

Dear Serena

Dear Serena,
I love my partner very much, but he has a terrible tendency to meanness which he thinks he has disguised with a set of political stances about commercial exploitation and renewable resources. The endless recycling of string and the bits of wood clogging up the garden shed I can handle, but how can I persuade him to drop the pose and give me a Valentine's card this year?

Stella, Brighton

Tell him that refusing to participate in loaded emotional occasions, however commercialised, can be interpreted as a sign of spiritual meanness and that you would really

appreciate receiving a card as a sign of his affection. And just in case, spend the housekeeping money on a back-up card to send yourself; that way he will at least have paid for half of it.

Dear Serena,
Last year, I met a girl on the Internet who is everything a man could dream of: slim, blonde, small features, is popular, works in the music industry, lives in a warehouse flat in the centre of town, is a *cordon bleu* cook, and single. We've had a cyber-relationship for some months now, and the time has come to actually meet. The problem is this: How do you think she will react



when she turns up to meet a Mel Gibson lookalike with his own company and finds a 20-stone bald bloke who lives in a bedsit and works in a sandwich bar? Oh, and I told her my name was Gideon.

Barry, Ealing

I wouldn't worry too much. Do you really think that the woman you describe is spending her nights sitting in by herself playing lonely hearts on a computer? At least you will have your lively imaginations in common. But I would suggest that you both wear unmistakable identifying marks in your buttonholes so you have some chance of recognising each other.

*'The Independent',
February 13, 1999*

Tekst 2 Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha

De onderstaande tekst is een fragment uit de roman Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha van de Ierse schrijver Roddy Doyle.

He leaned against the pillar in the yard, in a bit so he wouldn't be seen when a teacher drove or walked in. He wasn't hiding though. He was smoking. By himself.

I'd smoked; a gang of us all round a butt, pretending to inhale more than we did and holding onto the smoke for ages. We made sure that everyone saw that the smoke coming out of us was straight and thin, smoke that had the cigarette stuff sucked out of it. I was good at it.

Charles Leavy was smoking alone. We never did that. Cigarettes was very dear and they were too hard to rob from the shops, even Tootsie's, so you had to smoke them in front of someone; that was the whole idea. Not Charles Leavy though. He was smoking by himself.

He terrified me. He was there, all by himself. Always by himself. He never smiled; it wasn't a real smile. His laugh was a noise he started and stopped like a machine. He was close to no one. He hung around with Seán Whelan but that was all. He had no friends. We liked gangs, the numbers, the rush, being in. He could have had his own gang, a real gang like an army; he didn't know. We pushed each other to get beside him in the line in the mornings in the yard; he didn't know that either. There were mills going on around him, fights that never touched him.

I was on my own. The steam came out of my mouth like cigarette smoke. I sometimes put my fingers to my mouth like I was holding a cigarette, and breathed out. Not now though, not ever again. That was just messing.

This was great. The two of us alone. The excitement made my stomach smaller; it hurt.

I spoke.

– Give us a puff.

He did.

He handed the cigarette to me. I couldn't believe it, it had been so easy. My hand was shaking but he didn't see because he wasn't really looking at me. He was concentrating on exhaling. It was a Major, the cigarette; the strongest. I hoped I wouldn't get sick. I made sure my lips were dry so I wouldn't put a duck's arse on it. I took a small drag and gave the fag back to him quick; it was all going to explode out of my mouth, it had hit my throat too fast, the way it did sometimes. But I saved it. I killed the cough and grabbed the smoke and sucked. It was horrible. I'd never smoked a Major before. It scorched my throat and my stomach turned over. My forehead went wet, only my forehead, and cold. I lifted my face, made a tube of my mouth and got rid of the smoke. It looked good coming out, the way it should have, rising into the roof of the shed. I'd made it.

Do you mean it?

AN EXPERIMENT begins next week in Louisiana that may interest quite a lot of other Americans.



Almost half of all American marriages now end in divorce. This is, of course, partly the result of a radical change of sexual mores in the West. But many Americans say the figures would not be so bad were it not for the spread of “no-fault” divorce laws. In Louisiana, a couple can legally split after six months’ separation, with no questions asked; in some states, it is not necessary to wait even that long. These laws, say the critics, further erode the idea of marriage as a commitment for life. Now Louisiana is 6 the erosion.

