

THE
DIRTY
MOVIE
BOOK

JOHN BROSINAN
and
LEROY KETTLE

The Dirty Movie Book

John Brosnan and Leroy Kettle

**A no-holds-barred, searing, blistering exposé of
the corrupt, bloated underbelly of the film
industry**

Guaranteed to be absolutely fact free

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Introduction to the Ebook

Leroy Kettle

John Brosnan and I tended to write and publish fannish material that was meant to be funny. His fanzines, *Scabby Tales* and *Big Scab*, and my own, *True Rat*, seemed to be well thought of as successful fannish humour. And we liked each other's writing and company and made each other laugh. Apparently not a good enough basis for a successful professional career writing humour. There were plenty of good jokes in John's two fantasy novels *Damned and Fancy* and *Have Demon, Will Travel* (published in the mid-1990s and now available as Gateway/Orion ebooks) and the one edition of *Hollywood Babble-On* (Seto Publishing Ltd, New Zealand, 1989). I had both the shortest and one of the longest contributions to *Now We Are Sick*, an anthology of nasty verse edited by Neil Gaiman and Stephen Jones, each under one of our joint pseudonyms. John's other fiction, and the four horror novels we wrote together, always contained humour.

We did try to do more professionally. We did a lot of outlines and actual attempts at scripts for TV and films (and not just ones intended to be funny). *Inside Job* (loosely derived from the 1960s/70s *Beano* and *Dandy* strip, *The Numskulls*) about little people inside each of us who control our inner workings, was returned with a note about how it reminded the commissioning editor of the children's cartoon strip, *The Numskulls*. *Writers' Block*, about two writers – essentially John himself and Rob Holdstock – who had adjacent flats and spent all their time irritating each other through varying degrees of success with writing and women (Rob) and failure with everything (John). I really thought this was great and can't recall why it got nowhere, but presumably it just wasn't good enough. *Father of Invention* about a man who'd invented a means of inventing and came up with many inventions, though obviously none that were funny enough to be actually called funny. Maybe he should have invented a joke machine. *Squashed*, about a group of people in their late forties who got together once a week to avoid playing squash, get drunk and moan about their lives (based on the group of us who got together once a week to avoid playing badminton, get drunk and moan about our lives). And *The Great Waldo*, about an aging unsuccessful

magician. I remember sitting in a hotel corridor at a convention with Richard Cowper and describing one hilarious scene to him which, unaccountably, he failed to laugh at but did so very politely.

My suggestion in 1978, when I worked as private secretary to a Minister in the Labour Government, that there might be mileage in a sitcom based around a Minister's private office, was roundly scoffed at by John. Of course, when *Yes, Minister* appeared in 1980, the laugh was on the other foot. Not that I'm saying, of course, that we could or would have written that. But it would have made an entertaining rejection letter for us to put on our CVs.

And we wrote one film script together, *Aaaaagh!! The Movie*, a post-*Airplane!* spoof on horror films.

I think that the main problem with these was that we simply didn't spend enough time working on them. They might well still have been turned down, but at least they'd have been in there with more of a chance. We came up with the ideas together, largely did scripts or treatments separately, each added the odd attempt at a joke to the other's writing, then sent them off. The *ideas* seemed fine, but they really did need more work on structure, characters, dialogue, plot (just those sort of things) before we should ever have started writing. I suspect we feared, or anticipated, rejection so much that we felt we would be wasting effort if we spent too long on any of them. And perhaps we had a bit too much fun coming up with the ideas together when we could have done with a little seriousness.

The only humorous thing we sold that we had collaborated on was *The Dirty Movie Book* in 1988 under John's name but with me as Leroy Mitchell ('the pusillanimous co-author having borrowed his partner's surname for fear of prejudicing a fast-track Civil Service career' – Dave Langford).

This was a collection of 40 or so short pieces about films and film-making. The title wasn't meant to suggest it was rude, though some of it was. It was just an attempt to get people interested. The cover, probably the best one for any of our work though a little too busy for these days of thumb-nail versions on Amazon, was by Paul Sample (probably most widely known for his covers for Tom Sharpe novels) and the blurb was spot on when it said the book was 'guaranteed fact-free'. But it wasn't humour-free. Some of it was actually good. Basically, we'd got a lot of it right this time by just doing pieces that could easily have appeared in fanzines. We'd found our natural style.

People reacted to it in different ways. I found a website by someone

called Pieter Spronck of the Tilburg Centre for Cognition and Communication, Creative Computing Division (you have to take praise where you can) which said, on a page headed Movie One-Liners, '[Here] I have collected one-line, often insightful, movie reviews. Most of them are from John Brosnan and Leroy Mitchell's "The Dirty Movie Book" (Grafton Books, 1988).'

Someone who had been at the back of the queue for typing skills and obviously enjoyed the book differently to Pieter Spronck put a copy for sale through the aptly named Ming Books saying '*It most rank (rank being the operative word) as one of the most terrible books I have had to submit to the 2nd hand book buying community... sincere apologies...*'

Anne Bilson, film critic, horror writer and perceptive human being thought the script for the disaster movie *Chunnel!!!* was good, but there were no favourable mentions for anything else, including '*Dr Frankensex*' (the making of a porn movie), '*The Willy Awards*', '*Every Bloody Boring Australian Film You've Ever Seen Rolled Into One*' and '*A Consumer's Guide to British Drive-Ins*'. It sold fewer copies than any other book we'd written together. And it's the only book we ever wrote that never got into another edition of one sort or another. I blame the public. Though maybe they were right and we should have stuck to fanzines.

*Leroy Kettle
October 2018*

Two of the Brosnan/Kettle horror novels as by Harry Adam Knight have just been reissued by Valancourt Books: [Slimer](#) and [The Fungus](#). (Advt.)

Introduction

Dirt.

Everyone loves it.

But there's dirt and there's dirt.

There's the *sex* kind of dirt and there's the other kind which stands for scurrilous gossip, tittle-tattle, rumours and inside, behind-the-scenes information.

Well, this book is full of the second kind.

Sorry.

We mean sorry if you bought this book because you thought it was full of stuff about dirty movies. Well, we don't *really* mean sorry because you should have known better, shouldn't you?

So, tough on you.

But if you're the sort of reader who bought this book because you want an insider's guide to the film industry then you're in for a treat. This book may actually change your life, especially if you follow the instructions in our 'How to ...' pieces (*especially* the 'How to be a Stuntman' one). So if you end up being the new Steven Spielberg you'll owe it all to us.

And don't think we won't be around to collect on the debt one of these nights.

Yes, you're *our* kind of reader and we only wish there were a few more like you out there.

Because *one* simple-minded, gullible movie freak sure isn't going to make us rich.

About the Authors

Okay, you've bought the book and now you're having second thoughts. Admit it. In the shop it seemed a good buy. Flicking through it you laughed at the jokes and raised an eyebrow at the blow-job you found on page 35, so you paid out your hard-earned dole money and took it home. And now you're wondering if you did the right thing. You're having the book-buyer's equivalent of post-coital depression. But don't worry, everything is going to be all right.

Basically you want to know whether the authors are qualified – you want to know if they are sufficiently in the know, film-wise, to have written this book that claims to be a no-holds-barred, searing, blistering expose of the corrupt, bloated underbelly of the film industry; you want to know if both they and the publishers haven't pulled the wool over your privates in getting you to buy this book.

Well, put your fears at rest: they are and they didn't. The authors know the cinema game inside-out. Take John Brosnan (who, incidentally is *no* relation to Pierce Bros-nan, though they share the same striking good looks); he was actually *born* in a cinema. In the Ritz Theatre at Mount Hawthorn, West Australia, during a showing of *Miranda* which starred Glynis Johns as a mermaid. His mother carelessly left him under a seat at the end of the performance but luckily an usherette found him and ran after his mother. After a chase that lasted eight blocks his mother, winded, gave up and accepted him back from the usherette. As a result John has had a thing about cinemas, usherettes and women who are half fish ever since.

'All my formative years were spent in the cinema,' says John. 'And most of my formative experiences were cinema-induced. For example, I had my first erection in a cinema (I was watching *The Day the Earth Stood Still*) and, coincidentally, also my last (during a screening of *Out of Africa*).'

Alas, John's early love affair with the cinema was traumatically disrupted for a few years when his family moved to the tiny Outback town of Wanga Wanga in the mid-1950s. 'The town had a population of six so, not surprisingly, it didn't have a cinema (or anything else for that matter). The nearest cinema was over 900 miles away in Wanga Wanga, a journey that took 3 weeks each way. What used to happen was that our neighbours, Mr

and Mrs Borman, would drive to Wonga Wonga in their half-track, watch a movie then come back and perform it for us and the other Wanga Wanga resident in their back garden. They would string up a big bed sheet between a couple of trees, shine a light on it and then act out the entire movie in front of it, playing all the parts themselves. It worked okay for some films but I do recall that their version of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* was a distinct disappointment.'

Back in Perth John quickly caught up with his lost years of cinema going and began to think of a career in the film industry when he left school. Ignoring the advice of his high school careers officer who told him his aptitude tests indicated he had the makings of a great shepherd, he got a job operating the curtains at the Lake Monger Metro Drive-In. 'It was quite a strenuous job,' said John. 'The screen was the biggest of any drive-in in the state, measuring 300 by 400 feet and each curtain weighed over 50 tons, but at least I got to see a lot of movies for free, as well as biceps the size of King Kong's.'

Then John went to the USA where he spent three years researching his seminal book on hard-core pornographic films, *Come In the Cinema*, which was banned even before it was published and led to his deportation.

After a couple of years working back in Australia as a shepherd John decided to try his luck overseas again. This time he chose the UK where he rapidly established himself as a film historian and critic. Admittedly his first film book *Sheep in the Cinema* was not a great success but then he wrote *James Bond in the Cinema* and everything changed. He has not looked back since, due to a neck injury sustained during a particularly lively game of Trivial Pursuit.

Leroy Mitchell's involvement with the cinema started even earlier than John Brosnan's as his mother was none other than Snow White. Leroy was conceived during an over-enthusiastic love scene between Miss White and a dwarf called Humpy. Unfortunately, when the Hays Office viewed the finished film their reaction was to tell the Disney Studio: 'Humpy is out!' The result was that Humpy's career as well as his face ended up on the cutting-room floor because Disney blamed him for the millions of dollars it cost to withdraw all the publicity for the film and change the title from *Snow White and the Eight Dwarfs* to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

Humpy became very bitter about all this and took to robbing banks. He committed his robberies in disguise but as he always wore the same disguise

it was only a matter of time before he came to grief with the forces of law and order. Thus, on the 8 August 1948, the customers of the Sunset Boulevard branch of the First National Bank were treated to the spectacle of a two-and-a-half-foot-tall bearded nun shooting it out with several policemen. Riddled with bullets, Humpy dropped to the floor and, after muttering, 'Eight was always my unlucky number,' he died.

Though Miss White raised her illegitimate son herself their relationship was not a close one. 'Looking back,' said Leroy, 'I always found her kind of one-dimensional.' When he finally learned the facts of his origin he prayed that they would never become public knowledge but then Kenneth Anger revealed the truth in *Hollywood Babylon*. Anger even embroidered the truth, hinting at an illicit *menagerie à trois* involving Miss White, Humpy and Donald Duck.

Although these were only rumours during Leroy's formative years they still proved sufficient to blight his career. Normally anyone born in Hollywood becomes a superstar but all Leroy could get were bit parts acting as understudy to Mickey Rooney and Alan Ladd. Mind you, they were adults at the time and Leroy was only two. His agent then tried to establish him as a male Shirley Temple but his roles in *Pimples*, *Wee Winkie's Willy* and *Eric of Sunnybrook Farm* are still not talked about, even today. Eventually he did a film course at UCLA but on the day of graduation discovered, by some mysterious accident, that he had qualified to become a bank clerk. Considering the circumstances of his father's death he thought this a cruel twist of fate.

Humiliated and ashamed he fled to Britain and tried to break into the British film industry. It was five years before he discovered that Britain didn't *have* a film industry and he was forced to get work as a bank clerk. But still he persevered, writing a number of film scripts on the back of bank statements. At first he had no success but then a producer rang him up and said he wanted to buy the script that Leroy had sent him. Leroy was elated but then discovered that the producer had read the wrong sides of the pages. The film that was made, *The Statement*, broke all box office records but Leroy not only didn't receive a penny, he didn't get a credit either. What he *did* get was the sack from the bank.

It was shortly after this that Leroy entered a remainder bookshop and, with his eyes filled with tears of bitterness and frustration, blundered into a large stack of remaindered copies of *James Bond in the Cinema*. While

waiting for the emergency services to dig him out Leroy passed the time by reading a copy and immediately realized that the author would be the ideal person with whom to collaborate on a no-holds-barred, searing, blistering expose of the corrupt, bloated underbelly of the film industry.

The result is what you are now holding in your hand (no, you twit, your *other* hand!).

So fasten your seat belt, it's going to be a bumpy read.

A Guide to Film Credits

Once upon a time film credits were very basic and just listed the director, producer, cameraman, script writer and the main cast; these days the credits on the average Hollywood movie last longer than the movie itself.

For those of you who have sat in cinemas watching apparently endless lists of names and esoteric occupations unwind on the screen and wondered what the bloody hell they all meant we have compiled the following glossary of technical terms. From now on you'll be able to tell a 'Dolly Handler' from a 'Best Boy' and won't feel out of the conversation the next time you find yourself sitting between two directors at a dinner party ...

Gaffer Mistakes, called *gaffes* in movie jargon, often occur on a film set and it is customary for one person to be in charge of putting them right, hence the term *gaffer*.

Best Boy There are always lots of boys around a film set doing various little jobs and the most efficient of them is known as, logically enough, the *best boy*. Competition for this title can be quite fierce.

Clapper Boy Actors are in constant need of approval and so it's a tradition in the film industry to applaud their efforts after every take. The person responsible for organizing these applaud sessions is known as the *clapper boy*. Often he and the Best Boy are very good friends.

Key Grip A film set can be a chaotic place and, not surprisingly, keys are always being misplaced. To ensure that important keys (e.g., the key to the star's drinks cabinet) don't go missing, a member of the crew is designated to hold them all during the shooting. Hence he is known as the *key grip*.

First Assistant Director Directors are notorious for being perfectionists and are in the habit of sacking members of the crew who they consider to be inefficient. It's not unusual for them to sack and replace their assistants several times during the course of a movie. Due to a quirk in the Academy's rules only the first of the assistants is entitled to be listed in the credits.

Still Photographer Actors are easily distracted during the shooting of a scene so it's essential that unnecessary movement be avoided on the set. It's the job of the *still photographer* to stand as still as possible while photographing them.

Publicist Filming on location can be thirsty work and film crews are famous for their appreciation of a good pint. It's therefore the task of the *publicist* to find all the good pubs in the area.

Matte Painter With all the people walking around in a film set it's not surprising that the mats (traditionally spelt in the French manner by film people) get very dirty. Thus a *matte painter* is always on hand to give them a fresh coat of paint.

Front Projection Unit Many talented actresses are, alas, not well-enough endowed in the – to put it as tactfully as possible – bazoom area. In such cases the vital services of the discreetly-named *front projection unit* are called upon. Using their wide range of engineering skills they ensure feat the actress concerned will be able to hold both her head and chest up with pride before the cameras.

Boom Operator Many movies, such as war movies or James Bond films, require lots of loud bangs to simulate the sounds of explosions and so on. Such sound effects fall into the province of the aptly-named *boom operator* who can produce a whole spectrum of different booms, from little booms to ones in the 15-megaton range.

Dolly Handler To most lay people this term conjures up the image of soft-skinned dolly birds being roughly handled by horny-palmed, hairy-chested male members of the film unit, the dolly-birds' soft and yielding flesh often becoming bruised in the process, particularly in the area of their young, round breasts and buttocks ... but in reality the term means something quite different. The *dolly handler* is simply the person who is in charge of the dolls in films that feature a lot of dolls. Such films include *A Doll's House* and *Toys in the Attic*.

Producer With this one we must humbly admit defeat. After extensive enquiries by our vast team of researchers we are still unable to determine the function of this person in the making of a movie.

How to be a Screenwriter

If you can't be a star actor or actress, perhaps the next best thing is to be a star screenwriter. World-famous screenwriter William Leadman here offers some tips.

I may be a screenwriter, but I'm not stupid. Maybe they won't let me into my own films but I know what's what. And I know that what you want are hard facts on how to get into screenwriting, not some stupid anecdotes and bullshit. So here goes. Ten vital things to remember about screenwriting.

1 *Never send off a screenplay written in crayon.* It will come off on the producer's hands and then get on to his face. If it's red crayon his wife will think it's lipstick and, well, you know women ... If it's green crayon it's even worse. His wife thinks he's been giving a handjob to a vegetable. Even in California that's grounds for divorce or, at the very least, separate towels.

2 *Never kill off all your characters in the first five minutes of a ninety-minute film.* This makes bad commercial sense. It may seem to you that a producer would welcome the cost-effectiveness of a camera panning round an empty apartment (or even an apartment full of corpses) for eighty-five minutes. He wouldn't have to pay millions of dollars to already overpaid stars; nor have to wait with expensive crew for overpaid stars to appear, eventually, with hangovers; nor have to kiss the overweight asses of overpaid stars all the time just to get them to mistime their cues. All that may very well be true. But you have to think of what would happen if an audience was confronted with five minutes of stars and eighty-five minutes of empty apartment. I'll tell you what would fucking happen. They'd see that an empty apartment could act better than any of the overpaid stars, that's what. And the whole myth of Hollywood and glamour and charismatic leading men and sexy leading women and underpaid screenwriters and – Sorry, where was I? Oh yes.

3 *Never make it important that your female lead has big tits, i.e. don't try to write *The Dolly Parton Story*, *The Russ Meyer Story* or *Carry On Up Your Cleavage*.* Many studios these days have such tight budgets that they can't afford the necessary wide-angled lenses. In any event, it's obvious that any sensible audience would keep its mind on the bazooms and not on your carefully wrought words.

4 *Don't use the names of your friends as characters.* They'll end up suing the shit out of you. Even if you know it's a joke. Even if *they* know it's a joke and you'd warned them about it. What will happen is that the studio will change things so that instead of your close buddy 'Joe Smith' having a walk-on part where his most important line is 'Hi Fred', he becomes a flashing child-molester with zits. And even if they don't do it deliberately then your line 'Hey, it's my old frat buddy Joe,' will be mistyped 'Hey, it's my old fat body Joe' or even worse, 'Hey, it's my old fart bummy Joe'. And you can't even insure against it.

5 *Don't put your coffee cup on to your screenplay.* Someone somewhere will see the brown ring and think it's got artistic importance. This will gather momentum and pretty soon the brown ring will be the most important part of the screenplay. Everything else will be ignored. A film will be made called *The Brown Ring* which will bear no resemblance to your work. It will win several Oscars and make a fortune. Your coffee cup will be able to buy a mansion in Beverage Hills. You will feel obliged to drink tea the rest of your life.

6 *Don't use words of more than two syllables, max.* That is, unless they're in very common use in Hollywood like Jacuzzi, alimony, fellatio or most sorts of pasta. If you can keep the words to one syllable or preferably Stallone-like half-syllables. Never be clear when a grunt will do. Someone will discover you don't know what you're talking about.

7 *Always use an agent.* Some people wonder why. After all, they cost a lot. They're loud-mouthed and boring. And they stink of garlic. But they do help. You see, if you send off a screenplay and the studio decides to rip you off like they did with me and *Gone With the Wind*, then you have no comeback. What proof do you have? But if you send it through your agent they'll never rip you off. If they do, then the agent will go round to the studio and that means that afterwards the studio will be forced to have the executive washroom refitted, the carpets scraped and the air changed. These days few studios can afford such luxuries.

8 *Never steal jokes from Woody Allen.* He keeps a big book of all his jokes in alphabetical order, cross-referenced, in English and Yiddish. If you do steal one he'll get to know. And when he gets to know he'll send his jazz band round to play outside your window until you pay him. Believe me, it's not worth it. Particularly if he's playing with them.

9 *Don't keep your Oscars in the bathroom.* There's nothing – and I

mean nothing – more painful than mistaking an Oscar for a suppository. In fact, the awards were named after Oscar Wilde who did a similar thing for fun. Nevertheless, it's not to be recommended for writers who, after all, normally spend much of their day sitting down. But if you've already made the mistake, at least remove the Oscar before you do use a chair.

10 *Never use famous titles on your screenplays.* If you're uncertain whether *North by Northwest* or *The Sound of Music* or *It Went Plip Plop* have been used before – check. If they have then forget it. And it's not good enough just to change one letter or even one word. Ripping off the plot of *Dune* then calling it *2001 A Spice Odyssey* won't work. Nor would *Marty Poppins*, *The Creature from the Very Dark Lagoon*, *Nearby Encounters of the Third Kind*, nor *Between Nine and Eleven Commandments*. If you need help, Shakespeare, the Bible and the Janet and John books are very good sources for titles. Try to be sensible though. Shakespeare's already used the names of his own plays. Of course, if you get really desperate, then I'll sell you some good titles for just a few quid each. Really. I could do with the money. I haven't actually been doing much screenwriting lately and the cat needs this operation to have a producer removed and ...

Do-It-Yourself Film Festivals

How often have you been to a film festival and thought *I could pick better films than that with a white stick*? How often have you woken up during a Tarkovsky film and wondered how a festival organizer could choose a movie like that unless it was to save you the price of a hotel bed? How many times has there been no *theme* to a festival except some entirely spurious one totally unconnected to the subject matter of the films themselves? All too bloody often I should say. And the answer? Set up your own festival. To help you do so we have put together thematic lists of movies with which you can impress your friends and any third person who happens to be in the vicinity. And if you can hire a projector, a screen, and the films themselves then, who knows, your living room could be the Cannes of the future.

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 1: Underground Films

Waterloo Rod Steiger plays a small but aggressive businessman who, after some success in obtaining a seat on the Bakerloo Line, has ambitions towards the seat occupied by Christopher Plummer on the Basingstoke to Waterloo Line. His plot to take it over results in an exciting battle involving all the commuters on the 7.57 with thousands killed and some dazzling umbrella fights (the entire Red Army was used for these sequences). Rod Steiger is eventually forced to catch the 9.26 to Elba and has to stand all the way.

Victor Victoria Julie Andrews is a woman pretending to be a man who is arrested for entering a Gents toilet at Victoria and exposing herself. Great special effects.

Hammersmith Is Out In this strange and admittedly impenetrable film Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor play a couple of alcoholics who live on a platform in Hammersmith tube station because they think it's the 'in' place to be. Then they discover that all the trendy dossers have moved to Baker Street and that Hammersmith is 'out'. When Burton realizes this he goes insane, throws his Filofax in front of an oncoming train and brings the entire tube system to a halt.

Thoroughly Modern Millie Another Julie Andrews vehicle (actually it's more like rolling stock) in which living at the southernmost tip of the Northern Line does not stop our heroine, Millie, from being happy, jolly and gay in the old-fashioned sense of the word.

Nightmare on Elm Park A young girl dreams she has to travel from Elm Park tube station every day. The horror of it wakes her up, but then real horror begins when she realizes it's true. The horror of this also wakes her up but then she realizes it's true. The horror of this ...

Godspell Oak JoJo and Mary follow someone with a bottle on Christmas Eve to try and gate-crash a fun party but when they arrive at Godspell Oak station she goes into labour prematurely and gives birth under a table in the famous Godspell Oak Inn. Her son, Jesus, grows up, sings a lot but is tragically killed at an early age.

The Movie Star Anatomy Quiz

How familiar are you with the bodies of your favourite stars? Well, here's your chance to find out.

QUESTION ONE Christopher Lee had an extra one in *The Man With the Golden Gun*. Was it –

- a An arm?
- b A penis?
- c A nipple?

QUESTION TWO What did Bo Derek have bitten off by a killer whale in *Orca*? Was it –

- a Her head?
- b Her leg?
- c Her breast?

QUESTION THREE In *Percy Hywel Bennett* had a certain organ transplanted. Was it –

- a His head?
- b His nipple?
- c His penis?

QUESTION FOUR What was Richard Harris strung up by in *A Man Called Horse*? Was it –

- a His thumbs?
- b His nipples?
- c His penis?
- d His nose?

QUESTION FIVE What part of his body did Steve Martin use to knock a hole in a window in *The Man with Two Brains*? Was it –

- a His head?
- b His nose?
- c His penis?

Answers on [page 203](#).

The Willy Awards!

Yes, it's our own exciting alternative to the boring old Academy Awards ceremony. Called Willies instead of Oscars our awards are highly sought after by all members of the film industry, whether they want them or not. On this occasion we're giving the Willies to the following lucky people:

Hugh Hudson who gets the Michael Cimino Life Achievement Willy Award for his services to the British Film Industry. (The award is in the shape of a silver gate with the word 'Heaven' across it.)

Sylvester Stallone who receives the John Milius Peace Award for his work in fostering better understanding between Russia and the West (it comes in the shape of John Wayne riding a cruise missile).

Charles Bronson who receives the Bryan Forbes Willy Award for all the selfless help he has given to his actress wife, Jill Ireland over the years (the award comes in the form of a bronze statuette of Forbes holding up Nanette Newman).

George Lucas who gets the George Pal Willy Award for services to Science Fiction (it comes in the shape of an exploding Ewok).

Arnold Schwarzenegger who wins the Steve Reeves Willy Award for Acting, proving yet again that just because a man has lots of muscles doesn't mean he can't give Sir Larry Olivier a run for his money (previous recipients of this award include David Prowse and Sylvester Stallone).

Natassja Kinski who receives the Richard Gere Willy for taking her clothes off in more films than anyone else apart from Richard Gere (the award is a life-sized bronze of Gere's bare bum as seen in *American Gigolo*).

Clint Eastwood, winner of the Randolph Scott Western Willy Award for staying on his horse way past the time he should have hung up his spurs and retired (the award is in the form of a blown-up frame from *Pale Rider* in which nothing at all can be seen).

Roman Polanski gets the Lewis Carroll Willy Award for His Efforts in Advancing the Careers of Young Girls (the award is a pair of silver-plated handcuffs).

George Miller who wins the Steven Spielberg Directing Willy for making *Mad Max 3* indistinguishable from a typically soft-centred Spielberg movie (the award is a statuette of Jiminy Cricket).

Richard Pryor gets the Stepin Fetchit Willy for appearing in more bad movies than any other black performer since Stepin Fetchit.

Recommended Film Books

Apart from the invaluable reference work that you are holding in your hands at this very moment, there are a number of other useful books about the cinema. You'll probably be very bored by this fact if all you want to do is just plonk yourself down in front of a video machine and watch *Crotch Chewers From Venus* or *Attack of the Things That Were Very Large Indeed* with a can of lager and a kebab. But if your interest in movies goes beyond this – perhaps even to *Return of the Crotch Chewers From Venus* – then you'll be keen to know exactly what you can get from your local library on the subject.

- *Great Usherettes of the Purley Astoria*

Hugh Gobbley. Ripoff Press. £19.85 1985

Hugh Gobbley has put together a fascinating study of those women of yesteryear who showed you to your seats in the old Astoria – now sadly a home for alcoholic Australians, if you'll excuse the tautology. Iris, Ada, Maude, Gert, Doris. He names them all. He tells you how old they were. Whether or not they had varicose veins. What nights they were on duty. And whether they were available for a quickie in the back row. He quotes some of their more colourful Purley sayings. 'Can I see your ticket please, Sir' and 'Can I see your ticket please, Miss'. If it wasn't for books like this to keep the memories of those old cinemas alive, they would be dead.

- *Why Are You Laughing At Them? – An affectionate biography of the fourth of the Three Grunge-Dicks*

Norma Santori. Ripoff Press. £19.85 1985

What loveable clowns the Grunge-Dicks were. Who can forget their classic comedies from the thirties *Crazy Daze*, *Crazy Knights* and *Crazy Weak End*? It is the last of these films in which Sperm Grunge-Dick, the invisible, deaf, dumb and intangible fourth brother, mouths the famous line that forms the title of this affectionate biography. For some reason, Sperm never got the recognition that was so transparently due to him. This book explains why and goes a long way to identifying the reasons why, for the last fifty years, no-one has ever suspected that he existed.

- *All My Old Film Reviews in One Big Overpriced Book*

Pauline Broccoli. Ripoff Press. £198.50 1985

The doyenne of cinema critics – the woman who made the world aware that critic is an anagram of citric – ‘acid’ that is – Pauline Broccoli has scoured every publication in the world that ever saw fit to print her work and produced this huge and very very heavy book. From *Ugh the Caveman Goes Poo Poo* to *2100 – the Black Block is Back*, Ms Broccoli turns her acid charm and critical facilities on overdrive. No films are spared from her eagle scalpel and we are not spared a single word of her opinions. This is a book that I will always have with me, except while I am alive.

- *Snotstein!*

Herbert Schmerbert. Ripoff Press. £19.85 1985

Emmanuel Snotstein made American cinema what it is today. Unfortunately, he died before he could take any of the blame. This loud-mouthed, ignorant, illiterate, ill-mannered, talentless wealthy bastard son of a failed furrier bought a building in 1863 in order to store ratskins he’d stolen from some dead Indians. At the time, no-one had bothered to invent the movies, so he charged people 25 cents a time to see his bloody animal debris and thousands of cretins went. No greater display of mass stupidity was seen until *The Sound of Music* went on general release. But by that time Emmanuel Snotstein Jr, his son, owned every cinema in the world and went round them all as often as he could pissing on the seats. On top of that, he owned Vasto-Biggo Film Productions Co Ltd Inc and went round as often as he could crapping in the cameras. His father taught him all he knew and this book describes both words in graphic detail.

