

# CARRY ON SCREENING

**Bond seduced his beauties here, Barbara Windsor lost her bikini – and Keira Knightley got drenched. David James Smith roams the backlots of Pinewood Studios**

**WATER BABY:** Keira Knightley gets immersed in her work during the filming of *Atonement*



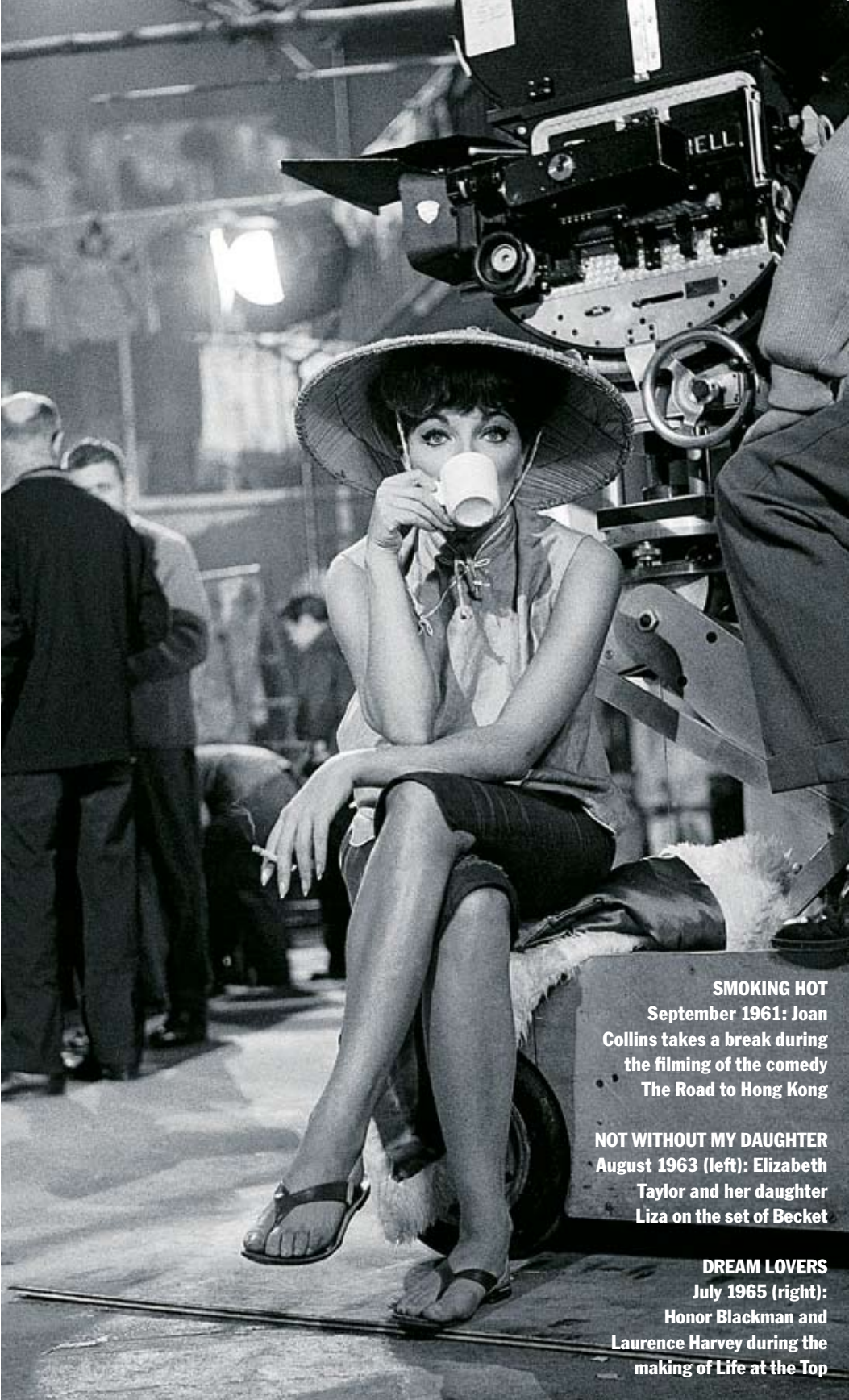
Here nothing is ever quite what it seems to be. It should come as no surprise that the hand-carved solid oak entrance to the main building of Pinewood film studios is actually an extravagantly grand Elizabethan fireplace, imported seven decades ago from a stately home in Derbyshire. It was set up on plinths to make room for the doors beneath, which are from the RMS Mauretania, an ocean liner decommissioned in the 1930s. Pinewood bought the bulk of its fixtures and fittings at auction.

