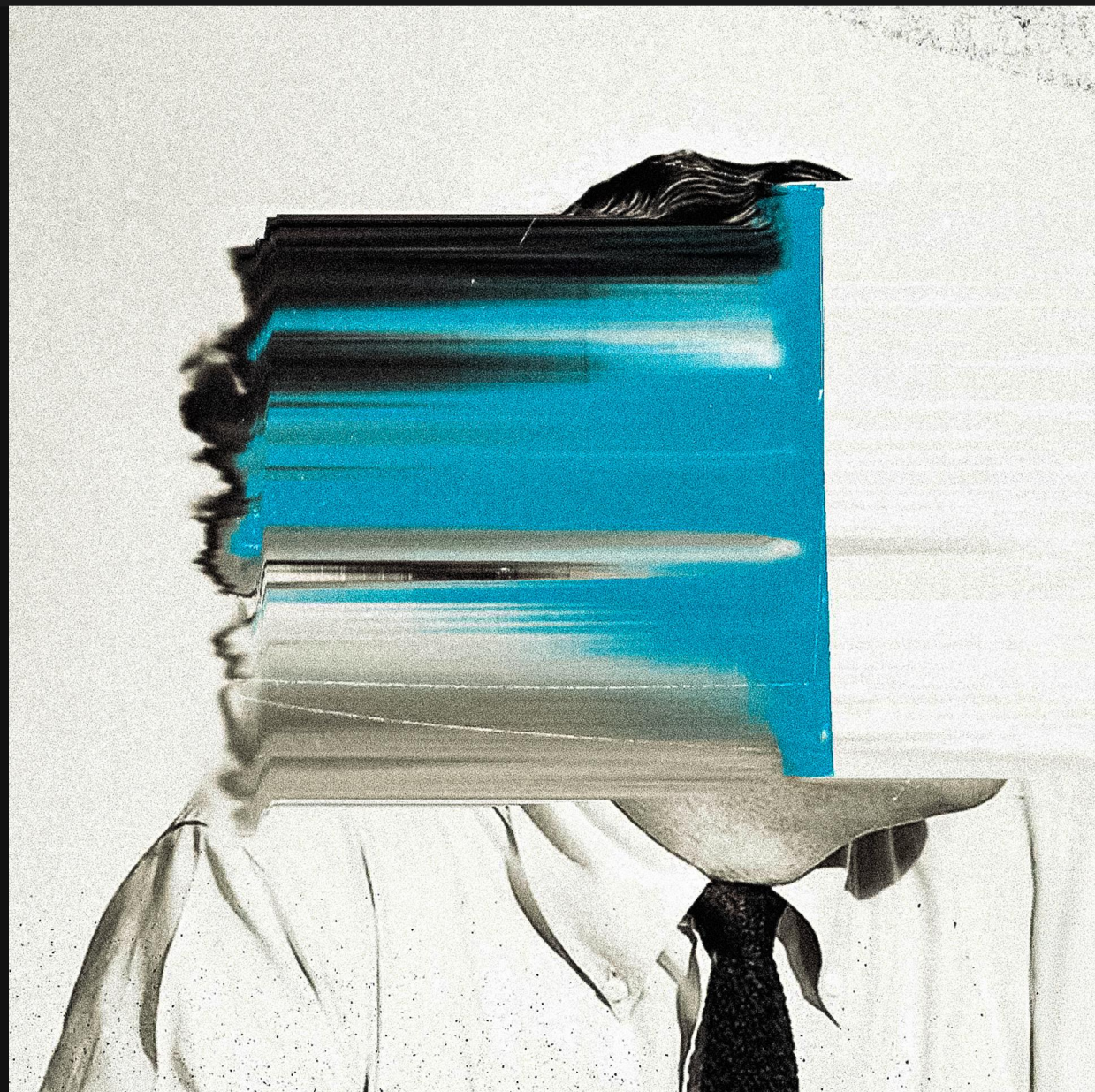
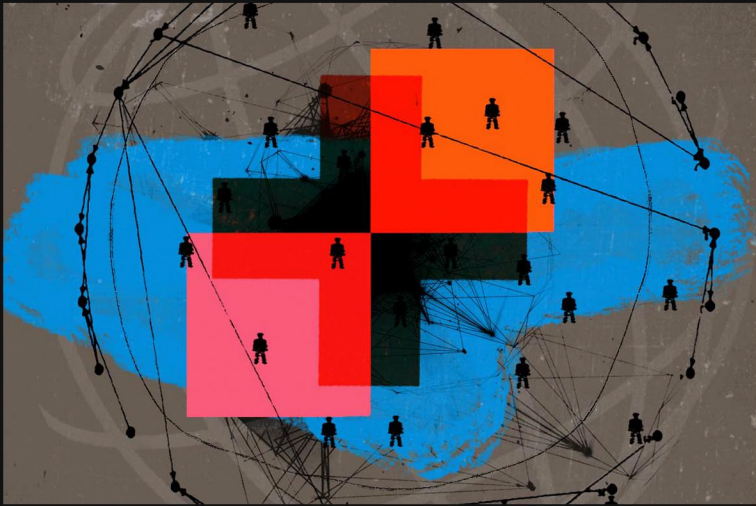
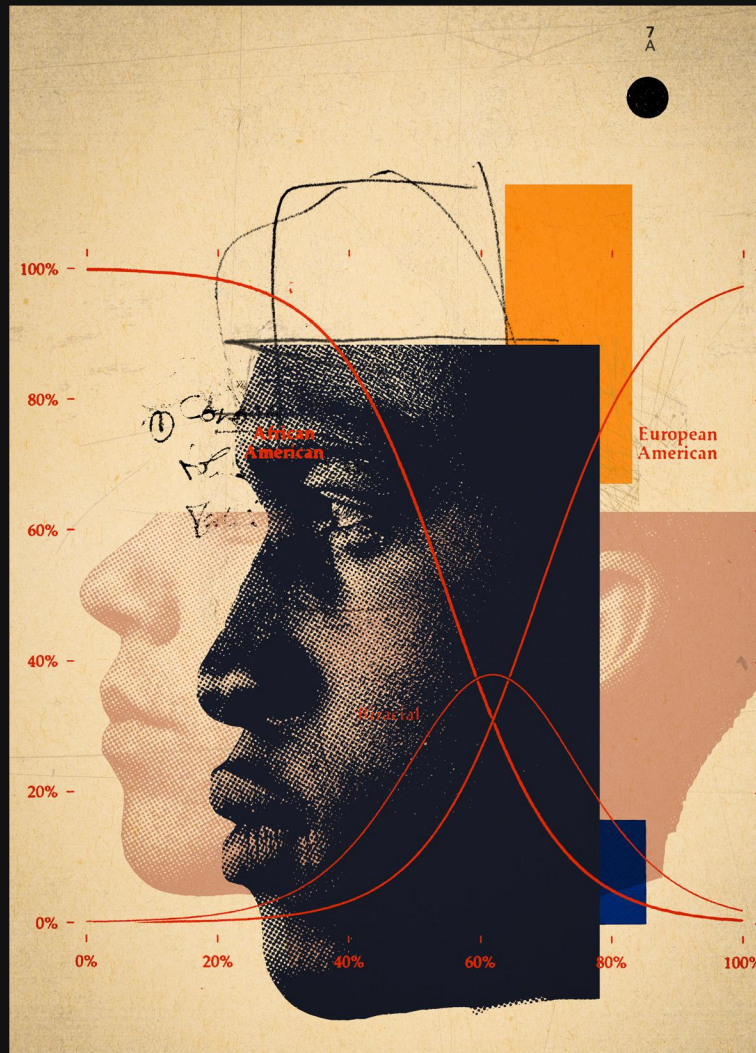
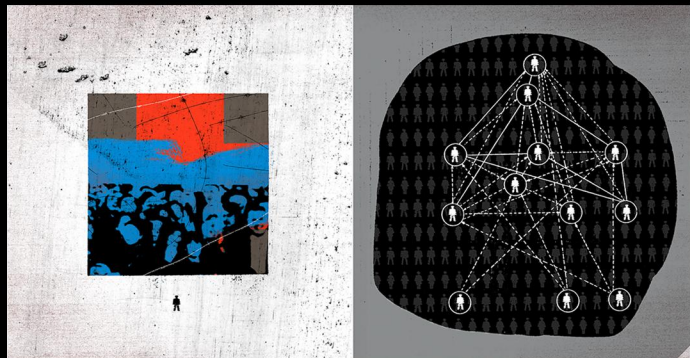


