



Free

Welcome to the eighth issue of One+One Filmmakers Journal



I am watching TV5's coverage of the British Diamond Jubilee - TV screen hatched with red, white and blue diagonals, verticals and horizontals - in the Swiss quadrant of a French airport. Outside the white cross of Switzerland is lazily overlaid now, now... now by the parallel bands of the tricolore. Into this very European lattice, seeps the garbled French of German fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld clad in his usual black, I presume (though I can't see through the grid), swathing an approaching woman in flattery more virginal white than her raiment. Upon a boat she appears, solitary and luminous, set apart from the weave of sodden subjects by the stilly greeny plane of the river Thames over which she glides. The Royal Jubilee bells sound incessantly, signalling her resplendence, as a cash register behind my head rings up fifty-seven francs and fifty-seven cents.

This eighth issue of One+One: Filmmakers Journal begins with some responses to a Jubilee of a different sort – the 1978 film and arguable jewel in the crown of the celebrated and controversial British director Derek Jarman. Opening our dialogue with Jarman's incendiary – if flawed – masterpiece, James Marcus Tucker offers a personal reflection on Jarman and Jubilee in particular as early influences upon his work, which forever altered the developmental locus of this young filmmaker. His account sketches the political ambivalence of Jarman's work and portrays the director as an Englishman at war with himself: conservative though queer; staid yet incontrovertibly radical. Bradley Tuck's "The Last Dreams of England" intersects with James' piece, on the ideological ambivalence which characterises this film, and considers Jarman's reaction to the nihilistic co-ordinates of punk. Traversing, in some ways, a line that James quotes from Jarman, that "politics has had it, old-fashioned politics like Marxism, Capitalism and Socialism," Bradley explores the significance of 1977 as it surfaces through antithetical and yet coterminous ideologies which protrude through Jarman's film. In a parallel fashion, my contribution imagines possible interpenetrations between the concerns of Kathy Acker's provocative 1978 novel *Blood and Guts in High School* and those of Jarman's *Jubilee*, finding in the one a sideshow mirror-image of the other, in their respective disillusionment with what they perceived to be punk's foreshortened future.

Considering a different British filmmaker, though occasionally criss-crossing these preceding pieces, Paul Barr's "England's Disappearing Metropolis: Patrick Keillier's Critique of Disembodied Spaces," suggests that the key to understanding Patrick Keillier's work is in its mobilisation of the past in order to yield Bergsonian virtualities. London (1994), according to Barr's fascinating conjunction of Keillier and Gilles Deleuze, uses the overlapping textures of the London landscape in order to generate conditions for affective intensities and alternate temporalities in the here and now: he persuasively argues that "Keillier asks us to consider a new means of perceiving the city; becoming attuned to the city's hidden (virtual, yet nonetheless real) vital energies that retain the imprint of alternate futures."

In this issue you will also find a report outlining One+One's "Revolutions in Progress" film challenge set last winter that, responding to a cultural zeitgeist epitomised by the emergence of Occupy and the Arab Spring, asked filmmakers to respond to the theme of revolution and film, revolution on film and revolution by film. Like One+One itself, this challenge attempted to map out smooth, un-striated cinematic spaces where radical thought and radical filmmaking might coalesce, venturing beyond the circumscribed confines of the contemporary political matrix.

Issue 8 closes with James Marcus Tucker's new column "The View from Here," which combines personal ruminations on the craft of filmmaking with in-depth analysis of some prominent issues and concerns facing independent filmmakers today. His impressive derive through the backstreets of independent filmmaking takes in, en route, such subjects as the fraught relationship of independent filmmaking to the vampire cephalopod of the capitalist system, Derridean hauntology in two recent BFI releases, Theodoros Angelopoulos' "new humanism" and the very possibility of cinema as resistance. James also reflects upon One+One and the London Underground Film Festival's "Revolutions in Progress" roundtable held at the Horse Hospital in December 2011, which included a screening and discussion with up-and-coming filmmakers, Occupy activists and film theorists from Goldsmiths, University of London.

The issue you are reading attempts to rend the gossamer before you and expose, in modest ways, the illusory, arbitrary and above all mutable nature of the proverbial grid. We hope you will enjoy it.

Diarmuid Hester

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James Marcus Tucker

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On Derek Jarman's Jubilee

James Marcus Tucker, Bradley Tuck & Diarmuid Hester



Production Still from *Jubilee*

A Shelter from the Storm

James Marcus Tucker

Jubilee was the first Derek Jarman film I watched. I was in my early teens, sometime in the mid 1990s. Its title card in bold red stuck in my mind – along with images of naked priests, orgies and a young tubby Toyah Wilcox running around with orange hair. I had never heard of Derek Jarman,

and it was not until later that decade when the internet was finally installed that I was able to ~~google~~ Alta-Vista the two words “Jubilee film” and discover the filmmaker who was to change the way I thought about filmmaking.

Watching *Jubilee* again in 2012, many years since my last viewing, I was struck by a few things I had never really considered before. I always remembered it in platitudes: punk, low-budget, queer... I had not really remembered it as in any way spiritual, quintessentially English, or

Stills from *Jubilee*

indeed, very funny. Yet here it was, as clear as day, in all its witty philosophical musings: “I didn’t know I was dead until I was 15”, and its campy crudeness: “You clammy slag, you’ve sat in the KY with your fat arse”. Derek’s proverbial tongue is in his (innuendo intended) cheek the entire time.

As for its Englishness, it perhaps isn’t surprising; Derek was always considered to be a (small c implied) conservative. His conservatism wasn’t a sexual conservatism, but he was clinging onto something! It seemed to be a desire to salvage an England he felt was always at risk of disappearing – an England perhaps facing, yet still managing to fend off the storms of rampant, shackling ideologies.

In 1979 he told *Gay News*: “Politics has had it, old-fashioned politics like Marxism,

Capitalism and Socialism. They’re all part of a great ant-heap. They’re all building the same materialist commercial culture. Yet they all pretend like they’ve got the blueprint or that they provide the freedom...the world is now waiting for a complete new look at everything because the twentieth-century has completely failed. All the Utopian ideologies have led to concentration camps or barbed wire.”

And so, it is with this knowledge of failed revolutionary and progressive ideas, that Derek wrote and directed *Jubilee*. In part it is a warning. It taps into our collective unconscious fears of the vicious, callous and lawless human id being let loose. Yet, despite this vision – of punks running feral on the streets, anarchists firebombing and stabbing policemen, media moguls buying up every last inch of what is considered “culture”, there is still time for tea or bingo. Not all the good things have disappeared!

This Englishness is exuded from the first frame. We are landed into Elizabethan England where occultist John Dee summons an angel Ariel to time-leap and guide his client Queen through 1970’s urban streets. The first scene is like watching a school (ok let’s be kind, an am-dram) production of Shakespeare: which is fitting because Ariel is obviously summoned by Dee presumably very shortly after being freed by Prospero (no wonder he looks somewhat pissed off). But why Elizabeth? Did Derek desire refuge through a return to the religiously warring, expansionist 16th and 17th centuries? Of course not, but Derek saw Elizabeth as a symbol, an encapsulation of the ever corroding “Great” in Great Britain – a unifying specter for a lost modern age. Perhaps if Capitalism and Socialism offered no solace from the future tempest (that was, for him, to become Thatcherism), then history could.

And there’s the Union Jack. If only peo-

ple realized Geri Halliwell’s now infamous dress for that ’97 Brits performance was nothing new. I wish I could suggest it had been fashioned on Jordan’s (much more risqué) Rule Britannia number but, despite its reminiscence, I am not convinced it was that conscious. This scene – Jordan performing her entry into the Eurovision Song Contest in the presence of cackling media mogul Borgia Ginz – reads even

“A desire to salvage an England he felt was always at risk of disappearing”

more pertinently now, in 2012, because this phony commercialised nationalism, headed by a seemingly indestructible “what I say, goes” pop master, has become a staple of our Britain’s Got Talent tea-time telly viewing. Derek had a thing for this flag. In *The Last of England* a decade later, he was to film a soldier and a terrorist fucking on top of it. He liked to offend, so therefore, I suppose, he wasn’t completely English after all!

I remain incredibly fond of this film. It is interesting to view it now, knowing what we do about Derek’s own personal battle to come. Near the end of *Jubilee*, as the character Bod throws a firebomb into the house of a policeman – inadvertently killing her friend named Crabs (see I told you it was funny) who was in bed with him – she cries, “No future!” Derek wasn’t to know this Punked-up statement was to become a slogan of much Queer Theory of the AIDS ravaged 1990s. He was a visionary even when he didn’t intend to be.

I mentioned earlier about it also being spiritual. Derek’s filmmaking was to change dramatically from the mid 1980’s onwards, becoming, I believe more transcendent and poetic; and if the void of *Blue*

isn’t spiritual I don’t know what is. But the tracks were already being laid this early. As John Dee walks through a very English garden, he tells Elizabeth, “Beyond this Labyrinth and the serpent of memory is the still point of the world, that gateway which men seek. It is everywhere, and nowhere. It is here and now. Rounded time turns in a circle throughout infinity.” After all is said and done, it seems not even Elizabeth is enough of an antidote to the ruin that surrounds her in the film. Perhaps this madness (perhaps all madness) needs the

counterpoint of eternity to anchor it somewhere beyond time and place. Derek gives us John Dee to offer this vantage. Beyond the history of Elizabeth, the future of Thatcherism, AIDS and what we now ourselves face, Derek is here, already offering us his Blue – a still point which is eternal and timeless. Perhaps *this* is the only shelter from the storm.