- *Squishy – the art of how to make all those wet and sticky noises in sex and horror films*

Kim Oldman. Ripoff Press. £19.85 1985

I’m embarrassed to admit that I’ve always believed that when two people kiss in a film and go Sssshhhhhhhlllllllssssshhhhhpop, it’s for real. How wrong could I be? This book describes exactly how all the best noises are made. Even such a mundane noise as a wine cork coming out of a bottle has to be produced by pulling a carrot from the lightly greased anus of a dead giraffe. Whereas, ironically, the sound of horses copulating is in fact the sound of a cork being repeatedly inserted and removed from a bottle of St Emilion Grand Cru 1975, with the sound of the subsequent climax being a well-known but retired film actor pouring most of the wine down his throat from a height of approximately two feet. But I mustn’t spoil this obviously

well-researched book for you by giving away all the fascinating examples of the art of Squishy. I'll just leave you with one last fact. The noise of the giant leeches in the film *Of The Same Name* was, in fact, a well-known newspaper proprietor putting his foot into a green welly filled with used vaseline, while the Sloane Ranger who owns it goes Wibble Wobble Wibble on his bum.

The Making of *Sand Wars* – The Epic That Never Was

For every movie that makes it to the screen there are at least fifty that don't. They either remain still-born as 'concepts', never make it past the script stage or stumble while in pre-development. Some run out of money while they're being shot; some are actually made but never get shown, either because they're so bad or for complicated tax reasons. And then there are projects like *Sand Wars* ...

Sand Wars was going to be the biggest sci-fi epic of all time. It was going to make *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* look like cheap rubbish and set unsurpassable new heights in state-of-the-art visual effects. The man behind it all was Mervin Goldman, a 38-year-old producer who had a burning desire to become more successful than Steven Spielberg. The reason was that he believed Spielberg had stolen his career ...

Everyone knows the legend of how Spielberg got started in the industry; how at the age of 19 he hopped off the Universal Tour bus and, completely cool, just walked into the Black Tower carrying a brief case and acted as if he belonged there; how he found an empty office and moved in; how he became such a fixture around the studio that one day a passing TV executive stuck his head in the office and said, 'Hey, kid, drop whatever you're doing and go direct an episode of *Night Gallery* on Stage 6 pronto.' How Spielberg went to Stage 6 and didn't even bat an eyelid when he saw Joan Crawford waiting on the set but just said calmly, 'Hi, Miss Crawford ... okay, fellas, put the camera over there and let's get rolling ...'

The rest is history.

Well, the thing is that the vacant office Spielberg had moved into had belonged to Mervin Goldman. Goldman was then a minor Production Executive who had been recently promoted from the Story Department and who had big ambitions of becoming a producer/director. But he'd only been in his new position for a short time when he'd had to have an emergency haemorrhoid operation. Altogether he was away from the studio for over six weeks and when he finally limped back into the Black Tower he was really pissed off to find a fresh-faced kid sitting in his office and dictating a memo

to the Special Effects Department.

Goldman went berserk and tried to get Spielberg thrown out but was horrified to learn that the office now belonged to him. Not only that but the Black Tower execs regarded Spielberg as a major talent and referred to him as 'the Boy Genius', and 'the Wunderkid'. Goldman protested that it wasn't fair and that if he hadn't been in the Hollywood Hospital for Diseases of the Rectum having his haemorrhoids cauterized *he* would have been the one to have got the break directing Joan Crawford in that historic episode of *Night Gallery*; that he, Mervin Goldman, should be in Spielberg's shoes ...

But all to no avail. Goldman was demoted back to the Story Department while Spielberg was assigned to make TV movies.

Goldman spent the next three years seething in the Story Department. But though full of resentment he was good at his job and by 1974 had garnered enough good will within the Black Tower to feel confident about setting up a project of his own. Even the news that Spielberg had been assigned to direct *Jaws* wasn't enough to depress him *too* much ...

But then he made the error of judgement that was to make his name mud throughout the Tower ...

A treatment had arrived on his desk from a young director who had previously made a pretty successful movie for Universal. But this treatment was for a very different kind of movie and Goldman was snorting with disgust by the time he was only halfway through reading it.

'Hey, get a load of this crap!' he called to his secretary Belinda-Jane, a former 'Miss Golden Banana of 1970' from Palacola, Florida. 'The guy wants six million dollars to make a movie about a couple of robots. One of them talks like a faggot and the other is built like a trash can! Sheesh!'

He quickly finished reading it and then dictated a short note of rejection to Belinda-Jane, advising the young director to get his act together and come up with something that had contemporary appeal. 'The kids of today who form the majority of cinema audiences are too hip to want to sit through a movie full of hokey crap about kidnapped princesses, space ships, bad guys dressed in black and an eight-foot-tall teddy bear. And as for all that Force shit, I call it *horse-shit!*'

Yes, of course ... the treatment was called *Star Wars*, and the director who submitted it to Goldman was George Lucas. Lucas finally sold the idea to 20th Century Fox and the movie became, literally, a box office phenomenon.

And as for Goldman, well, when the Black Tower execs checked the files and found out who rejected the project Goldman was fired on the spot. And it was the day before he'd been due to start shooting a movie for Universal called *Meeting Cute*, a comedy-thriller about a black whore and a strait-laced Mormon who accidentally get handcuffed together and are chased across America by both the Mafia and the FBI (Goldman described it as his *homage* to Hitchcock).

Not only did the execs fire Goldman but they also pulled the plug on *Meeting Cute*, and as he'd sold them the rights he couldn't take the package to another studio so the movie, like Goldman, went down the tubes ...

The whole experience left Goldman feeling bitter, and also resenting Lucas almost as much as he resented Spielberg. He swore to himself that one day he'd be bigger than both of them.

After a few lean months, when his only source of income was a job as 'Kleenex Handler' on a hard-core porno movie made by a friend of his, Goldman got an offer to write, produce and direct a low-budget actioner called *Dune Buggy Messiah*. It was about a bunch of dune buggy freaks who tangle with a gang of Satan-worshipping Hells Angels on Pismo Beach. As it was made purely for tax write-off purposes the movie was never released but the few people who have seen it say that it was full of those Goldman touches that later became his trademark. Goldman himself later said in an interview that, '*Dune Buggy Messiah* is probably my most personal movie to date.'

More exploitation movies followed, some of which were actually released. Most successful of the latter was *Night of the Yakuza* about a gang of Japanese gangsters, on the run from a rival gang, who take on an army of Survivalists in Yosemite National Park, the Survivalists having mistaken the Japanese for Red Chinese invaders.

So by 1980 Goldman was moderately successful. He even had a house on Malibu Beach, but he wasn't happy.

He was too aware that compared to the likes of Spielberg and Lucas he was the smallest of fishes in the small exploitation pond. He desperately wanted to get into the big, legitimate pond but to do that he needed a suitable property that he could turn into a blockbuster. The problem was that he had no idea as to how he could find such a property ...

Then fate stepped in – in the form of a Jacuzzi, an aging starlet named Lola de Colletage and a neighbour of Goldman's called Sammy Pine. It all happened on the night of 7 October 1981. Goldman had thrown a party to

celebrate the wrapping up of his latest exploitation pic *Kung-Fu Rock* (about a young black Chinese kid who is inspired by the ghosts of Bruce Lee and Elvis Presley to get into shape and win the neighbourhood combined Kung-Fu and Elvis Presley lookalike competition while at the same time pulverizing all his enemies) and by 2A.M. it was winding down, as was Goldman himself. Stoned on dope, he was reclining in his Jacuzzi, feeling real mellow, while Miss de Colletage performed fellatio on him ...

Well, time was passing and Goldman finally realized that de Colletage's efforts were getting kind of feeble. It took him a while longer to realize she hadn't been up for air for at least ten minutes ...

What had happened was that in her coked-out state she had thought she could breathe underwater, which is what she'd been trying to do.

So Goldman, angry, hauled her out of the Jacuzzi and told her if she died on him she'd never work in Hollywood again, he'd see to that. Knowing where her mouth had just been he was understandably reluctant to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation so called for help. The guests that could still stand gathered round but none of them knew what to do – and then a little, weedy man stepped forward, introduced himself as Sammy Pine and told Goldman he knew some first-aid from his days as a morgue porter.

Pine then gave de Colletage the kiss of life, which kept her going until the para-medics arrived and took over. (Unfortunately Miss de Colletage never fully recovered from her ordeal and now resides in the Jerry Lewis Home for the Irreversibly Brain-Damaged in Santa Monica).

Later a grateful Goldman got to talking with Pine and told him if he ever needed a favour Goldman would be happy to oblige. Pine then confessed that he had gatecrashed the party in order to score some free dope or coke. He told Goldman that he was an out-of-work TV director and that his only asset was an option on all the 'Sand World' novels, but the option was about to expire and he couldn't afford to renew it ...

Goldman immediately became interested when he heard this. The 'Sand World' novels consisted of an eight-book trilogy (that was in 1981; since then three books have been added to the trilogy) that was enormously successful round the world. Set on earth in the far distant future when all the oceans have evaporated and bottles of Perrier water are used as currency, the saga revolves around a race known as the Nance. The Nance are the descendants of the human race and have evolved into pure brain matter. They live in metal cabinets, spending their time communicating telepathically and

meditating on the meaning of the Universe and similarly important topics.

The first 'Sand World' novel was published in 1966 and immediately became a cult classic. Since then over eighty million books in the series have been sold and the novels have attracted huge followings of loyal fans in every country. International 'Sand World' conventions are held annually where thousands of fans gather wearing their Nance costumes – which resemble chrome-plated filing cabinets – and sit quietly meditating for weeks at a time.

Well, Pine told Goldman that he used to go to college with the 'Sand World' author Max Seiler which is why he was able to pick up the option on such good terms. But he was never able to put the package together on the project and now the option had less than a month to run. After that anyone wanting to take out a new option on the books would have to pay a fortune.

Goldman got all excited. It was exactly what he'd been looking for so he made Pine an offer. He would give him the money to renew the option providing they became equal partners. Pine had no choice but to agree ...

After the deal was made Goldman read the script that Pine had been hawking around the studios without success for so long. It had been written by the 'Sand World' author himself, Max Seiler, and was 400 pages in length. Goldman quickly pin-pointed what was wrong with it, apart from being too long – it was too faithful to the novels (he'd only read a quarter of one of the novels but figured that was more than enough).

'All the metaphysical crap has got to go,' Goldman told Pine. 'And so do all those jerks in the tin boxes.'

'But the Nance are the core of the story,' protested Pine. 'They represent the end product of five million years of evolution.'

'So we modify them a bit,' said Goldman. 'Give 'em proper bodies with arms, legs, big tits, the works. And we got to change the title too ...'

And so *Sand World* became *Sand Wars*.

Max Seiler wasn't happy about the title change. And he was even less happy when he read the new screenplay written by an old pal of Goldman's called Tony Fresco.

Fresco had previously written *Night of the Yakuza* for Goldman and was a martial arts fanatic. Not only was he an adept at karate, kung-fu, kendo and kazoos (the latter is a little-known martial skill which originated on a small island off Taiwan and involves the nose being honed into a lethal weapon; its most expert practitioners are capable of killing someone with a single blow of their nose) but owned a bigger gun collection than John Milius. His version

of the screenplay was naturally full of violent action atrocities (the gore peaked in the sequence where Fresco had 500 *Aspirii* warriors beheaded simultaneously by 500 *Reechichi* storm troopers wielding blunt *hud-docks*), all of which made Seiler flip his lid, literally (Seiler had taken to living in a Nance box).

Practically in tears Seiler rang Goldman and pointed out that the theme of ‘Sand World’ was pacifism. Goldman was sympathetic but explained that pacifism was box office poison. ‘You think that little creep Lucas would be rolling in all his greenery today if he’d called his movie *Star Peace*?’

Seiler threatened legal action but to no avail – the contract he’d unwisely signed with Pine and Goldman left him with no control over the movie at all. He was forced to sit helplessly on the sidelines and watch his beloved creation turned into something which was a betrayal of every principle he held dear. So traumatic was the experience that Seiler retreated into his Nance box and has never emerged again.

Goldman was oblivious to Seiler’s suffering. He was too involved in getting the movie off the ground. He had approached a top exec, he knew at Paramount, Harvey Kane, with the *Sand Wars* package and Kane was keen to run with it, but he did insist on several changes in the script. One such was the cutting of the mass rape scene where 80 lust-crazed *Cassa vetti* desert nomads ritually gang-banged Princess Histamine and her 30 nubile *Psoriasis* hand maidens.

‘I was really sorry to see that scene go,’ said Fresco later. ‘But Kane wanted a PG rating and what the hell, all artists have got to make compromises some time or other.’

When the deal with Paramount was settled Goldman and Kane held a press conference to announce the coming of *Sand Wars*. Surrounded by huge pre-production paintings showing the big dramatic set-pieces of the movie, such as the mass attack by 600 four-legged *Pyreeni* war machines on the floating citadel of the deadly *Kreech* tribe, Goldman told the assembled journalists that *Sand Wars* was going to be the most spectacular movie of all time. ‘Forget *Star Wars*, forget *Close Encounters*, *Sand Wars* will make them look like chicken shit. But don’t think that *Sand Wars* is just another sci-fi movie. It isn’t! It’s going to be about *people*, not just special effects – even though we will be spending thirty million dollars on the effects ... No, Spielberg and Lucas make sci-fi movies, but I don’t. *Sand Wars* is gonna be something different, it’s gonna be science *fact*! And to make sure of it I’m

gonna have all the scientific stuff checked over by Arthur C. Clarke and Carl Sagan ...’

As pre-production got underway the important task of casting the picture was begun. Sir Ralph Richardson was chosen to play Aminorex, the ancient wise man who teaches the young hero how to *skeelp* with his sacred *limpino* and thus usher in the new era of universal *spurum*. Paul Newman was then signed to play the hero’s father Basilia and Faye Dunaway his evil mother Fang.

At the same time the search was on for a young actor to play the lead role of Prince Ruck-Yington. An actor with very special qualities was required seeing as he would have to convincingly metamorphose into Princess Histamine halfway through the movie. The search ended when Goldman and Kane selected Alan Bellini for the part. The 23-year-old blonde-haired Bellini had never appeared in a film before but had plenty of stage experience, his most recent role being in a successful San Francisco revival of *The Boys in the Band*.

Then Goodman pulled off a real casting coup by signing up Marlon Brando to play God. Brando’s fee for the three-second screen appearance was to be fifteen million dollars. Goldman defended this deal by saying, ‘Marlon is worth every cent. No other actor alive has the authority and presence to play God but Marlon ... except maybe Larry Olivier but his English accent automatically rules him out.’

Goldman also set up a number of big merchandising deals at this time and plans went ahead for the mass production of toy replicas of the six-legged *Hitatchee* battle wagons, the flying *Spunkits* and the loveable, teddy bear-like *Praatts*. But Goldman’s hope to market Prince Ruck-Yington/Princess Histamine costumes in children’s sizes foundered after opposition from fundamentalist religious groups.

Then he surprised the industry by giving the contract for the movie’s effects work to an unknown 18-year-old by the name of Linus Shipper instead of to any of the top effects techs, like Douglas Trumbull, John Dykstra or Brian Johnson, who had been bidding for the job. ‘I have every faith in Linus,’ Goldman told the industry press. ‘The kid’s a genius. He’s got methods of getting his effects that the older guys in the business just don’t know about. He’s gonna knock your eyes out.’

And, of course, Shipper came much cheaper than any of the established effects techs. It was rumoured that his bid was as low as forty thousand

dollars even though Goldman continued to claim that thirty million dollars would be spent on the effects (the twenty-nine million, nine hundred and sixty thousand dollar difference would be taken care of by the usual ‘creative accounting’ that Hollywood does so well).

But then, when *Sand Wars* was just a day away from the start of shooting, Goldman got a nasty surprise. He arrived at Paramount that morning as usual to confer with Kane but discovered that Kane’s name was no longer on the door of his office suite. Kane, Goldman then learned from the unfamiliar secretary, was no longer with Paramount. There had been a boardroom shake-up the night before and the result was that a new regime had taken over the studio. Kane and the other top execs were out ...

And, as usual when this occurs at a major Hollywood studio, the first thing the new bunch of execs did was to junk all the projects that the previous execs had set up, including *Sand Wars* ...

Goldman was devastated. He screamed, argued and threatened, but all to no avail. *Sand Wars* was a no-no as far as Paramount was concerned now but he was, of course, free to take the package to another studio ...

The problem was that Goldman, on his own, couldn’t afford to keep the package together for more than a day or two and so he quickly lost his stars, his sets and most of his crew. All he was left with was Alan Bellini and Linus Shipper, plus the screenplay.

Plunged into the deepest of depressions Goldman decided to go on a massive bender of drugs and alcohol, so he called up his main dealer, Toni Collino, and ordered enough coke to stuff an elephant’s trunk.

Collino, alarmed at the state of his best customer and fearful he might do something reckless, asked him what the problem was. Goldman told him and Collino became thoughtful. Then he said, ‘I know some guys who might wanna invest in your movie. Lemme give them a call.’

And that’s how Goldman became business partners with Alfredo ‘Three Balls’ Paluzzi, Mario ‘The Shit’ Giacona and Giuseppe ‘Razors’ De Palma. After their initial meeting in a Hollywood canyon at 3A.M. the three men agreed to finance *Sand Wars* – providing they could keep an eye on the production to ensure it didn’t go over-budget.

Overjoyed that *Sand Wars* was a go-project again Goldman agreed to their condition ...

Sammy Pine, however, was not pleased with the deal. ‘This is the fucking Mafia, for Chrissakes!’ he protested to Goldman. ‘We’re liable to

end up in the next block of cement to Jimmy Hoffa's!' So Goldman reported back to 'Razors' De Palma, his contact, that his partner was being difficult. The next day Pine disappeared and was never seen again (as he had predicted he ended up in a cement block – but a long way from Hoffa's).

With an unlimited supply of cash Goldman was easily able to set up *Sand Wars* as an independent production. He rented studio space from three different Hollywood companies but much of the movie was going to be shot on location in the Nevada Desert ...

And so, in a comparatively short time after the crisis with Paramount, a large unit set off for Nevada and at long last *Sand Wars* was about to become a reality ...

As first the shooting went relatively well though Goldman did have some problems with his leading lady, Emma Hayward. Though she'd only previously had some small roles in TV shows such as *The A Team* and *The Dukes of Hazzard* she began to act like a prima donna as soon as she arrived on the set. Goldman found it hard to deal with her, mainly because she was coming to his trailer every night and doing things to him that he'd only read about in medical books (which is how she got the part in the first place). But she was turning up on the set later and later every day and in desperation Goldman turned to Paluzzi. 'She's costing us money,' he complained. 'She won't listen to me, maybe she'll listen to you ...'

Paluzzi nodded. 'I'll go talk to her.'

The whole company watched as Paluzzi went over to Emma Hayward's caravan and disappeared inside. A short time later came a very audible *snap* followed by a scream ...

It turned out that 'Three Balls', following his usual routine when dealing with stubbornness in his line of business, had broken her leg. He had also promised to break her other leg if she refused to 'play ball'.

When Goldman, in an agitated state, pointed out to him that a broken leg could only further inhibit Miss Hayward's efforts to reach the set on time 'Three Balls' merely shrugged and said, 'That's her problem. She's late again I break her other leg.'

It was then that Goldman realized that going into partnership with the Mafia could have its drawbacks.

During his frantic search for a replacement star Goldman encountered another problem. It came in the form of the first of Linus Shipper's visual effects sequences. It was a long shot of the glittering Nance city in its desert

setting which Shipper had achieved with a table-top model. Goldman had to admit that Shipper had done wonders with the city itself (Shipper told him modestly that he had used nothing but bits out of several airplane model kits and a few cornflake packets) but he couldn't understand why there was a fat, middle-aged woman looming behind the horizon.

Shipper explained that it was his mother. She was in the shot because he had built his table-top model on the kitchen table – the only available table top in his house – and she had refused to leave the kitchen while he was shooting as she was busy cooking the evening meal for his father and three sisters. But, he assured Goldman, he would matte his mother out before the footage was added to the movie.

Goldman wanted to know why Shipper hadn't already matted his mother out of the shot whereupon Shipper admitted that he hadn't yet learned that trick. He could matte things *in* to shots but he couldn't matte things out. But he told Goldman he was sure he would have mastered the skill by the end of the picture. 'If not,' said Shipper, 'I'm sure it would be easy to change the script to explain Mom's presence ...'

What happened next is still unclear but Shipper spent the next week in the Red Skelton Hospital for Serious Head Injuries.

Finally Goldman found a replacement for Emma Hay-ward and shooting on *Sand Wars* resumed in the Nevada desert. But after a few days came another set-back ...

It was during the shooting of a big crowd scene showing the sacred ritual where Prince Ruck-Yington receives his sacred *limpino* after overcoming six deadly *kirksuckers* in holy combat. Right in the middle of the scene several stretched limos suddenly appeared out of nowhere and disgorged about twenty hirsute men wearing dark suits and carrying Uzi submachine guns. Less than a minute later Alfredo 'Three Balls' Paluzzi, Mario 'The Shit' Giacona and Giuseppe 'Razors' De Palma lay dead on the desert sand, along with about fifty of Goldman's extras ...

With his financial backers eliminated by this inconvenient outbreak of gang warfare Goldman was once again in big trouble. And this time he saw no way of saving *Sand Wars* ... It was the end of the line.

But that night, as Goldman lay in drunken despair in his caravan, he was paid a visit by one of his surviving extras, a small, dark woman with eyes like Peter Lorre's and a moustache like David Niven's. She told him her name was Carlotta Spavine and that she could help him save his movie, providing

he was prepared to make ‘the ultimate sacrifice’.

Goldman’s initial reaction was that she was flakier than a case of terminal, dandruff but being desperate he said, ‘Sure, what the hell ...’

She then removed her clothes and Goldman saw that the resemblance to Peter Lorre didn’t stop at her eyes. When she insisted that he remove his clothes too he figured what ‘the ultimate sacrifice’ was going to entail ...

But he was mistaken. Instead of jumping his bones she started drawing a pentagram on the floor of his caravan. And when she pulled a live chicken out of her bag and slit its throat he knew she had other things than sex on her mind.

He wasn’t too surprised when a man suddenly materialized in a cloud of smoke and brimstone. The brimstone was a dead giveaway. ‘You’re ... the Devil!’ cried Goldman.

The Devil, who, for reasons best known to himself, had chosen to appear in the form of Woody Allen, nodded and asked his disciple, Carlotta, why he had been summoned. She explained that Goldman needed a backer for his movie. In return he would sign away his soul.

‘Hey, let’s not rush into this,’ said Goldman. ‘Before I sign anything I want to make sure the terms are right.’

‘Fine with me,’ said the Devil. ‘Let’s have lunch.’

A couple of days later Goldman, in the company of his agent, met the Devil at Jimmy’s, the trendiest restaurant in Beverly Hills that week. This time the Devil was a dead ringer for Bob Guccione, complete with open shirt and gold medallions. Over the seafood pate with green sauce Goldman’s agent, known throughout the industry as ‘Speedy’ Samosa, handed the Devil the contract he’d drawn up on Goldman’s behalf.

The Devil started to read it. As he turned page after page his expression grew more grim. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. When he finished reading he muttered ‘Excuse me ...’ and disappeared. Literally. (The waiter, who was in the process of serving the next course – glazed oysters cooked in champagne – pretended not to notice.)

Ten minutes later the Devil reappeared. He looked at them both and shook his head in wonderment. ‘You guys,’ he said. ‘I may be the Lord of the Flies but I’m not stupid. Banal, yeah, I admit to that but stupid, no.’ He waved the contract at Goldman. ‘I showed this to some lawyers I got Downstairs – as a matter of fact it’s crawling with lawyers down there – and they all agreed that is one *evil* document – *real* evil. I sign this and you’ve got

me sewn up like a succubus in a nunnery. No way could I get out of this deal with my pants, much less your soul.'

'But it's a standard Hollywood contract,' protested 'Speedy' Samosa.

The Devil regarded him with amazement. 'You mean you guys get away with stuff like this *all the time*?'

Samosa told him yes. The Devil said, 'I guess I'm out of touch. You make me feel like an amateur ...'

Samosa was flattered. 'Hey, come on,' he said, 'with *your* talents you'd be a natural in this game, believe me.'

'Really?' asked the Devil, looking interested.

'Why, I'd take you on tomorrow as a partner just like that ...'

'Yeah?' said the Devil eagerly.

'Yeah,' confirmed Samosa.

'Hey, what about me?' cried Goldman.

But the Devil no longer gave a damn about Goldman or his soul. Instead he went into partnership with Samosa and today is the most successful agent in Hollywood with practically every major name on his books.

For Goldman it was the end. He was washed up. Ruined. Bankrupt. He eventually got a job working as a tour guide at Universal Studios, but unlike other guides there Goldman packs a .38 revolver hidden in his jacket. The reason? Well, he reckons that if he sees another would-be Spielberg hop off the tour bus with the aim of sneaking into the Black Tower he's going to shoot the motherfucker in the back.

As for *Sand Wars*, all that remains of it are a few cans of unprinted film, a table-top model hidden in the attic of Linus Shipper's home and, disintegrating slowly in the heat of the Nevada desert, a full-scale section of a *Hitatchee* battle wagon, part of a *Spunkit*, and a model of the sacred *limpino*

...

Sad relics of the Epic that Never Was.

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 2: Under-The-Weather Films

The Spy Who Came In With a Cold Richard Burton catches a chill while canoodling with Claire Bloom and unthinkingly spreads it throughout the secret service. It turns out that it is in fact a bionic bug planted by the Russians who listen to everything that it transmits back to them. For years afterwards they try to penetrate British defences with the passwords Atishoo and Bless You.

Great Expectations Originally intended to be directed by Howard Hawks, the film still has phlegmatic English director David Lean getting the best out of his cast. Listen again to those terrific songs: 'Make 'em Cough, Make 'em Cough', 'Pick Yourself Up, Brush Yourself Off and Spit All Over the Floor', and 'It's Snot What You Do, It's the Way that You Do It'. If this film doesn't bring a lump to your throat, nothing will.

Queasy Street Chaplin's greatest ever movie. Who can forget the vomiting cops and the way the little tramp escapes by sliding past their heaving bodies? And the sight of Edna Purviance with her finger down her throat still brings tears to the eyes of grown men.

Gone With the Wind The explosive love-story of how Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara came to a tragic end after wild over-consumption of barbecued baked beans. Recently re-released in glorious Pong-around.

Bringing Up Baby The hilarious story of Gary Grant and Katherine Hepburn whose love-child is swallowed by a tiger. Their zany attempts to get the tiger to sick up their offspring have to be seen to be believed. But all's well that ends well and the little mite, unhurt by his once-in-a-lifetime experience, is finally 'brought up' when the tiger is forced to watch *The Bells of St Mary's*.

Invasion of the Bogy Snatchers Aliens land on Earth to steal the planet's supply of nose-nuts. They are held off by the brave Kevin McCarthy who has a cold so awful and runny that not even these disgusting aliens will go near him. But Dana Wynter cures him and then he too falls victim to their loathsome probing. Watch out for the famous scene where McCarthy runs down the busy motorway shouting 'Lock up your bogies.'

Shock Horror Revelations About the Stars!!!

In this section we rip aside the veil of secrecy covering some of the more bizarre truths of Hollywood's shady underbelly of deception.

Shock Horror Revelation #1: Greta Garbo a Secret Australian!!!

Yes, it's true, Greta Garbo was not Swedish at all but actually came from Australia! Born Doris Pringle she lived on her father's sheep station at Wanga Wanga, Queensland until she was 23. It was then that she was discovered by Hollywood stunt flyer Bernie Von Bagel-man after he had crashed his Sopwith Camel in the station sheep dip. He took her back to Hollywood with him and acted as her agent. But to hide the fact she was Australian Bernie claimed she was Swedish and could not speak a word of English. 'Strewth cobber, with an accent like mine I wouldn't have stood a ratbag of a chance of getting into the fillums,' Doris Pringle admitted recently. 'So I had no choice but to pretend I was this foreign filly from woop-woop or wherever.'

During film-making Doris merely mouthed the dialogue without making any sound. The voice of 'Greta Garbo' was dubbed in later by Swedish expatriate Ingrid Gustaf. This arrangement worked well until Ingrid Gustaf's sudden death in 1941. Deprived of her 'voice' Greta Garbo had to go into premature retirement, thus creating the 'I want to be alone' Garbo myth. In reality Doris was very unhappy about the situation. 'Fair crack of the whip, I was more upset than a pommie in a bath tub! I could have kept making fillums for years if that idiot Ingrid hadn't kicked the jam jar over. Bloody foreigners, you can't trust them.'

Shock Horror Revelation #2: Julie Andrews Forced at Gunpoint to Do Disgusting Things on Film!!!

First came the revelation from Linda Lovelace that she was forced at gunpoint to make films like *Deep Throat* and now comes the even more shocking revelation from Julie Andrews that she underwent a similar experience. According to Miss Andrews a .45 automatic was trained on her throughout the making of *The Sound of Music*. A psychiatrist we consulted on the matter backs up her story. 'It seems unlikely that anyone would voluntarily dress up like a novice nun and charge around the Austrian Alps acting like a raving cretin.' Miss Andrews also claims the same thing happened during the making of *Mary Poppins* and again the psychiatrist backed her up. 'I find it hard to believe that she would have agreed to co-star with Dick Van Dyke of her own free will. And if you examine the film carefully you will notice in the scenes where Van Dyke is doing the world's worst imitation of a jolly cockney Miss Andrews's smile is distinctly forced ... she definitely gives the impression of a woman who sincerely wishes to be somewhere else.'

Said Miss Andrews, 'I'm revealing the true story now in the hope that other young actresses can avoid similar exploitation in the vulnerable, early stages of their careers.'

Shock Horror Revelation #3: Sylvester Stallone is a Muppet!!!!

One of the best-kept secrets in the film world is that Sylvester Stallone, star of all the millions of *Rocky* movies as well as being Rambo, is a Muppet but his creator, Frank Oz, has now decided to come clean. 'Jim (Henson) and I built him as a kind of joke originally but I think the joke's gone too far. I mean when you get President Reagan ringing him up for advice at times of crisis you start to get worried ...'