On August 15th, a law creating “covenant marriages”, passed overwhelmingly by the state’s legislature, goes into effect. A “covenant marriage” is an optional form of marriage which is harder to enter and harder to leave than the usual late-1990s sort. 7 it requires pre-marital counselling, and it allows divorce only under one of a number of fairly tight conditions: abandonment, two years’ separation, adultery, physical or sexual abuse, or if a spouse gets sentenced in court to hard labour or death.

For many Louisiana clergymen, this is 8 news. When the Reverend John Lancaster performs weddings at the First Baptist Church of Kenner, he often wonders how long the unions will last. Now he will require any couple who want him to escort them into wedlock to accept 9. “Those few extra steps may save a lot of marriages, help a lot of kids, and that’s worth it.”

10, some local clergymen, and not a few marriage-guidance counsellors, fear the law may work in ways its originators did not intend. John Shalett, programme director at a counselling agency in New Orleans, thinks it 11 be used as a way of learning how to bring marriage to an end. Want a divorce without waiting through two years of separation? Just have an affair, or beat up your wife.

Nor does the new law take into account every kind of destructive behaviour, complains Geraldine Levy, who looks after battered women at a home in New Orleans. There is more to domestic violence than physical battering; you can damage your partner by the language you use, or by the way you exploit an exchange of emotions. Yet, in 12, neither is a ground for immediate divorce.

Despite these 13, many people in Louisiana believe that when the law takes effect, covenant marriages will be a popular choice among young couples. What bride and groom do not think their love will 14? Yes, passions fade, dreary reality forces itself upon the scene. Mr Shalett says that most people do not truly know who they are, or what they want from life, until they have reached their thirties. He worries that the law may lengthen the duration of marriages at the cost of making many of them emotionally barren – which is good neither for the married pair nor for their children. Well, Louisiana now has a chance to find out whether the optimists or the pessimists are right.

‘The Economist’, August 9, 1997

A tyrant is born

The business of bringing up children used to be taken for granted, then along came something called parenting. **Allison Pearson** reports

1 **I**T IS a commonplace that
each generation thinks it has
invented sex, but it has taken
my own generation to push
5 that belief to its logical conclusion: we are the first parents.
Now, older readers may cite evidence to the contrary: our own mothers and fathers, for example.
10 But I'm not sure that our parents or their parents really qualify as parents in any sense that is meaningful to my contemporaries.
2 Photographic records suggest
15 that they brought us home from the hospital, they fed us toast and Marmite, they cleaned out the guinea-pigs, they provided food, stories, affection, complicated
20 lessons in table manners, occasional smacks, caravan holidays in Devon and so on. But there was little or no self-consciousness about their role: they did not waste
25 time fretting about the meaning or the consequences of their actions.
3 These mothers and fathers were not laboratory assistants in the new science of "parenting";
30 for the most part, they were happy if the kids were bathed and in bed before *Call My Bluff* was on TV. Children could be both seen and heard, in moderation, but it was
35 the grown-ups who held the reins of power. "Remember, the world doesn't revolve around you," my mother would chide, and I think of her words often these days as I
40 look at my own daughter.
4 "The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears," wrote Francis Bacon in the 17th century. For almost 400 years, to
45 confess that you found parenthood intolerable or had awful children whom you couldn't handle was more shameful than unemployment or debt.

5 50 Not any more. The shattered whispers about tantrums or sleepless nights are growing into a chorus of exasperation. In
"Family Values", a *Modern Times*
55 BBC2 documentary, two couples owned up to being driven bonkers by their kids. They charge through their parents' pleasant homes like a herd of stubborn ponies. Amalia
60 and John, who both had strict upbringings, say they wanted something more relaxed for their own infants: the result has been chaos and attention deficit
65 disorder.

6 But why do modern parents face these kinds of problems? There are a number of answers. Firstly, the move from adult-centred families to child-centred
70 ones has been the source of punishing stress. As Kate Figs points out in her timely and gloriously sane new book, *Life*
75 *After Birth (What Even Your Friends Won't Tell You About Motherhood)*, technology was liberating womankind from domestic tasks just as a new wave
80 of childcare theories came in to swamp her: theories such as Carl Rogers's "unconditional positive regard", which stipulates that children must still feel valued
85 even when behaving badly.

