



RISING STAR TANIA WADE, GALLERIST

★ A Soho cake shop isn't an obvious gallery location, but Tania Wade thought differently. After all, it is Maison Bertaux, every Central Saint Martins art student's cafe of choice. 'They'd been using the room upstairs for years, so I decided it was time to do it properly,' she explains.

★ And she certainly has: her first show, *Woodenship*, by newcomer Matthew Buckham, sold out entirely – though you can see his show of rock-star portraits until mid-October.

★ The secret of the show's buzz was an accident: 'I lost my mobile two days before the opening, so no one could get hold of me. Everyone in the art world thought I was so fabulous turning my phone off for 48 hours, but I actually didn't mean to.'

★ It hasn't all been plain sailing though, she's been unlucky in love recently. But she does have good friends to help her through, including designer Alexander McQueen. 'I'd had a horrible break-up so he sent me everything a girl who's single needs not to be single!'

★ Next at the gallery are shows by Richard Dyer and then *The Mighty Boosh's* Noel Fielding. To what does Tania attribute her recent success? 'I'm not even in the bloody art world, but I do know what I'm doing – it's buzz and it's common sense.' Alexandra Heminsley

Gallery at Maison Bertaux, 27 Greek Street, London W1

THIS MODERN LIFE VERY INCIDENTAL PERSON

We can all be VIPs now, but it's of no importance

The definition of VIP, once reserved for painfully famous or influential persons, has expanded at such a cracking pace that it can apply nowadays to just about anyone with ackers to spare and who's not too fussed about the small print. One can 'Q-jump' with a VIP ticket at Chessington World of Adventures, albeit on only one thrill ride. At Heathrow, £18.50 gains entry to a VIP Lounge, albeit entirely separate from the VIP Lounge (known as 'Terminal Zero') frequented by politicians, giga-stars, intelligence officers and big cheeses of international corporations.

A VIP facility may be three lawn chairs segregated by a picket-fence, a table with two extra tea-lights by the side of a dancefloor, or a finger-buffet (with 'complimentary collectible-only laminate') at O2. One becomes a VIP at a lap-dancing establishment or nightclub by agreeing to spend hundreds on champagne, 'table company' and/or a dedicated waiter.

Those buying VIP tickets for music festivals get not only access to a portashower but the chance to trip up T4 presenters sprinting through the 'backstage bar' trying to find anyone important.

There are more and more clubs, club evenings and banqueting halls named 'The VIP Lounge', in which there may not be a VIP facility at all. Or at least not one where people whisper into phones 'I'm wetting meself, Mum. Guess who's standing four yards away?' VIP tickets are for sale everywhere, from Cineworld in Sunderland to Shorrocks disco in Formby; and distributed free as competition prizes for *Big Brother* evictions and tanning shops seasonally short of punters. And at St Andrew's Church in Chorleywood, 'The VIP Lounge' is a room set aside for pupils who wish to go deeper in their relationship with the Almighty while feeling dead exclusive about it. John Hind



THE RULES KEEPING A DIARY

Rule #1 It's not just for dental check-ups. Write it all down.

Rule #2 Unless you're a serial killer, of course. **Rule #3** Invent a code for big secrets. Partners and parents are nosy. **Rule #4**

But not too complicated, or your own life will be a mystery to you. **Rule #5** Never be afraid to exaggerate or fictionalise



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