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in the spirit of punk, to revolt us. But Dawn from Glasgow, a Madonna in dyed-black hair, painted eyebrows and three nose rings and three lip rings, said she wore them to increase her allure.

This disgracefully compulsive programme was a mass of contradictions. It crusaded to empower women, yet patronised them in the process. It insisted on a woman's right to make choices yet scolded them when they chose mascara. It was presented by a man who, as he admitted, made his living from applying make-up, and by a beautiful woman, Myleene Klass, who interviewed the pale and spotty from beneath the cover of slap herself (although she insisted that she used much less than in her prime). Personally, I was with Six Studs. Applying dollops of the stuff in preparation for the judges who would whittle the 25 remaining hopefuls down to 12, Dawn declared: "Today I choose to wear make-up. Tomorrow I may choose not to."

Clare Beavan of **Imagine** came up with a delightful and near perfect film on the



Here come the girls (and Gok)

Gok Wan and Myleene Klass joined forces to liberate women from the tyranny of lookism

power and influence of the love story. Proceeding via word association more than anything else, the documentary galloped past Jane Austen, courtly love, *Brief Encounter*, the songs of Hal David, Mills and Boon and *Lolita*, before arriving at the tentative conclusion that modern-day love stories were doomed because most of the obstacles to contemporary Romeo and Juliets getting together — class, race, war, stiff upper lips — had been removed. Happy endings were becoming ineluctable. Helen Fielding spoke well and Jeffrey Eugenides even better. Claire Tomalin made the valuable point that Jane Austen did not write love stories but satires that contained love stories as plot devices. It was just a lovely film with scholarly interviews conducted al fresco, weird monochrome cartoons of Shakespeare stories, and the clips *juste* from the movies *juste*. The only blemish

— which showed up the beauty of the rest of the programme — were the nonsensical interventions of *Imagine's* favourite Freudian, the penis-nosed and pubic-haired Adam Phillips, who "explained" that when we fall in love for the first time we are re-creating the moment we fell in love with our parents. Obviously.

In its HD glory, **Suggs' Italian Job** was visually lovely, too, but it suffered from a fatal lack of intellectual ambition. It was only one step up from a tourist board travelogue. Suggs deserves better. He is a presenter who is bright and witty. He was confronted with the iconic Alessi lemon squeezer — the one that looks like a spacecraft from *The War of the Worlds* — and the designer told him that it was the most controversial lemon squeezer in history. But then, observed Suggs, there was not much competition for that title. ●

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Lindsey Bareham

Herb potato cakes with griddled courgettes

Peel, chunk, rinse and boil potatoes in salted water until tender. Serves 2-3

Drain, pass through a ricer (or a food processor) and mix with...

eat it with

Christine Bleakley

The One Show
BBC One, 7pm