7 Like Figs, I have seen mothers who are afraid to chastise their own young, even when they are being a danger
90 to themselves and others, because they are under the impression that it will do untold psychological damage.
95 "Because I say so," is no longer an acceptable clincher; instead, subtle arguments must be used to persuade little
100 Matthew to stop pouring sand into Alice's ear.

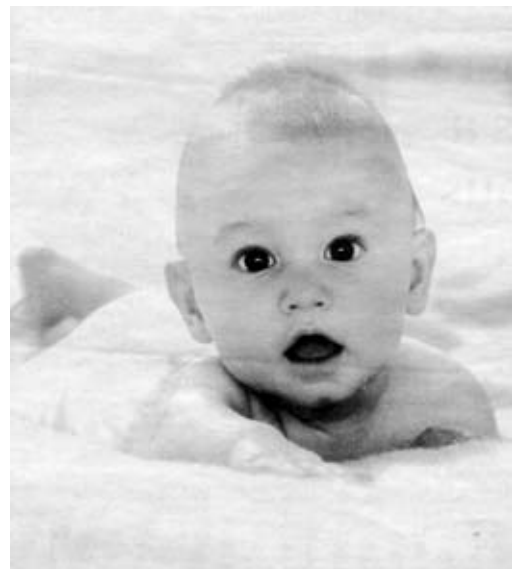
8 Of course, we now have our offspring much later. In the Fifties, the
105 gap between school and motherhood was just a

few years. Liberty was a holiday in between. Today, the maternity wards of Britain are bulging with
110 elderly women who are about the age my grandmother was when my mother had me. Women in their late thirties and early forties have grown so used to their
115 independent life that the sudden wrenching away of freedom feels like having a leg cut off.

We place more importance on children than ever before and yet
120 we spend less time with them. To resolve this painful contradiction, we have developed advanced categories of being – the New Mother, who puts in eight hours at
125 the office and then further exhausts herself at weekends doing "quality time" with the kids, and the New Man who tries to do the same.

10 130 The New Man and the New Mother are products of cultural hopefulness, but children are not susceptible to social and political pressure. They remind us of the
135 fact that we cannot always engineer the world according to our requirements. We have made our children the kings and queens of the castle: little wonder if they
140 take us prisoner and throw away the key.

*'The Weekly Telegraph',
March 4, 1998*



Code-breakers must read (5, 9)

JANUARY 1942 was a bleak month. As German U-boats stalked Allied convoys in the North Atlantic, cipher experts at Bletchley Park struggled to find additional manpower. With other departments unwilling to spare personnel, the Government turned to *The Daily Telegraph*. As we report on Page 33, military intelligence took advantage of a timed crossword competition at *The Daily Telegraph* to recruit the code-breakers it needed. The skills needed to tackle crosswords — lateral thinking and the ability to look at words as though for the first time — were put to patriotic use, deciphering German naval messages and keeping open the sea lanes.

There is something very fitting about this. Crosswords, after all, are an elemental part of our national character. The language of Shakespeare, with its sublime versatility, its shades of ambiguity, its puns and nuances, is uniquely fitted to word games. The crossword has entered into the psyche of the English-speaking peoples in a way which is barely compre-

hensible to those trapped by more meagre idioms. Stanley Baldwin, perhaps the most quintessentially British of all our Prime Ministers, used to flick briefly through the leading articles and obituary sections of the main newspapers before settling down to the *Telegraph* crossword. The solving of these cryptic puzzles is one of the officially approved pastimes in Her Majesty's prisons. In 1982, a strike was called on the lower Clyde to protest about the dismissal of a shop steward for completing crosswords during working time.

It was all this and more that the Bletchley code-breakers were working to preserve. They were defending the eccentricity, humour and irony of the English-speaking world. And, in their way, they perfectly embodied those virtues, combining a certain quirkiness with steely determination. Theirs was not the most glamorous part of the war-effort; indeed, they were forbidden to discuss their work. But when the nation needed them, these *Telegraph* readers got quietly on with their task.

