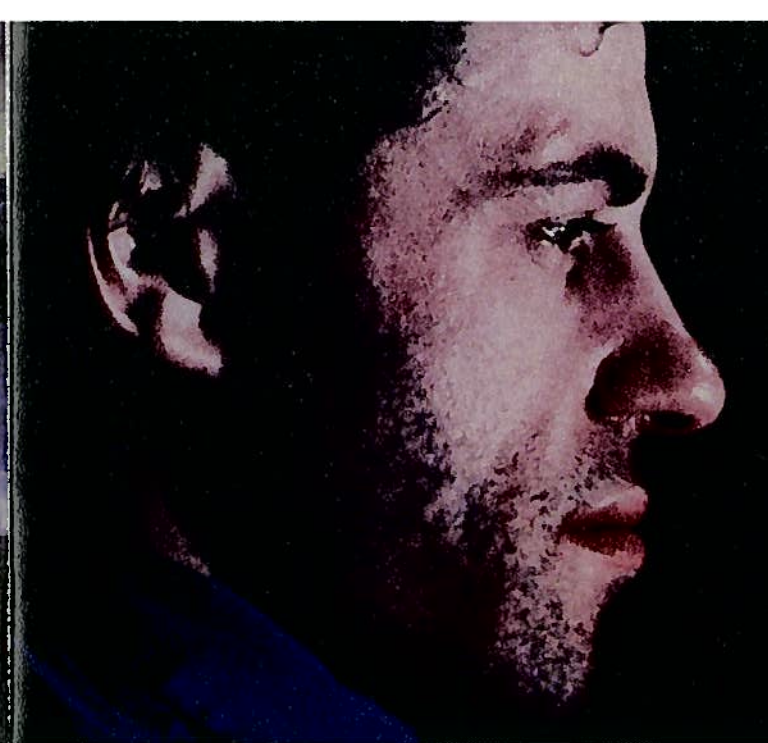


text. Approximately 100 of these were printed for the expressed purpose of securing funds to proceed. It has since become a major collector's item, fetching upwards of \$1,200!] It was a new experience for me and a rather depressing time. Most of the people who had put their arms around me as a director evasively turned their backs on me as a producer. No one could perceive that we were making something other than a concert movie, a genre which had traditionally often yielded them limp returns at the box office. The enormous success of the record twelve million double albums sold was our only trump card.

David Begelman at MGM was the only one to take a chance on us. I'd made *Fame* and *Shoot the Moon* with him - we shook hands on a deal. I'm sure he was puzzled as the rest of them as to quite what we would do, but he did invest a certain amount of trust, and I would have to honor it.

Meanwhile, Gerald Scarfe, who had some months previously begun his new animation, extending the flowers sequence to accommodate an extended version of 'Empty Spaces', a piece that would show the building of illusory walls of post war consumerism, as well as 'Goodbye Blue Sky', which was to be a piece on the waste of war.

My priority at this time was to cast the film. 'Pink', our main character, had to be found. Bob Geldof came to mind



because I'd liked his performance since seeing a video he and the Boomtown Rats had done for his song 'I Don't Like Mondays', and his theatrical qualities had stuck in my mind. [Also considered for the role of Pink, after determining Waters' shortcomings as a screen actor, was Sting.] I met with him and, not being a Pink Floyd fan, he wasn't sure if he wanted to be involved. But there was a lull in the Boomtown Rats' schedule and the idea appealed to him.

[As it happened, Bob Geldof was first approached with the idea of playing 'Pink' by his manager, Fachtna, during a taxi cab ride. It was there that Geldof made his feelings about

Pink Floyd well known: "Pink Floyd are crap", "I'm not playing second fiddle to Pink Floyd", "They are awful!" Unbeknownst to him at the time, but later brought to his attention was that the cab driver was none other than Waters' cousin! Fachtna was, however, successful in convincing Geldof to do the movie if only to save his own failing career.]

My crew were to be the people I'd worked with over a long period of time: John Stanier (Camera Operator), Ray Corbett (First Asst. Director), Clive Winter (Sound) and, most importantly, Peter Biziou as Cinematographer. He had done a lot of my early work, including part of *Bugsy Malone* and had recently done *Time Bandits* and *Life of Brian*.

The recurring dream of Pink's childhood as he interminably runs across the rugby field we filmed on Epsom Downs. The exterior of the Los Angeles arena was done at Wembley. We'd recruited as many kids as we could from the local American School and Brian Morris provided the necessary U.S. paraphernalia, hot dog stands, cop cars and Harley Davidsons for us to complete the illusion.

The Anzio sequences had been honed down to a practical size by the time we dug in and transformed Burnham Beaches at Barnstaple into the Anzio Bridgehead, complete with miniature barrage balloons, bunkers, and Italian gun