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“The Pirate and the Mermaid” and “The Middle of Nowhere”.

These are two enchanting little films; each made and acted with great verve, infectious enthusiasm and off-the-wall originality. In “The Pirate and the Mermaid”, for instance, the pirate captain (neither good nor bad on his own admission) takes his mermaid bride to live ashore - he in a caravan, she in a paddling pool. How ingenious is that? And when they split up he decides to become a fireman in Manchester, which is one heck of a career change and yet, on reflection, no more remarkable than the method she chooses to rejoin him.

In “The Middle of Nowhere” three kids are celebrating what appears to be a joint birthday when a mysterious phone caller tells them to take a bus to the Middle of Nowhere – deserted moorland - where they find an enormous green cake awaiting them. Having gorged themselves on this they decide to go home but midnight comes, the bus doesn't and the howls of wolves and zombies are getting perilously close. So they decide to put the considerable remains of the cake to a most unusual but, when you think about it, perfectly reasonable use.

Both films are the result of refreshingly lateral thinking and both are expertly made, the overall photography and the framing of the shots having a quite professional look.