

Sunday Independent

1,031,000 READERS

Vol. 105 No. 20 CITY FINAL May 16, 2010 €2.50 (€1.50 in Northern Ireland)



A SCANDALOUS PEOPLE THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO SHOCKED THE NATION

FREE SUPPLEMENT INSIDE

Gardai train in secret for riots

Fears of Greek-style violence stirred in wake of Dail attack by protesters

JEROME REILLY EXCLUSIVE

LESS than 24 hours after the mini-riot outside the Dail, plumes of smoke from petrol bombs could be seen above north Dublin as the Garda's Public Order Unit underwent specialist training.

The training camp was held in secrecy at the derelict 208-acre Belcamp College site, situated off the Malahide Road in Dublin.

All gates to the complex were locked and seven garda vans were used to shield some 40 officers from public gaze as they underwent a series of intensive drills throughout the day.

The training included running a gauntlet of petrol bombs while in full riot gear, as well as baton charges and defensive manoeuvres.

The *Sunday Independent* has learned that the Public

Order Unit, popularly known as the riot squad, will be on standby as thousands of protesters are expected to converge on the Dail in a protest organised by the Right to Work campaign this Tuesday.

Investigations are continuing into the disturbance at the gates of Leinster House in Dublin last week in which a number of people received minor injuries after the march attended by 800 people turned ugly.

A small number of protesters, believed to be linked to far left and hardline republican groups, attempted to gain access to the Leinster House complex but were prevented from doing so by uniformed gardai who drew batons.

A group of about 80 protesters broke away from the main group and attempted to storm the Dail gates. The

group included members of Republican Sinn Fein, the socialist-republican group Eirigi and the Socialist Workers Party.

The most recent report from the International Monitoring Commission said that while Eirigi was a political group with a focus on aggressive protest rather than a paramilitary group, some members might have been involved in serious violence. "We do not believe that its leaders direct acts of terrorism but we note its ambiguous attitude towards the use of physical force, which it has not condemned," it said.

Although senior gardai accept that the vast majority of protesters last week were peaceable, they are worried about Tuesday's protest being hijacked by militant hardliners — and extra precautions

[Continued on page 3](#)

QUITE A DISH



A WINNER: Lovely Kara Connolly from Sandymount, Dublin, leads a very full life. She studies business, economics and social studies at Trinity and works part-time in Tonic, the very popular bar and restaurant in the heart of Blackrock village. Her love of her job is clearly why she is looking forward to the Irish Restaurant Awards 2010, Ireland's largest and most glamorous restaurant event. The cream of chefs, restaurants and gastro pubs will be honoured at awards on June 9. One of the unique features is how readers can influence the outcome by voting for their favourites in all categories. To vote please visit www.irishrestaurantawards.com. Lines are open until Friday, May 28, at 12pm. Kara's dress is by K Aggugini from Havana, Donnybrook, Dublin. Photo: Tony Gavin

McDowell to sue over loan claim

Fingleton link 'completely untrue'

LIAM COLLINS

FORMER justice minister Michael McDowell, "shocked" by a report in the *Irish Daily Mail* that he had a loan "fast-tracked" by former Irish Nationwide chief executive Michael Fingleton is to sue the newspaper for libel.

Confirming yesterday that he had placed the newspaper report in the hands of his lawyers, the former attorney general said: "It's completely untrue."

The eminent senior counsel and former Progressive Democrat TD was responding to a report in the *Irish Daily Mail* on Friday that Mr Fingleton had "got close" to certain politicians like himself and former Fine Gael TD Michael Lowry by fast-tracking loans and breaking Irish Nationwide policy.

Mr Lowry had no comment



SHOCKED BY REPORT: Michael McDowell

same allegations against former enterprise minister Mr Lowry, to the effect that he was the recipient of a similar fast-tracked loan from Mr Fingleton, who was chief executive of the Irish Nationwide until his retirement at the end of 2009.

Mr Fingleton was paid €1m on top of his salary when the board asked him to stay on for an extra year after his retirement date — and agreed to pay him the same salary as he was paid the previous year.

Although he disputes that the €1m was a "bonus" Mr Fingleton is refusing to give back the money until he gets copies of investigations carried out by the society.

