y teeth, and lit up.
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the miner won hun-
nd to his cause, and
t party to promote
On' campaign, the
learning how to do
and, in the words
ing that on to two
Willie the farmer
into his barn and
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gle mum Natasha,
s one of the chief
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pressively enough,
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ker. I'm wearing
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'Pass It On idea
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Julie ate both Mick's food and her own words. Then she sat smoking while Jamie hung his head

watching them. Oh, yes, by the way – I don't know quite when this happened, but one of the offshoots of our being able to cook better, or at least profess more interest, is that we're now allowed, apparently, to swear on telly. Who'd have thought it? It wasn't rock, or youth, or anger, or politics which broke the mould, but... programmes about baking pies. Gordon Ramsay's *F Word*. This Jamie thing, which was also crammed with the same of what our broadcasters, including C4 in this instance, will insist on cautioning us against as the weirdly defined 'strong language'. (Is it really? How strong is it? Isn't it, sometimes, perhaps, weak?) Anyway: here it was natural, and generally

REMEMBER BUT NOT YET

I have never been so glad to see a spider. It was with trepidation, and a twitchy kind quite possibly caused by local morons scaring the local dogs by starting to blow up fireworks almost a month early, that I switched on *Question Time* on Thursday.

Would they be as daftly early? Would they have started, like the firework dullards, to wear the poppy, almost a

One family had, proudly, bought a table. To eat on. Viewers had seen despair, and blithe hope, caught on camera, wreathed in smoke. Remembered that there are worse things in life than people swearing. Not the end of the world then.

No, for the world to end, you've got to wait for love. Worlds ended, for a glorious hour, in the **Imagine** documentary about this traitorous emotion, nicely under-presented by Alan Yentob. The premise, essentially, was: what do love stories tell us about love? In truth, very little. Early on, tellingly enough, we had footage of *Love Story*, all orange faces and whirping violins. The famous tagline there was 'Love means never having to say you're sorry', which I will forever think of as one of the most wise, cogent and honest pieces of billboard truth ever devised if you just substitute the word 'never' with the word 'always'.

But if Hollywood gets it wrong, so does literature: always has. 'Love stories' as such, as we know them, can never exist without drama, war, obstacles. Pretty much every single great love story – *Othello*, *Casablanca*, *Camelot*, *Debbie Does Dallas* – ends, of course, very badly. There is no room, concluded the wise and immensely watchable contributions to this little delight, in the 'love story', for the drudgery of day-to-day happiness. There must be death, hatred, obstruction, for a tale to be told. Quiet lifetime allegiances in Rotherham wouldn't have a look-in. For real love, proper dramatic love, to exist, we must be thinking about it every minute of every day, and be in a certain amount of pain. It sounded a little like toothache, and thus got it, Love, right on the nub.

Best contributor, as happens much these days, was Adam Phillips, who thought that, when we fall in love, it is for the second time. We first, as children, fall in love with our parents. Time passes, and when we meet someone we tend to invent, adapt, mould our paramours to recover an earlier experience. Hmm. Hello, Mum. Anyway, this was a fabulously near-perfect programme, although, if they were ever going to follow it up, I'd love to learn not how much drama takes from real-life love but how much we now invent, in our own love lives, drama to fill.

We also learned, by the way, that there is one Mills & Boon book sold every three seconds in the UK. Somewhere out there, there's a terribly keen reader.

James Bond fell in love once in the books, twice so far in the films. Melvyn Bragg, who wrote, edited, everything-ed this **South Bank Show** special, and presumably didn't cry too much about having to go and interview Connery and co, did something very good here. He allowed Daniel Craig to speak.

Craig, famously rubbish and borderline vapid on who-are-you-shagging chat shows, showed why he's such a good Bond. He'd read the books, watched the films; gave up, read the new scripts, liked them, used his brain. 'In the books there was no deep character