

**ONE** hopes that the **Duchess of Cambridge** used her skiing holiday with **William** in Meribel to brush up on her schoolgirl French, which she abandoned after GCSEs when she was 16. Believe it or not, French is still the official language of the Court of St James's and all senior royals are expected to speak it with some degree of fluency.

William made a short speech in French last summer in Canada but Kate noticeably stuck to English. William's mother Diana struggled with her French and complained that at state banquets for foreign dignitaries she was always upstaged by the showy multilingual Princess Michael of Kent. So: *Venez sur la duchesse, le temps d'éloigner votre langue belle autour de ces verbes!* (Come on Duchess, time to get your lovely tongue around those verbs!)



**THE** artist **Nicky Phillips** is working on her most valuable request yet: the first portrait of the Duchess of Cambridge, which has been privately commissioned by her father-in-law Prince Charles.

Kate has been sitting for Miss Phillips at her studio in South Kensington after she was chosen by Charles because he liked her double portrait of William and Harry. Nicky has another royal duty. As a judge for Portrait of Our Queen, a nationwide competition for children between five and 18 to submit their pictures of the monarch. The other judges include Made In Chelsea star Hugo Taylor and Desmond Shave-Taylor, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures.

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Picture: NICK HARVEY/Getty Images



**UNHAPPY:** The real Lady Mantou is hurt by role

## Her Ladyship's Titanic shock

**T**HE WRITER Julian Fellowes, creator of Downton Abbey, is meticulous about the historical accuracy of his work; but he has slipped up over the fictional Countess of Mantou in the first episode of Titanic.

He had not realised there is a real Lady Mantou, who tells me she is "very hurt" by the priggish portrayal of her namesake in the ITV series.

The on-screen Countess, played by Geraldine Somerville, is depicted as a socially insecure harridan, deriding another passenger on the ship as being in trade, and snubbing the wealthy Mr Guggenheim, while being rude to his French mistress. Lady Mantou's husband is later outed as a philanderer.

All of which has upset the living Lady Mantou, who will be 86 this week and lives quietly in

Leicestershire. Her late husband, the third Lord Mantou, was a noted racehorse owner who became a senior Steward of the Jockey Club.

"I feel very upset and humiliated because people think this frightful woman is related to me," she says. "She's Irish, which I am, making it worse. My friends started ringing me about it even before the programme had finished, and people in the village have been asking about my relatives on the Titanic, when there simply weren't any."

"I hate this ear! Being a womaniser, my dear husband was a wonderful and outstanding man and it really isn't very nice for me. I've been Lady Mantou for 50 years and Fellowes should do his homework; he's a clever man but this is a stupid thing to do. I certainly won't be watching the next episode."

It's a sensitive subject for Julian Fellowes, himself a life peer, who did

not take kindly to criticism of some of the period details in Downton. But he is apologetic and confesses: "I made a mistake. I did the wrong check on the internet for the 'Earl of Mantou' instead of 'Lord Mantou'. Next time I will be sure to pore over Debrett's Peerage which would have been more sensible in this instance. Mea culpa."

**A**S A postscript, it's interesting to note that Joseph Watson, who became the first real Lord Mantou, was in trade, inheriting a soap manufacturing factory in Leeds (leading to his nickname "Soapy Joe"). His peerage was controversial as it was one of the many awarded to industrialists by Lloyd George, the prime minister notorious for doling out honours in exchange for political donations. Plus ça change!



**ACT:** Miss Somerville as 'Lady Mantou'



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**OFTEN "pestered" by the paparazzi as she does the school run to Notting Hill (although she always makes sure she's immaculately dressed) ELLE MACPHERSON will soon make a more interesting snap once she feels confident enough with her new toy.**

The Aussie model known as The Body, born Eleanor Nancy Gow, has bought a Segway, the battery-powered scooter-type "personal transporter" which are all the rage in Elle's native Sydney. Priced at £5,000, the eco-friendly machines have to be handled with care, and a resident near Elle's home in Piccadilly reports that the lofty lingerie designer is a cautious rider, opting for sensible trainers over her customary Christian Louboutin stilettos.

Her two sons, Flynn and Cy, from her long affair with French financier Arpad Busson, are more daring with the second Segway their mama has acquired for them to share, manning to straddle the kerb and the street.

"Those things are a bit of a nuisance," grumbles her neighbour. "They should have a licence for them."

**THE** somnolent residents of Bexhill-on-Sea are clacking their false teeth in excitement at having a celebrity in their midst; **Graham Norton** has bought a seafront home in the genteel Sussex town.

"After Graham has recorded his show on a Thursday he heads off to the South Coast," reports a chum who has visited the chalcid-style roost. "He really likes the peace and quiet there." Not that it was peaceful the other day when Graham minced into an Italian restaurant, empty apart from a couple quietly enjoying their lasagne. Within minutes the camp comedian placing a napkin on his lap, noses were pressed against the window, leading to a sudden flurry of business for the bemused restaurateur.

Then again not much happens in Bexhill, where usually the only thing that goes out after nine is the tide.

**THE** old villain **Ronnie Biggs** has spent his life milking his reputation as a loveable rogue, and now the Great Train Robber has put his name to another wheeze to make money. His "fans" can now spend £500 on a leather-bound edition of his autobiography, tastefully presented in a wooden trunk with Ron's signature embossed on the lid.

"These are the dog's b\*\*\*\*s, no question," Ronnie says (or rather, taps out on a word board, as he can't speak after a series of strokes). "A lot of people have wanted to see me in a box, so here's their chance."

At 82 this could be the final scam for raddled Ronnie, who was released from prison three years ago on compassionate grounds. Not that he showed compassion for two of the raid's victims, who suffered early deaths from the trauma of the train robbery, in which £2.5million was stolen, most of it never recovered.

**Quote from Cheryl Cole, who still likes to go out clubbing in her native Newcastle:**

"Up North you can spot a local girl a mile away. You can tell if someone's from out of town, they'll have their coat on during a night out."



**THE** stress of dealing with renewed interest in her ill-fated marriage to Dennis Waterman, now that he's admitted he was a drunken wife-beater, is taking its toll on **Rula Lenska**. Chatting to the flame-haired actress as she smoked outside in the interval for the West End play The King's Speech, I couldn't help notice some large blue plasters on the back of her shoulders.

"I'm completely crooked," she said, her fingers shaking as she brought a cigarette to her mouth. "These plasters have been prescribed by a Tibetan physician to ease the stress pain in my shoulders."

Rula has done her best to bury the angst of her 11-year marriage to Waterman, but it came back to haunt her last week when the thirsty actor admitted often punching her but blamed her "cleverness" for driving him to it.

Her advice to her pugilistic ex partner is: "He should stop playing the lad. He's a grandfather but he still thinks he's in Minder. The trouble is the public still see him as a rough diamond with a heart of gold."

**AFTER** a long sabbatical, **Anneka Rice** has bounced back, replacing Zoe Ball on Radio Two's Saturday breakfast show. This is a big break for the Welsh-born blonde, who is best remembered for Challenge Anneka, when she raced around the country pursuing daft tasks with a camera taped to her derriere. And boy is she pleased with herself. In an interview on Radio 4 she banged on about her "amazing business acumen" and modestly pronounced: "The point of me is I'm incredibly creative."

This arrogant babbler reminds me of the time when a girlfriend accompanied me to a party in Mayfair and made the mistake of approaching Miss Rice and politely congratulated her on her "marvellous book programme". Anneka stared at her, looking as if she had swallowed snake venom and spat: "That's not me, it's Mariella Frostrup," before turning on her heel. A real star world, of course, have handled such a situation with grace, humour even.

But then she's not in that class.

**DONORS** have been falling over themselves to get peergages (even braving Samantha Cameron's overcooked pasta bakes at those kitchen suppers in Downing Street) but former Tory party boss **Michael Dobbs**, who is now a thriller writer and was made a peer by David Cameron, seems insouciant about his title.

"There aren't a lot of people who call me Lord Dobbs," he says airily. "In fact my kids insist on calling me Baron Wasteland."

**ON** the eve of the 30th anniversary of Argentina's surrender in the Falklands, a rare word from **Lord Carrington**, who resigned as Foreign Secretary over Britain's handling of the conflict.

"The invasion happened because our intelligence was basically wrong," says Old Etonian Peter Carrington, 91. "Exactly the same thing happened in Iraq; policy was based on intelligence which was faulty."



Oh boy, things are certainly hotting up on the set of Skyfall, the latest James Bond film, where the sizzling French actress **Bernice Marlehe** is making **Daniel Craig** perspire with her energetic demands.

On his third outing as the suave 007, Daniel is required to do his raunchiest scenes yet, particularly one with the bewitching Miss Marlehe, which involves a complicated manoeuvre where she is naked except for a tiny thong. Naturally, the two are only acting; anything more would be tricky given that there are 11 production crew standing around the emperor-sized bed.

"Daniel has been joking that he's keeping his missus [Rachel Weisz] informed of every intimate scene as they shoot it," reports my man with the protruding zoom lens. "It probably doesn't help that everyone's been saying how much Bernice looks like Rachel."

Bernice, 32, who plays a sensuous flibbertigibbit called Severine in the 23rd Bond adventure, has form in the boudoir. French fans still talk longingly of her scenes in *Equipe Medicale d'Urgence*, (a television series based in a hospital, a bit like a topless *Casualty*) and her performance with a beefcake medic wearing nothing more than a red wig.



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Picture: KEN SMYTH/Landmark Media

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The man who knows the people you'd like to know...



The *Radio Times* puffs on its cover: "**Hugh Bonneville**: *Downton* and the perils of infidelity". What has the actor been up to? In an interview for the magazine Hugh muses: "As human beings, we do surprise each other... there are surprises in everyone."

As to the price of fame for Hugh and his fragrant wife *Lulu*, he says: "It's how you handle it. I can walk through *Lidl* or *Waitrose* quite happily and people come up to me and say, 'I enjoy the show' or 'I don't like the show'."

"What I feel about fame is that it's not like some sort of coat you put on – it's just the scarf around your neck."

Quite right Hugh, keep covered up.

# New fear for Fergie



THE Duchess of York is held in such low esteem by the Royal Family apart from her blinkered ex-husband Prince Andrew that she will not be invited to take any part in the Queen's Diamond Jubilee celebrations. Yet her raddled reputation may sink even further on the publication of a book which threatens devastating exposures of her affairs and louché lifestyle.