Mr Fingleton has told the *Sunday Independent* that if he reaches a satisfactory agreement with Irish Nationwide, he will give the €1m to charity.

BRENDAN O'CONNOR

Let this chalice pass from me...

THERE is talk of a spring in Brian Cowen's step these days. He's like a new man. He's actually communicating with us; he's out and about; he's prancing around the locker rooms of the Aviva Stadium. He is like a man from whom a great weight has been lifted. The speculation has been that it is because things are starting to look up for the economy, or that Cowen has been listening to his party allies and his critics, all of whom felt he needed to get out there and show a bit of leadership. But, actually, that's not what it is.

If Cowen looks like a man from whom a great weight has been lifted, it's because it has been.

For two hellish years Cowen has presided crankily over the virtual

collapse of the country. The media, who couldn't wait to get rid of Bertie and get Cowen into the job, got what they wished for, and boy did we all regret it. Sometimes it seemed as if Cowen regretted it more than any of us.

But now the torch, or the poisoned chalice, has been passed. Now, and for the foreseeable future, Cowen is no longer burdened with the running of this troublesome country. We didn't get the national government many people wanted. Instead we got international government.

And let's face it, no one, least of all the boss himself, is really complaining. For Cowen, and for all of us, it is a huge relief, closure. We're going to be run by our so-called peers now and frankly, they're welcome to

the job. Just ask Cowen, or indeed Bertie, or John Bruton, or Charlie Haughey. Running the country is a thankless task. And it never ends well.

Amazingly, Cowen could be the one guy for whom it might end well. Because now that the Germans are in charge, Cowen is free to do more important things, like lark around in stadia, and give legacy-guarding and history-first-drafting/redrafting speeches. And the Hun can worry about the other stuff, the unpopular stuff. And whenever Cowen has to give us any bad news now he can just throw his eyes up to heaven and make subtle Nazi signs at us to indicate he doesn't like it either, but what can you do with Fritz?

Cowen is going to enter his Bertie phase now.

Indeed, wasn't Bertie only recommending it to him this weekend. Get out there and press the flesh. Ask everyone, "how's the hard working man?" and then bounce on to another village fete opening. And let's face it, that's kind of what we're after out of a Taoiseach these days. God knows we wouldn't trust one to run the country any more. The best we can do is try and keep our guy out of trouble with an endless round of functions while Angela makes the real decisions and gives us our medicine.

You'll notice more and more that Cowen isn't the only one around the place with a spring in his step. After two years of not really knowing what's going on, we're all feeling lifted by a bit of certainty. You could say it's a tonic. A Teutonic.

LOOK DIVINE AT A PRICE SUBLIME

CHARLOTTE WEARS THE DIVINE BEADS COLLECTION

TRULY DIVINE PRICES

BRACELETS COMPLETE WITH 15 CHARMS €60/€65, PENDANTS WITH TWO CHARMS €35, EARRINGS €25

NEWBRIDGE silverware

Est. 1934

WWW.NEWBRIDGESILVERWARE.COM

Recommended retail price of the Sunday Independent in R.O.I. is €2.50

Vol. 105 No. 20 City Final

9 770791 687070 19

| THIS SECTION | BUSINESS | SPORT | LIVING |
|---------------|-----------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Weather 4 | News 1 | Soccer 1-3 | The big read 2 |
| Crossword 35 | Markets 2 | Rugby 6 | Fashion 6 |
| Worldwide 18 | Paper Prophet 4 | GAA 8-10 | Relationships 8 |
| Comment 28 | Appointments 5 | Racing 12-13 | Review 9 |
| Obituaries 33 | Shane Ross 8 | Results 15 | Diary 14 |

Eurozone €4 Denmark Dkr30 Gibraltar Stg2.25 USA \$3.75

'Nappygate' sums up our national lunacy

The jarveys and their long-suffering horses are a perfect metaphor for the equestrian effluent in which we find ourselves, writes **Cathal MacCarthy**

EVER since the latest national crisis started, I've been casting around for the perfect metaphor or precedent that captures the scale, the sheer lunatic enormity of the damage that we have inflicted upon ourselves.

