

alex williamson
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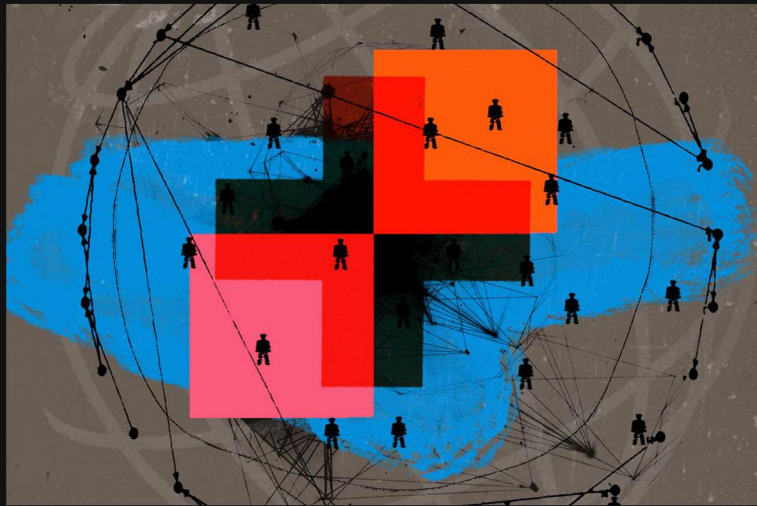
making complex ideas visible:
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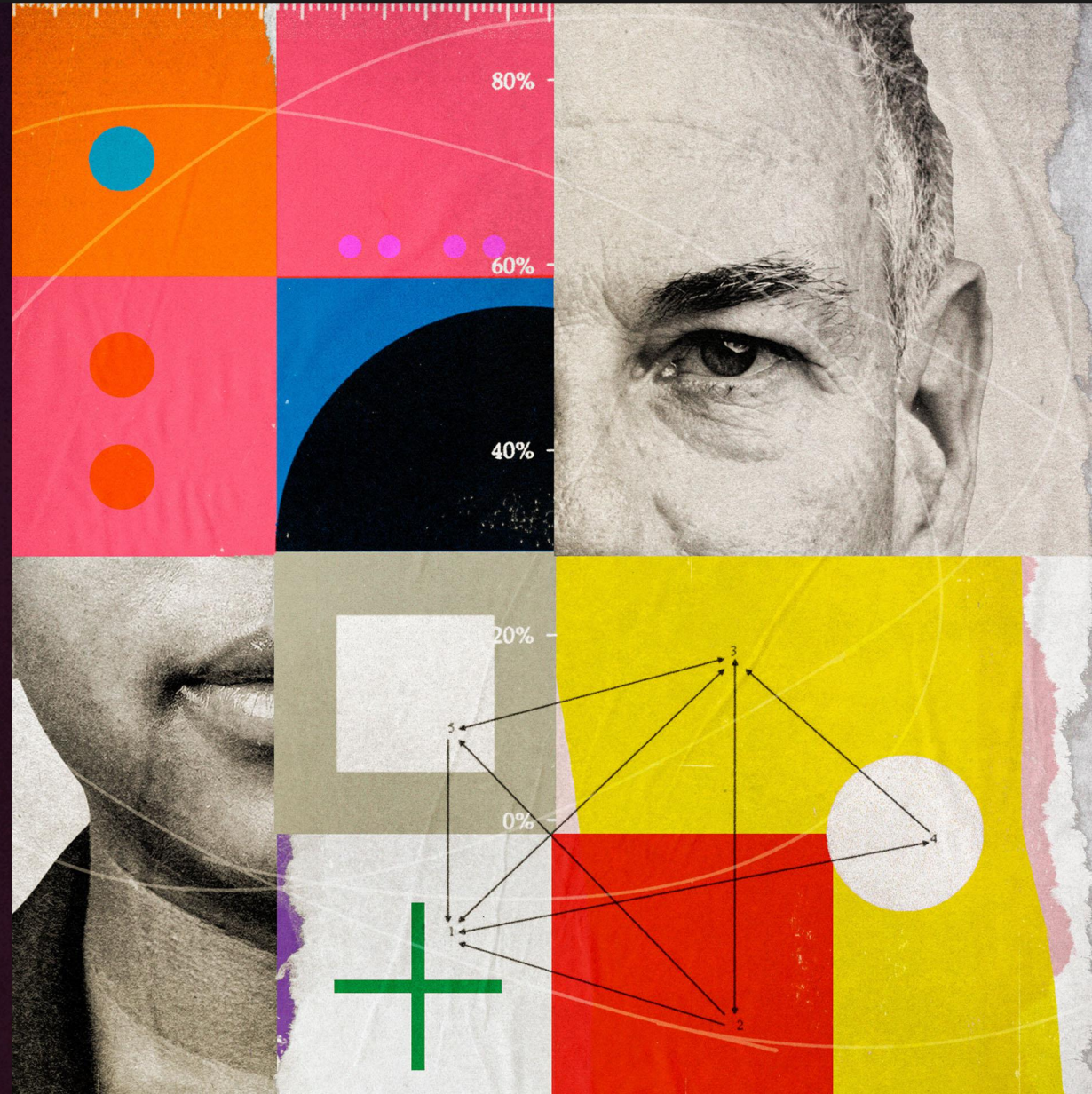
research-led visual storytelling,
communicating ideas with clarity,
curiosity and imagination.
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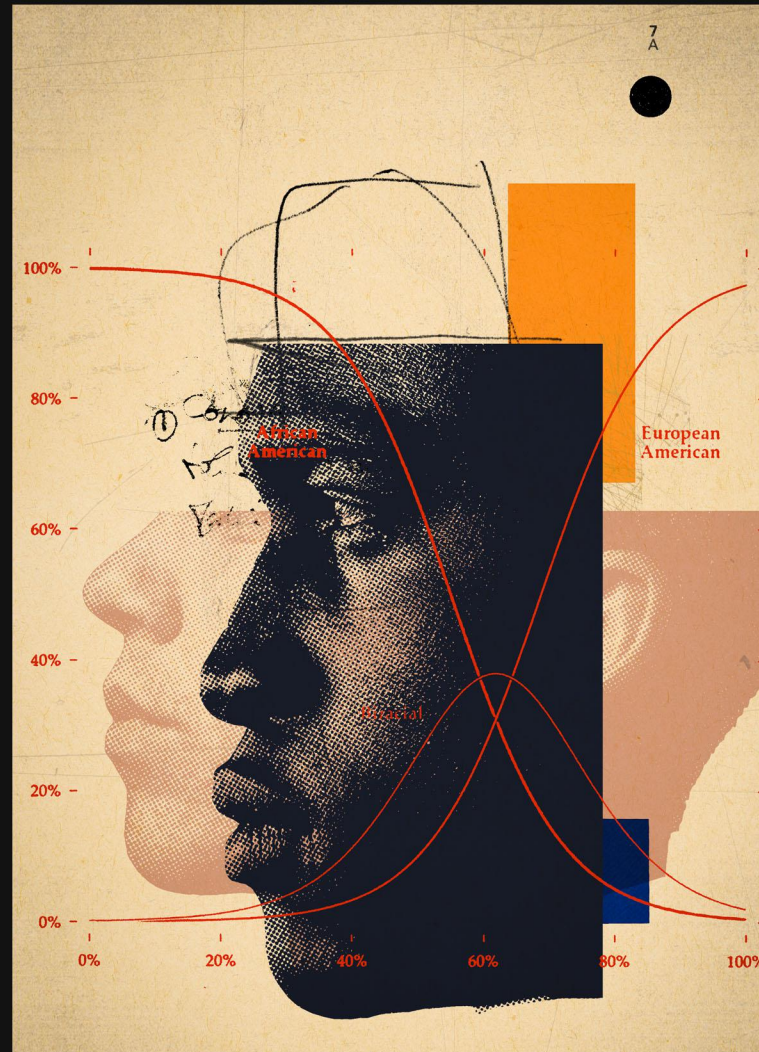
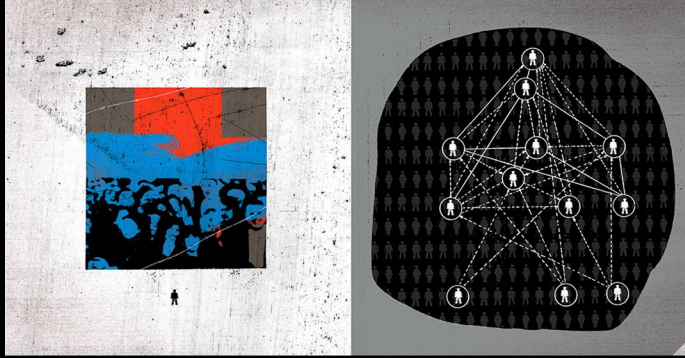
illustration / design
visual experience
editorial / motion
installation / exhibition
archive / interaction