Fergie's former aide Jane Andrews plans to release this volume of vitriol on her release from jail, where she has served 15 years of a life sentence for the horrific murder of her boyfriend. On Tuesday she was interviewed by a parole board at Send Prison in Surrey, at which she was invited to make her case for rehabilitation into society. If successful she could be released in June, just in time to watch the

Jubilee pageant on the Thames. The psychotic Miss Andrews has always maintained that she was acting in self-defence when she battered her boyfriend, businessman Thomas Cressman, around the head with a cricket bat and then stabbed him around the heart. She claimed he had raped her but a jury concluded that she had killed her lover in a jealous rage after he refused to marry her.

The court heard that Andrews had a history of taking revenge on those who spurned her, so it's not surprising that she sees her memoirs of her nine drama-packed years in royal life as a suitable payback for Sarah sacking her and not supporting her at her trial.

As for the book, one would think that there isn't much more to know about Fergie's ruckety life. Yet Andrews is threatening to reveal secrets about the Royal Family she

was told by the Duchess. The two women became close friends, particularly during the years leading up to Sarah's divorce from Prince Andrew in 1996.

She also knew all about her libidinous boss's tangled love life; and her affair with American chancer John Bryan, with whom she was photographed topless while he sucked her toes. Fergie and her aide even shared lovers, once falling out over an Italian boyfriend. A string of other, hitherto unknown, flings may be exposed, plus details of the drug-taking crowd Sarah mixed with.

"Jane has a long memory and is out for revenge; she knows absolutely everything about Sarah because they were like sisters," says a friend. "It would devastate Sarah if all this damaging stuff comes out; she's been trying to lead a quiet life and she would hate to see anything upset Beatrice and Eugenie."



SPOOKED: The Duchess

Thank goodness Prince William is back from the Falklands to snuggle up with Kate under the crested duvet at their windswept Welsh farmhouse. She needs a darn good comforting cuddle after being spooked by the unsavoury history of Anglesey.

Ever since Roman times, when the island was the scene of grisly pagan rituals, there's been unenvying chatter about the occult and ghostly goings-on. But what Kate hadn't realised – until she was helpfully informed by a local when she was out on the beach walking the dog one day – was that the supposed "curse" on the community has continued with a spate of murders.

Among the worst were the three residents stabbed in 1995 by serial killer Peter Moore, who was fixated on the Friday The 13th films. Four years later came the gruesome stabbing of an Anglesey mechanic. Then art student Matthew Hardman killed a 90-year-old resident, cutting her heart out and drinking her blood. At his trial there was talk of "vampirism".

"If the Duchess is nervous she can't be blamed," says one regular at the White Eagle, a pub often visited by the royal couple. "The history of the place doesn't help; all those stories about cult sacrifices and witchcraft."

All silly talk, of course, but no wonder the poor girl has been spending so much time in London while her princely protector has been away.



CLOSE FRIENDS: Jane with Sarah in the Nineties

The Beach Boys were hired, at goodness knows what expense, for Sir Philip Green's 60th birthday bash in Mexico.

But I hear they were rather overshadowed by a wrinkly rocker **Ronnie Wood**, who gave an impromptu guitar masterclass, which so moved **Leonardo DiCaprio** and **Kate Moss** that they sang along with the veteran Rolling Stone. Tortoise-faced **Ronnie** dubbed his trio **The Smokers' Group** as they all puff away like old steam trains. Mostly on cigarettes.

President Assad of Syria's father-in-law, **Dr Fawaz Akhras**, who had the temerity to send me a legal warning about my article on his involvement in the present crisis, is under increasing pressure over his defence of Assad's murderous regime.

As I noted last week, leaked emails showed the Harley Street cardiologist advising Assad how to rebut evidence of civilians being killed. The emails also revealed his London-born daughter **Asma** – the president's wife – shopping online at Harrods while violence raged.

Now the British Syrian Society, which Dr Akhras founded, is in trouble. Its co-chairman Sir Andrew Green, a former British ambassador to Syria, admits the society is in disarray and the emails were the last straw. He said: "In light of the recent revelations, the five British board members have resigned."

Meanwhile Dr Akhras is on leave from his consultancy, and his secretary tells me she is "not sure when he's coming back". Hopefully he's gone to Syria to use his medical skills to help citizens whom the president's thugs have tortured.

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When Madonna belts out her hits and flashes her bits (put them away dear, we've seen them before) as she takes to the stage in Hyde Park in July, expect a miniature *Material Girl* gyrating with her. While the saucy singer has hinted that this world tour could be her last, it also may mark the start of her daughter Lourdes's musical career. The 15-year-old Mini-Me, henceforth to be known by the stage name **LOLA LEON**, will be by her side when the tour kicks off in May. She will help Madge showcase (dread word) her new album with such delightful ditties as *Gang Bang* and *I Don't Give A \*\*\*\**.

Lola, who is rapidly morphing into her mama, used to go to the Lycee school in South Kensington (in the reasonably calm days when they lived in London with Guy Ritchie) and is now a student at the **LaGuardia School of Performing Arts** in New York. A private tutor will travel with her to make sure she keeps up with her studies.

This arrangement had to be agreed with Lola's father Carlos Leon, the Cuban fitness trainer with whom Madonna became briefly entwined in the Nineties, although he won't be happy about all those late nights on tour.

Just the other day he told an interviewer that he liked his "little girl" to go to bed early and that he hoped to postpone the prospect of her dating for as long as possible.

An unlikely prospect, given her mother's record.

Seasoned survivor Joan Collins has lived through four divorces, so she's well placed to counsel her son **Sacha Newley**, whose eight-year marriage to American jeweller Angela Tassoni has sadly ended.

Artist Sacha, 47, who married Angela following a well-publicised affair with Michael Douglas's ex-wife Diandra, is the spitting image of his father, the late actor Anthony Newley.

"They grew apart," says a friend of the pair. "Angela wanted more of the high life in New York but Sacha is more solitary and dedicated to his painting."

Joan's daughter Tara is also divorced. As Molly Jong, daughter of Erica, once said: "Being the child of a famous parent is like communism; it sounds like a great idea but it will never work."



PARTING: Sacha and Angela

Sorry to see **Thai Nicholas Parsons**, 88, has been railing about people making fun of the elderly. Particularly as he's always been so proud of his vitality (he once told me he attributes his good health to eating burnt sausages).

Thai would cheer up the old dear (whoops – the touch of Her Majesty's sword on his shoulder on behalf of a grateful nation. He'd so love a knighthood and so would his wife Ann.

Sir Nicholas Parsons: Mmm, it's already tripping off the tongue.



Congratulations to my kinswoman **Emily Blunt**, who gives a splendid performance in the film *Salmon Fishing in the Yemen*, in which she has a rather soggy, saliva-exchanging scene with Ewan McGregor.

Rochampton-born Emily, 29, niece of Justice Minister Crispin Blunt, was required to get passionate with Ewan in a midnight swim in a river on the set in Morocco but the water was so cold it dampened their ardour. Recounts the dear thing: "What everyone forgot is that in the desert at night the temperature plummeted. It was supposed to be a romantic swim but our teeth were chattering. Plus the water was only about two feet deep; we were scraping our knickers on the rocks." Happily for Emily, who used to live with the Canadian crooner Michael Buble, her own love life is anything but frosty now that she's married to the hunky actor John Krasinski, who is in the US version of *The Office*.



★ She may have stood alongside David Cameron in Mexico as an ambassador for British trade earlier this summer, but when it comes to love, Londoner **Tamara Mellon** says her heart remains firmly Stateside. The founder of cult shoe brand Jimmy Choo has transferred her allegiance after discovering a more accommodating dating culture on the other side of the pond. "They're so supportive here about dating," she coos, "saying 'Oh I've met this great guy, or that great guy, we must introduce you at lunch or dinner'."

In fact it was through mutual friends that Tamara met her current squeeze, Hollywood heavyweight **Mike Ovitz**, the former president of Disney. The couple were first snapped earlier this year coysing up onboard the 65-year-old business mogul's yacht in St Bart's. And although the power duo (Tamara amassed a personal fortune of £85million from the sale of the shoe company eight months ago) are coy about discussing their romance, friends say Tamara is not far from moving her footwear collection into Mike's roosts in New York and Brentwood, California.



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## Safari so good for love

Let's hope **KATE WINSLET** has a peaceful night's sleep when she and her man with the manic moniker **NED ROCKNROLL** snuggle under the duvet in a luxurious tent at Sir Richard Branson's new game



Picture: PICTURE PERFECTLY/Rex Features

reserve in Kenya. Last year the Titanic actress had an interrupted night at Sir Richard's home on Necker Island when she woke to find the place on fire. However, Kate has agreed to give in to her animal instincts by accepting an invitation from the Virgin tycoon to test out the facilities at Mahali Mzuri before it opens to the public. Where a normal camping trip can kill off a romance quicker than you can say "chemical lavatory", this one promises to set the couple's pulses racing. All the tents have en-suite bathrooms and Kate and Ned can watch herds of wildebeest sweeping majestically across the plain (as Basil Fawty would appreciate), from the privacy of their terrace.

Edited by JANE SLADE

# Adam Helliker

## Grave concerns for Oscar Wilde

**D**ETERRING visitors from kissing Oscar Wilde's grave and leaving corrosive lipstick marks on the stone is proving such a nightmare for the playwright's grandson, Merlin Holland, that he is poised to roll up his sleeves and go and clean it up himself. Despite a costly operation to remove the lipstick kisses planted by amorous admirers and a glass screen installed around the Naked Angel sculpture by Jacob Epstein at the Pere Lachaise cemetery in Paris, France, determined well wishers have covered the glass in messages and also left more lipstick smudges on the stonework. "I think visitors have been standing on each others shoulders or on the neighbouring tombstone," sighs writer Merlin, who persuaded the Irish government to contribute 50,000 euros towards the big clean up in honour



INFAMOUS: Kisses mark Wilde's stone

of the Dublin-born bisexual who died in 1900, and invited Rupert Everett, the star of the latest movie version of *The Importance Of Being Ernest*, to the unveiling ceremony eight

months ago. "I realise it will have to be an ongoing operation," Merlin tells me. "We will have to use a mini sandblaster on the stone while I will be going down with a bucket and a sponge to clean the screen which looks like the kind of dirty wine glass dear old Oscar may well have drunk from." The burden for Merlin, 66, who lives some 200 miles south of the Pere Lachaise cemetery in Paris, near to where Oscar died after his two-year imprisonment in Reading Jail, is that he is responsible for the grave. "I could get into real trouble if I don't look after it because it is considered a work of art." Merlin's other struggle is keeping the tomb safe from souvenir hunters. The angel's genitals disappeared in the Sixties and for a while were used as a paperweight by the cemetery's curator, but, as Merlin insists: "There are no plans to replace those."



