

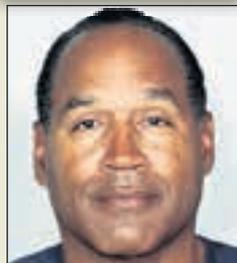
JEWELS: Condoms

They're a bit of a flop

ROYAL rubbers have gone on sale in honour of Prince Harry and Meghan Markle's wedding.

The souvenir condoms are made by a company calling itself Crown Jewels Heritage Condoms, who promise the condoms will provide "discerning love-makers a royal union of pleasure and style".

However it appears they don't actually work, a disclaimer on the packet reads: "This is a novelty product. Not intended for use as a contraceptive."



INTERVIEW: Simpson

A new show for OJ

PRODUCERS of a new TV show about OJ Simpson say it will give viewers an unprecedented glimpse into the mind of the former football star.

More than twenty years after his acquittal for the murder of his ex-wife and a friend, Fox is airing the two-hour special on Sunday.

OJ Simpson: The Lost Confession? will broadcast for the first time a lengthy 2006 interview with OJ about his marriage.

Billy Scanlan

WORLD ACCORDING TO BILLY.SCANLAN@THESTAR.IE



A FRESH SPIN ON GENDER POLITICS



SIZE MATTERS: Donald Trump and (inset) Kim Jong-un

It'll be a blast at meeting...

IF WE'RE all going to die in thermonuclear war, we might as well die in a thermonuclear war laughing.

That's just one of the potential outcomes when the "dotard" sits down for tea and biscuits with the "little rocket man".

Donald and Kim are set to meet face to face, to whip out their missiles for size comparison, before — possibly —

putting them away again and shaking hands.

The notion of this makes McGregor versus Mayweather look like a schoolyard scrap.

And what could possibly go wrong? Well, the answer to that is "everything".

But most probably, it'll just be hilarious. So well done to both of them for making politics fun — that's one hell of an achievement.

Hung out to dry by machine parts

FOR most of us, it's been a week of getting back to normal. We've slipped back into routine. Some people are even going in to work.

For me, it's been a week when I realised that my spin dryer was a politically incorrect accident waiting to happen. And happen it did.

Of all the things I'd have singled out to cause me to make a gender blooper, the old spin dryer wasn't on the list.

You could describe it as a cranky old relic from another era like myself, but that's only because I can't afford to replace it.

So when the latch on the door broke, and the dryer went on strike, I decided to fix the damn thing myself. And that's what led to the gender blooper...

It turns out that acceptance of the gender-fluid people of the world hasn't reached the world of home appliance spare parts just yet.

Research

And as I did a quick bit of research into my latch woes, I discovered that latches have "male" and "female" parts, and no in-between.

Without going into the biology of it all, you could say the bit that sticks out is the male bit, and the bit that consists of the small hole is the female.

My problem was that the female part was broken. The male sticky-out bit was protruding just like it always does, and

has done non-stop for years.

After more research, I found a number for a spare parts place. So I called them. A polite lady answered the phone.

I began to explain my problem and this was when things got embarrassing. The notion of describing the broken part to her as "female" set my alarm bells ringing.

I'm a 40-year-old white heterosexual male — so I'm always aware that saying the wrong thing could be the end. Twitter is always poised to stomp me to death.

So, yes, unwisely in hindsight, clumsily, maybe even stupidly, in my mild panic I described the broken part as "the receiver". Awkward begins to describe it.

Understanding

The woman said: "Excuse me?" I said: "You know... the bit that takes it... from the... uh... the giver. The giver is fine. It's the receiver that's banjaxed."

Thankfully, the woman was very understanding. She said: "So the piece on the machine is broken and the piece on the door is fine?"

Hallelujah. She understood. In the full flush of relief, I blurted out: "Yeah. I need the female bit."

At that point, we moved on quickly. She took my details and the spare part was put in the post.

It arrived the next day — and I'm happy to say I put it in, or installed it, and everything is back in full working order.

And I saved myself the cost of a new machine — but I'll never look at that dryer the same way again.



BROKE: A dryer

IT SAVED OUR BACON DURING SNOWSTORM

LET'S hear it for bacon — the great unsung Irish hero of the snow... well, Tom Crean and bacon, maybe.

When all the talk was of bread and milk, and the nation defied a curfew and headed to the pub, grocery shelves were empty.

Except, in all

the shops I went into, for the bacon section. The shelves still heaved under the weight of salty preserved deliciousness.

If it was packets of rashers you were after, there was no problem.

And so what if they're not healthy? Neither is starving to death.



PLENTY: Bacon

World of our own

WOMEN having their "Women's Day" only implies that men can have the other 364, which is fine by me.

But we should make an effort, us blokes, and maybe claim June 14th as our own.

That's when the World Cup kicks off. See you in the boozier, chaps.



HEALTHY: Sensor Device makes sense

SCIENTISTS have invented a sensor that tells users when they've had enough booze, sugar and salt.

Fitted to a tooth, the 2mm x2mm device will send data to user's phones about what they have been eating and drinking.

