

Sunday Independent

LIFE

19 FEBRUARY 2012



**THE RESURRECTION
OF DOLORES**

**THE CRANBERRIES SINGER BOUNCES BACK FROM BREAKDOWN
AND BEREAVEMENT TO RETURN TO WHAT SHE DOES BEST**

LIFE

Sunday Independent
19 February 2012

SUNDAY INDEPENDENT, INDEPENDENT
NEWSPAPERS (IRELAND) LTD. ANY BREACHES
OF COPYRIGHT WILL BE VIGOROUSLY PURSUED.

Cover Dolores O'Riordan photographed by Sarah Doyle



10
Get 20 Per Cent
Off Your Food
and Wine in Top
Restaurants All
Over Ireland

4 SHUTTERBUG

Georgia on our mind

6 TOP FIVE

Limerick lovesies

8 PEOPLE LIKE US

Modelling with Cheryl Cole

26 FASHION

Irish jewels

32 STYLE NOTEBOOK

How to dress like Kate Moss

34 BEAUTY

Triona's tips for beautiful brides

35 THE PANEL

The ladies go for a run

36 MY FAVOURITE ROOM

Cottage industry

38 HEALTH

A musical miracle

40 FOOD

Ireland's top chef shares his perfect

dinner-party menu while Lucinda scouts

out budget bistros

44 WAKING HOURS

The secret of love

Advertising: Olga Chambers, tel: (01) 705-5404

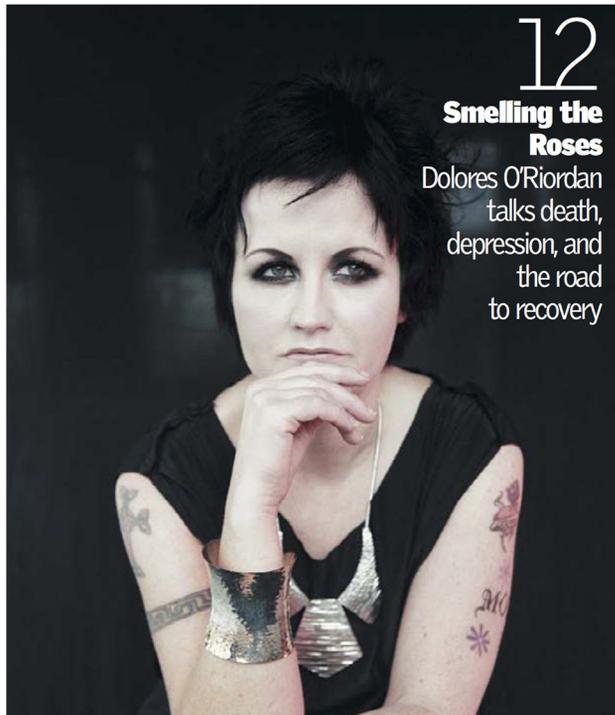
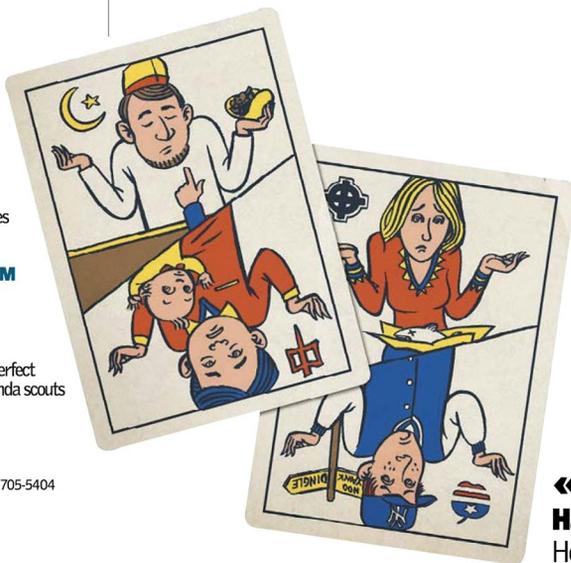
email: ochambers@independent.ie

