

# THE BROOK INTERVIEW

**A**FTER DEEP probing, I'm at the bottom of the rumour that Joanna Lumley is having her bottom lifted. The tale of her tail has raised friends' eyebrows, and brought out her few enemies' knives.

For three sore months, Ms Lumley has been sitting on her feelings about the story that she's soon to fly to Morocco to have her "sagging" behind stitched up like a frayed skirt hem.

Yesterday, she let them rip. "It's the daftest thing I've heard in my life," she said. "If I was going to go bust on spending that sort of money, I'd do the bits that show, not the bits that flap around under a long skirt."

"I wouldn't mind so much if there was anything wrong with my bottom. There isn't. Only this morning I angled all the bathroom mirrors and had a long, steady look at it. It's much the same as it always was."

## CRUSH

The Sapphire girl's eyes flashed. For two of the pins which they're supposed to be using to tack her up, she'd have flashed more to make her point.

The tall story, she says, crept up on her. Once afoot, it was well past her knees and up round her hips before she'd time to sit on and crush it.

Admittedly, she blames herself for talking too loudly at a party to fellow actress, Adrienne Posta, who has a fixation that her own bottom hangs down like badly hung curtains.

"So far as I could see she'd no bottom at all, but when she went on about it, I told her that a chum of mine who'd had a nasty operation, and been split from stem to stern, had gone to Morocco where they'll take you apart and zip you back up without a scar."

## PAIN

Next morning, Ms Lumley's face dropped to read in the Sunday papers... "Avenger Girl rushes to have buttocks lifted... much money... terrible pain..."

"From then on the rumour spread like some dreadful fungus," she said.

"I don't blame Adrienne, because if she says I said I'd go to Morocco with her, I probably did. I'm the sort of enthusiastic fool who throws herself into the spirit of things with friends."

"If it was a wet day and you suddenly said 'let's go and live in India', I'd probably shout, 'oh, wonderful!' and be half way to buying a ticket."

With hindsight, Ms Lumley insists that lifting a friend's spirits is one thing. Hoisting up anything else is out of the question which everyone is needing her by asking. How much does having your bottom lifted hurt?

Like hell, I told her. Even Princess Ira von Fustenberg, Europe's gayest playgirl who's said to have had everything lifted—face, bosom, eyelids, and anything else that's come loose—has always denied that her much-lifted



Getting to the bottom of it...

# THE TAIL OF JOANNA

"Other women are bitches, they even accuse me of having my fingertips done," the beautifully embroidered Princess (and I don't mean her clothes) once told me. "The bottom would be too painful, and what would you do with the scars? I'd rather have crepey skin hanging out of my bikini than ugly marks."

Dr Tom Stephenson, Hollywood's world famous plastic surgeon, who's raised everything but the dead, confirmed to me. "A lifted butt is agony, and only looks good if you're interested in a terrific rear view with your clothes on. You can tuck a lifted bosom under your armpits, but there's no place to hide buttock scars, so a raised bottom looks awful in a bikini."

"Go ON!!!" gasped Ms Lumley, her eyes now as round as her tight, size 35, uplifted little bottom.

## CHANGES



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## CHANGES

But if Ms Lumley's bottom still sits where it did, her top changes regularly. As New Avenger, Purdy, she made headlines with her bobbed blonde hair-do, and millions of girls with mushroom hair-cuts sprang up overnight.

For the spook similar "Sapphire and Steel," she grew long, pale, wraithlike yellow locks to her bang shoulders.

"When I got sick of that, I cut it short again, but shorter than Purdy. I looked terrible—I'd quietly turned into a Julie Andrews. So I went Punk. The Sapphire producers—they've just asked me to do another 20—are passing out."

The razor she won't have near her bottom has made purple hay of her head. By punk, she means the real, ragged thing. Very short,

spiky, and looking like a mop that's been left overnight in a bottle of green cabbage.

"I think it's a reaction to my very British image," said the Indian army officer's daughter who sounds like she and, at 33, still looks as fresh and scrubbed as a punk schoolboy's knee.

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## ROTTEN

Despite the fact that her schoolboy son, by a man she has always refused to name ("that would be rotten, like

ringing him up and asking to pay for the boy's shoes") is now 12. "And he's just my size, so we've started having tussles over who gets whose jacket, and who wears our mutual pair of green army boots.

"I've always been my own woman, and liberated, but the frightfully well-bred British image still sticks," she said. "It's my voice, not my face. I'm not really the English girl who plays netball and never wears make-up.

"I'm mad about punk. I walk round the Chelsea gutters getting terribly excited

by the kids in their diamanté safety pins and electric socks. Though I must say I let out a shriek when I saw my new hair in the mirror.

"Now I look like a cross between Julie Andrews and Alvin Stardust."

## MONSTER

Next week, Ms Lumley will make even bigger, flashier headlines. She and two partners have put in a stupendous bid for two warehouses and six-and-a-half acres of

London dockland on which they plan to raise a world-shaking art complex.

"It'll be a monster, a whole new city," she enthused. "We plan three major film studios, two theatres for plays, opera and ballet, a video tape library—buying movies for your own telly is the coming thing—restaurants, shops, and 1,000 permanent jobs for people in the area."

Her plans are being held up only by the Port of London Authority which is dragging its feet.

"That makes me wild," snapped Ms Lumley, her

blazing hair on end. "They're always yapping about 'Make Dockland Live Again,' yet here we are, ready and waiting, while they treat us like the little old lady who has to wait 10 years to get permission to put up a bike shed.

## IDEAS

"We've got fantastic ideas for the complex, and the money—£25 million guaranteed by a merchant bank—ready and waiting.

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"We've lost so much in this

country. We've so much talent around with nowhere to go but America. Well, now's the time to create a British place where people can create—make their own films, put on huge musicals, anything they want.

"I hate the word 'Art'—it sounds so glib and pompous. But we really could make the British Arts rise like a Phoenix," she said, springing up excitedly, her feathery hair flaming.

She was uplifted. Without scissors or thread. Joanna Lumley is not just a pretty bottom.



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