

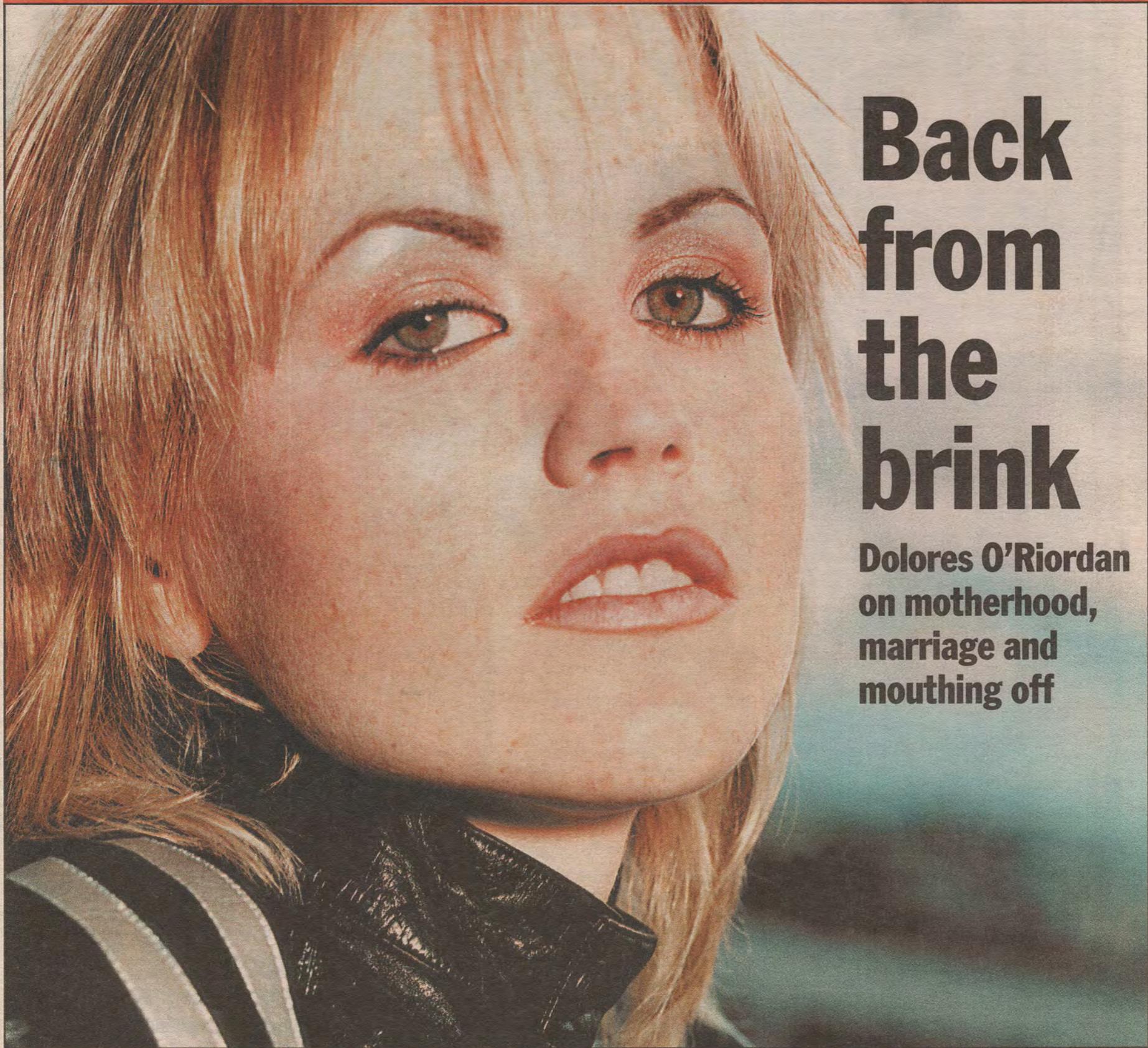
THE  TIMES

Saturday May 8 1999 - Friday May 14 1999

metro

BIGGER
BETTER LISTINGS p26

YOUR ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO WHAT'S ON IN THE NORTH EAST



