

TATLER®

JANUARY £3.60

Relax!

How to stop stress
ruining your looks

Winter style

How to look hot
in the cold

Smart & sexy

Donatella Versace's
British beauties

Christy Turlington

A supermodel's beauty secrets

Society's
new queen
Inside the
court of
Jemima Khan

Are the rich
more
unfaithful?

Plus
The dazzling
world of
David Tang



EMMA PARKER
BOWLES GETS
RIGHT ON MY TITS
WAS THE FIRST
COMMENT I READ



E-type Jaguar

CLUBBING CAN BE A REAL (ROAD) TRIP BY EMMA PARKER BOWLES

In all my 28 years (wink, wink) I have never been a member of a club. Is that sad, or just so tragic that it's almost groovy? I'm just too much of a misfit, I think. Sometimes I lie and say that I was a member of the Toyah fanclub but, in typically disorganised style, the closest I got to joining was cutting out the form on the box of Shreddies. But now and again, when I get tired of being a lone wolf howling at the moon, I entertain the idea of joining a club. And then I remember what happened when I joined the Mitsubishi Lancer Register (MLR) and got my fingers burned.

Now I can laugh about it, so I can share it with you. But at the time it was heartbreaking. Here goes. I've got a Mitsubishi Lancer Evo 9 which, after Wally-dog, is my pride and joy. Someone stopped me in the street one day and told me about the MLR, a club for Mitsu Evo lovers. To cut a long story short, I paid my membership, joined the MLR – username 'sniffmydiff' – and excitedly went online to chat Super Active Yaw Control with fellow Evo fans.

As a 'newbie', I really thought I was going to be welcomed into the bosom of the MLR family. Imagine how crestfallen I was when I went excitedly into the forum and found my new best friends had been busy slagging me off. 'Emma Parker Bowles gets right on my tits,' was the first comment I read. 'I bet she doesn't even drive her Evo but has got a chauffeur ferrying her about.' And then someone had cut out and pasted a little picture of my face and written: 'Urgh, look, she's nothing special anyway.'

That was my first experience of joining a club. Sitting at my computer and blubbing. (Unfortunately, when I joined it coincided with when

I took over Jeremy Clarkson's Friday motoring column in *The Sun* – he moved to Saturday and obviously they are extremely large shoes to be stepping into.) But it all turned out OK. After I wiped my tears away, I unleashed merry hell on the MLR and wreaked sweet revenge on all the mean people, who apologised.

Moving swiftly on, I want to tell you about some proper car clubs, where you have a stable of awesome cars at your disposal. I think the best three are the Classic Car Club (tel: 020 7490 9090; classiccarclub.co.uk), RPM Club (tel: 0845 009 5911; rpmclub.co.uk) and Damon Hill's P1 International (tel: 01372 374400; p1international.co.uk). Buying your love a membership would go down like Glenda in accounts after too much glühwein. If classic cars, like the E-type Jaguar pictured above, tickle their fancy, then go for the Classic Car Club. Running a classic car can be a nightmare – expensive, frustrating and unpredictable – but the CCC offers a brilliant alternative. You don't have to worry about maintenance, MOT or insurance – just waft about in a Jensen Interceptor, Daimler Dart or a Sixties 911. The joining fee is £500 and entry-level membership costs £2,600 a year, which buys enough points for about 50 day's use. It has offices in London, Bath and Edinburgh.

If modern supercars are more their thing, have a look at Damon Hill's P1 International, which has branches in Surrey and Manchester and delivers nationwide. This club could turn your granny/grandpa into a playgirl/playboy. For a joining fee of £2,500 and £11,750 annually, you can get your hands on the supercars you dream of. So you could be cruising through Europe one week in a Ferrari 430 Spider and then off on a dirty weekend in a Ford GT.

Last but by no means least is RPM Club, based in Edinburgh. These cats have got some seriously exotic metal, like the Koenigsegg CC8 and Pagani Zonda. You pay a one-off lifetime membership of £7,500 and then £5,000 for, say, a weekend in the Zonda. Membership covers insurance should anything unfortunate happen. I guarantee no one will say mean things about your face. □