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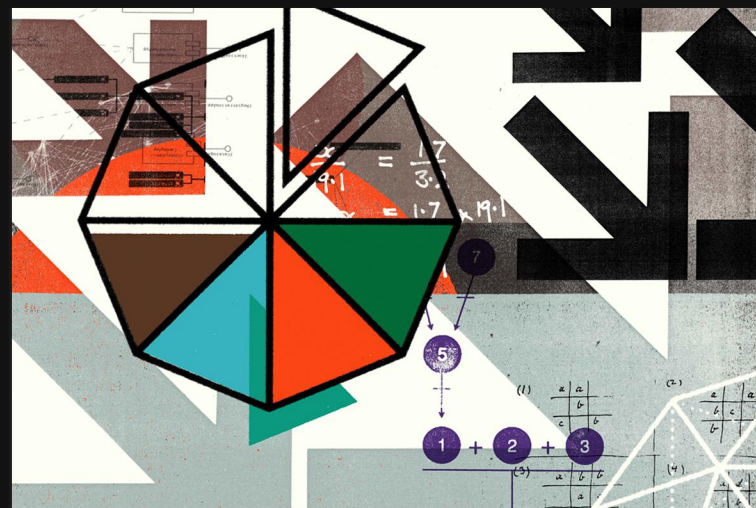
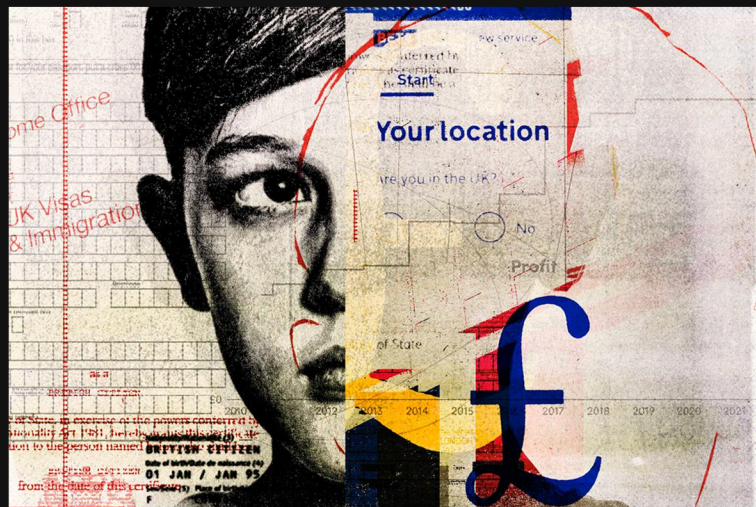
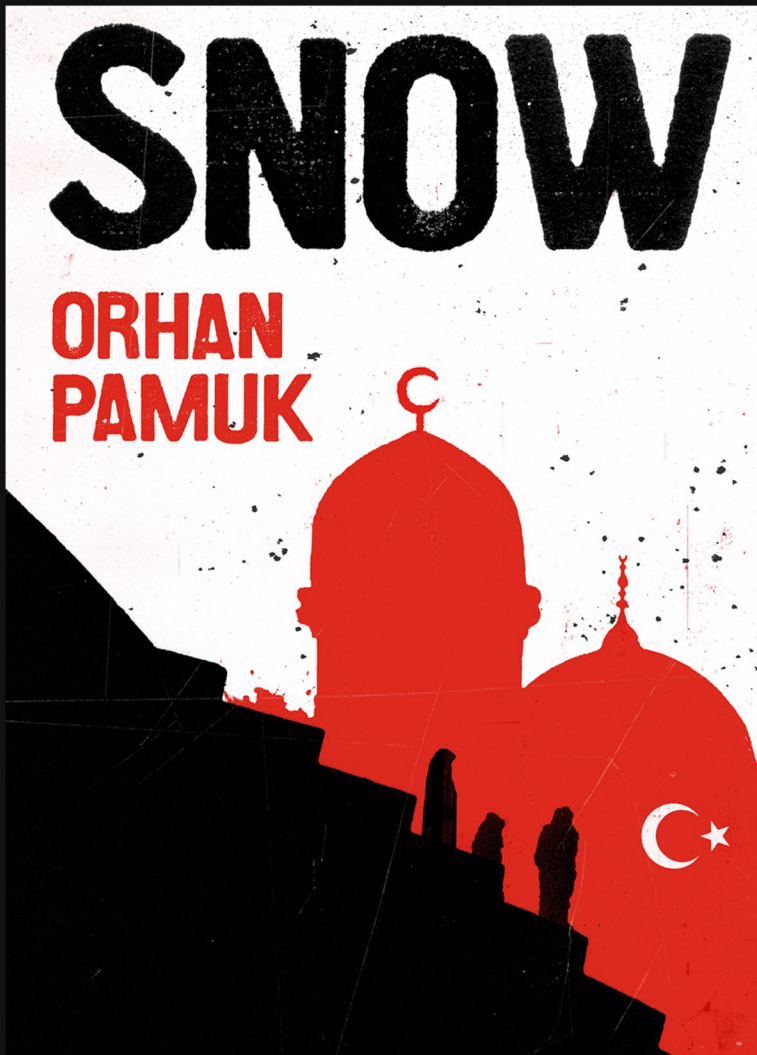