Made out of sculpted styrofoam built around an aluminium skeleton, Sylvester Stallone requires a team of twelve people to operate him. There are separate controls for his eye movements, mouth, arms, legs etc, all of which are operated by a mixture of hydraulic and electronic systems. 'Overall, the result is pretty convincing,' said Oz. 'But there are still a few bugs we never really ironed out. His voice, for example.'

The Muppet men had plans to make a second Stallone Muppet for a film where Rambo and Rocky would join forces and kidnap Gorbachev, demolishing Moscow in the process, but it's unlikely they will go ahead now.

‘It all depends on the public reaction to the news that he’s not real. They may not give a damn. After all, no one minded when it was revealed in *The Terminator* that Arnold Schwarzenegger was a clockwork toy ...’

Shock Horror Revelation #4: Alan Ladd was Seven Feet Tall!!!!

Yes, now the story can be told. For years Hollywood carefully created the illusion that Alan Ladd was of unusually small stature; fake rumours were leaked to the press about him having to stand on a box when filming two-shots with his leading ladies and so on. Well, the truth was the exact opposite. In reality Ladd was seven feet tall but he had such a fixation about his height he went to extraordinary lengths to conceal it from the film-going public. ‘He was very sensitive about being so tall,’ said his former agent ‘Shifty’ Gonzales. ‘More than anything in the world he wanted to be short. During filming he would stand in a three-foot trench to create the impression he was pint-sized. Even his publicity shots were faked to make him look small. In later life his favourite movie was *The Incredible Shrinking Man*. He would watch it over and over.’

When in public Ladd adopted the technique used by Jose Ferrer when he played Toulouse Lautrec in *Moulin Rouge*: he had his legs painfully bound up and walked on his knees. This explains why Ladd kept his public appearances to a minimum.

‘It was kinda sad really,’ said ‘Pee Wee’ Paluzzi, an actor of diminished growth who played one of the Munchkins in *The Wizard of Oz*. ‘Al would hang out with all us short guys at our regular place, The White Dwarf Bar on Sunset Boulevard, pretending to be one of us but he never really fitted in, mainly because of the extremely low ceiling.’

Ladd’s great height caused problems on the set. Sue Reynolds, his leading lady in the unfortunately titled *High Rider*, recounted one such incident. ‘I’m only five feet so I had to wear stilts in order to appear taller than Ladd in our scenes together. I never really got the hang of the damn things and while we were shooting on location in Wyoming I got one of them stuck in a gopher hole and ended up falling head over heels down a sixty-foot-deep ravine. Broke every bone in my body and never worked again for five years. Ladd blamed himself and was very apologetic. I told him it wasn’t his fault but he said, “It would never have happened if I was a midget,” and I

guess in a funny kind of way that's true.'

Shock Horror Revelation #5: Woody Allen is not Jewish!!!!

Once upon a time Jewish comedians went out of their way to present themselves to the American public as gentiles. Jerry Lewis, for example, was born Joseph Levitch and Danny Kaye was originally David Kaminsky, but now the reverse is true – some gentile-born comedians pose as Jewish in order to boost their careers. One such is none other than the epitome of American Jewish humour – Woody Allen.

Woody Allen was born Gary Armstrong Jnr. His parents were a wealthy New England couple who could trace their ancestors back to the *Mayflower*. Gary grew into a six-foot-four-inch-tall, blond-haired, blue-eyed college jock. His parents wanted him to join the family-owned bank but Gary had other plans – he desperately wanted to become a comedian.

'But no way could I break into the business,' said Gary recently, 'and the reason was soon clear to me. All the comedians were Jewish. It was a Jewish monopoly.'

So he decided to become Jewish himself. He would turn himself into the quintessential Jewish wimp. He dyed his hair brown and underwent surgery to lengthen his nose and shorten his legs. He wore brown contact lenses and thick glasses over them to enhance his Jewishness. He also changed his name to Allen Konigsberg then adopted the stage name of 'Woody Allen'. 'A real Jew wouldn't have used his real name professionally,' he explained. This attention to detail paid off and the rest is history, but now Gary has decided to reveal the truth ... 'I feel I owe it to my parents and my race to come clean and admit who I really am. I want young WASPs born of wealthy parents not to feel ashamed of what they are. I want to act as an example to such unfortunates. I want them to say that if Gary Armstrong Jnr can become Jewish there's hope for us all.'

Eighty-One Quick and Easy Pocket Reviews of Famous Films

Yes, who needs Leslie Halliwell when you've got us working on your behalf. In this section we tell you all you need to know about eighty-one famous films – the ideal service for those of you with the attention span of a newt:

Bonnie and Clyde A tale of two sickies.

Ben Hur Former Jewish rowing champion flirts with Christianity after winning horse race.

Star Wars Farm boy finds force works wonders.

The Magnificent Seven Six Hollywood stars and Brad Dexter save Mexican village from bandits.

Dr No Man with no hands tries to conquer world but loses his grip.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind Aliens land on Earth then take off again.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind – the Special Edition See above.

Cat People Man ends up with more pussy in bed than he can handle.

King Kong A big ape in the Big Apple falls for girl.

Jaws Shark chews actors while actors chew scenery.

Gandhi Little man beats Empire by not using the force.

Gone with the Wind American Civil War ruins girl's social life.

A Clockwork Orange Music lover is persuaded to change his mind.

You Only Live Twice Remake of *Dr No*.

Superman Alien lands on Earth, flies around a bit and decides to become American citizen.

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia A nightclub pianist tries to get ahead in life.

The Last Picture Show Cinema closes down in small American town.

E. T. Alien lands on Earth, acts cute then takes off again.

Citizen Kane Newspaper owner's lifelong obsession with toy sled intrigues journalist.

Journey to the Centre of the Earth Group of explorers find their life is all downhill.

Earthquake California is hit by a very cheap earthquake.

A Zed and Two Noughts ZZZZZZZZZZ.
The Ten Commandments God reveals anti-Egyptian bias.
The Year of the Dragon Cop discovers that as soon as you finish shooting one Chinese gangster you want to shoot another one.
Fantastic Voyage Group of Hollywood stars are shrunk, but not enough.
Portnoy's Complaint Young man finds his sex life is a handful.
Heaven's Gate Michael Cimino version of a Hugh Hudson film.
Revolution Hugh Hudson version of a Michael Cimino film.
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid Two incompetent crooks go to South America and get shot.
War of the Worlds Aliens land on Earth and come down with a virus.
The Spy Who Loved Me Remake of *You Only Live Twice*.
Psycho Young man proves unable to run a motel.
Towering Inferno Group of Hollywood stars become stranded in an Irwin Allen movie.
Rambo Man with speech impediment takes out his frustration on Vietnam.
Legend Story of why director Ridley Scott stopped believing in fairies.
Blood Simple Bloody complex murder mystery.
Invasion of the Body Snatchers Aliens land on Earth and snatch a few bodies.
The African Queen Man bullied by woman into taking long boat trip.
Deep Throat Girl finds men hard to swallow.
Moonraker Remake of *The Spy Who Loved Me*.
Spartacus Union organizer gets cross after disagreement with his bosses.
Dune Long trailer for movie that was never made.
The Thing Alien lands on Earth and falls to pieces.
Raiders of the Lost Ark Archaeologist and God wipe out bunch of Nazis.
The Draughtsman's Contract Artist draws a blank.
The Emerald Forest Tarzan goes to Brazil.
Rocky Man almost wins boxing match.
Rocky 2 Man wins boxing match.
Rocky 3 Man wins boxing match.
Rocky 4 Man wins boxing match.
 This space reserved.
Back to the Future Libyan terrorists cause strange relationship between boy and his mother.

2001: A Space Odyssey Aliens reveal secret of the Universe to astronaut but not to audience.

Deliverance Group of city men go on holiday in the backwoods and get bugged about by the locals.

Star Trek – The Motion Picture Group of aging actors and their hair-pieces go where no man has gone before, but very, very slowly.

Godzilla Allegory about inner-city property developers.

1984 (1984) Remake of 1956 *1984*.

Brazil 1985 remake of both the 1956 *1984* and the 1984 *1984*.

The Man Who Fell to Earth Alien lands on Earth and wonders why, as do audience.

The Music Lovers Gay composer marries Glenda Jackson and regrets it.

Gorky Park No one here can remember a bloody thing about this film except that Alexei Sayle had a cameo role and woke up the audience, but just briefly.

Absolute Beginners Bunch of young, innovative British film makers get together and remake early Cliff Richard movie.

Heartbreak Ridge Clint Eastwood and bunch of young marines prevent Grenadian invasion of America.

The Mission Two actors are sent into the jungle on a mission to save the Goldcrest film company. They fail.

Company of Wolves Feminist writer goes to the dogs.

The Fly Man becomes the fly in his own ointment.

Castaway Horror film about girl trapped on island with Oliver Reed.

84 Charing Cross Road New York woman writes letters to London bookshop; manager of bookshop answers letters.

Crocodile Dundee Existentialistic work about Australian man trying to attain holistic interface with his environment while resisting the corrupting influences of American cultural imperialism.

The Fourth Protocol Pierce Brosnan gives brilliant audition for role of James Bond.

Splash Young man falls in love with mermaid but ends up with wrong half.

Peggy Sue Got Married Kathleen Turner goes back in time but still can't escape Nicholas Cage's strange acting.

Highlander Scotsman with French accent spends centuries chopping the heads off people in order to discover secret of life.

Short Circuit Robot is under delusion that it is E.T. and acts accordingly.

Children of a Lesser God Teacher's pleas to pupil fall on deaf ears.

The Name of the Rose Sean Connery visits medieval retirement home for ugly monks but resists temptation to make joke about their dirty habits.

Mad Max – Beyond Thunderdome Mad Max finally runs out of gas.

Yentl Barbra Streisand dresses up as a man to woo Amy Irving, and who wouldn't?

9½ Weeks Long cigarette commercial without any cigarettes.

Pale Rider Clint Eastwood finds himself in the dark during remake of *Shane*.

Gothic Ken Russell makes a Frankenstein's Monster of a movie but fails to bring it to life.

Over the Top Cannon Films gives Sylvester Stallone a twelve million dollar hand-job.

Second Thoughts

Charlie Chaplin used to film the same scene scores of times to try to improve it, make it funny or merely end up with a take where he wasn't molesting Edna Purviance. Many movies, in fact, have had scenes cut out or altered where the director, the producer or even the distributor has chickened out, seen the error of his ways, given up the booze, taken to the booze, or, for any other reason, had second thoughts. These are just a few of those scenes.

Don't Look Now

A Small Room in Venice

JOHN BAXTER *stands staring at the back of the small red-clad figure as if mesmerized. Slowly it turns. An ugly, harsh face confronts him.*

BAXTER Mother. I thought it might be you.

RED DWARF Hey, Johnny. I mista you. You ranna way and wenta England. Why you doa that thing, Johnny?

BAXTER I know. I must have been mad. You were so good to me. And look what happens. I end up with a woman who, maybe she's good in bed but – you should pardon my mouth, Mamma – she's turning into a loony who thinks she's got second sight. But now I'm back, Mamma. Your little boy is back.

RED DWARF Johnny, Johnny, donta you cry. You Mamma, she is here. I'lla protecta you with this bigga knife.

BAXTER Oh Mamma, Mamma, will you forgive me?

(BAXTER lunges forward to embrace his mother. He slips.)

RED DWARF Johnny. Johnny. Be careful. Be – Oh, shitta.

BAXTER Aaaaggghhh!

(BAXTER's blood begins to seep along the floor.)

RED DWARF Mamma mia. I'ma gettinga outa herea.

Love Story

A Hospital Room

OLIVER *sits next to JENNY's bed. She is wearing a beautiful sari. He holds*

her painfully thin arm.

JENNY Come closer, Ollie. Kiss me for the last time.

(As OLIVER moves, the door bursts open. DR ACKERMAN rushes in.)

ACKERMAN Hold everything.

OLIVER I've got her arm already.

ACKERMAN No, you imbecile. We've found a way to save her. Her leukemia can be reversed. All she needs are frequent and massive blood transfusions.

OLIVER But that means she'll be stuck in a hospital for the rest of her life.

JENNY I'd rather die.

ACKERMAN No, no. We've found a way I tell you. It'll be expensive but, what the hell. It's a first, so the hospital will pay.

JENNY What – what's it involve, Doctor?

ACKERMAN A little dental surgery. A little metabolic change. And then, well, then maybe you can have your own TV series.

JENNY You mean ...

ACKERMAN Yes, *The Six Million Dollar Vampire*. And look, I've got a pair of plastic teeth so you can see what you'll look like.

OLIVER Hey, let me try them first.

(OLIVER puts them in and playfully bites JENNY.)

JENNY Hey, that hurt. And now look. You've ripped my sari.

(She shrugs.)

JENNY So, I'll have to darn it.

OLIVER But it's made of cotton.

JENNY Darn, I'll have to sew it.

OLIVER No, I'll get you another one. Remember, love means never having to sew your sari.

King Kong

The Base of the Empire State Building

DRISCOLL and BELLAMY walk towards the vast body of Kong. It lies there, a mute testimony to the wonders of Mother Nature.

DRISCOLL Well, Bellamy, I hope you're satisfied, you darned explorer you. You've near wiped out New York.

BELLAMY Listen, you great lunk. Whatever havoc was wreaked upon this great city was wreaked by man himself. Man's greed. Man's lust for new

thrills. Man's insatiable curiosity.

DRISCOLL Yeah, Bellamy. An' you were that man. Why, I've a good mind to – But, no. You wouldn't understand.

BELLAMY No, Driscoll. It's you who doesn't understand. There are uncrossed boundaries that man has yet to breach. Uncharted territory that man has yet to search. Undrunk waters that man has yet to –

DRISCOLL Yeah, yeah, yeah. That's easy for you to say 'cos you're an intellekchul. But me. I'm just – Hey, you seen Ann Darrow anywhere by the way.

BELLAMY No. I thought the little sweetheart was with you.

(DRISCOLL *screams a manly scream and points. Following the direction of his finger BELLAMY sees Ann Darrow's fair little head sticking out from under Kong's huge corpse.*)

BELLAMY Oh, well, Driscoll. I suppose it was The Beast killed Beauty. (He pauses.) Wait a minute. That's totally obvious and anyway, it doesn't sound right. Can we get someone to look at this scene again please, Merian? I think it needs a little reworking. Fancy a drink, Bruce?

BRUCE CABOT OK by me, Bob.

(*Arm in arm Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong walk off the set.*)

FAY WRAY Hey. Isn't anyone gonna get this fuckin' ape off me?

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid

The Top of a Very High Cliff

BUTCH and SUNDANCE *arrive at the edge of a precipice and far, far below is a river.*

BUTCH Well, Sundance, them there guys will soon be here. What we gonna do?

SUNDANCE Seems to me we got but two choices. Either we jump or you give me a big smacky kiss.

BUTCH I think I'll jump if you don' mind.

SUNDANCE No, you ain't got my drift. If them there guys see you givin' me a big smacky kiss then they may reckon we're faggots and feel sorry for us and leave us be.

BUTCH Sounds like a bit of a long shot to me, Sundance.

SUNDANCE Well, you can jump if you want, Bitch –

BUTCH Butch.

SUNDANCE Sorry. But I think it's worth a try.
BUTCH OK, but no tongue, you hear.
SUNDANCE No tongue, where's the fun in that?
BUTCH It's not meant to be fun. It's meant to save our lives.
SUNDANCE Gee, I kinda forgot. OK, no tongue.
(They kiss. BUTCH pulls away and spits.)
BUTCH You promised no tongue.
SUNDANCE Well, I sure don' know what came over me, Bitch.
BUTCH Butch.
SUNDANCE Sorry. But you sure got a luscious mouth. Just like a gal's.
BUTCH You really mean that?
SUNDANCE I surely do.
BUTCH You really, really mean it?
SUNDANCE As sure as flapjacks make you fart.
BUTCH Aaaaaawwww, Sundance, you sure say the sweetest darn things. But, sheet, take a looksee. Them there guys are them *here* guys now an' they seem real ornery an' mean. It sure looks like they ain't gonna hang around for another big smacky kiss. I reckon we orta jump. There'll be time for big smacky kisses later.
SUNDANCE With tongue?
BUTCH For sure. Oh, an' you can call me Bitch if you really want.
(They hold hands and jump.)

North by Northwest

On a Dusty Road by a Cornfield

ROGER O THORNHILL *is pacing up and down waiting to be met. It is very quiet. The only noise is a very faint buzzing. In the distance, almost too small to see, eight panzer tanks are rolling through the cornfield.*

ROGER *walks up and down some more. A car goes by.*

The panzer tanks get closer. The buzzing becomes a considerable roar.

ROGER *glances casually at the tanks but ignores them otherwise.*

He walks up and down some more. No car goes by for a while. He glances at the panzer tanks again. He shrugs. They are very close.

He walks up and down some more. The panzer tanks are within yards of him. The noise from them is deafening.

Suddenly, he realizes that something is wrong. He dashes across the

road and into another cornfield. Desperately he flings himself forward. He knocks a sleeping fat man off a chair.

THORNHILL Wake up, you silly old fart. You've put me on the wrong set again.

HITCHCOCK Uh, what? Nnnnh. Whew, I'm hungry. Will someone run and get me an egg McGuffin? Would you like one, Gary?

Singin' In the Rain

A Street

It is snowing. Gene Kelly hops into view.

KELLY I'm hoppin' in the snow, just hoppin' in the snow, It's a hoppy sort of feelin' I want you to know.

DONEN Cut cut. Next.

(It is sunny. GENE KELLY crawls into view.)

KELLY I'm crawlin' in the sun, just crawlin' in the sun, You may think I'm stupid, but I'm havin' fun.

DONEN Cut cut. Next.

(It is hailing. GENE KELLY dances into view.)

KELLY I'm dancin' in the hail, just dancin' in the hail, I may look a wally, but so would a whale.

DONEN Cut cut. Next.

(It is foggy. GENE KELLY can't be seen.)

DONEN Cut cut. Next.

(It is slightly misty. GENE KELLY limps dimly into view.)

KELLY I'm limpin' in the mist, just limpin' in the mist. If you don't get it right soon, I'm gonna get pissed.

DONEN OK Gene. Point taken. Next.

(It is very frothy. GENE KELLY wades into view.)

KELLY I'm wadin' in the foam, just wadin' in the foam. If you don't change the lyricist, I'm gonna go home.

DONEN Right, take ten everybody. Get Arthur Freed back here. Tell him we'll pay what he's asking.

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 3: Food Films

Citizen Cayenne Orson Welles plays the peppery old owner of the Daily Hotstuff. One day he utters the word 'Vindaloo'. In a desperate attempt to curry favour, all his friends and employees rush around to attempt to find out why he said this. By the time they discover he actually said 'Find a loo', however, his sheets need changing.

The Ricicle Thief Vittorio de Sica's delightful and moving film about the labourer who cannot go to work until he discovers who has stolen his breakfast cereal. His young son tries to give him porridge, Oat Crunches and even three Shredded Wheat but to no avail. The shattering discovery that, in fact, they had merely run out of ricicles will come as a total surprise to everyone.

The Lunchpack of Notre Dame While carrying his midday meal in a bag over his shoulder Quasimodo gives the impression that he has a deformed back. Everyone shouts abuse at him which prevents him doing his job of cleaning the church bells. Previously he had been going at it like the clappers. However, eventually he wins respect with his ability to do Charles Laughton impressions.

Goodbye, Mr Chips Robert Doughnut plays the shy chip-tester in a Birds Eye factory. His chips are all he lives for. He knows that they should be clean, straight and white, and he fights against the introduction of crinkle-cut and stringfellows. But the world beyond chips opens up for him when he meets Greer Garçon, the pea-packer.

The Carrots of Wimpole Street This is the passionate story of the forbidden romance between Elizabeth Carrot and Gravy Browning. No festival about food films would be complete without this classic.

The Man in the White Suet Alec Guinness plays a vague but loveable scientist who discovers a form of suet that could free the world of racial tension by turning everyone who eats it white. The Black Panthers try to buy him out but money has no meaning for him. This is a delightful satire with a serious message. Sub-titles in Afrikaans.

The Dessert Song Gordon MacRae tries to force the natives to eat plum

duff instead of their usual pudding as a punishment for ridiculing his singing and putting a small porcupine into his sporran. Kathryn Grayson shows the natives how to vomit to order.

Planet of the Grapes Charlton Heston is accidentally frozen cryogenically. He remains in suspended animation for thousands of years until a few drops of wine adulterated with anti-freeze awaken him in a world where everything is run by winos, known colloquially as 'grapes'. Ready McBowel plays a renegade grape. The make-up is astonishing. You'll really believe a nose can have broken capillaries.

Adam's Rib That loveable duo, Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, are the 'fooding' husband and wife team each of whom owns a different restaurant. He, Adam's Rib. She, Eve's Pommes Frites. Their battles for customers will make a superb 'last course' for your festival.

Sex in the Cinema

Sex in the cinema can be a lot of fun. And in fact a growing number of people are choosing the cinema as *the* venue for sexual intercourse, claiming that after doing it in a cinema the more conventional places for sexual activity, such as beds, baths, kitchen floors and the toilets in Boeing 747s pall by comparison.

Typical were the comments of Simon Childer and his girlfriend Debbie Kelly. 'You just can't beat the excitement of screwing in a crowded cinema,' said Childer. 'Because of all the problems you have to overcome in order to come, so to speak, the whole experience is much more intense.'

'Of course,' added Debbie, 'it does all depend on the cinema. I'm not very keen on those little ones.'

The main aim of it all is to achieve orgasm without alerting the other members of the audience as to what is going on. This is not as easy as it sounds, and, in fact, *sounds* are often what give the game away ... You might think that the typical cinema audience is making so much noise these days – talking, eating, etc – that they wouldn't hear anything, but the sounds produced during sexual activity, as the reader may have noticed, have a certain distinctive quality.

If either you or your partner find it impossible to remain quiet during orgasm one tip is to coincide them with events on the screen. For example, if someone on the screen starts to scream then you're free to let rip. Better still if someone on the screen starts to have an orgasm too, that way you can do a duet. Gunshots and explosions are not a good bet unless you come very quickly.

The best method for beginners to try is the Oral Approach. The male assumes a sitting position in the normal manner and the female, after a decent interval (if there is such a thing in a British cinema), drops her box of Smarties on the floor (it doesn't *have* to be Smarties; e.g., Australian readers can substitute Jaffas or Fantales). Pretending to be looking for them she gets on to her knees between the rows of seats and then gets down to business. If she can bring him to orgasm before the Pearl and Dean adverts are over she can award herself ten points.

It is possible to reverse the positions but due to the obvious

physiological differences between male and female and the average width of a British cinema seat this method can be difficult. Of course, if the woman can manage to put her feet surreptitiously up on the back of the seats in front of her without attracting the attention of their occupants then go for it.

Second method is the Sitting Position. Again the man assumes a conventional sitting position and the woman then sits on his lap (it helps, of course, if the woman is *sans* underwear). Points with this method are awarded for the longest time it takes both partners to reach orgasm. If they can last through the first reel of the feature they get fifteen points each; another fifteen points for getting through the second reel and so on. Difficulties with this method are that the constant up and down movements and the general squirming about tend to attract the attention of other patrons in the immediate area, therefore discretion is vital. It is recommended to take long rest periods between each bout of activity.

If another patron should comment on your unusual seating arrangements a good excuse is for the man to claim that the female on his lap is his young but overgrown daughter. Alternatively you can both claim to be on the dole and able to afford only one seat.

A more adventuresome method is the Reverse Sitting Position. This is where the woman *sits facing* the man and as you can imagine is a difficult one to pull off successfully (newcomers to the game are advised not to try this until they've practised a fair amount at home). If anyone queries this arrangement you might try the 'young daughter' excuse again. For example, 'My daughter can't bear to watch horror movies ...' Of course it helps if the film being screened *is* a horror movie.

Veterans at the game favour the tricky Forward Lean Position. With this the woman leans over the seat in front of her (an empty seat is more or less essential) and the man takes her from behind. The best excuse if questioned while performing this manoeuvre is: 'We've dropped a lighted cigarette down the back of the seat.'

In all these positions so far described it is easier if the female half of the partnership is wearing either a dress or skirt but the real veterans of the game consider that the wearing of jeans or overalls adds to the challenge of the whole thing (we should point out that the cutting of holes in crucial areas of these garments is regarded as cheating).

A word about contraception: if the woman is not carrying her own protection then the taking of alternative precautions in a cinema can

sometimes be difficult. Spermicides, for example, are notoriously awkward to handle in the dark and condoms too can be tricky. We know of one male player who had an embarrassing experience with the latter – just as he was about to apply one to the requisite member it shot off from his fingers with a loud twang, bounced off the neck of the man in front of him and landed in the lap of a woman a few seats away. Recovery of the delinquent rubber proved difficult ...

Accomplished players of the game consider that sex in the aisles is the trickiest manoeuvre of all to pull off successfully as it's hard to do it without attracting *some* attention, even from usherettes – who are practically nonexistent in British cinemas these days. The 'We're looking for a contact lens', is a handy excuse but only if both players are facing the floor. Some favour the 'She was having an epileptic fit and this was the only thing I had handy to put in her mouth', but it's a matter of personal taste.

Finally, let Debbie Kelly in her own words explain why so many people are preferring to have sex in the cinema nowadays: 'Well, if your partner's not up to much cop at least you can always watch the movie at the same time ...'

Songs from the Cinema Quiz

Are you the sort of person who comes out of the cinema singing a tune? Even if there wasn't a tune in the film.

Are you the sort of person who goes to musicals and sings along? Meanwhile the rest of the audience is glaring at you.

Are you the sort of person who walks along with one foot on the pavement and the other in the puddles in the gutter, then stands underneath a broken drainpipe without an umbrella and gets absolutely soaking wet? And still bloody well sings.

In that case, you're either Michael Parkinson or a loony.

Even so, someone has to cater for your strange proclivities otherwise you'll end up inside.

So here, just for you, with no expense spared, are the tunes from a few famous cinematic songs.

But which ones?

- 1 Dum dum dum dum duuuuum deeedumdum dum dum
- 2 Duuum didi didi didi dum duum duuum
- 3 Duuum duuum didum didum
- 4 Dum dumdi dumdeee didum
- 5 Didum didum dum dumdi dum dum duum
- 6 Dum dumdum di dumdum dum di dumdidum dum dum
- 7 Dumdi dum dum dum dididum
- 8 Duuuuuuuuuumdidumdum dum di dum dum dum dum dum dum
- 9 Dum didumdum dum dum
- 10 Di dum dididum didi dumdum duum dum

Just in case any of them are at all baffling, the answers are on [page 204](#).

Every Bloody Boring Australian Film You've Ever Seen Rolled Into One ...

SETTING The stately Buckinghamshire home of LORD PENROSE-SMYTHE (actually a restored Victorian railway station in Kalgoorlie, West Australia). LORD PENROSE-SMYTHE is talking to his rebellious daughter, the beautiful MIRANDA . They are both in Victorian dress.

LORD PENROSE-SMYTHE (*in Australian accent*) Stone the crows, Miranda, if you don't change your ways and give up these bloody foolish ideas you've got about starting a feminist cooperative for cockney prozzies in London I'm gonna send you packing to our, er, estates in the greatest little country in the world, Australia.

MIRANDA (*in Australian accent*) Do your worst, Dad, but you won't change me. I'm a free woman here, where it counts ... (*Taps her heavily freckled bosom*).

LORD PENROSE-SMYTHE Strewth, don't tell me you've burnt your bloody bra again!

(In the background an emu can be seen peering in through the window. A member of the film crew chases it away.)

MIRANDA (*brushing a swarm of blow-flies away from her face*) You can't fight progress, Dad. One of these days women will be the equal of men. More equal even! Why, I'll bet a woman will end up being Prime Minister!

LORD PENROSE-SMYTHE (*wiping sweat from his forehead*) That's the final straw, you stupid galah. You're off to Australia tomorrow. Go and pack immediately. Life in the Outback will knock those mad ideas out of you ...

(Fade on MIRANDA looking defiant. In the background kangaroo peers in through window.

Cut to shot of model sailing ship in rough water. (The hand of film crew member operating egg beater is briefly glimpsed.)

Cut to MIRANDA being rowed ashore at Fremantle harbour in a long boat (in background container ship can be seen being unloaded).

Cut to MIRANDA arriving at the Wanga Wanga sheep station in the West Australian Outback. MIRANDA, overdressed, is sitting in a horse buggy being

driven by a GRIZZLED BUT COLOURFUL OLD CHARACTER. Overhead can be seen aircraft vapour trails.)

GRIZZLED BUT COLOURFUL OLD CHARACTER Here you are, Missus. Your new home where your high and mighty ways will be knocked out of you ...

MIRANDA Call me Your Highness. Is this really the Outback?

GRIZZLED etc Missus, if we was any further out back we'd be back in front again. *(Laughs uproariously, spattering camera lens with saliva.)*

(As buggy approaches the main house it passes a group of Aborigines having a corroboree. Off-camera crew member pushes a kangaroo into shot. Kangaroo refuses to cooperate and hops back out of shot.)

The buggy passes a group of stockmen singing 'Waltzing Matilda' as they castrate sheep. Off-camera crew member pushes an emu into shot. The emu, angry, turns and bites off-camera crew member. Muffled scream heard on soundtrack. The buggy pulls up in front of house. A WOMAN is waiting on the steps of the verandah, arms akimbo. Her hair is pulled back in a tight bun and her clothes are plain. She is wearing a blood-stained apron. A headless chicken dangles from one hand. She is MRS GIBSON, mistress of Wanga Wanga station. Behind her stand other members of her family, including her son DIGBY. He is a big, sunburned man in his early twenties and quite handsome in an Australian way (see Bryan Brown as an example). His shirt is open all the way to his pubic hair, revealing lots of rippling muscles. Cut to close-up of MIRANDA's face. She wets her lips.)

GRIZZLED etc Here she is, Mrs Gibson, the whingeing pom that I went to pick up.

MRS GIBSON *(looking MIRANDA up and down with disapproval)* We'll soon have those high and mighty ways of yours knocked out of you, young woman. You're not in England anymore. *(Off-camera crew member hurls koala into shot. It lands on GRIZZLED BUT COLOURFUL OLD CHARACTER, digging its claws into him hard.)*

GRIZZLED etc *(ad-libbing)* Fucking hell ...!