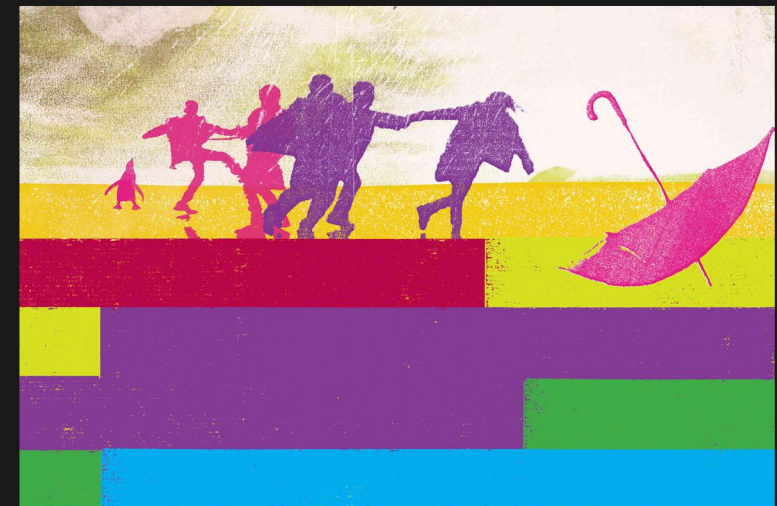
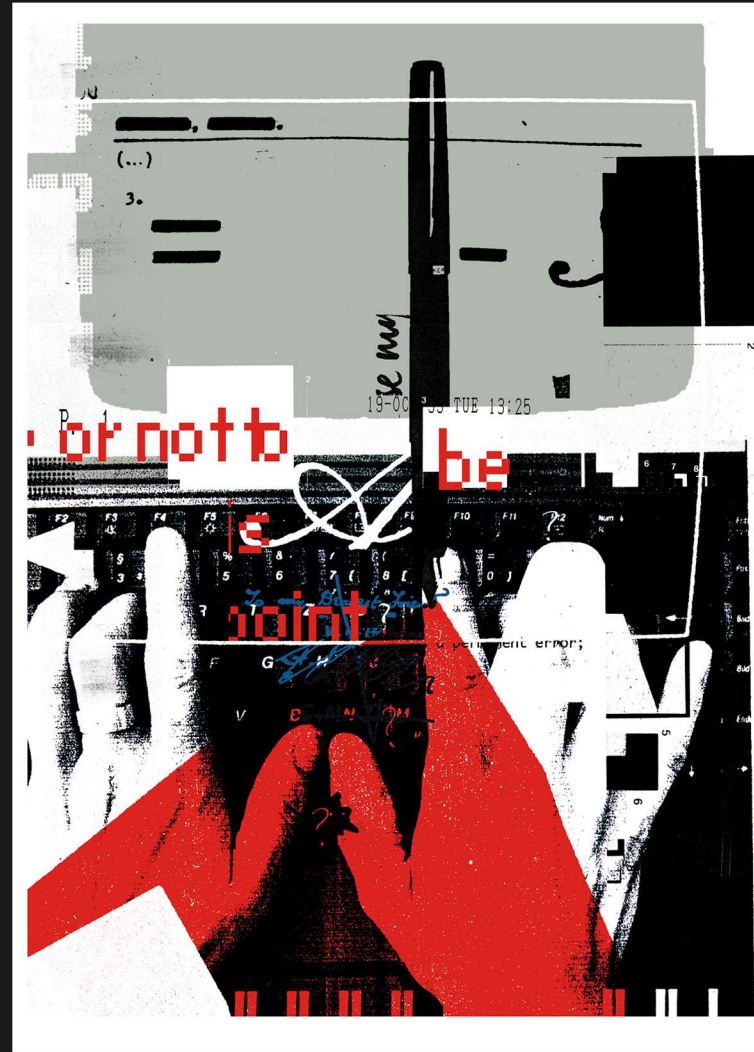
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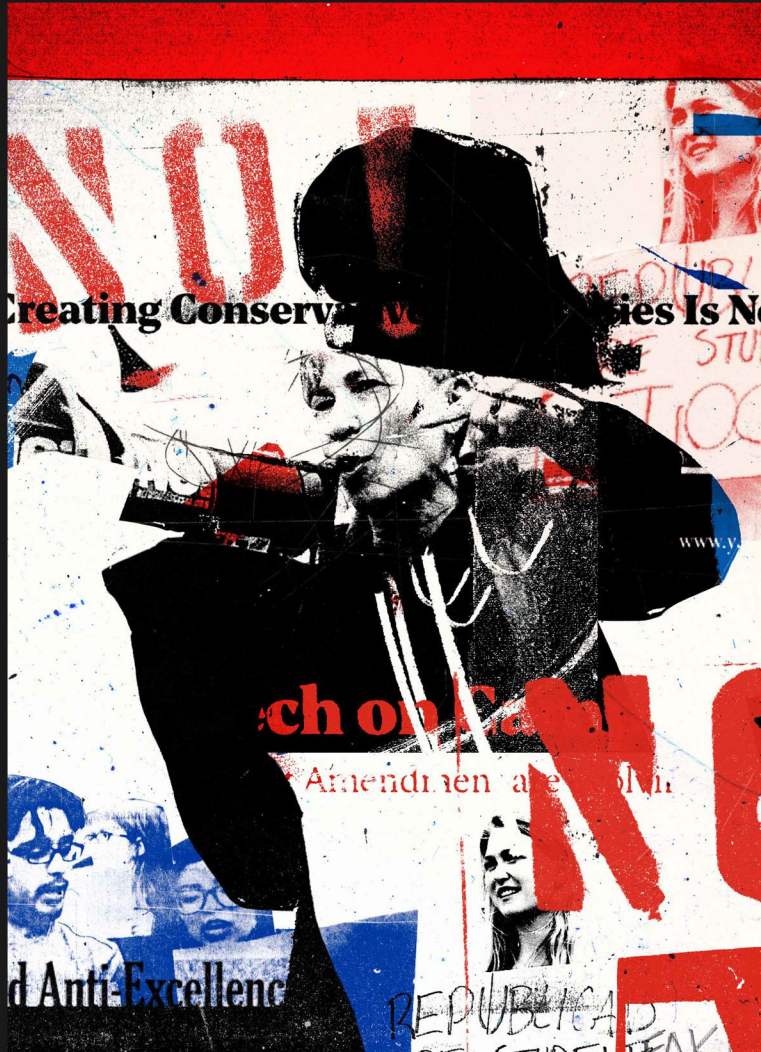


