What sort of unhinged perso
have their marriage breakdo

CAMILLA LONG

Couples Therapy *BBC2, Mon*

The Green Planet *BBC1, Sun*

Art on the BBC *BBC4, Wed*

This Is Joan Collins *iPlayer*

This week's big show, **Couples Therapy**, presented a conundrum. What exactly were we watching? As the eigh

empathy, might say, shame. Ne many privi couples so of themseh to think the unfulfilled owed in life It is myopia makes great

You watc for a start ju unhinged pe to have their breakdown time

Bathrooms are n
ary tap, tile anc

flinching, dancing ravaged the forest with entacles – "THIS is a ield", "other vines ng in wait" etc. But re hardly racer snakes, y?

BC4 **Art on the BBC** es. This excellent kes as its starting e idea that our views d artists have been not by what we have ooks, but what we n on the screen. rithing madness of van Gogh, the subject eek's episode, for , is an invention of rous Kirk Douglas, ed the artist with n Hollywood *Lust for Life*. For is he was a l paint-eater. umberbatch didn't nvincing to me as edy, timid version. s Vincent was like oint, its slightly loane presenter Bryan says, is that don't really know. I enjoyed this ogramme for its rough and lligent picture rch and editing. ne had watched every single programme ever made about van Gogh and woven it into a starry and often hilarious tapestry. What is the collective noun for TV historians? A "jouissance", as Simon Schama kept saying?

Jouissance is, of course, "the French for orgasm": and indeed, again and again they kept coming, striding across the screen, some of them so unspeakably unpleasant to look at they should never have been allowed near the telly. There was some sour relic telling us: "The real price of these paintings is the price of a life." My favourite bit was the clip of the documentary in which someone unearthed a "medical diagram" of Van Gogh's severed lobe.

Finally **This Is Joan Collins** was a sparkling documentary about the actress. It took the form of a sort of interview with the grande dame of telly, with Joan shimmering under the lights and narrating the voiceover, as well as sending herself up rotten.

Flicking through a 1983 copy of *Playboy*, in which she appeared nude, all Joan, 88, could whisper was: "My God."

She was also shown going through her teenage scrapbook, which she'd filled with cut-out pictures of stars, many of whom she later bedded or, in the case of the awful Maxwell Reed, actually married. She left Reed when he took her to a club and offered her to a sheikh. "He'll pay you £10,000 for one night, and I can even watch."

It was full of clever pouncing little stunts like this: how else do you interview a woman who has been interviewed this much? You surprise her.

She was quizzed by the show's director and shown correcting the script, scratching out "emancipated woman" to describe herself as a "feminist". Someone had also watched every one of her films, including *Empire of the Ants* and one particularly lacklustre musical (yes) in which she had to smooch Bing Crosby and "smell his tobacco breath".

The best moment came when she was shown unseen footage of her second husband, Anthony Newley, on set while they were still married, being given a naked massage by some blonde woman who put her hands hungrily down the front of his trunks. "Oooh," Joan said, uncertainly. A treat.

Now, Where father-and-s Cryer's actor his dad to th pal's house, and sometin conversatio

Cryer eve atmosphere shows or 19 green room yesterday. his career a strippers' b Windmill i went on to *Report* and *Wise Show* bore, and host to thi guests, wh Fry and M

There i editing pr guest, Fry which cou strong pr in showy namedro sharing a Vidal). A odd two- adhered mouthe suspect from Da have lef Rue sto they ar job: the with M 44 min succes on how her m Footli (inclu Mont Good