★ *Bezhill-on-Sea's comedian son Eddie Izzard has wiped the smiles off the faces of the town's palpitating pensioners since paying for a bus to be perched precariously on the roof of the resort's De La Warr Pavilion. Created as a tribute to the 1968 Michael Caine film, The Italian Job, the headline-grabbing installation, held in place by over eight tons of steel, and financed to the tune of £70,000 by Eddie, is terrifying the predominantly elderly population who think it is going to fall on top of them. "I wouldn't stand under it," one anxious resident informs me. "It's awfully distracting for passing motorists too; and you can't jump out of the way with a Zimmer frame."*

★ The dedication of a group of Diana disciples has been rewarded by the Princess of Wales's brother, **Earl Spencer**. The organisers of the Diana Circle have been granted lifelong access to Althorp, where the Princess's ashes are interred, and told by Charles Spencer: "You have been the most loyal of all our visitors."

Co-founder Jo Dobson says: "When people say to us that we should move on, we say there's a difference between the terms move on and forget. Forget we will not."



Picture: DAN WOODLEY/Rex Features



Picture: NOBLE/DRAAPER

## It's a rap for hip hop Kate

Naughty **Kate Rothschild** certainly knows how to drive a man wild. After a very public split from her financier husband Ben Goldsmith in June, whom she left to pursue an affair with rapper **Jay Electronica**, I learn she might be rocking that relationship too. The reason is because Mr Electronica, real name Timothy Elpadaro Theford, has become sensitive to the blossoming friendship between the banking heiress and the other Jay in her life, rapper Jay-Z, who has Kate's number on speed dial and has been calling her whenever he comes to London. However, I am assured that the American artist, who is married to singer Beyoncé, has merely been offering Kate advice on her new-found fame, which has escalated following her high-profile "Twitter" breakup from Ben. In fact it was a picture posted by Electronica on Twitter of Kate in his helicopter that was the final straw for her old-Etonian husband. Electronica, who is signed to Kate's Round Table record label, may be feeling jittery because her dalliance with him is not the first time her eye has wandered. The Goldsmith couple, whose marriage in 2003 marked the union of two of the world's most influential banking dynasties, first hit a rocky patch two years ago when Kate allegedly "became close" with one of Ben's friends. A member of the 29-year-old's circle informs me that her family are more concerned about her erratic behaviour and obsession with the hip hop world. "Kate's mother and all her family are very worried that she is going off the rails," I am told. "She has become a different person and is out almost every night until the early hours. There have been some explosive rows."

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## Nocturnal Moss

Just where does **Kate Moss** get her energy? She's meant to have ditched her party days in favour of a quieter life following her marriage to musician **Jamie Hince**, but she still can't resist those long vodka-fuelled nights. I saw her at a dinner last week and long after I had toddled off to bed she carried on knocking back shots with fellow party animal **Jade Jagger** at the Groucho Club (even though she appeared to have a cold) and came stumbling into the Soho streets at 7am, just in time for **Her Loucheness** to get home and take her daughter **Lila** to school. Or go to bed and let the nanny do it.



★ A poignant reminder of **Robin Gibb**, from a chat with him some time ago, when I asked him if he was happy with what he had achieved.

His reply: "Pretty satisfied. If I had to do it all over again, I don't think I would do anything different. I've probably lived the life that I wanted to live, and I think that's pretty good." There was only one thing that the great songwriter wished he had received: a knighthood. "Sir Robin Gibb, yep, I would have liked that," he reflected. Anyone who says they wouldn't is lying."

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## Camilla is feeling the strain

EVERY MEMBER of the royal family is pulling out the stops to do their bit for the Queen's Jubilee, but the poor old **Duchess of Cornwall** is going to need a few more sniffs of her smelling salts to pep her up for her engagements, particularly the tour of Australia and New Zealand she and Prince Charles are undertaking in November.

Camilla, 65, has a dread of long haul journeys, particularly the sort of 24-hour flight to the Antipodes (although of course she will fly first class). She suffers badly from jetlag and is generally not a good traveller; she absolutely hates helicopters and feels queasy on boats. She had to retire for a lie down with her crested eye mask several times during an official trip to the Caribbean last year aboard a philanthropist's superyacht.

Unlike her robust husband, who has been used to travelling and being fresh on parade all his life, Camilla feels exhausted by some of her duties; even though, to be fair, she does not fulfil even a third of Charles's engagements. Since the early days of her marriage, when the Prince's aide **Mark Bolland** referred to her being "lazy", Camilla has tried to do more. But I understand that a few weeks ago her wish for more private time became a source of

renewed tension with Charles, who is acutely aware that the Royal Family must be seen to give value in return for its privileges.

No wonder the Duchess, who is getting her breath back after last week's trip to Canada, frequently escapes to **Ray Mill House**, the retreat in Wiltshire she bought after her divorce from **Andrew Parker Bowles** in 1996.

She has insisted on keeping the Victorian house which, in contrast to the manicured order at Highgrove is, observes one visitor: "a well-worn, lived-in home, where there are doghairs on the sofa and her grandchildren scatter toys in the kitchen; the sort of mess which would drive Charles mad". Even in her bolthole, however, Camilla has a constant reminder of her status; a 24hr police protection post outside the front gate.

Her confidante **Jo Hanford**, who has looked after her hair at her **Mayfair** salon for 20 years, explains: "Ray Mill House is Camilla's escape. She likes to be in her own home and she loves gardening there, and it's somewhere **Tom and Laura** can go with their children and all feel comfortable together.

"With that kind of life how can you be a normal person? He was born into it, she wasn't. She came into it much later in life. It has been harder for her than even it will be for Kate, because Kate is that much younger.

"She has tried to help Kate through her transition to royal life because she's been in that situation before."



★ If anyone knows the measure of a good party it's **Joan Collins**. And she was none too impressed with **Bill Clinton's** bash in London for his charitable foundation which has since been rubbishised by guests for its shoddy hospitality. Collins was deemed important enough to skip the fractious queue of ticket-holders (many of whom had paid up to £1,000 to rub shoulders with the former president). Yet one look at the sweaty scrum in the **Old Vic** tunnels was enough for dear **Joan**. After posing for a few snaps, she and her hubby **Percy** made for the exit.



## A knight to remember for Lady Craig

The concept of the Queen allowing **Daniel Craig** to film the opening sequence of his new **James Bond** movie at Buckingham Palace has plainly tickled his wife.

**Rachel Weisz** has been chattering to her chums in London (where the couple have a flat in Regent's Park) that when her hubby met **Her Majesty** they got on so well that he may soon be returning to the Palace to feel the touch of the Sovereign's sword on his shoulder.

Yes, she means it could be "arise Sir Daniel". Hopefully she's being, although she has mentioned that two previous Bonds, **Roger Moore** and **Sean Connery**, were knighted.

Well, that's because they accomplished rather more in their careers than **Danny Boy**.

Such an accolade for the **Chester-born** actor would also confer the title **Lady Craig** upon **Rachel**, which would certainly mark a significant rise from her humble beginnings. Both her parents came to England as refugees from Europe and her sister **Minnie** has said of their childhood: "We were dressed in jumble sale clothes, but it made us learn the value of things."

Meanwhile the rumours continue to fly about **Daniel's** royal role in the new **Bond** film, **Skyfall**. Supposedly he goes to the Palace to be told by the Queen that he has to open the **Olympic Games**. After finishing his cup of **Earl Grey**, he's flown by helicopter to parachute into the stadium in **East London**.

He tells the crowd: "The name's **Bond, Games Bond**." Sounds corny enough to be true.

★ Among his department's legions of special advisers, is it time to add a wardrobe assistant for **Ken Clarke**? The Justice Minister has always looked well-worn, but his wife **Gillian**, who is not in the best of health, used to have a word when he would absentmindedly put on his gardening clothes to go to the Commons. Now he really does look as if he's dressed in the dark. At a party held by former Employment Secretary **Lord Tim**, I found **Ken** looking quite dishevelled. Wearing brown shoes (never brown in town, please) with a crumpled suit and wrinkled shirt which once, a very long time ago, had been white, his tie became spattered with wine as he waved his glass around. His hair looked as if a brush had not been near it for several days. Has he been taking advice from **Boris Johnson**?



★ It was all big smiles and show-bizzy hugs when **Cheryl Cole** and **Cameron Diaz** (left) were reunited on the red carpet for the London premiere of **What To Expect When You're Expecting**.

In the sugary film **Miss Diaz** plays a mum-to-be, and our own **Cheryl** has a cameo role as a TV talent show host. When I asked cutie **Cameron** what she really thought of the **Geordie's** performing abilities, however, she giggled. "Huh! She did a truly great job. Of playing herself, I even managed to understand what she said."

★ Earlier this year **Prince Charles** declined to take part in **Andrew Marr's** BBC eulogy to his mother, saying he wanted to pay his own **Jubilee** tribute in a personal film featuring home movies, to be shown this Friday.

But while **Charles** offers new cinematic glimpses of his early family life at **Balmoral**, such as rolling down a grassy bank with his sister **Anne** (such earth), the film has saved **Charles** a small fortune.

How? He's managed to have the **Royal Family's** huge collection of cine films converted to digital at the expense of the **BBC**. Would have been a king's ransom if he'd taken them to **Boots**.



★ The thinking man's calculator, **Carol Vorderman**, has always been happy in her own skin, especially if it's squeezed deliciously into a red-hot, asset-stripping dress like this one she was wearing at the **British Inspiration Awards**. Yet despite admiring glances from men in the audience she's quick to point out she's in no hurry for a lover. By now the mathematical whizz has worked out that while one plus one can equal marital bliss, it might not happen that way again for her; she's already tried marriage twice, plus a seven-year romance with journalist **Des Kelly**. Right now she's happy fiddling with her lovely logarithms on her own at home in **Bristol**.

After a year on the singles circuit, the former **Countdown** presenter assures me that she is not worried, but she wouldn't mind if the right chap came along to play with her abacus. "I'll end up with someone, there's no question about that," she says confidently. "But I don't worry about it. All in good time."

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★ When this column first ventured that all was not well in **Johnny Depp's** relationship with **Vanessa Paradis**, there was a flurry of denials. Only last month Depp, while he was in London, said the rumours were 'absolutely not true'.

The Hollywood heart-throb dismissed our report that he had moved out of the couple's farmhouse in Provence and signed over the 50-acre retreat to Vanessa and their two children, Lily Rose and John Jack.

Now Depp's representative has finally confirmed that the pair, who never married, have "amicably separated". But there will be a tussle over how much of his £200million fortune he will hand over to the 39-year-old chanteuse. He will not be opposing Vanessa's insistence that the children are to be educated in France.

Fortunately Johnny has a toothsome companion to comfort him in these unsettling times; she is Robin Baum (pictured with Johnny left), a divorced mother-of-two who acts as his publicist, as well as representing Daniel Craig and Orlando Bloom.