The Last Dreams of England Bradley Tuck

The meaning of 1977

The year 1977, the year Derek Jarman’s *Jubilee* was made (although it wasn’t released until the following year), is both the start and end of an era. It is the end of the red decade and the counter-cultural rebellions (1966-1977). We might even extend this to include the period from 1917-1977 (The revolutionary century) or even from

Still from *Jubilee*

1914 or before (the century of war and destruction). Badiou characterises this short century “*simultaneously as end, exhaustion, decadence and as absolute commencement. Part of the century’s problem is the conjunction of these two convictions. In other words, the century conceived of itself as nihilism, but equally as Dionysian affirmation.*”¹ This century is one that struggles to discover a new idea of man and humanity, even in face of violence, catastrophe and failure.

On the other hand, 1977 is the beginning of another project: the neo-liberal project, the withdrawal of the left (although this doesn’t finally take place until the 90s). Badiou characterises this era as “*calls for renunciation, resignation, the lesser evil, together with moderation, the end of humanity as a spiritual force, and the critique of ‘grand narratives’.*”² This era gives up on grand ideologies and the struggle for a new man and, instead, returns to the market.

Communism in the Service of the Market

Punk emerges between these two periods. Both nihilistic and affirmative it is the final death rattle of a revolutionary counter-cultural spirit, and yet, as *Jubilee* itself suggests, looking on in trepidation at the end of ideology, towards another kind of nihilism. In *Jubilee* we find a mishmash of ideological signifiers apparently deflated of meaning. Borgia Ginz, the “King of Kapital” and owner of the “BBC, TUC, ATV, ABC, ITV, CIA, CBA, NFT, MGM, KGB, C of E. You name it,” he tells us “*I bought them all and rearranged the alphabet. Without me they don’t exist.*”³ We encounter him as both the representative of the music/entertainment industry and even monopoly capitalism itself. And yet when he takes a trip to Dorset (the only safe place in the whole of England) we find his mansion protected by Nazis with a communist flag flying above and Hitler himself claiming to be the greatest artist. Capitalism’s victory and the safe haven of the bourgeoisie are protected by fascists working under the banner

of Communism. On the one hand we may see this in the light of Adorno and Horkheimer’s *Dialectic of Enlightenment*, where all seeming acts of ideological salvation reveal their own inherent nihilism: the Disenchantment of the World. In this respect, despite their rhetorical differences, Stalinism, Nazism, Protestantism, Positivism, capitalism all lead to the same world of instrumental domination.

On the other hand, we may see this as a prediction concerning our own post-ideological era. Friedrich Hayek, Thatcher’s philosopher king and architect of neo-liberalism, thought it necessary to preserve the interest of the market from the corrupting hands of democracy (an idea that lead him to engage with General Pinochet

“The film asks us to reconsider the possibility of dreaming and a lost utopianism in the past”

as a potential defender of the liberal free-market). Today we find a similar idea embodied in Communist China and the EU, both, in effect, restricting the power of democracy to keep the economy running. The ideological halos of Communism and European solidarity are reduced to mere symbols, while the market becomes the dominant ideology par se usurping state power for its own ends.

God save the Queen

The film was made the same year as the Queen’s Jubilee, where national sentiments flew high. No longer was it the age of revolution, but instead ‘1977’ was the return to form of that old archaic order: the monarchy and all its loyal nationalistic supporters. The film, of course, explores this. On the one hand there appears a

more conservative-romantic element to this film. Queen Elizabeth I, along with John Dee and the Angel Ariel travel to the future to find Queen Elizabeth II dead and her crown stolen. She looks on in horror and concern as she encounters this desolate dystopia. It is hard to think that such a Queen who saw and practiced such barbarity in her own period would be concerned with such death and destruction. But maybe she is more of a symbol for a romantic spirit of the days gone by. The references to John Dee and Ariel add a spiritual dimension, comparable more to Shakespeare rather than any genuine royalism. However this is maybe one of the reasons for Vivienne Westwood’s t-shirt proclaiming ‘Derek the dull little middle-class wanker’. The scene appears to signify Jarman’s detachment from punk, his looking on as artistic outsider, as if from the past. The past becomes a means for the di-

rector to resurrect the meaning of dreaming in both the Shakespearian figure of Ariel and the philosophical figure of John Dee. Reactionary and anti-punk as it may seem, the film asks us to reconsider the possibility of dreaming and a lost utopianism in the past.

On the other hand, Amyl Nitrate (Jorden)’s performance of “Rule Britannia” is layered with (as Jarman’s script notes tell us) “Mayday, Mayday, it’s the people’s death cry. Mayday, mayday, it’s paradise, baby, the people’s paradise. Hitler’s hysterical speech jabbars through the football crowds chanting, ‘England! England! England’ Dive bombers, explosions”⁴ Nationalism, from Hitler to football to Queen and country and war are thrust together. At his point the film comes closest to the Sex Pistol’s ‘God save the

Still from *Jubilee*

unemployment and the need for a different future that can't be offered.

But where the Sex Pistol's tell us that "England's Dreaming", *Jubilee* shows an England where Dreams are no longer possible. As Amyl Tells us "*In those days desires weren't allowed to become reality, so fantasy was substituted for them. Films, books, pictures. They called it art, but when your desires become reality, you don't need fantasy any longer*

or art."⁵ However, the reality of the jubilee world is a world that has reached a kind of end of history (albeit without resolving the tensions). We are shown a world where art is obsolete: where dreams are supposed to be reality, but in fact reality is merely without dreams. It is almost as if the characters of *Jubilee* could say that we are all punks now, accepting that they have no future, no art, no dreams, and all the nihilism that comes with it.

However if these punks appear nihilistic, it is worth comparing them to the pure nihilism of Blink 182. Here punk (if you can call it punk) loses all of its romantic longing and need for resistance. Punk becomes merely an attitude to accompany teenage hedonist escapism. The Punks of '77 haven't completely lost their souls and instead look out at a world crumbling around them with uneasiness and apprehension, originality and fighting spirit. Never quite fitting into conventional gender roles and never giving up experimentation. These Punk stand at the end of an era.

This year, 2012, the jubilee is once again graced us. The good ol' red carpet treatment has been whisked out for the, still

not dead in real life, Queen Elizabeth II: A symbol, not only of her (ever-so-superior) bloodline, but also custodian of class inequality and tradition. At this time it is maybe worth reflecting on our own future. As unemployment rises and public services are cut we may find ourselves in the same position as many of the punks of 1977: facing up to the prospect of 'No future'. But maybe our 'no future' has another meaning beyond mere unemployment and being financially worse off than our parents. As Mario Tronti writes

*Once the revolutionary project was defeated, the reformist programme became impossible too. In this sense, the latest form of neo-liberal capitalism may prove ironically similar to the final form of state socialism: incapable of reform.*⁶

It may be in this respect that our "no future" opens us up to more questions, dreams and futures than we bargained for.



Jarman/Acker: Fold

Diarmuid Hester

1978 saw the release of Derek Jarman's *Jubilee* and Kathy Acker's novel *Blood and Guts in High School*, two provocative and iconoclastic works that present bleak, fragmentary and wilfully amateurish tableaux based around refracted visions of contemporary society. Inflected by the nascent features of 1970s punk in London and New York respectively, Jarman's film and Acker's book may be productively read together as pleats in punk, rare early instances of punk reflexivity that, interrogating its ideological investments and the threat it actually poses to the status quo,

ultimately find it wanting.

Blood and Guts is a furious and obscene novel, which rampages through the cultural and political debates of the late 1970s with an excess of anger and energy that is nothing short of breath-taking. Designed almost to belie summation, Acker's quasi-Bildungsroman unfolds, in baroque prose, the erratic wanderings of a 10 year old girl called Janey who leaves an incestuous relationship with her father, moves to New York, is kidnapped by a Persian slave-trader, moves to Tangier, meets the French avant-gardist Jean Genet and dies from cancer. With similar ferocious energy, Jarman's *Jubilee* offers its viewer a time-bending tale of magic and mysticism, presided over by the character of Queen Elizabeth I, enfolding a nightmarish vision of social chaos in a dystopian England shared by roving bands of violent fascists and gangs of violent, queer punks secreted by filthy squats. In their renunciation of formal and narratological coherency consistent with punk's experimental and d.i.y. aesthetic, Jarman and Acker both signal their familiarity with and participation in proto-typical punk styles. This is particularly evident in their respective approaches to genre: Jarman's inclusion in *Jubilee* of period/historical film, musical, social realist and documentary tropes, appears designed to toy with viewer expectations, persistently withdrawing from the work its narrative pay-off. Acker's use of theatre, poetry, diary entries, line-drawings and literary criticism, meanwhile, aims to mobilise such styles toward the subversion of normative narratives of psychosexual development.

Their proximity to punk is likewise visible in what looks like contempt for tradition and enduring authority. In Jarman's case, his casting the same actress (Jenny

Queen", ironically making the statement ('God save the Queen'), whilst simultaneously revealing its fascist underside ('and her fascist regime').

No Future....

The punks appear like the last vestiges of any kind of '68 counter-culture, but drained of any real hope. At some points they appear continuous with the Situationist international or the rioters of May '68, but this time their idols are more Myra Hindley than Mao and imagination appears only to lead to more violence and destruction. The punks themselves also appear layered with signifiers. The script drew upon fanzines of the time and explores the tensions and contradictions of punk itself. Is it nihilism and mindless violence? Support of the national front? Is it the affirmation of art? Or the end of art? The Sex Pistol's phrase "no Future" appears within the film and seems to sum up the general feel. They can no longer hold the optimism of the '68ers, but nor can they accept the traditional order either, instead they appear to skirt closer and closer to the void, caught between

Still from *Jubilee*

Runacre) as both Queen Elizabeth, the timeless symbol of the sceptred isle, and Bod, vicious leader of the nihilistic punks, inevitably folds the former into the latter, drawing them together in an unflattering comparison. In Acker's hands, authoritative symbols of American literature such as Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* are similarly manipulated: conducted and contorted through the screen of her riotous prose, and made to communicate with a contemporary punk dystopia, the effect of Hawthorne's masterpiece is corroded and inverted. On first impressions, Acker and Jarman in their respective works seem contemptuous of the advantages attendant to the patriarchal line – Jarman's film appears to interrogate hereditary privilege as it is represented by the royal line; Acker's novel seems to critique the numbing linearity of literary lineage embedded in the succession of canonical works.