Leona Lea, tel: (01) 705-5406

email: llea@independent.ie

Deirdre O'Neill, tel: (01) 705-5397

email: doneill@independent.ie



12

**Smelling the
Roses**

Dolores O'Riordan
talks death,
depression, and
the road
to recovery



18

Dapper Dan

The tragic life of Ireland's
most stylish revolutionary

« 22

Having the Crack

How to survive in the new multicultural Ireland

IN THE NAME OF MY FATHER

She became very famous very young, and eventually fame took its toll, leading to anxiety attacks, burnout, depression and ultimately a breakdown. But Dolores O'Riordan is back with a new Cranberries' album, says **Barry Egan**, and a new positivity, which is helping her get through the recent death of her father, the man who first inspired her to start writing music.

Photography by **Sarah Doyle**. Styling by **Liadan Hynes**

In the end, he lingered awhile. It's not that long ago — November 25, last year — Terence Patrick O'Riordan finally lost his fight with cancer at his home in Limerick. The feelings are still raw, red raw, for his famous daughter Dolores. She believes her oul' fella's faith in God kept him alive as long as it did. Up to the precise moment he died.

"He waited until 6pm to die because he loved the Angelus," she says, adding that her father was with all his children — Terence, Brendan, Donal, PJ, Joseph, Angela and Dolores — his wife Eileen, and his lifelong friend Canon Liam McNamara, when he crossed the narrow plank between the present and the hereafter. Dolores also believes Terence hung around in this world a bit longer to celebrate his 50th wedding anniversary with his wife on November 14.

A bike accident in 1968, she says, when he cracked his skull badly, left him invalided with permanent brain damage and pins in his legs. "He was more popular in Limerick than myself," she laughs, sipping herbal tea in a rehearsal space in her hometown. Perhaps not: Dolores' band, the Cranberries, is due to play a massive show in Thomond Park in Limerick during the summer. "Everybody knew him in Limerick," she adds. "With his accident and whatnot, he was not allowed to work by the Government."

She looks way out into the middle distance. "When my dad died, I was kind of prepared, because he had cancer for so long — six and a half years. Ten days before he died I cancelled all the European press for this new Cranberries' album, *Roses*," she says. In fact, Dolores dedicated the album to him.

On the 24th, the night before he died, he had a heart attack. Dolores held him, along with her brother Joseph. "I think that was the hardest thing I ever experienced in my life, holding him and not being able to comfort him," she says. "It's horrible. I think at that point I just didn't want to see him like that any more. I was hoping that he would be able to go."

Dolores was sleeping in the garage conversion; she told her mother Eileen to ring her if anything happened during the night. She had the phone on her pillow. "I had a dream that he came and he tucked me into bed," she remembers. "In the dream I asked him, 'Why are you tucking me in?' It was kind of really strange. When I woke up there were tears coming down my face." During the night, Terence had had another heart attack. "I knew that was it," she says.

Can you remember your last conversation? "It was the heart attack. He couldn't breathe. I had my hand there to comfort him but he was pushing it away. Death . . . it's a hard thing, isn't it?"

"It was the first time someone has ever died when I was holding them and it was my dad, you know," Dolores says with obvious sadness in her eyes. "It was very sad but it was almost kind of enlightening."

Does Dolores get her enlightenment from religion? "I was raised Christian but I am open to all religions," Dolores adds. "I like the Dalai Lama. I like Buddhism. I like all religions. And if you differ from Catholicism, according to the Bible, you are going to hell. My dad was so old-fashioned, you know. The devil, the guy with the horns, et cetera, was drilled into him. If I was naughty, my dad would say to me: 'He's pucking you! He's pucking you with his horns! My mum would say, 'Leave her alone! Because my mum was really with it and modern. She was like, 'It's just a metaphor!'"