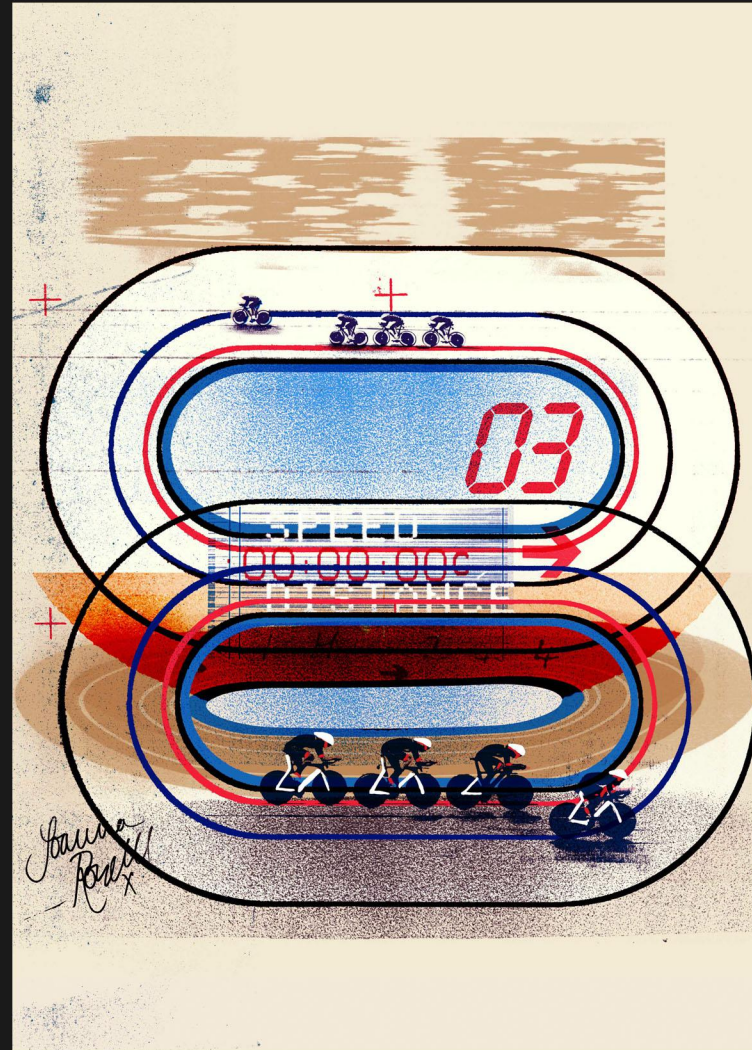




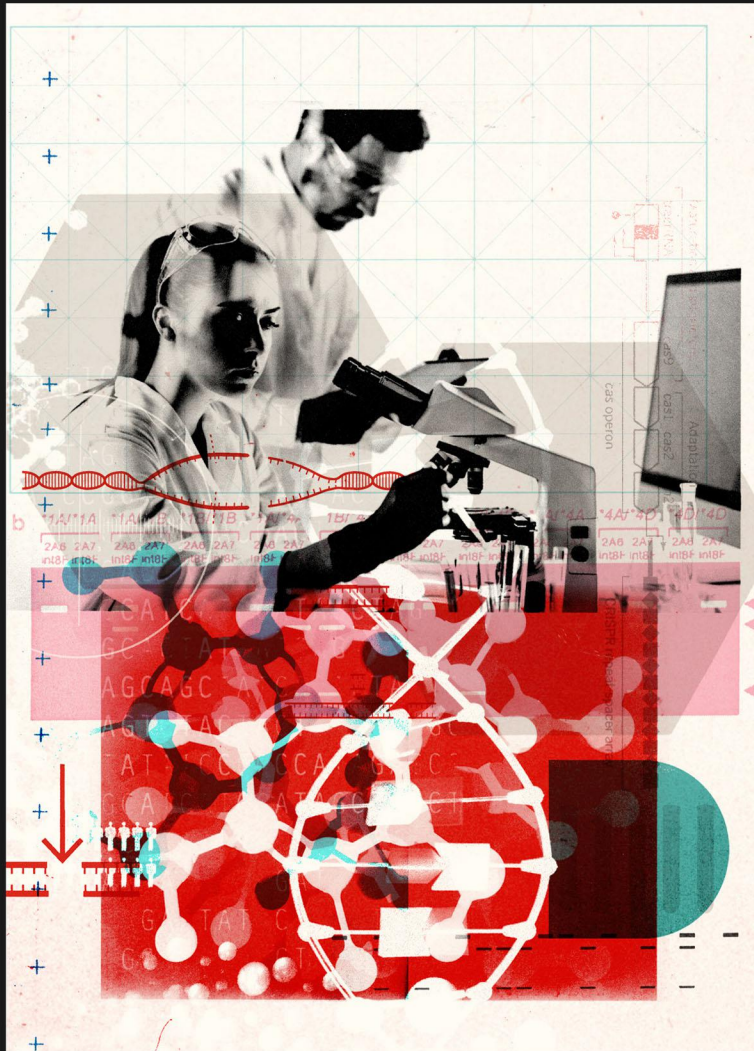


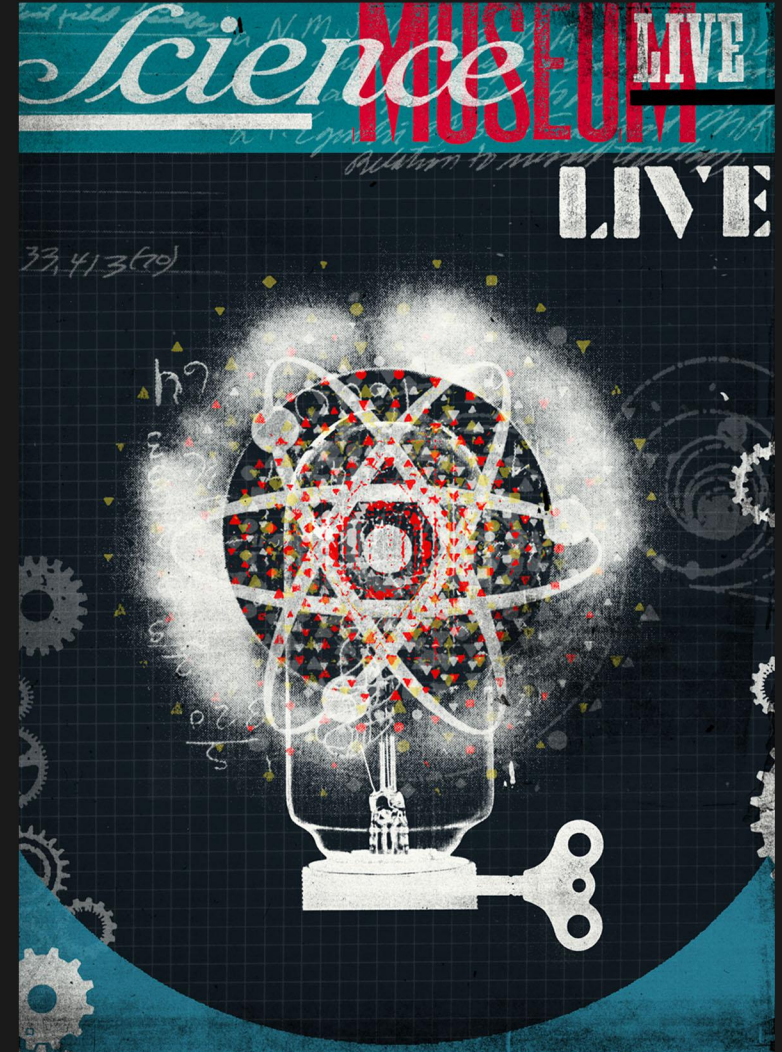


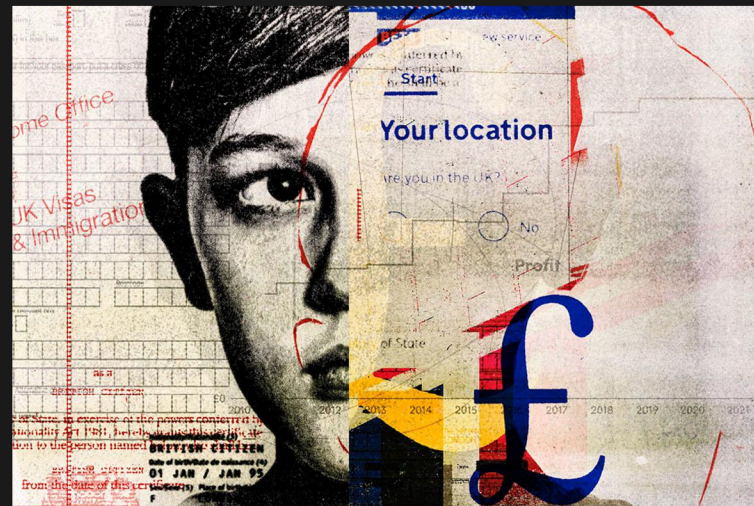
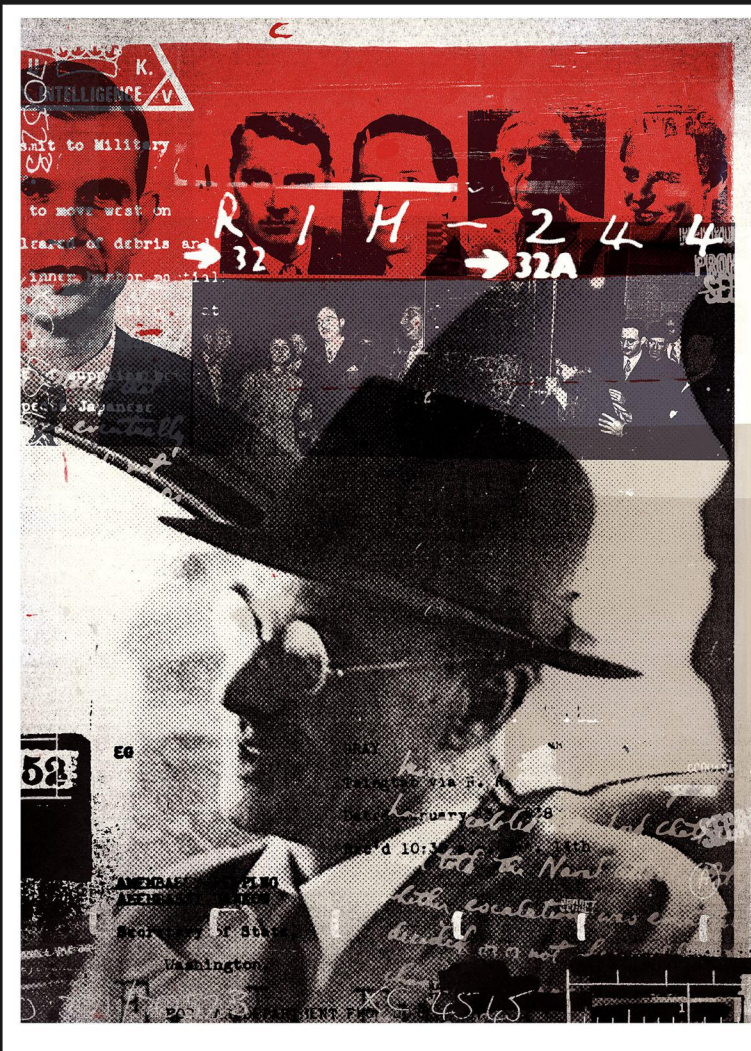


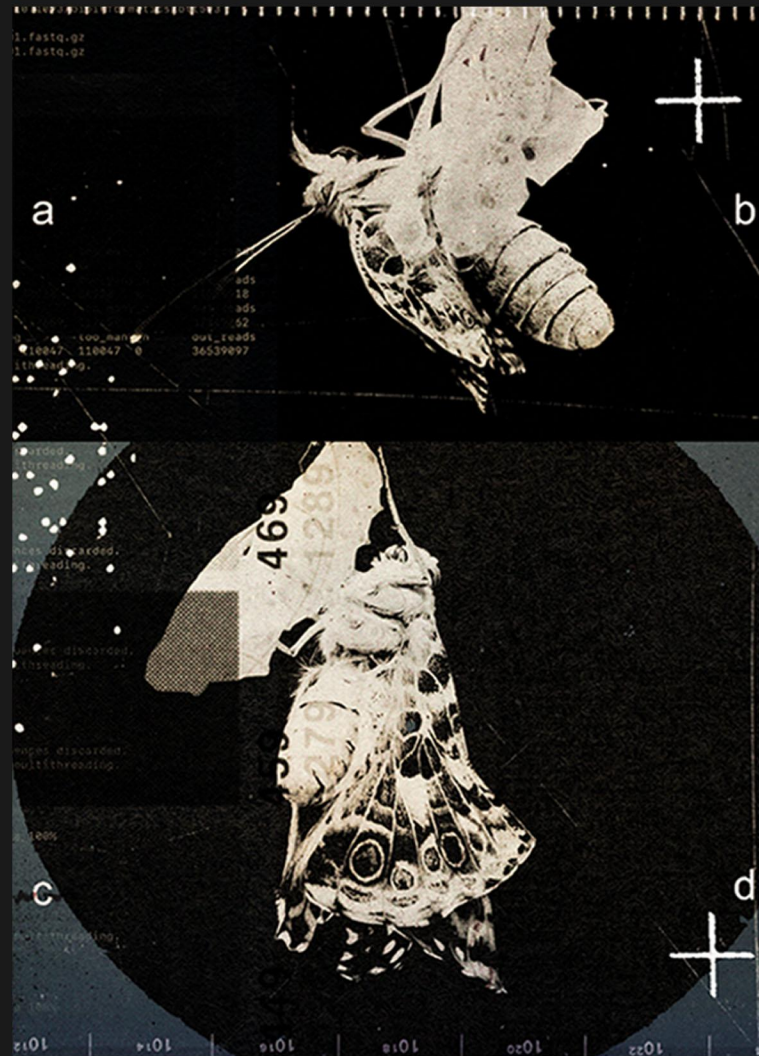


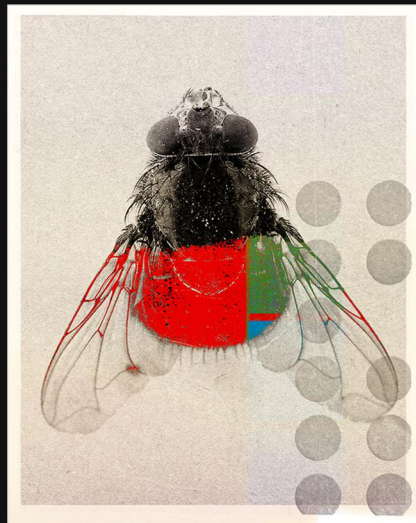
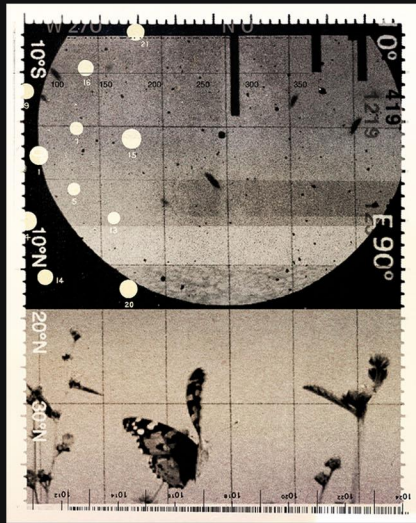
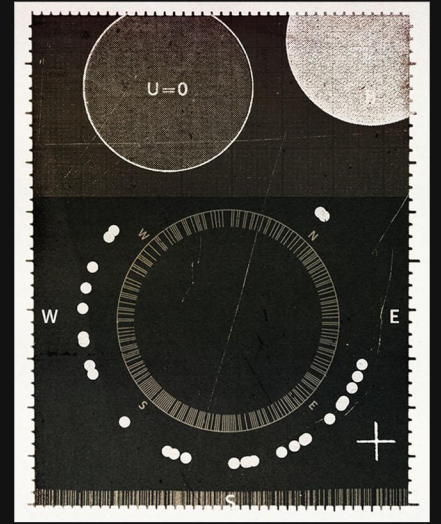
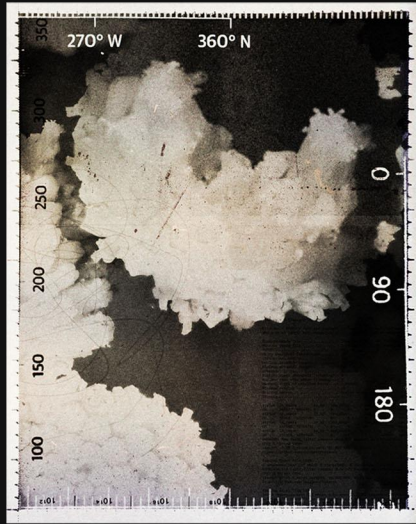