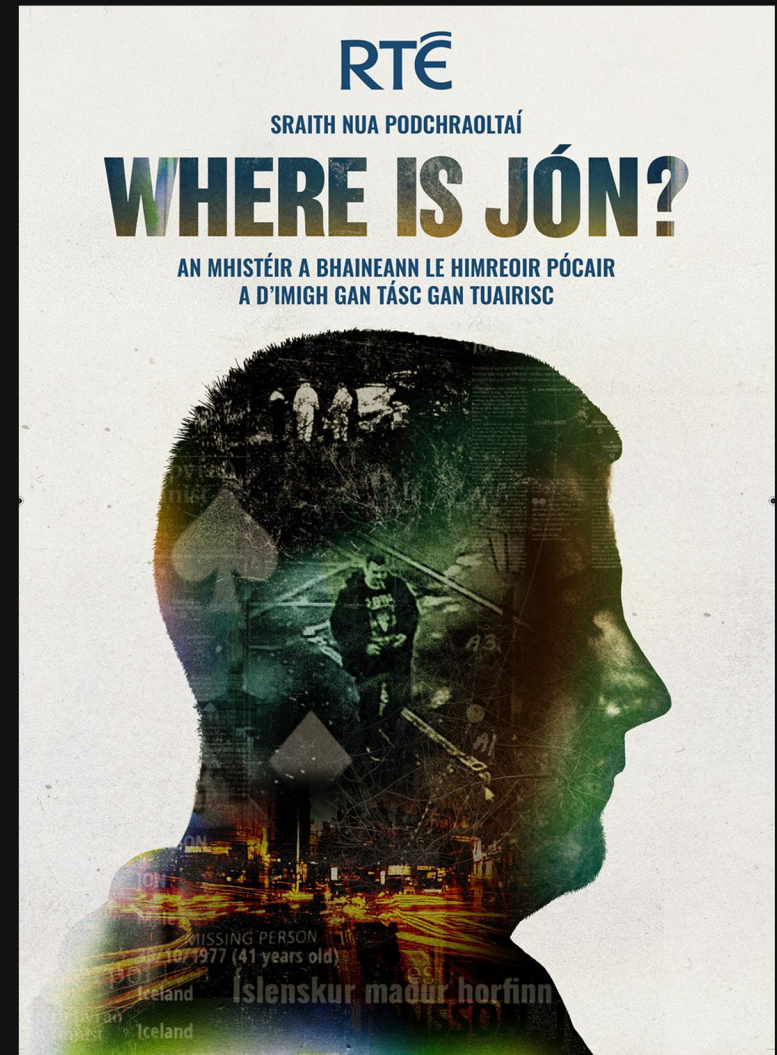
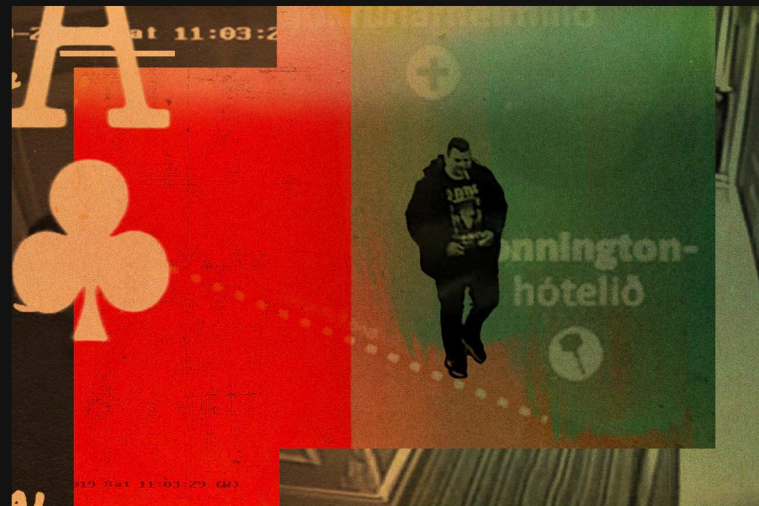
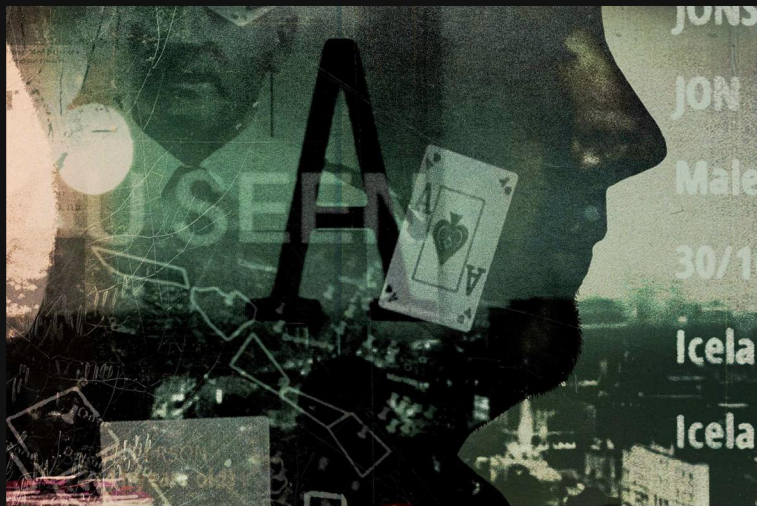
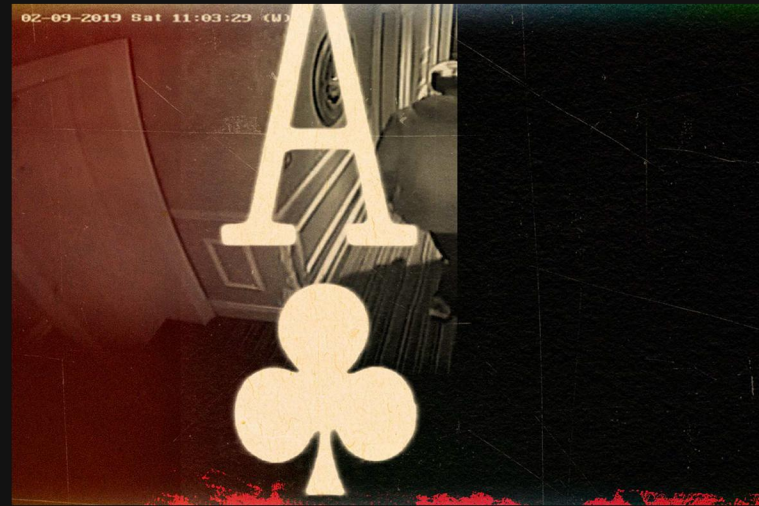