Terence O'Riordan married Eileen in 1961 — she was 17 and he was 24. They had nine children; two didn't survive. Dolores is the youngest of the surviving children. Her father told Dolores she was lucky number seven. This morning in her hometown, multimillionaire Dolores looks every slim inch the pop star who got lucky. She is wearing a dark-green polo-neck jumper, a soft, black Harley-Davidson leather jacket and casual black jeans. She sips a mug of tea.

Once upon a time this lovely young woman — born on September 6, 1971 — was so outspoken that the begradgers used to, unfairly, call her The Mouth of the Shannon. The convent-educated dirty

Jezebel who got married in her knickers is a lot calmer now. She is quite content in her own space and in her own head. That, it has to be said, wasn't always the case.

She crashed and burned quite publicly in the mid-Nineties. But before you rush to moral judgement on this extremely lovely 40-year-old genius, remember that at the age of 18 she became famous all over the world virtually overnight — particularly in America, where MTV loved her and the startling, swooping dynamics of her voice, playing her band non-stop.

The Cranberries' debut album *Everybody Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We?* went to number one in lots of countries across the planet. Dolores's face was everywhere and on every front cover, from *Rolling Stone* to *Hot Press*. "The fame was mad. I couldn't go out of my hotel," she says. One time in Chicago, Dollie was sheepishly buying knickers in Victoria's Secret when she was mobbed by a load of fans in a frenzy. "I remember just dropping my stuff and running out of the shop and down the road — and them running after me!" she laughs. "I ran up an alley and hid behind a skip. They all ran past and I went back to my hotel."

For 10 years, you were running away from yourself as much as you were from fame, Dolores . . .

"Yes," she smiles. "I was running to get away from the madness. Because it did get mad. There were people kipping outside my door." She says there was no counselling in the music business to deal with it all.

I ask if it was this very craziness that drove her to depression in the mid-Nineties.

I was running to get away from the madness. There were people kipping outside my door'

"You know what? When I had my nervous breakdown I went to see this guy Beechy. He used to see Elton John and Michael Jackson. When I went into his office, he was very nice because I thought: 'He's going to be a shrink and he's going to shine a big white light in my face and he is going to probe me and wreck my head.' He was lovely. He had candles. It was very ambient. He said to me: 'You're not mad. Your life is mad.' But it was true.

"When I was going to have my first child in Dingle, I couldn't," she continues. "When my granny died I was two months pregnant. There were snappers at the funeral and I was like: 'I can't have a baby and be followed by photographers.' So I was like: 'I've got to go to Toronto.' It was hard because I didn't have any family, but it probably made me tougher in a way."

How long before you were able to put what Beechy said to you into practice and into living a happier life?

"When I gave birth to Taylor," she says. "That was the turning point. He is 14 now. The whole experience of giving birth makes you re-evaluate everything. I really love having kids and being with them and taking care of them. It is the whole animal instinct. And, funnily enough, our song *Animal Instinct* is one of the biggest songs live all over the world when we play."

She certainly needed the animal instinct to survive the music business. The horrible low of 1995 and 1996 saw Dolores suffering from "serious depression" — not anorexia, as was reported. Desperately unhappy, she looked more like she was rehearsing for Angelina Jolie's role in *Girl, Interrupted*, than a popstar with millions in the bank. In October 1996, when the Cranberries' world tour was cancelled, many of us were pondering the imponderable: was this the end of the Limerick supergroup that had sold countless albums worldwide? I remember asking Dolores a few years ago how all the rumours swirling around about her health — mental and physical — affected her. "They didn't," she answered brilliantly. "I just realised that there were a lot of toss-wads out there. You ignore it."

She was completely and utterly burnt out

She was completely and utterly burnt out



DADDY'S GIRL

from touring. "I was having out-of-control anxiety attacks. I wasn't sleeping. I wasn't eating properly," she told me over dinner in her house in Howth in 2007. Dolores, I recall on that summer evening, ate, happily, like a horse. She shovelled the jumbo prawns, the steak and the spuds into her mouth as two of her three kids — Taylor, then 10, and his little sister Molly, then six — ran around causing kiddish havoc at bedtime.