Now, these defacements of old-world masters and masterpieces, viewed front

to back, are merely superficial, designed, apparently, to cause no lasting damage: thus Jarman's treatment of Elizabeth retains a kind of respect and awe for the virgin queen as she moves regally through the labyrinth of time and, though she gravitates towards an inevitable comparison with Bod, it is evidently the punk lifestyle of the latter rather than the lineage of the former which is the target of Jarman's critique. As evinced by the ease and willingness with which it is conducted into regimes of capitalist exploitation and control in the film (embodied by the figure of Borgia Ginz played by a maniacal Jack Birkett), punk seems to Jarman a superficial, adolescent rebellion without substance, whose future lies within the capitalist apparatus to which it was once opposed. Likewise, Acker's deployment of *The Scarlet Letter* in the form of a book report offers coordinates by which her character Janey may, at least provisionally, form some semblance of selfhood – a

potent act which the destruction of punk and pomo posturing explicitly disavows. The bleakness and negativity that courses through this text, compounded by the protagonist's miserable doom, indexes Acker's refusal to affirm without reserve punk's exuberant pseudo-nihilism.

These two works, then, in some ways may be seen to lament the passing of a context in which archaic systems might have held sway and simultaneously acknowledge that the world envisaged by a punk ethos is hardly an adequate alternative. Consequently, both *Jubilee* and *Blood and Guts* were subjected to harsh condemnation by their so-called radical critics. *Blood and*

Still from *Jubilee*

state of grace?" before adding, "I'd rather consider that all this grand stuff and looking at diamonds is something to do with a gay (which you are) boy's love of dressing up + playing at character."

Jarman and Acker's expressions of disillusionment and trepidation in the midst of a maelstrom of 1970s punk enthusiasm stand as prescient reminders of the unfortunate, inexorable fate

of punk, its incorporation into the very systems it was bound to resist and, as such, they take the form of untimely, pre-post-punk meditations.

“Jarman and Acker both signal their familiarity with and participation in proto-typical punk styles”

Guts' pornographic depictions of sexual violence coupled with a rejection of any form of redemptive, affirmative moment caused consternation amongst radical feminist groups, particularly those who argued for the liberatory potential of sadomasochistic sexual practices. Meanwhile, the (now rich, popular, influential) fashion designer Vivienne Westwood, in her famous t-shirt to Jarman accused him of misrepresenting the characteristics of punk, exclaiming: "I'm a PUNK man! And as you use the values you give to punks as a warning, am I supposed to see old Elizabeth's england [sic] as some

1 Alain Badiou, *The Century*, Polity Press, 2007, p. 31

2 Ibid

3 Derek Jarman, *Jubilee: Six Film Scripts*, University of Minnesota Press, 2011,

4 Ibid pp.57

5 Ibid pp. 48

6 Mario Tronti, 'OUR OPERAISMO' NLR 2/73 January/February, 2012, pp. 139

England's Disappearing Metropolis:

Patrick Keiller's Critique of Disembodied Spaces

Paul Barr

The true identity of London is in its absence. As a city, it no longer exists. In this alone it is truly modern: London was the first metropolis to disappear.

(Quote from *London* by Patrick Keiller).

This essay is concerned with exploring the filmmaker Patrick Keiller's attempts to redefine our experience of the city by re-imagining an alternate reality for London. For the sake of brevity the discussion of Keiller's work will be confined to the first of his "Robinson" trilogy; *London*, released in 1994. The other two films in this triptych, *Robinson in Space* (1997) and *Robinson in Ruins* (2010) will not be dealt with here. Keiller's *London* involves a series of Situationist type *dérives* or drifts through the city in an attempt to intensify our relationship with the urban landscape. His film seeks to engage with the city on an embodied, affective level, that is, to contest our present disconnection from the material fabric of the metropolis. The unnamed and unseen narrator (voiced by Paul Scofield) accompanies his friend and one-time lover Robinson on a series of journeys through the city to investigate what Robinson terms the "problem of London." Robinson, like the narrator, is never seen and appears at a further remove, since, unlike the narrator, we never hear his voice directly. It is only

through the narrator that we learn of Robinson's critical responses to London and his attempts at thinking beyond its present calamitous state through a process Robinson describes as "time-travelling."

As Robert Mayer notes the three journeys undertaken throughout *London* are characterised by "a series of what Iain Sinclair describes as "moving stills," shots of varying length recorded by an almost uniformly static camera and generally held long enough for the viewer to experience them as carefully composed photographs. What is captured on film is frequently infrastructure-buildings, bridges, industrial or commercial establishments, schools, hotels, transportation facilities, shopping malls, distribution centres, and the like -although such elements of the landscape are often balanced by shots of natural scenes: Wandsworth or Clapham Common or the valley of the Brent in the first film and aristocratic parks, seascapes, and farmland in the second. The voice-over narration features statistics, discussion of economic conditions and social relations, and much political argument."¹

"Time-travelling" along a series of unrealised, virtual paths, a ghostly other of London emerges that contests the dominant narratives that shape the city's built environment and ultimately our perception and experience of the city. The notion of

"time-travelling" underpins Keiller's work and this essay will attempt to interrogate this key concept in order to see how it works and how it is at the heart of Keiller's liberatory project. Briefly then "time-travelling" refers to uncovering layers of the city's history that - like the city's Bohemian occupants - have been marginalised and largely effaced. It is by liberating the city's creative energies located in its artistic past and buried under the weight of a symbolic, militaristic and capitalist repression that the motivation for Robinson's travels emerges. The recovery of an alternate reality hidden beneath London's "regimented corporate terrains" is distinctly political.² Specifically Keiller's filmic essay expounds a politics of liberation in which learning to see differently is the first step in learning "to think differently."³

"Time-travelling" may seem like a rather grandiose claim for what Keiller is doing. However at the heart of Keiller's project is an attempt to escape a "presentist" perspective by rethinking the past's forking paths not as erased by the single actualisation of a present but rather preserved or retained as potentials for "thinking otherwise" than the limits of the present allow. As Gilles Deleuze observes, "thought thinks its own history (the past), but in order to free itself from what it thinks (the present) and be able finally to 'think otherwise' (the future)."⁴ The key then is in Keiller's belief in the transformative nature of the past and its capacity to continue to unsettle and disturb the present and therefore to ultimately provide us with different, presently "unthinkable" futures. Discussing *London*, Steve Pile has observed that "Keiller's film is an attempt to examine the detail of the city to find its hidden secrets in order to unsettle assured histories of the present."⁵

By viewing the past as a site of transformative potential Keiller argues we can begin to escape the impasses of a built environment whose logic is based either on a mythologized version of the past and the military greatness of Blighty (trooping the colour, statues of Nelson and "Bomber" Harris) or on the influence of capitalism as the chief architect of our surroundings. The landscape of London, as Stephen Barber has observed, "is often one of homogeneity, from the Tesco and Ikea surfaces of the obliterating suburbs to the architecture of infinitely replicated office complexes, hastily erected during the late-1980s property boom."⁶

Homogeneity and replication are central to the logic of arrested development within the city, ensuring the erasure - through an aggressive, assertive capital - of any would-be competitors to the hegemony of the present as it is currently ordered and administered. There are very few seeds of revolution to be found in the present; thinking through the structures of the present and the concepts and categories of the present does not produce radical alternatives to what we already have. By producing solutions from the already known rather than attempting to rethink the genetic conditions of the real to include possibilities that might have arisen but did not we second guess the future rather than keeping it truly open. Keiller's work is a contribution to thinking beyond modelling the world and our relations within it solely on the capitalist hegemony of the present.

When Keiller's unseen and unheard character Robinson talks of diagnosing the "problem of London" we could expand this to include the problem of London in its present formation. Indeed naming his chief protagonist Robinson and forging

associations with Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* is also suggestive of Keiller's notion that his disembodied characters are ultimately dis-located in time; time-travellers shipwrecked in the present. Robinson and the narrator are not looking at London with the eyes of the present. Instead they are seeking to estrange themselves and the viewer from the present in order to liberate creative, aesthetic, poetic and political energies from the past whose moment has not been realised. London's treatment of artists and poets is epitomised for Robinson in the philistinism of an RAC street sign for a René Magritte exhibition which can't even manage to spell the Belgian Surrealist's name correctly (Figure 1). Robinson connects the unchecked rise of capitalism and its hijacking of the subsequent development of the city with a marginalisation of dissenting bohemian voices.



Figure 1 - Misspelt sign for René Magritte Exhibition.

Contra the overcoding of potentially disruptive and revolutionary energies by the present formations of military/regal spectacle and the unrelenting expansion of capitalist globalisation, Robinson's

journeys propose an alternate reality whose seeds lie in the creative energies to be found in art and revolutionary politics. Surveying London Robinson laments that "the failure of the English revolution is everywhere around us." Crucially then Robinson's journeys in space are also travels in time in order to recuperate a revolutionary past whose time may yet be actualised.