It was here that Tom Humphries stood sentry, stationed at this opulent facade throughout the best and busiest years of the studio's glamorous past, which is celebrated in a new exhibition of photographs from its heyday. As the studio's official commissioner, Tom was a striking figure in his peaked cap and braided blue uniform, and even now, at 97, he still commands attention. Tom left Pinewood over 30 years ago, taking



with him some of the old glory – these days Pinewood doesn't even have commissionaires – but he likes to return every so often for a pint at the bar, where he talked me through his scrapbook of personally signed photographs of the stars.

Tom greeted them all every morning when they turned up at 8am in their Bentleys and Rollers to begin work. “Good morning, welcome to Pinewood,” he would chirp. He knew them all and their foibles, and if he sometimes gets their names wrong now – Gina Lollybridgedee and Candice Bergner, he said – he was clearly as sharp as a steak knife back then.



**SMOKING HOT**  
September 1961: Joan Collins takes a break during the filming of the comedy *The Road to Hong Kong*

**NOT WITHOUT MY DAUGHTER**  
August 1963 (left): Elizabeth Taylor and her daughter Liza on the set of *Becket*

**DREAM LOVERS**  
July 1965 (right): Honor Blackman and Laurence Harvey during the making of *Life at the Top*

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## ‘They were all heavy drinkers, those Carry On people, Kenneth Williams, the lot of ’em’

He won them over with his “happy smile” (signed Kirk Douglas) and the “pleasure” (Rod Steiger) he gave them. He knew who produced a flop – among them Charles Chaplin, with the film *A Countess from Hong Kong*; who was the biggest tipper – Bette Davis, “£25 effing quid”; and who liked vodka in their dressing room – “Be lucky, Tom, God bless”, wrote Sid (James).

“They were all heavy drinkers, those Carry On people, Kenneth Williams, the lot of ’em.”

Tom used to drink at the bar sometimes with the pre-dried-out Anthony Hopkins and was always treated, never had to pay. He got on all right with Bob Hope and can't recall the name of the star in the next photo, what's his name, oh, who is it? That's the one! Warren Beatty. ➤➤➤

her, don't speak to them. This is my community, she said, they all know I'm an English teacher, I have to speak to them. When I'm on the train, just read a book, Bill told me don't freak, Dad, she said, it's just crazy Japan. He was always saying that. Crazy Japan.

She thought it was crazy on 20 March 20, when a young man who had been sitting opposite her on the train approached her as she left the station on her way home from work. You're my English teacher, he said, as she was getting on her bike. I'm not, she said. But you are an English teacher? Yes, she said.

As she described it in an e-mail to Bill, her boyfriend back home, the man had come after her as she cycled away and he had come to her apartment asking for water. Out of precaution, rather than recklessness, she had invited him in, so that he could see she was living with two roommates.

He had taken out a pen and paper and drawn a picture of Lindsay there and there – that would have impressed her, Bill said – and signed it with his name, telephone number and e-mail address.