To escape the distracting tumult I retired to my library. History, the infallible master, would surely furnish the suitable example.

The usual routine. Strict instructions not to be disturbed. Tinto, the manservant, was told to be courteous but immovable. "Mr MacCarthy asks me to convey his regrets, Mrs Robinson. But he is not available for consultations," and so on.

I opened the dusty tomes. Was there not a parallel to be found between our own consumerist excesses and Caligula's sybaritic Rome? Didn't that mad Emperor appoint his horse, Incitatus, to the Senate? Didn't Livia murder Augustus by means of a poisoned fig?

But what's the point in

telling people to consult their Suetonius or Dio Cassius when there's only myself, Garret and John A Murphy left who even know who those old lads were?

So much for history. What about popular economics? Well, there's your man McWilliams and the whole "breakfast roll man" shtick? We might be able to work those caricatures into a fable?

Have some appropriately named Celtic Gerbilis (Flitzo? Fingers?) scurrying underneath Decklander's boards before exploding after eating too much foie gras and stinking out the whole barbecue area so badly that the decking had to be ripped up?

Doesn't work, I know. It's too intricate. We needed an image that people could recognise immediately as being perfectly representative of the state of Ireland in 2010.

And then, just as I despaired of ever being able to point at something and exclaim "Eureka!", along came the Killarney Jarveys, clip-clopping into view with their proud Kerry horses and their

magnificent — and still just about nappy-free — rumps.

It's the perfect metaphor for our national dilemma. The perfect analogy for where we are now.

Think about it. Our politicians are the jarveys — charming, verbally incontinent and seemingly without any functioning critical apparatus. The horses can stand for our productive private sector, pulling and dragging a trundling, creaky public sector carriage, plodding along to the rein-transmitted commands of idiots. The actual pellets of horse poop must, I think, represent the banks.

And the taxpayers? Well, I think the proposed nappy best captures our function. We swing suspended beneath horses' arses, catching whatever nuggets of manure are dropped our way.

The biggest pile of horse poop ever seen was dropped into our nappy on Thursday when the Head Jarvey conceded that mistakes were made around the whole area of the state's finances.

But that the man charged with guiding the state's finances — whoever he was — was not responsible. The nappy fairly strained and buckled under the weight of that one, let me tell you.

We'll hold our nose and

poke that with a stick later on. For now, let us turn to the judgement of the High Court in favour of the National Parks and Wildlife Services and the introduction of nappies for the horses.

When confronted with indignant Kerrymen, my cynicism radar immediately sparks to life. For some odd reason, complaining Kerry people are deemed charming by the rest of Ireland. There's something about the Kerry accent that wins over people from up the country. People in the counties immediately neighbouring the Kingdom take a rather different view.

We know our Kerry friends too well, and we realised a long time ago that talking rubbish in a mellifluous Kerry accent doesn't change the fact that it's rubbish. Consider Joe Higgins of the Kenmare Rouge if you doubt that.

I daresay that if some politician — or some other similar lunatic — were to stand up and announce that a compensation scheme could be introduced that would recognise the extra work and exertion made by the jarveys in pinning the nappies underneath their horses, then a resolution would make itself as plain as a horse's handbrake.

And I think there should be compensation. But the com-

ensation should be paid only to the horses. In fact, I don't think we can be generous enough. I propose that the sum of €500,000 compensation be made available to every horse involved in the dispute. With only one stipulation: the horses themselves should have to sign for the cheque.

If they can get up on their hind legs to sign or hold the pen between their teeth long enough to scrawl 'Dobbin' or 'Blackie', then they're welcome to the money. But the Supreme Court — to whom I understand the jarveys are intent on appeal — must be immovable on this: we can deal only with the horses and that must remain the situation until someone shows me the signed power of attorney that the horses have made in favour of their jarveys.

As state classifiers say "Let justice be done though the heavens foul — sorry — fall!"

One last observation: If the authorities were really concerned about the amount of manure on the roads around Muckross, they'd be better off tying the nappies around the jarveys' gobs and leaving the horses alone.

All the horses in Kildare wouldn't produce as much equestrian effluent as one man from Killarney trying to get a generous tip from Americans.