MIRANDA *(alighting from buggy, while in background GRIZZLED etc is locked in life and death struggle with pissed-off koala)* Show me to my quarters immediately!

(MRS GIBSON, the members of her family, the stockmen, and the Aborigines all collapse laughing to the ground, kicking their legs in the air, with the exception of GRIZZLED etc who is still occupied with the killer koala.)

Cut to MIRANDA in small, corrugated-iron shed. There are poisonous

snakes writhing on the floor. She is standing on her threadbare bunk fending them off with a broom. Tarantulas are dropping on to her from the ceiling. Off-camera crew member throws wombat into shot.

Cut to MIRANDA emerging from shed carrying bath towel, soap and loofah. She stops passing STOCKMAN.)

MIRANDA Excuse me, my good man, but would you please direct me to the bathroom.

STOCKMAN *(with knowing smile)* Aw, sure, missus, be glad to ...

(Cut to MIRANDA standing in open-air cubicle made out of rusty corrugated iron which barely conceals her body. Above her a couple of Aborigine children pour water on to her from bucket full of holes. She is surrounded by laughing Aborigines, stockmen, and members of the GIBSON family.)

From the verandah MRS GIBSON surveys the scene with satisfaction.)

MRS GIBSON *(to herself)* We'll soon have those high and mighty ways knocked out of her. *(Cut to dinner scene. MIRANDA is struggling with her meal which consists of kangaroo tail steaks and Yorkshire pudding. The GIBSON family regard her with amusement.)*

MIRANDA Are you sure you don't have any quiche? *(The GIBSONS all fall off their chairs, shrieking with laughter. Aborigines and stockmen, peering in through the windows, do likewise.)*

MRS GIBSON You bloody poms with your lah-di-dah ways, you think we Aussies are as thick as flies on an Abo kiddie's eyes. Well let me tell you this, Miss High and Mighty, one of these days this country is going to build an opera house that will be the talk of the entire world – as soon as we figure out what opera is.

(A TEENAGE GIRL dressed in white enters the room. She has a bruise on her forehead and appears dazed.)

MRS GIBSON Where have you been, Ada? And where are your sisters, Coral, Valma and Lorraine?

ADA *(confused)* I don't know. They just ... kind of vanished.

MRS GIBSON *(angry)* Bloody hell! Don't tell me you've been picnicking at that bloody Hanging Rock again! You know I told you to stay clear of that place. That's the third bunch of sisters you've lost this year. They don't grow on trees, you know ...

(The door is flung open with a crash. In the doorway stands a big man with heavy eyebrows. It is MAX GIBSON, master of Wanga Wanga (he is played

by a clapped-out Australian film star who, after a career in Hollywood and British films, has returned to his homeland to work for peanuts and, boy, is he pissed off about it.

His eyes widen when he sees MIRANDA. He starts to drool.)

MAX And what have we here, eh? *(He has a mid-Atlantic accent.)*

MRS GIBSON It's the pom from England come here to have her high and mighty ways knocked out of her by us down-to-earth, happy-go-lucky Aussies.

MAX *(bows to MIRANDA)* Pleased to make your acquaintance, Madam. Perchance you'd allow me to give you a guided tour of my little kingdom. The sheep dip looks very pretty at this time of the evening ...

MIRANDA *(happily)* At last, a real gentleman!

(She gets up. MAX takes her by the arm and leads her out.)

Cut to the sheep dip. Behind it is a spectacular sunset.)

MIRANDA You're right. It is very pretty. Perhaps there is a beauty in Australia that I've so far been blind to.

(MAX grabs MIRANDA, throws her to the ground then rips open her bodice, exposing her sun-tanned breasts.)

MIRANDA screams.

Fade out.

Cut to MIRANDA returning to the dinner table looking raped.)

MIRANDA *(to MRS GIBSON)* Your husband just raped me!

MRS GIBSON *(unperturbed)* Oh don't mind Max. He gets a bit frisky at times. I put it down to boredom myself. There's not much to do out here at nights and the wireless won't be invented for forty years yet. *(She claps her hands briskly.)* Now stop all this whingeing and start on the dishes. While you're at Wanga Wanga you're going to earn your keep ...

(Montage follows showing MIRANDA doing laundry, milking cows, beating rugs, shearing sheep, digging fence-posts, building barns, felling trees, slaughtering cattle, harvesting wheat etc.)

At night, before falling into her bunk, she works on her book about life on the station. The camera closes in on the title over her shoulder. It reads We of the Wanga Wanga.

Cut to MIRANDA mustering cattle on horse-back. She is cracking her stock-whip like an old pro. DIGBY watches admiringly. When MIRANDA pauses to see to a cow that is sinking in the mud of a billabong DIGBY takes the opportunity to talk to her in private.)

DIGBY (*shyly*) 'Scuse me, Miss Miranda, but there's something I got to say to you.

MIRANDA (*dressed in jodhpurs, riding boots and a man's shirt, eyes him speculatively. As usual his shirt is open to his pubic hair. His muscles are gleaming with sweat.*) Spit it out, Digger.

DIGBY (*making a circle in the soil with the toe of his boot*) Well, I got to admit that I didn't give you much cop when you first arrived at Wanganga with your high and mighty ways but now that they've been knocked out of you you've turned into a real bonzer sheila. I thought it was only fair that I told you. We Aussies are very big on fair play ...

MIRANDA I know, Digger. I know a lot of things now that I didn't know when I first came here. I didn't know how to treat snake bite or even know how to castrate a sheep with my teeth. Not that there was much call for either skill in Buckinghamshire ...

DIGBY (*blushing*) There's something else I got to say. Now I'm not much for fancy talk – that's for poofdah shirt lifters – but whenever I look at you it's like someone put a handful of Redbacks down me Y-fronts.

MIRANDA (*softly*) I feel the same way whenever I look at you.

DIGBY (*surprised*) You wear Y-fronts too?

(*For an answer MIRANDA kisses him, hard. They embrace, then fall to the ground, tearing off each other's clothes. In the background the struggling cow disappears under the mud.*)

Cut to flock of screeching black cockatoos rising into the sky, followed by shot of Ayers Rock, the opening ceremony of the Sydney Harbour Bridge and finally a shot of Anzac soldiers being mown down by machine-gun fire at Gallipoli ...

Cut to MIRANDA and DIGBY lying side by side. They are both naked. DIGBY has hidden his manhood under his cork-rimmed hat while a discreetly placed platypus conceals MIRANDA's womanhood. He looks very satisfied. She doesn't.

DIGBY Jeemies, that was more fun than sticking your donger in a box full of fluffy ducks.

MIRANDA (*irritably*) You may know about fair play, Digby, but you know fuck-all about fore-play.

DIGBY (*frowning*) Fore-play? What's that?

MIRANDA I'll show you. Take your hat off ...

(*Cut to shot of Great White Shark taking bite out of victim, followed by*

huge wave breaking on beach, pulverizing surfers and sending their surf boards hurtling into the air.

Later we see MIRANDA riding back to the house. She is in a post-coital daze. A stockman comes running up to her.)

STOCKMAN (*excitedly*) Missus, take cover! There's a big willy-willy on the station!!

MIRANDA (*dreamily*) I know. I've already seen it.

STOCKMAN No, you silly pom! *That's a willy-willy!!! (He points.)*

(MIRANDA looks. She sees the spout of a small tornado heading towards the house. Trees, sheep and people are being sucked into it. Then she sees something that chills her heart. DIGBY is right in its path ...

He tries to outrace the willy-willy on his horse but it's no good; to MIRANDA's horror DIGBY, with his horse, disappears up the spout.

The willy-willy misses MIRANDA but she doesn't care. She is too distraught over DIGBY's fate.)

MIRANDA I'm going to search for him. I'm going to find him if it takes forever ...

STOCKMAN Wouldn't bother, missus. He's probably in Queensland by now. Victoria too. Bits of him are probably scattered across the whole of bloody Australia, if you'll excuse my bluntness.

(But MIRANDA refuses to listen to reason. She leaps back on her horse and rides off into the desert to look for DIGBY ...

There follows one of those bloody boring sequences where the camera alternates between shots of the sun and close-ups of the victim's face as the heat and thirst take their toll. On and on it goes – we see MIRANDA's horse drop dead, we see MIRANDA continue on foot over the desert (actually sand hills near Scarborough Beach in Perth, Western Australia, which explains why the occasional life guard wanders into shot in the background), we see MIRANDA become increasingly sunburnt as she staggers on, shedding articles of clothing.

The sequence lasts for approximately 200 years.

Finally it comes to a thankful ending when MIRANDA, now wearing very little, falls off a cliff ...

She lands with a splash in a big pool of water. 'I can't swim!!!' she screams as she sinks.

Cut to MIRANDA regaining consciousness. She is lying surrounded by smiling Aborigines. She is also completely naked.

Alarmed, she attempts to get away but they restrain her. However it soon becomes obvious to her that the natives are friendly even though their fingers are restless, prodding and probing at her.

Their spokesman is a handsome warrior called BINDIBONDI (he is played by Richard Chamberlain in black make-up). Through a mixture of sign language, graphic gestures and sub-titles, BINDIBONDI explains that they are a lost tribe and that she is the first white woman they've ever seen. It was their natural curiosity about her that led them to remove her remaining articles of clothing and examine her in detail.

She asks BINDIBONDI if he will guide her back to what passes for civilization in Australia but he says no. He explains that while they have no objection to copping an eyeful of a white woman like her they have no desire to meet any white men. His lost tribe intends to stay lost. 'We know what will happen if we go to white man's settlements,' he tells her. 'White men will destroy our natural way of life, corrupt us with alcohol, white bread and other additive-laden foods. We will not swap our holistic culture for a couple of transistors, polyester Y-fronts and a can of Fosters. No way, man.'

Thus MIRANDA has no choice but to stay in the secret valley with the lost tribe.

There follows the inevitable and tedious scenes showing her adapting to the native life-style: learning how to cook a snake on a stick; learning how to make a semi-detached two-storey hut out of twigs and gum leaves; learning how to make a quiche out of witchetty grubs; learning how to make a tampon out of the bark of the maroubra tree etc. The tedium of this section of the film is broken only by the erotic swimming sequence when MIRANDA and BINDIBONDI swim in the lagoon while the underwater cameraman succeeds in getting some very interesting, though artistic, shots of MIRANDA's pudenda. They fall in love, inevitably. Lying on a rock beside the lagoon he asks her to marry him. She says yes. But what, he wants to know, of the man she told him she was searching for – DIGBY GIBSON?)

MIRANDA Digby who?

(But before they can marry, MIRANDA must become a member of the tribe. There then follows one of those bloody boring ritual sequences that go on for bloody forever and involve lots of dancing, chanting and ranting. And, of course, there's the bloody pretentious hallucination scene where MIRANDA, after smoking the sacred root of the wallee plant, encounters the tribal god who takes the form of a six-foot-tall wombat (played by Sir John Gielgud)

who tells her that Man must live with Nature and not against Her and to use the sap of the bungidgee tree if she wants to avoid unsightly stretch-marks ...

After the initiation rites comes the equally tedious marriage ceremony followed by the honeymoon sequence. This takes place on the sacred honeymoon platform floating in the middle of the lagoon so that the whole tribe can watch. The love scene itself is filmed in that arty-farty way where you can't see what belongs to who and is as erotic as Blue Peter.

A number of boringly idyllic scenes follow showing MIRANDA enjoying her new way of life with her new husband. Then, ten or so spectacular sunsets later, comes the welcome sound of gunfire ...

To MIRANDA's horror she sees a group of armed white men enter the valley, shooting indiscriminately as they approach. She recognizes MAX GIBSON at their head ...

Bravely, BINDIBONDI rushes to meet them armed only with his spear and a lead-weighted didgeridoo but MIRANDA interposes her body between him and the gunmen.

Because she is tanned almost as dark as the Aborigines, and like them wearing only a loincloth, MAX GIBSON doesn't at first recognize her. He raises his gun to shoot her then, after a long pause, lowers it.)

MAX GIBSON Stone me, I'd recognize those proud, jutting breasts anywhere. Those and your blonde hair are a dead giveaway! You're Lady Miranda!!

MIRANDA Have you gone mad, Max?!! What are you doing here?

MAX We were searching for you. I got some important news for you. It's about your father. I'm afraid he's, well, er, kicked the jam jar over ... er, gone for a walk in the deep end of the billabong ... er, let his billy boil over and put the fire out ... er, dropped his full load of bricks ... er, gone to face the Big Squatter in the Sky ... er ...

MIRANDA Max, are you trying to tell me my father is dead?

MAX (*grimacing*) Jeemies, you poms can be crude at times.

MIRANDA So he's dead. So what?

MAX He had a change of heart at the last moment. He forgave you everything and put you back in his will. You've inherited the lot. All the estates in Buckinghamshire, a large chunk of Canada, most of India and all of Western Australia. You got to go back to England and take control of the business and ...

MIRANDA (*defiantly*) Never! My place is here now with these people.

They are my tribe. I am one of them. I could never leave them or my husband ... *(She grasps BINDIBONDI firmly by his didgeridoo.)*

MAX That's not all. For a joke Mrs Gibson sent the manuscript of your novel to one of those posh pom publishers. You coulda knocked us all over with a brick shithouse when they bought it. *We of the Wanga Wanga* is a bestseller. Some bloke called Mervin Bragg wants to do a TV programme about yer and some yank skirt by the name of Meryl Streep wants to buy the film rights ...

MIRANDA *(turning and shaking BINDIBONDI by the hand)* Well, so long, Bindi. It's been great but you know what these holiday romances are like. Come and see me whenever you're in Buckinghamshire ...

(Shattered, BINDIBONDI wanders off into the bush and commits suicide by pointing a high-calibre bone at himself.)

MIRANDA *doesn't even notice. She is too preoccupied with deciding what to wear on The South Bank Show and what she will say in her acceptance speech when she wins the Booker Prize.)*

MAX *(embarrassed)* Er, Your Highness, about me raping you beside the sheep dip that time ... I hope you're not going to let a little thing like that influence our future employer/employee relationship ...?

MIRANDA Of course not. *(She borrows a rifle from one of the stockmen and shoots MAX between the eyes.)* Don't give it another thought. *(She hands the gun back to the stockman.)* Now let's get going. The sooner I get an agent the better.

(Final scene shows MIRANDA riding triumphantly off into the nth spectacular bloody sunset of the movie while off-camera crew member pushes surly-looking dingo into shot. The dingo turns and snaps. There's an off-camera scream.)

THE END

followed by an interminable, bladder-bursting list of bloody credits.

A Transcription of a Tape Recording Found in Wardour Street

VOICE 1 We all know each other, gentlemen, but perhaps we can follow the normal custom of not referring to each other by name. I've called this meeting because of a particular threat to our interests. But before explaining it perhaps you could all give me an update on your achievements in managing Britain's cinemas. We could begin from the left and go round the table clockwise.

VOICE 2 Well, I have some good news to report. Complaints about queuing at the cinemas where my managers are employed are rife so we have taken steps to introduce a new system. Previously, customers were kept waiting in the rain for up to half an hour before performances because my managers would not allow bookings for the upcoming performances. This was, as you will appreciate, totally unsatisfactory. The very fact that people were still prepared to queue in all weathers showed we had got it wrong. We have now initiated a system where people have to queue for half an hour in the rain but are then told that they have been in the wrong queue and will have to start again. Any complaints are dealt with by specially imported staff who cannot speak any English. We are expecting substantial reductions in attendance, I can assure you.

VOICE 3 I can see your point, but it does rather depend for success on the rather temperamental British climate. Personally, I prefer my managers to do their work inside the cinemas. I have ensured that all my managers have been trained by a professional impersonator so that they can sit amongst audiences and talk in very loud voices as though they were drunks or tramps or Lithuanians translating for a friend.

VOICE 4 My methods are very similar but I only employ married managers whose wives must be prepared to participate. The couple talk incessantly about the possible colour of the star's underpants, what they plan to do over the weekend, what they did over the *last* weekend or the terminal illness of a close acquaintance.

VOICE 5 I too am a believer in the school of on-site irritation. However, it

certainly seems to me that the key is plot revelation. My managers actually employ out-of-work actresses to see the film at a special viewing. Then they have to attend every subsequent performance and announce to each other very loudly exactly what is about to happen a split second before it does. There is little that will infuriate an audience more.

VOICE 6 What my colleagues say is all very well, but audience irritation may not have the desired effect for a number of reasons. Firstly, some members of the audience are so thick that they are quite capable of ignoring such interruptions. Others will go again in the futile and strangely persistent belief that they cannot always be the victims of noise. Others, in fact, actually commit these acts without being paid to do so and appear to regard the cinema as mere extensions of the public house or lunatic asylum that they have clearly just left. So far as that goes they are on our side except that they themselves continue to attend. No, I have a subtler form of audience irritation. My managers hire people to attach themselves to film critics and to people with influence in the world of films. They then flick ash over the critics, laugh at their bouffant hairstyles or lack of height, sneer at their pomposity or drunkenness and wink at their proclivities. These bastions of the film industry will certainly spread the word unintentionally that cinemas are no longer places to attend.

VOICE 7 My managers' brief is to rent the most tedious and irrelevant documentaries available to accompany the films they are showing.

VOICE 8 I actually employ morons to make such documentaries which my managers then have to show. Believe me, they're much more dire than you can ever imagine. I must admit though that sometimes the effect is to make people delay their arrival so they only catch the feature film. Perhaps I should look for a way to make the viewing of documentaries compulsory?

VOICE 9 I have three methods which my managers use. Firstly, I have had made an advertisement for hot dogs which is so embarrassing in its suggestiveness of oral sex that it has effectively ended the family audience at the cinemas where it is shown. Secondly, my managers ensure that the times of programmes recorded on answering machines are always wrong so that audiences arrive just in time to catch the end of the previous showing. And thirdly, the managers always arrange for the ice cream sales girl to walk across the front of the cinema while the film is on, and as many times as possible. We have a pilot project taking place even now where she shouts out the prices during plot pivots.

VOICE 1 Gentlemen, I must say that these are all admirable ploys. When we got together to infiltrate British cinemas with the aim of drastically reducing audiences I had little idea that we would be so successful. Our own real interests of videos, home computers, paperback books, TV, radio and records have vastly benefited. However, we are up against a major threat. People are making popular movies again. In the light of this I took a little initiative of my own recently. I was so appalled at the success of the Salkind's *Superman* films that with just a little money here and a little blackmail there I arranged for them to make successively *Supergirl* and then *Santa Claus the Movie*. That sorted them out. But gentlemen, there are others. Spielberg, Lucas and, until I arranged for *Revolution* to be made, David Puttnam. What can we do? There is a limit to how many unsuccessful films we can persuade anyone to make. In any event, you know how fickle the cinema audiences are. *Lemon Popsicle 4* was a success!

VOICE 4 Don't forget that we still have British Film Year 2 up our sleeve.

VOICE 1 Ah, yes, where we allowed it to have a modest success so that we could follow it up with Afghanistan Film Year, Korean Film Year and Falklands Film Year. They will surely be triumphs of awfulness. But what else?

VOICE 3 We could further subdivide the multiscreen complexes into eight or ten screens. Perhaps eventually have the aim of issuing anyone who still attends a cinema with a Sinclair pocket TV to watch the film on.

VOICE 6 I am quite taken with the idea of luminous carpets.

VOICE 2 We still haven't pursued my suggestions of Legionnaire's disease in the air conditioning –

CHORUS What air conditioning?

VOICE 2 – or salmonella in the popcorn.

VOICE 1 Well, gentlemen, I am pleased to see that you are taking the problem seriously and have new ideas in mind. Perhaps you can develop them for the next meeting. We *must* keep people at home. The meeting is now over. Goodbye and good luck.

(Noises of shuffling and murmuring for a while; then all is silent until –)

VOICE 1 Ah, Mabel, are you free now? It's cheap night in the West End and I fancy going to see *Back To The Future*.

FEMALE VOICE (Giggles) Oooh, yes Sir. (Then to self) Oh dear, someone seems to have left this tape runni–

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 4: Alcoholic Films

Lucky Gin A drunken history professor at Oxford attempts the world record at losing brain cells with the aid of five crates of his favourite tippie, one small bottle of tonic and half a lemon. Laugh at his antics as he stumbles around, dropping things and wetting himself. Laugh at his witty comments such as, 'Wharra f'ucksh goin' on?' and 'Wherea fuck am I?' A film for all the family as soon as they're back from the pub.

Clash of the Tight Uns This is a fabulous film about the drunken Gods who rule our lives and mischievously make all those terrible things happen to us like farting in lifts just before someone else comes in and buying Barry Manilow records. Apart from the scenes where the Gods are *really* pissed out of their tinies, this is quite an animated film.

Key Lager Legendary boozer Humphrey Pissart stars with Lauren Bacardi in John Hoochson's famous film about a group of drunks trapped on an island in a storm. The drink is running low. 'Wheresh alla fuckin' lager gone?' asks Pissart. 'Fucked if I know,' ripostes Bacardi. But help is at hand with the arrival of gangster and bootlegger Edward Gin Robinson who brings a lorryload of surgical spirits and wood alcohol which results in the film's uproarious climax of blindness, agony and death.

Blithe Spirit Wrecked Harrison plays the drunk Blithe, whose new cocktail causes everyone to see ghosts. In fact, they're only seeing double. Blithe, whose cocktail is a delicious mix of whisky, more whisky and yet more whisky in a pint glass, watches as his guests begin to see doubles of the doubles. Then his own brain begins to leak out of his ears and the film ends on a high note.

D.T. – The Drunken Terrestrial Steven Spillbeer's cute little alcoholic alien arrives on Earth with a device that is a friendly present for humanity. A small instrument which, inserted under the skin, turns blood straight into alcohol and removes the danger of all those broken glasses and bottles. DT almost dies at one point in the film. We actually see his vast enlarged liver glowing in his tiny little body. But a quick half-pint of navy rum soon has him back on all his feet again. Eventually, the intergalactic drying-out squad

come and take him back to the Home again.

Oliver Pissed No, not the biopic of Oliver Peed, but the famous Dickensian story of the cute little orphan boy who just wanted 'Shum more fuckin' gin or I'll bloody smash yer fashe in'. Laugh at the great songs: 'Conshider yershelf pished outa yer mind' and 'Whasha fuckin' wordsh to this one then'.

How to be a Stuntman

This may come as a surprise to you, readers, but when, in a movie, you see, say, Roger Moore or Sir Richard Attenborough go crashing through a plate-glass window or falling from the top of a ten-storey building it isn't really them at all.

No, seriously! It's someone else in their place! And these substitutes are called *stuntmen*, unless they're women in which case they're called *stuntpersons*, though, of course, women wouldn't be used as substitutes for either Roger Moore or Sir Richard so let's forget about them and concentrate just on stuntmen.

Now it occurred to us that a lot of you readers are probably on the dole and therefore pretty desperate to get a job so as a special free service we are going to teach you how to become stuntmen. The film industry is always crying out for new stuntmen – for reasons it may be best not to go into.

We are going to do you this great favour even though you probably couldn't afford to buy this book and instead took it out of your local library, thus doing us out of our royalty (and don't think the paltry sum we get from the Public Lending Right Scheme makes up for it!) ...

Lesson One: Falls

All stuntmen have to be good at falling. Now don't be put off if this sounds difficult – it isn't. Follow our instructions and you'll soon be diving through the air like a 747 with metal fatigue. The trick is to start small. Begin with falls of, say, one inch. Do that for a day then move on to two-inch falls. The next day double it to four inches and so on. Within a couple of weeks, believe it or not, you'll be falling from heights in the region of twelve hundred feet!

Perhaps now is the time to mention *padding* and other forms of protection. As falls of the longer variety can sometimes result in injury or a life-termination situation stuntmen take the precaution of wearing padding and making sure they land in something soft. As our old friend 'Gnasher' Perkins, doyen of British stuntmen, puts it: 'It's not the fall that kills you, it's the sudden stop – know what I mean?'

Some stuntmen use piles of cardboard boxes to land in. It can be a quite

efficient method providing you follow Rule #1: *Always make sure the boxes are empty.* Gnasher Perkins still laughs about the sixty-foot fall a mate of his once made into a pile of cardboard boxes he'd got from an electrical appliance store. 'Silly bastard forgot to take the electric kettles out of the boxes,' laughs Gnasher. 'You could hear the sound of his skull splitting all the way out on the back lot, know what I mean?'

Other stuntmen prefer to jump down on to air bags. Again it's important to remember to inflate the air bags *before* use. Also air remains the best thing to put in an air bag. A colleague of Gnasher's once filled his bag with water on a dare from Gnasher but he was unhappy with the results. 'When poor old Fred regained consciousness he said it was like hitting concrete at 60mph,' laughs Gnasher. 'Know what I mean?'

Lesson Two: Fires

To be a good all-round stuntman you have to know how to set yourself on fire. Now at first glance this might appear pretty simple: you just douse your clothes with petrol and apply a match. Well, yes, admittedly this would be quite spectacular but the drawback with this method is that you can only use it once. It will also mean an abrupt end to your career as a stuntman. After all, what film company will want to hire someone who resembles a burnt potato crisp?

So this is what you do – first take off all your clothes and smear yourself from head to foot with fire-resistant jelly (or have a good friend do the smearing for you). Next put on a suit of fire-resistant underwear of the type worn by racing drivers. Next put on some thick trousers and a couple of thick jumpers, then don your fire-resistant suit complete with its own air supply. Next put on whatever costume is required for the scene and hope you're not supposed to be playing a small, thin person as by now you're the size of the Michelin Man. Next, douse yourself with the flammable liquid of your choice and you're ready for action ...

One final point to remember is that it's important to have someone available to put you *out* at the end of the scene. Even with everything you're wearing it can get very hot when you're on fire so have a couple of people standing by with fire extinguishers. A spare pair of clean underpants is also essential.

Another tip – make sure that the extinguishers are working properly.

Gnasher Perkins tells of a joke he played on a colleague of his who was doing a fire 'gag' (a *gag* is the term that stuntmen use to describe stunts – is it any wonder they're a breed apart?). 'It was old Bruce Bangsund, my old cobbler from Australia,' laughs Gnasher, wiping the tears from his eyes. 'He was doing a big fire gag on April Fool's Day and I was a bit pissed off with him because he'd got into the knickers of a continuity girl I fancied myself, know what I mean? So just for a joke, like, I filled his extinguishers with paraffin. You should have seen him! Running around like a headless chicken and screaming bloody murder! When we finally peeled his gear off him he was as red as a lobster. From then on we used to call him the Fry-Up from Down Under ... know what I mean?'

Lesson Three: Fights

The most common requirement that you will face as a working stuntman is to get hit on the jaw or on some other part of your anatomy so you'd better start preparing yourself right away. Pick at least one fight every day (two if you can manage it). Pubs are good places for fights. Go into a bar, approach the biggest man you can find and call him a poof. If he's not a poof he will no doubt hit you; if he *is* a poof he'll probably hit you as well. Very soon you will develop the necessary scar tissue on your chin, nose and forehead which is invaluable for the working stuntman.

Also try and get some practice in of being hit over the head with a chair or bottle, and falling face down on a table full of beer glasses in case you ever get offered a job on a western.

Lesson Four: Car Chases and Crashes

You may have noticed that a lot of TV shows and movies contain a sequence in which two or more vehicles, usually cars, chase each other up and down streets narrowly missing other cars and pedestrians, or not as the case may be. This type of sequence is known by the technical term of 'the car chase'. In order to practise for this sort of thing you need to pit yourself against an expert driver on a regular basis. A good source of such drivers is the police force. Simply drive past a cruising or parked police patrol car and make an obscene gesture at the driver, then put your foot down. A chase is sure to result which will provide you with valuable experience in going round

corners on two wheels, narrowly missing women pushing prams and even perhaps plunging over a cliff in a ball of fire.

Lesson Five: Car to Aircraft Transfers

Now we're getting on to the really tricky stuff. To practise for these sort of 'gags' you will need a friend who owns a helicopter or light plane. The aim of the gag is to get from the car into the aircraft, usually by means of a rope ladder hanging from the latter.

Two important tips: firstly, it's easier to pull this off if the car is a convertible; secondly, it helps if the car and the aircraft are travelling in the same direction. Car to aircraft transfers when both the participants are coming at each other from opposite directions are bloody difficult to pull off successfully ...

Right, you are now ready to begin your assault on the world of stunting. Follow our invaluable advice to the letter and you could be a stuntman within a matter of weeks. And who knows, you might be lucky enough to end up working with good old Gnasher Perkins.

Violence in the Cinema

Cinemas can be violent places at times. The worst instance of an outbreak of violence in a cinema took place at the Harlesden Essoldo on 8 October 1982. It began, according to police records, during the first reel of the evening screening of *Star Trek 2 – the Wrath of Khan*. A certain Austin Mackleton, aged 35, who was sitting in the front row at the time, was the catalyst for what happened ...

He was a timid, thinly-built man who was particularly sensitive to noise in cinemas. Invariably he found himself sitting either next to or near people who spoke loudly throughout the films but he never had the courage to remonstrate with them. Until the evening of 8 October 1982.

Austin Mackleton was a 'Trekkie'; he was a member of that strange and possibly sinister cult that has grown up around the *Star Trek* TV series and films. He had been excitedly looking forward for several months to seeing *The Wrath of Khan* and was infuriated that his enjoyment of the movie was being spoilt by the couple behind him. To Mackleton it was akin to someone talking in church ...

But instead of simply turning and asking them to be quiet he snapped and rather over-reacted (it was as if all the built-up resentment he'd accumulated over years of cinema-going erupted all at once). With a shriek of rage he jumped up, leapt over the back of the seat, landed in the lap of the male half of the couple and proceeded to strangle the young man ...

When the girl attempted to pull Austin from her boyfriend he paused only long enough to punch her in the nose then resumed his enthusiastic throttling efforts. Unfortunately for Austin his victim was one Gary 'Nutter' Flynn, the leader of a local gang of skinheads. Several members of the gang were sitting nearby and came to the aid of their leader. They dragged Austin off and proceeded to beat the shit out of him ...