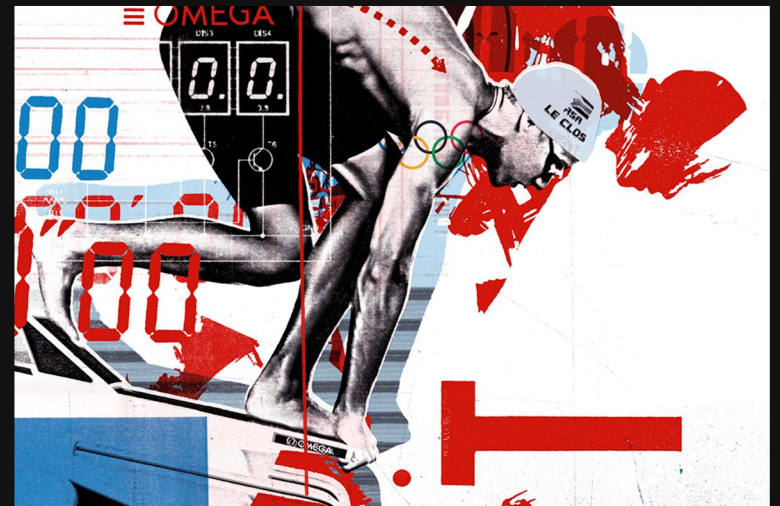


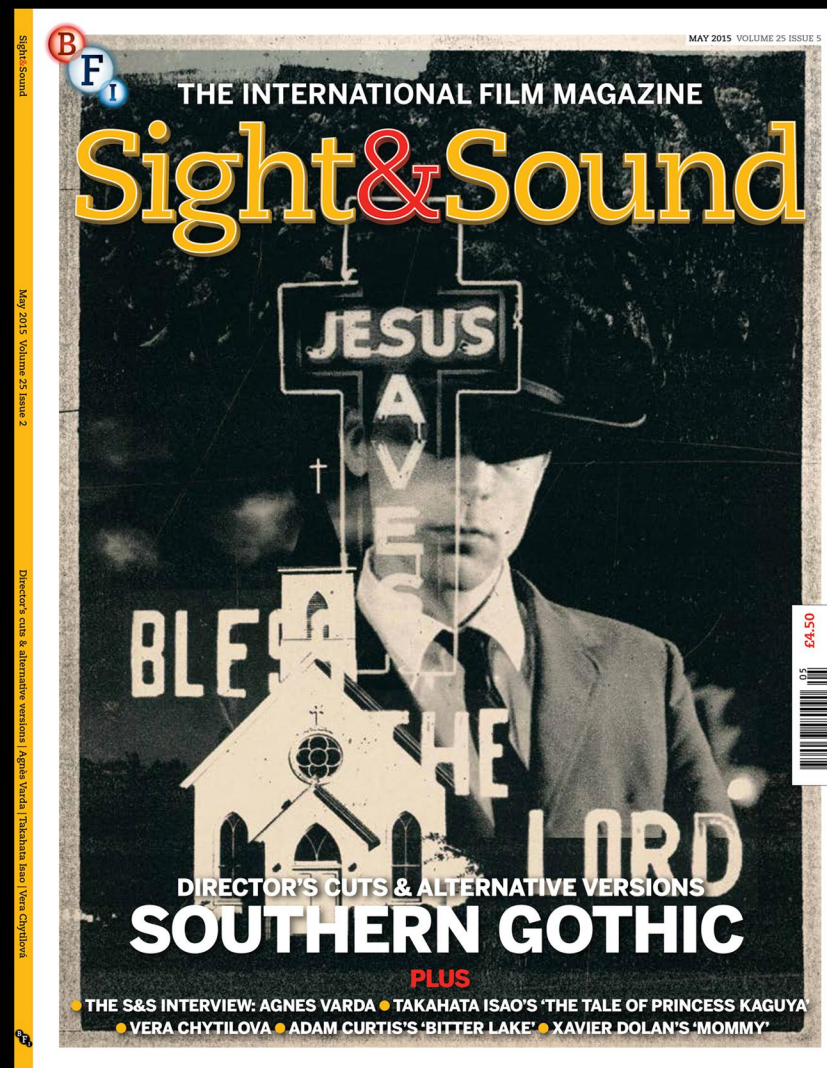












Sight & Sound

May 2015 Volume 25 Issue 5

Director's cuts & alternative versions | Agnes Varda | Takahata Isao | Vera Chytilová



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THE INTERNATIONAL FILM MAGAZINE

Sight & Sound

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DIRECTOR'S CUTS & ALTERNATIVE VERSIONS