Vanessa did not appreciate the time (and the long lunches) Ms Baum was enjoying with her man but that, of course, is what a good PR has to do.



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# Adam Helliher

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★ After returning to Oxford to study cognitive therapy **Ruby Wax** has come up with an idea for a series to bring the subject of depression to a wider audience. The Chicago-born chatterbox tells me: "I've got the green light to do some programmes about how a lot of top businessmen have struggled with depression, but trying to get them to talk about it in public is another matter."

"One of them signed up but he just quit. It was a case of 'come out with that in public and your career is over'. Which proves that we have to talk about it openly, but it seems mental health problems are still seen as an awful stigma."

Ruby suffers bipolar depression and has stayed at The Priory. It's not a place she wants to see again. "It's pretty pricey and it's pretty shabby. The food isn't much either, the fish tastes like the chicken, and the chicken tastes like the fish. The NHS is infinitely better."



REYNOLDS: THE PICTURE LIBRARY; NPLC.COM; GETTY

## Queen battles for her vital Guards

THE QUEEN rarely ventures a political opinion, but she has expressed displeasure at the Government's plans to cut a swathe through the ranks of the Guards Division, who take part in ceremonial duties at Buckingham Palace when not on active duties.

One Conservative MP, a Privy Counsellor who has close ties to the Royal Family, has revealed that Her Majesty is particularly concerned at the prospect of the Coldstream Guards, the British Army's oldest regiment, becoming a casualty of defence cuts.

She is their Colonel-in-Chief and presented them with new colours at Windsor last month, but they have been listed as among battalions likely to be axed under Defence Secretary Philip Hammond's plans to slash Army numbers from 101,000 to 80,000 by 2020.

"The Queen cannot be seen to enter the political fray but she can have a word in the right place, maybe with her Prime Minister at their weekly audience or over drinks after Privy Council meetings," says the MP, speaking on condition that he is not named.

The politician discloses that the monarch has observed shaking her head at a reception at Buckingham Palace when the subject was discussed.

He adds: "The Queen fully supports the austerity cuts but she feels strongly that the Guards perform a particularly significant dual role, providing both the pomp which the public



CONCERN: The Queen is Colonel-in-Chief

like at such ceremonies as the Changing Of The Guard, as well as fighting for this country (and losing lives) in Iraq and Afghanistan."

The threat to the Coldstream Guards, first reported by the Sunday Express, has been branded "madness" by another Tory MP, Patrick Mercer, a former infantry commander. The British Monarchist League is among those supporting an internet campaign to save the regiment from the MoD's firing squad.

My source stresses that the Sovereign's concern is "certainly not just sentimental", but there is no doubt that she has a particular affinity with the Guards. Indeed I noticed she was tapping her feet to the military music as her Guardsmen marched past at the Trooping The Colour ceremony at Horse Guards Parade. Almost as though she wanted to get up and join in.

★ **HOW DOES** the Queen manage to keep smiling on that long bumpy carriage journey from Windsor Castle each day of Royal Ascot? As we chatted at the races, in between losing money on hopeless bets, my royal confidante disclosed the answer:

"Prince Philip and HM keep each other amused with a little competition to come up with the silliest names for horses using combinations of proper ones already registered of which she, of course, has a prodigious knowledge. Some of their inventions are rather saucy."

★ The steely Anne Robinson prefaces **Enoch Powell** in a new collection of essays about the late politician. Not least because of his advice on how to stay focused while speaking in public. "When he was a guest on the first TV show I was hosting, an early version of Question Time, I told him I was so petrified I'd followed his dictum that for a big speech one always performs on a full bladder to keep fully alert. It worked for me."

★ Now here's something to look forward to in August: the **Duchess of York** is bringing out another children's book called *Ballerina Rosie*. The American publishers describe it as "a picture book starring a spunky character who will inspire prima ballerinas everywhere". Given her overcraft, *Fergie* is praying for a bestseller.

★ From his home in Thailand, the former manager of the Eighties duo **Wham!** gives his succinct views on the rumours of a reunion being planned by George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley. Says **Simon Napier-Bell**: "I haven't spoken to them for years but I don't think this will amount to much. I suppose they could give the old tunes a run through but those dance routines might be a bit punishing for a couple of 49-year-olds."

★ **Self-styled living legend Tony Blackburn** releases a CD of his favourite tracks tomorrow with the admission that in the Sixties his band was **Tony Blackburn And His Swinging Bells** "but we had to change its name because our posters kept being altered to read something rather more naughty."



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## Soft-skinned Shane howled over by Liz

Settling into a deckchair at billionaire Mark Getty's private cricket ground in Buckinghamshire last Sunday, I was looking forward to a long innings as **SHANE WARNE** swaggered to the crease. But then: **Howzat!**

The Australian smoothie was bowled out first ball by Sir Viv Richards at the celebrity cricket match held by former Lloyd's Bank chairman Sir Victor Blank in aid of the charity Wellbeing of Women.

Never mind, there were plenty more star turns from players such as Brian Lara, Mike Atherton, Wasim Akram and Devon Malcolm; or what Sir David Frost called "a living museum of sport".

Fortunately for Shane his frowns over that undignified dispatch were smoothed away by his fiancée, Elizabeth Hurley, murmuring "poor baby" as she mopped his molarsized brow.

One can forgive Warne for taking his eye off the ball what with the jet lag as he shuttles between Liz's farm in Gloucestershire and Melbourne to see his three children. But plainly he still has the energy to please Miss Hurley, at whom he cooed: "This is the happiest I've ever been in my life."

The former hellraiser has turned into a sensitive soul, treating Liz to a romantic night in the Cotswolds for her 46th birthday. "We had a beautiful dinner, some wine and vodka and a bit of other stuff," he sighed. "Then we enjoyed some music, got tucked up in bed and away we went."



★ The **Duchess of Cornwall** has been enjoying a good press for following **Kate's** lead in recycling her outfits. But in reality she still continues to cost Prince Charles a fortune.

At a royal garden party the other day my girl with the crested calculator helpfully gave me a run down of the outfit which fashion commentators noted that Camilla had, thriftily, worn twice.

"The dress by Fiona Clare cost £2,700 while her Philip Treacy hat was £2,000. Her nails cost £36, while having her hair coloured by Jo Hansford was £450, using L'Oreal products."

Because, of course, she's worth it.

★ Spotted shopping in the interior design shops at Chelsea Harbour: the

**Duchess of Cambridge**, followed by her detective carrying sample books of wallpaper from Cole & Son (which has the Queen's royal warrant) and Osborne & Little (chaired by George Osborne's father). Kate is going for the safe, conservative option as she oversees the refurbishment of Princess Margaret's old apartment into what will be the marital roost at Kensington Palace.

"Quite dull; regency stripes, that sort of thing," sniffs my man, tossing his swatches on the counter.

★ Given **Tim Henman's** woeful record at Wimbledon, who can blame his three daughters for showing little interest in the game? "I haven't really encouraged them; they're more interested in horse riding." Timmy told me at the Hurlingham Tennis Club, where he was representing the property company the Hideaways Club. The fact that he and his wife Lucy no longer bother to play on the tennis court at home in Oxfordshire does not exactly encourage their girls, Rose, Olivia and Grace.

Daddy has no intention of joining them in the saddle either: "I don't ride," he says, "I'm scared of horses."



## Brando's Angel

Observing Marlon Brando's cavalier way with women has certainly affected his daughter **Angelique's** view of relationships.

"I've never been in love and, after my father's history, I will never get married," she told me firmly at

Richard Branson's pre-Wimbledon party at the Roof Gardens club in Kensington. "Why would I ever want to get hitched to a man and lose my freedom?"

Miss Brando, 44, known to friends as Angel, is one of 11 children the

hideous Marlon fathered with several women. During filming of *Muttiny On The Bounty* he fell in love with Tahiti, buying an island where he indulged his taste for Polynesian spouses before he expired in 2004.



# Chemmy's long wait

★ Snow bunny **Chemmy Alcott** has got quite enough on her plate preparing for the next Winter Olympics while recovering from breaking her leg last year, a tumble which kept her off-piste (and piste off). But it's the subject of marriage which continues to preoccupy her.

At her 30th birthday party in Mayfair last week, the delightful Chemmy admitted that by now not only would she have hoped to have won an Olympic medal but also to be married. Yet her beau, Dougie Crawford, still keeps dragging his ski boots.

"He's just too slow to propose," she sighed, with a lingering look in the direction of Mr Crawford, a fellow skier and Eurosport commentator who is five years her junior.

The Twickenham-born beauty has no doubt he's the man she wants to marry, and even has an engagement ring ready in a safe at her home. She complains that Dougie resolutely refuses to learn the safe's combination.



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# Pippa back with Alex



PUBLIC IMAGE: Pippa and Alex

WHEN Pippa Middleton was dumped by her boyfriend Alex Loudon because he'd had enough of the "circus" of the photographers and hangers-on she now attracts, the poor girl was devastated. So now that the two are seeing each other again, they're going to great lengths not to be seen in public together.

Somewhat naively former professional cricketer Alex wants to return to the relative obscurity the pair enjoyed before Pippa's pert posterior propelled her into the artificial bubble of celebrity, a world alien to the quiet Mr Loudon, who works in corporate finance.

He won't park his scooter at Pippa's flat in Chelsea because, says my source, "there are sometimes snappers outside and he won't go to stay with her parents in Berkshire just in case someone sees them together. He's being a bit neurotic."

So as long as Alex remains cautious about the long-term prospects of his relationship with the sister of the future Queen, Pippa has to put up with meeting him in the homes of trusted friends and staying out of the limelight. Not, as we all know, something she likes.

★ While the future of the First Lady of Syria, Asma Assad, hangs in the balance as her husband's bloody dictatorship fights for its survival, it is business as usual in London for her father, **Dr Fawaz Akhras**, 66 (right), works as a consultant cardiologist in Harley Street and at the private Cromwell Hospital in Earls Court, London, where I asked him what he felt about his son-in-law's slaughter of opposition activists which has claimed 16,000 lives.

He refused to answer, or confirm speculation that the president's wife and their three children have fled Damascus to the coastal city of Tartous, where a Russian naval base could offer them an escape. Emails intercepted by the opposition show him to be supportive of President Assad, offering advice on how the regime should spin its suppression of the uprising. He declined to say if he wants his daughter Asma, who went to a primary school in Ealing and still retains a British passport, to return to London. His worst fear must be that, if or when the aggressive regime falls, the president could be executed and Asma may be harmed. Another concern must be his own safety and that of his wife Sahar, with the possibility of revenge attacks from Syrians who have had relatives killed by Assad's army.