Leaving him in a growing puddle of blood they returned to their seats. Slowly, painfully, Austin Mackleton dragged himself out of the exit and headed towards his house less than a block away, leaving a trail of blood. Once home he paused only to tie a few tourniquets then went to a chest of drawers and from under a pile of unwashed socks drew out his late father's service revolver. He loaded it and returned to the cinema ...

Slipping back in through the same exit he went up to Gary ‘Nutter’ Flynn and said, ‘This one is for Doctor Spock,’ then fired the revolver, blowing Nutter’s brains all over his girlfriend who became understandably upset ...

Now by a strange coincidence there were, sitting slumped low in the middle of the cinema, six Libyan terrorists. They had taken refuge in the cinema after an attack on the American embassy had gone rather surprisingly wrong. All were heavily armed with, ironically, Israeli-made Uzi sub-machine guns (they had got a good discount on a bulk deal). Understandably on edge they were alarmed by the sound of Austin’s gun and presumed they were under attack from the security forces ...

They leapt up and began firing their Uzis indiscriminately in all directions. Countless members of the audience were cut down where they sat. Very soon the floor of the cinema was awash with blood and Kia-ora orange cordial.

At that very moment a passing SAS team, hunting for the Libyans, heard the shooting and correctly assumed they’d located their quarry. They moved in with their typically ruthless efficiency. Letting off stun grenades they smashed through the screen on ropes and landed in the auditorium, guns at the ready. The first person they saw with a gun in his hand was, ironically, Austin Mackleton so they promptly shot him ...

In the fierce fire-fight that followed between the Libyans and the SAS two hundred and thirty more members of the audience were killed, leaving a single survivor. He was Mister Mervyn Gillespie, a retired flange maker, who later sold his story to the *Sun* newspaper under the title of ‘HOW THE SAS SAVED MY LIFE, GOD BLESS ’EM!’

The only other person who did well out of the incident was the manager of the cinema, Mister Phillip Edwards. He sold over five hundred ‘juicy big, fat, long whopper hot dogs’ to the assorted crowd of media people and emergency service personnel who gathered in the aftermath. For this achievement he was named by the Kinematograph Association as ‘Cinema Manager of the Year’.

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 5: Carpentry Films

Mondo Cane The amazing world of cane furniture and how to make it is the basis of this shocking documentary. See grown men scream with pain as tiny splinters accidentally touch their hands. See grown women yell with shock as the rickety chairs wobble beneath them. Dubbed into American by stupid Italian peasants.

The Ipcress File Michael Cane, half-brother of Mondo, stars as the secret agent, Harry Palmtree, who works in the Department where all new agents begin – the joinery. His task is to regain the Ipcress file from the Russkies so that cut-price British wooden tanks can have their rough edges smoothed off once more and look almost real.

Absence of Mallets Sally Fields plays the intrepid reporter who is investigating the very peculiar lack of wooden hammers at Paul Newman's boat-building firm. Upon finding a mallet, Newman, bitter at the way the newspaper is picking on him, smacks Fields in the mouth with it and she spends the rest of the film with a beech impediment.

The Lady Varnishes Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redwood star in this famous thriller. In two highly polished performances they thwart the Germans and return a specially stained and coated musical chair to England which immediately wins the war. Edwood Wood-wood and Diana Doors play the same roles in the 1979 version which is made of several rotten pieces of balsa.

The Story of Saint David

And it came to pass that a baby son was born to the Puttnams in the year 1943. And from the beginning it was clear that he, who was christened David, was special. But even so his parents were much astonished when, on the eve of his third birthday, he announced from his playpen that he would one day be the Saviour of the British film industry. What manner of son be this, they asked themselves fearfully ...

David grew both into manhood and the advertising industry. But though his advertising agency prospered like no other he was not happy. He knew that he must one day fulfil his mission – he must one day save the British film industry. And he was sorely troubled, there not really being a British film industry to save as far as he could see.

So he decided to make a movie himself. An employee in his agency, Alan Parker, had written a screenplay about a love story in which the main characters were children. Puttnam looked upon it, saw it was good and rendered it unto celluloid. It was called *S.W.A.L.K.*, and Puttnam looked upon the finished product and saw it was good. Alas, the creatures of Lucifer, the film critics, said it was not good and they blinded the public's eyes to its goodness and thus people stayed away in droves.

And David was sorely troubled. How was he going to save the British film industry at this rate?

And so he changed the name of his film from *S.W.A.L.K.* to *Melody* and re-released it but, alas, still the punters stayed away in droves and David was again sorely troubled.

And then it came to pass that David had a Visitation. A shimmering figure appeared before him. 'Darling!' it cried. And then, 'Ducky! Sweetheart! You're going about it all *wrong* ...'

It was Richard Attenborough. Awed by the sight of such an unlikely personage David fell to his knees before him crying, 'Bloody hell!'

'Listen to me, sweetiecheeks,' said Richard. 'To save the British film industry you've got to enter the Promised Land.'

'The Promised Land?' stuttered David. 'You mean ...?'

'Yes, blossomdrawers, I do! You've got to break into the American market. You've got to make films that the cretins in the American heartland

will want to see. Harken to my words, young David, for I am going to give you a sign ...’

And lo, the saintly Attenborough produced a sign. It was a dollar sign.

‘I see the light!’ cried David and kissed the hem of the saint’s designer raiment.

Henceforth David was determined to make a film that would appeal to the American heartland but first he had to come up with an idea. Something that was basically American and incredibly cute. For forty days and forty nights he wandered in the wilderness of Wardour Street, smiting at his forehead and rending his garments. And all the while the corrupt denizens of that wilderness would call out from their office windows and say, ‘Go back to your advertising agency where you belong, you little pillock!’

And then one day Alan Parker approached him and said, ‘Eh, guy, why not a gangster movie where all the actors are kids?’

And David fell about him, hugging and kissing him in a manful manner. It was exactly what he’d been looking for. A movie that combined an American theme – gangsters – with an element of cuteness that was overwhelmingly icky ...

And so it came to pass that *Bugsy Malone* was made and David became a force in the land of celluloid.

Next, David made *The Duellists*. Admittedly it was not an American story, being about two French soldiers who fight a duel that goes on a bloody long time, but David cast two American actors in the roles. And again David was a force in the land of celluloid.

And then David produced *Midnight Express* which was about an American in a Turkish prison. And again the servants of Satan, the critics, rended it with their teeth and claws but the public flocked to it in droves.

But David was unhappy. He had made films that had been successful in the Promised Land but they had been American stories with American stars. Could he achieve the impossible? Could he make a British story with British actors that the cretins in the American heartland would flock to? If not all his other triumphs would be as ashes in his mouth.

So he made *Chariots of Fire* (originally called *The Running Men*) which was about men running ... and running ... and running ...

And lo, the critics liked it and the public flocked in droves! And, wonder of wonders, it won the Promised Land’s highest honour – the Oscar for Best Film!

And David was hailed as the Saviour of the British Film Industry! And once again the shimmering vision of Sir Richard Attenborough appeared before him. ‘Darling! Sugarlumps! Possumpants! You’ve done it! From henceforth you shall be known as St David!’ And after again kissing the hem of Sir Richard’s designer raiment St David said, ‘Thank you, illustrious one. And now I shall retire from show business in the manner of Jonathan Miller and Glenda Jackson and shall spend a year studying philosophy or neurosurgery in order to serve the masses better.’

And Sir Richard Attenborough looked grave and said, ‘Alas St David, your work is not yet done. For though you have saved the British film industry you must now save the *American* film industry!’

St David sighed. ‘Very well. And *then* I’ll retire.’

‘Alas,’ said Attenborough. ‘You are doomed to failure. You will be betrayed and then crucified by the jackals of Hollywood!’

‘Who will betray me?’ cried St David.

‘Alas, I can’t tell you, but I will leave you a sign ...’ And then he vanished in a puff of smoke. Standing on the pavement where he’d been was a bottle of Coca Cola. St David stared at it and was sorely troubled.

***Chunnel!!!* – The Great British Disaster Movie**

You've seen *Airport*. You've heard *Earthquake*. You've got a friend who once met someone who'd overheard a conversation at a bus stop between two people who'd read a review of *Meteor*. Well, grab hold of your toupée, because here, even before it's been made, is the script of the most terrifying disaster movie ever. One half hour of hell (with a short delay to clean the fallen leaves off the line). You've read the timetable! You've waited on the station!! Now, travel through the –

CHUNNEL!!!

In the Station

A hand reaches out holding sticks of gelignite with a timer attached. Another hand sets the timer and places the device on a large slightly curved surface. Another hand sticks it down with sticky stuff. We see a close-up of the digital clock. Seconds are ticking away at the rate of about 60 to the minute.

On the Platform

The opening ceremony for the British end of the Channel tunnel is taking place.

QUEEN DIANA We have great pleasure in opening this link between two great countries: Britain and the other one. We now name this tunnel Chunnel. God bless all who rail in her.

(A bottle of champagne crashes against the wheel of the train. The wheel falls off. No-one notices except the cinema audience.)

Near the Driver's Cabin

HARRY FOTHERDYKE Steve, my unscrupulous son-in-law, I think that this opening ceremony has been rushed for political reasons. There's still another twenty-eight years' work to do on the fluid state foundations of the tunnel, to say nothing of the totally untested and strangely cheap new high-speed nuclear trains; the special tuffalloy anti-wobble rails; the ferro-radio concrete

for the walls; the osmotic reverse polarity ventilating system; and the quasi-surgical counter-terrorism devices. You, as Head of the whole project, must know that. *(The old, grey-haired, harassed but obviously trustworthy man who has just spoken looks sadly at the dark, handsome, lean but arrogant man who is just about to.)*

STEVE CALDICOTT Harry, old father-in-law, are you, the simple driver of the first train to go through the Chunnel, suggesting that I took bribes and used untested and inferior methods simply to ensure that the opening ceremony took place on time simply because you've heard ludicrous rumours that I wanted to become Minister of State without Portfolio but with His Own Briefcase?

HARRY FOTHERDYKE I suppose not. It is rather ludicrous.

On the Platform

PRIME MINISTER HESELTINE And finally, I am proud to announce that Steven Caldicott, Head of the Chunnel Project, is to be Minister of State without Portfolio.

Near the Ticket Barrier

A man is holding a small bag. He is arguing with the ticket collector.

DR SARROFF But you must let me through. I have a new brain for the President of France. Unless I am on the train to deliver it to Professor Morton, the world-famous brain surgeon, he will be unable to perform the brain-exchange operation. The President may go mad and flood the Chunnel with millions of poisonous escargots.

TICKET COLLECTOR Sorry, Sir. There's no room on this special train. You'll have to get the first regular one.

DR SARROFF But by then the brain will have rotted, the President of France will be on the verge of death, the Chunnel will be unuseable, billions of pounds' worth of equipment will be destroyed and nuclear war may have broken out between France and England.

TICKET COLLECTOR Can't help that, Sir. Orders is orders. *(A small group of musicians walk past flashing their tickets. An oboe case falls open. Something falls out. The TICKET COLLECTOR picks it up and puts it back. The group move on.)*

TICKET COLLECTOR Funny instruments they play these days. That looked more like a bazooka than an oboe.

Steam-Filled Engine Room of Train

COCKNEY ENGINEER Stroll on, Charlie. They're using a right second-rate Ronald on this train.

OTHER ENGINEER Would I be right in assuming, David, that your use of the word Ronald is quaint and time-honoured Cockney rhyming slang for Ronald Reagan, B Actor – nuclear reactor.

COCKNEY ENGINEER Cor, strike a light, Charlie. That's triffic. You bein' so clever an' all p'raps we won't 'ave such a Marat time gettin' to Frogland.

OTHER ENGINEER And would I be correct if I postulated that Marat is a further example of the traditional mode of communication for those born within the sound of the delightful bells of Bow, to wit – The Assassination of Jean Paul Marat as performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade – Hard.

COCKNEY ENGINEER Cor, Charlie. You sure you're not a Cockney yer bleedin' self? P'raps I should call yer Chas.

NASA Headquarters

TOP AMERICAN SPACE SCIENTIST Look, you've already told me that the huge unmanned space station that's fallen out of orbit is going to land at sea, so the odds against anyone being hurt are astronomically slight. I've got enough things to worry about without being told exactly which stupid little strip of sea it will hit. For Christ's sake, I think my wife's screwing the kitchen table behind my back.

Near the Ticket Barrier

THE TICKET COLLECTOR *has stopped a WOMAN carrying a basket from which barks are issuing.*

WOMAN Certainly not, my good man. Do I look like the sort of person who would bring a dog on to a train in contravention of the anti-rabies laws. I happen to be a retired ventriloquist to the gentry, famous for my impersonation of desperately sick animals.

TICKET COLLECTOR Oh, that's all right then, ma'am. Anything to be of service to the famous and obviously superior.

(TICKET COLLECTOR'S forelock comes off in his hand and he instantly converts to Judaism.)

DR SARROFF Look, about this brain ...

Somewhere in the Tunnel

MAN *with shears is approaching a large unit stencilled with the words 'Osmotic reverse polarity ventilating system'. He begins to cut the pipes.*

MAN Me, my wife and daughters have lived in Cheriton man and boy for nigh on a long time. And now the bastards have built this juggernaut right through our downstairs toilet. Well, let this be our revenge.

(Wisps of dark vapour begin to curl up from the severed pipes.)

In the Driver's Cabin

HARRY FOTHERDYKE Jeff, you old assistant driver you, you're not scared of anything are you?

JEFF G-g-g-g-good G-G-G-G-God n-n-n-no.

HARRY FOTHERDYKE Well stop shaking then or else you'll do yourself a damage with that syringe. By the way, I never knew you were a diabetic.

JEFF Er-er-er didn't you?

HARRY FOTHERDYKE No, and I never knew that diabetics had to sniff so much white powder either.

JEFF Oh.

(JEFF snaps a glass ampoule under his nose.)

Near the Ticket Barrier

THE TICKET COLLECTOR *is talking into a microphone.*

TICKET COLLECTOR Last call for the first train through the Chunnel. One seat left for Dr Sarroff.

DR SARROFF But I'm Dr Sarroff.

TICKET COLLECTOR Oh, sorry Sir. My mistake, but you've gotta larf. I'll just –

(Both men are pushed aside by a TALL, WIRY MAN with a black balaclava helmet on his head, a large knife strapped to his boot and a grappling hook over his shoulder.)

TALL MAN Colonel Hackney, SAS. I must commandeer this last seat. I would not hesitate to kill anyone who tried to stop me.

(He marches past before the TICKET COLLECTOR can pick up his forelock.)

DR SARROFF But the brain ...

Railway Compartment

A SPRIGHTLY OLD COUPLE *are sitting together not holding hands.*

SPRIGHTLY OLD WOMAN This is our hundredth wedding anniversary.

We've decided to take this trip as a second honeymoon to see if we could sort out a little sticky patch we've been going through since our first honeymoon.

(A SPRIGHTLY YOUNG COUPLE are sitting together holding hands.)

SPRIGHTLY YOUNG WOMAN What a lucky coincidence. This is *our* first honeymoon. This is Jack my husband. Isn't he adorable? I'd do anything for him. Well, almost anything. But not that messy thing with the coleslaw and the vibrator. I only hope that we can be as happy as you.

JACK Isn't she lovely. Her name's Faith. I'm a trainee nuclear scientist and we plan to have lots of kids unless I'm made sterile.

(A SINGLE WOMAN is sitting on her own.)

SINGLE WOMAN My husband's just died of cancer of the hair. I'm going on this trip to forget. Or maybe to throw myself off the train and die.

(A handsome MAN with a bandage round his head speaks for the first time.)

BANDAGED MAN I know how you feel. I threw myself off a train when my wife left me for an SAS colonel. But luckily I survived and I have come on this trip to forget – to forget – sorry, I forgot. Oh, yes, to find a new wife, spend my vast fortune on her and live happily ever after.

SINGLE WOMAN Whoever that woman is, she will be very lucky.

BANDAGED MAN What woman is that?

(The occupants of the compartment look at each other and shake their heads except for the SINGLE WOMAN who is busy ripping up her suicide note.)

Near the Ticket Barrier

The train starts. The TICKET COLLECTOR looks at it. DR SARROFF quickly picks up his bag and runs for the train. He succeeds in catching the train but fails to notice that he has picked up the wrong bag. The one he has is marked 'Chicken Brains – Not for surgical use'.

Railway Compartment

JACK'S WIFE Hurrah, we're off.

(A MIDDLE-AGED MAN lurches into the compartment holding a cocktail.)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN Hello. Have you been to the duty free bar? I have and I'm ash pished ash a frog. Whoopsh, I mean newt. They'll put me in the Bashtille if I'm not careful.

(JACK stands up.)

JACK Excuse me, but this compartment is full.

DRUNK Sho'm I. Up to here with Vodka Martinis.

JACK'S WIFE Jack, Jack, I think he's going to rape me.

JACK No, Shirl girl. I suspect his erectile tissue will malfunction due to the copious quantities of alcohol he has consumed. We scientists are trained to analyse subtle technical problems in all the disciplines.

BANDAGED MAN But I never ordered a taxi.

(He strikes himself between the eyes with a small mango. The SINGLE WOMAN strokes his sticky brow.)

SINGLE WOMAN It's all right. I've already asked the steward to see if there's a brain surgeon on the train.

DRUNK Thatsh funny. I think I'm a brain shursh – shrgu – doctor.

(He takes a card from his pocket. It falls to the floor. It reads 'Professor Morton, World Famous Brain Shursh – shrgu – doctor'.)

DRUNK Yesh. Yesh I am.

JACK Well, I wouldn't let him near *my* brain.

PROFESSOR MORTON Too late, young man. I think I trod in it on the way to the shtashion.

BANDAGED MAN Hey, it's all dark out there. I'd better go tell the taxi driver to put his headlights on.

Calais Chunnel Terminal

MAN *with net over head rushes up to ticket collector who is drinking garlic wine.*

MAN 'as anyone seen my leetle bees. Ze 'ole swarm 'as escape, 'an zey are in ze bad mud.

TICKET COLLECTOR I sink zey go down ze Chunnel.

MAN Sacre merde. In ze dark zey weel go bonkaires.

Russian Submarine

Plain stocky CAPTAIN is talking to plain SCIENTIST.

CAPTAIN But Professor Kronski, I must check with my map again before you dump the nuclear waste. We may have turned right at Helsinki instead of left.

Railway Compartment

JACK You're right. I'm a coward. I've always been a coward. I should never have let him speak to me like that, world-famous surgeon or not. But I'll change. I know I'll change. And I'll prove it.

Luxury Compartment

STEVE CALDICOTT *sits with several celebrities and his wife, GLADYS.*

PRIME MINISTER HESELTINE Well, Steven – or should I say Minister of State without Portfolio – you’ve done a damn fine job on this tunnel thing. And with a European consortium too, by God.

ARCHBISHOP OF PENGE I agree.

QUEEN DIANA We agree too, OK yah.

ANDREW RIDGLEY AND GEORGE MICHAEL Whee. We agree too. Wow.

STEVE CALDICOTT Hah. I think I’ve proved that those totally unfounded rumours about my integrity and the proportion of sand to cement in the windows of the train were totally unfounded.

GLADYS Oh Steve. Daddy was so wrong about you.

(The train lurches. Everyone is thrown from side to side.)

QUEEN DIANA Our God! What the sexual intercourse was that?

Driver’s Cabin

The cabin is shaking from side to side. Empty coffee cups, union rule books and lumps of plutonium for the reactor crash about.

HARRY FOTHERDYKE Help me, Jeff. It’s all I can do to keep her on the tracks.

(JEFF is leaning against the wall. Six inches of a syringe are embedded in his neck. Red froth is on his lips.)

JEFF Uuuurrrggghhh.

(A VOICE comes over the cabin loudspeaker.)

VOICE Harry, bad news. There’s been an earthquake on the sea bed and the Chunnel’s flooding.

HARRY Look, don’t bother me with trivia now.

VOICE Well, that’s not all, Harry. The osmotic reverse polarity ventilating system’s up the spout and the pressure’s building up in the Chunnel.

HARRY For Heaven’s sake. I’m busy.

VOICE Oh, and there’s an American space lab about to crash into the Channel directly above you.

HARRY Now see here. This is the emergency loudspeaker. Exactly why are you using it?

VOICE Sorry Harry, I’ll – oops, almost forgot. There’s a Russian sub loaded with nuclear waste which is about to explode on the sea bed just where you are. I really think you’ll have to stop the train and return to

England. You can't possibly get through.

HARRY Why not? Are there leaves on the line?

Luxury Compartment

The cabin is shaking from side to side. Diamond tiaras, portfolios that no-one is with and signed photographs crash about.

QUEEN DIANA What are those tiny wisps of smoke that seem to be entering our compartment?

STEVE CALDICOTT Oh no. It's fumes from the tunnel. The osmotic reverse polarity ventilating system must be broken. I must climb on top of the compartment – incredibly dangerous though that is – and somehow find a way to seal the train's air ducts so no more noxious gases from the tunnel enter. Everybody hold your breath while I leave. Oh, sorry your Majesty. Of course, my wife will hold yours for you.

Railway Compartment

The compartment is shaking from side to side. Stale cheese sandwiches, empty cans of MacEwans Export and stale copies of empty Jeffrey Archer novels crash about.

JACK Yes, I'll go after that bastard surgeon to prove I'm a man. I heard him say he was going after that man with the bandaged head who was on his way to the driver's cabin.

OLD MARRIED MAN There may be trouble on this train, Doris. I used to be an engine driver eighty-odd years ago. They may need me.

(The three women remain in the compartment. They discuss women's things and worry.)

An Entirely Different Railway Compartment

WOMAN WITH EMPTY BOX ON LAP Oh no, my poor sick Fifi has escaped and seems to be heading in the direction of the driver's cabin.

Yet Another Railway Compartment

Four swarthy men sit together holding strange musical instruments.

SWARTHY MAN We must do this for Allah!

SECOND SWARTHY MAN Allah? I thought you said Alice. I'd have done it for Alice. But Allah ...

FIRST SWARTHY MAN'S GUN Bang.

FIRST SWARTHY MAN There is no room for the hard of hearing on this mission. Quickly, to the driver's cabin.

Corridor (Not That Far from the Driver's Cabin)

PROFESSOR MORTON Come back, you deranged fool. Let me operate on you. Let me cut the naughty cells out of your head.

DR SARROFF Professor Morton. I thought I'd never find you. I have here the brain you need for the President of France.

(He holds up the bag from which grey fluid is leaking.)

PROFESSOR MORTON The President can wait. I shall use that brain on this poor deranged fool. Quickly, he must be near the driver's cabin by now.

Still Another Compartment

COLONEL HACKNEY *(muttering to himself)* There they go. On the way to the driver's cabin as I suspected. I must follow.

On Top of the Train

STEVE *is being shaken from side to side. He is muttering to himself.*

STEVE CALDICOTT Whew, I only just (cough cough) managed to seal the train so no more of these (cough cough) deadly fumes get into the (choke) compartments. Now I'll try to – But wait, what's that near the driver's cabin? It looks like a bomb. And there's only seconds to go before it explodes.

Elsewhere in the Chunnel but Very Close and Getting Closer

BEES BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ.

Driver's Cabin

HARRY *is talking to the loudspeaker. His hand is steady on the lever.*

HARRY FOTHERDYKE It's all right. I've worked out that we're safe. The impact of the Sky Lab will temporarily vaporize the water in the Channel so no more will flood in. The pressure from the faulty ventilating system will build up in the tunnel and push out what water has already entered. And the nuclear waste will complete a necessary chemical reaction in the ferro-radio concrete to seal it and give it the tensile strength that I've been telling my crooked son-in-law was necessary.

VOICE FROM LOUDSPEAKER But are you sure that you can still get through, Harry?

HARRY Yes. It's just vital that for the next few minutes I keep the speed of the train absolutely steady. Should it fluctuate by more than one milli-micron per centi-second then oscillating modules will be set up in my crooked son-in-law's cheapskate tuffalloy rails which will prevent the delicate state of equilibrium I have just described being established and we

will all die of several things at once. My hand must continue to hold the accelerator rock-hard.

VOICE Good luck, Harry. You'll need it.

HARRY I make my own luck. I'll give you the recipe when we get to Calais.

(There is a disturbance at the door.)

SWARTHY VOICE Let us in.

HARRY No, you fools. I can't – Jeff, get off me. Stop biting me. I can't cure your diabetes. Don't –

(There is an explosion. The door is ripped open by a bazooka. THREE SWARTHY TERRORISTS rush in.)

FIRST SWARTHY TERRORIST Take this train to France immediately.

A VOICE Stop.

(They turn. It is COLONEL HACKNEY. He is sticking his knife at them with the deadly poise of a Waki Do Third Dan Secret Master and thrusting his foot forward from within the rolled-up trouser leg of a Trainee Knight of the Sixth Huddersfield Masonic Lodge. Suddenly, the BANDAGED MAN arrives.)

BANDAGED MAN We're in a bloody tunnel. At least put your sidelights on, cabbie.

(COLONEL HACKNEY is momentarily confused by this and the TERRORISTS use the moment to overpower him. They then turn back to HARRY who has used the moment to get a grip on JEFF and, with one hand, flings the pathetic twitching assistant driver at the SWARTHY TERRORISTS. His other hand is rock steady. The cabin shakes from side to side. As the TERRORISTS try to disentangle themselves from JEFF, PROFESSOR MORTON and DR SARROFF arrive and overpower the BANDAGED MAN.)

DR SARROFF My God. It's the President of France in disguise. Quel surprise. But, of course, you will have to operate.

PROFESSOR MORTON But now that I think about it I have only some chewing gum, a bottle of vodka, and this cocktail glass. I also need a trained nurse.

DR SARROFF I happen to be a trained nurse.

(PROFESSOR MORTON unwraps the bandage, then scrapes off the top of the PRESIDENT's head with a piece of broken glass. He pours vodka inside his skull to anaesthetize the brain. Then he hands SARROFF the bendi-straw from his cocktail.)

PROFESSOR MORTON Suction!

(JACK and the OLDER MARRIED MAN arrive.)

JACK I have come to kill you, you drunken oaf.

(PROFESSOR MORTON is up to his elbows in the president's skull.)

PROFESSOR MORTON I'm sober now and fairly busy. Why not help over there.

(He waves a lump of cerebral cortex in the direction of the driver's cabin.)

The TERRORISTS have overcome JEFF but before JACK and his friend can attack them, FIFI, the rabid wolfhound, rushes in. It bites HARRY on the arm. His grip relaxes on the accelerator and his elbow accidentally bumps against the 'off' switch. The train screeches to a halt. The TERRORISTS are immediately thrown to the floor. The old TRAIN DRIVER, who is used to sudden stops from his old train driver days, and JACK, who is young and determined, keep their balance and manage to disarm the TERRORISTS. But FIFI is about to attack HARRY again.)

COCKNEY VOICE Here, poochy.

(It is the COCKNEY ENGINEER. The dog goes to him.)

COCKNEY ENGINEER I came to see if there was anything up, Harry. Is everything all right? Nice doggy. Funny how Cockneys have a way with dumb animals.

(A hole appears in the roof of the cabin as a little hatch slides aside.)

STEVE CALDICOTT Dad, it's me. I came up here to seal the air ducts and save the lives of all on board. *(Cough cough.)* Then I found a bomb and defused it. Then *(cough cough)* I was attacked by a swarm of bees.

(HARRY's daughter, GLADYS, has come to the cabin to see if anyone would like a cup of tea. She hears STEVE's speech and screams. The scream brings HARRY back to reality. He has been slumped with his arm going rapidly rabid.)

HARRY Someone take over. We must arrive on time. Otherwise the Frogs will laugh at us. At Britain.

(The OLD TRAIN DRIVER presses the 'on' button and takes the accelerator in his hand.)

HARRY Don't let it waver by even a milli-micro sausage, mind. We've been lucky so far.

(HARRY collapses. PROFESSOR MORTON presses a new brain into the PRESIDENT's cranium. He fills up the spare space with a sock from one of the TERRORISTS and two empty crisp bags. He begins to sew up the skull.)

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE IN DISGUISE No, no. *I want to sew it up.*

PROFESSOR MORTON OK. Suture self.

(PROFESSOR MORTON turns to the assembled throng.)

PROFESSOR MORTON He'll live to lead his country to greatness again.

Now where's this man with the rabid arm?

STEVE Dad. Forgive me. I'm dying.

(He sticks his arm through the small hatchway and waves forlornly at his unconscious father-in-law. A counter-terrorist device in the roof slices through his shoulder.)

STEVE Aaaaaaaggghhhh.

(PROFESSOR MORTON quickly grabs the arm.)

PROFESSOR MORTON Here's a bit of luck.

GLADYS No (weep weep) it's a bit of Steve.

(PROFESSOR MORTON quickly uses a small bit of gum, and a bobby pin that he borrows from the ARCHBISHOP who has come to see if anyone needs a quick last rite, to attach STEVE's arm to HARRY. HARRY regains consciousness and is pleased to have three arms until MORTON remembers to cut off the rabid one.

The train remains stable, the journey continues and the danger passes.

QUEEN DIANA arrives. *She rewards JACK and the OLD TRAIN DRIVER.)*

QUEEN DIANA With this bendi-straw, we dub thee Sir Jack and Sir Herbert.

JACK'S WIFE Oh Jack, I will love you always.

JACK All ways? Even with the coleslaw?

HERBERT'S WIFE Oh Herbert. I misjudged you. Let's make a new start and make up for the last hundred years.

(The WOMAN who was considering committing suicide proposes to the PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.)

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE Cluck cluck.

(He bangs his head on the floor as he searches for corn and awards

PROFESSOR MORTON *the Feather of Honour.*

QUEEN DIANA *makes HARRY Lord Driver of Chunnel, then suddenly, HARRY realizes they are almost in Calais. He manages to stand up when, even more suddenly, the fluid state foundations, cheaply built by the seriously dead son-in-law, collapse and the whole train turns upside down. Quickly, HARRY tells everyone to jump up and down at an angle. The train rights itself before any serious damage is done. HARRY takes over the controls from SIR HERBERT,*

speeds up and the train arrives in Calais exactly on time.)

