



Quentin Letts
sees Lady Brady's debut in the Lords

A politician hasn't worn this much slap since Kilroy-Silk

KARREN Brady, the controversial businesswoman and co-presenter of BBC TV's *The Apprentice*, took ermine yesterday. I am sure we all feel greatly reassured, if only for the purposes of BBC editorial balance.

Lady Brady will sit on the Tory side of the House and will thus be a counterweight to her fellow *Apprentice* presenter Lord Sugarlump, who dangles his tootsies from the Labour benches.

All we need now is for the programme to acquire a Lib Dem peer and they will have the full set. How about that slightly furtive man on the programme who looks like a Swiss dentist? Is his name Hewer?

Perhaps he would do. Doesn't have much to say for himself but they're used to that in the Lib Dems. Lady Brady arrived in her new demesne just after 11am, her long mane highlit, groomed as though for Crufts.

She was wearing high heels so long and lean they could have doubled as toffee-apple sticks. The makeup! I have not seen a politician wear so much slap since Robert Kilroy-Silk. The House of Lords ceremony of introduction is not what it was. They have done away with the Gilbert & Sullivan hats which used to be doffed three times but there is still a small measure of ceremonial.

Black Rod entered, spine stiff as a broomstick, nostrils in the air. Don't worry, he always looks as though someone has just wafted a sardine under his nose.

You don't become Black Rod unless you can resemble Malvolio walking through a teenage boy's bedroom.

Behind Black Rod steamed a purple-faced fruit in royal-braided tabard. This was the herald, and a prize example of the species.

Both he and Black Rod held billiard-style cues. A new peer has

two official 'supporters', robed peers who accompany the newcomer and make sure everything is tickety-boo.

Our Karren's first supporter was Lord Feldman, a thickset young man who was sent to the Lords because he is David Cameron's chum and chief fundraiser. Lady B's second supporter? Good heavens, they had exhumed the great Carry On actor Sid James!

Hang on, that can't be right. Ah yes, my mistake. It was Lord Sugar. The great socialist!

A wiggled clerk trundled through some rococo words of greeting from the Crown – the Letters Patent –

which began: 'Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom blah-di-blah-di-blah...'

THE Monarch must have a photocopied pile of these Letters Patent jobs handy at Buck House, given how many greasers and graspers have been appointed Life Peers in the past 18 years.

Lady Brady, who made her fortune as the pouty underling of a pillar of the British pornography industry and more recently has toiled among the refined ethicists of professional football, was described by

our Sovereign gracious lady as 'our trusty and well-beloved Karren Rita Brady'. Amazing what a spot of political schmoozing can do, isn't it? She got this peerage by sucking up to George Osborne, one understands.

Henceforth, announced the clerk with magnificent dryness, she would have the 'state, degree, style, dignity and title of Baroness Brady of Knightsbridge in the City of Westminster'. He managed to say 'dignity' without even a feathering of suppressed mirth.

She would possess a 'seat, place and voice in the Parliaments and the Public Assemblies' and these

privileges would be hers to 'have and to hold unto her for her life'. Note the echo of the Book of Common Prayer's marriage service.

Having been sprayed down by this ersatz-medieval guff, Lady Brady – still accompanied by Sugarlump (whose robes were a touch long for him) – sashayed up the Chamber and shook a paw with the Lords Speaker.

She was met afterwards by the Leader of the House, lovely Lady Stowell, spinster and one-time typist to John Major, who was waiting for her new charge by the Throne like a travel rep at the arrivals-hall barrier at Malaga airport.

Groomed: *Apprentice* co-star Karren Brady yesterday



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