The couple have left their terrace house in Acton to move to a secret address. A neighbour said they had not been seen there for two months after a group of pro-democracy protesters had pushed down the wall of their front garden.

During her childhood in London, Asma, then known as Emma, went from primary school to the private Queen's College in Harley Street, later studying computer science at King's College. For three years she worked for the investment bank JP Morgan before she married Bashar Al-Assad.

She has developed extravagant taste; leaked emails reveal her ordering £10,000 worth of candlesticks and £3,700 Louboutin shoes from Harrods.



★ All work and no play means there's a distinct lack of cuddles in **Katherine Jenkins's** life; the softly-spoken soprano has been single for seven months since breaking up with former Blue Peter presenter Gethin Jones. Cutting a rather lonely figure as she sipped champagne at the Veuve Clicquot Gold Cup polo finals at Cowdray Park, Katherine sighed: "I just don't seem to have the time for romance; right now it's all about the music. There's so much travelling: I'm off to Salt Lake City, then Japan and South Africa."

The Welsh warbler, 30, shared her duvet with Gethin for four years, becoming engaged last year, but they parted after constant disagreements over his desire to start a family. Gethin has since hinted that Miss Jenkins's consuming ambition, especially to crack the American music market, meant that they couldn't even agree on a wedding date, let alone decide on when to have children.

★ When he put away his microphone after 30 years' reporting from the world's hotspots for the BBC, **Adam Mylott** was looking forward to a nice comfy stress-free job, cushioned by a comfortably large salary, in that noble profession, public relations.

Only trouble is that the position he took was head of media relations at G4S.

At the time of his appointment he said smoothly: "I found the offer impossible to resist; we are such a good fit."

Yesterday he was guarded (if you'll excuse the pun) when I asked if he was having a hard time defending G4S's inability to deliver enough staff for the Olympics.

"I'm concentrating hard on all the challenges we're having to deal with," he responded tersely. Challenges? True PR speak.



★ Fans of the detective series **Lewis** who appreciate **Laurence Fox's** depiction of the Inspector's cerebral sidekick Sgt Hathaway, might be a trifle disappointed to meet the actor in the flesh.

"I'm nothing like Hathaway; unlike him I'm completely thick," laughs Fox, 34. "I need a translator on set to help me pronounce some of the Latin words in the script and I don't even understand the storylines."

Fox's low intellect may be partly ascribed to his dilatory time at Harrow, where he was sent by his father, the actor James Fox. Just before he was due to sit his A Levels, the naughty boy was expelled when he was found indulging in a spot of enthusiastic hanky-panky with a girl (given the reputation of certain louche Old Harrovians at least it wasn't a boy).

Laurence feels his "dimness" hasn't proved a handicap; admitting his career ambitions come second to being a good husband to his wife **Billie Piper**, and looking after their two children. Such is his love for his firstborn, three-year-old Winston, that he's had the initial W tattooed behind his right ear. He tells me: "I would have 12 (for his newly-born daughter Eugenie) behind the other ear but then it would remind me of WE, that dreadful film by Madonna."



NOT A CUNNING FOX: Laurence and Billie

# Kate's as smooth as silk

★ Yet another gold star for **Catherine Cambridge**, who has patriotically declared that she will be using only British-produced materials for the refurbishment of her new marital apartment at Kensington Palace.

As I noted the other day, Kate popped into the design centre at Chelsea Harbour in her hunt for suitable textiles to drape around the 20-room royal roost in place of the garish look favoured by the last occupant, Princess Margaret.

Now she has been perusing Gainsborough Silk wool fabrics that are produced on old oak-framed looms in Suffolk with some designs costing £500 per square metre. She's already familiar with the firm's products, as they hang in Clarence House. She was also able to gaze at the company's embossed silk on the walls of her suite at the Goring Hotel as she tossed and turned restlessly on her last night as an unmarried woman.

★ One fine fellow whose jovial companionship has been helping the **Queen** relax on her few days off from her national Jubilee tour is her Chief Page, **Paul Whybrow**. After 32 years' service to the sovereign, the jovial bachelor has been rewarded with a promotion to her personal Sergeant-at-Arms. Known as "Big Paul", the towering Whybrow is held in such affection by HM that she often asks him to watch television with her if she's on her own in her Buckingham Palace apartment.

It was Paul, 51, who came to the monarch's rescue in 1982 when Michael Fagan broke into the Palace and pulled back the curtains of her four-poster. While the Queen, wearing a Liberty print nightie, fled to find a policeman, Whybrow calmed the unkempt intruder down by offering him a drink. Recalls Fagan, now an unemployed decorator living in North London: "This footman said, 'Or mate you look like you need a drink'. He took me across the landing to the Queen's pantry, where you suppose she cooks her baked beans or whatever, and poured me a glass of Famous Grouse."

★ As the **Duchess of Cornwall** gets older (she was 65 last week) her sense of humour gets ever more earthy. "She tells the naughtiest of jokes, always accompanied by that throaty laugh," discloses my man at Clarence House, holding the coveted Book of Filthy Jokes on a silver salver. Her wacky chum Joan Rivers says Camilla loves being told a new naughty quip: "I told her a joke about Cher liking younger men so much that she hangs around Toys 'R' Us, and she got it straight away."

Picture: DOMINIC O'NEILL

★ It is with deep regret that I have to announce the death of one of our greatest actors, **Sir Michael Gambon**.

No, not really, but that's what he tells me happens to him in his new BBC adaptation of William Boyd's novel *Restless*.

"I have to give myself a lethal injection in the arm," said Michael, over drinks in Mayfair. "I have to commit suicide because I've done something terrible to a woman."

It won't be the first time that the twinkly knight has treated a female in a less than gallant manner. His wife Anne has had to put up with him fathering two children with his mistress Phillips Hart. And at 71, there's no slowing down for the priapic performer, who zooms around town in his Audi V8, a vehicle he rashly calls his "Tautonic Viagra".

★ What with her hubby's tantrums, **Gordon Ramsay's wife Tana** (below) has a lot to cope with. Now she has a problem at the beauty salon she runs in Battersea.

Mrs Ramsay may have felt like issuing a string of Gordon's effing expletives on learning that the "Olympic special offer of Gold, Silver and Bronze" wax treatments she's offering at her preening parlour is contrary to Brazilian wax's draconian licensing rules.

"We'll probably have to stop if we're breaking the regulations," frowns a salon assistant after hearing about the "brand police" who are issuing fines for using the banned words gold, silver, bronze and Olympic. The salon's most popular treatment is the Silver Brazilian wax at £60. Sadly, I'm unable to report if the lovely Mrs Ramsay has firsthand experience of this sensitive procedure on the nether regions.



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It was another sparkling year for gossip, and loyal followers of this column will know that they saw many of the best stories here first. So now it's time to test your memory and see just how many details you can recall from my chronicles of the rich and famous.

The first entry with all the right answers that I pull from the postbag will receive six bottles of delicious Louis Roederer Brut Premier champagne.

So, answers (with your full name, address and telephone number) on a postcard to: Adam Helliker (Quiz), Sunday Express, 10 Lower Thames St, London EC3R 6EN. The winner's name will be published in the column on January 15.



# Adam Helliker

The man who knows the people you'd like to know...

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## JANUARY

Which survival expert confided in me that they suffered from terrible homesickness during their boarding school years?

- a) Ben Fogle
- b) Bear Grylls
- c) Bruce Parry

Which misfortune did Bill Nighy admit had befallen him when making "snowman" Chalet Girl?

- a) He fractured his finger opening the mini-bar
- b) He broke his leg skiing
- c) He lost a toe to frostbite

Who did Holly Willoughby (far right) tell me was "patronising", "troublesome" and "condescending" after interviewing him on This Morning?

- a) Liam Neeson
- b) Jeffrey Archer
- c) Chris Tarrant

## FEBRUARY

Which national treasure informed me at a premiere for one of her films that her advice to young girls is "He doesn't love you - he just wants to get into your knickers?"

- a) Maggie Smith
- b) Judi Dench
- c) Helen Mirren

Who seems to be the only woman in the world immune to Robert Pattinson's charms after she insisted at a Mayfair party that "he isn't a heart-throb at all"?

- a) Sharon Osbourne
- b) Jennifer Khan
- c) Kristin Scott Thomas

Where did TV detective John Nettles grow up as the poor adopted son of a carpenter?

- a) St Austell
- b) Bude
- c) St Ives

## MARCH

Which shoe designer, who was at the opening of London's W hotel, blasted Helena Bonham Carter's performance in The King's Speech?

- a) Manolo Blahnik
- b) Christian Louboutin
- c) Jimmy Choo

What did I discover is the Queen's favourite dip, as she tried out the menu choices for Prince William's wedding?

- a) Houmous
- b) Taramasalata
- c) Tzatziki

Chatting at a showbusiness awards ceremony, who disclosed that the 1974



film The Towering Inferno is the scariest film she's ever seen?

- a) Tess Daly
- b) Tamara Beckwith
- c) Claudia Winkleman

## APRIL

Who told me that she thinks Michael Sheen deserves a knighthood after seeing his three-day Easter performance of The Passion?

- a) Katherine Jenkins
- b) Lynda Bellingham
- c) Princess Michael of Kent

Where did I discover Hugh Grant (above) had bought a cosy new farmhouse?

- a) South Godstone in Surrey
- b) East Chilmington in East Sussex
- c) Prinsteed in West Sussex

## MAY

Who made everyone laugh at a party with her tale that Silvio Berlusconi tried to seduce her and proclaimed him "an embarrassment"?

- a) Irina Shayk
- b) Nancy Dell'Olio
- c) Flavia Cacace

Which politician gushed that they were completely overcome when they met Barack Obama after a speech at Westminster Hall?

- a) Glenda Jackson
- b) Diane Abbott
- c) Harriet Harman

Flower-girl Grace Van Cutsem made everyone laugh with her grumpy demeanour at the Royal Wedding, but what explanation did her parents tell friends?

- a) She didn't like the other bridesmaids
- b) She had a bad tummy

e) She wasn't allowed to wear her glasses and couldn't see

## JUNE

When speaking to him at a watch launch in Mayfair, which tennis star said that none of his five children will be following in his sporty footsteps?

- a) John McEnroe
- b) Ilie Nastase
- c) René Lacoste

What un-rock-and-roll hobby did I reveal Mick Jagger (below) to have?

- a) Gardening
- b) Stamp collecting
- c) Bird watching

Which singer broke royal protocol by asking the Queen for an autograph at an early summer reception?

- a) Simon Le Bon
- b) Sinead O'Connor
- c) Kate Bush

## JULY

How much did Jo Wood say she'd received in her divorce settlement from Ronnie when I met her at the Gallo Summer Party?