I remember four years earlier in Milan, Dolores, having just come off stage after playing to 20,000 people, telling me she was desperately missing her children, and was chartering a private jet to be home for her son Taylor's birthday in two days — at a cost of at least €30,000.

"He'll never be five again. I don't care about the money," she said that mad night — we drank a few bottles of vino — in Italy. "I'm a mother more than I'm a rock star."

Twenty minutes earlier, her husband Don brought me up on to the side of the stage to watch Dolores in action in front of an ecstatic, sold-out crowd: "That's my wife! And she's the greatest singer in the world!"

"When you become famous very young — when you become a millionaire almost overnight — people expect you to be screwed up," Dolores told me later over those bottles of wine. "So it makes you more determined to keep your life together. It makes you more determined to make the simple things in life right."

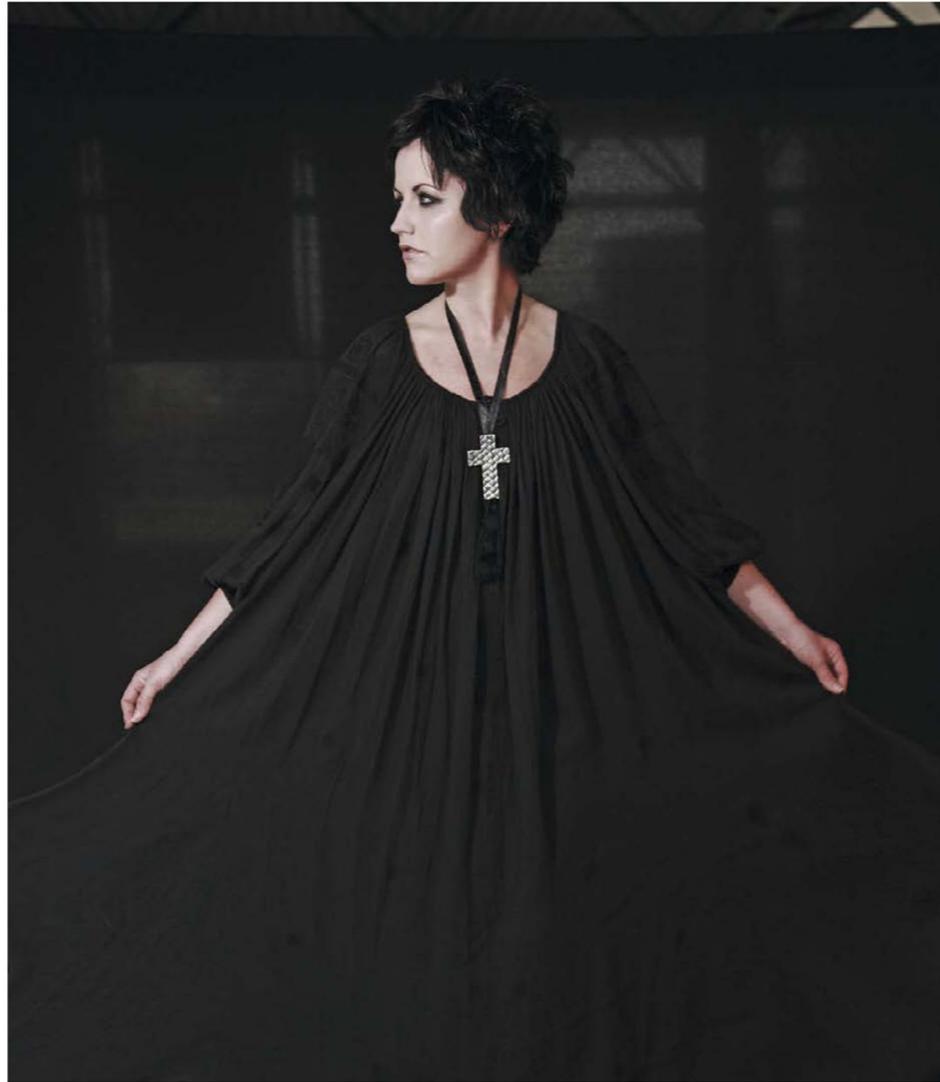
I remember asking her what she meant exactly. "Like a good marriage," she answered. "Like having children. Like being a good parent. Like keeping your marriage together."

