

image
not
available

The Bitter Shag, Jeremy Bryson, Baobob Tree Press, 2009, 0982223935, 9780982223932, . .

DOWNLOAD <http://bit.ly/1b6L58S>

, , , , , , ,

Jeremy: You probably think there's nothing to be scared of. You probably think you can handle itâ€™like heroin. But look... I mean, I'm going 60 miles an hourâ€™just a little cough [lets out a cartoonish cough] and we're doing 70... and then we're going 80... and now we're doing 90... I'm and starting to feel drowsy, 'cause it's so relaxing, as we go past 100, and 110 [trails off]... 130!

Jeremy: While we're on the subject of parking, I, um... you know where we nail this program together, it's in the middle of London, okay, there's a multi-storey car park next door, two hours: Â£9 in there. So if you're two hours and five minutes, eighteen quid. Well, I went into Oxford last weekend, parked on double-yellow lines, right outside where I wanted to be, okay? Took the children out for lunch, went to see James Bond, got back five hours later... twenty quid parking ticket. That's pretty reasonable!

Jeremy: As on conventional manual gearboxes, the transmission ratios are present on input and auxilliary shafts in the form of pairs of toothed wheels. In contrast to manual gearboxes, the input shaft is divided into two sections. It comprises an outer hollow shaft and... Oh, look! Are there any engineers here? Is there anyone here who has that first, tiny grasp of engineering?

Jeremy: I had a good one with Daihatsu. They once flew me first-class, before I was working for the BBC, they flew me first-class all the way to Japan, via Hong Kong, and then back through Maui and San Francisco. And I arrived in Japan to drive their new Charade - this was, oh, I don't know, late '80s. I did half a lap of the track and crashed it!

Jeremy: They've been making the same car for a hundred and twenty-thirteen years, and all they think to do is, "Well, we'll call that one a GT3 and that one a GT2, have a Turbo, the GT2, have a GT1, a 959, put the engine in the back." God, it must be fun going into a Porsche dealership, "Can I have a 911?" Be like ordering breakfast in America. [face in hands] "I just want eggs!"

James: I have to say I'm very disappointed in it, because when I joined Top Gear I thought, "Here we go. French film festival, Kristin... " No. I've been invited to the opening of a car park. And it says, "Yes please, I would like to come to the opening of the car park. I will be arriving, A, by car; B, on foot."

Jeremy: I'm now playing what I like to call Fuel Light Bingo. The rules are very simple. You let the fuel light come on; then you let the needle go all the way through the red until it's bent like that [holds up crooked finger] round the bottom of the gauge. Then, when you see a sign saying "services 1 mile and 27 miles", go for the furthest one away, and when you get there, go past that

one too. If you win, you make it home, the next day your wife drives the car, and she fills it up for you. I think it's a great game! My wife doesn't like it very much, but I think it's brilliant. If you lose, you run out of petrol.

Richard: Now, this is really quite simple, OK? Understeer works like this: [moving a model of a Ford Focus in a straight line] you drive down the road, turn the [steering] wheel, but the car goes straight on, crashes into a tree and you die. OVERsteer works like this: [moving a model of a BMW 3-series] you drive down the same bit of road, turn the wheel, but the back of the car comes round like this [showing how the car fishtails 180 degrees], and you go off the road, crash into a tree and you die. Now, oversteer is best, because you don't see the tree that kills you.

Jeremy: This is Sharon, okay? She's all woman, she is the 911 Turbo. Now, standing next to her is Vicky. Now Vicky, on the surface, appears to be exactly the same, but this is a body kit. Vicky's been enhanced, and so, consequently, is the C4S. And, moving along, we find Amanda. Amanda is the Carrera 4. Enough of a handful for most people. Your choice.

