have to confess that I didn't know this side of Irish life and I was pleasantly surprised. Basically, directors, have taken a quirky look at typical Irish life and told small stories with big messages. In the short film 'Pump Action', which is just four minutes long, we meet a superb Irish dancer who has no problem making

the switch to his day job in a car dismantlers. This story was masterfully executed, with good rhyming, rapid, clever montages and great special effects.

In the next short film, a farmer, deep in hidden Ireland, in an empty field, suddenly finds a weird piece of equipment. He quickly discovers how to work it and by moving the parts, he can change day to night. What does he do? He starts to play with it, dancing around and changing day to night, night to day and all the people living on the earth start to go crazy. Trust me, I haven't laughed so much in ages.

Now, I have to confess something. One of the short films was completely unintelligible to me. It was a story of a boy called Frankie who came complete with a strong Dublin accent. Even this didn't disturb me enough to feel good about his film. Language, places and characters were all compatible and the most important element was the atmosphere, which could almost be touched. I felt that, even though the only word I could

understand in the fast monologue was the 'F' word.

So, Irish culture is not just chips, music and castles. Young artists, as they discovered their roots, create new art and this art is very well produced. It's probably not true that nothing is happening in Roscommon because Ireland does not start or finish in this town, so sometimes it's good to see the bigger picture and check out what's new.

Za krótki nos.

Tak się właśnie zastanawiam z czym teraz kojarzy mi się Irlandia? No bo kiedyś było tak, że myśląc o wyspie przed oczami jawił mi się Oscar Wilde a w tle śpiewał Bono. Jednak po kilku latach spędzonych w Roscommon moje skojarzenia uległy pewnym zmianom. Pewnie dlatego, że U2 jeszcze nie zagrało koncertu w roscommonskim parku, a Oscar Wilde już raczej na pewno nic o tym mieście nie napisze.

I tak sobie myślałam i myślałam i doszłam do wniosku, że Irlandia

zaczęła mi się głównie kojarzyć z festiwalem owiec, paradą w dniu Patryka i z Dunnes Stores shop. Straszne to. Nie wychylając nosa poza pracę, zamek i codzienne przyjemności straciłam gdzieś fascynację tym co irlandzkie. Wybór filmów krótkometrażowych. Przyznam, że nie znałam Irlandczyków od tej strony i mile się zaskoczyłam. Mówiąc ogólnie: twórcy w fantastyczny sposób, wykorzystując to co tak typowe dla Irlandii, opowiadają małe historie z wielkim sensem.

W etudzie trwającej zaledwie cztery minuty Pt. „Pump Action” twórca przedstawia bohatera, który za pomocą irlandzkiego tańca spokojnie może zastąpić maszynę złomującą samochody. Przy tym scenka zrobiona jest w mistrzowski sposób: dobry rytm ujęć, szybki, zgrabny montaż i do tego nie byle jakie efekty specjalne. Ale to jeszcze nic. W kolejnym filmiku irlandzki rolnik, gdzieś tam w głębokiej Irlandii, na pustym irlandzkim polu wykopuje z ziemi dziwne urządzenie. Szybko orientuje się jak

ono działa- za pomocą przełącznika może zmieniać dzień w noc. I co robi bohater? Zaczyna się tym bawić, tańcząc po polu a ziemianie zaczynają wariować. Naprawdę dawno tak się nie uśmieiałam.

Przyznam nawet, że jednego z tych filmów nie mogłam zrozumieć. Historia chłopca imieniem Frankie opowiedziana za pomocą dublińskiego dialektu. Jednak i to nie przeszkadzało mi w odbiorze tego filmu. Język, miejsca i bohaterowie opowieści byli tak spójni, że najważniejsze było poczuć ten klimat. I poczułam pomimo tego, że jedyne słowa jakie udało mi się wychwycić z szybkiego monologu to te wyrazy na „F”.

Tak więc okazuje się, że irlandzka kultura to nie tylko owce, muzyka i zamki. Młodzi twórcy sięgając do swoich korzeni tworzą nową sztukę i ma się ona całkiem dobrze. I to chyba nie jest tak, że w Roscommon nie się nie dzieje. Bo przecież Irlandia ani nie zaczyna ani nawet nie kończy się na tym mieście. Wystarczy tylko czasem wychylić nosa i przejawić trochę chęci by poznać coś nowego.

Planning a visit to Arigna Mines

It's Monday morning, and Tyrone native, and GAA referee, Martin Sludden, must be waking up to a living nightmare, he is now 'the most wanted man in Louth', and for the rest of his life he is likely to be haunted by the memory of the monumental mistake he made in Croke Park on Sunday afternoon.

The actual incident, in which Joe Sheridan scored the most illegal goal that has ever been allowed, cost Louth their first Leinster provincial title since 1957, and will be dissected, and analysed, and talked about for years and years to come, and, for all the wrong reasons, the name Martin Sludden will be remembered forever. And, of course, the truth is that he should not be held solely responsible, he had two umpires standing within a few feet of the whole thing as it played out, and how neither of them saw anything wrong with the Sheridan goal mystifies me!