Dolores and Don, who were married in 1994 in Holycross Abbey, Co Tipperary, have more than done that. They are as solid as rock. I've been out with them numerous times over the years and they clearly love each other to bits. He dotes on her. He goes out of his way for her at any given opportunity. On the day of the interview, when they arrive together at the rehearsal space in Limerick, he has his giant arm around her, attending to her every whim. They look like a new couple; not two people who have been married for 17 years. They appear to instantly dispel all the myths about marriage being bad for romance.

When Don drives me to the station later that afternoon to catch my train, he talks even more dotingly of his Dolores and the life they and their kids enjoy in Canada. There is talk of swimming in lakes and playing in the snow in the forest. "I gave Dolores a Mace spray in case any of the bears come too near," he laughs, "but she has never needed to use it." He invites me out to their house for the summer.

I've known Dolores for a good few years now. She is a sensitive soul, and an incredibly talented one at that. You have to be to write such a perfect song as *Linger* at 17. Forgetting time zones, she rings me at all hours of the night from various parts of the world — on tour in Asia, at home in Canada — for chats. I usually get her poetically rambling voice messages the next morning when I wake up. She is quite a free spirit, very open to things.

Dolores's early youth and the area in which she grew up was quite otherworldly,



she recalls. This whole area is very mystical, she says. Lough Gur, the Golden Vale of Ireland, is just down the road from her home. It wasn't quite mysticism, however, that the local priest wanted to discuss with 16-year-old Dolores when he came to see her at home. It was just before she joined the Cranberries. The priest wanted her to go off to Iceland for a few months on the missions. Her mother actually wanted Dolores to become a nun and had her name down.

The nuns' loss was rock music's gain, of course. Dolores has one of the great voices in rock, up there with Bjork or PJ Harvey. She is here, ostensibly, to discuss *Roses*, the Cranberries' sublime first studio album since 2001's *Wake Up And Smell The Coffee*.

'When you become famous very young — when you become a millionaire overnight — people expect you to be screwed up'

Noel Hogan, Mike Hogan, and Fergal Lawler, with whom Dolores formed the band in Limerick in 1989, will arrive later. The album is produced by Stephen Street of Blur and The Smiths fame. Songs like *Fire & Soul*, *Losing My Mind*, *Schizophrenic Playboys*, *Waiting In Walthamstow* and *Astral Projections* have an edge that give the music something special, something lasting.

Dolores believes she had such a weird experience being in the Cranberries because she was so young and naive. The second time she ever left Ireland she was 17, going to LA to make the video for *Linger*. (The first time was when she was 12, to see her sister in London.) "Outside my bedroom in Limerick it was, like, cows!" she recalls. "Suddenly I was a star in LA. The

SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THAT TRAIN
SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT THOSE SHOES
SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THAT JOB OFFER
SHOULD HAVE ASKED FOR HER NUMBER



SHOULD HAVE WOULD HAVE DIDN'T

RENAULT CLIO

FROM ONLY
€9,990
& 4.9% APR

WHY WAIT



DON'T MISS OUT!

Visit the Renault Open Doors Weekend, Feb 23rd - 26th



www.renault.ie

DRIVE THE CHANGE



DADDY'S GIRL

Cranberries were just massive in the States within four months of making that video. *Linger* went Top 10 in America when I was 18. It was on heavy rotation on MTV. It was kind of weird because I wasn't used to hearing my voice and I had never seen myself on camera before. I was, like, 'God! I look different!'"

It was shocking to suddenly see her face on TV screens across the world. She never exactly thought of herself as good-looking. "In adolescence I was a bit of an ugly duckling," she explains. "I wasn't the prettiest. I just liked Taytos and chocolate bars. I didn't like boys. I'd much prefer to sit at home and watch TV."