Taken further, the problem of London is the problem of the present and our inability to think solutions that problematise and critique the present. Keiller's work challenges the legitimacy and the dominance of the present and provides what the philosopher Gilles Deleuze has termed "resistance to the present."⁷ This is why re-presentation (and the re-presented spaces described by for example "Bomber" Harris's statue) proves so inimical to creative thinking since it cannot

disengage thought from the interests of power, opinion, ideology, and more importantly, it does not encounter the genetic conditions of thought; that which forces us to think. According to Deleuze, people "think rarely, and more often under the impulse of a shock than in the excitement of a taste for thinking."⁸ Thought must be shocked out of its stupor, it must be roused into action, it is not something innate, automatic. As Deleuze observes, "something in the world forces us

to think. This something is an object not of recognition but of a fundamental encounter."⁹ Thought only takes place when we encounter the world directly and not through the representations that we have

of it. Thought then cannot take place in transcendent isolation from the world and this is because thought comes from the world (and our embodied engagement with it) and not from the detached, contemplative mind of the rational subject or the willed intellect. "To represent the world", as Mark Halsey observes, "in an eternal or 'logical' fashion (whether this be through the auspices of God, science, or the propositional form) is to relegate thought to something little more than 'organised memories.'"¹⁰

Representation takes as its model things that already exist, yet crucially, it is unable to account for the *contingent* conditions that brought such things into existence and therefore fails to see how things could have been otherwise. Keiller's *London* tackles the problems of re-presentation head on and the damage that it has inflicted on the metropolis by usurping creation (both artistic and political) and arrogating to itself the means of constructing and therefore reading and interpreting urban space. Through its monuments and office blocks, its 'dead zones' of retail and business parks, its monarchical and military displacement of material space with that of allegorical space - the myth of Blighty or Albion deposing the empirical reality of urban life - a series of disembodied, immaterial spaces stand-in for and *re-present* space rather than construct it.

Keiller's camera ironically captures the sense of disappearance that characterises many of London's spaces. Figure 2 and Figure 3 describe the kind of abstract, universal spaces that separate empirical bodies from concrete spaces in a strategy



Figure 2 - Inflatable Ronald McDonald.

that is central to the logic of disembodiment at work in the capital. Figures 2 and 3 instead overcode a sense of place with the abstract, universal and ideological values of the dominant powers of capitalism, monarchy and the military.

Keiller's discovery of an unacknowledged and invisible (within the dominant discourses of the present) association between capitalism, monarchy and military and their attempts to control meanings of the city appears in his unlikely juxtaposition of military figure and corporate logo. The unveiling of "Bomber" Harris's statue by a Royal (the Queen Mother) describes a space that is as disembodied and as emptied of meaning as the space ostensibly "occupied" by an inflatable Ronald McDonald (Figure 2).

The inflatable Ronald McDonald functions unwittingly as a grotesquely grinning marker for the disappearance of any connection, any embeddedness and embodied-ness within the city. This is an *unheimlich* (unhomely) space inasmuch as spaces such as McDonald's cannot be occupied since we arrive too late. That is to say such spaces are already occupied

by capital – the skewing of human relations, supplanted, displaced, evacuated, rendered unhomely by commodified exchange. The employee's smile echoing the rictus grin of the giant, inflatable Ronald McDonald; pseudo politeness disconnecting emotion from the human and attaching it solely to capital. A disembodied smile; a Cheshire cat grin minus the cat.

In this way the logic of the disembodied space is transmitted to its employees; bod-

ies and gestures emptied of meaning, inauthentic spaces distributing inauthentic bodies. Such spaces are dis-located and dis-locating yet lacking in any interest. McDonald's constructs a disorienting, sci-fi, zero gravity space where expressions and emotions are no longer attached to bodies but circulate freely with the movement and speed of capital. That is to say the interesting possibilities of dislocation and disorientation are put at the service of – and immediately recuperated by – capital. The inflatable Ronald McDonald becomes the symbol par excellence of the disembodied city; spaces that hover above life, transcending it, rather than engaging with it, divorced from the fabric of city life and its exchanges.

In a similar vein the activation of everyday spaces as temporarily regal or monarchical also points to the free-floating, disembodied nature of the city, in other words the abstract nature of the spaces of London. Regal power, like economic power works at a distance, i.e. abstracted from real bodies, both function symbolically, unilaterally. Keiller provides an ironic juxtaposition between the Queen's reo-



Figure 3 - Statue of "Bomber" Harris.

pening of Leicester Square - devastated by an IRA bomb - and the Queen mother's unveiling of "Bomber" Harris's idealised statue (Figure 3). On the one hand bombers are excoriated as barbaric for laying waste to England's great capital, on the other a bomber is celebrated, lionised; the bombing of civilians re-presented as heroic and necessary, the statue embodying the victor's truth.

The statue of "bomber" Harris offers a de-historicised, revisionist re-occupation of space, utilising space representationally as removed from reality, from materiality. As the chief architect of the destruction of the cities of Dresden and Cologne the "Bomber" Harris statue is the ultimate realisation of the disconnected, disembodied, essentially uninhabitable spaces that constitute large swathes of London.

The heroic rehabilitation of Bomber Harris violently establishes through Royal assent the destruction of actual, material space and its replacement by allegorical space, the myth of Blighty, the myth of Albion. In a very real sense the building of myths and the mythologizing of heroic events or battles is connected to a justifi-

cation of present organisations of power. Wars were fought and civilians died to defend a future and a culture swallowed up by Ronald McDonald's terrifying grin.¹¹

Keiller's *London* interrogates the disembodied nature of the city, its ontology as a "disappearing metropolis" through an immanent critique.

That is to say Keiller explores the disembodied nature of the city (and our inability to dwell in it, to *occupy* it) through his own disembodied time travellers. To view Keiller's *London* merely as a critical project, as some kind of melancholic lament is only half the story since the critical aspect of Keiller's project is followed by a more affirmatory second stage. As Ian Robinson observes, "while non-place and homelessness characterize the city films of Cohen, Keiller, and Steinmetz and Chanan...these films operate as critical practices which engage in attempts to reclaim the city as a lived and liveable place. The films can be read as not simply responding to the perceived problems of urban decline, abandonment, homogenization, and a loss of local identity, but as intervening in an argument about where the city is situated and how it should be represented."¹²

While I am in broad agreement with Robinson's statement I would argue that for Keiller, thinking the city involves estrangement and dislocation and is non-representational, that is, it is intermixed with affect and sensation.

While I have focussed largely on the first, critical dimension of Keiller's project throughout this essay I would now like to consider the positive, affirmatory and creative dimension. This second stage involves a reclamation of the city through the senses, through what the philosopher Gilles Deleuze has termed a "pedagogy

of the senses."¹³ Artists give us the eyes to see the world differently, expanding our senses, through the unprepared-for shock of radically formalist vocabularies. It is then by reinvigorating these lost voices within the atrophied present that the city's vital energies can be reactivated.

The artists and poets that Keiller privileges (Turner, Monet, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Baudelaire) expand our perception forcing us to see visions, alternate realities of the city, "virtual futures" that exist only as creations within the artwork, that cannot be seen with the eyes of the present yet whose force can still be experienced through art. It is through the senses that these "pioneers of urbanism" (as Robinson calls them) enable us to reclaim the city, to experience it bodily, to truly occupy it.

Art is directed at the senses, at the level of the sensible and in this way it is bodily, a truly embodied thought. Art is akin to a pair of glasses as Proust memorably put it that enables us to see the world in a way that was not possible before our exposure to its new geometries, its unfamiliar shapes, disorienting colours and violent deformations. A sensory thought; thought as sensation. Such a thought disturbs the body and involves a giddy, vertiginous excitement which introduces physiological, bodily change (an increase in heart rate, a momentary dizziness, an increased breathing rate). A physiological or embodied thought that produces material changes in the body is diametrically opposed to thought as the re-presentation of existing (dis-embodied) states of affairs.

A key scene in *London* which demonstrates the sensory genesis of thought *qua* the city occurs when Robinson accidentally encounters a statue located behind railings on the north side of St. Paul's Cathedral (Figure 4).



Figure 4 – Statue Located at the North side of St.Paul's.

As the narrator observes:

As we passed the north side of St. Paul's, he [Robinson] stopped and gazed intently at a figure which had been hidden behind the railings. He remembered how soon the artist's had been priced out of the docks.

It is as if the statue transmits an affective force connected with the pathos of the statue, the light and shadows playing across its surface (the time of day folded into its form), its location (imprisoned behind the railings) and its site (somewhat marooned or cast adrift from the main building of St. Paul's). This convergence of nonhuman, non-subjective forces, impacts upon Robinson, producing a feeling, an atmosphere for thought to dwell in. It produces a charged field that forces us to think through a series of interconnected, continuing and unwilling physical sensations.

Out of the loose, vague, indistinct convergence of statue, site, place and time there is produced a new relation between space and the body. This is a relation that is not determined in advance through the symbolic overcoding of statuary (as in the "Bomber" Harris statue) but emerges out of the non-totalising, non-human forces of

stone, light, weather conditions. These impersonal forces converge to produce in Robinson a new sensation, a new state of mind, an embodied thought.

Like Robinson the figure seems marooned; ostensibly attached to St. Paul's but also estranged from it, dislocated in time as well as place. Rather than being shipwrecked solely in the present the statue also acts as a *memento mori*, its very incongruity poignantly reminds Robinson of a former artists colony in London's docklands. The

statue occupies both the present and for Robinson an alternate past expressing the chance for a poetic revolution, an aesthetic transformation (harbouring the possibility of a creative transformation of space by artists, writers and poets) that never made its way into the built environment.

For Robinson the city can still generate such responses, imparting a kind of electric shock to those who look elsewhere than the disembodied present. Keiller asks us to consider a new means of perceiving the city; becoming attuned to the city's hidden (virtual, yet nonetheless real) vital energies that retain the imprint of alternate futures. Such futures constitute possibilities inaccessible to us through our present formations of power and unthinkable within our present models of thought. Such vital energies can galvanise thought and enhance our lives by producing truly dynamic, continually evolving models of thought and helping to generate hitherto unthinkable possibilities for life. Such a thought is embodied and embedded in the unknowable contingencies of life rather than disconnected from the movement of life, rejecting a de-materialised thought,

where, as in Marx's maxim, "all that is solid melts into air."