It also reopens the debate regarding the use of goal line technology, and whether or not it should be introduced! I don't think there should be any question about it at all, as rugby has shown how invaluable it is, and how useful it is in helping referees make the right decision. There was a time when I would have said it was only a game of football, so it doesn't really matter in the big scheme of things, but I am convinced that there is now so much money riding on the result of these games, due to the rise in popularity of all types of gambling, that some people see the result as a matter of life or death.

Many of the so-called supporters who invaded the pitch at the end of the game were beside themselves with anger, as they tried to attack the referee and it struck me that there might be more to it than just the honour of winning out in Leinster. There might be some financial reasons as well. I would hope that they are all suitably embarrassed by their actions today, and can't figure out why a good few weren't arrested – to my mind at least three to four of those who tried to get at the referee should enjoy a substantial holiday in Mountjoy. We spend a lot of time talking about soccer hooliganism, and more or less looking down our

noses at the inability of the authorities to stamp it out, let the GAA and the Gardaí show now that it will not be tolerated at any championship match and take appropriate action! We'll wait and see. Anyway the whole thing has become a bit of a disaster!

As was pointed out last night it ruined it on both teams, Meath could hardly celebrate a win that clearly should have been a loss, while Louth must just have been totally deflated. Let's hope common sense will have prevailed by the time you read this and the powers that be will decree that Louth get the replay they most definitely deserve.

As I write this on Monday morning the importance, or lack of it, is already being put into perspective as news is coming through of a horrific car crash up in Donegal which, apparently, has claimed the lives of seven young and one elderly men. Now that is a tragedy which will effect the entire county, and long after the pain of Joe Sheridan's goal has faded from even the most fanatical Louth supporters' memories, there will be a large number of families in and around the Inishowen Peninsula who will never forget Sunday, July 11th 2010. Let us hope they get the strength from somewhere to get through this terrible grief, and may the souls of the eight men killed rest in peace.

Back to sport for a moment, and I must admit that I was delighted to see Spain win the World Cup at the end of a tournament that was surely the worst in living memory. Now I didn't see every game (thank God) but I can't honestly remember any match that had me on the edge of my seat with excitement – as most of my family will tell you, much to their discomfort, I fell asleep during most of the games, and, maybe it wasn't so bad for them, after all, as my snoring managed to drown out those dreadful vuvuzelas. I've just now realised why I was let snore away without any interference – most other times I'd be assaulted with flying cushions or, best case scenario, just be woken gently from my slumbers.

Anyway my abiding memory from this year's

tournament was not solely the almost murderous performances from Van Bommel and De Jong in the Dutch midfield, but also the hysterical reaction from Johnny Giles and Ronnie Whelan on the RTÉ panel. Now, in fairness, Van Bommel should have spent as long on the sidelines as the supporters, as he could, and should, have got up to a half dozen red cards for the most appalling fouls. But my memory of Giles in the sixties, and to a much lesser degree, Whelan in the 70s and 80s, would be that neither of them would be afraid to dish it out. However dress them up in their Sunday best, and with Bill O'Herlihy leading them on, and you would think butter wouldn't melt in their mouths.

Actually "Apres Match" was, by far, the best part of the entire thing and the fellow who "did" Liam Brady, in my opinion, stole the show. He got him spot on. Still, the Spanish were by far the best team, and the team that really tried to play football, and were worthy and popular winners. As for the Dutch, whose team in the 70s with Cryuff and Neskens etc, invented total football, I don't know what you'd call their present style but anyone playing against them should consider armoured plating.

Changing subjects, and last Saturday night down in Dowd's of Glinsk there was a "do" in aid of Cancer Care West. It was absolutely wedged and as always people came out in droves to support it. Well done to everyone involved. Finally for this week, just a little reminder that as we move into the months of July and August we should not forget all the wonderful attractions that Roscommon has to offer. A friend of mine has just gone on what he described as a 'life changing' experience by going on the Arigna mine underground tour. He was so moved by the whole thing that he advised me to undertake a visit as soon as I possibly can, and he wants everybody in the counties of Roscommon and Leitrim and everywhere else to do so as well. It's an amazing journey through a large part of our heritage and I intend to do it very soon. I will also give a full report of my trip in a future article. He also told me to take a scenic tour around Knockvicar and

all North Roscommon – I have long been a lover of the lakes of Kilglass, Lough Arrow, Rooskey and all up that direction, and the bottom line is it's not all in Kerry or Connemara – don't forget Roscommon.

The other place I will visit, and do a report from in the near future is Derryglad museum, in Brideswell, where Charlie Finneran has an unbelievable collection of everything old. It's been a labour or love for Charlie for many a year, and, again, if you're at a loose end any time over the next couple of months, why don't you call up there – it will definitely be worth your while and I might even see you there.

*'Til next time
Bye for now*



Frankly
Speaking ...
with Frank Brandon