

UPDATE



GOING UP

❖ FESTOONING

Wrapping oneself in fabulous fabric, as seen at the Marc by Marc Jacobs show. Do this now

❖ PAOLO NUTINI

Hmm, new album out in April. Readying ourselves for a whole summer of crush

❖ CURATE YOUR BOOKSHELF

We like David Bowie's picks on show at Louis Vuitton's London flagship: the Old Testament, and The Hedgehog and the Fox. Cryptically random

❖ THE McVITIE'S SWEET CAMPAIGN

Fluffy tarsiers, squishy kittens and cuddly puppies. Swoooooon

❖ ACID HOUSE: THE TRUE STORY

New account of those years by Luke Bainbridge. A bandanna-wearing, saucer-eyed big read

❖ SKY-HIGH CATWALK

BA and Harrods team up to show the latest modes mid-flight. Tea? Coffee? Couture?

❖ SWEET PIZZA

Tiramisu pizza, chocolate calzone. More cheese, please

❖ 'SUPER AWKS'

Another of those trendy and annoying abbreviations

❖ GLUTEN

Helpless in the face of new find-a-gluten-free-restaurant app, Gluugle (secretly, it's the name we love)

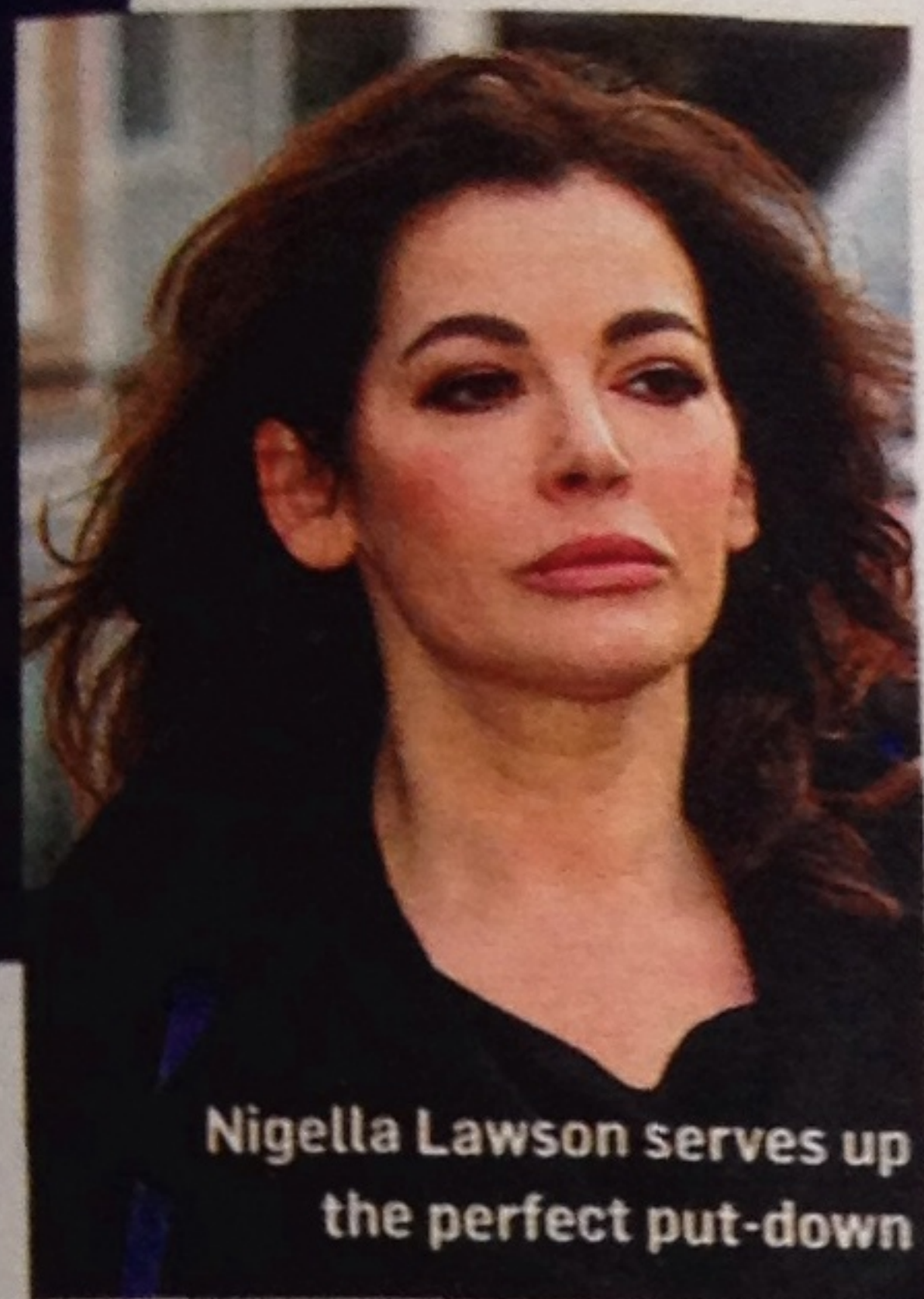
❖ BOOTY BLING

Studded with two million quid's worth of diamonds — but useless in the rain



GAVIN ROGERS, GETTY, CATWALKING

GOING DOWN



Nigella Lawson serves up the perfect put-down

CAMILLA LONG A BLAST FROM THE PASTA



Congratulations to Nigella Lawson, who has delivered the chicest put-down so far this year. Following news that Trinny Woodall may have made a catty reference to *that* lunch in a piece about ageing (yes, random), Lawson posted a link for spaghetti alla puttanesca on the web. "Slut's spaghetti is recipe of the day," she trilled. "Do I need to say anything more?" As it happened, she did.

She later clarified that the pasta had "no agenda" and that she hadn't called Trinny a slut. "Slut's spaghetti is an old fave of mine," she cooed, which only confirmed everyone's suspicion that she had indeed been slagging off her ex-husband's new girlfriend. Or had she? (Bear with, bear with.) It is true that Woodall, now Charles Saatchi's lover, had written an article on turning 50, in which she said that at 50 "life can still grab you by the throat". It is true Trinny had apparently taken a swipe at Nigella's plumpious beauties by saying: "If you used to like showing your cleavage, just be aware your skin probably looks like old chamois leather now." But it was also true that Nigella's tweet could have referred to Francesca Grillo, following reports that she is now bonking a married former police officer who had given evidence during the trial for the great Gucci slalom. To which I say: poor, poor, poor Nigella.