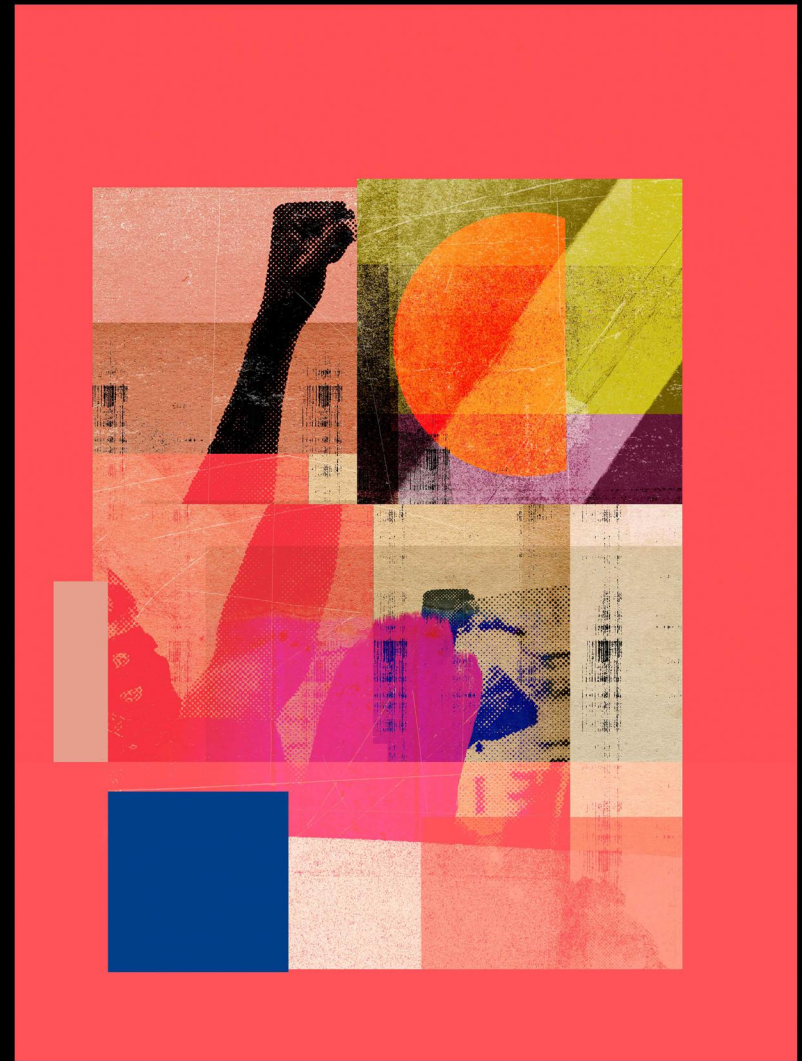
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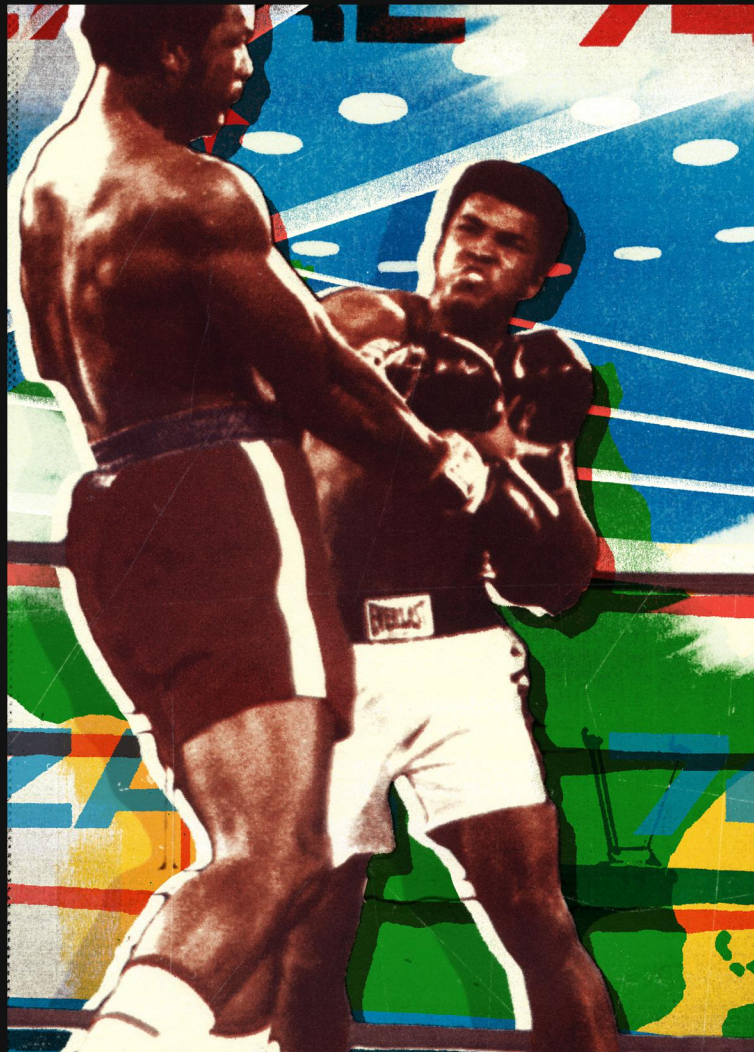
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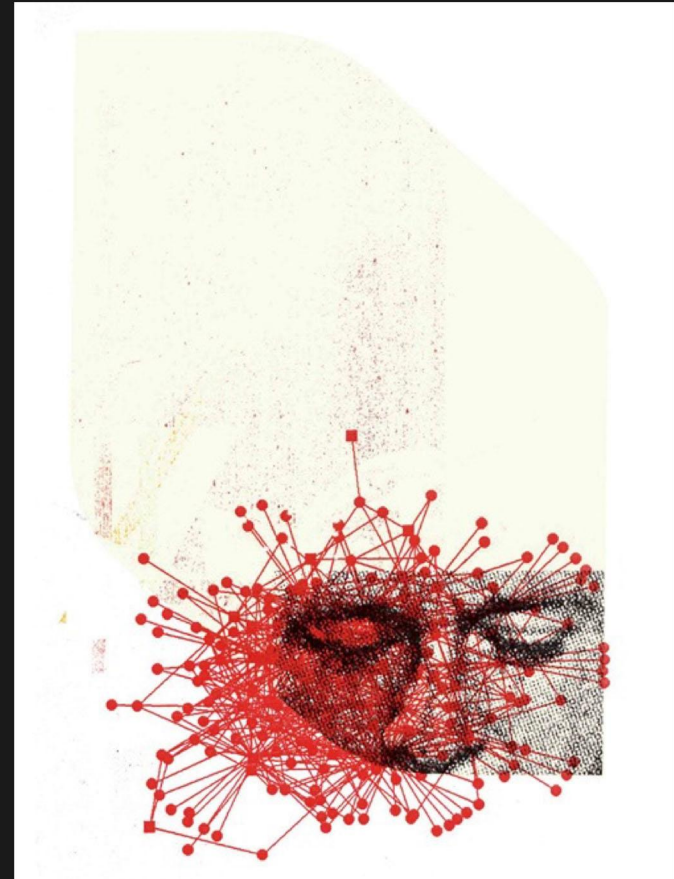
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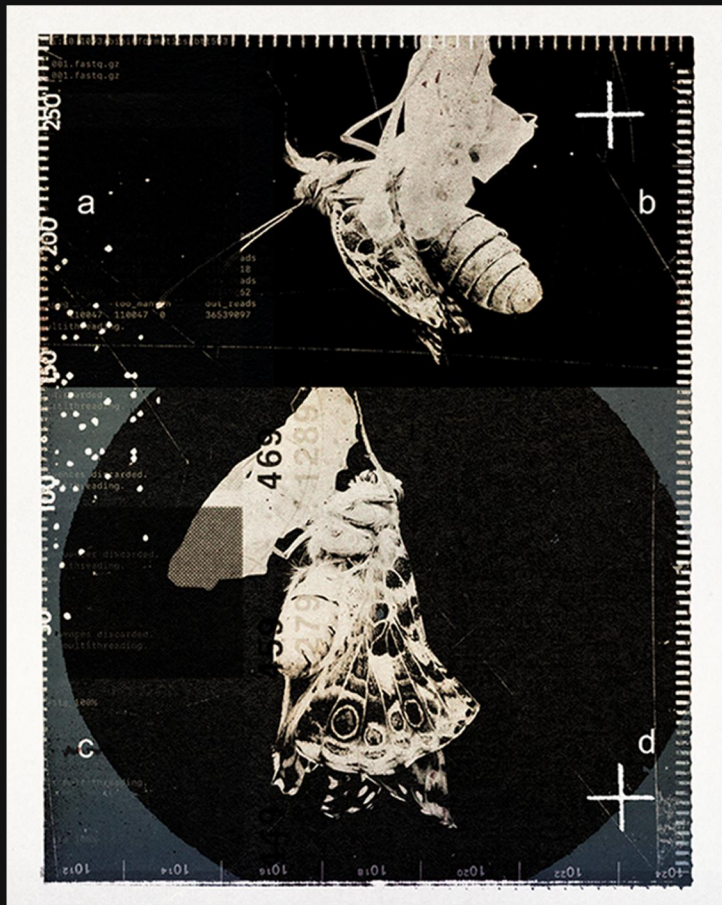