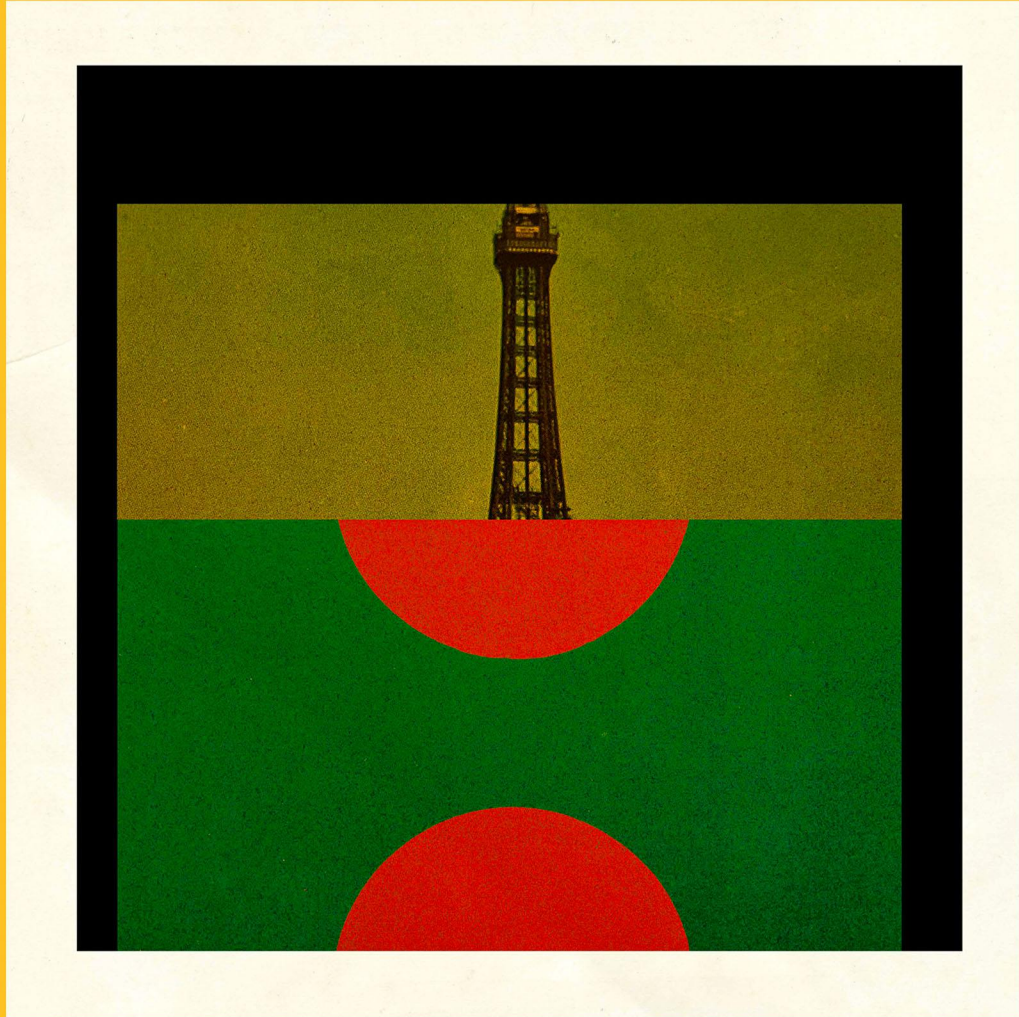


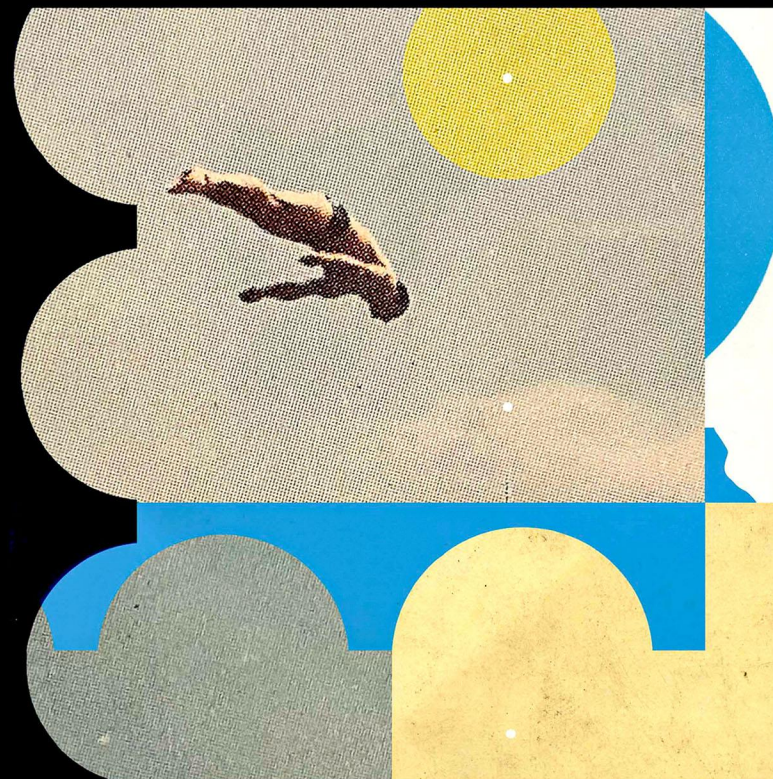
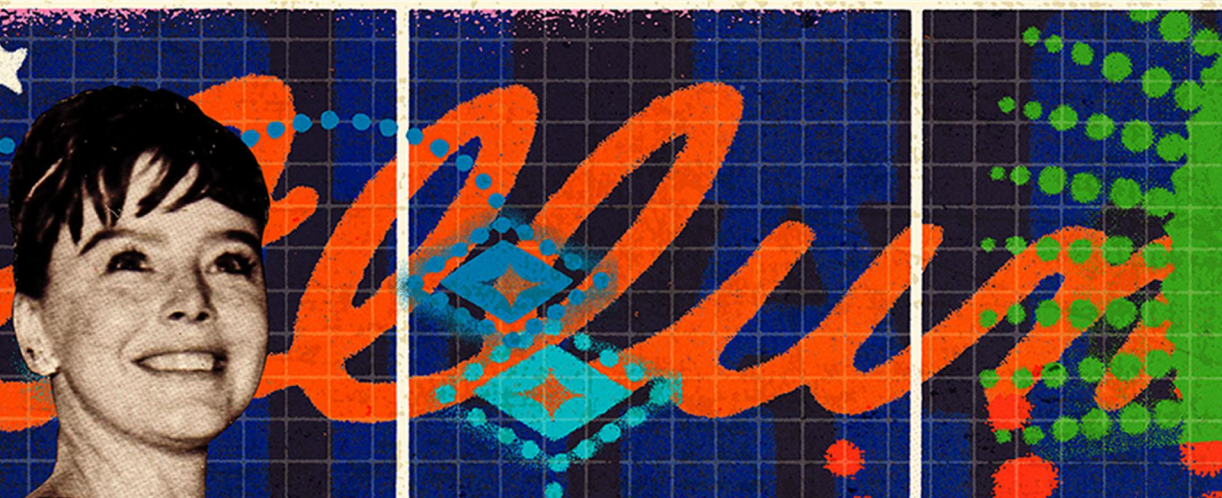