James: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm going to have to stop you there. I hate to interrupt, but this is quite honestly the biggest load of limp-wristed twaddle I've ever heard in all my five weeks in television. These two - these two are not men, OK? This one, Richard Hammond, every morning sticks his head in a bucket of hair product, right? He's got a dog, but it's a poodle! And I don't know what you're laughing about, Clarkson, because you won't drink brown beer and this is the man who says, 'flatulence? Oh, it's not funny!' when clearly it is! Right. I am actually the only proper bloke on this programme, OK? I live in a tumbledown house full of old motorbikes. And I think a bloke can drive a convertible, but... it has to be the right one.

Whiteley: They said, "NOW THEN WHITELEY, YA FAT ----! WHERE'S CAROL?" And one of prisoners who was accompanying us, he said, "Oh," he says, he says, "That's Jed. That's Jed up there what cried down at you, that's Jed. 'E's a real 'ero in this prison." I said, "Why, what's he done?" How many people has he killed, raped, murdered, drugs has he laundered, money, all that kind of stuff. I said, "What'd he do?" He said, "'E were the lad what nicked your car two years ago!"

Jeremy: For instance, it's made from autoclaved epoxy pre-impregnated carbon fibre, it's a true semi-monocoque: the front end is mounted on a chrome molybdenum subframe, and the engine sits on top of a machined aluminium dry sump that's also a supporting beam for the rear subframe. That's interesting. And there's more, too, because none of this behind-the-scenes technology has interfered in any way with what Koenigsegg call the general ichthyomorphic design principle, these are the... the aesthetics. And the best bit of those aesthetics are the dihedral synchro-helix actuation doors.

Jeremy: [voiceover] Well, to be honest, I think it looks a bit of a mess. But then it would, because it's a Japanese car designed in America. And the head of the whole project was a chap called Ajay Panchal, who's an Indian. From Leicester. And the engine? Well, that's French. Incongruously, it's the three-and-a-half-litre V6 from the Renault Vel Satis.

Jeremy: I could go very, very berserk at this point. But - two things are stopping me. One, the noise. It's driving me mad. And secondly, it was on this very road that the drummer with a band called Def Leppard crashed his muscle car, a Corvette, and as a result of that he now has to drive with a knob on his steering wheel.

James: This is a true story and I am ashamed of it. I was driving along, Ford Galaxy, magnolia leather, curry on the passenger seat. A drunk bloke walked into the road. Instinctively, I braked. I saw the curry tip, I thought, "That's my dinner," I not only took my foot off the brake, I put it back on the throttle! Anyway, if anyone here is interested, I've developed a special new car sticker that says BHUNA ON BOARD.

Jeremy: First thing I do when I move into a new flat or a new house, forget the curtains and the carpets and the cooker - you get your television, your stereo, and your PlayStation up and running.

It's why I understand this car. It's perfectly reasonable to have a fridge-cum-DVD player instead of a seat. It's the obvious thing to do. It's fantastic!

Richard: Now normally driving a TVR with any sense of purpose is like chatting to a bloke in the pub and, you know, he says "Well, yeah, we went on 'oliday, took the missus, in the caravan," and then boomf!, punches you in the face, no warning. This, though... it's got understeer! It's telling me, it's saying, "I gotta let you know, you're gettin' on my nerves a little bit." It hasn't lost the lairiness, but it's just been to anger management.

James: That's the first thing, it's a rubbish car. Secondly, it was a scandal. OK? That car was stolen from a Czech bloke called Ledwinka, I think, by Hitler and his henchmen, they put it into production, they stole money off the German people to build it and to build a factory, they never got a car, instead they used the factory and slave Russian labor from the Eastern front -

James: All right. You are an executive - this is going to take a bit of imagination - you're an executive, OK, and you've got to buy a new car. You're not going to buy that S-Type Jag, are you? It's a great drive but you wouldn't let your kids sit around with their mouths open like that. E-Class Mercedes, now, you've got a Mercedes, how much have you enjoyed it over the summer?

James: But on a small hatchback, OK, when you drive one of those and it's a diesel, it says three things about you. One is, you're tighter than two coats of paint. The second is that you care so much about the environment that you want to leave a little protective sooty film over it. And the third one is, you're probably French.