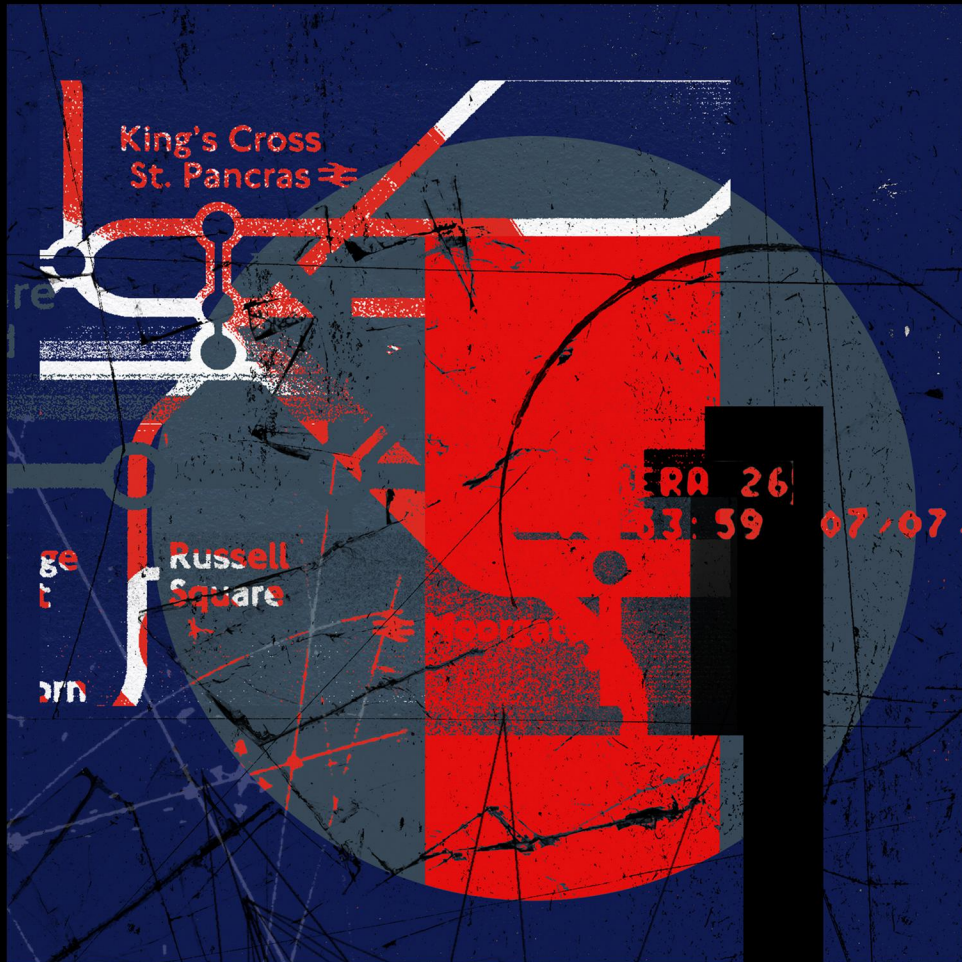


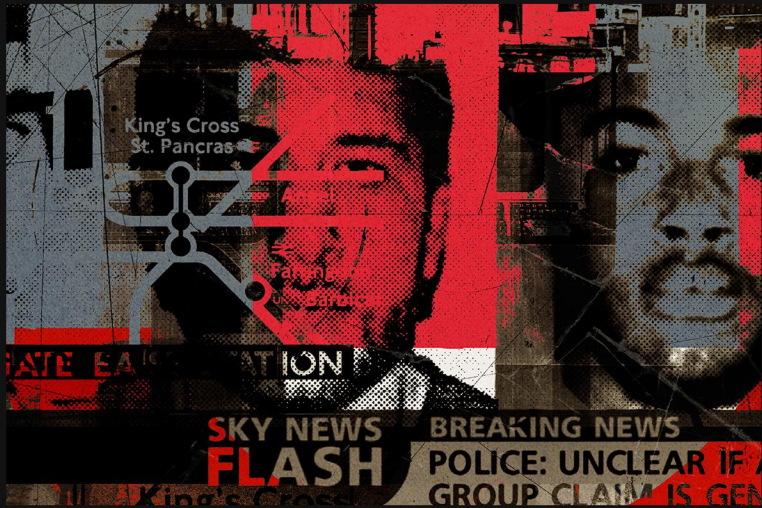






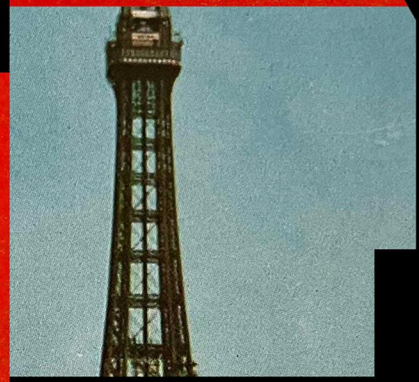


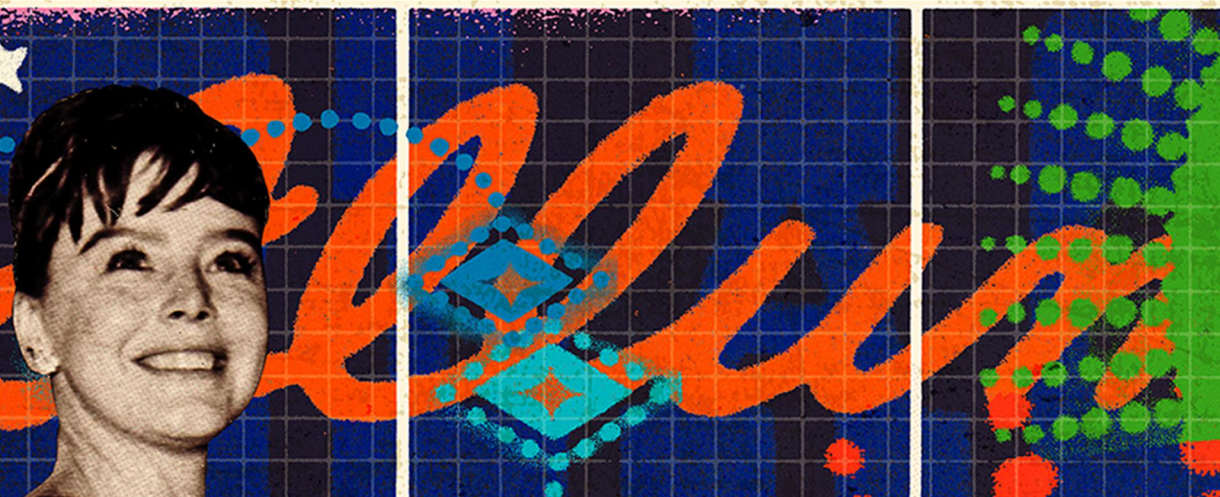




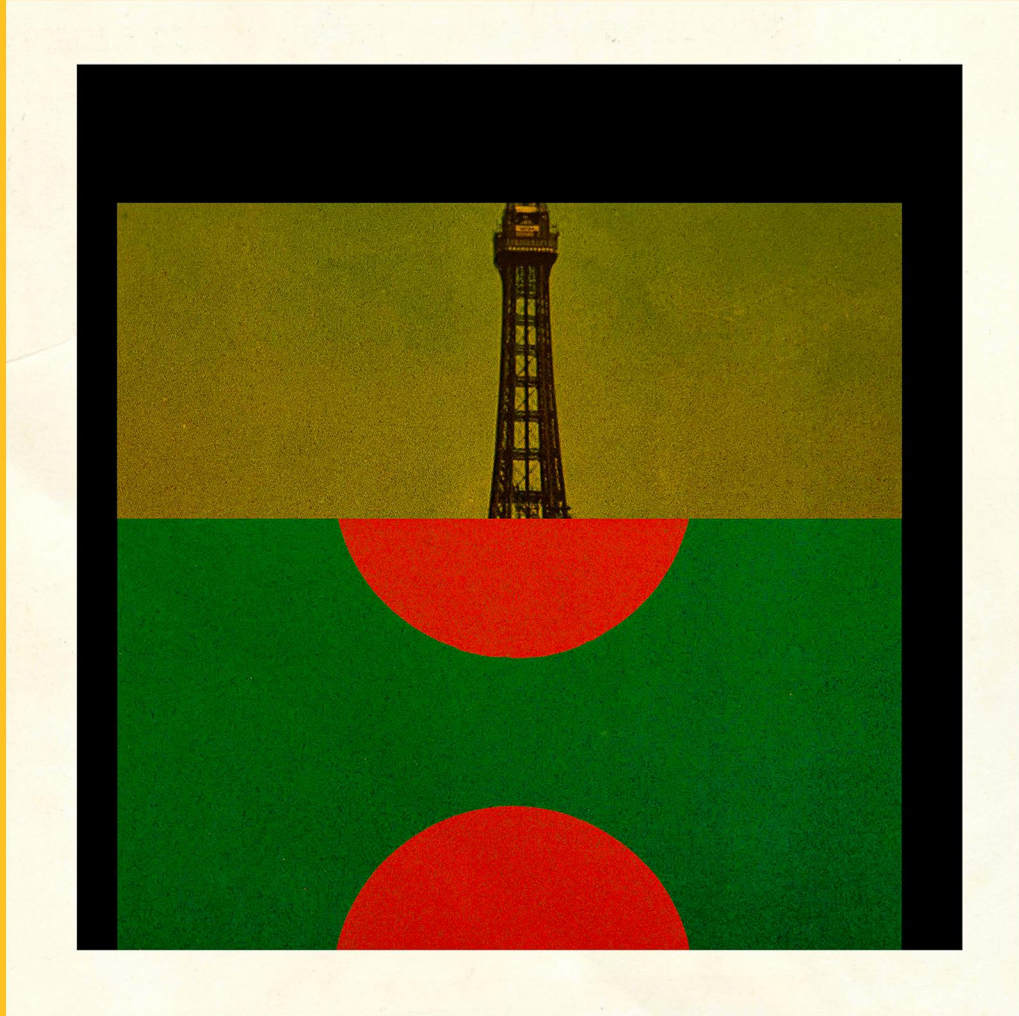


