



# SIOBHAN McNALLY

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Guest columnist

## I'VE GOT NEWS FOR CLARKSON



### RANTING Jeremy on the show

With 25 years already on the clock, series 50 of the Beeb's most well-established, anti-establishment satirical news quiz, *Have I Got News For You*, got a jump-start from another old broadcasting banger, Jeremy Clarkson.

Apparently the sacked *Top Gear* host wasn't allowed to say the C word on air. Must be the first time he's not been able to talk about himself.

Despite the gas-guzzler's best ranty right-wing efforts to deflect the panel's scorn on to new Labour leader Jeremy Corbyn, Pointless presenter and hero of the hour Richard Osman defended the sick, weak and all those not on a £10million salary.

Come the revolution, Clarkson, you'll be the first up against the wall.

When you think about it, cameras didn't have to travel all the way to the South American wilderness to film a female tarantula falling into a trance-like state so her mate can deliver his package on BBC2's *Patagonia: Earth's Secret Paradise*. This is what happens to most people in the local post office queue.



## Life's sweet for car nerd Paul



### BONDING Hollywood behind the wheel

Now that the *Great British Bake Off* commands over 10 million viewers per episode, I expect we'll be seeing more jumping on the bandwagon spin-offs like *Licence To Thrill: Paul Hollywood Meets Aston Martin*.

Turns out that when Hollywood's not dipping his fingers in other people's soggy bottoms, the nerdy car-spotter is racing round the country in his DBS *Volante* pretending he's James Bond.

What fascinating documentaries can we expect next? Will Mary Berry go behind the scenes at a Shipton button-making factory? Will Mel and Sue get to meet their childhood heroes - *The Fingerbobs*? All this and more paid for by your licence fee.

# Colosseum cruelty of Emperor Cowell

**"We who are about to die... will sing to you" would have been the chant from the 14 gladiator girls facing the cruel and inhuman Six Chair Challenge if they'd lived in the Roman Empire.**

It may be 2015, but Emperor ~~Nero~~ Cowell has opened *The X Factor* games at Wembley Colosseum to satisfy the talent-thirsty screams of the baying crowd.

Branding his genius format "a lion's den", the prime-time tyrant has created a spectacle for the masses.

Joined by his judges - Prima Ora, Caesar Fernandez Versini and Brutus Grimshaw - on Sunday night's show, the first of Emperor Cowell's gratuitously long-drawn out *Six Chair Challenges* got under way.

If Emperor Cowell's empire-building plan is to bore us all into submission by the time the live shows actually start, then I have to say, it's working.

We only had to watch two hours of the epic recording, which must have ended way past the bedtimes of half the audience and explains why, over-tired and frantic from too much fizzy pop, they screamed the place down.

As if to prove he is now the show's elder statesmen, Emperor Cowell has grown a beard and knifed Louis Walsh in the back.

But when they handed out the categories on Sunday night, Emperor Cowell got all queenie at being given the *Over-25s*. "Oh for futeo's sake, you're winding me up?"



SHORT STRAW Rita Ora gets the news

he swore in front of the kids, probably to make himself look cool.

Caesar got groups, Brutus got boys, but the judge who'd truly drawn the short mentoring straw was Prima Ora.

And now it was down to her to decide which trembling, weeping teenager got the thumbs-up or thumbs-down as she whittled 14 girls down to six.

Hopefully Prima's pay rise to jump ship from *The Voice* should go some way to salvaging her conscience.

"Let the games begin," cried Emperor, or something like that, and the contestants were pushed on to the stage to await their fate by gibbering double act Flack & Murs. I can only say that some

of them must have been bitten by some very hungry lions because there was a lot of screeching and wailing.

One poor girl even flung herself to the floor to beg forgiveness after singing Whitney Houston's *I Will Always Love You*, a crime so heinous I think it should always be punishable by death.

But the nastiness really started when all six chairs were taken and Prima Ora had to start turfing girls out to make way for even louder singers.

Turning to the howling audience who were screaming: "Off! Off! Off!" and waving numbers of fingers in the air, Prima gave the people what they really wanted - the sight of hot, shamed tears from rejected little girls who'd been singing into a hairbrush for as long as they could remember.

With a talent for torture like that, Emperor Cowell can expect a call from Syria's President al-Assad any day now.

Some of them must have been bitten by some very hungry lions

## BANG BANG GOES VINE

Most unsettling viewing of the week was watching Jeremy Vine have a mid-life crisis on week two of *Strictly Come Dancing*.

Looking more like Chitty Chitty Bang Bang's Child Catcher as he wiggled his fingers and dad-danced across the floor, Darcey Bussell said kindly:

"I can see a Fred Astaire in you."

I think she meant Fred West.



### Move over Daniel

Craig, your number's up as 007 - you've been replaced by a small white mouse who goes at it like a rabbit.

The remaking of kids' classic *Danger Mouse* on CBBC sees the hero turned into an animated Bond, which means a two-dimensional cartoon still has more character than the one-dimensional Craig.



## 70s SHOW HAS ITS KNOCKERS

It's not every Friday night you get the chance to see a pair of clackers being lovingly fondled, but ITV's new 1970s family sitcom *The Kennedys* did its best to take us back to a time when big boobs were enough to cushion even the most feeble of storylines.

### Even the marvellous Anne-Marie

Duff can't save the new BBC1 Sunday night cop series *From Darkness*. "Look at you," she says to her ex-colleague. "Fat, embittered, heavy-drinking, middle-aged male detective. Do you know how much of a cliché that is?"

Look, love, I write the reviews around here.

### Dead-Pan-Asian Romesh

Ranganathan takes punning to new heights with his funny Cockney Lanka-meets-Jonny-Foreigner travelogue

in *Asian Provocateur* BBC Three's new series on Friday.

After being ordered by his mum to get back to his roots in Sri Lanka, the comic finds himself being bussed by locals with a lifeless bird.

Surely where he comes from in Crawley, that's considered a hot date?

## Marking 5 years of Essex goss

The *Only Way Is Essex* was due back on our screens at 10pm on Sunday night, but due to UK border control at Gatwick mistaking the entire cast for non-English speaking illegal aliens, they were still stuck in Marbs.

Luckily by 11pm, in *All Back To Essex*, presenter Mark "giz-a-job" Wright had mounted a dangerous rescue mission to smuggle the shameless economic migrants back to a UK studio to celebrate five years on our TV screens.

It soon becomes clear that many of them can't remember that far back.

In this week's episode of ITV's *Dullton Abbey*, the Earl of Grantham complains to Carson about a touch of indigestion.

IAN HYLAND IS AWAY