POP PIXIE: Dolores O'Riordan's emotive and potent voice made her a global star

'I didn't know how to deal with my fame the first time'

Once a bit of a rebel, Dolores O'Riordan has conquered her demons and is back on the road again, says **Barry Egan**



Dolores O'Riordan, ethereal pop star and post-modern chanteuse, was queen of the barbie that night, making sure the steaks and prawns size of fists, sizzling al fresco on the grill, weren't overcooked. With her children around her, it was hard if not impossible to picture that this was the woman who in 1996 suffered from depression that saw her weight plummet to under seven stone.

"It wasn't anorexia. It was beyond anorexia," she told me that night in Howth. "I was having a nervous breakdown. I was losing lots of weight. I couldn't eat. I had a lot of anxiety attacks. I wasn't functioning properly. I couldn't control my motor skills. I was very unhappy, obviously."

I asked her where the depression came from.

"I was overworking. I was isolated all the time. I didn't really like being so big so young. I didn't really know how to deal with getting famous the first time," she answered slowly.

"I lost contact with all my friends. Loads of stupid things that I realise now. 'Why didn't you carry a mobile phone? Call your friends if you're feeling down. You can always meet your friends. It doesn't matter if you have to be on stage in three hours. Screw it. It is only a show. It is only rock 'n' roll.'"

As such, the Limerick beauty no longer resembles a nervous breakdown waiting to happen. The star of The Cranberries, the band she joined in 1990 with brothers Noel and Mike Hogan (guitar and bass respectively), and Fergal Lawler (drums), is a contented mother of three. The Limerick group that sold 40 million albums worldwide (*Everybody Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We?*; *No Need To Argue*; *To the Faithful Departed*; and *Bury the Hatchet*) reformed last November and are playing The Marquee festival in Cork this summer.

That her life was once a maelstrom of rumours — anorexia, nervous breakdowns, break-ups, rehab — seems like a tale from another world.

She sold her house in Howth, north Dublin, and relocated to Toronto in Canada, from where her husband and manager Don Burton hails. They are missed. In the late summer of 2007, she and Don invited me to their house on the Hill of Howth for dinner. It was a such a beautiful sunny evening that it would have been positively rude not to have had a barbecue. And

"Drinks for everyone!" she laughed. "You have to be a bit naughty sometimes."

Dolores O'Riordan, once upon a time, was more than a bit naughty. Trouble seemed to follow her, especially when she slugged off The Corrs and the like. She is no longer The Mouth of Shannon, however. She doesn't say the first thing that comes into her head any more. She has long since exorcised her demons; her feet are firmly on the ground these days.

'It doesn't matter if you have to be on stage in three hours. Screw it. It is only a show. It is only rock 'n' roll'

Unfortunatly for The Cranberries, the next morning they were brought like visiting dignitaries to see a local attraction. Somewhat the worse for wear, a day in the baking hot Mexican sun was not what their fragile Limerick systems needed.

"Our throats were like someone had pooped in them," recalled Dolores, laughing loudly. "We were all dying of gangovers. This religious Indian guy, who took peyote every day, kept trying to get us to chant, but all we wanted was water. He gave us names. I was Snake."

Another memorable night, remembered Dolores, after "a mighty piss-up" in an English country pub, the band were cycling back to their posh hotel when Don fell off and lay prostrate on the ground. Once she got him back to the hotel, Dolores, in search of some life-giving elixir, slipped her tiny hand in behind the locked bar-room door downstairs and managed to turn the key.

Summer Sale

20% OFF

GUARANTEED

All routes to Europe and the UK

every seat, every flight, every day

Book by midnight Thurs 20 May

Discount applies to fare before taxes and charges
Travel June & July

aerlingus.com 

Enjoy your flight

 Central Airports

 Allocated Seating

 Free Check-in 3 Options

 Generous Luggage Allowance

 Renowned Inflight Service

Travel 01 Jun - 31 Jul '10. Book by midnight Thurs 20 May. Discount applies to fare before taxes and charges. Schedule varies by route. See aerlingus.com for details. Handling fee per passenger/per one-way flight: €5 per credit/debit card transaction applies. Subject to terms, conditions and availability.

The Cranberries, *Live at the Marquee, Cork, June 29.*