'The Weekly Telegraph', December 23, 1998

Let op! De oorspronkelijke alinea's 2, 3 en 4 zijn uit de onderstaande tekst weggelaten.

What's 'Alternative'?

Americans are embracing unconventional care as never before – and researchers are catching up

1 1 Remember when alternative medicine was a fringe thing? To say those days are gone
2 would be a terrible understatement. Last year, according to a new study, some 83 million
3 Americans – more than 40 percent of the adult population – sought out herbalists,
4 chiropractors and other unconventional practitioners. We paid more visits to these healers
5 (629 million) than to primary-care physicians (386 million), and the cost of the whole
6 endeavor topped \$27 billion. If some of that money was wasted, some of it now appears very
7 well spent. This month the American Medical Association stocked all 10 of its journals
8 – including its flagship, JAMA – with articles on alternative remedies. And though several
9 techniques withered under scientific scrutiny, others emerged looking better than
10 mainstream treatments.

2 11

3 12

4 13

5 14 What, then, distinguishes “alternative” from “mainstream” medicine? Alternative
15 practitioners have been known to put belief before evidence – but so have conventional
16 physicians. As Dr. James Dalen writes in the current Archives of Internal Medicine, fewer
17 than half of the protocols now used to prevent blood clots in people with heart trouble have
18 been evaluated in controlled clinical trials. Yet no one calls the untested ones
19 unconventional. “In my opinion,” he writes, “the principal distinguishing characteristic of
20 unconventional and conventional therapies is their source of introduction ... American
21 academic medicine has a bias against outsiders.” But things are changing. “My courses are
22 so crowded they are standing-room only,” says Dr. Pamela Peeke, head of the University of
23 Maryland’s Division of Complementary Medicine. “Students don’t want to look like
24 jackasses when patients come to them with questions.” Thanks to studies like the ones
25 published last week, those who keep up with the journals won’t have to.

Geoffrey Cowley and Anne Underwood in ‘Newsweek’, November 23, 1998

Welcome to the mad, mad world of the psychiatrist

1 **I**t is pandemonium on Nicholson ward. Two doctors are rowing over whether Billy, a paranoid drug addict, should be released back into the community. An attempted suicide arrives in a state of severe depression. A disturbed young woman is raving in the background and two men who both believe they are Jesus are being kept apart for fear of sparking a religious war.

2 Welcome to Muirpark psychiatric hospital, the setting for a new Channel 4 drama which begins next month. Not a frame has yet appeared on television but the series is already making waves. Its title, *Psychos*, has deeply insulted mental health campaigners, particularly because the series was launched just as *Mind*, the mental health charity, begins a campaign against the use of derogatory terms for the mentally ill.

3 The programme-makers insist the title refers to the doctors rather than the patients and after a few minutes in the company of the charismatic, manic-depressive Dr Daniel Nash, the central character, played by Douglas Henshall, you can certainly see why.

4 *Psychos*, a prime-time six-parter being flagged up on posters throughout the land, follows a familiar pattern; eccentric, crusading doctor/police officer kicks against boss who doesn't understand what life is like out there on the front line. The hero also clashes with his posh, buttoned-up female junior (in this case Dr Kate Millar played by Neve McIntosh) who is bound, eventually, to fall for his flawed, fatal charm.

5 What gives *Psychos* its edge is



Screen doctors: Douglas Henshall and Neve McIntosh

the setting, and the insight it gives into the pressure-cooker atmosphere in which real-life psychiatrists and support staff are forced to work every day. The work is compelling but emotionally draining: one moment you might be dealing with someone in a deep depression after a marriage break-up or bereavement, the next with someone who believes aliens are sending messages through the television screen or has delusions about stabbing their children.

6 In recent years, though, what should be a fulfilling career has too often become a battleground, with psychiatrists held responsible for sometimes dangerous and deranged people without adequate back-up. Since 1960 hospital beds available for the mentally ill have fallen from 150,000 to 37,000 even though patient numbers have gone up. Some of the most urgent problems are being tackled as the gov-

ernment seeks to overhaul the mental health system, but wards are still coping with 120-140% occupancy and psychiatrists are leaving the profession in droves.