He had not seemed scary, she said, but Lindsay felt sorry for him and said she would try to help. That was her nature, to care for her family. A beggar had asked for money for tea and Lindsay had given him £2. Bill was furious and pointed out he was working all the hours God had sent – running a driving school – to fund her education. Lindsay pointed out that the beggar had not had the opportunities Bill had given her. As Bill said, they were a close, happy family with a comfortable lifestyle living in their safe little bubble. “And somebody popped that bubble big time.”

Bill and Julia don't know if Lindsay contacted Ichihashi again or if he contacted her, but she made an arrangement to give him a lesson in the cafe that Sunday morning. She did everything she was supposed to do. Nova advised teachers that it was all right to give private lessons, but not in public places and always leave a note on the door they were going and who they were going to meet. Lindsay had given a formal private lesson before and had often talked with Nova sitting in cafes after school.

The police were not informed by Nova that Lindsay was missing until around 2.30pm on Monday March 26, the second day she had not arrived at work. Friends had also tried to report her missing, but the message had not been passed on from one police station to another. Lindsay had left Ichihashi's name and address on a note in her flat, so it was not exactly hard to trace him. The police timeline, made public here for the first time, does not suggest they were in a great hurry. It was three hours and 10 minutes after they had



rescued her. The police sent two officers to the apartment in Ichihashi's prefecture to visit Ichihashi's apartment in Ichihashi City, one waiting for Lindsay's home. The police had by now concluded that although Ichihashi had no wife or children, there was a serious allegation of a “physical injury” against him. The story was that he had “injured” a woman in the street during a robbery possibly as far back as 1991. The Sunday Times Magazine was told that Ichihashi's father, acting in line with Japanese law, prevented the case going to court by paying ¥1m (£6,000) – to the victim to buy her silence.

The police carefully noted how, on discovery of this information, they realised that Lindsay

## IT WAS HARD FOR BILL TO DESCRIBE WHAT HAD BEEN DONE TO HIS DAUGHTER. SHE WAS BOUND AND GAGGED WITH PLASTIC TIES AND SCARVES

may have been the victim of a crime”. The officers did not arrive at the apartment until 7pm (by now 10am Monday morning in England, where Bill and Julia were frantic and had still not heard from Nova). They did not go and knock at the apartment – apparently they could not do so without proper cause, even though they by now suspected that Lindsay might have been the victim of a crime – but instead observed some “doubtful points” inside, particularly that there was no light on, but somebody appeared to be there. The officers called for assistance and three more were dispatched, and then, at 7.45pm, four more, making a total of nine. It is worth noting that, even though the police specifically thought it could be a hostage situation, these nine officers did not have walkie-talkies to communicate with each other.

Neighbours were asked if they had seen a foreign woman; they hadn't. The police went through the neighbouring apartment onto the balcony overlooking Ichihashi's home. It was dark, but they were right next to Ichihashi's balcony. He had dragged his bath out onto it and Lindsay was dead inside it with her hand sticking out, but the police did not see her. The police could see there was somebody inside the apartment but, their notes said, they could not go in because they could not obtain a key.

Nearly two hours after the nine officers had assembled at 7.45pm, some were standing outside the apartment door when it opened and Ichihashi came out, closing the door behind him. He had a rucksack on and was barefoot, in the Japanese tradition of keeping your shoes outside your door. The police said: “You are Ichihashi and we want to talk to you about a foreign woman and we want to come in.” They later said they could not “compulsorily restrain him” because they did not have a grasp of detailed facts.

Ichihashi turned back, took the key out and began to open the door, then he turned away, rushed past the officers and ran off down the stairs. An officer grabbed at the rucksack, which came off while Ichihashi kept running. He was 38 and very fit. Some officers gave chase but could not of course use the walkie-talkies they didn't have to give a quick alert to their colleagues downstairs. Ichihashi vaulted the last few feet from the open stairwell to the ground and kept running. The officers in pursuit did not jump after him – the Hawks think this was for health-and-safety reasons – and Ichihashi ran off into the dense neighbourhood of apartment blocks.