Keiller's formal construction of London as a series of depopulated postcards forces us to engage with the city outside its capitalist framing, altering our perception through its formalist *détournement*. As Steve Pile observes, "Keiller's film looks like a series of postcards. These postcards frame the city, slow it down, enticing us to look at the city with new eyes."¹⁴ As Pile suggests Keiller finds within the postcard a critical dimension that enables us to see the city afresh, outside the enfeeblement of the senses that the postcard usually introduces. In Keiller's work the postcard is "*détourned*," diverted from its construction of the city as a series of banal touristic 'dead zones' – Buckingham Palace, Tower Bridge, the Routemaster bus, the Houses of Parliament. *Détournement* as Tom McDonough explains is, "the situationist strategy of diverting elements of affirmative bourgeois culture to revolutionary ends, of distorting received meanings."¹⁵ As a fragmentary critique of the totality of the present, the postcard constitutes an alternate journey through the city's past and the promise of creative, unknowable futures. According to Francois Penz, in Keiller's work, "it is possible to discern a way of thinking from fragments to a broader understanding of London and city life. More interestingly, perhaps, each fragment suggests an alternative present – an alternative to the cities histories and geographies."¹⁶

Like the Surrealist re-enchantment of urban space, it is poignant for Robinson that the city can still generate such a visceral charge; that the city can still affect the body, generating sensations within it that are outside the regulating relays of capital (as if desire must be attached to some specific object or commodity). Such sites emerge out of a time-travelling project that

expands the present to include the unrealised past thereby opening up genuine futures that are contested, open and ultimately critical of the present.

According to the narrator, "Robinson believed if he looked at it hard enough he could cause the surface of the city to reveal to him the molecular basis of historical events, and, in this way, he hoped to see into the future."

1 Robert Mayer, "Not Adaptation but Drifting: Patrick Keiller, Daniel Defoe, and the Relationship between Film and Literature", *Eighteenth-Century Fiction*, Vol 16: No. 4 (July 2004), pp. 803-827. Quote pp.805-806.

2 Stephen Barber, *Projected Cities: Cinema and Urban Space*, London: Reaktion Books, 2002, p.98.

3 Ronald Bogue, *Deleuze on Music, Painting, and the Arts*, New York: Routledge, 2003, p.194.

4 Gilles Deleuze, *Foucault*, Translated by Sean Hand, London: Continuum, 1988, p.98.

5 Steve Pile, *Real Cities: Modernity, Space and the Phantasmas of City Life*, London: Sage, 2005, p.9.

6 Barber, *Projected Cities*, p.98.

7 According to Deleuze and Guattari, "we lack creation. We lack resistance to the present." Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?* New York: Columbia University Press, 1994, p.108.

8 Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, Translated by Paul Patton, London: Athlone Press, 1994, p.132.

9 Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, p.139.

10 Mark Halsey, *Deleuze and Environmental Damage: Violence of the Text*, Aldershot: Ashgate, 2006, p.58.

11 Movements such as 'Occupy London' have highlighted the extent to which any challenge to the existing narratives of London as a series of disembodied spaces for the circulation of capital (protesters were urged to 'get a job,' to contribute to the circulation of capital) will be met by hostility and ultimately force.

12 Ian Robinson, "Searching for the City: Cinema and the Critique of Urban Space in the Films of Keiller, Cohen, and Steinmetz and Chanani", in Richard Koeck, Les Roberts (Editors), *The City and the Moving Image: Urban Projections*, Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010, pp.114-124. Quote p.120.

13 Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, p.237.

14 Steve Pile, *Real Cities*, p.9.

15 Tom McDonough, *Guy Debord and the Situationist International*, Cambridge: MIT Press, 2002, pp.xiii-xiv.

16 Patrick Sjöberg, "I Am Here, Or, the Art of Getting Lost: Patrick Keiller and the New City Symphony", in François Penz, Andong Lu (Editors), *Urban Cinematics: Understanding Urban Phenomena Through the Moving Image*, Bristol: Intellect, 2011, pp.43-51. Quote p.49.

Filmmaking in an age of Crisis

A report and reflection on One+One's 2011 film challenge

Bradley Tuck



Still from *Aion*

In April 2011 inspired by the Arab spring, protests against the austerity and cuts, the release of the final instalment of the Zeitgeist trilogy and the recent upsurge of interest in the theme of "communism" (for example the 2009 conference on *The Idea of Communism* at Berkbeck University) One+One decided to set a film challenge on the theme of "Revolution in Progress". It was a tempestuous year which saw not only the expected centrist policies trotting out austerity measures with some kind of populist halo, but concomitant rise of radical and reactionary groups. On the one

hand, there was the tea-party, the English defence league and the royal wedding, firmly committed to shoring up a nostalgic and conservative vision of national identity. On the other was the occupy movement, Arab uprising and the rising spirit of the digital commons, who, oriented toward an un-prescribed futurity, affirmed the pressing need for change. The internet appeared to offer a space for dialogue, for new organisational strategies and subversion. Whilst scientists debated the need for open access to scientific research (arguments about that accessible research

was in the interest of science and publicly funded research should be made public), artists, likewise, found ways to use the internet as a means to make their work free and accessible to all. The internet emerged as a means to defend something Common, not restricted as either public or private property. This opening up of the internet to the common interest could be found in the aims of activist groups like



Above Still from *Better the Devil*, Below Still from *Aion*

Wikileaks and Anonomous. Here national/public and private interests were violated in the name of free information and freedom of speech as a common interests. Here the internet provided a useful source for information sharing and so-called "hactivism", which used internet hacking to exert pressure upon and discredit public authorities and private enterprises.

It is in light of such changes that we look out, tentatively, upon the future of film-making and upon the fraught issue of film distribution in particular, which has polarised debate over the last decade or

so. Youtube and vimeo, amongst many others provided a space for film-makers to upload their film and distribute without any need for a middleman or any distribution costs. Likewise, pirate bay provided for a means of freely downloading films. Such innovations and changes have contributed to a surge in video activism around the world. Though better known for their "hactivism," Anonymous' decentralised online activist community also produced and widely disseminated film, posters and other forms of media propaganda designed to draw attention to their cause. Totalitarian regimes like China also saw a huge increase in activism, expressed through filmmaking practices: radical film theorist Ying Qian, highlighted the rising convergence between film-making and activism in China, claiming that whereas "[b]efore the mid 2000s, documentary film-makers had adopted a non-interventionist perspective "studying" the workings of power at the micro-level, inter-personal relationships, processes of social transformation and served as persistent eyewitnesses to suffering"¹ from the mid-2000s onwards a new sort of film activism emerged.

"Video downloading allowed independently made documentaries to reach a wider audience. Meanwhile, activist groups and new social organizations began to form around the citizen-rights movement as of 2003. As more connections were made between film-makers, public intellectuals and grassroots activists, a new political cinema—with a distinct activist subjectivity and aesthetics—began to emerge. No longer satisfied with passive observation or sympathetic portrayals of victimized individuals, these works rest on an active, interventionist agency and an investigative attitude on the part of the filmmaker, who seeks out the realities beneath the visible

Above: Still from *Better the Devil*Above: Stills from *I found a time machine*

“The internet emerged as a means to defend something Common, not restricted as either public or private property”

surface. Instead of the international-festival circuit, they largely circulate through activist networks as well as online.”²

The conjunction of economic crisis and accelerated development of technologies places us in a unique position. With such changes and developments there arises the obvious interesting questions: What is the future and possibilities of film-making in our own age? What is the link between

film and revolution?

I found a time-machine and Kay Hayward's *Better the Devil Take you to Heaven than an Angel take you to Hell*, two films submitted to the film challenge, explored the politics of space, and questions of land ownership, occupation, appropriation and repossession in this light. The former film uses illegally captured footage from inside abandoned buildings in Pennsylvania in order to reclaim space. The editor drew their inspiration from the Urban Exploration Community and the abandoned buildings in America: the film itself was filmed in an abandoned power station and only later transformed into a film. In our discussions, the film-maker/editor talked about her experience within the Urban Exploration Community and the abandoned building Byberry, the Philadelphia State Hospital. She talks of the “fantastic adventures” and what could be called an “anarchist community” full of artists and explorers. From here she went on to explore other abandoned building including the power station included in the video. She tells us that By-

berry “was destroyed in an effort to make way for a 55+ living community. However, the community was never built and all that remains is an empty lot. All of the tallest trees were cut down, and every last brick was re-

moved. Every empty building is waste that has been left behind by capitalist ideals.” She talks of the importance of capturing and remembering the history of these buildings.

“Many of these building were revolutionary in their very design. Electricity was a brand new invention, so power stations had never been seen or conceived of before - it was important to capture

Still from *Broken Children*

the imagination of the common man via beautifully designed industrial buildings. Today, this type of design process would be considered a waste of time and money. An important thing to note about old mental institutions is that the idea of healing was built into their very design - before they became dens of abuse and poison, they were constructed as places of hope and tranquillity for the ill and disturbed. We must remember that psychology is a relatively young science, and by eliminating these examples of “healing architecture” from our landscape we are potentially destroying valuable educational information”.

In this sense the film can be seen as

an attempt to capture and preserve this history to take back and take control (in some form) of the “waste-products” of American capital. The film itself contains a hidden trace, a lost time-line, a document of the past rendered into a fast-paced time-lapsed digital world.

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Kay Hayward's film, *Better the Devil Take you to Heaven than an Angel take you to Hell*, documents the opening weekend of Occupy London. Originally intended to be outside the London stock exchange, but unable to gain access due to law enforcement it set up camp outside St. Paul's Cathedral. The film was layered with references to Alan Moore, Gurdjieff, current revolutionary struggles, stags rutting, the pagan Goddess Diana, occupy and Rumi poetry. The film interweaves between poetic and mythic (for example, reflections on the history of the St. Paul's site, a sacred worshipping site of the Roman Goddess Diana, goddess of the hunt and of

Still from *Broken Children*



Still from Counter Indoctrination

wild animals) and the political and social (for example, the present occupation). The film realises the essential nature of conflict from both sides. On the one hand, the spiritual is presented against the backdrop of my inability to retain a constant "I", Diana, Goddess of the hunt and images of rutting stags; nature's own essential conflicts. On the other hand there is the occupation of a space and the protesters verses the law-enforcement. Despite the essential differences of both perspectives, Kay Hayward refuses to give us that classical dichotomy of spiritual oneness and political divides. Conflict runs throughout

“the phrase “the 99%” risked (understandably) scapegoating the 1%, without addressing problems of the capitalist system as a whole”

this film.