GLADYS You did it, Dad. That more than makes up for Steve dying.

Ticket Collector's Gate in Calais

TICKET COLLECTOR Le hooray. Now, at last, *our* train can set off down *our* side of the Chunnel on *our* first crozzing.

On the Roof of the Train

A hand reaches out holding sticks of gelnite with a timer attached. Another hand sets the timer and places the device on a large slightly curved surface. Another hand sticks it down with sticky stuff. We see a close-up of the digital clock. Seconds are ticking away at the rate of about 60 to the minute.

Words appear on the screen ...

Coming soon
CHUNNEL DEUX

Double Bills

Remember when there used to be double bills? You could buy your ticket to the local Odeon and get to see *two* films. OK, so one of them might not be very good. Maybe both of them. But who says that all the single bills these days are great?

If you want to see a double bill now, you usually have to go to a cinema club (no, not that sort) or a late night show. To remind you of the days when they were more readily accessible, we have put together some double bills that we never saw, but we'd have liked to.

- Portnoy's Complaint : A Fistful of Dynamite
- The Sun Never Sets : The Sun Also Rises
- Them : Us
- Farewell to Arms : Men with Wings
- Deep Throat : The 400 Blows
- The Hunchback of Notre Dame : The Bells Are Ringing
- Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde : Two Gentlemen Sharing
- The Big Guy : 8½
- The Summer of '42 : The Fall of the House of Usher
- The Naked Kiss : Pardon My French
- Krakatoa, East of Java : The Hot Rock
- Fat City : Grease
- Farewell, My Lovely : Hello, Sister
- The Swarm : The Sting
- Saturday Night Fever : Sunday, Bloody Sunday
- Twelve Angry Men : The Dirty Dozen
- You Only Live Twice : Once Is Not Enough
- Don't Look Now : Death In Venice
- Get to Know Your Rabbit : Bunny Lake is Missing
- Deep Throat : A Girl, A Guy and A Gob
- Bugs : The Conversation
- The Good Earth : The Bad Seed
- Attack of the Crab Monsters : The Love Bug
- Half a Sixpence : Threepenny Opera

- Cold Turkey : Hot Potato

... and a special triple bill for anyone with a good sense of direction ...

- East of Eden : West of Zanzibar : South of Pago Pago

A Guide for Overseas Visitors on Going to a British Cinema

If you're a visiting American, Australian, Froggy or whatever then you'd better read this before making your first trip to a British cinema otherwise you might receive a bad shock ...

You see, they do things differently here. In your own country you probably check the starting time of the film you want to see, wander along to the cinema concerned, pay your money, go in and watch the film. Fine, but you're in Britain now, a country steeped in rich traditions and complicated rituals. And one of the most complicated rituals of all in Britain is going to the cinema ...

The first part of the ritual is trying to discover when the movie actually starts. Traditionally the cinemas keep this a secret. They will admit when the *programme* begins but you will soon find out that this is far from being the same thing. Eventually, after repeated efforts, you will give up and just go along to the cinema. After the ritual queuing in the rain you buy your ticket and, after recovering from the shock when you've worked out the currency rate and realized how much you've paid, you enter the cinema ...

Now, if you're in one of the London West End cinemas, and being a foreigner you probably are, there will be a wait before the programme begins. This period varies but can sometimes be as long as several hours. Or even days ...

Finally the lights dim and you will be subjected to something that is called a 'supporting feature'. No doubt it was made by a tacky little film company operating out of a biscuit tin behind a sandwich shop in Soho and has a title like *A Long Slow Look at Bognor* with narration by Telly Savalas.

You may be puzzled that such a cheap and shoddy piece of rubbish is being shown as the accompaniment to the feature film you've paid to see, which is probably some slick Hollywood product like *Rambo Meets Rocky 2: More Blood!* but this is all part of the great British cinema tradition and has its roots in the dawn of history.

Just as traditional are the 'adverts' that will follow the trailers. It may seem odd to you that you have paid good money to be subjected to an

apparently endless series of brainless commercials but if you query this tradition with the film exhibitors themselves they will say that that is how it's always been done and why change?

The commercials finally end, the curtains close, then open again (another ritual) and more adverts begin. These are the adverts for the confectionery and food on sale at the cinema. Probably you will see a gigantic sausage pointing at you followed by scenes of sexually aroused women swallowing hot dogs and even if you are Australian you will get the subtle message. Then will follow adverts for orange juice, ice cream and popcorn. The main difference between these and the previous series of adverts is that they all look as if they were made about twenty years ago (they were).

Then, a long time after you entered the cinema, comes the interval. If you are in one of the West End Odeons a very British voice that sounds like a cross between Prince Charles and God announces that it is indeed the interval, just in case you thought it might be something else. The Voice also welcomes you to the cinema and informs you that ice creams and tasty hot dogs are available in the foyer. And then the Voice warns you that the feature film *has no interval*.

Sacré bleu!! you exclaim if you are Froggy; *Stone the crows!!* if you're an Australian; *Say what??!!* if you're an American. You're about to leap from your seat in order to stock up on food and water and then you remember that the last time you saw a film with an interval was when your mother took you to see the re-release of *The Ten Commandments* (*Heaven's Gate* might have had an interval but as you fell asleep during it you're not sure).

After some more ritualistic opening and closing of the curtains the feature finally begins. You join in the smattering of applause and weary cheers. You feel as if you've been in that bloody cinema since the turn of the century and even the sight of *Rambo* and *Rocky* killing Russians fails to give you a boost.

But at least you've learned something. When you entered the cinema you noticed all the voices around you belonged to foreigners like yourself. Why were there no British people in the audience? you asked.

Now you know.

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 6: Underwear Films

Rebel Without a Corset Jane Dean plays the impetuous heroine of this 1950s classic. She, alone of all the girls on her block, refuses to wear a Playsex living-death girdle. The men all assume she's loose (which in one sense, of course, she is). The women wonder how she can still fit into those tight little numbers. Her best friends, Natalie Wouldn't and Sally Mineo, just die of embarrassment.

Briefs Encounter This poignant love story, beautifully directed by David Clean, is the delicately told tale of two people who meet one evening on a railway station and impetuously decide to swop knickers. Trevor Howodd and Sealyour Longjohns star as the romantic pair. Who can forget the charming theme song, 'Strangers in the night, exchanging panties'?

The Vest Years of Our Lives You men will remember that embarrassing time when you were the only boy at school whose mother still forced you to wear a vest. The terror of going into the gym to do P.E. when you knew that your undershirt would be ridiculed by everyone else and the school bully would chant something like, 'Sissy Peter Weston still has got his vest on'. This is the film of those days. It will make you laugh. It will make you cry. But mostly, it will make you cringe.

Tights of the Living Dead George Romero's famous zombie underwear movie really is a must for this festival. The zombies are so good they almost look alive. See them rot, see them fester, see them throw away their seamy stockings and pull on those putrid panty-hose.

Major Brabra George Bernard Short's sad play about the Salvation Army girl who is responsible for collecting second-hand underwear. Hose Ferrer plays her erstwhile boy friend and sings the classic song, 'Thank heaven for little girdles'. This is certainly a film to make you suspender disbelief.

Actagrams

Here are twenty-three of your favourite film stars even more mixed up than in real life. Some of them are vast improvements on their actual names. Some of them quite definitely aren't. But you've got to work them all out before you get any supper. Clues on [page 201](#). Answers on [page 205](#).

- 1 DONE IN A TAKE
- 2 BLACK LAGER
- 3 SUE'S CLEANING
- 4 DO ONE WALLY
- 5 AND COW'S TOILET
- 6 A MALT WATER-HUT
- 7 RON'S OR BLANCHE'S
- 8 IN PHALLIC REACH
- 9 SWOLLEN ROSE
- 10 A FASTER RIDE
- 11 'ANDY TROLLOP
- 12 SLY BORED RUNT
- 13 DEFEAT PORN
- 14 I, THE LAZY BLOATER
- 15 CRYPT ENCASER
- 16 NO DUPH LATIN LOVER
- 17 SILLY PERT ME, EH?
- 18 FINDS A HORROR
- 19 LIE UNDER JAWS
- 20 PAW MALE NUN
- 21 WEARY ROGUE VINES
- 22 MOBS ELGIN
- 23 LAKE THEN RETURN

How to be a Film Editor

The job of a film editor is a fairly esoteric one. Few people know what it really entails, but it holds more responsibility than is imagined. Here, 'Chopper' Eddie Smee tells it how it is.

In the old days you needed three things to be an editor. A pair of scissors (or a sharp knife) and ... (well, a razor blade would be fine too if you were careful) and some ... (I suppose at a pinch you could use a hacksaw blade – it certainly wouldn't make any difference to some films) and some sticky tape and a sense ... (sorry, back to the sticky tape for a moment – it has to be transparent – none of that stuff with millions of little red shiny dots on that stops you from being run over in the dark or the tape that you can buy for Christmas with lots of little Santa Clauses and gnomes and holly all over it) and, *most importantly*, a superb sense of clear narrative flow ... (actually a Swiss army knife would do because it has scissors *and* a knife though, of course, it doesn't have sticky tape or a superb sense of clear narrative ...) whoops, *four* things – you need a film, or bits of a film, as well.

That Alfred Hitchcock used to come round to my house with his pockets full of bits and pieces of negatives. He'd pull out a few feet here and a few feet there. The rest of the hacked-off limbs were on film he had in a battered, and slightly raped, briefcase.

'Here you are, John,' he'd say, calling me by someone else's name only because he knew me so well, 'cop a load of this. I want you to make something called *The Cisco Kid* out of it.'

'But *The Cisco Kid*'s been done,' I'd say.

'Well, call it what you bloody well like, you daft wally,' he'd say in that reserved British way of his. 'Just spell my name right.'

'What, Alfred Wright?' I'd ask. Well, if looks could maim.

So I cut and stuck and changed the name. I called it *The Psycho Kid* but they shortened it.

What I'm trying to say is that those bits of film were nothing, *nothing* until I wreaked my magic on them. I mean, in his version old Alf had the heroine dying at the end, a detective who brought the villain to justice, a villain who wasn't even a transvestite, and, as for taxidermy, well, you could tell he thought 'Stuff that for a lark'. Not even a hawk, see.

And right at the beginning of my career, Old Fatty came to see me. He wasn't Old Fatty then, God rest his soul, but he became Old Fatty later. At least, to everyone except Michael Parkinson who would call him Mr Fatty out of respect for his lager advertisements.

'George,' he'd say (he always called me George except when he called me Shirley), 'George, I've got this great idea about this boy who has a sled called Rosebud.'

'Yes?' I'd say expectantly.

'Well, that's it so far, Shirley.'

'Go away and film something and bring it to me,' I'd say.

So a few days later he came back with some footage of a model mansion, an old man and one of those funny little things that when you shake them it looks like a snowstorm. Well, I cut it about, added a bit here, lengthened a bit there and suddenly there was the film that today everyone hails as a masterpiece. I forget its name but you probably know the one.

And that Andy Whorehole came to see me as well. He had a still photograph of the Empire State Building and he asked me to make it into a movie. 'Sam,' he'd say, in that likeably forgetful way of his, 'I want this to be a biggie.'

So I made it twelve hours big. It would have been even longer because I inserted a few bits involving a giant ape from an earlier movie I'd edited but Andy had me cut them out. He said he wanted to keep it simple for the critics. Well, we both laughed at that because nothing can be *that* simple.

And that dirty bugger came round one day, the one who made Linda Lovelace do foul and disgusting things by holding a gun to her dog's head. He had some overactive private parts and suchlike that he needed sorting out. I told him that I didn't do filth but when he told me that it was only pornography, well, that made all the difference. I couldn't do my usual professional job, of course, because some of the men had whangos that covered several feet of film. I winced at the thought of slicing through one of those. I think the most difficult part of that job was running off a copy before the director returned. The easiest part was improving on what he'd brought. His unedited version, *The Weevil in Miss Jones*, didn't quite have what I thought the public wanted. I mean, I'm not a prude. I know which way round my Y-fronts go on. But a *weevil*. I soon changed that. He was so pleased he asked me to work on the sequel, *The Devil in Miss Jones's Tutu*. I put that right as well.

But these days editing is all different. It's computers and silicon chips and, anyway, the movie brats do it all themselves: producing, directing, writing, editing. Next thing they'll be emptying the studio spittoons, but I hope not because it's the only job I've been able to get. They were difficult to clean at first but now I think I've got them licked. So, anyway you asked how to be an editor. Well, I'd – hey, come back. I haven't finished. And don't throw up over there – Oh, damn.

A Guide to Film Critics' Jargon

Have you ever read a film review and wondered what the fuck the pretentious bastard, or bitch, was raving on about? Well, here's the answer to your problem, a comprehensive guide to the pretentious waffle used by this bunch of mangy pillow-biters known as film critics ...

frisson Film critics love scattering French words about in their reviews and this is a favourite one. All it means is a moment in a movie that made them jump out of their seats.

mise en scène On wet, dull Sunday afternoons at our uncle's sheep station in Wallamagoo, West Australia, we used to amuse ourselves by counting up the number of times this term appeared in a single issue of *Sight and Sound* magazine (the record was 125). When used in the context of 'evocative *mise en scène*' or 'hyperbolic *mise en scène*' etc it means the director once read a book on film direction.

auteur Poncy French word for a director who makes the same bloody film over and over again.

oeuvre What an *auteur* leaves behind him.

surreal Usually refers to a film with lots of bloody boring dream sequences in it.

cinéma vérité Rather out of fashion now, thank God. Basically just another way of saying 'amateurish'.

homage Rip-off.

opaque When a critic describes a film as being 'somewhat opaque' he means that *he* could understand what it was all about but *you* – poor dumb sod – don't stand a chance.

expressionistic When applied to the sets it means they look as if they were designed and built by people zonked out on LSD; when applied to acting it usually refers to actors like Rod Steiger.

atmospheric A film where it's hard to see the actors' faces.

grainy realism Usually means the lab has botched up the print.

film noir Yet another French term. It refers to film made at night. Bloody smart, the French.

tour de force This means the critic really liked the film, but where we would simply say 'Hey, what a triffic movie!' *he* has to drag out yet another

poncy French term.

Brechtian Means you won't like the characters and the plot is piss poor.

simply ... Recently a growing number of British film critics have adopted the appalling habit of using this word in the closing sentences of their reviews. Like: 'Simply the best film of the year,' or 'Simply unmissable.' Even worse is the use of '*Quite* simply', as in 'Quite simply, a Brechtian tour de force.' Whenever you spot this sort of thing write to your MP and complain. It's an evil practice that must be stamped out. As should film critics, come to that.

Movies That the Directors Want to Forget About, But Can't ...

Like the rest of us, movie directors have their off days. The difference is that in their case their off 'day' can last the entire length of a movie's production. Even top directors can make the occasional duff film and in this section we point the cold, cruel finger of shame by naming the film the director concerned would probably most like to forget about ...

Stanley Kubrick, *The Shining*

Alfred Hitchcock, *Topaz*

John Boorman, *Excalibur*

Peter Bogdanovich, *At Long Last Love*

David Lynch, *Dune*

Steven Spielberg, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*

John Carpenter, *Starman*

John Huston, *Escape to Victory*

Ron Howard, *Cocoon*

Robert Aldrich, *The Legend of Lylah Clare*

Robert Wise, *The Sound of Music*

Robert Altman, *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*

Woody Allen, *Zelig*

Richard Fleischer, *Doctor Dolittle*

Nicholas Meyer, *Star Trek 2: The Wrath of Khan*

Brian de Palma, *Obsession*

Richard Lester, *The Ritz*

Billy Wilder, *Avanti*

Ken Russell, *Lisztomania*

Sidney Lumet, *The Wiz*

Sam Peckinpah, *Cross of Iron*

Don Siegel, *Telefon*

Michael Winner, *Climb Up the Wall*, *The Clock Strikes Eight*, *Man with a Gun*, *Shoot to Kill*, *Haunted England*, *Play it Cool*, *The Cool Mikado*, *West Eleven*, *The System*, *You Must be Joking*, *The Jokers*, *I'll Never Forget Whatshisname*, *Hannibal Brooks*, *The Games*, *Lawman*, *The Night Comers*,

Chato's Land, Scorpio, The Stone Killer, Death Wish, Won Ton Ton, The Sentinel, Death Wish 2, The Wicked Lady, The Big Sleep, Fire Power, Scream for Help, Death Wish 3, Appointment with Death.

A Behind-the-Scenes Look at a James Bond Script Conference

Have you ever wondered how the makers of the James Bond movies manage to keep coming up with all those wonderfully wild and wacky ideas time after time, year after year? I mean, let's face it, the Bonds have been going for over a quarter of a century and you'd expect them to be flagging a bit by now when it comes to originality but no, each new movie remains as fresh as a daisy. How do they do it? Well, as a special secret service (*secret*, geddit?) to you, our readers, we succeeded in smuggling a concealed microphone into their conference room and recorded the following discussion:

1ST PRODUCER Okay, boys, first thing on the agenda is the title. Do we have one yet?

1ST WRITER We've got a couple of possibilities. As you know we've run out of Fleming's novels but we own the rights to some other stuff he wrote. Like this ...

2ND PRODUCER It looks like a menu.

1ST WRITER It is.

1ST PRODUCER We're gonna film a *menu*?

1ST WRITER No, no, it's the *back* of the menu that's important. Fleming used it to jot down some thoughts once in a restaurant.

2ND PRODUCER Great. Read them out.

1ST WRITER Well, there's this one – 'Must take Bentley in for MOT.'

DIRECTOR I *like* it. Make a great theme song. Maybe we could get Bruce Springsteen to do it.

1ST PRODUCER Does he fit the Bond image?

2ND WRITER Did Marvin Hamlisch? Or 'A-ha'?

1ST PRODUCER What else is on that menu?

1ST WRITER Er ... 'Get Number Five iron regripped.'

DIRECTOR Hey, I like it! But maybe we change it around a bit. Make the 'five' into a 'seven' ...

2ND PRODUCER Good thinking.

DIRECTOR Like, er, *Seven Irons in the Fire*?

1ST PRODUCER Or how about *The Iron That Fired Me*?

1ST WRITER Great!

2ND WRITER What's it mean?

(Silence.)

2ND PRODUCER Kid, our titles don't have to *mean* anything.

1ST WRITER The last thing on the menu I don't think is much help to us.

2ND PRODUCER What is it?

1ST WRITER Isosorbide dinitrate.

(Silence again.)

DIRECTOR That's some book title.

1ST PRODUCER I can't see even Shirley Bassey getting her lips round *that* one.

2ND WRITER I think it's the name of a drug. A heart drug.

2ND PRODUCER What?

2ND WRITER I'm pretty sure it's the name of a heart drug. Fleming suffered from heart trouble, didn't he?

DIRECTOR Well, *that's* out for sure then. We don't want a James Bond movie to have any morbid connections.

1ST PRODUCER So we'll stick with *The Iron That Fired Me*. Now let's move on to locations. Anyone got suggestions?

DIRECTOR Gee, that's hard. I mean, we've shot Bond films in every interesting location in the world. There's nothing left.

1ST WRITER Yeah, we've run out of countries.

2ND WRITER How about Australia? You've never set a Bond in Australia.

1ST PRODUCER George Lazenby came from Australia.

2ND PRODUCER It's time we let old wounds heal. I think the kid may have something. Australia is *in* at the moment thanks to those *Crocodile Dundee* movies.

DIRECTOR Yeah, but what has Australia got that we can use in a Bond?

1ST WRITER Crocodiles?

2ND PRODUCER Nah, we've used them before. In the one with Roger in the swamps. You know, when he runs across a row of them ...

DIRECTOR Weren't they alligators?

2ND producer You think an audience can tell the difference?

2ND WRITER They got sharks in Australia.

1ST PRODUCER We've done sharks to death. Like in the Bond where he goes somewhere and then ... and we used them again in the one where Bond, you know, blows everything up ...

2ND PRODUCER What else has Australia got?

2ND WRITER Sheep. Lots of sheep.

DIRECTOR What could Bond do with a sheep?

1ST PRODUCER Let's not even try and think about it.

2ND WRITER And there's the Outback.

1ST WRITER I guess we could have a car chase in it.

DIRECTOR Nah, you can't make a car chase interesting in the desert. You need a good background with lots of props that you can play off. Peasant carts full of chickens, that sort of thing.

1ST PRODUCER We need a chase sequence like the one we had in the Bond set in San Francisco called ... well, you know the one I mean, where we had Roger hanging off the ladder of the fire truck.

2ND PRODUCER Yeah, we had some good gags in that ...

1ST PRODUCER Almost as good as the gags in the one called, er, you know, where the villain ... well, anyway, where we had that chase in Venice along the canals. We had Roger come out of the canal in his gondola which had converted into a hovercraft ...

DIRECTOR Geez, yeah, that *was* funny. Remember all those great double-takes we had in the crowd scenes ...?

1ST PRODUCER Yeah, we even had a dog and a pigeon doing double-takes

...

(Sounds of helpless laughter.)

2ND PRODUCER *(wheezing)* We gotta get some gags like that in the new picture.

1ST WRITER Are there any Australian cities with canals?

2ND WRITER I don't think so.

1ST PRODUCER What *do* they have?

2ND WRITER Well, Sydney has a bridge ... and an operahouse.

DIRECTOR Is that the building that looks like a pile of broken egg shells?

2ND WRITER Yeah. Maybe we could have Bond do a fight scene on top of it ...

2ND PRODUCER I got a better idea. We blow it up! Bond discovers that the villain is using it as his secret headquarters to start World War 3 so he blows it up!

2ND WRITER Won't the locals object?

1ST PRODUCER So we'll rebuild it for them afterwards. Something that looks like *that* can't have cost too much.

DIRECTOR Now we need a theme for the movie .

2ND PRODUCER Yeah. What's *in* at the moment. What's everyone talking about?

2ND WRITER AIDS.

1ST PRODUCER Are you kiddin'?

1ST WRITER Star Wars.

2ND PRODUCER Jesus, are people *still* talking about that damn film?

1ST WRITER Not the movie, I meant President Reagan's Star Wars. All that stuff about big lasers in space that can knock out enemy missiles ...

2ND PRODUCER I like it! Get this, the villain builds a big laser in space and threatens to zap Washington unless the government gives in to his demands, whatever they might be.

1ST PRODUCER I don't know – it sounds kind of familiar. I think we might have done something like it before.

DIRECTOR Yeah, so do I. It was to do with diamonds, and it had Connery

...

2ND PRODUCER Who?

DIRECTOR Sorry.

1ST PRODUCER I still like the Star Wars angle though. We could have a laser battle in space – all these guys with lasers float up out of a shuttle and zap the bad guys ...

DIRECTOR That sounds familiar too. Didn't we do that in the one where Roger, you know, and then everything blows up?

2ND PRODUCER So we'll do it again. Who's gonna notice?

1ST PRODUCER What we really need is some kind of new vehicle for Bond to zip around in. Something he hasn't used before ...

DIRECTOR That's a toughie. A vehicle Bond hasn't used before. He's been in cars, subs, sleds, speed-boats, airships, hang-gliders, hot-air balloons, cable cars, jet-planes, helicopters, rockets – so what is there left?

2ND WRITER How about a C5?

1ST PRODUCER A what?

2ND WRITER You know – one of those little electric cars. Be really funny to have a big chase sequence with one of them.

2ND PRODUCER I don't know ...

2ND WRITER Or how about a milk float? Bond in a milk float would look pretty funny.

2ND PRODUCER Kid, the idea isn't to make Bond look funny.

2ND WRITER (*surprised*) It isn't?

1ST WRITER Actually the C5 isn't a bad idea. We do a lead up with Bond driving a juggernaut for some reason. It crashes and the bad guys move in. Kapow! The back of the juggernaut flies open and Bond shoots out in a C5. He runs rings round them when they follow in their limos ...

1ST PRODUCER I like it. And we could fit the C5 out with some crazy gadgets – like lasers and grenade launchers, and maybe a rocket motor!

DIRECTOR I'm feeling very excited about this.

2ND PRODUCER Could be our big action set-piece. But what we need now is a hell of a pre-credits sequence. Something that will blow socks off.

1ST WRITER I think I've got an opening you guys are going to go for. Get this – Bond in a 747 flying over the Polar cap when suddenly all the 350 other passengers pull guns on him. They lock him in the John and bail out. So Bond then uses a laser in his tie clip to burn his way out of the John, but just as he bursts free the wings of the 747 are blown off by plastic charges, and then the whole plane falls to pieces. So there's Bond in freefall surrounded by bits and pieces of wreckage. So using his laser he burns a hole in two metal beams and bolts them together, then he rigs up a harness from some passing seat belts, attaches it to the gizmo and hey-presto! he's got his own free-wheeling helicopter blades whirling above his head!

DIRECTOR I think I can feel my socks starting to go ...

1ST PRODUCER Not bad, but it's not really far out enough ...

1ST WRITER Wait, I haven't finished yet! All the passengers, who are really Soviet agents, have landed in the snow and are skiing towards a Russian submarine – they spot Bond and start firing SAM missiles at him. So Bond swoops down on them and – get this – on the soundtrack we play that 'Ride of the Valkyries' music they used in the helicopter scenes in *Apocalypse Now!* Nice, eh?

1ST PRODUCER Yeah. It's got legs.

1ST WRITER So then Bond starts dropping mini-handgrenades on the Reds from a grenade launcher in his left shoe – the stunt men can go crazy here – but then a lucky hit with a SAM knocks 007 out of the sky. He crashes into the snow – the Reds ski towards him but Bond quickly converts the now bent rotor blades into skis and skis off. The Reds follow, guns blazing. 007 does all sorts of fancy skiing – backwards, upside down, you know, all the usual stuff – but the Reds are gaining on him. Things look bad for 007 – and then, out of the snow in front of him rises this terrible monster! It's the

Abominable Snowman! It knocks 007 off his skis and carries him into its cave, growling ferociously. The Reds, knowing that 007 is dead meat, back off ...

2ND PRODUCER The Abominable Snowman?

1ST WRITER Ah, but get this – in the cave the monster drops 007 on the floor then it takes off its head! Long blonde hair spills out! Off goes the rest of the costume and there’s this gorgeous dame in a bikini made of tiny Union Jacks. Three of them! She’s really a British secret agent!

DIRECTOR Hear that noise? I think my socks just blew off.

1ST WRITER So 007 gives her a sly grin and she delivers one of those cute double-entendres we’re so good at. Like maybe, ‘I couldn’t wait to get you under my skin, double-o-seven.’ And then 007 can do one of his cute one-liners. I was thinking we could give her one of those cute names too, like with Pussy Galore and Plenty O’Toole – something like Fanny Moist, or maybe 007 calls her Agent Sixty-Niner ...

2ND PRODUCER I’m still not sure about the Abominable Snowman. What’s it doing at the North Pole?

1ST WRITER It’s not the *real* Abominable Snowman – it’s a broad in a monster suit.

2ND PRODUCER Oh ...

1ST PRODUCER I like it so far but what’s the finish?

1ST WRITER The dame takes 007 down in an elevator. They enter this room full of high-tech gear. She pushes a button, the wall opens and a mono-rail car glides in and comes to a stop. And we see this tunnel stretching off into the distance. The dame says, ‘We had this extension put in when they started on the Channel tunnel.’ Topical, huh? So they get into this fur-lined cabin, open a bottle of champagne and start moving. ‘Next stop, London,’ says the dame. And 007 does his eyebrow trick and says, ‘Let’s take the long, scenic route ...’ and goes into a clinch with her. Good, huh?

1ST PRODUCER I’ll buy it.

2ND PRODUCER Good. So we’ve got ourselves a movie. Let’s wrap this meeting up.

2ND WRITER But we haven’t talked about the *plot* yet.

(*Long stunned silence.*)

1ST PRODUCER (*finally*) Kid, I got the strong feeling you’re not going to fit into this organization.

A Consumer's Guide to British Drive-Ins

It may come as a surprise to some people but Britain boasts several fine drive-ins though admittedly they do tend to be off the beaten track ...

Probably the biggest drive-in in Britain is the hundred-acre facility just outside of Aberdeen. Built by an American oil company the drive-in, called *The Texas*, is capable of holding over ten thousand cars. The screen is a staggering one hundred and fifty feet high and four hundred feet wide. To overcome the problems caused by the fairly frequent rain showers the screen has been fitted with a one hundred and fifty foot long windshield wiper which keeps the screen from getting soaked with water.

Not as big but just as impressive in its own way is the drive-in in Wiltshire on Salisbury Plain. Built in 1931 it is a beautiful example of Art Deco architecture and attracts almost as many visitors as nearby Stonehenge. Only drawback with this drive-in, called *The Salisbury*, is that during the Second World War the army requisitioned the land and used it for training purposes. As a result a great deal of unexploded shells and mines lie littered about the area and so patrons should take care to watch where they're walking when they leave their cars to visit the toilets or buy refreshments.

The biggest drive-in in London is actually underground. It lies beneath the Barbican complex and can accommodate two thousand cars. It is probably the most sophisticated cinema facility in the western world, providing Dolby sound to each vehicle as well as food and drink at the touch of a button. And while patrons are watching the film teams of mechanics service their cars free of charge.

Alas, the Barbican drive-in can only be reached via a bewildering system of ramps and tunnels and the majority of drivers who make the attempt end up hopelessly lost. In fact, during the seven years the drive-in has been open only three patrons have managed to locate it (one of them is still there, being unable to find his way out).

The drive-in with the most picturesque setting is undoubtedly the one in Armagh in Northern Ireland. Unfortunately it straddles the border with the Republic and is often the scene of violent confrontations between the IRA

and the security forces. Patrons are advised to duck whenever they hear the sound of shots – most likely they are emanating from the screen but it's better to be safe than sorry.

We have mentioned just a few of Britain's many drive-ins but hopefully this piece will encourage you to go and look for the drive-in in *your* locality.