- a) £million
- b) £8.2million
- c) £6.5million

Which legendary male singer did I overhear revealing that he spends £50 a week on moisturiser?

- a) Tom Jones
- b) Cliff Richard
- c) Paul McCartney

In which town did the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge go to watch the gross-out comedy Bridesmaids, where a fellow cinemagoer said that they laughed at all the lavatory humour?

- a) Llandudno
- b) Aberystwyth
- c) Port Talbot

## AUGUST

Which young scallywag did I spot at the Spearhead Rhino pole-dancing club looking suspiciously like he'd had a hair transplant?

- a) Gaius Best
- b) Freddie Windsor
- c) Danny Cipriani

Which septuagenarian star let slip that he's been having singing lessons for an upcoming film role with Maggie Smith?

- a) Clint Eastwood (right)
- b) Michael Gambon
- c) Peter O'Toole

## SEPTEMBER

Martin Clunes informed me that his daughter Emily isn't interested in acting - what does she intend to do instead?

- a) Sail around the world
- b) Become a vet
- c) Build hospitals in Africa

What did Elizabeth Hurley reveal was her favourite present from Horney Warney to date?

- a) A pig called Shane



Picture: DAVE HOGAN/Getty



scored only 10 per cent in an online quiz about himself?

- a) Daniel Day-Lewis
- b) Colin Firth
- c) Kevin Spacey

## NOVEMBER

Which singer, who was at Elton John's Grey Goose Winter Ball, started her career packing chamber pots in a Cardiff factory?

- a) Charlotte Church
- b) Katherine Jenkins
- c) Shirley Bassey

What did pregnant Amanda Holden (far left) tell me she's been craving?

- a) Watermelon and ice
- b) Marmite and leather
- c) Coal and chips

Which television quiz host admitted that he was "milking my career for all it's worth" while he was still in demand?

- a) Stephen Fry
- b) Jeremy Paxman
- c) Dara O'Briain

## DECEMBER

Which interior designer told the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge not to turn their apartment in Kensington Palace into a "bland showcase"?

- a) Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen
- b) Nicky Haslam
- c) Kelly Hoppen

Which theatrical dame was described as "such a giggler" and having "girlish quality" by her male companion?

- a) Dame Helen Mirren (below)
- b) Dame Maggie Smith
- c) Dame Judi Dench

Which television presenter described how injuring her foot in a car accident had been "a wake-up call"?

- a) Claudia Winkleman (far left)
- b) Donna Air
- c) Fiona Bruce



What is the name of the Georgian house that I reported is being unwillingly shared by William Hague and Nick Clegg?

- a) Chiddingstone
- b) Chevening
- c) Chesterton

Which Oscar-winning film star, who I ran into at a party in Chelsea, confessed that he

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# Baby Spice's dish

Knowing of my devoted admiration for her body of work, does **Emma Bunton** really have to bang on about the undenting qualities of her boyfriend? Really, it's not very considerate to tell everyone how devoted she is to **Jade Jones**, the singer to whom she is now engaged. I mean what sort of name is Jade for a bloke?

Anyway, it looks as if nothing will shake Baby Spice's belief that Mr Jones is her man for life, especially as he's fathered her two children. She declares, soppily: "We still fancy each other and talk about everything. We never let anything fester. It's easy to be complacent but Jade tells me he loves me every day." Enough!

What's worse is that her fiancé is a good cook. On the night of her 35th birthday he cooked bolognese followed by pavlova and then proposed. The rat! Things could have been so different if she'd tasted my signature dish (Butterscotch Angel Delight, since you ask).



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## Boris will go for PM

**F**ORGET ANY hopes of reconciliation between Boris Johnson and David Cameron after their pub lunch near Chequer's last Sunday. Despite the Mayor of London's protestations that he is not after the PM's job, a close friend of the Johnson family tells me that Boris has every intention of making a challenge for the Tory Party leadership "when the time is right".

Still rattled after being upstaged by Boris at the Olympics, Cameron is braced for more dissent when the Mayor speaks on Tuesday at the party conference.

Recently BoJo has made provocative interventions on tax, Europe and what he's called the Government's "blind and lamentable" policy on airport expansion.

Boris has little respect for Cameron, whom he regards as intellectually inferior. Even that invitation to lunch from the PM, an effort to smooth over their increasingly tense relationship, was not straightforward. Boris had turned down five previous invitations to Chequers on the grounds that he was "too busy".

This rivalry goes back to Eton where Boris was a prize-winning King's Scholar while Cameron, who was two years beneath him, was an Oppidan: a commoner in Etonian parlance. It was galling for Boris to watch Cameron (who has always had a sense of entitlement) ascend to the Tory leadership.

Indeed one should never underestimate Boris's ambition. When he found out his younger brother Joe had got a First at Oxford he kicked the wall so hard he broke his toe. His sister Rachel admits he once said he "wanted to rule the universe and if that couldn't happen he'd settle for PM". So when

the fight for the leadership really starts, expect the Camerons' camp to play dirty. They will remind the commentariat that Boris has a flaw which will topple him; the human frailty that has been the Achilles heel of many a politician. It's his wandering eye, a weakness that has led him to stray several times from Marina, his wife of 18 years.

When his four-year affair with peer's daughter Petronella Wyatt was revealed (along with his insistence on her having an abortion) Marina kicked him out of their north London home and threatened him with a very expensive divorce. He pleaded remorse and she soon took him back.

**B**UT WHAT a former lover referred to as Boris's "satyriasis", an excessive sexual desire, rose again (so to speak) when he was caught canoodling with journalist Anna Fozzackertley.

His last personal crisis erupted two years ago when it was claimed that he had fathered a baby girl during an affair with art consultant Helen Macintyre. Her partner, financier Pierre Rolin, who arranged a DNA test and found the light-haired baby was not his, described Johnson as a man with "no moral compass".

But for the moment Brand Boris is stronger than ever and for now he can get away with political inconsistencies and personal indiscretions because, quite simply, he cheers people up.

As one of his camp says: "When the party realises Cameron will not win them the next election, Boris will be ready. He may come across sometimes as an upper-class buffoon but behind that mask of Gussie Fink-Nottle there's a Machiavelli who is a super-smart, ultra-ambitious politician."



★ My goodness that **Hugh Bonneville** is popular with the ladye, who just love the smooth way he plays the Earl of Grantham. Indeed he is receiving the sort of female adulation that must sometimes make him wish he was a rampant bachelor (although he is now, of course, happily married to his artist wife Lulu). Here he is preening about an encounter in *Los Angeles* where he was strolling with his fellow *Downton* star **Brendan Coyle** (*Bates*) the day after the *Emmy* awards: "A few people asked for autographs, then this one woman walked up, uttered a sort of stammering hello and began struggling for breath, gasping and going red. It took me a full hour to calm her down."

Enjoy it while you can Hugh; some poor men would have to pay to get that sort of response from a woman.

## Jerry ditches lover

As **JERRY HALL** eases her aching limbs out of bed this morning after *Strictly Come Dancing*, she may be musing on how nice it would be if there was a man around the house to massage her sore tootsies.

The willowy Texan has rarely been without a partner but a vacancy has arisen after her decision to ditch the property developer who has shared her duvet, on and off, for the past two years.

She has given the leave-ho to widower **Warwick Hemsley** (left), who has returned to his native Australia and will not, as he did last year, be spending Christmas with Jerry and her four children (from her 23-year union with **Mick Jagger**) at her Georgian house in Richmond.

"He is such a lovely man and I had the most wonderful time but my kids are here, my home is here and his kids are there," draws Jerry. "It came to a point where the distance thing got quite difficult." It's not as though Jerry is strictly single; she's spending most of her waking moments with her dance partner **Anton du Beke**. So close have they become that the *Strictly* film crew have nicknamed them **Ton and Jerry**.

★ While **Andrew Lloyd Webber** continues to hog the showbusiness limelight his former collaborator **Tim Rice**, always the more languid of the duo, has had a sprut of energy, too, working on his first big project for a decade: a musical version of the film *From Here To Eternity*.

*Lofly Sir Tim*, who made millions from *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Evita*, is scribbling steamy new prose for the musical giving the 1953 love story, which starred **Deborah Kerr** and **Burt Lancaster**, an extra injection of passion.

From *Here To Eternity* would be an apt title for his own 28-year marriage too. Despite his canoodles with a plethora of posies, *Sir Tim* remains married to his wife **Jane**. In the *Eighties*, during his prolonged struggle-up with **Eloise Paige**, **Lady Rice** asked for divorce but the couple never got as far as ratifying it. "Why bother?" shrugged Jane when last asked.

★ The pace has certainly slowed in the opulent **Holland Park** household of **Michael Winner**. Where once the old devil used to beckon to starlets to follow him to his bedroom to view his art collection, he can now barely manage the climb and is awaiting a Stannah stairlift.

"I shall sit in it like **Thora Hird**," says Winner, who will be 77 at the end of the month and has been musing over his mortality since he was told by liver specialists that he may have no more than 18 months left (which is jolly sad whether you love him or loathe him).

"I've got no fear about death. I'm very happy to snuff it; you have to live with the cards you've been dealt with," he declares stoically. Not that he's been idle, churning out a compilation of his favourite jokes. Here is a sample: "A hole has been found in a nudist camp wall. The police are looking into it." Ha, ha! Every one a Winner.

★ All those women of a certain age who consider **John Nettles** (right) to be the best television detective of recent years (including the *Queen*, who was disgruntled when she learned he was leaving *Midsomer Murders*) will have to forget taking up knitting or yoga and sign up for film studies if they want to see their hero in the flesh.

Mr Nettles is to become a lecturer for Film School, a venture set up in the West Country to encourage budding actors and directors. The *Bergerac* star says he wants to "give something back" and to pass on his skills to "keen young minds".

Oh dear, he obviously wants to teach less mature students. I'm afraid ladies, it's back to the yoga mat.



★ Stroking his beard with satisfaction at the Government's admission that he was right about the flawed rail franchise process, **Sir Richard Branson** is now aiming at passengers who will be even more lucrative than the poor sops paying a fortune for their season tickets on Virgin Trains.

The billionaire boasts that the number of "space tourists" who have paid £200,000 each for Virgin Galactic flights to orbit the Earth has now reached 600.

"Within the next year we will be ready. I'm sure of that," he says. "The test flights have been successful and now it's just a matter of taking people up."

Naturally, the brash Branson's ambition doesn't end there: he's dreaming of Mars.

"In the next 50 years I think Mars will be colonised. Stephen Hawking believes that we must colonise other planets because if something snuffs out everyone on Earth in the near future, it's important that we don't waste thousands of years of evolution."