In exploring “the spiritual” the film examines whether revolution and progress are possible at all, whether spiritual change

needs to happen before there can be political change and whether “the spiritual” can illuminate our political tasks. We are presented with a multi-layer meditation on the mythic construction of our spiritual and political lives. What both films remind us is of the lost sedimented history that forms the grounds beneath our feet. No less is this true of our current situation, Occupy asks that we take a new look at our relationship to land and life. I asked her what she thinks of the occupy movement now.

“The occupy movement is still going and it is something that I personally want to continue to participate in. I think now we have to think differently in terms of how we protest. One thing that I really took away from being at the occupation was a sense of love and hope. I was inspired by the inclusiveness of the people,

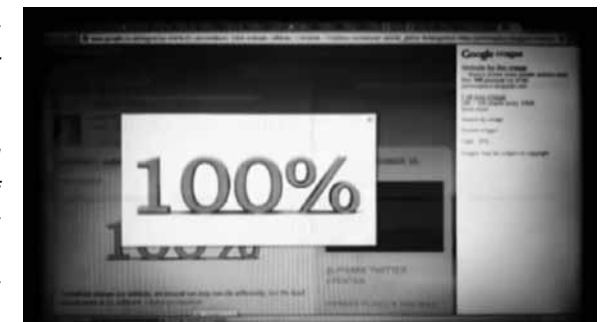
I was inspired by the determination that no group of people are in charge but that we are all participants and that we have an equal place in this movement. I can quite

categorically say that I have had very little experience of living as a participating member of a community in my life. Our society does not encourage community living, we are a very individualistic society, it is all about me and my fight to survive, and having raised two children starting as a teenage single mother from a working class background that effort for survival has been all consuming. capitalism places us in competition with each other, and most people scoff at the idea of wealth sharing and the need for equal opportunities. I would like to see the occupy movement begin to reclaim land, to re occupy the land that was stolen from our ancestors through land clearances and invasions. The financial crises has exposed the monetary system for what it is. Based on nothing real but with much very real suffering as people are loosing there homes to the financial corporations. In a sense the redistribution of wealth needs to be based on real wealth by that I mean land. Land is the only thing that can feed and water you and provide you with shelter. I would like to see a mass occupation of land. We could start with the 60 million acres of UK land owned by her majesty the queen. This would be fitting jubilee celebration I think. It may also inspire others across the world to reclaim and re occupy the 2,467 million acres that she owns in Canada, the 1,900 million she owns in Australia, the 114 million she owns in Papua new guinea, this land ownership makes our deceptively meek and mild queen the richest person on earth. Owning, one sixth of the earth's known ocean surfaces. I would like to see the occupations reclaiming the land held by the aristocracy and class system communities growing

that start with the ethos of equality, and respect for difference. Very simple ideals but ones that generations have yet to achieve.”

Kay Hayward was not the only submitted film to explore the mythical and spiritual dimension of revolution. In Katya Kobrina's *Broken Children* we are introduced to a group of teenager experience alienation and relieving it through self harm. Here revolution, or what appears like revolution, is a very personal. Likewise, *Aion* by Nikolas Kasinos, David Sharkey and Krista Pappista, we see a film about a potential future where theism has become outlawed. The film-makers tell us of “how revolution is not all guns and coups and over-throwing governments, but LGBT rights was/is a revolution, feminism was/is a revolution, even the start of Christianity was a revolution” each started “at a social level, end up effecting governments and ethos.”

Inspired by Hannah Arendt's claim that



Still from Counter Indoctrination

“The most radical revolutionary will become a conservative the day after the revolution” they “wanted to comment on the cyclical nature of revolution” and chose to do this through exploring religion. In their newscast scenes they quoted real elements from the news, such as “the discovery of a Muslim extremist terrorist cell” and “the 2011 London Riots”. The

Still from *Counter Indoctrination*

film took them out of their context and reimagined them in a new setting. Creating a new context to rethink them.

During this time, we at the magazine also decided to subject ourselves to the challenge. Melanie Hay and I teamed up to make the film *Counter Indoctrination*. We were genuinely excited by the ideas surrounding “the commons” and how the threat of environmental catastrophe, depleting natural resources and the privatisation of the internet might cause us

a whole. All around us we see half-baked compromises that prolong the problem, or at least don’t solve it. We constantly hear talk of renewable energy, recycling, diversity, multiculturalism, the big society, democratic compromise, ethical capitalism, consumer hedonism as if they are the pinnacle of progressiveness, yet we see all these piecemeal measures glossing a world unable to achieve genuine justice, equality and environmental security. Our worry was that occupy, the radical

potential of the internet and “the commons” would be depleted of meaning, re-branded and sold to us. So we were excited, but cautious and we wanted a piece of work that reflected

this ambivalence. We chose to have our spoken thoughts accompanied by footage from the internet, filmed on an i-phone using a stop-motion app. We wanted to capture the exciting possibilities of new technologies but also their disorientating and dislocating potential. We thought of

it as a kind of counter-indocritination, a usurping of the indoctrinational material from the internet and using it to prompt questioning. In a recent interview, Crispin Glover, cult actor and radical filmmaker, addresses some of these issues applying them to occupy.

“I think the worst part of the corporate climate at this point in time is that there’s no questioning; any film that is corporately funded and distributed will not truly ask questions. If they do, they’re the kind of questions that are virtually not real questions. There are good films every once in a while that are made though the corporate system, but for the most part if you genuinely ask a question, it will not be corporately funded or distributed.

It’s that moment where an audience sits back in their chair and looks up at the screen and thinks to themselves, ‘is this right what I’m watching? Is this wrong what I’m watching? Should I be here? Should the filmmaker have done this? What is it?’ [...] When people are not asking real questions, there’s a lack of education; or the opposite of education, which is propaganda. And I do feel that that is, by far the majority, 99.9 percent of all movies that are made, particularly coming out of the United States, are propaganda.[...]

I’ve worked in the film industry, so it’s exceedingly clear to me that it is propaganda and it makes me very uncomfortable. The films that people review and the actors that people love are generally

smiling propagandists that are corporate cheerleaders, and it’s very well hidden.

But people don’t protest propaganda because it’s propaganda and they’re not as aware of it. Whereas banking systems and other evidences of corruption that have happened are so obvious and so readily tangible that people can go out and protest, as they should and I agree with those kind of protests.

I would like to see those protests and Occupy movements go into the movie theatres. I would love to see that, but it’s got too friendly of a face, it’s too difficult to pierce that propaganda, but to me it’s exceedingly evident. It would be interesting to see if there’s a releasing of control, I would be very happy if that happened.”³

In an age of crisis, occupy functions, not only as a movement, but a model, a model of resistance, one that can be taken into other areas and one which may point towards a new way of approaching film and resisting the commercialisation and indoctrination of mainstream cinema.

*All the films mentioned in this article can be viewed on the One+One website.

1 Ying Qian, Power in the Frame: China’s Independent Documentary Movement, New Left Review 2/74, March-April 2012. p.119ii

2 Ying Qian, Power in the Frame: China’s Independent Documentary Movement, New Left Review 2/74, March-April 2012. p.120

3 Simon Jablonski, Crispin Glover: It Is Fine! Everything is Fine. Dazed Digital (see <http://www.dazeddigital.com/artsandculture/article/12248/1/crispin-glover-it-is-fine-everything-is-fine> sourced on June 2012)

“Such innovations and changes have contributed to a surge in video activism around the world”

to think this and other concepts anew. We were also excited by the blooming occupy movement and yet we were also tentative. We were concerned that the phrase “the 99%” risked (understandably) scapegoating the 1%, without addressing problems of the capitalist system as

The View From Here

An ongoing column for **One+One**.
Snapshots, thoughts and rants on issues
relating to filmmaking, politics, life and ideas.

Issue 1

James Marcus Tucker



Panel debate at the London Underground Film Festival

Revolution. Just a Word?

In December 2011, One+One launched issue 7 with a panel debate and short films screening, as part of the London Underground Film Festival. The screening coincided, fortuitously with the media spectacle that was the Occupy movement and its “trespassing” of privately owned ground outside St Paul’s Cathedral. As the event was titled “Revolutions in Progress” it seemed important to speak of the ongoing movement, and where it stood historically. The event

began with a montage of clips from films dealing with the issue of “revolution”. The obvious early examples included *Metropolis* (Fritz Lang, 1927), *October* (Sergei Eisenstein, 1928) and *Man with a Movie Camera* (Dziga Vertov, 1929). The sequence highlighted scenes throughout the 20th and early 21st century, culminating in the internet activist/call-to-arms documentary series phenomenon *Zeitgeist* (2008 – 2011) and the philosophical musings from Astra Taylor’s *Examined Life* (2008).

We felt that a sequence from *Monty Python’s Life of Brian* (Terry Jones, 1979) would be a humorous, yet poignant detour in the otherwise worthy collection. The clip I chose highlighted the importance, yet the inconsistency of language when it comes to claiming political and identity-political positions. The scene focused on a squabble between a group of characters surrounding the name of their group – “Are you the Judean People’s Front?” “Fuck off...We are the People’s Front of Judea!” The group spirals into confusion as the members cannot seem to agree or remember which group they actually belong to. The scene culminates in a single, lone individual being pointed out as the sole member of another group they claim to hate; The Popular Front of Judea. The comedy, of course, arises from the similarity of the different groups’ naming, yet somehow standing for completely apposed political positions. What, we are made to ask, is the difference between a “people’s” front and a “popular” front?