The police began searching for him and must have been persistent as he suddenly reappeared, now wearing shoes that he must have stolen from

outside a nearby apartment, and ran off past police officers for the second time down the street, turning left and left again before disappearing, never to be seen since.

Meanwhile, other officers had entered the apartment and found Lindsay. It was hard for Bill to describe what had been done to his daughter. She had been bound and gagged with plastic ties and scarves, but only apparently after a life-or-death struggle. Barely an inch of her body was unmarked by bruises or injuries, even her feet. Lindsay was 5ft 10in and had learnt martial arts. But Ichihashi was taller – just under 6ft – and a black belt, constantly at the gym practising his own martial arts and habitually cycling 25 kilometres every day. He had finally strangled Lindsay, breaking her neck. ➤➤➤



# AS TIME GOES BY

**1930s** The property tycoon Charles Boot buys Heatherden Hall estate, where he builds Pinewood Studios. He takes on a partner, the Methodist millionaire J Arthur Rank. Films such as Carol Reed’s Talk of the Devil are made.

**1940s** Pinewood is dragooned into the war effort as a storage centre. Later, classics such as Great Expectations and Oliver Twist cannot stop the studios sliding into £1.5m of debt. Budgets are slashed.

**1950s** Commercial television cuts cinema audiences. Pinewood responds with cheap but popular comedies for the big screen. Doctor in the House boosts British attendance figures and Carry on Nurse is a hit with the Americans.

**1960s** James Bond saves the UK film industry. The franchise starts with Dr No. Other Bond movies follow, including From Russia with Love in 1963 and You Only Live Twice in 1967.

**1970s** J Arthur Rank dies. The weak economy causes further gloom, but Superman flies in to save the day in 1978.

**1980s** Fire breaks out on the stage where Ridley Scott’s Legend is being filmed. The vast stage, originally created for the Bond film The Spy Who Loved Me, was rebuilt and named the Albert R Broccoli 007 Stage, in honour of the brains behind the franchise.

**1990s** The studio oversees the production of films such as Mission: Impossible, The Fifth Element and The World Is Not Enough.

**2000s** The Rank Group plc sells the company for £62m to investors led by the media moguls Michael Grade and Ivan Dunleavy. Pinewood merges with Shepperton and later Teddington Studios. Another fire breaks out at the 007 Stage (below), while the set of Casino Royale is being dismantled after filming. But Bond recovers, and once again averts disaster.



**LICENCE TO FILM**  
October 1966: the huge purpose-built set of the Bond movie *You Only Live Twice*, starring Sean Connery

**PUSHING THE BOAT OUT**  
Far right: the set of *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977), complete with a huge water tank. The stage was destroyed by fire in 1984

**MUSIC TO THE EARS**  
April 1969 (bottom right): Malcolm Arnold conducts an orchestra as they record music for *Battle of Britain*

## Richard Burton was a quiet sort and Sean Connery always kept himself to himself

Tom was well in with Liz Taylor, but thought Richard Burton a quiet sort and noted how Sean Connery always kept himself to himself and never seemed to drink, or ever prop up the bar.

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One day Tom happened to mention to Loren’s chauffeur that his own car was out of service. Tom was going to cadge a lift off someone in the bar later, but Loren would hear none of it: she came and told him personally she would give him a lift home, even though it meant waiting half an hour until his working day was complete. Sophia Loren, waiting for him. He can’t remember if it was a Bentley or a Rolls-Royce, but Tom said he was ready to hop out as they passed through the main road in Langley, the nearby village where he lived.

“Tom,” Loren said firmly, “I said I’d take you home.” It was a lovely summer’s evening and the neighbours were out in force. Imagine what they thought. And there as they pulled up was Tom’s beloved Jessie tending the roses in their front garden. “I must come over and say hello,” said Sophia. Now that was a real star for you.