Back from the brink

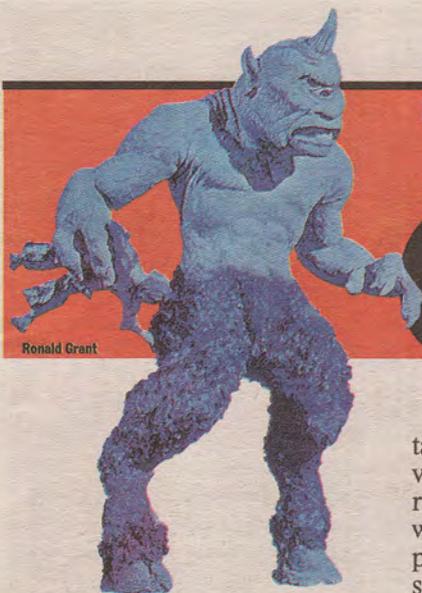
Dolores O'Riordan
on motherhood,
marriage and
mouthing off

BOOKS Tim Lott does
love and lies

THEATRE The sussed
Three Sisters

MUSIC metro's unmissable
summer gig guide

WIN! Jamiroquai and
dEUS tickets



Ronald Grant

KEEPING AN EYE ON THINGS SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO

cyclops

takes its political correctness very seriously indeed, Cannes remains the one film festival where entertainment, art and porn happily rub sweaty shoulders in the May sunshine.

And, this year, the festival is to welcome back one of its oldest and dearest friends, **Hugh M. Hefner**, the founder of *Playboy* magazine and the perfect embodiment of that naughty Cannes spirit. Hef will travel by private jet and stay on a yacht moored in the Vieux Port, just behind the Palais du Festivals. His entourage will include constant companions Brande Roderick, twins Sandy

and Mandy Bentley, Playmate Heather Kozar and, no doubt, other young women frequently seen wearing little more than lipgloss and a staple. For Hefner, the trip will be tinged with nostalgia: he last visited the seaside cinefest back in 1959, his first trip outside America. That same year, he purchased the Playboy Mansion, opened the first Playboy Club and began to promote himself as the pyjama-wearing king of the swingers. Unsurprisingly, Hef's schedule for next weekend includes the world premiere of groove-tastic sex comedy *Austin Powers 2: The Spy Who Shagged Me*.

CANNES FUN AND PYJAMA GAMES

Cannes would not be Cannes without the paparazzi-friendly spectacle of rich roués cruising the Croisette draped in enough bikini-clad arm candy to open a Côte d'Azur branch of John Menzies. For while the rest of the film world

JEWEL THE GLITTER OF GOLD

So Jewel is now the highest-paid poet in the world. On the strength of selling a few million records, the 24-year-old warbler has been paid more for her first collection of poems than John Betjeman or Ted Hughes ever made. More, it is said, than even Shelley or Byron, Browning or Tennyson earned from their scribbles (at present-day rates). The \$2 million sum was paid in America for *A Night Without Armor*, her

slender volume of verse that was published over here yesterday.

Ever since Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen, every singer-songwriter who comes up with a couple of half-clever rhymes seems to think that penning three-minute pop ditties makes them profound poets. "He's the skinny one of the two/He reminds her of it constantly/He's a very funny guy that way/Ha ha as she wobbles-to-walk" goes one of her better odes. Steps, eat your hearts out.

WALES UP WITH THE JONESES

It was all going swimmingly for the Welsh. For so long a cultural desert (unless you count cheese on toast, Tom Jones and love spoons), Wales has undergone an image make-over worthy of *Changing Rooms*.

Catatonia, Manic Street Preachers in the charts; Anthony Hopkins on a level with Michael Caine, and Michael Sheen challenging Ralph Fiennes's crown on the stage. Even *Notting Hill* has a Taffia cast member, Rhys Ifans, erstwhile Evans, who actually changed his name to make it more Welsh, acting the grey Y-fronts off the very English Hugh Grant.

To top it all, this week it was announced that Catherine Zeta Jones (left), dark-haired siren from Swansea, now commands \$5 million per picture. And that is where the rot sets in. Remember Scotland? There they were, *Trainspotting* away, when Hollywood got interested and – bang, **Irvine Welsh is about as cool as your dad dancing at a wedding**. Let's hope Catherine's perfick pricetag doesn't kick off another kind of Welsh backlash.