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 7: Sex Films

Moby Dick Gregory Prick plays the famous ship's captain with the wooden testicle. He lost the original when seeking the legendary giant white penis, Moby Dick, which he intended to capture and have surgically transplanted to replace his own minute organ. Comes the day when Moby Dick is caught, however, and the captain changes his mind. 'Who wants a dick with a twenty-foot harpoon sticking out of it?' he asks, quite reasonably.

My Little Prickadee Those famous porno stars, W.C. Feels and May Wets, star in this juicy flick. This sexy romp is the one with their best-known catch-phrases in it: Feels' 'I never drink water, I fuck in it' and Wets' 'Why not cover me up in semen sometimes?'

It Came From Outer Space Dick Carlson plays the inventor of the Ejaculatron, the secret weapon by which he means to conquer the Earth. Hiding it on the moon he uses it to give Earth's males continuous and very messy orgasms which slightly impede their ability to fight. But brave Barbara Rush, with a small hand-picked team of huge-breasted women and humorous eunuchs, take off in the Spaceship Penis and manage to reverse the Ejaculatron. Carlson comes to a very sticky end indeed.

Mayfair Lady Audrey Hipbone plays the common little girl, Elisa Doalot, from Shepherd's Market in Mayfair, who hasn't a clue about sex until she meets Rocks Harrison who becomes her pimp, Professor Bigguns. He gives her lessons in the tart's three Rs: rutting, rithing and rumbustiousness. Together they sing the famous songs: The Pain in Spain Comes Mainly From the Cane; I Could Have Shagged All Night (and Still Have Begged For More); and Get Me To the Pimp On Time. A film for all the family as long as they leave the children at home.

Breastworld Peter Fondle is a sex-technician in the robo-brothel of the future, Breastworld. A secret member of the ultra-prudish Listeners, Viewers and Interferers Association however, he reprogrammes all the plastic prossies to chew up the members of the non-members. Unfortunately, this reveals to the world that the Hon Sec of the Association, Mary Tightarse, actually posed as one of the robots in order to get her jollies in secret. All ends in confusion,

but agreeably squishily.

Whore of the World Jean Barry stars as the Martian good-time girl who travels to Earth in a podule to spread her message and her legs. However, she fails to appreciate that to humans she looks a little like a leprous camel with eight too many humps. The authorities keep her visit secret and eventually kill her when they have used her body for their foul experiments. But then her pimp, who is 300 feet tall, turns up looking for her. When he finds out what has happened he destroys the world.

Whatever Happened To ...?

Hollywood stars have a lot in common with real stars. Some last for a long time, others flare up suddenly and then fade away like novae to become white dwarves or small, inert balls of heavy matter; others become red giants, steadily expanding over the years to fill the screen with their bulk (Marlon Brando, for example). Others become like pulsars – small but powerful sources of x-rays that spin very fast – and a *very* few end up like quasars, those mysterious objects on the edge of the Universe that ...

But enough of these astronomical analogies, fascinating as they may be; this section deals with those stars that once shone brightly in the Hollywood firmament but have since disappeared from view. At great cost our team of researchers have dug deep and wide to bring you their sad, salutary and often tragic stories ...

First, Whatever Happened to ... Flipper?

Well, after his debut in *Flipper* in 1963 he made two sequels and then starred in his own TV series but from the beginning he was dissatisfied with acting as a career. ‘When you think about it,’ he told a journalist in 1965 in his inimitable high-pitched, squeaky voice, ‘acting is a hell of a funny way for a grown dolphin to earn his living. I’d much prefer to be doing something more meaningful.’

So it should have come as no surprise when Flipper dropped out of Hollywood and offered his services to the US Navy. His offer was accepted and he was put in charge of the dolphin-training programme, the aim of which was to teach dolphins how to attach limpet mines to the hulls of enemy ships. Then, in 1968 he and his dolphin unit were transferred to Vietnam. Shortly after arriving Flipper disappeared while on a lone mission to blow up a North Vietnamese patrol boat. For a time it was believed he’d been killed but then, two months later, came the event that shocked America ...

The North Vietnamese government released a filmed statement by Flipper in which he denounced the United States government and described Lyndon Johnson as a ‘warmonger’. Flipper ended his speech by proclaiming himself a supporter of both the Hanoi regime and World Communism.

His fans back in America were horrified. A former good friend of his, Ronald Reagan (they had once both dated Jane Wyman), then governor of

California, made the following statement: ‘Sadly, I must declare Flipper a traitor to the United States of America and a disgrace to both Old Glory, aquatic mammals in general – the majority of whom are loyal Americans – and to Hollywood.’

After the war Flipper was repatriated to the USA and claimed on arrival that he had been brainwashed but no one believed him. He was black-listed by every major Hollywood studio and shunned by all his former friends (one exception was Namu, the Killer Whale, who let him sleep in his pool).

Reduced to appearing in hard-core porno movies such as *Dolphin Dick and the Mermaid* (his co-star in this, Esther Welsh, said of him, ‘He was a perfect gentleman the whole time, even during the buggery sequence, unlike some animal stars I could mention ...’), Flipper became disillusioned and bitter. He became an alcoholic and was often seen slumped over the tables of some of Hollywood’s less salubrious night clubs in the early hours of the morning.

The situation grew even worse for Flipper when his one and only friend and supporter, Namu, was found drowned in his pool (it was rumoured at the time that Flipper might have been careless with his liquor supply and inadvertently polluted the pool with vodka, causing Namu to pass out and drown in his sleep, but this was never proven).

Now completely alone Flipper went from bad to worse at a fast rate. Forced to live in an abandoned bath tub on a vacant lot he eked out a miserable existence by busking on Hollywood Boulevard. Though his act, which consisted of singing old Frank Sinatra numbers while accompanying himself on a saxophone which he played via his air-hole, was an impressive one his takings were poor. People hadn’t forgotten his betrayal of America.

And then the inevitable happened. He disappeared without a trace. Suspicion fell on a group of Japanese tourists who had been seen admiring Flipper in a way that had nothing to do with either his singing or musical talents. But the police had no real evidence and so the Japanese – members of a visiting gourmet society – were not charged. Besides, no one really cared.

It was a sad end for someone who had been America’s first dolphin superstar. As to whether or not he really was brainwashed we shall never know but it’s significant that since then no other dolphin has been trusted with any position of responsibility in the American armed forces.

Next, Whatever Happened to ... The Creature from the Black Lagoon?

The ‘Creature’s’ real name was John Stockholm and he was born with a

rare congenital disease that left his body covered with scales and gave him webbing between his fingers and toes, not to mention three-inch-long claws. As a result Stockholm's childhood in Pavane, Kansas, was not a happy one. Taunted by the neighbourhood kids, shunned by his relatives, young Stockholm had a bad time of it. When he was eighteen he moved to California, figuring that in that state he wouldn't stand out so much. And he was right.

After working at various odd jobs – dishwasher, night watchman and life-guard – Stockholm happened to see in *Variety* that Universal was holding auditions for a movie called *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*. He was delighted to read that he fitted the specifications exactly and went along to the studio. 'As soon as I saw John,' said director Jack Arnold years later, 'I knew our search was over. He was the Creature from the Black Lagoon. Not only that but we would save a fortune on the makeup costs.'

The film was a great success and spawned two sequels, *Revenge of the Creature* in 1955 and *The Creature Walks Among Us* in 1956. Unfortunately by the time the latter film was released the public's interest in the Creature had declined and the series came to an end. Stockholm found it difficult to get other acting work. 'I'd been typecast,' he said bitterly in an interview in 1965. 'As far as the industry was concerned all I was capable of doing was swimming underwater and carrying off dames with big tits. I told them that I had a lot more range than that. Just give me a chance to prove myself, I said ...'

Stockholm tried out for various roles – such as the lead in *The Long Hot Summer* (it eventually went to Paul Newman) – but without success. He was reduced to small walk-on parts (you can spot him in *Exodus* and *Butterfield Eight* if you look closely) and stand-in work (for several years he was the regular stand-in for Ernest Borgnine) which depressed him even more. Nor was his private life much better. While working on *Bikini Beach* in 1964 he fell in love with the film's leading lady Annette Funicello but his feelings weren't reciprocated. Shattered by this rejection he became a recluse for a time, shunning all human contact.

It was during this period that he saw an advert in a magazine for the Church of Scientology. He went along for one of the Church's free personality tests and was declared a 'near clear'. He joined the Scientologists and quickly became committed to their cause, retiring from the film industry and devoting all his time to the Church's work (since then he has come out of

retirement only once when he worked as a technical advisor on *Jaws*). Mystery now shrouds his present position in the Church of Scientology and even his whereabouts. It is rumoured that he is now the leader of the movement since the death of its founder L. Ron Hubbard but this has yet to be verified.

And now, Whatever Happened to ... Rin Tin Tin?

This is a particularly sad story. Rin Tin Tin was one of America's best-loved superstars and his subsequent fall from public grace has all the pain and poignancy of a Greek tragedy. After starring in hit film after hit film for many years Rinty, wisely realizing that he was getting a little too long in the tooth to play leading dog roles, became a character actor for a time and then moved to television where he began his highly successful children's series *Rinty's World*. As the kindly host of the show Rinty achieved an even greater popularity than he had as a film star but then, in 1976, he did something that brought his world crashing down ...

Rinty announced that he was gay.

'I decided it was time I came out of the kennel and declared my solidarity with my fellow gay dogs,' he said at the time. But to his evident surprise the reaction across America was a hostile one, especially in the mid-West. He was denounced from countless pulpits and the TV network that produced his show received a deluge of letters from angry parents protesting that he shouldn't be allowed to appear with children. The network had no choice but to cancel his show.

Rinty was shattered. 'I thought the great American public would support me on this,' Rinty sadly told a reporter. 'But I guess I was barking up the wrong tree.'

His decline after this was rapid. Friends later described how he became very self-destructive. 'He didn't give a turd anymore,' said Lassie, one of his oldest friends. 'It was as if he wanted to die. He started hanging around with dangerous company, or "ruff trade" as they're called in the gay dog world, and, of course, the inevitable happened ...'

One morning Rinty was found floating dead in the pool at his luxury Beverly Hills mansion. The subsequent police investigation revealed that he'd been seen leaving the Gay Nine Club at 2A.M. that morning in the company of a vicious-looking Doberman Pinscher but an extensive search for the dog failed to locate him. Thus the true story of what happened on that fateful morning may never be known ... was he murdered or did he commit

suicide? Or was it simply an accident? One theory is that Rinty got drunk, fell into the pool and couldn't keep afloat. It's known for a fact that he was a poor swimmer. 'He couldn't dog paddle for shit,' was how one of his friends put it.

Whatever the cause, his death marked the end of an era. 'He was the last of the truly great Hollywood dog stars,' said film historian Harry Adam Knight. 'But he made one terrible mistake; he should never have come out of the kennel.'

And now, a more cheerful tale when we learn Whatever Happened to ...
Cheeta?

As everyone knows, Cheeta – co-star of countless Tarzan movies – was actually a female whose real name was Olive Flange. 'They couldn't use a male chimp in the role,' explained Olive, 'for obvious reasons. I mean to say the Tarzan films were for kids, right, and it wouldn't have been right to show Cheeta with a hard-on whenever Jane picked him up.'

The Cheeta role made Olive a rich chimp but she began to resent playing a male. 'I felt I was betraying my sex. I guess that's the reason I got involved in the Women's Movement in the mid-sixties. As a matter of fact I practically *started* the Women's Movement. It was thanks to me, for example, that Germaine Greer got the idea that made her name as a feminist. I was talking to her one day of my frustration at having to play a male all the time and I said, "It makes me feel like a female eunuch," and Germaine suddenly jumped and cried, "Strewth! That's it!" and off she ran to the nearest typewriter.'

It was Olive who also raised the consciousness of Jane Fonda. 'It was after *Barbarella* came out,' said Olive. 'I took her to one side and told her she was being exploited. "Jane," I told her, "You're letting yourself be turned into a sex object." Well, shortly after that she left Roger Vadim and got involved in politics ...'

Olive and Jane became close friends and Olive accompanied Jane on her controversial trip to North Vietnam. Unfortunately the two are no longer on speaking terms. 'I'm not making any direct accusations,' said Olive. 'All I know is that I happened to tell Jane about a book I was planning. It was to be called *Cheetah's Workout Book* and the next thing I knew Jane had come out with her own version ...'

As to her personal life Olive is unusually reticent for a former film star. Close friends hint that she has suffered two major disappointments in her

love life. One apparently occurred when her leading man in several Tarzan movies, Gordon Scott, unexpectedly married Vera Miles. ‘How did Olive react?’ said a friend. ‘She fell out of her tree, literally.’

But an even bigger emotional disappointment apparently occurred a few years earlier when Olive played Bonzo in *Bedtime for Bonzo* and fell in love with her co-star Ronald Reagan. Today she refuses to discuss their relationship. ‘All I will say,’ she said recently, ‘is that Ronnie and I were very, very close.’

Olive is semi-retired now and runs the Cheeta Aerobic Work-Out Shop for Middle-Aged Apes. She seems happy enough on the surface but one notes an underlying sadness and one suspects it is not unconnected with the President of the USA. Perhaps all will be revealed in her forthcoming autobiography *Life is Nothing But a Big Banana Skin ...*

And finally, Whatever Happened to ... Godzilla?

Godzilla – real name Gojira – was, apart from Toshiro Mifune, the nearest thing to an international film star that Japan has produced. For a time he was the hottest thing in the cinema, a situation that had only partly to do with his radioactive breath. ‘Let’s face it,’ said a famous female film critic who works for a prestigious New York publication but wishes to remain nameless, ‘he was three hundred feet of pure sex appeal. I’ve yet to find myself sitting on a dry seat by the end of one of his movies.’

But, like so many successful stars, Gojira came to resent being typecast. ‘It’s so boring,’ he said in 1960. ‘In every movie I just rise out of the sea and level Tokyo. I keep asking the director “What’s my motivation?” but he refuses to tell me. I’m beginning to think he doesn’t know.’

In order to placate their valuable box office property his employers, Toho Studios, turned Godzilla into a sympathetic character. From being Japan’s nemesis he became its protector, saving it from such threats as creatures from outer space, giant robots, smog monsters and even, on one occasion, King Kong (the two stars, it is said, remained on unfriendly terms throughout the movie).

But dissatisfaction once again set in. After a period during which he underwent extensive psycho-analysis (his analyst was obliged to have a four-hundred-foot couch built) Gojira then became involved in right-wing politics. He set himself up as the head of a movement called The Black Samurai and in 1970 tried to persuade the Japanese army to rise up in a fascist rebellion ...

When the attempt failed dismally Gojira, humiliated, committed

seppuku (hara-kiri) by impaling himself on Tokyo's Telecommunications Tower. The Japanese government, deeply embarrassed by the affair, attempted to cover it up but, as in life, Godzilla in death was difficult to conceal. Nor did it prove a simple matter to remove his corpse from the Tower which is why, even to this day, so many residents of Tokyo still wear those funny little face masks.

But Godzilla's legion of fans remains loyal and there is now talk of building a statue to his memory. Unfortunately his fans are insisting that the statue be on a larger than life scale – at the very least twice as large as life which means the statue will be six hundred feet tall. Japanese geologists have warned that such a huge statue will be so massive it may upset the delicate seismic balance of Japan's geological foundations. Despite these warnings the Godzilla Adoration Society is going ahead with plans for the statue. It will be ironic if Godzilla, dead, does for real what he did on the screen so many times and levels Tokyo ... Time will tell.

How to be a Director

Total artistic control over a movie. It sounds wonderful. But you need to be a hard-working genius to make something worthwhile. Here's Eric Attitagain to tell how a typical director does it.

Well, sweetnesses, what can I say? Not everyone can become a director. Look at Jeannot Schwartz. Ha. Ha. Just my little jestette Jeannot.

But, serieusement pour un moment, becoming a directeur is both the hardest and the easiest thing to do in this whole bloody marvellous film business. Easy because it's not hard. And hard because it's not easy. Ah, the bijou quipettes just tumble from my scriptwriters. But now I really must be serious otherwise you'll think I'm not successful and I'm trying to hide an inferiority complex.

When I started in the film business people used to have to hold up individual frames in front of a candle one at a time in order to show a movie. Aren't I outrageous? Believe that and you'll believe a fly can man. Oh, dear, the wit.

No, seriously, I really began at the derriere in the film industry. Yes, I was an actor. Not a very good one, mind, but at least I knew which way up to hold a script. Eat your heart out, Ronald Reagan. Then, when they started making epics all the time, the scripts became too heavy to hold so I got a job directing B movies. Yes, I was given every film that came along beginning with the letter B. *The Baltese Falcon. Barf a Sixpence. Bupaman. Bunday, Bloody Bunday.*

When I'd proved that I could make the same sort of loss on these B movies as just about anyone else, I was selected for better things. And so I moved from black and white to colour; from scripts picked by the studio dog to my own hand-picked projectettes; from budgets that were like raiding a little boy's piggy bank to the sort of money that could feed a medium-sized Third World country for a year. But most importantly, I moved from a little wooden stool to a chair with a canvas back that had my name on it. How many traffic wardens have got one of those, dears.

But enough of technical information. You probably want to know what the job's like and how to get into it. Well, it's a tough job. Sometimes in the morning I'm woken up. Sometimes they go on without me. That's how

tough.

But let's look at a particular project. When I made *Oh, What a Lovely Gnat*, it started out as a little frag-mentette of an idea. I bought the rights of a novel that had been written forty years before in which the author had basically expanded on an original idea of mine in advance. There were no gnats in it, right, but I soon got over that. I had someone change a little motivation here and a little characterization there. Then he wrote in some gnats. Then I got other people to rewrite it, expand on it, add even more gnats, do four drafts of the final screenplay, put my name on it and I was in business.

Some minions – I can't recall exactly who – sorted out sleeping arrangements (and I did well out of that, let me tell you), meals, sun tan lotion, perverted sex and some other odds and ends like casting, locations, special effects, etc.

When it was all set up, I'd arrive on the set at some convenient time, look around, say 'Roll those cameras, dears,' or 'Cut, darlings' depending where the continuity person told me we were. When I'd said them enough I'd go home.

After a while, someone would show me some bits of film that had something to do with what I'd been working on and I'd either be very very cross indeed or say 'Triffic, dear hearts' as the mood caught me. I have very artistic moods you see. Eventually, all these bits of film and some others were stuck together with that very special and very expensive glue that we film makers use and then I think the film was taken round to the Odeon Leicester Square for a Royal Charity Performance before being photocopied for distribution – whatever that is.

So you can see, it's a tough life. And as to *becoming* a director – well, dears, like me you'll have to work at it. Talent will out, you know.

Filmagrams

If you think you're a hot-shot film buff you might want try the following anagrams of film titles. Answers on [page 206](#). No prizes if you're right. But then we aren't going send round men with big sticks if you're wrong.

- 1 HEN RAN QUIET CAFE
- 2 LOW NOD NOT OK
- 3 I FOOLED HOT DRY GANG
- 4 LASH FIGHT IN RED: R.I.P.
- 5 DOTING WHEN WHITE
- 6 FAT HEEL'S METAL CON
- 7 DA! THE NAVEL O.D.
- 8 USA MADE?
- 9 NB. SHY R.O.T. WORTH TEN
- 10 A WAR? ARCANE FOIBLE
- 11 NO PRIMPS, PRAY
- 12 SHAM
- 13 MAD? I'M ON FENCE
- 14 STEVEN MENACING THIEF
- 15 ROCK BUNGLER? JAB THE LAD
- 16 HER GROWTH, PA'S FATE
- 17 CHEATS HID ANY VERSIONS. FOB NOT.
- 18 APER OF SHORT DENIZEN
- 19 O IT'S YAH. HELP HALT PRIDE
- 20 INTEREST THE THIN SPY
- 21 NATHAN SHARES HIS TREND
- 22 EMIT NO HISS
- 23 SHE'S NO COLDER DEAF GIRL

Having trouble? If not, you're too bloody clever. If you are, however, a star in each film is listed on [page 202](#) as a clue.

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 8: Shakespearean Films for Sailors

Anchovy and Cleopatra Elizabeth Taylor plays the Egyptian nymphomaniac who seduces a noble prince. The prince hears from an enemy that his beloved has died. 'She's gone for a burton,' he shouts and commits suicide by falling on to his whisky bottle. Cleopatra is determined to carry on without him but is accidentally bitten on the bum by a venomous anchovy and does not live long after.

Trawlers and Cressida This full-length version of Shakespeare's famous sitcom about the woman who owns a fleet of fishing boats is a must for any seafarer's film festival. Her hilarious conflict with Greek millionaire shipowner Achilles Heelassis contains all of the bard's best jokes including her husband Hector's famous cry as he is almost pushed into the water by Achilles, 'You'll have to troy better than that.'

Coral Anus This is the tragic story of a young Australian who is bitten on the bum by a sea-wallaby while cruising on the Great Barrier Reef. He develops the awful affliction of the title and cannot make poo-poo without a long-handled spoon nor use toilet paper without tearing it. This is the sort of film that only an Australian could or would make.

Rowmeover and Juliet Owner of a small Venetian water taxi, Rowmeover falls in love with a young woman of another sex. This is frowned upon by his parents. Their love is thwarted and then Rowmeover hears that Juliet is dead. Having seen the film *Anchovy and Cleopatra* he is sceptical and double checks but he can't hear her snoring. He commits sewerside by drinking some canal water and then Juliet stabs herself with a poisoned cornetto.

The Taming of the Crew This is the epic story of how an Oxford boat crew, ashamed of their small cox, were pulled into shape just before the boat race by the love of one woman. Not for family audiences.

The Role of Condoms in the Cinema

‘There’s so much gelatin in there that the condoms won’t stick together again if we screw it up.’

That immortal line came from David Lynch during the making of *Dune*. He was referring to a scene where the hero had to prise open the side of a Sand Worm and reveal its gooey innards. The said gooey innards were composed of latex, gelatin and literally thousands of condoms.

It may come as a surprise to the lay cinemaphile just how vital to film-making condoms are. Yet the above example is not a one-off event. Condoms have traditionally played a very important role in the cinema, popping up in all kinds of unexpected places. Did you know, for example, that whenever you see an actor get shot on the screen the blood that inevitably spurts out is stored in a condom beneath his or her clothing.

Condoms are also important in make-up and are often used to create grotesque physical effects when pumped up with air from off-camera.

But probably the most bizarre use of condoms in a film occurred during the making of *The Incredible Shrinking Man*. For the sequence where enlarged raindrops had to fall on the matchbox home of the tiny protagonist hundreds of water-filled condoms were used. ‘We rigged up a treadmill that dropped them at an increasing rate,’ said the director Jack Arnold. ‘But the really amusing part came at the end of the picture – the production office called me in to go over the budget. They told me they couldn’t understand one item – the order for one hundred gross of condoms. I said, “Fellows, it was such a hard picture and we all worked so hard we decided to have a big party at the end of it.”’

So the next time you visit your local chemist go and take a look at the condom counter. Remember that you aren’t looking at just a humble row of prophylactics but at a piece of true Hollywood.

Dr Frankensex

... Or ...

How to make an American sexploitation movie in England with very few dollars and no sense.

How It Began

I'm glad that it's all over. Now I can talk about what happened and get paid for it. Maybe that way I'll make some of the money I was promised. Though that's unlikely unless this book is a success. And *that's* unlikely.

I met Roger when I was in Hollywood working on *The Cosmic Stud*, a little-known sex romp through the galaxies. I'd been brought in to polish the script. I'd been promised what people like that like to call 'mucho dinaros' and as a sign of good faith even been sent a second class single airplane ticket. Well, jobs were thin in Britain at the time. If you couldn't recycle Carry On jokes for James Bond movies or stay awake while writing a social realism film (with new added topicality and a soundtrack that had the Noise Pollution Directorate calling) then there was always social security. I took Hollywood.

Of course, I should have realized that *The Cosmic Stud* had no script to polish. It was 100% real live grunting action, filmed in glistening Sweat-a-Scope. There were a couple of homes for deceased goldfish lying around to give the impression of space helmets thrown off in wild abandon and a pair of very dusty deeley bobbars that might have had some symbolic role as intergalactic testicles. Except I got the impression that the deeley bobbars were meant to be telepathic communicators. I suppose they had to be, as the participants certainly weren't doing much in the way of speaking. But then, *I* was there to get them voices rollin' among the raw hide.

My main problem was that the amount of time for speech was severely restricted to the rare occasions when one of the participants had nothing in his or her mouth. Well, you should try saying, 'Take me to your Leader', with half a yard of someone else's tongue down your throat. However, it being science fiction, I thought I could experiment with voices coming from other orifices. But similar problems arose. So to speak. In the end (no, you can't

get away from sexual references however hard you try) I did a voice-over script in the form of a report back to FFang the Mighty, Empress of the planet Genitalia and Whoremistress of Babylon II. The report was from Commander Biggun of the penetration taskforce. Those titles were the subtle bit. The actual report? Well, drawing a veil over it isn't enough. If I hadn't needed the money I'd have fastened the pages to a concrete block and thrown them into the sea. Though the fines for dumping industrial waste that way are pretty steep.

Anyway, I said my goodbyes to everyone when it was over. To be honest, I grunted at a few as I'd learned the language of porno films by then. I was sorry only to leave Roger who had been Assistant Director and a good buddy in the week I was there. We'd drunk a few beers, cried a few tears, and had a few leers. I bought a ticket back to London with my salary and almost had enough left for the tube fare home.

I certainly never expected to hear from Roger again. At least, not so soon.

I was in the middle of one of my favourite dreams. I'd been asked to set fire to the last ever copies of all Norman Wisdom's films. Suddenly I was jerked back to the reality of a cold English winter's night with the duvet half-kicked off in my pyromaniac excitement. The phone was croaking. I snarled, but picked it up in case it really was someone asking me to burn Norman Wisdom's films. After half a minute fighting with the frog-like contraption that I'd bought in a whimsical moment, I heard a transatlantic voice. 'Hi, George. This is Roger.'

Then, as I didn't enthuse wildly within a split second he continued, 'Roger from America. *The Cosmic Stud*. You remember – "Gee, Commander, I always thought 7-Up was a drink until I met you".'

With all the enthusiasm that tiredness and goose-pimples allowed, I said, 'Hello Roger.'

'Gee, little buddy. You don't sound – Saaaay. I'll bet you're in bed. I'll bet I got that crazy time difference wrong. How dumb can you get?'

'I give in, Roger. But being American I suspect there's no limit.'

'Hey, you knock me out with that English humour. You're almost as funny as that little guy – Norman, whatsisname, Wisdom.'

'Oh, yes?'

'Saaaay. Here I am keeping you awake when all you want to do is find out why I phoned and get back to that wild, wild woman I bet you've got

breathing in your ear right now. Hey, I can hear her.'

'That's just a phone-tap my milkman's put in. He's probably getting excited in case you're phoning to offer me money.'

'George, you're never going to believe this but it looks like I'm being financed to direct my first film. And guess who I want to write the screenplay.'

'Lawrence Kasdan? William Goldman?'

'Sure, who wouldn't? But I mean someone cheap. You, George Jeffries.'

'Roger, I'm flattered.'

'Yep, and I think that together we can make *Dr Frankensex* a triple X-rated smasheroo.'

'Dr – TripleX –'

'Hey, you're speechless. I comprendez. Just don't let it happen when you're writing. I've gotta go now. I've got a little casting conference if you know what I mean.'

'But Roger. What do I do? Where do I go?'

'Nowhere. We're making this one in England. It's the only way we can afford the special effects. Just you get started on that script and I'll be over there before you can say "Nookie Pie".'

'But –'

The phone went dead. I sneezed. What had I agreed to do? And in England. Did Roger know what the penalties were here for doing the sort of thing that probably went unnoticed in a main street on a Sunday in America? Aaaaaagh.

Eventually, I went back to sleep. But this time, Norman Wisdom was setting fire to me.

Getting Finance – Illegally

Two days later Roger arrived. He was the same overweight, over-optimistic, over-sexed and over-bearing American that I'd liked, I recalled now, merely because he was marginally less offensive than the other gross bastards working on *The Cosmic Stud*. And he'd never once called me a limey.

'Georgie baby,' he said as I opened the door to let in 200 pounds of accented time-difference. 'Hey, you're yawning. I've done it again, right. Or maybe you limeys don't have daylight. Maybe you can't afford it any more.'

I wasn't in the mood or the clothes to defend my country, particularly against accurate abuse.

'Come in, Roger. Kitchen's through there. Make yourself a coffee. I'll just slip into something less comfortable.'

I staggered upstairs, dropped on to the bed and was about to go to sleep again when I heard a roar, 'Hey, George, where's the coffee? All I can find is some pulverized sheep shit.'

I sighed, got dressed and went downstairs. I made myself a cup of milky sheep shit while Roger reached among his folds of fat to find a hip flask. 'Man's second best friend,' he said.

I didn't ask the first. In Roger's case, one way or another, it was probably a Whopper.

Daylight was beginning to fight its way through the grime on my windows and Roger realized what time it was. 'Hey, c'mon, we've got a working breakfast with some money guys.'

We leaped into his rented car, despite my protestations. I remembered what his driving had been like when the legal side of the road was actually familiar to him. Luckily, the traffic was light. It bounced easily off our car.

Roger spent the journey telling me about the Gonzo brothers, two drug-dealers who wanted a legit side to launder money and had decided on the movies. Well, it had apparently been a choice between that and investing in the Channel Tunnel. Then they discovered that it probably wouldn't be as easy as they'd thought to slip the odd body into the concrete. And, anyway, movies had glamour. That's glamour spelled B.O.O.B.S.

For some reason, however, Roger stopped off at a lunatic asylum on the way. A group of pathetic retards, heads coming to a halt fractionally above their eyebrows, wandered in our direction.

'Hey, Jimmy. Hey, Johnny. Hey, boys,' shouted Roger.

I froze as the group came nearer, each one roughly the size of two American footballers in a plastic sack. There were eight little furrows by them where their knuckles dragged along the ground. One of the least Neanderthal of them, wearing a fur coat probably made out of the skins of cats he'd personally strangled and eaten raw, grunted, 'Lo, Roj. Nice day frit.'