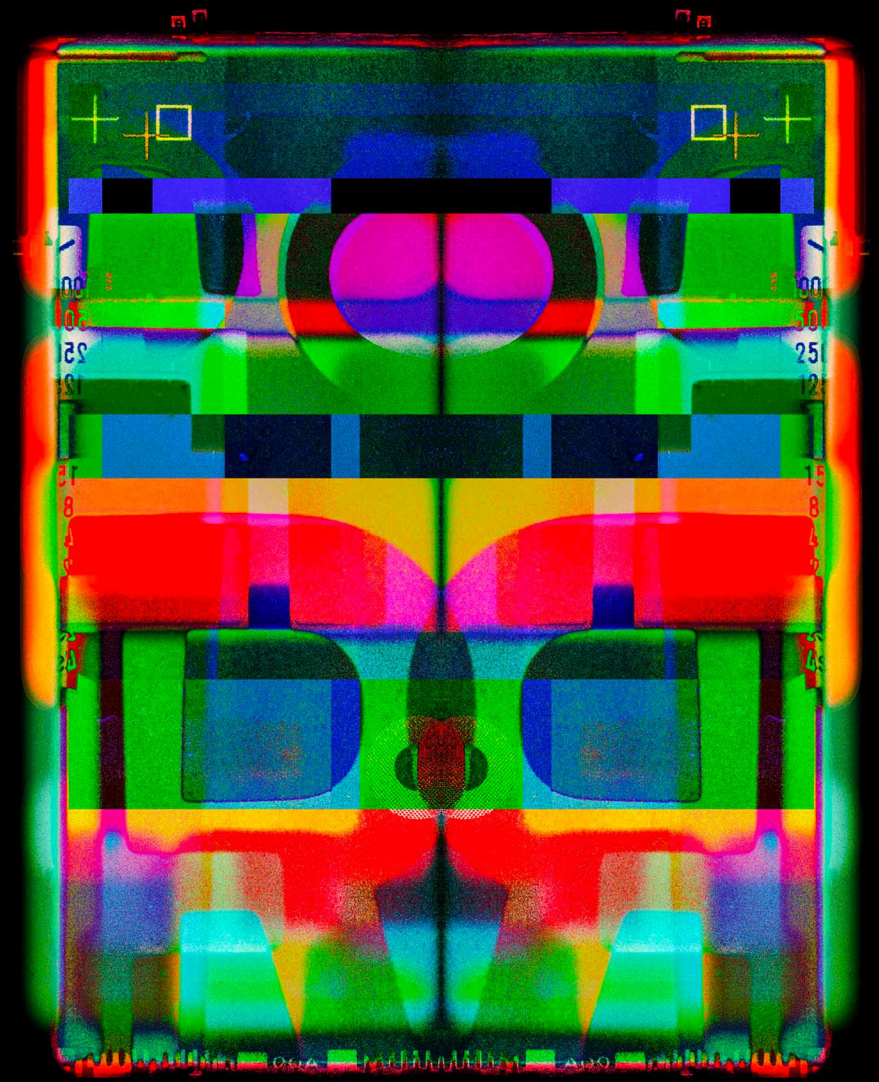
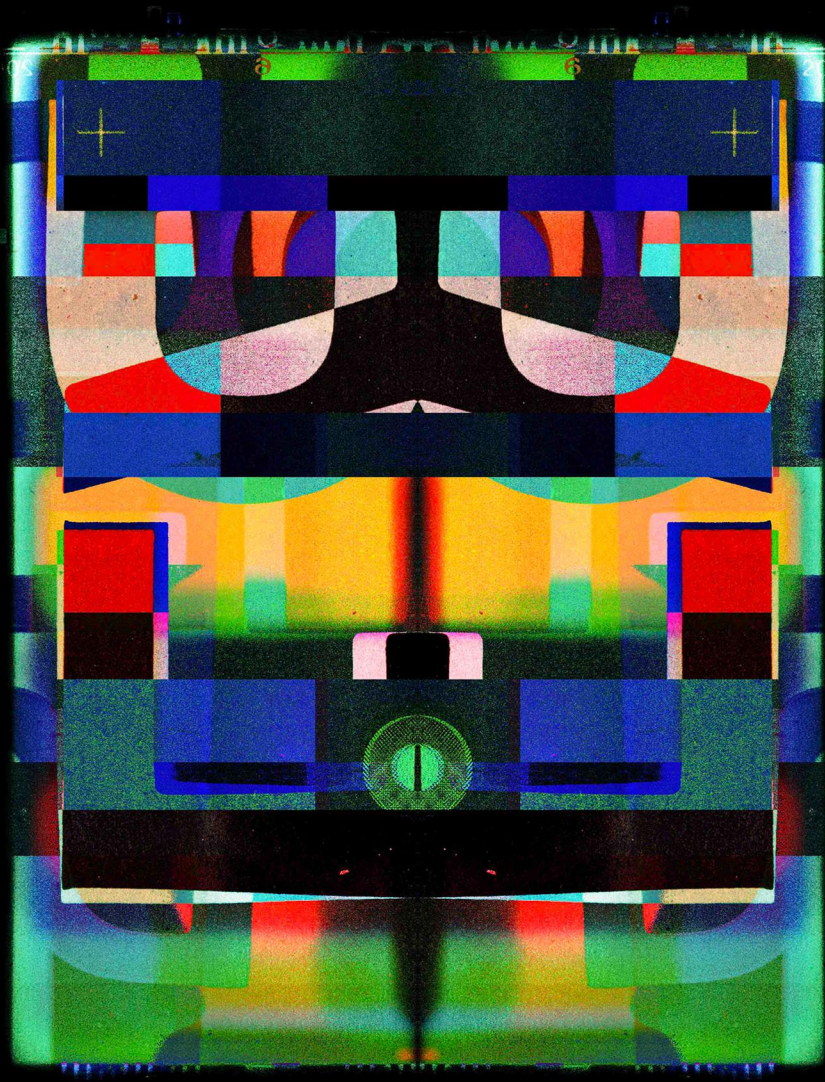
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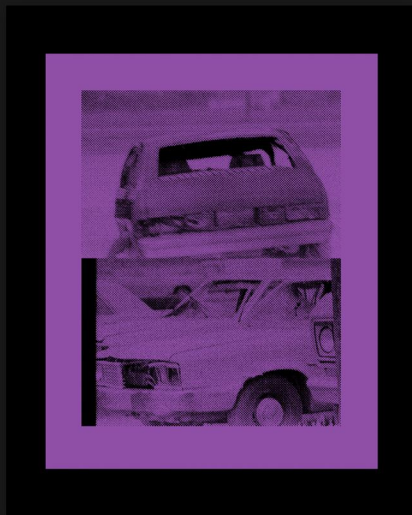
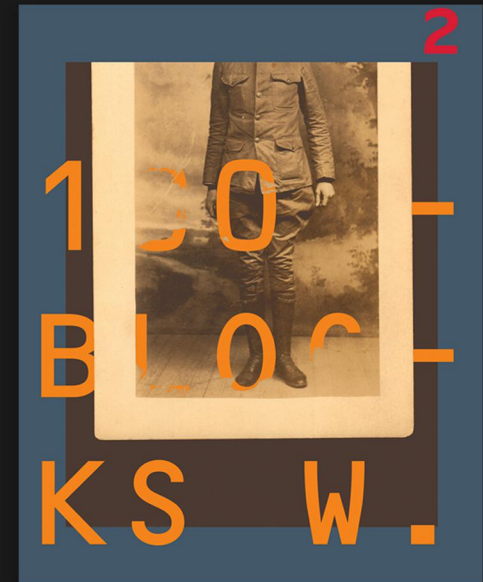
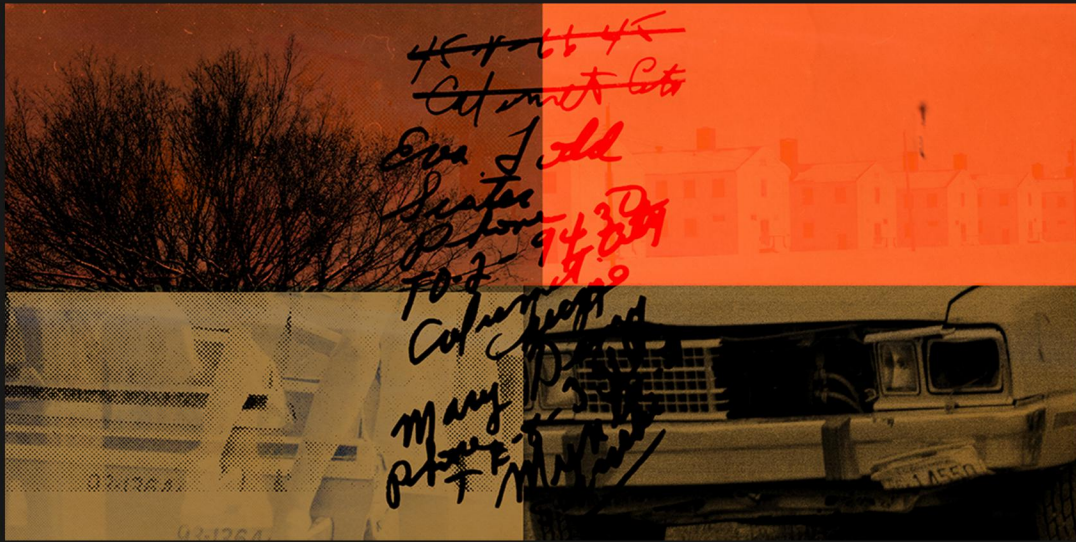