It is nearly 1pm on a weekday in Pinewood in June 2008. “In the old days, come one o’clock, you could not get to the bar for actors, all having a drink before lunch. The restaurant would be full.” Today it is all but deserted, would-be diners perhaps put off by the Ikea-style furnishings that, I am assured, are soon to be replaced.

Tom escorted Barbara Windsor through the restaurant to the bar on her first day at Pinewood in 1963 when she arrived to begin her appearances in a succession of Carry On films. Her first one was Carry on Spying, a Bond parody, and Windsor was in the role of Daphne Honeybutt. Tom and Barbara stood on the steps of the busy restaurant and surveyed the scene below. Gregory Peck was there, Sophia Loren. It was glittering with stars. Barbara shivered with excitement. Oooh, she said, isn’t this lovely?

Where do the stars eat now? In their Winnebagos perhaps, their luxurious mobile dressing rooms. In the week I was at Pinewood there were only two films in production and a couple of television shows. No pop videos or commercials that week. Not many stars. I was not permitted to visit either of the two films. Not *Quantum of Solace*, the latest James Bond film with Daniel Craig and Judi Dench. It was out of the question to speak to Daniel, and Judi was too tired. She was in the sound studio one morning, recording the voice-over for a computer

### Investigation

He and many other officers do not go home for weeks at a time but sleep on roll-top beds in the small, dark, cold corridors of the silent room. Ichihashi told me he could not rest until his boss’s promise had been kept.

These officers are “saurymen”, in the great Japanese tradition of the hard-working employee who appears to place his job before his family.

Suspecting that Ichihashi might have tried to escape abroad, perhaps to Canada where he had once lived and studied in the city of Edmonton, but knowing he had left his passport in his apartment, the police have investigated around 350,000 of the 700,000 passport applications made in Japan since his escape. Because pomelo-granate juice is so unusual – even in Japan – they obtained a list of retailers and went out and spoke to all of them, in case it might lead to Ichihashi. They have travelled widely throughout Japan, investigating many of the 200 reported sightings of their suspect, many generated by 30,000 wanted posters the police have distributed.

Ichihashi can have had little or no money with him when he fled and has now attempted to access his bank accounts. He had never worked but lived on an allowance of around £100 a month from his parents. The Japanese police are still alive and in Japan. Naturally, they must be wondering if Ichihashi is sheltered or supported by friends or family. Although they are limited in their powers of surveillance, there is some evidence that the Japanese are ignoring the family’s communications. Ichihashi was otherwise said to be a solitary character with few friends, in stark contrast with the woman he murdered.



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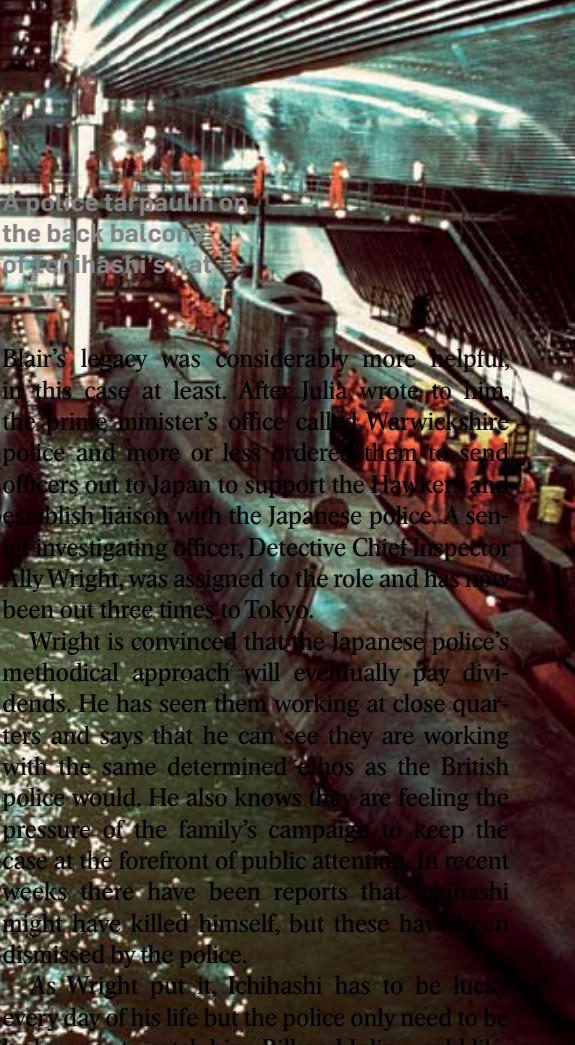


