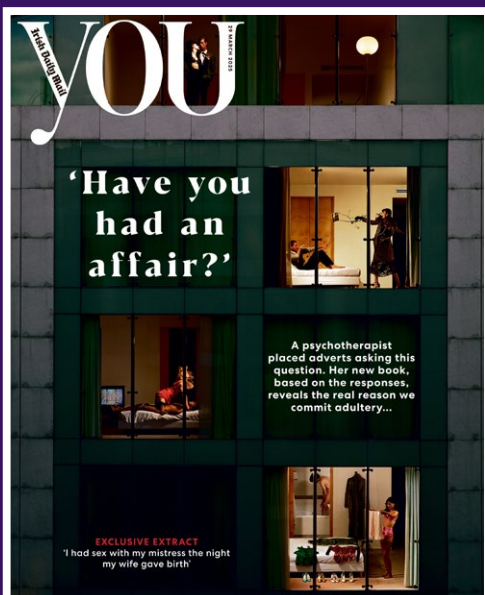


**GET TWO
BRILLIANT
MAGAZINES
THIS WEEKEND**

ON SATURDAY



**HAVE YOU HAD
AN AFFAIR?**

A psychotherapist placed adverts asking this question. Her new book reveals the real reason we commit adultery

Irish Daily Mail

ON SUNDAY



**THE MORNING
TV MUMS**

Kate Garraway, Charlotte Hawkins
Susanna Reid and Ranvir Singh reveal
how they have each other's backs

The IRISH Mail
ON SUNDAY



POWER'S

Not sure what misogyny is? Luckily there are plenty of mansplainers to spell it out

WHERE would we be without mansplainers? Thank heavens we've got all those men on social media to tell us what misogyny is, because they are so well-placed to define it.

They're usually the same blokes insisting that we have nothing at all to fear from men in dresses demanding access to women's changing rooms, and calling us joyless bigots when we don't always celebrate male athletes (900 of them so far) winning female sports titles. Ah yes, the only people who can fully appreciate the experience of femaleness, and who are best able to explain it to us, are clearly men.

Like most ordinary folk, I suspect, I'm not entirely sure what Verona Murphy did so wrong in the Dáil on Tuesday to provoke a chorus of male voices to chant 'Witch, witch, witch' - sorry, 'Shame, shame, shame', another word that has rung in female ears many times down through the ages. I believe she took a vote, on a very contentious Government proposal, when the opposition had called for a point of order. Well, let's burn her at the stake without delay.

And like most ordinary folk, too, I really don't care if a handful of TDs who are supporting the Government get an extra eight minutes of speaking time in a week, especially now that a majority vote in the House has decided the matter.

ENTERTAINING a distraction as it is, I'm not sure it deserves to be the single biggest issue troubling our elected representatives right now. Anyway, if you tune into Oireachtas TV any afternoon you're more likely to see tumbleweed blowing through the Chamber than anyone paying a blind bit of attention to whoever has the floor.

And as far as I can tell, the value of Dáil questions is precisely diddly-squat anyway. Look at that clip of Independent TD Ken O'Flynn asking the Tánaiste to comment on credible reports that cars belonging to Ukrainians, including luxury vehicles, are being repaired at costs of up to €7,000 apiece to the taxpayer.

Adopting his usual attitude of barely contained moral outrage, Simon Harris went into a riff about how all the Ukrainians he knows are 'working hard' and making 'a bloody great contribution'...but didn't actually answer the question.

Meanwhile, some lickspittle chanted 'Shame, shame, shame' - they do seem to love their 'medieval peasants around a scaffold' vibe in Dáil Éireann these days.

Ceann Comhairle Verona Murphy has been helpfully corrected, mostly by male commentators, for daring to denounce the behaviour in the House last Tuesday as 'misogyny'. But here's the thing about misogyny - like racism or antisemitism, it's the person on the receiving end who gets to define it.

If the recipient of abusive behaviour feels they're being threatened or intimidated on the basis of their gender, religion or race, then it doesn't really matter how benign the actor's intentions may be.

And while I'm only a mere female, of course, I reckon that being shouted and roared at as you try to do your job is an abuse that would not be tolerated in most workplaces and might even be what we call 'bullying' these days.

The Ceann Comhairle's position in Dáil Éireann is akin to

that of a judge in a courtroom. Now, I'd love to see any of those heroes who stood up and yelled at Verona Murphy this week trying that tactic in a court of law, should this row end up in the Four Courts, as it may well do.

IF A judge happens to find against them, and decides that the Ceann Comhairle was not acting outside her powers when she took that vote, will they leap up and chant 'Shame, shame, shame'? Before they do, perhaps they might like to check with random members of the Burke family from Castlebar to establish what might happen next.

Here's a heads-up, though - it may involve being carried feet first to a Garda vehicle and having your bank account cleared out.

Watching those truly dis-

graceful scenes in our parliament, I couldn't help pitying the country's teachers: Imagine going into a classroom the morning after those scenes were witnessed in sitting rooms all over the country on the evening news, and trying to convince teenagers that respect for authority is a hallmark of mature adult behaviour?

They've seen TDs filming each other on their mobile phones inside the Dáil Chamber, intending to publish their footage on social media.

They've seen TDs flicking the 'two fingers' at each other. They've seen grown men ganging up on and screeching at a woman trying to keep order, while other men tell her how she's entitled to process that experience.

Wonderful role modelling there, folks. Just what the country's adolescents need right now.



Donald loves us, he loves us not...

WELL, so much for 'we don't want to do anything to hurt Ireland'. With friends like Donald Trump, left, who needs enemies, after he lumped us in with China this week as the two countries he blames most for stealing America's pharma industry. Promising to impose tariffs so as to 'bring our pharmaceuticals back', Trump went on: 'Ireland was very smart. We love Ireland.' Two things we've learned about dealing

with the US president this week are: being called smart is not a compliment in Donald's world, and the more he claims to love and admire us, the more ruthlessly he is plotting our downfall. It looks as if Tánaiste Simon Harris's, right, particular style of 'charm offensive', which he promised to launch on the Potus when he took on the Foreign Affairs brief, is working just as well on Donald as it did on that carer in Kanturk.

