



Jaci Stephen

At last it seems that ITV has turned a corner with the appointment of outgoing BBC chairman Michael Grade as executive chairman. The clever, funny and colourful Grade was born to the entertainment industry, both literally and metaphorically, and viewers can at last breathe a sigh of relief.

Grade will not appoint a new chief executive for two years, so can I suggest a new show that would bring forth the right candidate and provide the broadcaster with some much-needed new entertainment: Chief Exec Idle.

Candidates would be required to audition for the post by undergoing rigorous tasks, such as (a) find their way to a television studio without resorting to satellite navigation or going via The Ivy (b) recognise and interact with the studio audience upon their arrival (c) learn how to switch a television on.

It's going to be a tough competition but with Grade's help I really think they can find the right person for the job.

If you fail in your quest to be crowned Chief Exec Idle, you might consider plastic surgery; in fact, the two are probably not dissimilar – stick the knife in, dig out the dross, mop up the spilt blood and take a fat pay cheque.

Plastic Surgery School goes inside London's Institute of Cosmetic and Reconstructive Surgery, which trains surgeons in a field that is, astonishingly, unregulated. Under the watchful eye of consultant Dai Davies, patients can enjoy cut-price surgery with the trainees, whose standards have to be of the highest if they are to make the grade.

As someone currently considering plastic surgery, I confess to a new macabre interest in the slicing and chopping of human flesh and the many different reasons why people choose to go under the knife.

Ex-model Vanessa, for example, wanted a facelift to knock ten years off her looks. Dai did one side of her face and trainee Andrew Lyons the other (personally, I'd be worried about the possible Bell's Palsy outcome of this division of labour, but it worked very well).

The trouble was Vanessa's face was now terrific but her make-up and hair were still a mess. What is the point of taking a few inches from your jaw when you still paint your lipstick on to within a millimetre of your nose?

Dai is an articulate, clearly brilliant surgeon, an extraordinary teacher and an incredibly amiable TV pres-



Here's a great way to give ITV a facelift

ence. His experience enables him to nail the reasons why patients want to change their bodies but he is not there to make moral judgments, and his realistic expectations make him a breath of fresh air in an industry so full of bull. All I have to decide now is which side of me I want him to do.

I wonder whether plastic surgery would enable me to find a multimillionaire to keep me in the manner to which I have never become accustomed. Have you noticed how some women just so happen to find them, wherever they go in the world? I travel between four

countries regularly and am lucky to find a thug from Bolton who will stretch to a second pint of Stella.

Pamela Harriman married Churchill's son Randolph and used her new surname to mingle with the rich and famous all her life. Her 'courtesan' activities (ie slapper) found her lovers and husbands in Britain, America and France, and when she died in 1997, US President Bill Clinton led the tributes at her funeral.

It was she who was 'choreographer in chief' when the Democratic Party brought the young Governor of Arkansas into their fold, and her

reward in 1993 was the job of US ambassador to France.

Her story is a fascinating one, but one that was irritatingly told here with a clichéd voiceover, delivered by Clare Higgins in a dreadful Jackanory style. Still, at least I learned how to manipulate the male sex: it has nothing to do with getting your kit off, but sending them a gift of a Cartier cigarette box the morning after dinner. So that's where I've been going wrong.

The chances of meeting a multimillionaire on the streets of Hackney must be pretty slim, so imagine the pleasure locals felt upon dis-