Doctors are now backing the invention to help patients stick to their diets.

Inventor Dr Fiorenzo Omenetto said the size of the sensor meant it could be fitted to "tooth, skin, or any surface."

DON'T MISS

take a REST

4 PACKED PAGES!
Pg58-61



BIG SECRET: Joanne

It's a midwife crisis

A MOTHER was horrified when a midwife who helped deliver her daughter told her she slept with the baby's dad.

Joanne Lumsden revealed her secret hours after the unnamed mum gave birth. The woman said she is "haunted" by the sight of Ms Lumsden, who appeared on Channel Four's One Born Every Minute, holding her baby.

She also feels "violated" after the delivery at Liverpool Women's Hospital.

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ZUCKER' PUNCH FOR DATA THIEF



BLUSTER: Roy Keane in another rage and (inset) Pique

Raging Roy's fits of Pique are a giggle

● ANOTHER week, another footballer telling how he once saw Roy Keane being scary.

This time it's Gerard Pique who described Keane looking "like Jack Nicholson in The Shining" when his mobile phone went off.

Pique said the usual stuff about how he was terrified. But once I stopped chucking at his description, I had a question...

● How come nobody ever burst out laughing at Roy's google-eyed rage?

Roy was a footballer — not a killer. He wasn't going to eat anyone, footballers are far too expensive for that.

● So how did all his teammates over the years manage to not laugh in his Cork face? Every time I see Roy's act it triggers my giggle-reflex... even now.

● It's odd — especially when rooms full of grown adults are always so quick to laugh at his jokes.

Pity whoever spies on me...

THE real victims in the Facebook data scandal are people who have to trawl the internet looking for info on me.

And going on evidence I've seen — I've been targeted by adverts flogging formal Indian dresses — they haven't been doing a good job.

It's been hard to avoid the fist-waving at Mark Zuckerberg since it emerged that stuff you put online has been used to help people sell you more stuff.

But I'd be shocked if it wasn't. And if you think otherwise you've spent too long online and should come back to the real world for a minute.

The indignation hasn't surprised me — there's a lot of stupid people out there. The sort of people that book a cheap flight on Ryanair then complain about the service.

Dumb

So Facebook looks free... yet there's still a lot of dumb folk who get uppity when it dawns on them that there might be a price to pay after all.

I don't feel any sympathy for them as they go about aiming their hashtags at people, and deleting their accounts.

It's laughable that most will then go to another social network to pontificate about what they've just done. To them I say #getoveryourself.



SCANDAL: Zuckerberg

It's the people whose job it is to interpret all the data on these schmucks I feel sorry for.

Imagine some computer nerd who moved to Silicon Valley with dreams of getting paid huge money to tweak a website every once in a while.

They get to their desk, or beanbag or whatever, and of all the bad luck in the world their brief is to find out how I might be tempted to spend the few euro I have left...

They'd be gutted, but would get to work, and eventually report back to their boss: "This guy had a Facebook site once, but it was a spoof one lampooning a friend."

Beer

"He spends a bit of time reading about Oldham Athletic and Galway United, a bit on hurling... and he likes beer and boats, Lou Reed, pubs..."

"And since he turned 40 he reckons his age is the reason he's feeling tired all the time".

So the boss would shout: "Great work! Quick! Let's target him with that 'Indian Ethnic Wear for Parties in Sequins and Metallics' advert we've been saving."

And as if by magic, up it pops on my screen back in Ireland. And I can feel the poor computer nerd's soul being destroyed from here.

That mightn't be exactly how it works, of course. But I like that version. And the bit about the Indian dresses is true — I've been bombarded with them.

My point is that Facebook has given me something I can be thankful for — a global scandal that doesn't bother me one bit.

●WHEN it's bright at 6pm I feel like I've rounded a corner. And when the clocks go forward, I feel like I've arrived.

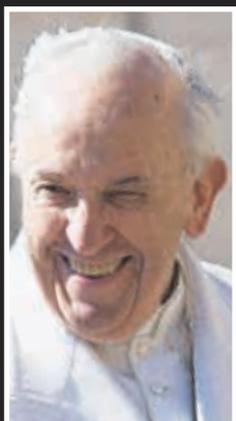
IS FRANCIS REALLY A MAN OF THE PAPAL?

● THE Pope's coming to Ireland — proving once again that as a nation we've become more tolerant of men in frocks.

He's going to meet homeless people. But what I'd like to know is how the selection process for the homeless people he's going to meet will work.

Will there be auditions? A behind closed-doors 'X Factor' process? Or a 'Win a Chance to Meet Popey' raffle?

● Or will he risk having his phone snatched and get a Luas to near Talbot Street and pick a chap at random. I'd like to think he would — but I doubt it.



VISIT: Pope Francis



MOVIE: Danny Boyle

Boyle's Bond nod...

DIRECTOR Danny Boyle has officially signed up for the next Bond film. The *Trainspotting* and *Slumdog Millionaire* filmmaker was rumoured to be involved and has previously spoken about working on a script for the movie, which will see Daniel Craig back as 007.