7 A recent report for the Royal College of Psychiatrists described a crisis in staffing; 10% of consultant psychiatrist posts are permanently vacant and hospitals struggle to find staff to fill even lowly jobs. Psychiatrists can become consultants in their early thirties, unheard of in other medical specialisms.

8 Nobody is daft enough to think a television drama will get medical students beating a path to psychiatry's door. But the community care debate has highlighted the problems in mental health care. *Psychos* gives us some understanding of how they come about.

Margarette Driscoll

*'The Sunday Times',
April 25, 1999*

Not fade away



GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES:
By Terry Rawlings
& Keith Badman
Complete Music
Publications, £17.99
(Non-fiction)
ISBN 0 9517206 7 8



SEINE MOMENT: Watts, Jagger and Richards in Paris in 1965, working up to "excess in all areas"

The Rolling Stones began while John F. Kennedy was President. They were having hits before BBC2 went on air, and had already established themselves as "the world's greatest rock'n'roll band" by the time McDonald's arrived in Britain. But for all their longevity the Stones have become synonymous with the Sixties, and it is a riveting day-by-day account of that decade which is chronicled in *Good Times, Bad Times: The Definitive Diary of the Rolling Stones, 1960-1969*.

Excerpts from the diary of former minder Tom Keylock add a fascinating fly-on-the-wall account of the band's naughtiness, despite his strangely pedantic translations such as "bird (girl)" and "Keith accuses Dylan of taking the piss (making them look like idiots)". The book is also boosted by a priceless selection of photographs and memorabilia, a beguiling blend of the trivial (for Keith Richards, Invercargill, New Zealand, was "the arsehole of the world") and the intriguing (the title of *Their Satanic Majesties Request* was a pun on the wording of British passports).

The internal dynamics of the Stones are eternally fascinating. In the beginning it was Brian Jones's band, but Mick and Keith have struggled for control over three decades and it is this which results

in much of the intrigue and tension, with Jagger and Richard battling for the heart and soul of the Stones while all around chaos reigns.

Never was that chaos more apparent than when the Stones hit the road, and *A Journey Through America with the Rolling Stones* by Robert Greenfield (Helter Skelter, £12, ISBN 1 900924 01 3) is a compelling account of the Stones trashing America during 1972, generally encouraging excess in all areas. The band, already a cynosure for rebellion, were taking everything to the limit. Keith Richards was on short odds back then, but the man who was processing more chemicals than ICI seems in fine fettle today. Greenfield was also dining with the devil on a short spoon, sampling the same exotic voodoo soup as the Stones. He was allowed the sort of access that journalists can only dream of today, but the big question, in 1972 as now, was: 'can the Stones keep on rolling?'

Laura Jackson's *Heart of Stone: The Unauthorised Life of Mick Jagger* (Smith Gryphon, £15.99, ISBN 1 85685 131 1) is a weary

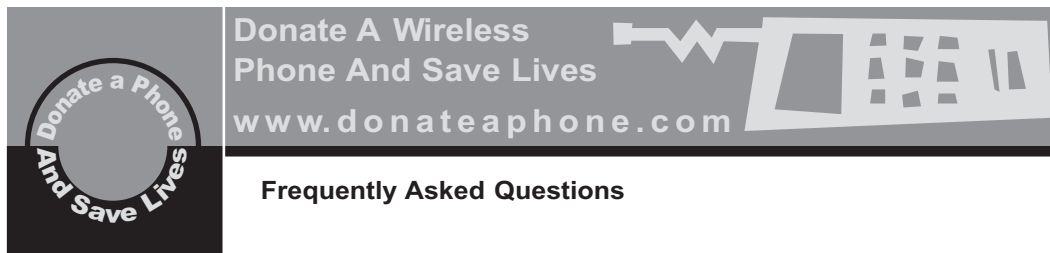
journey on an all-too-familiar highway. Nominally a study of Jagger and his women, it's a stale tale of Marianne, drugs, groupies and sex. The whole of Jackson's 250-odd pages could be distilled into Bianca Jagger's comment: "Mick doesn't think much of women."