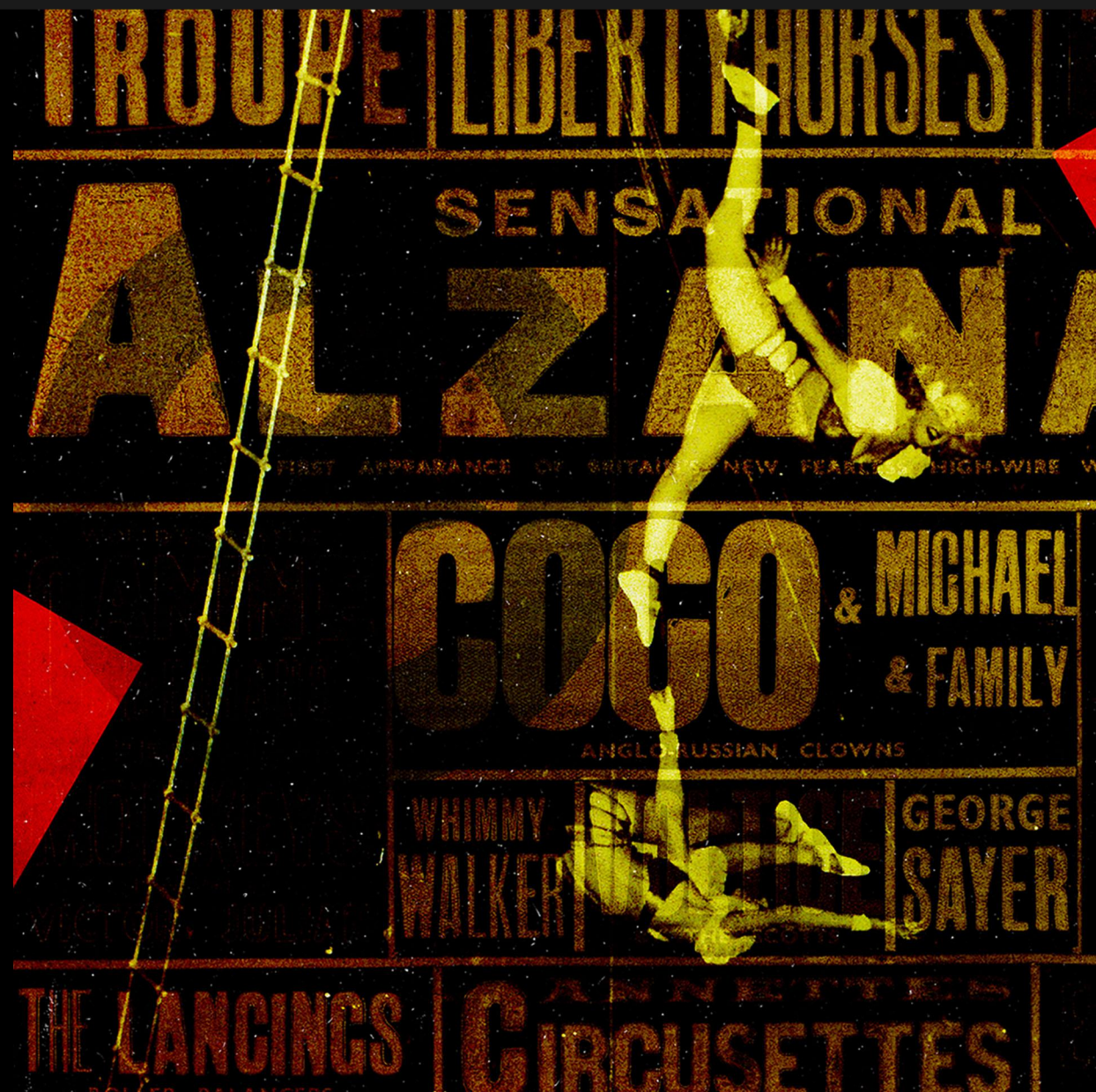






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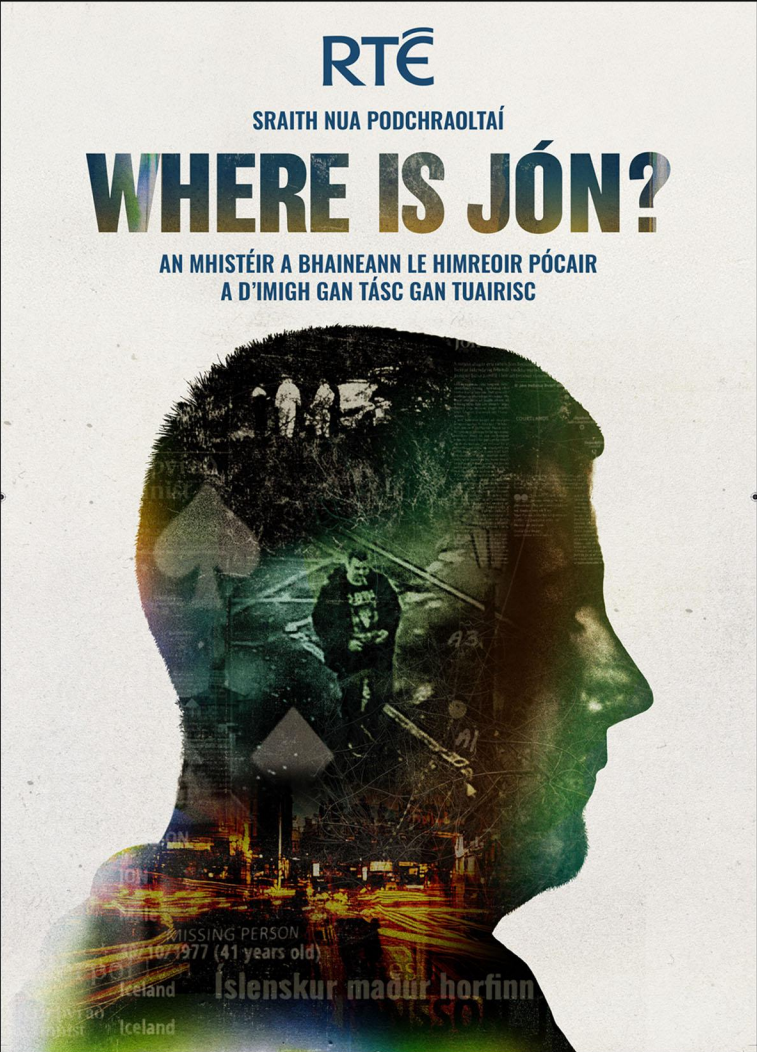
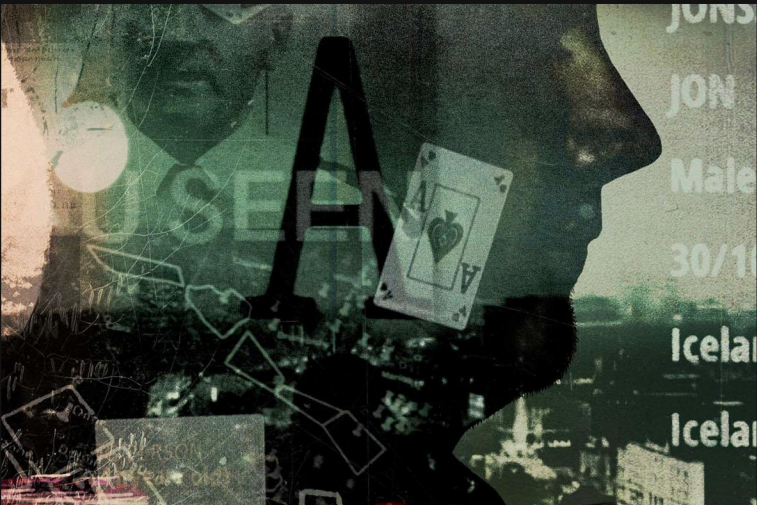
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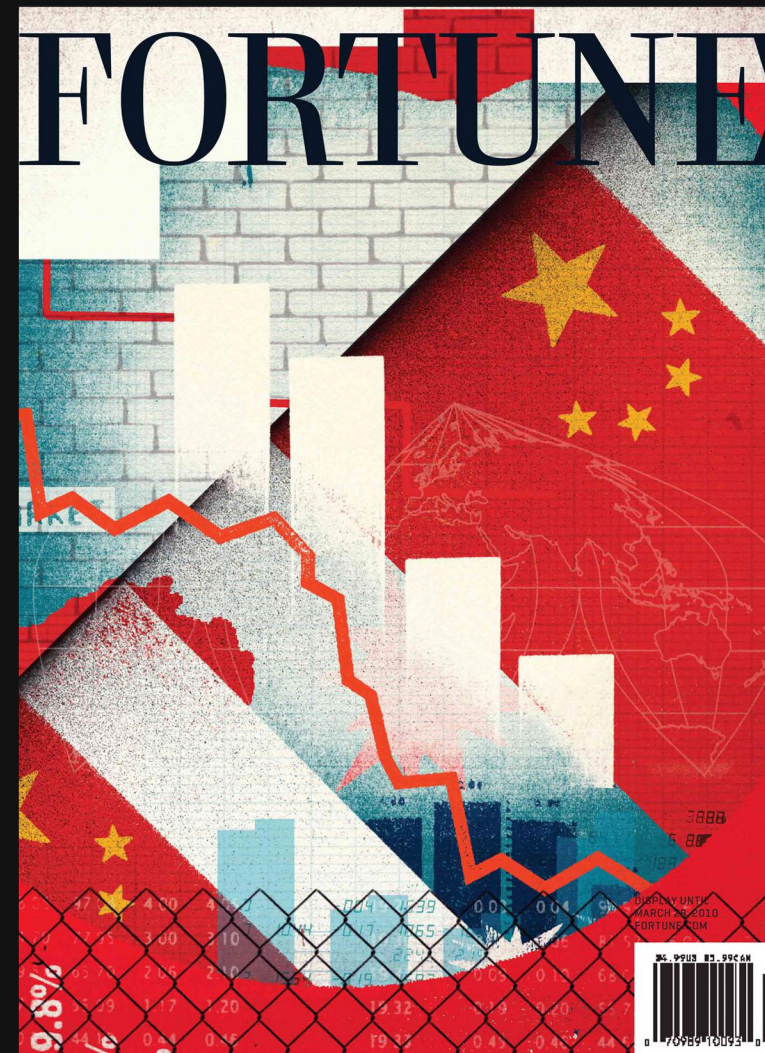
Robert Colls on the long shadow of the miners' strike • John Gray on the new narcotopias
Amelia Tait on the rise of the Disney adult • Michael Sheen vs Kemi Badenoch • The age of Vice