Slavoj Žižek has highlighted, for example, the very radical contingency of naming. He states, “it is the name itself, the signifier, which supports the identity of the object”.¹ By this, he means that by the very naming of something, it is created. Notions of freedom, democracy, and in this Pythonesque example, “people’s fronts”, are indeed performative - given meaning and substance retroactively by the language used to define them. It is for this reason that both Left and Right can claim to stand for “freedom”, “liberty” and “democracy”, yet at the same time, hold such opposing ideals. Judith Butler takes this notion further in dealing with the issue of gender or identity politics. Whist accepting the very social gains made through assimilating political signifiers: gay, woman,

black etc, she highlights that such notions can never fully envelop a universal agreed meaning. For, what does it mean to be a “woman” in different cultures; with different skin colours; in different periods of time? Butler asserts that identifications are themselves “phantasmatic efforts of alignment, loyalty, ambiguous and cross-corporeal cohabitation; they unsettle the “I”...”²

It is important to use such signifiers, indeed it is impossible not to, but language is always inconsistent, and quite often inconvenient, contradictory and contested. Simone Weil, writing in the 1930s, was to recognize this very point in regard to the recent changes in Russian society. She had witnessed the work done in the name of “revolution”, watched as the dreams of so many crumbled into ruin, only to recognize; “the word ‘revolution’ is a word for which you kill, for which you die, for which you send the laboring masses to their death, but which does not possess any content”.³

The debate moved onto a discussion of the notion of revolution. We questioned what indeed makes something revolutionary, and how the Occupy movement fits into the revolutionary spirit. Had it enough staying power to see a real change in the political landscape? What were its goals, and could it be considered a “movement” at all? It was roundly agreed that, for example, the Tea Party in the USA could not be considered revolutionary when the movement’s main aim was to maintain a capitalist status quo, despite its seemingly populist appeal and revolutionary language (its name does, after all refer back to a revolutionary moment in US history).

Kerry-anne Mendoza - an activist who had been camping at the Finsbury Square site for a few weeks, and had been ar-

rested the week before whilst protesting outside Parliament – was a vocal advocate for the activities its “members” had been involved in – which included the occupation and reappropriation of numerous sites around the world. A real sense of community had grown up around the camps, and a general consensus had evolved that, whilst they had no agreed antidotes, the situation with capitalism had to be contested fiercely. The argument seemed to be, and continues to be, although we don’t agree on what we should create, or how we can create it, we know that THIS isn’t right. In the wake of the recent public sector cuts, the scandal that became known as Workfare, and the constant continuing dismantling of the public institution that is (was?) the NHS, it seems that Occupy has done little to slow down the neo-liberal economic agenda. Not for the lack of trying it must be stated.

The three short films presented all centered on Occupy. I felt the film which had most impact and caused most debate to be the internet film called *I am Not Moving*, uploaded to YouTube by filmmaker Corey Ogilvie. The film is edited together entirely with news and mobile phone footage of occupy demonstrations, Arab spring uprisings and speeches made by American leaders. With the tag line “hypocrisy has its own symmetry”, it claims that whilst Obama and Clinton proclaim the atrocities of state violence against civilians in the Arab world such as Egypt and Syria, they are being hypocritical when such oppression is perpetrated by American police forces against Occupy protestors. The film itself is a successful piece of agit-prop, utilising tried and tested devices of montage editing, cross cutting and soaring underscore music to drive an emotional response. It was in-

teresting to note how the response to the film was mixed – some decrying its overtly one-sided approach, lambasting its use of traditional techniques, whilst others found the film to be particularly successful and evocative for that very reason. It is true that the filmmaker had good knowledge of cinematic vocabulary. The leading questions to come from the debate were: What is the artist/filmmakers duty to portray all sides of a political event? Is there always an equivalent “other side” that should be given voice to?

I was left thinking that no matter how overt and rabble-rousing, or calm and considered a piece of art may be; there is no escaping ideology. Is it not the case that the calmest, most considered and balanced approach usually puts a conservative stake in the ground? The continuing “debate” around climate change is a prime example; “The jury’s still out” has become the most ideological presumption imaginable. With such a dogmatic “let’s wait and see” approach, will it ever be possible to slow down (let alone turn back) the damage being done?

Make ‘em like Marx

It was on the train to Deauville that it struck me about the good intentions of independently minded filmmakers who wish to exist within the system. It comes down to the time-old excuse of “wanting to change the system from within”. We hear it all the time: Gays in the Tory or Republican Party, ethnic minorities in the police and liberals in Cathedral pews. And of course, there is me: a reluctant videographer freelancing for corporations who I hope can benefit by osmosis, from my critique of all things profit driven.

But, people with such good intentions should probably take note of aforemen-

tioned Simone Weil’s explanation of both capitalism, and the failure of the Soviet Union’s antidote. Firstly, Weil understood, as Marx did, that the unfortunate worker finds himself subordinate – not only to his tools, but to the “intellectual” caste that manages him. The subject and object have become swapped in priority, meaning that the worker is reliant upon the managing/bureaucratic system for his access to the tools from which he can earn his wage. Of course, then as now, this “system” is reliant upon the worker for its power (as master necessarily needs his slave, in order to be that very master) but the managers of the system hold the means; they have the legally protected possession of the tools and the capital to afford them, and so the exploitation can only ever be directed one way. This very domination was not relieved after the Russian Revolution – simply put, the managing system changed hands from the private sphere to the state.⁴

What does this knowledge mean for independently minded artists? In an industry whose product is “art”, it is easy to forget that Weil’s critique is relevant to “creatives”, just as much as to Marx’s oppressed factory workers. In the established film industry, the director may of course call the shots to fellow crewmembers, but at all times, the tools are not in his ownership and his intellectual (artistic) vision is subordinate to the Producers capital and commercial requirements. This is the industrial production of cinema. So it is with good intentions that the young up-start director applies for state funding, in the knowledge that if capitalism won’t help him, then the bureaucratic guardians of the cultural trend might. The state subsidised filmmaker becomes every bit as reliant on tick-box bottom lines as his

marketplace counterpart. The filmmaker and his film become a means to an end, instead of the end itself.

The Missing Obit

Theodoros Angelopoulos never made it to the Oscars this year. Nobody seemed to notice, although the gossip rags seemed rather excited that Kim Jong Il had made it to the red carpet thanks to Sasha Baron Cohen’s urn that “accidentally” spilt his ashes all over TV presenter Ryan Seacrest. (See the clip on YouTube).

The first Angelopoulos film I saw was in a small art-house cinema in Madrid which played the English subtitles burnt into the print, and Spanish subtitles digitally displayed separately underneath the screen. I remember being quite intrigued by this process. I couldn’t help but feel that as (probably) the only English person in the cinema, I was somewhat advantaged. The Spanish subtitles were appearing perhaps half a second later than the English, which were timed correctly to the dialogue. The Spanish audience had the added annoyance of having to actually look away from the screen in order to understand what was being said (assuming none spoke Greek). It reminded me of my one and only experience of going to Glyndebourne Opera house; only there I remember having to look up, above the stage in order to understand the warbling Italian.

The Suspended Step of the Stork (1991) initiated me into this charming filmmaker’s majestic work. The film, like his others, is a sweeping gesture in landscape, timescape, emotion, perception and memory. Yet for a film with such expanses, it is a film that deals with borders. Set in a remote, national frontier town mostly inhabited by refugees, a young journalist discovers a re-

Still from *The Suspended Step of the Stork*

Theo Angelopoulos

clusive farmer who resembles a high-profile politician who went missing many years before. The most striking and memorable scene shows a wedding taking place between two young people at either sides of the river. The bride and groom are perhaps of different nationalities, or one has been displaced, and so the ceremony has to be conducted with the couple stood far apart, topologically divided, unable to embrace. The film ends with what appears to be a military guard, stood over a national dividing line, like the eponymous stork, one leg

suspended. Angelopoulos has said of his film, "In dealing with borders, boundaries, the mixing of languages and cultures today, I am trying to seek a new humanism, a new way."⁵ It is a challenge that confronts us even more today. In a globalised world which seems to enable the movement and migration of people, we find even more examples of the dispossessed, the *sans-papiers*. When statehood equals our only form of intelligible existence, and our rights are referred upward, expected in legal codes and protections, what and who protects those in transit, between or beyond borders - those who have rejected, or have been rejected by their official state? This new humanism of which Angelopoulos speaks is needed more so than ever. The state cannot guarantee protection when it does not recognize you. A society overfed on nationalism and xenophobia by its tabloid media is in no hurry to defend the outside "other" which it perceives as an existential threat. Angelopoulos made films about the displaced; recognizing perhaps

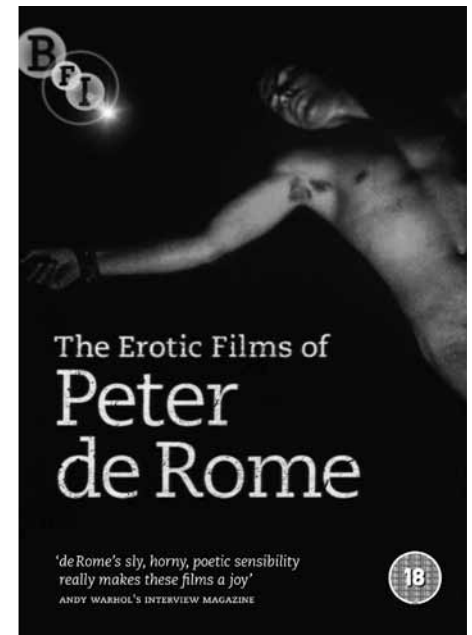
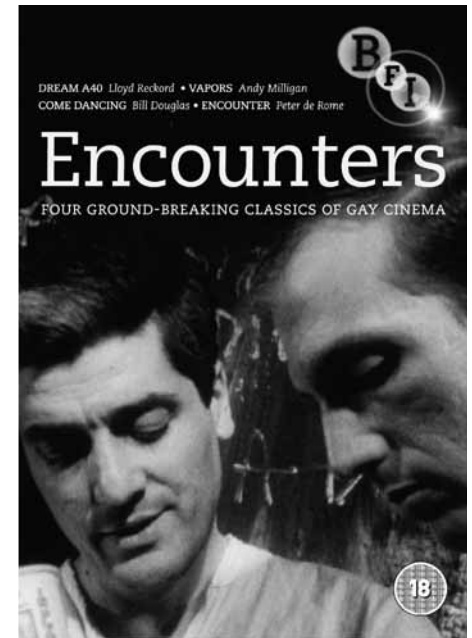
that the only thing we have to cling to is our roots; and failing that, our humanity. "If I take one more step I am... somewhere else, or... I die."⁶ Theodoros Angelopoulos, 1935 – 2012.