Richard: "Hi, Jeremy!" With an exclamation mark. Very irritating. This is from Claire, and she signed it with a little X, which is like a little kiss. "My boyfriend has just bought a new Audi A3." Fair enough. "Now he's driving me mad with this new game he has where he tries to plip the remote locking from as far away as possible. Is he normal?" Yes! Clearly!

James: In 1979 in Britain, the BMW M1 cost about Â£35,000, which sounds very reasonable. Until you discover that the Ferrari 308 GTS was less than 20 grand. And here's another thing, look. [raps on door panel] GRP, or plastic to you - on a BMW. How much worse could it get? Well, while the car was being designed, the rules for sports racing cars were changed, so by the time it came out, it wasn't competitive anyway. What a farce.

Stephen: Well, I'm a sort of lefty in a way, but I cannot tell you the overmastering hatred I feel, the waves of disgust when there is that, that frowny-faced woman on the bicycle who looks at you as if you are the symbol of all capitalism and meat-eating and penis-owning - you know, you are the enemy of the people, you are the enemy of the planet, you are globalization - you are Capitalism with a huge cigar - just because you might've slightly blown her off course on her blasted bicycle!

Jeremy: Well, it was just, that time, the first - well, not the first time I went there, but I can remember, not that long ago, driving along a main road, filled up with petrol and I gave the bloke in the cashpoint my credit card... he just put it in the till! "No, no... no, no... you're supposed to swipe it..."

Jeremy: The old four-door Arnage is a symphony of pomp and circumstance, hope and glory - absolute power corrupting absolutely. Oh, it isn't very good, but there's such a sense of occasion when you drive it. This is the other way round: brilliant, sensationally fast, handles beautifully, and it'll almost certainly be reliable. But it leaves you feeling... just a little bit cold.

James: But the bit I really like is the inside. Have a look at this. Now have a look at that black leather and all those shiny bits, and those red lights down in the footwell. Now clearly a Jaguar designer got completely lashed at a vodka bar and thought, [in drunken voice] "Uhh, I'll make it look like thish then." So obviously there'll be a bouncer on the door, telling you you can't come in 'cause you've got trainers on.

Richard: It's a gorgeous-looking thing, I think it's fab. But here's the thing I don't get about Jaguar

concept cars. Two years ago, about then, they showed us XK180, and there it is, that was to show us what Jaguars of the future will look like. But then last year, they did the R CoupÃ©, to show us what Jaguars of the future will look like. And now they're back again with this, to show us what Jaguars of the future will look like.

Richard: This whole survey throws up some fascinating stuff. Like the Porsche 911. A favorite car of mine, known for its... somewhat scary handling sometimes. Ninety-six percent of 911 owners in this survey claim to be absolutely satisfied with their car's handling, which is very good. It leaves four percent, and they probably were entirely satisfied with the handling of their 911 right up until they hit the tree. Then they changed their mind.

Jeremy: Now what I'd like to do at this point to demonstrate the difference between car and plane even more is bolt the Stig into the Saab here and have him race a fighter jet round our track. [laughing] Only trouble is, can you imagine ringing up the Royal Navy and saying, "Hello, I'm from that pokey motoring programme on BBC, would it be possible to borrow one of your Sea Harriers?" You can imagine what the response would be.

Richard: So, beautiful and ingenious it may have been, but in terms of driving, you were still at the wheel of a bit of a dog's breakfast. The fuel tank was over the front wheels, so as it ran low on fuel, it went light at the front end, which meant you couldn't steer. Nice touch, that. Keeps you on your toes. The interior is, well, tiny, and every now and again the carburettors would spit petrol onto the hot engine and the whole thing would go up in flames. Gooood.

<http://edufb.net/17609.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/17881.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/8237.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/20591.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/20293.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/9911.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/6256.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/13849.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/848.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/16077.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/20432.pdf>

<http://edufb.net/2855.pdf>