THE NEW STATESMAN

New Times New Thinking | 8-14 March 2024 | £5.75 | newstatesman.com

Bust Britain

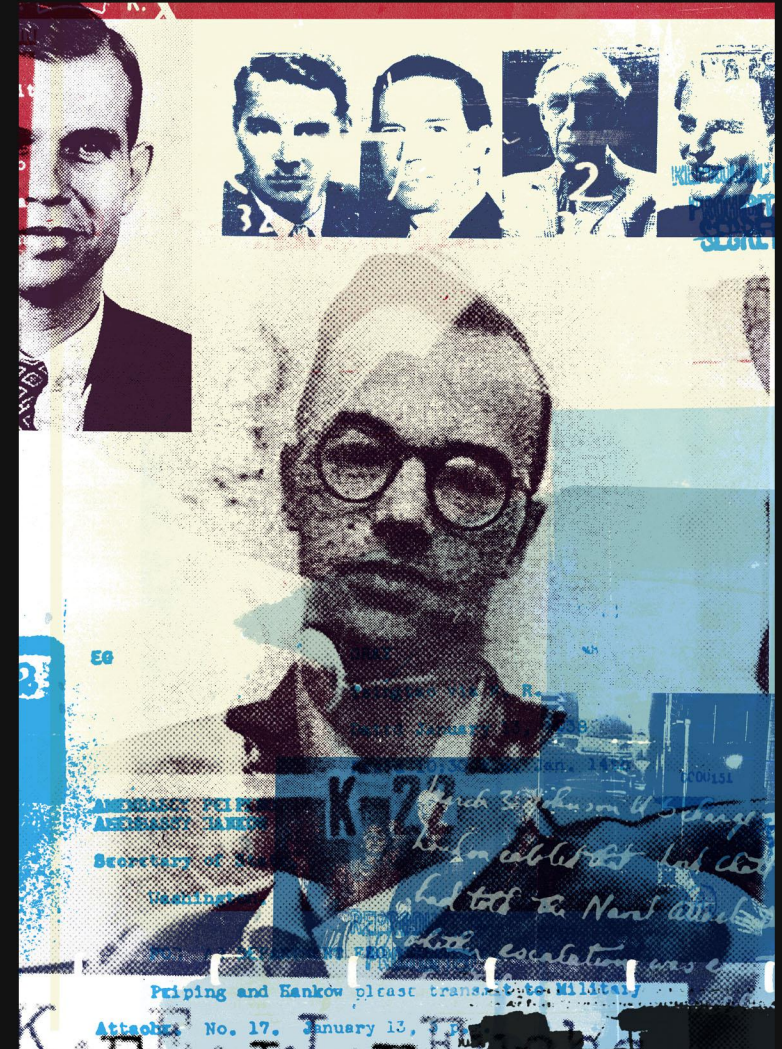
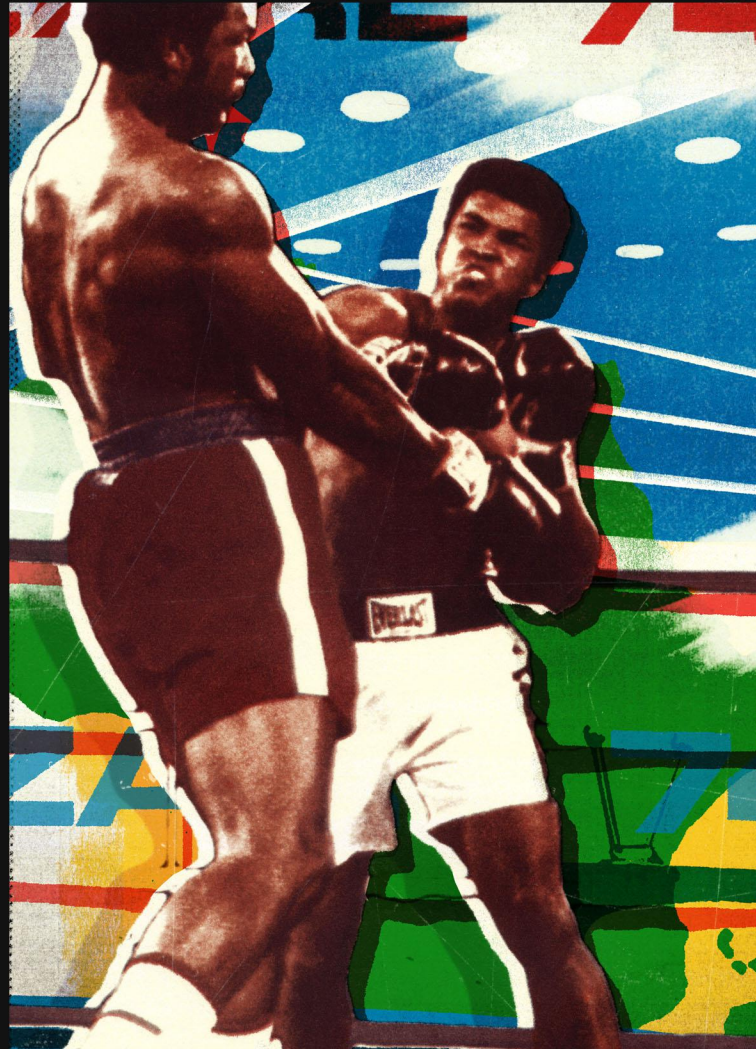
Across the nation, councils are going bankrupt and the public realm is crumbling. How did it come to this?
By Anoosh Chakelian

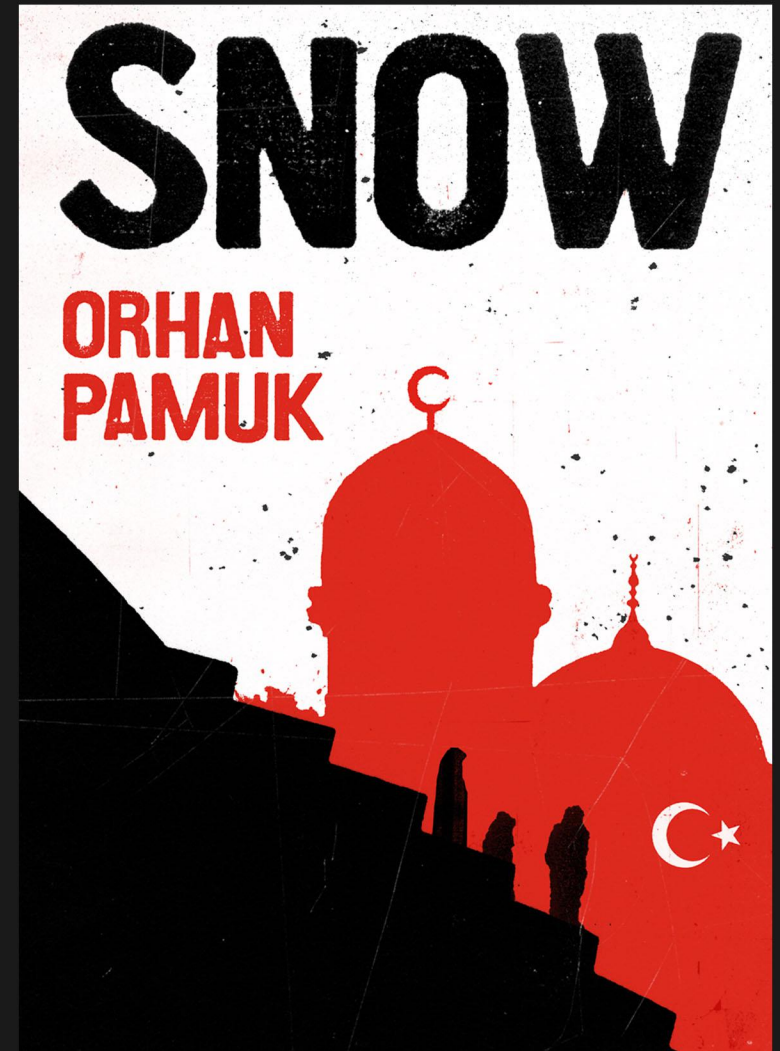


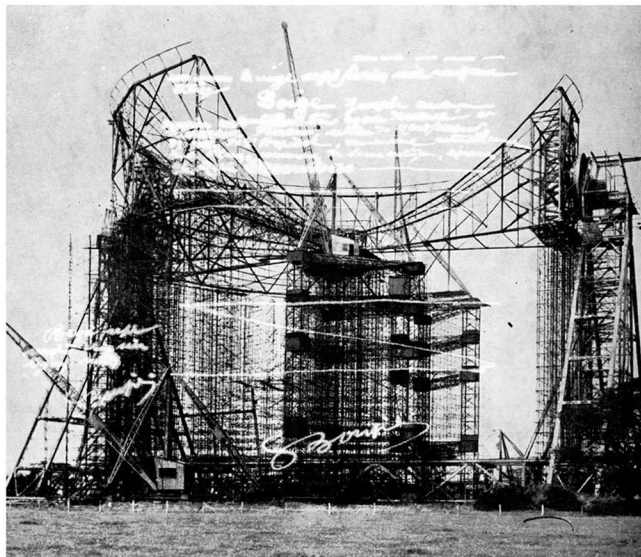
SCENES FROM A HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT

Black British filmmakers have for decades captured and chronicled protest, racism, violence. Anthony Clark explores the ghost scenes of British film and television, and uncovers a danger of going back but not going forward, or at least not properly

South Africa's apartheid was a crime, but it was also a crime against the British. In the 1970s, a Black British filmmaker named John Mackenzie produced a film called *Scenes from a Hostile Environment*. It was a documentary about the Black British community in London, and it was a film that was banned by the BBC. The film was a powerful statement about the racism and violence that Black British people experienced in their own country. It was a film that was ahead of its time, and it was a film that was a warning of what was to come.