Steve Appleford's *It's Only Rock'n'Roll: The Stories Behind Every Song* (Carlton, £17.99, ISBN 1 85868 345 9), on the other hand, is an engaging chronicle of the Rolling Stones's music, the yardstick by which the band will always be measured. Theirs is an unbeatable back catalogue, a die-hard fan's dream, encompassing blues, R&B, folk, country and disco. Along the way, Appleford's account is peppered with snappy soundbites: "Keith is the original punk rocker," smiled Mick. "You can't out-punk Keith. It's pointless."

Last word to Keith on a relationship which, we learn from *Good Times, Bad Times*, began on Dartford Station on Tuesday, October 25, 1960. "When I was a junkie, I used to be able to play tennis with Mick, go to the toilet for a quick fix, and *still* beat him."

Patrick Humphries

*'The Times',
November 22, 1997*



WHAT IS THE DONATE A PHONE PROGRAM?

Donate a Phone is a national wireless phone collection drive designed to provide domestic violence victims and organizations with one of the most powerful tools in the fight against domestic violence...a wireless phone. The program is a partnership between the Wireless Foundation, the National Coalition Against Domestic Violence and Motorola who have worked together since 1996 to provide free phones to victims of domestic violence through the CALL to PROTECT program. Free emergency airtime is donated by CTIA member wireless service providers.

WHERE DO I DONATE MY WIRELESS PHONE?

Phones can be donated by placing the phone, battery and charger (if available) in the mail to:

CALL to PROTECT
c/o Motorola
1580 E. Ellsworth Road
Ann Arbor, MI 48108

If you would like a receipt for your donation, please include your name and address with your donation. If you would like to see if there is a local collection point in your area, click [here](#). If you would like to start a local collection, click [here](#).

To expedite the delivery of phones, you may ship phones directly to Motorola in Ann Arbor, MI.

IS THERE A DROP-OFF POINT IN MY COMMUNITY?

We are establishing partnerships with hundreds of local businesses across the country to provide drop-off points for donated CALL to PROTECT phones. To see if there is a local collection point in your area, click [here](#).

CAN I DESIGNATE THAT MY PHONE WILL COME BACK TO MY COMMUNITY?

The large volume of phones we are receiving on a daily basis makes it impossible to return a specific refurbished phone to the community where it was donated. Our goal is to provide every victim of domestic violence in the U.S. with a wireless phone and free emergency airtime. We are working with domestic violence organizations, police departments and other government and community agencies to provide CALL to PROTECT phones to communities across the nation.

DO YOU TAKE ANY WIRELESS PHONE?

Yes, please send us any wireless phone you no longer need. If still available, include the phone's battery and charger. Any and all wireless phones are accepted. All makes, models and ages are welcome. No matter the size, look or condition – please know that you will be making a difference! The newer phones in good condition will be recycled and distributed to victims. Older phones or phones that can't be fixed will be sold, with proceeds used to support the National Coalition Against Domestic Violence and other domestic violence programs.

HOW DOES SOMEONE IN NEED GET A CALL TO PROTECT PHONE?

CALL to PROTECT phones are distributed to potential victims by participating local domestic violence organizations and police departments. To determine if there is a participating organization in your community, please contact a local shelter or police agency directly.

For general information about getting help for a victim of domestic violence, please call the National Domestic Violence Hotline at 1-800-799-7233 or visit the National Coalition Against Domestic Violence at www.ncadv.org.

HOW DO THE PHONES WORK?

All CALL to PROTECT phones are pre-programmed to dial 911 and usually one or two non-emergency numbers like a domestic violence shelter. Free emergency airtime is donated by members of the Cellular Telecommunications Industry Association (CTIA).

COULD I BE CHARGED FOR ANY AIRTIME WHEN THE PHONES ARE REFURBISHED?

No. When the phones are refurbished they are completely cleared. Phones that are distributed to victims of domestic violence are given free emergency airtime by local wireless carriers.

HOW CAN I START COLLECTING PHONES IN MY COMMUNITY?

You can start collecting phones in your community by spreading the message to your friends and neighbors. Go to local businesses and ask them to support CALL to PROTECT by putting up a phone collection box in their office or store. Contact your local newspaper, radio or TV station and ask them to publicize the mailing address and spread the word about how no longer used wireless phones can help fight domestic violence.

