

Phil Mellows

I can never hear the words 'Brighton Rock' without being transported back to a trauma I suffered during my early days in the City by the Sea. Taking a stroll along the front one Sunday morning I happened to glance up at the flat above the Brighton Rock Shop to see a naked man standing in the window. He was reading *The Observer* – with everything below the fold on full display. I have never been able to look at a stick of rock since. Especially not the pink, minty kind.

And now, with the release of the remake, everyone's talking about *Brighton Rock*, the film. In spite of my aversion I thought I better see what the fuss was about. The cinema was a heaving swell of gabbling humanity.

'Pandemonium at the Duke of York's,' I texted a friend. 'If I can get a ticket, do you want one?' 'Yes,' she said. I gave up trying to get anywhere near the box office, went for a pint at the Rose Hill and when I got back managed to get two tickets for the next performance but one. I rang my friend in triumph. 'Oh, I don't want to see *Brighton Rock*,' she said. 'I want to see *Pandemonium*.'

Lots of people, however, clearly did want to see *Brighton Rock*. They were climbing over each other to see it. This will please those among Brighton & Hove's rulers who reckon the film will boost visitor numbers to our city.

It's not a bad film. As the credits rolled the complete stranger sitting next to me, who had spent much of the film flicking her hair in my face, asked me what I thought of it. My off-the-cuff response was 'it's all right', and on deeper reflection I wouldn't want to elaborate on that.

But I can't really see how it's much of an advert for Brighton. I mean, half the action is set in Eastbourne. *Brighton Rock* should have 'Brighton' right the way through it, not keep going 'Eastbourne' every few sucks.

PHIL MELLOWS REVIEWS BRIGHTON ROCK PROPERLY:
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