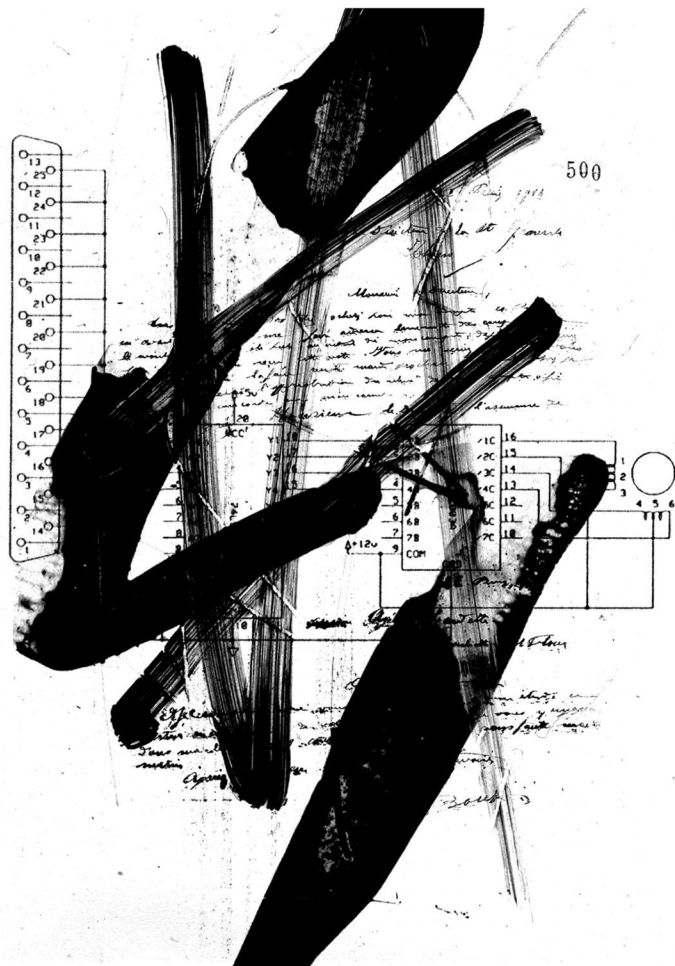




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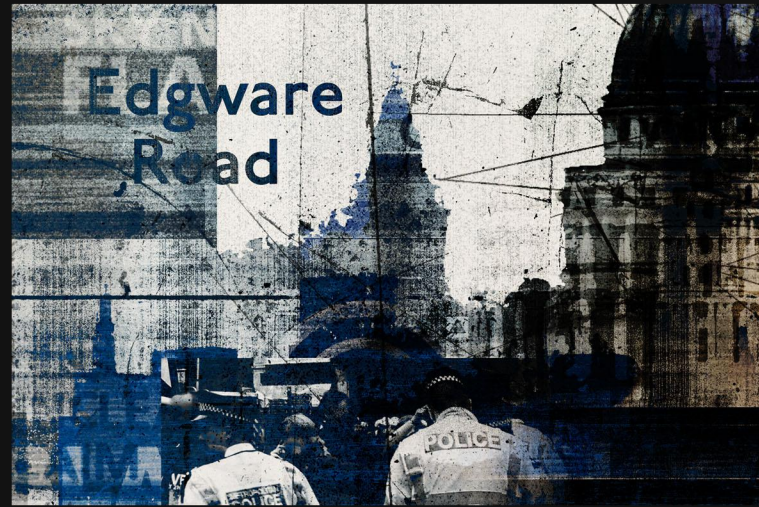
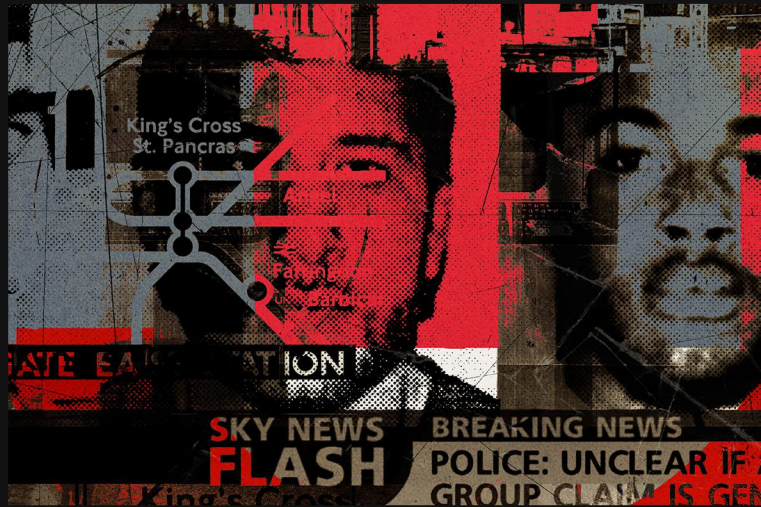


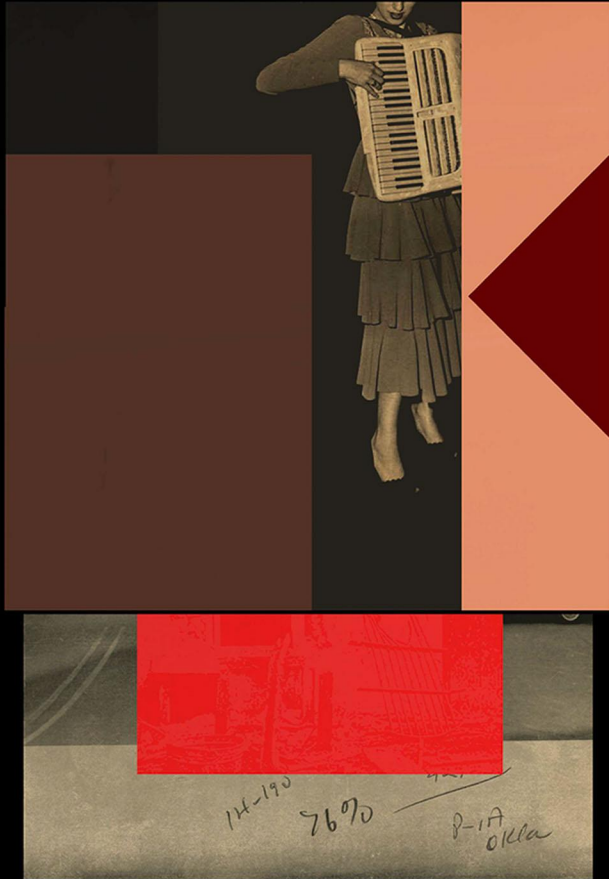
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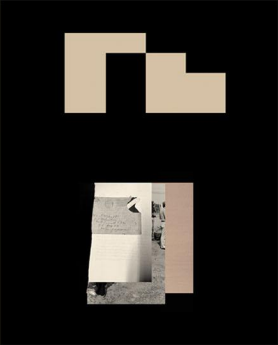
[Faint, illegible handwriting]

George

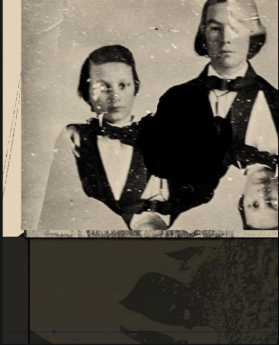
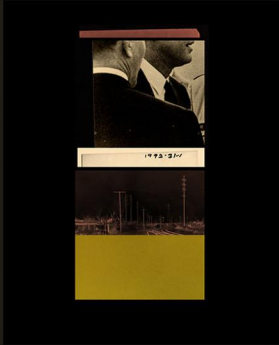




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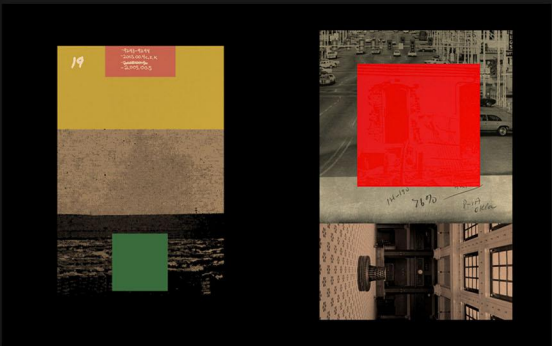
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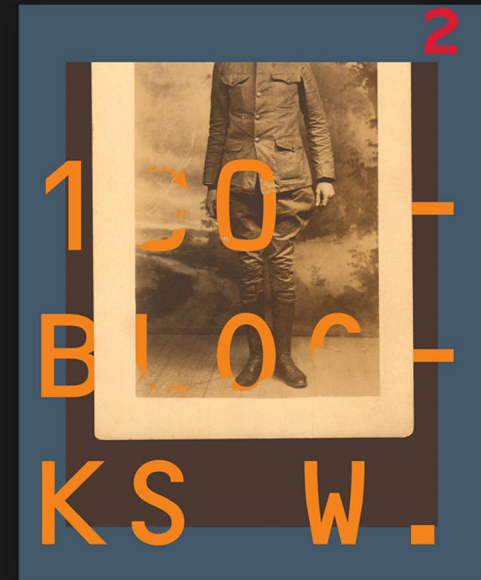


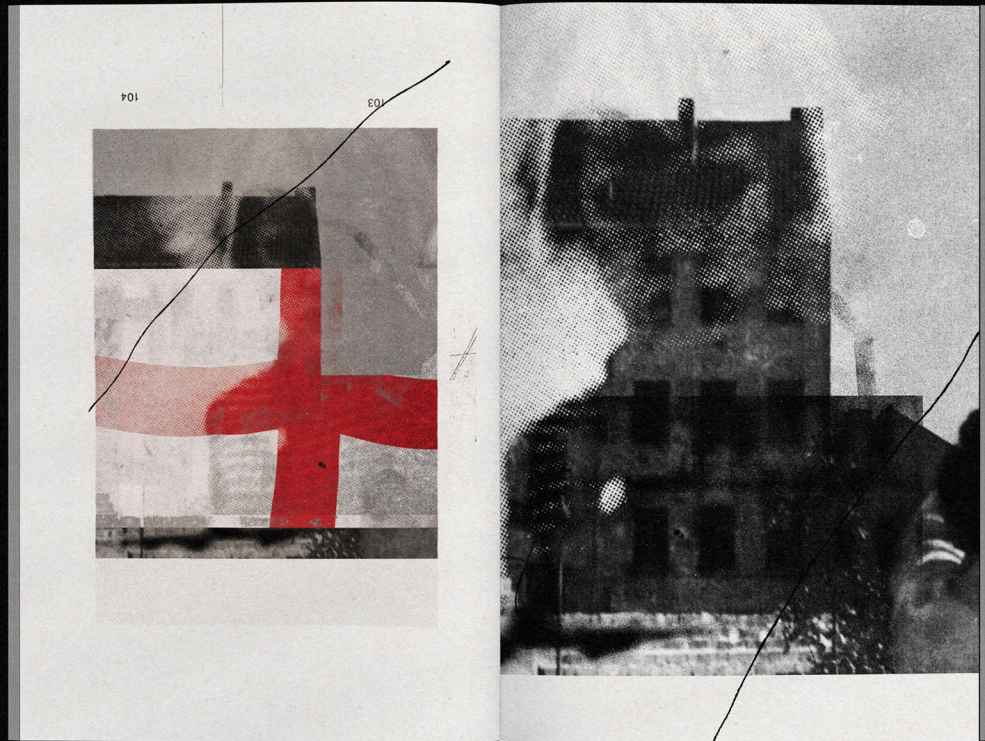
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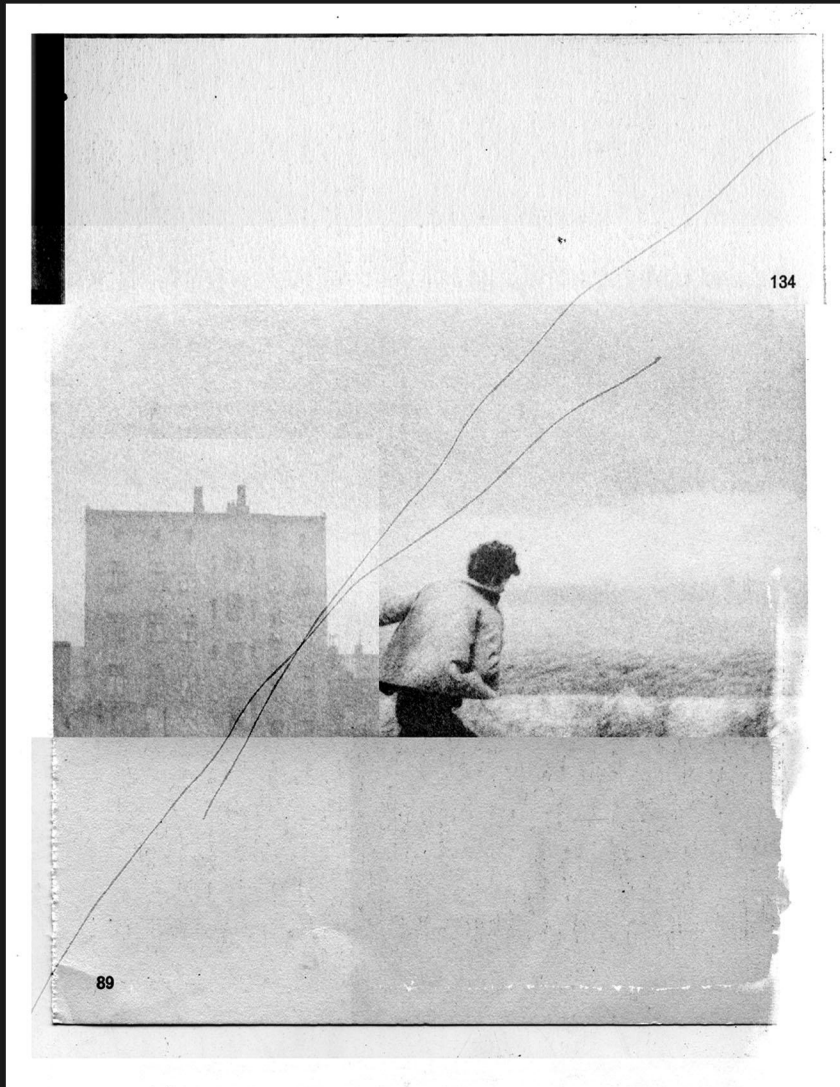


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This is England

TEXT
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.