Was that because you had a low opinion of yourself physically? "No," she says emphatically. "It was because boys wanted sex and I didn't want to go there. I thought boys were rubbish. I was 15. I was naive. I didn't get interested in that stuff until I was 18. I was sheltered because I was the youngest of seven. Some of my friends were giving the guys their bit."

Dolores instead wanted to be the surreally talented queen of gael-pop who would give the world its bit. How did she develop into the Dolores who loved to sing and wrote *Linger* when she was 17?

"I suppose because I was always kind of ... wild," she says. "It came from my dad. My mum tried to stop it but she knew that she couldn't control me. To this day she says to me: 'I love your madness.'"

Her madness is that twisted, Celtic spiritual thing of being creative. Where did the lyrics come from?

"I listened to music a lot," she says, "I wrote my first song when I was 12. It was called *Calling*. When all the girls used to go out in the yard at school, I used to stay in and play piano. The other girls used to stay and listen to my songs. They'd be like: 'Oooh, did you write some new songs?' So I was kind of doing it always when I was at school."

Laurel Hill was, she says, the best school in Limerick. All the girls in her class had dads who were lawyers and doctors. They all had letters after their names, she remembers. They all seemed to drive Bentleys and Rolls Royces. Dolores's dad was "gas". He would "fricking mortify" her. He would have chairs or mattresses on the roof of the car as she watched him arrive at the school.

"And he was," she laughs, "very bold." His boldness manifested itself in the fact that he would always collect her early. Dolores wasn't supposed to be out of school until 3.30pm but he would often come and bang on the window at 3pm. "Mousey!" he would be roaring in. "Mouse! Are you coming out?" "And we would go off driving and he kept singing in the car," Mousey smiles now, lost in a reverie. "He sang everything — *The Old Bog Road, The Black Hills Of Dakota* ..."

He used to say to Dolores that it would be good to make up her own songs. She believes now it was those conversations in the car after the mortifications of Laurel Hill that put the idea into her head that she should write and sing her own songs. "And I started writing very young. I think all my talent and all my ideas came from my father. He was wild though," she remembers. "He was so wild, my dad; he was pure mad," she smiles, "but in a good way though. He was really



eccentric. They had so many kids and very little money. He quit drinking when I was seven. He joined the Pioneers and got all Holy Joe. A holy roller out to save the world. He started selling fruit and veg. He used to go into people's houses just randomly in Limerick. They all knew him. But he didn't give a crap about anything or anyone. He lived life for himself. He didn't give a crap about what people thought of him. He was very comfortable in his own skin. He didn't care what others thought of him."

I ask Dolores Mary Eileen O'Riordan if she cares what others think of her. "I don't care now, but I used to. I'd say I must have spent 35 years of my life being concerned about how people perceived me and how I was coming across. I don't know, but since he died, I just don't care anymore. Because

you kind of realise everyone dies and you've got to say: "To hell with it!" she says in reference to people sitting in judgment on her and her life. "You waste time."

The gift of music her father gave her is too precious for Dolores to do that now. **■**

The Cranberries — Dolores O'Riordan, Noel Hogan, Mike Hogan, and Fergal Lawler — will return with 'Roses', their first studio album in more than a decade, released on February 24, 2012, via Cooking Vinyl, see www.cranberries.com

Cover

Scarf, Deirdre Harte, Design Centre

Contents page and page 13

Dress, Acne, Brown Thomas. Jewellery, Dolores's own

Page 14

Dress, Isabel Marant, Brown Thomas. Cross, Dolores's own

This page

Top, Helmut Lang, Brown Thomas. Jewellery; headdress, both Dolores's own

Design Centre, Powerscourt Townhouse, 59 Sth William St, D2, tel: (01) 619-5863

Photography by Sarah Doyle

Assisted by Hector Castells

Styling by Lianan Hynes

With thanks to George Curtis for her generous assistance

Make-up by Kate Synnott,

for www.kateandcassiemakeup.ie

Hair by James Coleman at Brown Sugar, 50 Sth William St, D2, tel: (01) 616-9697