★ That old scallywag **Tony Booth** prefers to hold on to his pennies rather than add to the growing pile of loot being amassed by his son-in-law, **Tony Blair**.

The retired actor, best known for playing the "scouse git" in the series *Till Death Us Do Part*, was spotted at his local library in *Todmorden*, West Yorkshire, browsing Blair's memoirs.

Plainly the former PM never got around to sending a signed copy to Mr Booth, father of the fragrant *Cherie*. But then the two men never really saw eye to eye about politics, one being a true Socialist while the other was an opportunist on the make.

## No cheap plonk for Kate

Fast fading are the days when **Kate Moss** would go on all-night benders, slamming down vodka shots and still managing to look fresh for a photo shoot the next day. Now she has calmed down, even hosting elegant dinner parties at her weekend roost in the Cotswolds. (So bourgeois! the old Kate would have mocked.)

To lubricate these civilised little gatherings, **Miss Moss** has overseen the establishment of a top class wine cellar at her farmhouse, which will be stocked with vintages ordered during her recent sojourn in France with hubby **Jamie Hince**.

"When all the cases arrive the cellar will be ready in time for **Jamie's** birthday," gulps my source. "Kate says it's a present for him because he loves wine, particularly Burgundy, and he has always wanted a proper cellar."

Mind you, Kate will have to forgo too much vino if she is pregnant. My friend in the fashion business who was at **Stella McCartney's** show in Paris last week observes: "She definitely had a slight bulge and she kept crossing her arms over her tummy."

Probably just idle gossip.



Picture: RAY BURMISTON/BBC

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★ Persistent chatter that **James Middleton** is too busy decorating his fairy cakes to bother with girls should be discounted. Forget those alarming pictures of him in odd positions with male chums (please don't look at them on the internet) because James is now romantically entwined. With a woman.

Master Middleton is stepping out with **Katie Readman**, 23, a lively thing who, happily, shares his love of cake-making. Well, up to the point that her likeness now appears on some of his products after she agreed to model for him (in a bikini). Miss Readman suits James on three counts: she's already a friend of Pippa's; she went to St Paul's School; and she has a harmless job in PR. And she knows Princes William and Harry but hasn't slept with either of them.

In short Katie is the perfect companion for James to take to the housewarming party his parents are organising at their new home, which is still in their old village, Bucklebury in Berkshire, but somewhat grander. Michael and Carole Middleton paid £4.85million for the Georgian manor, beating three other bidders by going £150,000 over the asking price. Isn't Party Pieces doing well?



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# Kate finds Diana is still close to home

**A**S THE Duchess of Cambridge puts the finishing touches to the refurbished apartment at Kensington Palace into which she will move with William early next year, the spectre of Diana, the mother-in-law Kate never met, continues to lurk in the basement of the Palace.

Although certain members of the Royal Family have been accused of wanting to excise the memory of the mercurial princess, I learn that there is a vault filled with Diana memorabilia which remains resolutely untouched.

It is packed with boxes containing all the tributes, including a cornucopia of teddy bears, children's drawings, cards and photographs, which were left by the thousands of mourners who gathered at the gates of Kensington Palace after Diana died in a Paris car crash 15 years ago.

The outpouring of grief, and subsequent dissent over the Royal Family's perceived aloofness in acknowledging the national mood,

took the Royal Household by surprise. Somewhat fearful of the level of criticism (*The Sun* called the Queen "uneeling" and "stuffy") the order was later given from on high that, apart from the flowers and candles, everything that had been left by the public was to be treated with reverence and placed in storage.

At the time of this national drama, Kate Middleton would have been a pupil at Marlborough, presumably watching the television coverage of William, then 15, being shepherded by Prince Charles as they inspected the piles of bouquets and tributes left by sympathisers outside Kensington Palace.

"There was tons of stuff and no one wanted to give the order to burn it and it couldn't exactly be given away," says a senior royal source. "Some of it, such as the condolence books signed by the public, were sent to Charles Spencer at Althorp but the rest was crammed into the bowels of KP. It could be a bit of a spooky experience to open the door to find that lot staring at you."

★ Dear **Hugh Bonneville** pings an email saying he feels a little hurt by my item last week that he did not want to be photographed in the company of that bonder **Jeffrey Archer**. The last thing I want to do is upset you, my favourite actor, darling! So here, to make up for it, is a story which shows just what a sweetie **Hughie** really is. It's about how he avoided piano lessons as a boy. He remembers: "I played the piano very badly for a short while and once I recorded myself. So when I was supposed to be practising, I'd press 'Play' on the tape recorder and sit there reading the *Benoni*!" There you are, you sensitive old thing, you see we all love you!



★ It was never the money that motivated **Erika Mitchell** to scribble Fifty Shades Of Grey (under the alias E.L. James), but now that she's earning a whip-cracking £800,000 a week from the royalties of her spank-buster, how has she been splashing her cash?

By installing a Red Room of Pain at her house in Ealing, or hiring a squad of oiled toyboys to keep her in a state of trembling nirvana?

Er, no. "I've treated myself to made-to-measure Rigby & Peller bras," she says meekly. "But they don't have tassels or anything raunchy."

★ Reflecting on some of her more vivid observations, **Charlotte Church** admits she now regrets calling the Queen "an old woman with no idea what's going on". The Welsh Warbler says: "I've said some stupid things but was I lining the streets during the Jubilee? Yeah, course I was. You couldn't move in Cardiff for tea trays with the Queen's face on them."

★ There'll be no tears for **Nigella Lawson** as she watches her daughter **Cosima** (left) pack her bags for a gap year in Australia. The curry cook has robust views on the value of such student sojourns, having spent her own working as a chambermaid in Italy. Aged 18, Nigella made beds and cleaned loos at a hotel in Florence. "It was a family-run pensione and you weren't going to last if you didn't scrub it clean," she recalls. "I'm a great believer in working for money and I don't think that any work is demeaning."

The Junoesque Miss Lawson returned to start at Oxford University with a valuable piece of knowledge: "I learnt that when you stay in a hotel you should know that a chambermaid is trying on your clothes, trying out your scent... that's what we used to do."

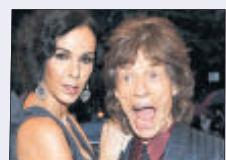


**GRIEF:** Charles, William and Harry inspecting tributes in 1997

★ The arrival of the **Middleton family** on the British social scene has made us all proud to call ourselves middle class; it is now a social strata to be applauded and no longer mocked. That's the view of TV producer **Fi Cotter** Craig and artist **Zebedee Helm** in their book, *The Middle Class ABC*, which was launched at a party in Pimlico thronged with the authors' friends, such as Stephen Fry, Hugh Laurie and Dawn French.

"Hooray for the Middletons, they've made being middle class aspirational, we're proud to have them as our standard bearers," declares Miss Cotter Craig. "And what a relief that the Royal Family saw sense and allowed one of us [Kate] to marry one of them [William]."

This light-hearted book, incidentally, is brilliant, beginning with **A for Allergies** ("Oh Zofany is dairy intolerant; milk will kill her") to **Z for Zumba** ("an opportunity for a roomful of women to thrust wildly to music and get incredibly sweaty while eyeballing a well-toned Latino man and not get pregnant").



★ The news that **Ronnie Wood** has proposed to his girlfriend **Sally Humphries** has failed to bring a smile to the lubricious lips of his fellow **Strolling Bone, Mick Jagger**.

Nor does it seem to have improved the demeanour of Jagger's willowy squeeze, fashion designer **L'Wren Scott**, who looked steely-faced when I saw her at a Harper's Bazaar party at Claridges, the evening of Ronnie's engagement.

Perhaps, after 11 years pandering to the parsimonious prancer, Miss Scott can't quite figure why there's no rock on her own ring. Not long ago there was much chatter among Jagger's circle that the man who has it all (seven children, a knighthood, a £215million fortune and a bulging back catalogue of plant conquests) was considering whether to get married for the third time. After all, at 69, he might soon be grateful of a caring woman like L'Wren to wipe the spittle from those lips.

The least the mean old rocker could do is make her Lady Jagger but it could be a long wait.

★ Wondering what sort of reception **Camilla** will receive in Australia (where there have been some hostile murmurs) may not be the only flicker of foreboding for Prince Charles as the couple's royal tour kicks off today.

It was during a previous visit to Sydney that Charles got one of the biggest shocks of his life when a student rushed on to the stage where he was presenting awards and fired two shots at him. **David Kang**, 24, was wrestled to the ground and the weapon was found to be a starting pistol.

Although Charles carried on with the ceremony, he was later said to be greatly upset by what he thought had been an assassination attempt. His assailant, who claimed he was depressed, received a sentence of 500 hours' community service and later trained as a barrister.

Happily there will be lighter moments; in New Zealand a visit to the mega-mall **Britomart** will include a peek at one of its most popular attractions: a waxing bar. Charles might like to try "manscaping" (the equivalent of that intimate treatment for women, a Brazilian). Customers are told to quote "Lady Garden" when booking to receive 20 per cent off this procedure.

★ Never mind the problems with ash trees, the **Queen** is more concerned with the poor performance of the Christmas trees on her Sandringham estate. "The wet weather has affected their growth," reports my man with the crested chainsaw. "Which means there will be fewer for sale to the public this year." Oh, dear, that means less cash for HM's coffers... could mean no brandy in the Christmas pudding this year.

★ One can hardly wait to devour the life story of **AMANDA HOLDEN**, which the star has declared she will deliver to her publishers next year. Naturally Miss Holden is far too busy, what with her duties as a judge on *Britain's Got Talent*, to write the book herself. At least it sounds as if this epic work, entitled *No Holden Back*, will be readable, given that Amanda has appointed **Wendy Holden** as her ghostwriter. They share the same surname but Wendy is no relation; she produces witty rom-coms from her summerhouse in Derbyshire. Yet when I call Wendy to congratulate her on this lucrative assignment she giggles: "No it isn't me! There's another **Wendy Holden** who writes biographies. Her latest one is about the **Jack Russell Uggie**, star of *The Artist*." For someone who writes like a dog (so to speak) **Wendy the real ghostwriter** reacts rather grandly to my enquiry, intoning: "Any ghost is prohibited by confidentiality agreements to discuss any aspect of the work they may or may not be doing which is the reason we are called 'ghosts', as we remain invisible and silent." Let's just hope she does justice to Amanda's exciting life, especially that fling with **Neil Morrissey** which broke up her marriage to **Les Dennis**. After all, **Amanda has said the backlash** over the affair was the worst thing that had happened to her, reflecting: "Up to that point I'd never been in any major trouble and I found the fall from grace incredibly hard to deal with. I'm a people pleaser and I can't bear not to be liked."