Capital

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"I wanted to check out the women and have lots of fun"

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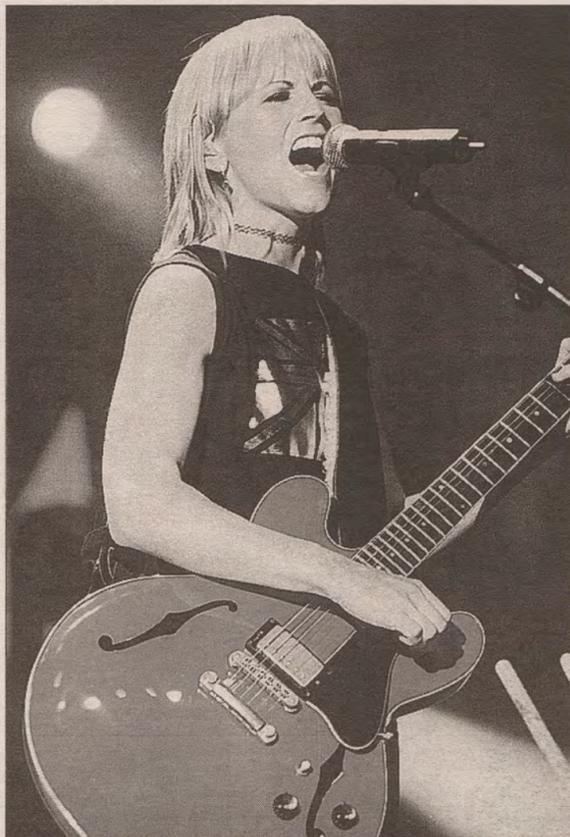
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PLUS full arts listings for your area start on page 26

THE BIG INTERVIEW

All the juice



RENAISSANCE WOMAN: O'Riordan at the Shepherds Bush Empire in April Rex

FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI

Fela Kuti is to African music what Bob Marley is to Reggae: its prophet. From funk to techno, all of today's black musical styles owe something to the unique groove which he created: Afrobeat

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Millionaire, pop idol, wife and mother — not a bad list of achievements for a 27-year-old. So what exactly is eating Dolores O'Riordan? Nigel Williamson gets the lowdown from the Cranberries' lead singer. Portrait: Paul Rider

Dolores O'Riordan may be listed as the fifth richest woman in the British Isles (she is, of course, Irish) with a personal fortune calculated at £30 million, but hers is a cautionary tale that proves the old adage that money can't buy happiness.

Three years ago, the Cranberries were riding high with worldwide album sales of 28 million. The band had just embarked upon a year-long world tour that was expected to gross £60 million when they abruptly cancelled. "I was a nervous wreck. I had lost so much weight and I hadn't slept for weeks. I was really depressed and the vibe in the band was crap. I didn't want to be there," recalls O'Riordan, 27.

"People were saying I had anorexia but it seemed the only thing anyone cared about was the money. 'Screw her — she might be six-and-a-half stone and she might be dying, but what about the tour?' I felt I was a product, and nobody gave a toss. The tabloids were saying I was a bitch and an asshole and I had ceased to feel like a human being."

Her chilling experiences form a salutary tale for pop wannabes. "Why do rock stars go for cocaine and drugs and die? Because they feel there is no escape. I said to myself, I don't want to die. And then I thought, maybe I do. You wonder if you can ever redeem yourself and get back to the real world," she continues.

Fortunately, O'Riordan found her way back. Now the proud mother of a 15-month-old son, Taylor, and with an upbeat new Cranberries' album called *Bury the Hatchet* to promote (priorities are firmly in that order), she is full of renewed optimism. She also has the self-awareness to reflect upon her privileged position and realise how she must sound to people struggling to make ends meet.

"I know money is cool so I don't blame anyone for thinking we are moaning bastards," she admits. "But I'm telling you exactly what happened. I get depressed even talking about it. Real life is meant to be fun. It's great and amazing but we have had to relearn how to be part of it. And it was a hard lesson."

We are talking in a suite at Dublin's most up-market hotel; guitarist Noel Hogan is also here

and next door is full of photographers, publicists, aides and other assorted hangers-on. O'Riordan looks fantastic, despite having sampled Dublin's nightlife until 6am after an appearance on Ireland's best-loved television programme, *The Late, Late Show*. Gone is the waif, replaced by a confident young woman who has clearly been through a lot but has emerged wiser and happier.

"The best thing I ever did was having my baby. Once you have a child it really changes your perspective," she says. "You look at this little thing, and the most important thing to you is that he is healthy and happy. When you walk in the door you know that whatever happens out there, this is what matters — life, love, family. It straightens your head out totally."