Can you imagine if every time you did anything everyone assumed you were trying to call Trinny Woodall a slut? Can you imagine if every single idea, tweet, recipe and picture of quivering deliciousness was immediately linked to a woman whose most significant contribution remains "cashmere makes your tits look great"? Can you imagine how odd it would also feel if, failing Trinny, the next person everyone thought of was Francesca Grillo, a woman who once claimed she would "rather go to jail than live in Battersea".

This is not the first time Nigella has been betrayed by one of her recipes, of course. During the trial last year, she probably came to regret her great idea for ham in coke. Spaghetti alla puttanesca is the perfect slut's dish, a sexy, quick and easy pile of sauce from southern Italy, and, while I'm impressed if Nigella did mean to brand

someone a slut, I've always thought of being called a slut as more a compliment than anything. Sluts are fabulous and messy and naughty and fun, just like the dish: the only thing worse than being called a slut is not being called a slut. No: the only sensible explanation is that Nigella was referring not to Trinny or Francesca Grillo, but to herself.

I have become totally addicted to internet quizzes. In the past 24 hours, I've taken What Font Are You? (courier) and Which Disney Princess Are You? (Cinderella), as well as Which Medieval Plague Are You? (scrofula) and Which Vladimir Putin Are You? (warrior Putin: "You came to power vowing to 'wipe [terrorists] out in the shithouse', and you've never looked back"). Obviously I'd like to extend this to the world of fashion, where everything is one big quiz. At Milan, for example, this week, the questions will include "emotionally, what shoe are you?" (clog) and "what sort of front-row bitch are you?" (Glenda Bailey), "which second-rate 1990s model are you?" (Tatjana Patitz), and "which unnecessarily bared body part are you?" (the lower rim of the bum-cheek). The ultimate question is always: "What Karl Lagerfeld are you?" To which the only correct answer is "the thin one".

Please can we discuss Kate Middleton's giant diamonds? I only ask because at a party at the National Portrait Gallery two weeks ago, the royal hairbrush turned up with weird spaniel curls and an entire chest of jewels. The rocks were lent by the Queen, who recently slut-shamed Kate into a whole new low-key look by saying she needed to ditch the short skirts and break out the bling and take advice from her own dresser, fusty old hatpin Angela Kelly. The massive diamond necklace was Kate's first display of power ice. As Alan Clark once didn't say, the Queen doesn't want any member of the royal family looking like someone who has to buy her own furniture. The question now is, what next? I am hoping Kate becomes so seriously addicted to estate jewels that she ends up looking like Donatella Versace playing a barmaid in a provincial production of The Beggar's Opera. ❖