him slip past them, was pretty much unbearable. Bill flew out to Japan straight away, with a friend and Lindsay’s boyfriend, Ryan Garside. Staff at the British embassy in Tokyo were helpful, but it was a different matter when the British Office in London, who assigned him to the case, described as a “novice” to help them.

Julia asked if the Japanese would come up to Coventry and was told they would make home visits. Never? No. Lindsay wrote e-mails to the then foreign secretary, Margaret Beckett, and the prime minister, Tony Blair, who was still in office, and later raised the case during a visit to Japan. Tony Blair wrote back, twice, and Cherie also replied. When there was a change of leadership, Julia wrote to the new prime minister, Gordon Brown, and his foreign secretary, Ed Miliband, and this time she heard nothing back. When she and Bill were eventually invited to the FCO for a meeting with junior minister Lord Malloch Brown, he told them that Ed Miliband had received no notes about the case, and Julia thought, well, why hadn’t Asha Bhansali tried to stop it then in the Bond film of that was an uphill battle with the FCO, and they believed that simply on sensitivity, telling the Hawkers that they were fortunate that the Japanese police had seen fit to communicate with them and again that they were fortunate to have been able to bring Lindsay’s body home to the United Kingdom. Fortunate? Were the Gaijins, those people?

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A police tarpaulin on the back balcony of Ichihashi’s flat

Blair’s legacy was considerably more helpful, in this case at least. After Julia wrote to him, the prime minister’s office called Warwickshire police and more or less ordered them to send officers out to Japan to support the Hawkers and establish liaison with the Japanese police. A senior investigating officer, Detective Chief Inspector Ally Wright, was assigned to the role and has now been out three times to Tokyo.

Wright is convinced that the Japanese police’s methodical approach will eventually pay dividends. He has seen them working at close quarters and says that he can see they are working with the same determined ethos as the British police would. He also knows they are feeling the pressure of the family’s campaign to keep the case at the forefront of public attention. In recent weeks there have been reports that Ichihashi might have killed himself, but these have been dismissed by the police.

As Wright put it, Ichihashi has to be lucky every day of his life but the police only need to be lucky once to catch him. Bill and Julia would like to see him, but the Japanese police, understandably, they struggle to get past their frustration that Ichihashi was able to slip past them.

They continue to be frustrated, too, by the unexplained details of this case. They know Ichihashi must have tricked Lindsay into bringing to his apartment, but how? There is some suggestion he was fumbling for money at the cafe as they left and they wonder if he claimed he had left a bag behind and she could come back to collect it. Or, as Bill speculated, had he discovered Lindsay’s ambition to be a GR and told her his own father was a Brentford and an Indian maharajah, K S

But it is the poor test cricket for England. On the day of the match, the police, as a film studios entrepreneur, Charles Boot, who based his plans on a visit to the new kingdom of Cambodia in California.

Boot soon found a colleague who shared his vision of and she could meet him at the apartment. Then, that is the missing memory card from the camera which she had with her. The camera was found at the apartment but times the card, and they wonder what it might have recorded. Of the above, all, why was Lindsay’s name raised up before the said card and that he had used to cover the problem? They did not think that she might have been buried alive and trying to reach out. All the experts have told them she was dead by then. He is. But they would say that, wouldn’t they, said Bill. How can he suffer a catastrophic breakdown of his faith in his human nature? Shall – where he is still dead. Additional reporting by Shona Lydon. Percy, he traps Lindsay’s body into the room. Begin filming >>>



**CHEEK TO CHEEK**  
May 1953 (right): Sir Alec Guinness dancing with Yvonne De Carlo at Shepperton Studios

**THE BOTTLE OF BRITAIN**  
January 1938 (below): giant models of champagne bottles at Pinewood Studios



as soon as he can get the money together.

