

“Who says I can’t fight my way out of a paper bag?!”:
Russell Brand, London, 2017.

“There was a period where I was like a SodaStream, a continually gurgling spermatozoa dispenser.”

Ripping yarns: Brand breaks on through to the other side.



a dark-haired bob one who looked a little bit like her out of Scooby-Doo. They were at Grays School, I liked both of those. I used to get in trouble but it wasn't trouble in a cool, swaggering, smoking way, it was an erratic and slightly mad way. I could be a bit of a smart-arse in my cries for help.

What's your favourite revolution?

Rachel Palmer, Leicester

What can we say that's not gonna offend people? If you only have the Che Guevara cool aspect of things and you're in America, there's a million people in Miami who, if you're glib about Che Guevara, will be like, "My fucking grandparents got nussed off by him and they nicked our factory." I like all of them, whilst feeling a little sorry for their victims.

I've always wondered about this and seeing as you've been in a few, you're a man who would know: when you're making a film, can you tell if it's going to be good or bad?

Michael Fontaine, Bristol

I think some people can but I can't. Unless you're like Adam Sandler or Leonardo DiCaprio or someone that the movie is being made around, it's a director's medium, it's the director who determines what's gonna get

made. There are films I've been in where I'm improvising all the time and being really, really funny and the crew are laughing but you can't tell, you're only there for a percentage of the time and they only use a percentage of what you do, so in the end it feels quite dislocated.

If you weren't famous for one day, what would you do?

Eleanor Reid, via Q Mail

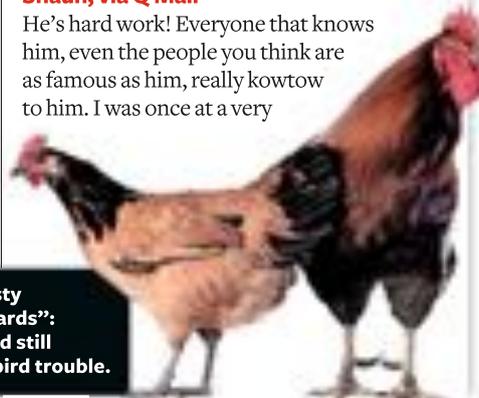
I'd go to a football match and watch football anonymously. Tourist things. I'd be around crowds, walk around. Kill myself.

Is Morrissey hard?

Shaun, via Q Mail

He's hard work! Everyone that knows him, even the people you think are as famous as him, really kowtow to him. I was once at a very

fancy party in America on Oscars night. Ari Emanuel, the biggest agent in the world, had a do round his house. At this do, there was Robert Downey Jr and proper stars. He'd done something where he'd converted his house and there were marquees coming off it, so you couldn't tell what the house would've been like normally. But there was one room on the way in that was clearly just a front room. Morrissey was just sat in an armchair in there, with a cup of tea and a saucer. People elsewhere throughout the party were working up the confidence to go and talk to him. People would come in for a bit, Morrissey would grant them an audience for a moment and be all sarcastic to them and stuff. I thought, "How's he got himself a little throne room?" He's got some sort of gravitas. People are properly affected by him. There was another time after he saw me do a show at Hammersmith Apollo. He came to the show with Victoria Wood, God rest her soul, and Chrissie Hynde, and I was with Alain de Botton, the philosopher bloke. He really liked me, Alain de Botton. He was saying [*puts on academic voice*], "Russell is the most important social commentator of our



"Nasty bastards": Brand still has bird trouble.

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