Noel Edmonds and I last met in November 1986 when hod carrier Mike Lush tragically died while rehearsing a bungy jump for the *Late, Late Breakfast Show*. I was on my third or fourth shift for *The Sun* and was sent to doorstep “Mr TV” along with the rest of the pack. Through sheer journalistic brilliance, I got the only interview and it was the scoop of the day. (Well, I arrived late and bumped into him in his local restaurant. We reached an agreement.)

So, we are together again 20 years on and, disturbingly, Noel doesn’t look much different. He’s 57 now, but still has the slim figure, that bouffant of highlights and the sandpaper deep, geometrically clipped goatee. (These days that’s dyed, too, he happily admits.)

Although Noel looks the same, a lot has happened during those decades. His career went, then came back with *House Party*, then it went again. His 18-year marriage to Helen also went, as did the Devon estate. Thanks to the press, Noel’s life has appeared to have been in more awkward positions than a work-out given by a cross-dressing Pilates instructor.

But now Noel is back. His personal life has straightened out and he’s enjoying a relationship with a French woman he met while buying a house in the South of France. He is close to his four daughters — aged seven to 23 — and things are cordial with his ex. Work-wise, he has a runaway hit with *Deal Or No Deal*, which has put him back in the heaving bosom of Luvvie-dom. Even the press are — generally — loving him now. Hell, if you believe his concierge-style Cosmic Ordering service, Noel’s even got the bloody Universe onside.

Noel, it’s great that everything has worked out, but far be it for me to concentrate on all the positive stuff! Let’s go back to when it started to go wrong with you and the press.

When and why?

Well, in the late ’90s, there was an inevitability that elements of the media wanted to cut me down. I mean, I had everything — the big country estate, the beautiful wife, lovely kids, and I was flying around in a helicopter. But it was the moment I saw a photograph of Alan Yentob and I, when I was dubbed the £10 million man — the highest paid person in TV — that I knew I was a marked man. Boy-oh-boy, was I asking for it with both barrels and I got it. I knew I was very much left to the crocodiles. The show had simply come to the end of its run and I probably had.

I was bloody tired.

I don’t want to come across as a whinger because there is no bitterness — not towards the BBC nor the press. I accept that if you attempt to stay in the public eye for as long as I did, it goes like that. I’d had a bloody good run — three decades with hit shows — so it was inevitable things would go wrong. If you stick your head up that far, you will cop a bullet.

You seemed to ignore some of the more sensational press in years gone by, but then came out fighting last year against *The People*, *Mail on Sunday* and *Daily Mail*. What changed?

I sued *The People*, who said I’d gone off to become a hermit. How pathetic was that? A double-page spread with my home in France — a picture of a pool where “lonely Noel has only one sun lounger”, the bedroom where “lonely Noel sleeps alone”. All total lies — and someone else’s house! They settled that one very quickly.

Then *The Mail on Sunday* said I had stolen somebody’s wife. I hadn’t. It was awful, to open this newspaper and be accused of doing that. It was factually inaccurate and so easy to prove that they caved in. Of course, they had to — I was going to take it all the way. When I read it, I felt absolutely dead inside. I was at Heathrow and I opened the paper and bang — double-page spread. What? And you see other people around you reading this stuff. I wanted to take hold of the public address system on the aircraft and explain that none of this is true.

“I don’t have to accept a malicious campaign. If you are going to write lies, I’ll use the law to do something about it”

Portait
Phil Adams

“I sued *The People*, who said I’d gone off to become a hermit. How pathetic was that? A double-page spread with my home in France — a picture of a pool where “lonely Noel has only one sun lounger”, the bedroom where “lonely Noel sleeps alone”. All total lies — and someone else’s house! They settled that one very quickly. Then *The Mail on Sunday* said I had stolen somebody’s wife. I hadn’t. It was awful, to open this newspaper and be accused of doing that. It was factually inaccurate and so easy to prove that they caved in. Of course, they had to — I was going to take it all the way. When I read it, I felt absolutely dead inside. I was at Heathrow and I opened the paper and bang — double-page spread. What? And you see other people around you reading this stuff. I wanted to take hold of the public address system on the aircraft and explain that none of this is true.

There was a time when I thought it all came with the territory, but we live in a very different world now. This celebrity culture has been created. I left
Noel to Replace Schumacher At What would be the Fantasy change this. do you think about positive thinking!

headline of the story you would The Week as he plans another comeback? What would be the Fantasy be the sort of magazine you.....

if you asked the cosmos to make Dacre all

and the pain he causes people, possibly for the rest of their lives. I would also be quite interested to hear his view as to why Noel Edmonds is a legitimate target. Mr. Dacre, give me one good reason why, simply because I make.telly programmes, that allows you to be that nasty.

I actually think they have picked the wrong target because, arguably, I currently have the most successful popular TV show and millions of people are not prepared to accept the Mail’s view of me. I wish the Mail had the courage to set the record straight, but they won’t. They have offered me an interview, but no, I am bloody well going to sue them. See you in court. They have a number of days to retract and they are going to pay some serious damages.

Surely, being in showbiz is all about give and take, isn’t it? It goes both ways and I am very happy to take the abuse. The media have been great, they are certainly on your side these days.

You’ve revealed how Cosmic Ordering has changed your life. If that’s effective, why don’t you ask the cosmos to make Dacre all sweetness and light? But seriously, how did you change the way that issue was treated by the press?

It is a good indication of the very positive press I have had in the past few months. Yes, there were some raised eyebrows, but I think people realised that I am not the second David Icke. It is very difficult to knock somebody with a positive attitude. Things were wrong in my personal life and I took a decision to get a grip of it all — whether you call it Cosmic Ordering, or prayer — I just believe that if you can approach things in a positive frame of mind, then all of a sudden things improve, and it has worked for me.

That is all I am saying. I am not a magic dust and it doesn’t mean you are away from the foxes.

As for the press, I do not want to turn into a litigation animal and I am certainly not saying I am up for a fight with any newspaper. Nobody needs that. It is a two-way thing. All I am saying is, if you think I have run off with somebody’s wife’s, or that I have cut my house in two, or become a hermit, then ring and put the allegation to me. And let’s save everyone a load of unnecessary aggravation.

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for the sake of our girls — nothing more. And they were back together. They called and the situation was explained — that we are friendly and positive about it. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so bloody happier than me to be back. It is great being me at the moment. I am hugely successful and so