

Algerian man arrested in terrorism-related raid

AN Algerian man with links to international Islamist terrorism has been arrested in Dublin over the production of fake identity documents.

The Irish Daily Mail understands that the suspect was arrested at a house in Drumcondra yesterday, while two other raids took place in south Dublin.

Yesterday's operation was carried out by officers from the Special Detective Unit, in conjunction with the London Metropolitan Police.

It is understood that the fake identification papers are not fake Irish documents but originate from Greece.

The arrest in Dublin is part of

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an international operation into the production of false identity documents for jihadi terrorists and is being led by the London Metropolitan Police.

Gardaí said in a statement that a man in his 40s had been arrested and 'is currently being detained in a north city Garda station under the provisions of Section 4 - Criminal Justice Act 1984 for an offence under Section 6 - Criminal Justice (Terrorist Offences) (Amendment) Act 2015'.

The Garda statement added: 'As part of ongoing investigations targeting the possession

of fraudulent documents, gardaí from the Special Detective Unit, in conjunction with the London Metropolitan Police, searched a number of properties in the Dublin area.'

Sources say the suspect does not appear to be linked to London Bridge terrorist Rachid Redouane, who previously lived in Ireland before taking part in the UK atrocity in June.

Redouane was named by UK police as being one of those responsible for the atrocity that left seven people dead and 49 people injured.

The Moroccan-born killer, 30, married his estranged wife Charisse O'Leary here in 2012 but was not on a watchlist.

Dr Mark Dooley



MORAL MATTERS

Even the kids of Cyberia just long to belong

LAST weekend, I found myself sitting in Sunday Hill Farm listening to a trio of musicians playing Beethoven. Sunday Hill Farm is the Wiltshire home of British philosopher Sir Roger Scruton. As his biographer, I was there to hold a public conversation with him about his life and thoughts.

Sunday Hill Farm is situated on the outskirts of Malmesbury and is 'an old cottage of Costwold stone'. In this rustic idyll, Scruton writes and farms his way through the day. He calls it 'Scrutopia', a rooted place shaped by culture and custom, animals and Aristotle.

Our conversation takes place at the 'Scrutopia Summer School', an event that seeks to give delegates a taste, not only of Scruton's thought, but of his daily life. That is why, as the sun begins to set, we are assembled in his library.

It is a converted barn that contains two pianos and thousands of dusty tomes.

Oozing antique charm, this library is a place that reveals the beauty of old things.

It is a storeroom of memory, where the ghosts of Scruton's past smile down from the rafters. It is a true home that bears witness to the 'remnants of a life'.

A trio of musicians led by pianist Graeme Mitchison are preparing to play Beethoven and Dvorak. Graeme and Scruton have known each other since their student days in Cambridge. But it is the prospect of these pieces being played in this setting, in front of more than 20 people, that thrills Sir Roger.

Everything about Scruton's world is real. In this room, there are no screens or distractions, except for the green pastures that lie beyond the windows.

Horses, chickens, books, wine and music all combine to offer an experience of home in a world that is homesick.

The slow movement of Beethoven's 'Archduke Trio' is, perhaps, his most poignant composition. It is laced with melancholy, a sad invocation of life at the limits.

It is also significant for being one of the last works that the composer performed in public, by which time he was totally deaf.

Scruton sits beside Graeme, turning the pages of his music. Scruton has written widely on classical music and has also composed two

operas. Tonight, he radiates complete satisfaction, for this is real music that roots and binds you to the heartland of the soul.

People often ask me why, as an Irishman, I have spent much of the past decade writing about this quintessential Englishman. My Scruton books are not, however, about Scruton's Englishness as such. They are more about a way of life that stands in sharp contrast to our modern homelessness.

In our compulsion to rush here and there, we have forgotten who we are and where we come from. We are a community of strangers no longer bound by ties of love and belonging. Our sense of identity has been eroded by cyber 'attachments' that neither endure nor last beyond the latest 'chat'.

The truth is that we all long to belong. We all need a place to which we can return after escaping the madding crowd. Deep down, even the children of Cyberia desire to look upon a place and see there a smiling homeland.

SCRUTON'S life testifies to the power of real things to fulfil that longing to belong. The garden, an animal, a piece of music, a poem, a glass of wine - each one roots us to something greater than ourselves, something which redeems us from loneliness, alienation and loss. In those sacred moments when we savour such things, the fog of amnesia lifts and we reconnect with all that is truly good and lasting.

As the recital ended, we drifted towards the wine and toasted our hosts.

We conversed about the world, its challenges and its joys. We ate homemade sausages that a neighbouring farmer barbecued specially for the occasion.

The night fell and as the delegates began to depart for their lodgings, you could see that this is what they had travelled for. Anyone can read Scruton's books, but to experience his world is to discover what homemaking really means. It is to catch a glimpse of how life can be lived so that it rarely disappoints.

The piano wept with Beethoven's tears. But when wrapped in such beauty, anguish is not something to be shunned. It is the other side of joy, and without it we can never feel fully at home.

Is this, perhaps, the reason why Scruton's ghosts never cease to smile?

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