For additional information on how to get started, click [here](#).

CAN I GET PRINTED PROGRAM MATERIALS?

"Donate a Phone" printed materials are available. To request posters please click [here](#) for details.

HOW DO I GET A TAX RECEIPT FOR DONATING MY PHONE?

The Wireless Foundation is a non-profit 501 (c) 3 organization, so your phone and associated shipping expenses are typically tax-deductible. If you have donated a phone and would like a receipt, you can click [here](#) to print one. The Foundation makes no determination of the value of your gift, and you should consult your tax advisor regarding the tax effects of your gift.

WHAT IS THE GOAL OF THE DONATE A PHONE PROGRAM?

The goal of the program is to collect old wireless phones to expand the wireless industry's program to combat domestic violence. Experts estimate there are more than 24 million inactive phones in the U.S.

This program is made possible thanks to the generous contributions of CTIA member companies. Since 1996, Motorola has donated over 17,000 phones and 74 wireless service providers have donated free emergency airtime to domestic violence victims.

For more information, click [here](#).

Site test



www.imdb.com ★★★★★

The Internet Movie Database is an astonishingly comprehensive cinematic directory. Search for a film and you receive a detailed cast list, links to several reviews and plentiful trivia. The more obscure the film, the less data you get, but it is rare to find a movie that is not listed at all. Much of the material is too esoteric to be verifiable, but there are no howling errors. With endless internal links and daily updates of news and gossip, this is one of those sites where you always browse for longer than you initially intended.



www.aintitcoolnews.com ★★★

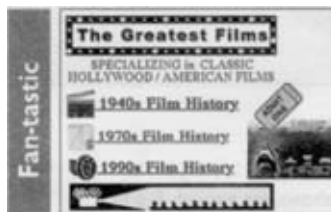
The site that alerted Hollywood to the power of the net is still the place to go for insider news. The movie-mad Harry Knowles delivers unlimited tittle-tattle from the earliest stages of film production, complemented by up-to-the-minute trailers. Drawing on an army of spies, he also provides revelatory reports from the secretive test screenings where the studios show their works-in-progress. Knowles combines a boisterous personality with a good track record for accuracy, and shows no sign of selling out.



www.film.com ★★★

Regular visits to this searchable news-and-reviews site are a good way to keep up with the latest releases. Although the news section (updated daily) doesn't have knockout exclusives, it is thorough and topical, and written (like the weekly reviews) with a nice hint of sarcasm. But the site's main attraction is that it offers, under one roof, all the downloadable clips and trailers you could wish for, including the hottest imminent blockbusters: Tomb Raider, Pearl Harbor and Spielberg's AI.

This week, cinema



www.filmsite.org ★★★★★

A labour-of-love fan site, created by one Tim Dirks and devoted to classic Hollywood movies. The centrepiece is Dirks's choice of the 100 Greatest Movies, from *The Birth of a Nation* (1915) to *Schindler's List* (1993). Numerous other sections include a gallery of vintage posters, lists of box-office records and a mine of Oscar trivia, such as a sample of classics that didn't receive a single nomination — a sure source of consolation for this year's losers. The layout is basic and densely textual, but this is a valuable resource for enthusiasts.



www.filmunlimited.co.uk ★★★★★

Many cinema sites employ a magazine format, but this often involves only reviews, interviews and trailers. This well-designed site has all that and much more, from in-depth features (culled from *The Guardian*) to entertaining quizzes, such as *Would You Survive a Teen-Slasher Movie?* There is even a Mood Matcher that recommends films to suit your circumstances, whether you are trying to quit smoking or having a bad-hair day. You can even submit your own reviews of current movies — most contributions are enjoyably cynical.



www.script-o-rama.com ★★★

The screenplays of successful films are usually published, but if you can't find what you are looking for, or do not want to pay for it, then you might try this junk shop of a site, which stores final drafts and earlier versions of a vast, unpredictable array of movies. Of the final drafts, the ones I read were accurate, but it is hard to be completely sure about such intriguing items as the script for Scorsese's forthcoming *Gangs of New York*, or what purports to be the first draft of the original *Star Wars*.

'The Sunday Times', March 25, 2001