Her mother, Eileen, is looking after Taylor back in Limerick and O'Riordan has just called home. "My mum was taking him out for a walk. He's starting to get interested in the big bad world out there but I'm going to be very careful about protecting him. I don't want him to be around the band. I want to give him a normal childhood and I'd be

"Whatever I said, I'm not into the death penalty. It's a dodgy issue but I don't like the idea of anyone getting killed"

mad if there were pictures of him in *Hello!* or something. Childhood is very sacred and special and when kids grow up with the pressure of being in the spotlight, it's not fair."

O'Riordan's own childhood was spent in a large Catholic family in Limerick as the youngest of seven daughters. "My parents were very religious and I had to go to Mass every day as a teenager," she recalls. "Warped things do happen in Ireland and what they used to do to children was terrible. It wasn't just the Church, it was the beatings in school, too. But I was very lucky. I was never abused as a child. I had a very loving upbringing." She

started studying the piano at nine; at 14 she picked up a guitar and learnt Simon & Garfunkel's *Scarborough Fair*. "I wrote my first song on a Yamaha keyboard my mum bought me. It was a little pop ditty that went 'La, la, la, I miss you'. It sounded like the Corrs. There were loads of them. There was another one called *Calling*. I could dig them out and start a whole new career."

Since the Cranberries' last album, *To the Faithful Departed*, in 1996, the Corrs have arguably overtaken them as the biggest band out of Ireland since U2. It appears to rankle with O'Riordan and she recently predicted that they would never crack America. "I shouldn't say anything more because I got into trouble for criticising them last time," she says. "But there's no challenge in that skiddely-eye Irish folk stuff. I could pick up a tin whistle and play really good skiddely-eye. But for me that is for the pub. When you put it in rock'n'roll it sounds really cheesy."

Yet she admits she was singing *Runaway* in the shower that morning and Hogan confesses to owning the Corrs' *Talk on Corners* album. She accuses him of fancying the girls. "I love them all," he says and she laughs awkwardly.

O'Riordan joined the Cranberries — made up of Noel Hogan, 27, and his brother Mike, 26, on bass and Fergal Lawler, 28, on drums — at 18. "Before that I had sung mostly in church," she says. "I used to play the organ six or seven times a week with the choir. Sometimes I used to wish I could be outside smoking fags instead, but really I enjoyed it. That's where I started chanting and learning Latin hymns, which helped me to form my own style."

Her mother wanted her to follow a religious vocation and was horrified at the thought of her daughter joining a band. "She was scared I would get pregnant. We toured Britain in a van and I used to kip on the boys' laps because we couldn't afford hotels. I had an uncle in London and he said we could sleep at his house. He had a big family and there used to be eight in a bed. We'd fall in at four o'clock in the morning out of our heads."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



STARTING OVER: From left, Mike Hogan, O'Riordan, Fergal Lawler and Noel Hogan. "We've made a vow. Next time the pressure is on, we're just going to go home"



SIMPLY THE BEST: Collecting their MTV European Music award in Paris, 1995 Rex



UNDER PRESSURE: At the MTV Video Music awards in New York, 1996 Rex

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

O'Riordan promised her mother that if the band hadn't made it in a year she would go back to college. Six months later, in 1991, Island signed them to a six-album deal.

"When the band did break she was very proud but I now know what she was feeling. I wouldn't like my son to be in a band. It's not a very stable life. I'm sorry, mum, for being such a s*** teenager!"

Because of managerial problems, it was not until 1993 that their debut album, *Everybody Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We?* appeared. And it was America which gave them their initial success. "We felt like scumbags in Britain and Ireland. We used to play little gigs in Dublin and nobody would come because we were from Limerick. People shouldn't think we got it all overnight. We were bums for at least two years, asking people to buy us a

pint. Even after we got the record deal we were only on £100 a week. We used to go into the dressing room of the band we were supporting when they were on stage and nick their beer."

A re-release of the evocatively beguiling *Linger* (the song was about O'Riordan's teenage love for a soldier) finally made the singles chart in 1994; the first album went to No 1 in Britain 16 months after its release. That summer, wearing a see-through dress, O'Riordan married Duran Duran's tour manager, Don Burton.