Since 2000 a new team has taken ownership of the studios, led by Michael Grade and Ivan Dunleavy, whose company now owns the studios at Shepperton and Teddington too.

They began buying up land surrounding the site and announced Project Pinewood, an elaborate, ambitious scheme to double the size of Pinewood. The project has its work cut out persuading local residents and planning authorities of the benefit of developing 100 acres of prime home-counties green-belt land. Though Pinewood must also be canny enough to know that the government is actively looking for new housing projects to relieve London. The project hopes to create a unique mix of backlots for filming and residential homes for studio workers.

Dunleavy has not even submitted a planning application yet – he expects to present something to South Bucks district council before the end of the year – but the resistance movement has already been formed. It is shaping up like a film plot, though not so much Pinewood, perhaps, as Ealing, famous for its comedies of English manners and habits. One village, Fulmer, has held some heated protest meetings. Other locals think Fulmer has jumped the gun and should have waited until an application was submitted. Ronnie Lamb, chair of Fulmer parish council, told me there was no time to lose. Much as they loved having such a big player in the film industry on their doorstep, they were very unhappy about the housing that will be part of the development. Pinewood is talking about at least 2,000 homes –

## A hundred naked people had been in the tank the other day for a face-cream advert

the equivalent of another Gerrards Cross. There was already one Gerrards Cross nearby and they didn't need a second. At a recent meeting, Lamb and others had become frustrated with, and suspicious of, Dunleavy's inability to answer specific questions. It was hard to believe Pinewood had not looked at the issues. The villagers feared being railroaded. "Pinewood has the ear of government and opinion-makers," said Lamb, "and we are just a little parish with no clout." A wealthy parish, however, and no pushover.

Bill Lidgate was one of the South Bucks district councillors, and he could see all kinds of problems arising. Would there be families with children, and, if so, where would the little ones be educated? What about sewage? Where would they put the wheelie bins? "We're dealing here with people who peddle illusion," said Lidgate, "but we are dealing in reality, and they are frightening the life out of local people."

Dunleavy had already made some significant changes at Pinewood to encourage new business. But this is the movies, where nothing is ever quite what it seems. No wonder the local villagers didn't trust the executives.

A short walk from the Foley room was the Paddock water tank – the biggest of its kind in Europe – with its vast blue screen that you could see from a plane landing at Heathrow. Richard

Curtis had recently been here filming The Boat That Rocked, about Radio Caroline. Next to the Paddock was another pioneering facility, the indoor water tank, where they could give you one of the greatest illusions of all, known as wet for dry – the appearance of weightlessness, zero gravity, as if you were floating on air, whereas in fact you were floating in the water. A recent advert had re-created a Paris apartment at the bottom of the tank, a woman reading a magazine, drinking coffee, then standing and drifting away.

The water had to be exceptionally clean to make this effective, and you couldn't give the actors red eye, so chlorine was out, and instead they cycled the water every three hours through sand and ultraviolet lamps. A hundred naked people had been in that tank the other day for a face-cream advert. Keira Knightley had retrieved a broken vase from it for Atonement; Sharon Stone had escaped from it in Basic Instinct 2, after plunging into the Thames in her car while having some form of sex with her unlikely co-star, the ex-footballer Stan Collymore. Happily, only Collymore drowned. Though not really, of course, as it was only a movie ■  
*Capturing Film History in the Making, an exhibition showcasing photographs from Getty Images, and Pinewood's archives, opens at Getty Images Gallery in London next Friday*