Film

In an official statement, EON Productions confirmed that Boyle had signed up, saying that production on the 25th Bond film will begin in December. The as yet untitled film is due for release on October 25 next year.



QUIET: Shane Richie

Richie's return a secret

ACTOR Shane Richie has revealed how he kept his return to *EastEnders* a secret — even from his closest co-stars.

The 54-year-old was back as Alfie Moon on the BBC One show on Thursday night — after two years away from the hit soap.

Mum

Richie told *Good Morning Britain*: "My mum rang me last night from Dublin and said: 'I can't believe you didn't tell me about Alfie'."

"I was snuck in. Jessie (Wallace) is one of my best friends. I couldn't even tell her," he added.

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FIDDLING AS OUR LICENCE FEE BURNS

€13M spend on orchestras proves RTE are out of tune



TREAT: Members of the RTE National Symphony Orchestra

WHEN you're struggling with the bills, sacrifices have to be made. Generally, if you have an orchestra, it's fair to say that it should be first to go.

Yes, yes. I know, I know. You would miss your orchestra. You'd miss the lad with the baton stick thing, or the guys with the bassoons, and the way their cheeks puff.

Maybe you've a fondness for the person who hits the triangle with a rod. That's understandable. But needs must... Sorry, triangle guy. You've to show him the door.

Most of us would just accept that life would have to go on without our orchestras.

But imagine if you're struggling with the bills — and you have not one, but TWO full time, professional, bassoon blowing, triangle assaulting orchestras...

Then no bloody wonder you're financially bugged. With two of the damn things, you've only yourself to blame.

Yet RTE — proud keeper of two orchestras, maybe just in case one gets a puncture on the way to a concert hall — continue to whinge about how tough times are for them.

You won't get much change out of €13 million quid a year if you're the mommy or daddy of two orchestras.

And RTE probably don't want the orchestras anyway. Maybe they even flick one finger salutes on the sly every

time the orchestras turn to put their instruments back.

They're legally obliged to have them. So they pay for them, with your money, via the licence fee, that you're legally obliged to pay to RTE.

RTE could ultimately get rid of the orchestras — a little tweak to those legal obligations would cut them loose quick enough.

Maybe that's why the orchestras have suddenly tried to make themselves relevant by hanging out with... Niall Horan.

Review

But an important sounding "report" — or was it a "review"? — said the musicians should be allowed to keep turning up in places anyway.

That means that RTE will still want more licence fee cash — and you'll be paying for the orchestras anyway.

Of course, there's people out there who love the orchestras... The type of person who listens to Sunday Miscellany on Radio One, or celebrates Blooms Day.

But me, I think it's a pompous, old fashioned, and eye-crossingly expensive little treat for the few that's paid for by the many. Scrap it, and spend €13 million a year on instruments for schools instead.

Unless, maybe, someone offers me the cushy job of being the triangle guy — that's the dream... Then I'll change my tune quick enough.

Smoulder, not wiser

SITTING in a small boat in okay weather is one of life's great simple pleasures.

You get comfortable. Maybe have a beer. Toss a fishing line over the side. Peer back to the shore through binoculars, taking in everyone not as lucky as you.

The fresh air will lift your mood. You can leave everything back on the mainland — and that can only be good from time to time.

So there this column was, bobbing along

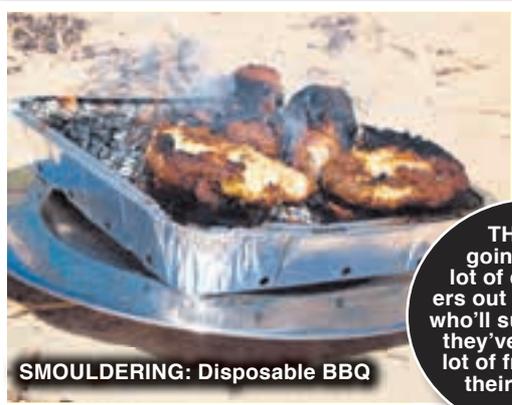
nicely, when something happened that did a good job of ruining the mood...

A disposable barbecue floated past — still smouldering.

Concept

I've been in lots of beautiful places on the mainland scarred by thicks who don't get, or ignore, the disposable part of the concept.

But seeing one puffing a little plume of smoke as it drifted on Galway Bay... a new low.



SMOULDERING: Disposable BBQ

THERE'S going to be a lot of campaigners out there today, who'll suddenly find they've a hell of a lot of free time on their hands...

AS MAD AS A BOX OF FROGS

LEAVING a notebook, pencil and trinkets in boxes hidden all over the country is — this column has learned — a thing.

Maybe you know about it — I'm a bit slow on this sort of stuff — but it's called geocaching, and grown adults use phones to find the boxes and sign the notebooks.

They're hidden everywhere — in cities, villages, parks — but I've tripped over one, and I'm not the type to go looking for hidden notebooks in public.

Yet many people clearly are — it's borderline littering.

And if it's the way you get your thrills, you really should stay in more... a lot more.