

cup of tea

Deirdre Clune was a TD between 1997 and 2002. She is a councillor for the South East ward and will become Lord Mayor of Cork tonight.



social year. You're Lord Mayor for everybody, if you're asked to a darts competition on the Mallow Road, you should go out there, and you should also go to the Chamber of Commerce dinner.

"They're both citizens, they're equally important," he said.

So will there be a fourth generation of the Barry family in politics?

Deirdre and her husband Conor have four sons. While they are keenly interested in current affairs, their mother isn't going to push them into politics.

"I wouldn't encourage them from a job security point of view. I would think it's worthwhile doing —

there's huge satisfaction and they'd have the ability, but I'd prefer them to follow a career path first, rather than follow a political career.

"I'm not going to suggest it to them. If they want to join the party, or Young Fine Gael, then fine. They'll end up there themselves, if that happens to be what happens," Cllr Clune said.

However, the four are a key part of their mother's election teams, and are called into service for leaflet drops and putting up posters.

Her father is also a key supporter — but doesn't want to be seen to crowd her.

"I'm torn. I don't want to be

crowding her. I don't want to be out there as Peter Barry. I must be there backing up Deirdre Clune, as her father. If I can help, I will of course. I'm waiting to be asked, anxious to serve," he said.

Understandably, Peter will be back in City Hall tonight to see his daughter voted in as Lord Mayor.

"I won't tell her, but I'm very proud. I am of course. I'm proud for two reasons.

"Even if I hadn't been Lord Mayor, I'd be very proud. But the fact that I have been Lord Mayor, and the fact that she's the third generation, makes me particularly proud," he said.

Factfile

Deirdre Clune is Fine Gael councillor for the South East ward of the city.

She was a TD for Cork South Central between 1997 and 2002. She was first elected to Cork City Council in 1999.

In last year's local elections, she received an impressive 2,307 first-preference votes — the highest number of votes received by any candidate in the city.

Her husband Conor is a dentist, and the couple have four children, aged between nine and 19.

Peter Barry is known both as a prominent Fine Gael politician and a businessman.

His political career spanned four decades — he was elected to the Corporation in 1967, the Dáil in 1969 and retired from politics in 1992. From 1982 to 1987, he was Minister for Foreign Affairs — he was first appointed a Minister in 1973. In his capacity as Foreign Minister he was heavily involved in the negotiations which resulted in the 1985 Anglo-Irish Agreement.

He was Tánaiste for a brief period in 1987, and contested the leadership of Fine Gael in the same year, losing out to Alan Dukes. The Barry family still run the well-known Barry's Tea company — the company was founded in 1901 by Peter Barry's grandfather, James J Barry.



Deirdre and Conor Clune, who is a dentist, have four children aged between nine and 19. Picture: Gerard McCarthy

O'Shea on Monday



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ANOTHER *Batman* movie has hit our screens and is there anything as exciting as that? Other than the unlikely event of an eclipse of the sun and moon at the same time, probably not.

The bad news is that it's a prequel. Prequels are a fad that have been gathering momentum over the past few years in the cinema. Recently, we've had *Revenge of the Sith*, which was yet another prequel to *Star Wars*, and *Hotel Rwanda*, a prequel to *Caddyshack*.

The only series that really needs one is *Rocky*, whose producers were recently in talks about *Rocky 6*. If there is one franchise that could do with going backwards, it's *Rocky*, which got progressively more dreadful with each sequel. It could only get better with *Rocky -1*, *Rocky -2*, and so on: "In the blue corner, wearing the white nappies, with cartoon animals trim, hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing 14lbs, 10oz..."

But I digress.

The new *Batman* film is clutching at straws when it comes to villains. The franchise has thrown up some of the most original criminals in the history of fiction — Joker, Penguin, Riddler, Catwoman — but in the new prequel, which is set in the future, instead of the past (beats me) we have Cillian Murphy — who, don't get me wrong, is a fine actor — wearing a bag over his head for his portrayal of Scarecrow.

Worzel Gummidge used more sophisticated special effects.

So *Batman* has run out of interesting villains to defeat, but I think I've come up with an idea to squeeze that bit more out of the series. The fight for control of Gotham has just begun:

Setting: The Gotham City Cathedral belfry.

A searchlight with Batman's insignia rakes across the night sky.

Michael Keaton (in costume) stares out across the city's skyline and wonders how his acting career went down the toilet.

He hears a noise behind him.

Keaton: Is that you Alfred?

Voice: No. It's Val Kilmer. Don't turn around. It's in my contract that no one on set can look me in the eye.

Keaton: Then how do I know it's you?

Kilmer breaks into an impromptu version of *The Doors' LA Woman*.

Keaton: OK, but what are you doing here?

Kilmer: Chief O'Hara told me to come. He said the greatest threat to Gotham is in our midst.

Keaton: Same here.

The moon is suddenly blocked out. A shape — a bat-like shape — swoops down. George Clooney's chin arrives on the scene, followed seconds later by George Clooney himself.

Clooney: I can't remember my line.

Kilmer: Don't worry, just don't look in my eyes.

Christian Bale steps out from behind a large bell.

Bale: There's something fishy going on here.

Kilmer: Who the hell are you?

Bale: I'm the new guy. The prequel guy. But that doesn't matter. The four of us received calls from O'Hara to be

ROBERT O'SHEA comes up with an unorthodox script for yet another Batman film

here at midnight. Why?

Clooney: I've remembered my line.

Bale: Shut up. The only thing I can think of is that somebody wants us to meet up and destroy each other, by playing on our vanity; by getting us to argue over who is the best Batman.

Keaton: The villainous swine.

Kilmer: But haven't we run out of credible villains?

Bale: Yes. But it is only a trifling matter, because all the critics agree that I bring the most gravitas to the role.

Kilmer: My cheekbones are higher though.

Clooney: And what about my charm, my smile.

Keaton: Guys, guys, don't start. We can sort this out. I was in a little-seen romantic comedy called *Multiplicity* and if there's one thing I learned from that picture, it's that if we four work together, then after no more than 90 minutes of hilarious mishaps we'll all be getting on grand and I'll end up in bed with Andie McDowell.

Kilmer: Why does it have to be you in bed with her?

Keaton: Listen, Val...

Kilmer: I said don't look me in the eyes! KAPOW! (he punches Keaton).

ZONK! Bale lumps Kilmer. KERRRANNNNG! Clooney hits his chin of the bell.

Numerous extras wearing one-piece suits with arrows sewn on them enter and begin to join in.

Laughter is heard; not the manic, high-pitched laughter of *The Joker*, but the low, guttural laugh of a septuagenarian.

Adam West (for it is he) enters.

West: That's right my pretties, destroy yourselves. There is only one true Caped Crusader.

The fight inexplicably stops.

Bale: Hah! You thought you had trapped us. But Lieutenant Gordon tipped us off that those O'Hara calls were hoaxes. O'Hara hasn't had access to the big red phone since 1967.

West: Dra! Foiled.

Kilmer: Instead you have fallen into our trap. Pulls away a curtain (we need to get this from the props dept) to reveal Burt Ward hanging precariously over a vat of gin.

West: Boy Wonder. What have they done to you?

Ward: Holy Batmobiles, leave me here Batman. Save yourself. I want them to drop me.

With time ticking down, what will the Caped Crusader do? Let his faithful sidekick drop into the vat after 28 years on the dry? Is this the end for the movie franchise as we know it?

Tune in next week. Same Bat Time! Same Bat Channel! Dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner....