

HICKEY



DUE to release her autobiography this September, outspoken actress Miriam Margolyes, *pictured*, will doubtless include unflattering recollections of old foe John Cleese.

I'm reminded the bad blood between the pair dates back to their university days at the Cambridge Footlights in the early 1960s. Call The Midwife star Miriam, 80, once recalled of Cleese and his male pals: "They really didn't like me and I really didn't like them...they loved women to go to bed with, but they didn't like my sort of woman. They didn't think I was funny."

Relations haven't improved in subsequent decades, with Miriam also remarking: "I don't like Cleese. I find him quite rude and he can't stand me."



GLAMOROUS talkRADIO host Julia Hartley-Brewer, 53, tells ITV's This Morning: "The last time I went to my NHS dentist, it turned out they make a lot more money from Botox than they do from dental treatments." She adds: "He suggested I had Botox...he's lucky to survive with his teeth intact."

REFLECTING on his years in Oasis, guitarist Noel Gallagher reveals why he rather than estranged brother and band frontman Liam sang the group's famous 25-year-old hit Don't Look Back In Anger.

Blaming vocalist Liam's volatile behaviour during concerts, songwriter Noel, 53, explains to Mojo magazine: "I was so ***** off with him walking off stage and me having to take over and do the gig. I remember thinking, 'If I'm going to keep doing this, I want a big ***** song to sing.'"

Noel and Liam haven't made peace since a backstage bust-up marked the end of Oasis in 2009...

OSCAR-WINNER Dame Emma Thompson, *pictured*, who plays the dastardly Baroness von Hellman in new movie Cruella, announces she wanted her canine co-star fired for stealing the limelight.



Discussing working with Bluebell the Chihuahua – known as Wink in the film – the 62-year-old actress jokes: "I told stories. I said he'd come and widdled on one of my costumes, and nobody believed me. They just knew I was lying and that it was just a vicious attempt to get rid of this dog that was, frankly, upstaging me and getting in my light. The dog was an obstacle."

LOOKING back on his endeavours to break into show business as a teenager when entering Butlin's talent contests, Les Dennis, 67, remembers: "I was on with a double act called The Harper Brothers, who went on to be Cannon and Ball." He swiftly adds: "We both lost."

ASSESSING our future Eurovision prospects after the weekend's "nul points", presenter Jeremy Vine suggests how we might triumph in 2022.

"The strongest voice we have is David Attenborough," Vine points out on his Channel 5 show, playfully adding: "You can have a rock band and he narrates something."

Over to you, Sir David...



EXCLUSIVE
By Dr Kevin Dutton

THERE IS an iconic photo of Daley Thompson winning the European decathlon title in Athens in 1982. After the final event, the brutal 1,500 metres, he's literally the last man standing, staring down at the rest of the field lying vanquished at his feet. At the time, when asked about the image, Thompson made light of it. There wasn't enough room left on the track for him, he explained, so he'd had to stand.

The real reason, of course, was that he was sending out a message ahead of the Olympics. Not just to his beaten rivals. But to himself: "I'm up here, boys. And you're down there. And there's plenty more left in the tank."

If the Duke of Sussex came to me for therapy, the first thing I would do is show him this picture. It was taken, as it turns out, barely one month after his mother, Lady Diana Spencer, married into the House of Windsor. Somewhere, I've still got the mug.

The profound wisdom it contains wasn't lost on another of our great Olympians, Sir Steve Redgrave.

As an up-and-coming rower, Redgrave says Thompson crystallised, for him, what being a sporting hero was all about. Total domination, yes. But more subtly, and most importantly, that message you send to yourself.

After their first World Championship victory together in Vienna in 1991, a young Matthew Pinsent found himself on the receiving end of Thompson's, and now Redgrave's, wisdom.

Exhausted after a lung-bursting effort, Redgrave instructed Pinsent to resist the temptation to double up over the oars and instead to sit up straight.

He wanted to convey to the opposition that it would take something truly special to wrest the Olympic crown off them in Barcelona the following year.

IN HINDSIGHT, however, Redgrave admits that there was some deeper psychology afoot. "In reality," he recalls, "I was only convincing myself that we were invincible." There is a lesson here for the embattled Prince Harry.

Whatever we do, whatever we say, has two audiences. On the one hand, there are those who are party to our actions. Other people. And on the other, there's ourselves.

When the message is the same for both of those audiences, as it was for Daley Thompson and Steve Redgrave – "I'm invincible" – then that's fine.

When our social identity and personal identity – how others see us and how we see ourselves – align, we have a coherent sense of self.

YEARS OF HURT: A young Prince Harry with mum Diana in 1988



Yes, let's talk Harry...just not too much

As the Duke of Sussex takes part in yet more painful unburdening, this time for a mental health documentary, a leading psychologist warns too much therapy risks embedding trauma and victimhood forever

But when there exists a disparity between the two, when the signal we send out to others interferes with the signal that we send "in" to ourselves, it isn't fine. We're asking for serious trouble.

There's no denying the stigma surrounding mental health.

In particular, when it comes to seeking help. And, even more so, when it comes to men seeking help.

Three times as many men as women die by suicide.

A mere 36 per cent of referrals to NHS talking therapies are for men. And men are three times more likely than women to become dependent on alcohol and report

frequent substance abuse. So, it's good to talk. And it's no bad thing to encourage others to talk as well. On the flip side, however, Harry has been talking for years.

To counsellors, psychiatrists, alternative therapists, and, more recently, Oprah Winfrey and documentary and podcast makers. That's a long time and a lot of talking. Too much, perhaps?

Quite possibly, yes. Recent scientific evidence suggests we don't all deal with trauma in the same way. We differ considerably. Strategies range from action-oriented coping styles – doing stuff – to the more reflective end of the spectrum, thinking and talking.

NONE strategy is right. And no one strategy is wrong. It just depends on how we're wired. One man's couch is another man's Harley-Davidson.

But that's not all. Research also shows some individuals can be "re-traumatised" by clinical practices that place too much emphasis on opening old wounds.

This isn't rocket science. It's common sense. Elite sportspeople talk all the time



A WORD TO THE WISE: Harry, left, re-lives his childhood trauma for US television; and with wife Meghan, above, revealing all to chat show host Oprah Winfrey

the star of the show yourself. And you're directing it.

Imagine your fans are hanging on your every word, feverishly anticipating every next plot twist and bombshell revelation. Are you not going to write the next line? Act the next scene? Wrap the next shoot?

Of course you are.

And here's where my reservations lie. I fear Harry continues to unburden himself not because it's doing him any good. But to feel the love of the crowd. This isn't valour talking. It's validation.

It's the neuro hit of knowing that there are people out there who are on his side. Who get him. Who disavow the Queen and her "fascist" regime. And who want to stir the pot. Never mind the b*****s, here's Harry.

It's a dangerous road to go down. Over time he'll start to become typecast. Not just in the eyes of his audience. But in his own.

HE'LL have pressed the rewind button so many times on the horses' hooves clattering down the Mall, drawing his mother's coffin, on the speeding car snaking through the backstreets of Kensington with the People's Princess tearful at the wheel, an insatiable paparazzi in frenzied pursuit, and he and William buckled in on the back seat, that the frame will freeze for eternity.

There, forever preserved on the flickering neural silver screen of his brain, will be the strawberry-fringed, peekaboo ghost no words can lay to rest. A little boy lost in a world gone crazy with stardust.

There's a Zen proverb that Harry could do with hearing.

Two monks – one old and wise, the other new and full of good intentions – come to a deep, fast-flowing river. A young woman also wants to cross and asks for their help.

The two monks glance at each other. They've both taken a vow to never touch a woman.

Then, without any further ado, the older monk picks the woman up, crosses the river and sets her down gently on the other side.

Time passes, and hours later the younger monk can no longer contain himself.

"Why did you carry that woman when we took a vow never to touch a member of the opposite sex?" he asks.

The older monk smiles.

"I put her down a long time ago at the side of the river," he says.

"Why are you still carrying her?"

● See @TheRealDrKev on Twitter for more information; *Black and White Thinking: The Burden of a Binary Brain in a Complex World* by Dr Kevin Dutton (Bantam, £20) is out now. For free UK delivery, call Express Bookshop on 01872 562310 or order via expressbookshop.co.uk

TRIUMPHANT: Daley Thompson towers over his rivals in iconic image. Right, Matthew Pinsent and Steve Redgrave



about visualisation techniques. A golfer will rehearse their swing in their mind's eye. A footballer, penalty kicks. They do so because the neural connections forged in the brain by imagining an action fortify the connections that underpin the action itself. The same can happen with trauma.

Too much raking over the coals sends a message to the brain that the trauma is there to stay. That, no matter how much you talk, you'll never out-analyse its shadow.

Ever had a toothache you'd forgotten

about until someone asked you how it was? We're primed to be what we think.

"This old heart of mine been broke a thousand times," The Isley Brothers once sang. They weren't, of course, talking about therapy. But they might've been.

Don't get me wrong. I like Harry.

I think he's alright: a bloke I could go down to Shoreditch with and have a decaf soy latte with sugar-free caramel drizzle.

But I have a sneaking suspicion he's on thin psychological ice.

As human beings we love a good yarn and none more so than the eponymous "hero's story".

Think Luke Skywalker in Star Wars, Marty McFly in Back to the Future and Jon Snow in Game of Thrones.

Hero lives ordinary, everyday life when adventure comes a-calling. Hero is reluctant to take up the gauntlet but is supported by mentor or ally. Hero emerges victorious from decisive climax and returns home transformed. But now imagine you're

'I fear Harry unburdens himself not because it's doing him good... but to feel the love of the crowd'