The Cranberries supported Duran Duran on tour and, according to the myth, the couple decided to get married after knowing each other for ten days. "It was actually two months," says O'Riordan. "One day he said 'I want to marry you' and he handed me a piece of paper that said July 18. That was the day we married. Before I even really knew him he gave me a rose as I was going on stage every night. He wooed me very romantically."

The first album went on to sell seven million copies but the second, *No Need to Argue*, released in October 1994, was even more successful. And, despite some criticisms of the naivety of O'Riordan's lyrics, (*Zombie*, for example, written after the IRA bomb at Warrington, was attacked as crude and untimely, although it went on to win an MTV award for Best Song in 1995) the album sold 15 million copies.

Other songs were inspired by O'Riordan's long-term relationship immediately before her marriage with someone from her home town; it had ended messily and violently. "*No Need to Argue* was a beautiful album because I was motivated by a lot of stuff that was going on in my life. What you hear on that album is the sound of really getting your heart broken," she confesses. Then, at the height of the Cranberries' success, it all started to go wrong.

Towards the end of 1995 the band went back into the studio to record their third album, the maudlin *To the Faithful Departed*. O'Riordan took a critical mauling for songs such as *Bosnia* and the album sold a disappointing six million copies. "We should have taken a break instead of doing the third album. But we had got so big that we felt

"I'm not possessive but I don't like other women touching my husband. Especially women with big boobs"



NUPTIALS: Summer 1994 All Action

an amazing amount of pressure to continue. It was a very depressing album. We were living in hotels and on buses and we couldn't even go out for a walk. It was like being a prisoner. My grandmother died and we were in Australia and I couldn't go to her funeral. You get a phone call saying someone's dead and you have to forget about it and do a gig. Emotionally you are not in touch with anything. You are isolated and screwed up and lonely."

In October 1996 they cancelled all further plans. "As far as we were concerned the band was over. We were never again going to make music because we were so angry. I went and saw a counsellor and said I was freaked out. Everywhere I went I thought people were pointing at me, saying I was anorexic and a bitch. He told me to go some place where people didn't know who I was. So we went to the Caribbean for a few months — nobody

had heard of the Cranberries. It was fantastic to feel human again." During the band's long lay-off Fergal Lawler backpacked around Australia; football-mad Mike Hogan moved to Manchester to follow his beloved United. Noel went home to Limerick. And O'Riordan became pregnant. "I was so underweight I didn't think I could conceive. It was like redemption."

She had the baby in November 1997 in Canada, where her husband has a house, and moved back to Limerick in early 1998 to work on the Cranberries' fourth album. "When we came off the road we didn't talk to each other for six months and it was the first time since we were 17 that we hadn't been together every day. But we weren't angry with each other. We were angry with the world. Ultimately it made us closer. *Bury the Hatchet* is our return to reality."

Again, the album has taken a battering from the critics over the naivety of the lyrics, something to which O'Riordan seems resigned. Many of the new songs reflect her contentment in married life and motherhood. Of the angrier songs, *Delilah* was written after she had attacked another woman in a pub. "I'm not possessive but I don't like other women touching my husband. Especially women with big boobs. I was very hormonal because I had just finished breastfeeding, and you feel a bit insecure after childbirth. You don't feel like a sex kitten and you feel threatened by other women. I was drunk and I went for her. The next day I was still livid, and I wrote *Delilah*, telling her to stay away."

Another song, *Fee Fi Fo*, is about child abuse. "Why would anyone want to screw a child? When my little boy falls and hurts himself he cries and looks at you to take away his pain. And you feel awful if you can't," says O'Riordan. When she is older she intends to use some of her millions to start a charity to counsel abused children.

In the past, the singer has been prone to saying some senselessly provocative things, opposing abortion and supporting capital punishment. These days she is wiser. "I was an angry young woman and I don't even know what I said. I could have been drunk. When you get famous, people expect you to be a politician. They want to know what you think about divorce or abortion or the Catholic Church. It's annoying when you have blurted out things without thinking. Whatever I said, I'm not into the death penalty. It's a dodgy issue but I don't like the idea of anyone getting killed."

This time, the Cranberries are easing in slowly to touring with just six dates in Europe and eight in America. "We're going to be very strict. One month on, one month off," says O'Riordan. "You think you have to say yes to everything because there is a lot of bread in it but we learnt a very valuable lesson. We've made a vow. Next time the pressure is on, we're just going to go home."

Bury the Hatchet is out now on Island US/Mercury Records.

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