Another, who closely resembled the talking throwback except his coat was made of tasty rat, said, 'Yuh.'

The others were nowhere near as articulate.

Out of the car, Roger introduced us. We were taken inside where we were given freshly squeezed orange juice (into which Roger poured some bourbon), a bowl of muesli with skimmed milk (into which Roger poured some bourbon), and some very smelly herb tea (but here Roger just drank the bourbon neat having too much respect for his liquor). Apparently these thugs, who probably thought nothing of violent assault with added new formula GBH, had been told by their doctor to go on a pretty bland diet otherwise their hearts would pack up before they had a chance to rip anyone else's out. After the Gonzos had used up their store of words – which made the *Sun* look like a thesaurus – we got down to business.

‘Wot we buyin’, Roj?’

‘Well, my boy, here is an international screenwriter of some renown. He’s big in movies,’ he translated as he saw the frowns. ‘And let me tell you, he’s written a movie that’ll knock your socks off, as well as making you some good dough. Tell ’em, Georgie.’

They pointed their glowers in my direction and watched the blood drain from my face.

‘Well, not so much written, as writing, gentlemen,’ I said. ‘It’s a well-developed concept but not yet a fully materialized actuality.’

I could see that I’d lost their attention. Was that the click of a flick-knife, a safety being taken off a gun or merely the casual cracking of an eager knuckle? I had to flow a bit better.

‘Ok, so the film’s called *Dr Frankensex*. I’ll worry about the Franken, what you’re interested in is the sex.’ The sound of people not smiling was deafening. ‘This guy, Dr Frankensex, decides to build himself a perfect woman or two by cutting up the bodies of other women and sewing them together in the way that he likes them.’

‘Wot,’ said Jimmy, ‘like boobs on the back for when you’re dancin’ the slow numbers.’

‘An’, an’ boobs on the front,’ said Johnny, ‘for when you’re not dancin’ the slow numbers.’

‘Chicks already have boobs on the front, Johnny,’ pointed out his brother. When Johnny looked worried at this, Jimmy said, ‘Well, maybe not Hermione, you’re right ...’

‘Then p’raps ...’

‘Yeah, p’raps. Look, Jeff,’ Jimmy said to me, ‘I like wot I hear an’ when I like wot I hear I do summink about it. An’ anyway, we got family in the

movies. Arnold's Dad played next to Ronald Reagan in *Bedtime for Bonzo*. Here's yer money.' He handed Roger a packet of a size that could have contained a small human head or perhaps a dozen gift-wrapped noses. 'Nah, maybe we won' see yer again until you've finished. Maybe we'll drop by sooner. But if we find out you've crossed us they'll have a job tellin' yer head from yer haemorrhoids.'

I winced for Roger and then Jimmy said, 'That goes fer you too. You'll afta get someone to dip yer nose in ink if yer wanna write agen.'

Getting Finance – Legally

Roger stowed the money away safely and we drove hurriedly away from the Gonzos. I was still shaking, Roger was still drinking. Suddenly the car screeched to a halt. We were outside a bank. Was I expected to leap out and rob it while Roger kept the engine turning over? I saw people on the pavement move hurriedly away just in case. I smiled and waved at them like some poverty-stricken Royal.

'OK, let's go negotiate the rest of the money.'

My jaw dropped as realization struck. 'But Roger. That's *my* branch of *my* bank.'

'What better place to start?' he said, moving out of the car as swiftly as a fat American.

'But I've only just moved my overdraft here. I'm still trying to work out a deal where they allow me to look at my cheque book once a week.'

But he had moved inside. Apparently they were expecting us. Roger had managed to get an interview with the *manager*. I had succeeded only in seeing Miss Naph, the putative woman they sicced on to impoverished writers.

In his office, which was only a little larger than the rest of the bank, the manager said, 'Ah, Mr Jodhpurs.'

'Jeffries,' I mumbled.

He waved aside my mistake. 'I understand you have an account here. I further understand that if you are as successful in the next six years as you have been in the last six months you will be in competition with the National Debt. Your colleague phoned me with a proposition. Despite your being as poor a risk as Lloyds of London, I thought I should listen to you.' He smiled benignly as though he'd just bitten the head off a rather large weasel.

‘Yeah,’ said Roger. ‘This is how it is. Put *this* in your till and see if it makes the bell ring. Me and Georgie here are putting together a little movie – a film as you limeys say – called *Dr Frankensex*. Over to you, George.’

I saw the manager’s eyebrows rise. Hurriedly, I said, ‘I think you may have misunderstood my associate. He’s American,’ I confided. ‘The film we plan to make is called *Dr Bankingsense*. It’s an everyday tale: Boy Meets Girl, Boy Loses Girl, Boy Builds Another Girl. But behind this romantic facade is a deeper tale of fiscal blundering, of economic stupidity, of,’ my voice had a chill in it, ‘a man who spends more than he has budgeted for.’

The manager raised his Parker fountain pen and pencil into the sign of a cross.

‘But,’ I continued, ‘into his life comes Dr Bankingsense, a wise and kindly scientist who builds for him, from several inadequate clerks, a messenger and a word processor operator, the girl of his dreams. She plans his budget, controls his spending and even manages to lay down a little something for the children in high-interest fixed-term bonds.’

The manager wiped a tear from his eye with a pound note that had been withdrawn from circulation. ‘That’s the loveliest story I’ve ever heard. Here’s your money. The threatening phone call from the Gonzo brothers was, in the event, unnecessary.’

Outside, I asked Roger about the threatening phone call. ‘Just insurance,’ he said. ‘Bank managers respect that sort of thinking.’ I got into the car and slumped into the passenger seat. I was exhausted. ‘Nothing more today, I hope. We don’t have quite so many additives in our food in Britain as you Yanks so we’re not so hyperactive. We need lots of sleep and the occasional quiet time.’

‘That’s not how your country became Great,’ he said.

That’s true, of course, it was by raping other countries.

Casting, Cameras and SFX

‘There’s a lot to do before sleep, Georgie.’

‘When do I get time to work on the script?’

‘You’re kidding me. You’ve had two days for that. The Gonzos won’t be pleased.’

I gulped. ‘I’ve almost finished, of course. I’m just running short of sexual euphemisms.’

‘Sounds good,’ he said. ‘Keep it up.’

‘I’ve used that one.’ Things were getting out of hand. All I could do in my own wishy-washy ineffectual limey way was to go with the flow. And apparently, the next thing in the flow was the cameras and sound and lighting equipment. ‘So where do we get it from – a pawn shop?’

‘Hey, Georgie. What do you think I am? This is a megabuck production. Well, centibuck. Even so, we think higher than pawn shops. We’re gonna steal the stuff.’

‘What!’

‘Well, not so much steal it as borrow it for an indeterminate period.’

‘Oh, Roger.’

‘Well, not so much borrow it as liberate it from the forces of fascist censorship.’

‘You’re going to steal it from the Conservative Party.’

‘No,’ said Roger. ‘I’m going to take it from your limey bobbbers.’

‘Who? Are they like deeley bobbbers?’

‘Bobbbers. Policemen.’

‘You mean bobbies. Aaaaaagh. You do mean policemen. You’re robbing the police.’

‘I met this guy from the Metropolitan Police when he was advisor to an American TV show. He told me where the cops keep the equipment they impound. And not only that, but yours truly has a key.’

We got the equipment. Fortunately, we didn’t get thirty years as well. My respect for Roger’s ability to get what he needed increased as my energy level dropped.

‘How many in the cast?’ I asked, having given up hope of a quiet time.

‘You tell me. You’re the hotshot writer that I’m paying a fortune for.’

I looked around for the fortune in case I’d blinked while it was being handed over to me. But Roger was oblivious even to my plodding sarcasm.

‘You looking for the script?’ he asked.

‘No. I’ve got both lines memorized. One’s got two more grunts in than the other.’

‘So, is it two characters, three, or what?’

‘There’s Dr Frankensex himself, of course. Biggles –’

‘Who? Not the world-famous fictional air ace created by Captain W.E. Johns?’

‘No. I mispronounced it. Big Les, the hero with the manly attribute.’

There's also Partrick, the male Frankensex creation.'

'Don't you mean Patrick.'

'No. He's part Rick, part John, part –'

'OK, OK.'

'And then there's the main female lead, Anita.'

'Don't tell me. Frankensex says, "You couldn't find Anita pair of tits."'

'So why pay for a scriptwriter? And, of course, there's a number of other female creations, some built less successfully than others. We can use feminists for those. And there's the obligatory hunchback assistant. He's the one who has to collect the bits of bodies so he goes round shouting things like, "The balls, the balls!" Finally there's the doctor's beautiful daughter who's shocked at what she discovers he's doing and manages to rescue Big Les from the clutches of Anita.'

'Right, that part's already cast. It's my girl Luce.'

'But she drinks all the time.'

'She only drinks to forget,' said Roger.

'Well, she certainly never forgets to drink.'

'That,' said Roger, 'reminds me.' And he took another gulp of bourbon. This time he didn't offer me any. By then I'd have accepted. 'Look, George. You've just got too many characters in your script. What I want is two men and two women and you can play Frankensex. Your big break.'

I'd ceased to be surprised by Roger's ideas. 'Do I get to wear a mask? Can you guarantee no distribution in Britain? Will you be testing anyone I have to screw for AIDS? Will I have to wear a falsie so I'm not caught short? No-one'll laugh at me, will they? I mean, I've seen some of these films. I remember *The Cosmic Stud*. Bring some of those guys over here and we needn't buy Cruise.'

'George, I don't see Dr Frankensex screwing anybody. He's just a senile fart who's only in the movie to patch people together.'

'An old sew and sew.'

'What?'

'Pathetic English humour,' I confessed.

So I agreed to combine all the subtle roles I'd created into two men and women. It wouldn't actually be too difficult as I had yet to put typewriter key to paper, but it was just the principle of artistic integrity that was making me stand up to Roger and agree with everything he suggested. Then Roger explained to me what he was looking for in the way of special effects.

Apparently he had heard that British special effects men were the best in the world and not expensive. Unfortunately, he seemed to be labouring under an illusion. I discovered that when he had seen the term SFX he had misread it as SEX. He thought the people being written about in the article were good at making the Earth move in porno films rather than catastrophe movies. (Though the distinction in the case of *Dr Frankensex* was probably a fine one.) Anyway, I reassured him by pointing out that whereas American SFX men could no doubt re-create the destruction of Pompeii with models extremely well it would cost more than a full-scale reenactment. In Britain, all we needed was a firecracker, some superglue, a cup of coloured porridge and several boxes of matches. *And we'd make a better job of it.*

Roger said that matchsticks weren't exactly the right image for porno movies, but if British talent was capable and cheap, he'd take it. Well, I happened to know someone who'd painted the cardboard boxes they use in *Dr Who* and who'd been hired to do the costumes for the original version of *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. He would be cheap and he did SFX on the side. I also understood that he now supplied his own cardboard boxes. No wonder all the big SFX films were being made over here.

The only thing of any substance worth worrying about now was the location. I figured that Roger was planning to film it on the hard shoulder of the M1 or the North Circular on a Monday morning or some other equally lonely spot. But, of course, he knew someone who knew someone who owned a Gothic mansion and was on holiday and probably, almost certainly, wouldn't mind their home being used to make a very tasteful documentary about Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

And so it was that one day after arriving in England, Roger had set up everything for the making of *Dr Frankensex*. Mind you, we weren't talking *Gone With The Wind* or *E. T.* If you haven't already realized, this was small beer in the anals (sic) of international filmmaking. Perhaps the 1960 *Little Shop of Horrors* was made on a smaller budget and more quickly, but I doubt it.

I had a couple of days, Roger told me, to polish the script while he would undertake some arduous instruction of the starlet, Luce. I went home, slept for a long time, then worked solidly for whole hours to produce a screenplay that would have done credit to the bottom of a budgie's cage. As I was going to have the title role I gave *Dr Frankensex* both of the good jokes, the one good song (tune ripped off, of course) and an onscreen presence with

a good vantage point while most of the serious intertwining was taking place.

Making It

Come the Saturday morning, bright and early, *very* early, I arrived at the ‘Gothic mansion’ in the Surrey countryside with eight copies of my epic work. I did a splendid double-take purely for my own benefit as I looked at the small, semi-detached neo-Georgian house that was to be Dr Frankensex’s imposing abode. I could see that Ralph – he of the SFX – would need a lot of cardboard to make this work.

Just then, Hugo Large, chosen to be the chief male appendage in the film, arrived so I moved my eyes from one monumental cock-up to another.

‘Hello,’ I said. ‘You’re Hugo Large, aren’t you? I’ve seen your – er, you in a couple of movies.’

‘Allo. What’s all this about, then? Thought this was gonna be a high class job not annuvver get it out, get it in, and get it over number.’

‘Apparently the script is of a particularly high standard even if the location leaves something to be desired.’

‘Oh, you must be the writer then. Gis a shuftly at it.’

I handed over a copy to Hugo. I waited, grinning inwardly. I’d bet myself a fiver that he’d say, ‘My part isn’t very big,’ so that I could snigger coarsely. He said, ‘There’s a lot of words in it. ’Ave you done this sort of thing before?’

I shook my head.

He took me by the arm in a friendly fashion and leaned towards me.

‘Well, to be honest, mate, *I* have and we get by mostly with a lot of grunting. The women get to do a bit of gasping and the odd scream. Nothin’ to it.’

‘I think Roger’s got something more in mind for this one.’

Hugo shook his head. ‘Well, I don’t know if I can fake an orgasm *and* remember words. That’s getting too much like real acting.’

The front door opened and Roger leaned out. ‘Come on in, you guys. You’re the last to arrive.’

We entered and Roger took me aside. ‘You’ve got the scripts? Good. I’ll hand them out and you have a look around.’

I wandered round the house, nodding vaguely at those I didn’t know and having a few words with those I did. With the miracle of cardboard and

acrylic paint, the kitchen had been converted into a laboratory. Large, gloomy and blood-spattered. A bedroom had cleverly been converted into a bedroom. I hoped that what they had done to the toilet was for another film as I was squeamish about things like that. And, on the floor of the living room, boxes that had once held two gross of tins of baked beans and some cat food were now a tiny Gothic castle. I was very impressed. I almost expected to see a miniature Christopher Lee come sweeping out.

The cameras and lighting equipment were all set up. Labels dangled from them saying, 'Property of the Metropolitan Police. Not to be stolen without permission.'

It all looked surprisingly adequate.

I approached the script conference. Hugo was there with Roger and Luce. There was a small pretty girl called Leonnie with breasts like Russ Meyer only dreams about. And Eric, a man I'd never seen before who looked like he had a marrow in his pocket. Ralph nodded, paintbrush in hand, and I smiled at Dirk Latham, a cameraman I'd once met in a drinking club in Soho. Unfortunately, his shakes were no better.

The conference broke up when Roger had said his piece. Ralph began making me and others up and Roger went around trying out lines on people and chalking some up on big boards. Dirk, the cameraman, tested his equipment and I noticed that Hugo was doing the same so he could be really prepared when we got going. I mentioned to Dirk that he should have brought a wide-angled lens for Leonnie. He asked me why. I went to look at my make-up in the mirror.

The opening scene was one of me addressing a conference of sexologists and naughty surgeons. There I was in my full regalia of bright yellow robes (tastefully decorated with scenes from *The Kama Sutra*), an ornate codpiece and a nose that looked like a luminous dong. We never saw what the audience was wearing because we never saw the audience. Too expensive. I stood by a cardboard lectern awaiting their questions.

'Dr Frankensex,' shouted an American voice from the audience, 'ejaculatory surgery may be the coming thing but surely we can only go so far. None of us are prudes but operating on police in that way so as to remove the need for water cannon ...'

'Professor Asitoff, that is only one element in my law-enforcement plans. I also propose a realistic inflatable naked woman, with special pussy-cuffs, to be used as a master-bait for sex criminals. And a special blow-back

facility to prevent robberies from sperm banks. And –’

Then a sinister voice broke in from the audience. ‘But what about your own illegal activities, Doctor? What about – creating life?’

Close-up of blood draining from my face (a series of shots with increasing quantities of flour brushed on). And cut to – the laboratory!

Things went quite well for some time. The jokes went OK. The songs went OK. Even the humping went OK.

Hugo, playing the goodie, Steve, had a juicy episode with my daughter, Eve (played by Luce). Then I built my warped creation, Red Knobbo (played by Eric), who would have been normal if I hadn’t accidentally used a pickled egg instead of a pickled brain. Meanwhile the spare bodies that I wasn’t cutting up got together and sang, ‘Some of me, why not take some of me’.

Eve fell for Red Knobbo and there was another juicy episode, but then he wasn’t satisfied by her and threatened me unless I made him another woman. ‘Bitchmaker, bitchmaker, make me a bitch,’ he sings. I do just that, getting help from kindly Hugo, in response to my song, ‘Help me make her through the night.’

But that first hastily built creation (a cameo part for Luce in a wig) explodes as Red Knobbo attacks her with wild abandon. A background chorus sings, ‘It’s all over now. Baby blew.’ Then I discover the secret of producing a resilient highly-sexed woman by inserting into the body a method of creating a missing hormone and I sing ‘Gland of hope and glory’. Leonnie bounces into action.

But she proved too much for Eric. At that point he lost his voice. Perhaps the singing had strained his vocal chords, long used only to grunting. Anyway, Roger decided that I would have to make the noises.

So there was Eric, humping furiously with Leonnie, while I went ‘Ooooooh Aaaaaah.’

‘Cut cut!’ shouted Roger. ‘Oooooh Aaaaah isn’t right, you moron. Try Uuuurrrggghhh Nnnnnngggghhh.’

‘Ooooooggghhhh Aaaaaggghhh.’

‘Uuuurrrggghhh! Nnnnnngggghhh!’

‘OK, OK. Urgh. Ngh.’

‘God, you sound like a duck that needs a laxative. Maybe it’ll come. Just try talking dirty to her for a while.’

Leonnies and Eric were waiting, moist and impatient. We started again.

‘Oh darling, you’ve got loins like tigers,’ I muttered huskily.

‘Cut cut cut cut. What in hell was that meant to be?’

‘It was a play on words,’ I explained. ‘Loins is an anagram of lions. And a tiger is a big pussy. You see –’

‘Georgie, that’s terrific. We’ll send you round with the film to explain it to the audiences. Look, the minds of people who watch this – if they have minds – aren’t going to be on subtle abuses of the English language. They’re going to be on unsubtle abuses of the human body. Try “How’d you like another length of that, baby?”’ So I tried that and I grunted and groaned as best I could until Eric’s penis fell off.

Poor old Ralph. He’d worked wonders with everything else. However, the spare penis that Dr Frankensex had ‘sewn’ on to his wonder creation (and you won’t believe where) had come unstuck with all the sweat and other dribbly fluids dissolving the glue. Suddenly, Leonnie screamed, reached beneath her and came up with a foot of Cumberland sausage in a contoured condom. She looked at it, screamed again, and hurled it across the room, shouting, ‘It’s not kosher’. That wouldn’t have been so bad had the false phallus not smote Roger across the brow and laid him low. Luce, then unemployed, took him aside. He was conscious enough to tell me to carry on filming, so I did.

For a while, I seemed to be getting great performances from Eric and Leonnie until, as they climaxed, I realized what was missing.

Neither of the sods was using my script. ‘OK,’ I said. ‘Retake.’

‘Come again,’ said Eric.

‘That’s correct.’

‘What yer talkin’ about?’ he said.

‘We’re going to shoot it all over again only you’re going to say the right lines this time.’

‘D’you think I’m a superman or somethin’? Anyway, no-one’s ever asked me to do it again.’

‘I’m not surprised,’ muttered Leonnie, but I intervened and said, ‘Now look here. Who’s the director? I’m very sorry that you’ve ejaculated already but it just wasn’t good enough.’

‘I should bloody say so,’ mumbled Leonnie.

Eric stood up holding his limp organ in one hand as if he was going to club me to death.

‘Get a grip on yourself, man,’ I said.

‘I don’t want to do it again with him,’ wailed Leonnie. ‘He’s useless and

he doesn't half take his time.'

'Look, I'm the director and you'll just have to do it when I say so.'

'I can't do it to order,' said Eric. 'It's hard in front of an audience.'

'Not at the moment, mate,' said Dirk.

'Waaah, I don't want to do it again with him.' Leonnie's vast breasts quivered with despair.

'I'll have a go,' said Ralph eagerly, stepping out of his trousers and revealing an organ that looked like a primitive life-form compared with Eric's representative from an advanced civilization.

Then Roger staggered in. 'Stop, stop,' he shouted. 'We need a break.'

How It Ended

After the break Roger took over again and things began to go well. So I'd never make a director ... Eventually, however, people began to get tired. Roger had suggested to Ralph one or two additions to Eric's make-up and Ralph, usually quiet and easy going, snapped, 'I'm not going to stick those *there*. I'd be drummed out of the Make-up Artists and Grease Paint Removers Union. We have some self-respect, you know. You can't ask that of a man who once spent fourteen hours with a concrete mixer in order to get Roger Moore ready for a film. I absolutely refuse to stick half a dozen more penises on Eric.'

Then there was a scream from the bedroom. Hugo staggered out, hands clutched between his legs. 'I was just letting Luce practise on me,' he moaned, 'and she must have had an attack of feminism.'

'Well,' I said, 'now you know what a bit part is.'

It was like that for a while, with everyone becoming increasingly fractious, so I decided to go out for a bit of fresh air. The house was beginning to smell like an incontinent gorilla's laundry bag. The light was not great outside and I figured that my Dr Frankensex costume would go unnoticed.

I stood in the suburban porch looking like a reject from a wally factory when suddenly a huge car drew up. Five people auditioning for the lead in *Mighty Joe Young* got out and went next door. As they did I saw they were, in fact, the Gonzos. They were going to the wrong house. Typical. I suppose I could have said something but I didn't.

It was only when I heard the horrific screams that I figured perhaps I

should have spoken up. Then came the police sirens and flashing lights. Curiosity overcame my fear and I stayed and watched. Too late I realized that the police too were going to the wrong house, i.e. here. Typical of *them* too.

Moments later everyone was trying to escape from the side door apart from me and I was hiding behind a hedge, my nose glowing faintly in the dark. Eric was slowed down by having seven penises. Well, just his own would have slowed him down, in fact. Even so the bits that fell off him managed to slow the police themselves by tripping them up. He almost escaped, especially when the male policemen realized that Leonnie and Luce were running naked along the road. But there were enough female officers to grab the rest of us, unfortunately. In fact, I could swear that Hugo was led to a police car by a female officer in a way quite unbecoming to the force. And poor Ralph was caught trying to carry off fifty flattened cardboard boxes.

Well, the next few hours, the next few days and the next few weeks weren't very comfortable one way or another. Worse even than spending the night in a cell with a real pervert was the fact that a picture of me, fully costumed, appeared in the Sunday press under the headline, 'Would you let your child see a film written by this man?' I was terribly embarrassed until the offers started pouring in. Then I realized that none of them were for writing. They mostly wanted to hire me to do luminous dongagrams. Some wanted me to host very strange-sounding parties. Two even wanted me to build them men with as many penises as Eric.

I can't honestly say that all was well that ended well, but it wasn't too bad. I got no money as I said and Roger got no film. But the good side of it was that none of us got put away. The police decided to be lenient when we told them where to find the Gonzos who they'd been after for some time. That, plus the fact that we seemed to be consenting adults in private, got us off the hook.

And as for *Dr Frankensex*. Well, the only copy of what we'd done disappeared into police custody. There are rumours however that a version turns up now and again. But you're unlikely to see it unless you're a detective-inspector or a judge.

D.I.Y. Film Festival No. 9: Animal Films

Charley's Ant Norman Wisdom plays Charley, a mental defective who befriends an ant. One day, by mistake, Charley eats the ant which has crawled into a tuna fish and parsnip sandwich for a kip. He is awfully upset by this but strangely, when he digests the ant, it makes him more intelligent. Eventually he is so clever that he builds a reversotransmuter which re-creates the ant from a tiny tiny turd. Sadly, Charley then becomes stupid again and spends the rest of his life watching quiz shows hosted by Bob Monkhouse.

GeeGee Maurice Cheval plays a French horse who can't sing or dance but likes little girls to ride on him. Leslie Carrot plays a pretty Parisian who he takes a bite out of. Hermione Gingold plays an accordion in the background, but then someone has to do it in these tedious French films.

The Pig Country Who can forget the famous theme tune to this great film about swineboys and Indians. Remember – Da dadada dada da da da da dadada da dada or something. Anyway, Gregory Peck arrives fresh from playing Captain Ahab and uses the salt impregnating his clothes to cure the pigs. 'Oink oink, never felt better,' say the little porkers as he lassoes them with rope made from old rigging. And as to the water rites – well, you ain't heard *nothin'* wet.

The Mouse of Usher Edgar Allan Poe's famous horror story about Little Squeaky, the tiny little mouse who runs up girlies' skirts and goes squeak squeak. Roger Corman's spine-chilling film will make you realize what fear really is as Little Squeaky prances and gambols and goes squeak squeak. A film for all the family as long as there's a table for Mom to stand on and go squeal squeal.

The Red Badger of Courage This film does to badgers what *Watership Down* did to rabbits. It makes them look ridiculous. But beneath the awful names, awful story and awful sentimentality, there's Audie Murphy as Dick the Irish badger gasser to restore your faith in reality.

Saturday Night Beaver John Revolto plays Mr Extremely Supercool, a guy who can tell a spilt beaver when he spills one. His friends take him aside and try to straighten out his slight dyslexic problem but it's no use. Every

Saturday night Mr Supercool spills beavers all over the floor and thinks they're sexy. He keeps slipping on them when he tries to dance, but then who can tell?

Clues to Actagrams

If you seriously think that you're going to get clues to simple little anagrams like that, then you need your head examining.

Oh, all right then.

They're all famous. Some are male, the rest female. Those that aren't alive are dead.

Good luck.

And, by the way, if you're reading this and wondering what it's all about that's because you missed looking at [page 135](#) which is where the actagrams are.

Clues to Filmagrams

The following actors or actresses star in the films which are in the list of anagrams on [page 170](#). Better luck this time.

- 1 Bogart
- 2 Christie
- 3 Hoskins
- 4 Eastwood
- 5 Gable
- 6 Bogart
- 7 Keaton
- 8 Abraham
- 9 Grant
- 10 Sharif
- 11 Van Dyke
- 12 Really? You need a clue for this one? Bottom of the class.
- 13 Meredith
- 14 McQueen
- 15 Ford
- 16 Fonda
- 17 Wynter
- 18 Colman
- 19 Grant
- 20 Donat
- 21 Caine
- 22 De Niro
- 23 Hurt

Still stuck? Shame on you. Try [page 206](#) for the answers and give your copy of Halliwell away.

Answers to the Movie Star Anatomy Quiz

- QUESTION ONE A nipple
- QUESTION TWO Her leg
- QUESTION THREE His penis
- QUESTION FOUR His nipples
- QUESTION FIVE His penis

Answers to the Songs from the Cinema Quiz

Now come on. It was only a joke. No-one was expected to *try* to work out the titles of the songs.

Oh, but *you* did.

Well, all right then. These are the answers.

But don't forget. The people who set them think that Max Bygraves is the greatest singer who ever lived.

- 1 Hey Big Spender
- 2 You gotta picka pocket or two, boys
- 3 Singin' in the Rain
- 4 Luck Be A Lady
- 5 The Rain in Spain
- 6 A Spoonful of Sugar
- 7 Money Makes the World Go Around
- 8 Oklahoma
- 9 Some Enchanted Evening
- 10 The Hills Are Alive With the Sound of Music

At least, those *may* have been the answers.

Answers to Actagrams

These are the solutions to the anagrams of famous film stars that appeared on [page 135](#). If you got them all right it wouldn't be surprising. If you got any wrong then you weren't trying or the printers made a mistake. Or you're just a wally when it comes to anagrams.

- 1 DIANE KEATON
- 2 CLARK GABLE
- 3 ALEC GUINNESS
- 4 WOODY ALLEN
- 5 CLINT EASTWOOD
- 6 WALTER MATTHAU
- 7 CHARLES BRONSON
- 8 CHARLIE CHAPLIN
- 9 ORSON WELLES
- 10 FRED ASTAIRE
- 11 DOLLY PARTON
- 12 BURT REYNOLDS
- 13 PETER FONDA
- 14 ELIZABETH TAYLOR
- 15 SPENCER TRACY
- 16 RUDOLPH VALENTINO
- 17 SHIRLEY TEMPLE
- 18 HARRISON FORD
- 19 JULIE ANDREWS
- 20 PAUL NEWMAN
- 21 SIGOURNEY WEAVER
- 22 MEL GIBSON
- 23 KATHLEEN TURNER

Answers to Filmagrams

These are the answers to the anagrams of film titles from [page 170](#). If you got between 1 and 5 right you don't go to the movies often enough. If you got 6 to 11 right you probably go to the movies often enough but you're just a bit dim. If you got 12 to 17 right you go to the movies too often but not always to the right movies. If you got between 18 and 23 you're dyslexic but going to the movies compensates for this. If you got *more* than 23 right you may need to see a doctor. Like Frankenstein, Cyclops, X, No ...

- 1 THE AFRICAN QUEEN
- 2 DON'T LOOK NOW
- 3 THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY
- 4 HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER
- 5 GONE WITH THE WIND
- 6 THE MALTESE FALCON
- 7 LOVE AND DEATH
- 8 AMADEUS
- 9 NORTH BY NORTHWEST
- 10 LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
- 11 MARY POPPINS
- 12 M.A.S.H.
- 13 OF MICE AND MEN
- 14 THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN
- 15 THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE
- 16 THE GRAPES OF WRATH
- 17 INVASION OF THE BODYSNATCHERS
- 18 THE PRISONER OF ZENDA
- 19 THE PHILADELPHIA STORY
- 20 THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS
- 21 HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
- 22 THE MISSION
- 23 CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD

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The End

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