Ghosts

As the latest incarnation of the gay rights movement arguably reaches its peak (and most frustrating) hurdle - gay marriage – the BFI have released two DVDs that have made me reconsider the notion of history as evolution, and haunting.

The Erotic Films of Peter de Rome is a collection of the British born filmmaker's New York home movies made during the 1970s, and *Encounters* presents four short British and American films by different filmmakers made during the same period.

On the surface, of course the films in question are of great historical interest for a modern viewer. Shot during a time when homosexuality was either illegal or socially unacceptable, it is heartening to notice the changes and advancements since the productions, yet at the same time (most notably in Andy Milligan's *Vapours* set in a New York bathhouse) recognise signs and ways of behaviour still recognisable today. Whereas the *Encounters* collection draws together films perhaps intended for a wider audience, Peter de Rome's often playful, erotic and sensual films feel far more experimental and "amateur". Their near-pornographic content would, of course, have relegated them to private screenings for "interested" parties. For example, repeated close ups of soft or erect penises, masturbation and oral sex are intercut with shots of New York streets on summer days. Or as in one example, jump cutting is employed to slowly reveal a black man's penis as he dances to upbeat jazz music. He becomes more erect

Above: DVD *Encounters*, Below: DVD *Peter de Rome*

Still from *Dream A40*

over the course of his gyrating, ending in a close up of a rather impressive ejaculation. It is this tone which sets all of Peter de Rome's films. There is nothing downhearted about this work – it is celebratory and certainly more sexually playful than the work of Bailey, Warhol or Anger. For him, sex is to be enjoyed in its innocence and fun – and of course humour. During one short, a voiceover advertising the new car Pantera exclaims the joys of grabbing the stick-shift, as yet another full frontal erect penis is presented, intercut with a swirling spiral pattern; the point about the hypnotic aspect of sex and advertising is as unsubtle as his close ups of anal penetration.

De Rome is always finding new and interesting angles and set ups to film his naked muses. Men kiss through shower curtains, they search each other out in large Fire Island homes, they fuck in front of fish

tanks at the aquarium, they suck each other off on the subway, they throw phallic shadows on the wall and lie in chiaroscuro on church floors. It seems that de Rome's interest lies not in the political aspect of gay men's lives during this time (a refreshing sideways view from the heavily politicised nature of gay identity) but in its pleasures. It is not coarse or crude, but sensual and teasing. It is interesting to me, that for perhaps the first time, the

Still from *Encounters* by Peter de RomeStill from *Encounters* by Peter de Rome

nature of homosexual desire (and particularly its uncensored sexual manifestations) have been considered (by the BFI) and released as "cinema" for a wider audience, instead of mere pornography. Of course, the perennial question of genre distinctions relating to sex will never go away, but there is certainly something of cultural interest in the joyous way de Rome highlights the sacred nature of homosexual lovemaking. This was after all, the pre-AIDS era when gay sex had not yet become synonymous with disease in the minds of the moral-majority. These films come as a timely reminder that sex could be, and should remain something pleasurable and guilt-free.

In *Encounters* however, the tone is somewhat different than de Rome's erotics. The caustic and unfriendly bitchiness

displayed in *Vapours* reminds you just how guarded and cruel the gay world can be – a cruel world, it seems, requires a cruel defence. *Dream A40*, a beautiful film by Jamaican born Lloyd Reckord presents a young male couple on a road trip that descends into a nightmare fantasy scenario of guilt and paranoia. In *Come Dancing*, Bill Douglas highlights the fear that would undoubtedly accompany any encounter with a stranger – as a young man's flirtation with another in a seaside cafe ultimately leads to a homophobic stabbing. Finally, Peter de Rome makes an appearance with the film entitled *Encounters* not included in his *Erotic Films*. All over New York City, individual men amongst the crowds walk forward with outstretched hands, seemingly guided towards one location by an unseen force. They approach a shop front,

ascend the stairs, magically losing items of clothing en-route and come together in a secret room for a ritualistic orgy of tactile lovemaking. For me this is perhaps de Rome's most pertinent film – it conveys the nature of gay desire and longing so effectively, without a single word spoken. In the final shot, the men embrace in a circle, finally splaying out like an opening flower. It is an optimistic symbolic image to end an otherwise dark assessment of gay life in the 1960s and 1970s.

To return to this notion of haunting. The films made me think about the ways the past haunts the present time. We are forever haunted, I would argue, not just by the past as it is remembered, but by our concerns for the “what might have been”. What if I had applied to that college instead of this; what if I had been in those towers on September 11th; what if Hitler had triumphed? It is easy to calm our unease with the idea of inevitability; that somehow fate had prefigured this outcome all along. And of course, watching these films, you cannot help but consider the onslaught awaiting many of their subjects with the AIDS crisis and the political outrage that was to come in its wake. How did these men respond? How were they personally affected? Who lived long enough to see the light at the tunnel's end? And then of course, where would we be today if the political momentum of the 1980s had not been established in response to the disease? Images of pre-AIDS gay life haunts the now of gay identities and de Rome's images play like a trace of Eden before the fall.

Derrida's famous *hauntology* deals with the notion of the spectre – the paradoxical state of being and not being. Just as the spectre of failed (really existing) socialism

consistently haunts the capitalist order, so too does our symbolic and imaginary past haunt the present with its failures, shames, traumas and desires. Derrida explains it like the “ungraspable visibility of the invisible” but at the same time the “invisibility of the visible”⁷. This haunting, I would argue, requires an identification. Perhaps to be truly haunted at all is simply to find oneself identifying with a person or an idea that somehow resists total symbolic inclusion into our lives; it is there, but forever somehow out of reach. With de Rome et al we recognise an aspect of ourselves in these characters and situations, despite their distance from us in time. Our struggle for sexual emancipation and social equality today is haunted by this often traumatic past because it is from this place we continue to try and rise above. As much as we strive, it still binds us.

Yet unlike a spectre which watches us (isn't the most haunting aspects of ghosts their ability to watch us as we sleep?), the spectres of these newly released films do not look back. Their era is not ours, it asks nothing of us. The hands being stretched out in de Rome's New York streets are certainly not reaching for us. The lovemaking is their own, and the traumas of Bill Douglas and Lloyd Reckord are addressed to the few sympathetic ears in their own time – however out of joint it may feel. Perhaps then, we are not so much *being* haunted by these flickering images, as we are haunting *them*. Searching desperately to make their stubborn remains present. I suggest a work of mourning is going on here. History is a construction in the now, making the past relevant now by bringing today to bear upon it. We need it, I suppose; without it our identities feel rootless and unsupported. Without the identification through time, we could not believe in



Still from *Encounters* by Peter de Rome

a sense of progress – of evolution towards something truly Good.

The current gay rights movement relies, like any political movement, on the notion of progress. It can only aim forward, towards a better place, if it can refer back to these experiences, and it is a great blessing that the BFI have made these films available for a new generation.

- 1 Zizek, S., *The Sublime Object of Ideology*, Verso, 2008, P.95
- 2 Butler, J., *Bodies That matter*, Routledge, 1993, P.68
- 3 Weil, S., *Liberty and Oppression*, Routledge, 2001, P.53
- 4 For an in depth analysis, see Weil, S., *Oppression and Liberty*, Routledge, 2001
- 5 Quote found at Theodoros Angelopoulos' IMDB page. Sourced February 2012. www.imdb.com/name/nm0000766/bio
- 6 *The Suspended Step of the Stork*, Theodoros Angelopoulos, 1991
- 7 Derrida, J., *Specters of Marx*, Routledge, 1994, p.6



One+One is looking for writers and articles.

Articles can be theoretical or practical; however, we are not 5 stars reviews based. We believe and want to encourage a thorough and critical analysis of filmmaking and its social and cultural effects and implications. Contributors should not write from a consumer perspective, or merely a theorist. All articles should be influenced by the act of filmmaking to a greater or lesser extent. We encourage a wide variety of articles whether autobiographical, journalistic, historical, philosophical, socio-political or whether they are manifestos, letters, diaries, sketchbooks or interviews. However the perspective of the filmmaker or the critical re-invention of film, as a theme, is of central importance. **One+One** always tries to tread the fine line between straight up academic prose and popular writing, we encourage articles which can reach a popular audience of filmmakers, artists and intellectual laypersons without becoming anti-intellectual. All articles should cover at least one of the topics listed below.

- Filmmaking practice (including articles written from a practical viewpoint.)
- Broader social, cultural and economic issues for filmmakers
- Film piracy, the internet, new technology and its social, cultural and economic implication.
- Social and political issues in films
- Contemporary Independent and World Cinema (This could include little known or important films or filmmakers from all over the world)
- Pornography and sex in film
- Art and cult cinema
- Activism and Filmmaking
- Film as part of a "Revolution in Progress"
- Underrated or under-acknowledged filmmakers or acknowledged filmmakers who have radically and experimentally broken boundaries in some way
- Redesigning cinema space and film experience
- Filmmaking and film in relation to cultural theory such as psychoanalysis, phenomenology, psychogeography, queer theory, body politics and Marxism

Articles can range from 500-5000, Although the length should be appropriate to the content.

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