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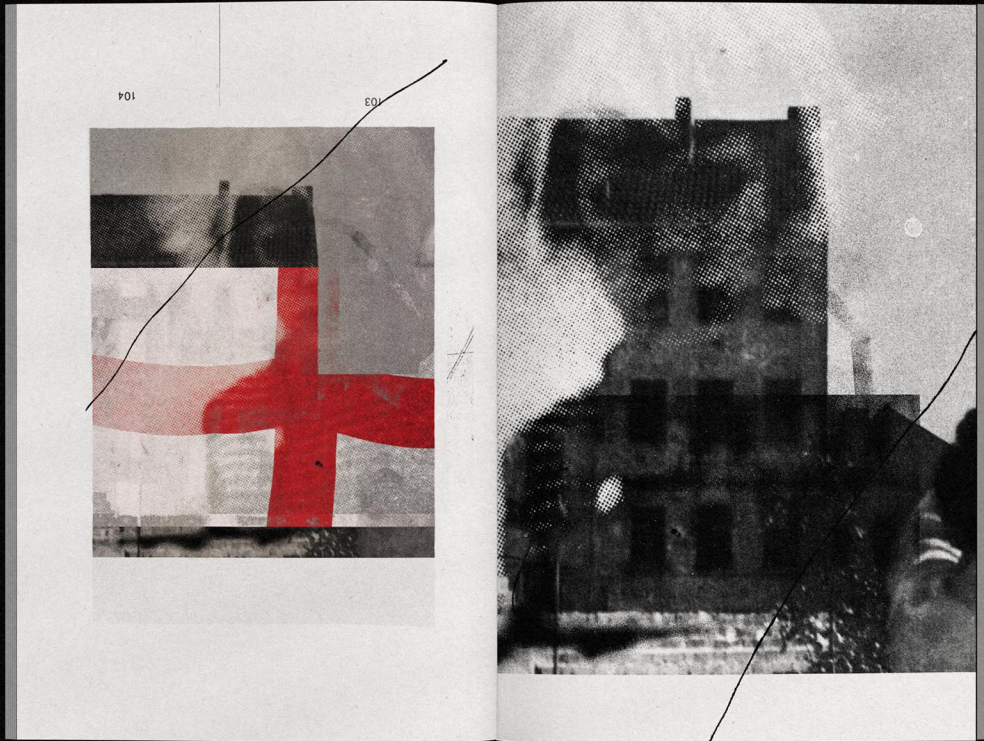






MEMO—

'ARCHIVES, ARE NOT PASSIVE STOREHOUSES..BUT ACTIVE SITES WHERE SOCIAL POWER IS NEGOTIATED, AND MEMORY IS NOT SOMETHING FOUND OR COLLECTED IN ARCHIVES BUT SOMETHING MADE AND CONTINUALLY



This is England

1937
Jessie Florence Jones

It often feels impossible to talk about working-class childhood, I think especially in writing, where you're bound by language that bears responsibility to vernacular and colloquialism. It often ends up feeling parodic and clumsy. Sometimes it feels like you're just mocking the thing you're trying to honestly depict.

I used to think it was easier with visual media, films in particular, because you could show, with greater subtlety, rather than fall the same caricatured path. But, of course, this can be equally guilty of stereotype and laziness. Moody over-head shot of brick terraced houses with a grey filter: here it is.

This is England is different though; I saw glimmers of my own childhood there.

This is a movie that depicts an era some ten years my senior, in 1983. The political landscape of the film, now hauntingly familiar, was slightly more distant then. It was 2007 when I saw it; we had just edged from Blair to Blair with Gordon Brown. I had heard of Thatcher before, loosely, without really knowing who she was.

Maybe this is why *This is England* resonated so much. Maybe there was a sort of hauntology to the film without me knowing; a premonition that I was liminally between the birth of this Neoliberal nightmare, and on the cusp of its escalation.

I wasn't aware of any of this at the time of course.