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\*Based on Passat Highline 1.6 TDI 105 PS 6-speed manual at 114g/km which equates to 16% BIK for company car drivers for Tax Year 2012/13. Model shown is a Passat Highline from £20,970. Official fuel consumption figures for the new Passat Highline in mpg (l/100km): urban 28.8 (9.8) - 54.3 (5.2); extra urban 50.4 (5.6) - 74.3 (3.8); combined 39.8 (7.1) - 65.7 (4.3). Combined CO<sub>2</sub> emissions 165 - 114g/km.

Picture: TIM WHITBY/Getty Images

Last week's 15th anniversary of the Princess of Wales's death wasn't observed with much deference by a swarm of moths amassing in Northampton.

The pesky critters are threatening to invade the exhibition of Diana's dresses at Althorp.

The display includes her wedding dress, Catherine Walker suits, and Versace and Azagury gowns. Plus a collection of outfits her brother, Earl Spencer, keeps in storage.



MOTH ALERT: Diana's wedding dress

So this is what celebrities are worth. A London dealer in memorabilia is selling strands of Michael Jackson's hair (thoughtfully salvaged when Jacko's locks were set alight during the filming of a Pepsi commercial) for £25.

Girls who worship Justin Bieber will scream with delight at the more affordable price for a cutting of their idol's locks, a snip at £99. For more mature customers there is a pair of Barbra Streisand's shoulder pads for £50.

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Age has not withered the few remaining working parts of the Marquis of Bath who, despite suffering a plethora of ailments, is off to Australia to cast his eye over the continent's cuties. The clutch of Lord Bath's 'wifelets' (the band of pliant lovelets who have had the dubious honour of slipping under the old god's tattered eyelids) have been surprised to learn that the Lions of Longleat is taking off for an Antipodean adventure. The Marquis's mistresses are concerned that the trip could finish him off, jeopardising the cottages on the Longleat estate which they earned in return for what Alexander Bath once boasted was his "multiple servicing".

But there's really no need to worry about their priapic patron's exertions Down Under. On his 80th birthday in May, Alexander Bath assured me he was feeling in the pink, although his hearing is going and he cannot walk too far. He has also discovered (and this should be a warning to Aussie girls) the restorative properties of Viagra.



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Official fuel consumption figures in mpg (litres/100km) for the up! range in mpg (litres/100km): urban 47.9 (5.9) - 56.5 (5.0); extra urban 70.6 (4.0) - 78.5 (3.6); combined 60.1 (4.7) - 68.9 (4.1). CO2 emissions 108 - 95g/km.

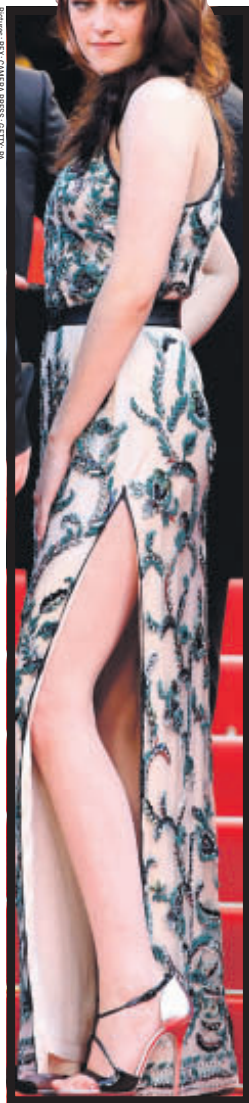
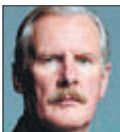


PHOTO: REX/CAMERA PRESS/GETTY

Despite KRISTEN STEWART's protestations of penitence after her "mistake" of sharing a bed with film director Rupert Sanders, which broke the heart of her boyfriend Robert Pattinson, the Twilight actress is straying back to the business of fornication. My man in Tinseltown reports that flirty pants Kristen has been allowed to pick the actor who will play her incestuous father in her next film, Lie Down In Darkness. After dismissing the producer's favourite, Colin Firth, as insufficiently "dark", she has chosen another British performer, Daniel Day Lewis. After all the negative publicity she received for deceiving Pattinson, Miss Stewart wants to redeem her reputation and views this movie to be a real winner, despite its unsavoury content. It will contain dreadful scenes of her playing a suicidal 22-year-old who has a sexual relationship with her father. Nice.

What can match the excitement, the glamour, the sheer honour of being in the cast of Downton Abbey? (Ed: what is it with you and Julian Fellowes?) Well, Scots actor David Robb admits he's "bored rigid" doing theatre after the fun of filming Lord Fellowes's fabulous work. (Is he paying you?) Anyway Mr Robb, who plays the dour Dr Clarkson in Downton, the one who misdiagnosed Matthew



Crawley's spinal injury, is finding that touring the country in a Dickens play, The Hauling, is rather dull.

"After Downton doing a play is bloody hard work," harrumphs Robb. "Some people are perfectly happy doing a show every evening. It just drives me nuts. I like the first few performances but then the process makes me start climbing the walls. I prefer filming."

Sounds like the doctor needs a spell in his own hospital and a good rub down from matron to regain his enthusiasm.



BEAUTY: Madeleine



MONEY: Tamara



BRAINS: Carol



FIRST LOVE: Koo



EXHAUSTING: Nancy

## Wanted: wife for Andrew (must have GSOH)

HE'S not exactly our favourite royal, so the demoralised Duke of York has decided the best way to increase the nation's affection for him is... to find a wife. Prince Andrew has witnessed, enviously, how the standing of his nephew Prince William has soared since his marriage to Kate, and even the image of his elder brother Prince Charles has softened thanks to his union with Camilla.

So now, at the age of 52, he's embarking on a hunt for a suitable woman with whom he can share the rest of his life, hopefully one who will smile sweetly as they share royal duties and not yawn when he suggests a night in watching his favourite golf DVDs.

Andrew's decision is bad news for the present Duchess of York, with whom he has maintained a platonic friendship since their divorce 20 years ago. A new bride is unlikely to want to share the ducal seat at Royal Lodge with Sarah, who has been allowed to stay there rent-free by her ex-hubby (much to the annoyance of Prince Philip).

Although he's well past his playboy days as "Randy Andy", I hear that the Queen's second son is trying his hardest and has been on a few dates, but so far no candidate has proved nubile enough to get to the next stage on the purple passage towards becoming an HRH.

It's not going to be an easy process, given that Andrew does not want Fergie to issue her usual forthright judgment on any girls he's been seen with. Indeed I'm told he has issued strict instructions to his protection officers not to disclose to Fergie any details of where, and whom, he is entertaining.

The dilemma is that he often cannot take companions back to Royal Lodge without alerting his former spouse. This leaves his two-bedroom apartment at Buckingham Palace which, despite its opulent setting,

is hardly conducive to romance. It's more like a student's crashpad, with garish lighting and Ikea-type furniture. There's also a large portrait of his mother over the bed which may be rather off-putting to prospective conquests. Andrew may also have to improve his technique. A former girlfriend once told me that the Prince's wooing was peremptory; he would ring her late at night and summon her to the Palace. With no offer of a relaxing drink (he's virtually teetotal) he would be waiting in his pyjamas, poised to whip off the candlewick bedspread for a brief spell of royal rumpy before ringing the security gate to let her out. Such a romantic!

So which lucky girl is in the running to become the Queen's daughter-in-law? Here's my light-hearted choice of the first five (fiery redheads need not apply):

**Carol Vorderman:** Single and looking for love, likes lying and could teach Andrew how to twiddle his abacus to add up those air miles.

**Tamara Ecclestone:** No more quibbles about the costs of flying. Her daddy Bernie would buy them a private jet and might throw in a yacht to replace Britannia.

**Nancy Dell'Olio:** This firecracker would laugh him into bed and teach him a thing or two while she's at it. Loves spaghetti, as he does.

**Koo Stark:** His first real love and the one he would have married had it not been for a furor over the discovery of a soft-porn film.

Emily, in which she disrobed. That now seems tame compared to Fergie's indiscretions and poor Koo has been unlucky in love ever since.

**Princess Madeleine of Sweden:** A union with the gorgeous younger daughter of King Carl of Sweden would make the monarchists happy. And she knows about coping with infidelity, she called off her wedding to lawyer Jonas Berstrom after he was caught canoodling with a Norwegian handball player.

**THOUGHTFUL: is the Duke of York in the mood for romance?**



Just what the hapless Nick Clegg needs; a lofty pronouncement from Lembit Oplik, the failed Lib Dem. "The Coalition will collapse before the next election," declares the human anagram. "When the Tories think they can win an election without the Lib Dems, then

things will change. Clegg is fighting a losing battle." And what, pray, is lolloping Lembit doing these days that he feels able to pontificate on such matters? He preens that he's "writing a screenplay; a parody about politics". The

former MP for Montgomeryshire is himself beyond parody. He will never be forgiven by the nation for mistreating weather-cutie Siân Lloyd, who broke off their engagement after she accused Oplik of excessive drinking and sending saucy texts to other women, which he signed "Puppy Dog".

## Daniel stays ice-cool



TO ensure every inch of Daniel Craig's taut body (steady girls) is toned in readiness for the November premiere of his third James Bond film, the brooding hunk has been back for more pampering at the Hertfordshire health spa Champneys.

Earlier this year I noted how Craig had surprised his man toying with the limp loafah when he popped into the sauna at the health farm. Daniel admitted, rather endearingly, that he was nervous about his next treatment, a session of cryotherapy, a suitably James Bond-style technique of being blasted in an ice chamber with liquid nitrogen at minus 100 degrees.

This procedure, said to relieve tiredness, is favoured by Champneys regular Cherie Blair. Fortunately Daniel did not encounter Mrs Blair in the chamber this time. That would be just too chilling, even for 007.

Former environment minister Tim Yeo caused David Cameron to turn pink with anger when he goaded the PM to prove he was either a "man or a mouse" over his reluctance to commit to a third runway at Heathrow. Curious that Yeo has totally reversed his former opposition to expansion and now says another runway is vital to woo the Chinese to increase their business here. Mr Yeo receives £50,000 a year from TMO Renewables, an energy firm which has just signed an agreement to increase its trade with... China.

CAN'T wait until the launch of Pippa Middleton's book on entertaining, especially as Her Royal Highness is already describing it in such clichéd terms as her "journey" and (modestly) "a milestone publication".

Miss Middleton gushes that it will be: "a feel-good book with ideas to look forward to each month, providing threads of lasting memories, be it around a table lit with candles in winter, outside on a rug in summer or in the autumn, perched on a leaf-covered bench, hot drink in hand." There's no doubt this is going to be the manual that no home can be without. If only to prop up that wobbly table in the morning room.