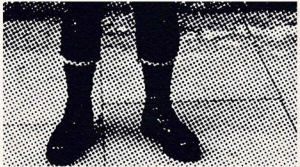
I used to think it was easier with visual media, films in particular, because you could show, with greater subtlety, rather than tell the same caricatured path. But, of course, this can be equally guilty of stereotype and laziness. Moody over-head shot of brick terraced houses with a grey filter: here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

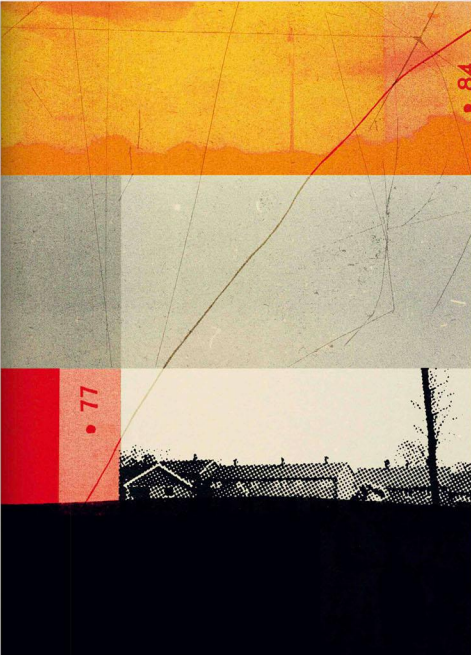


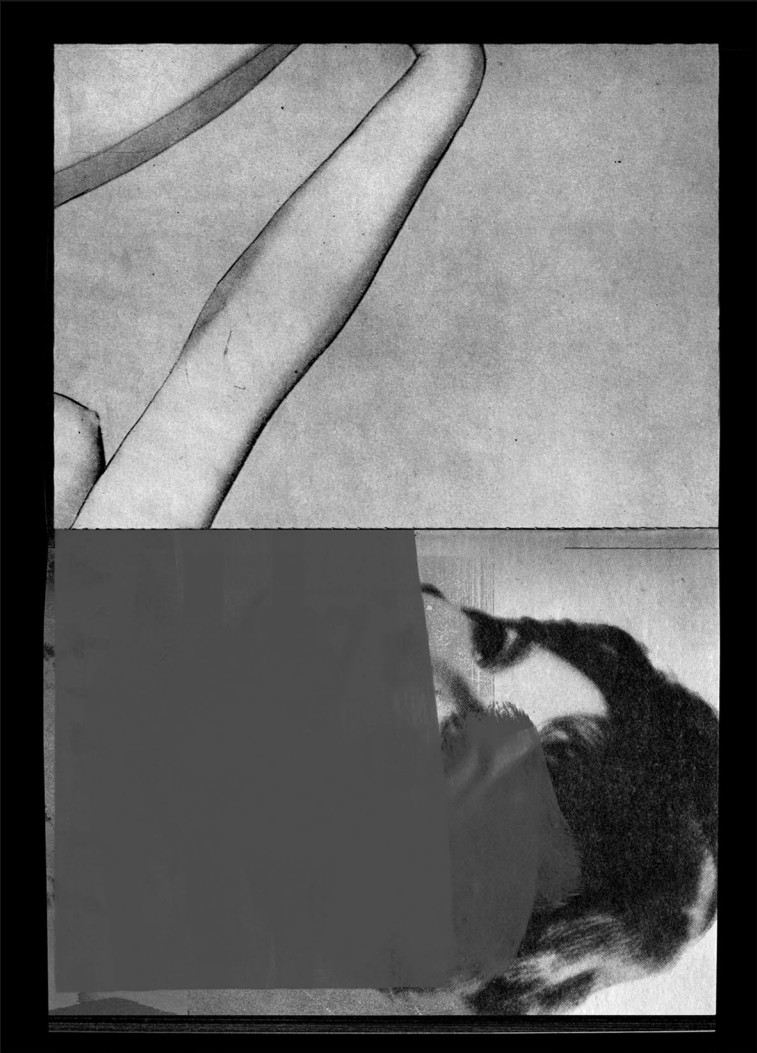
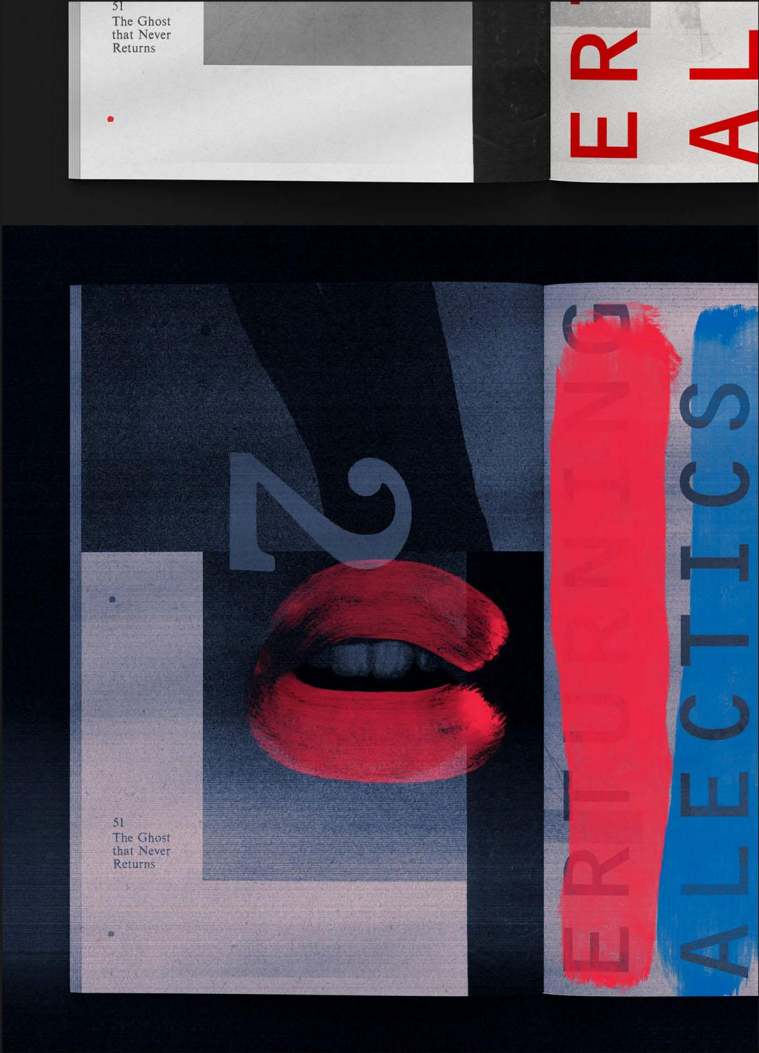
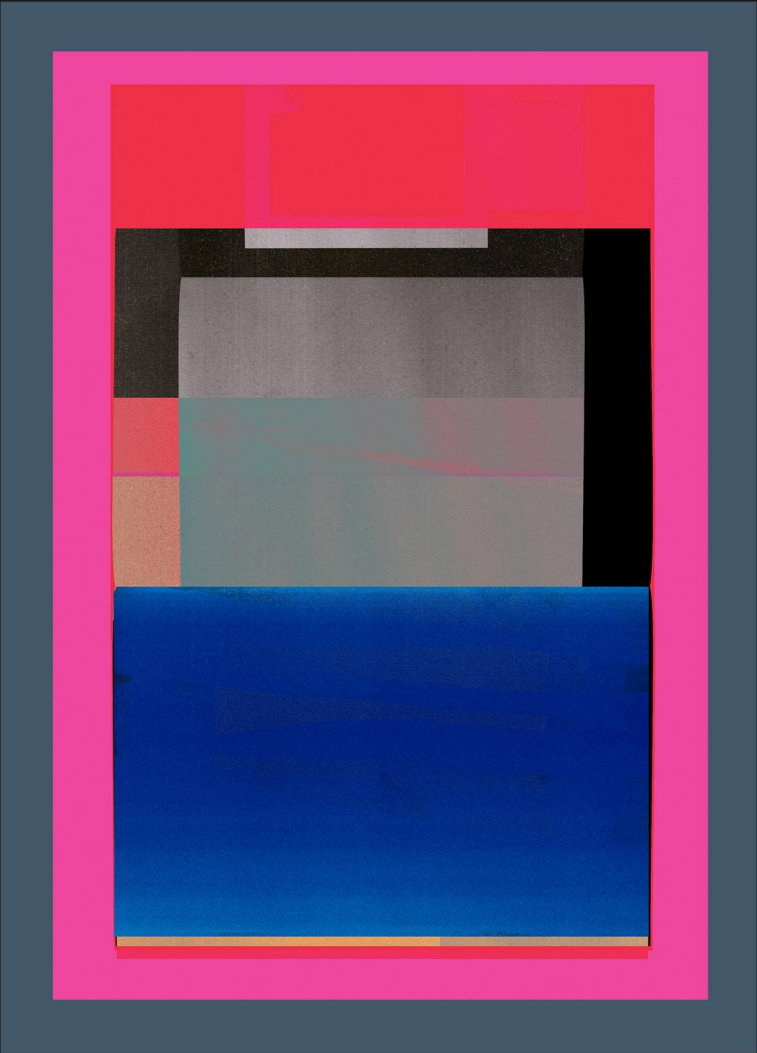
The film depicts a gang of skinhead teenagers in the Midlands, living in a liminal cultural space themselves between the original, anti-racist, anti-establishment skinhead movement, and its later, fascistic bastardisation.

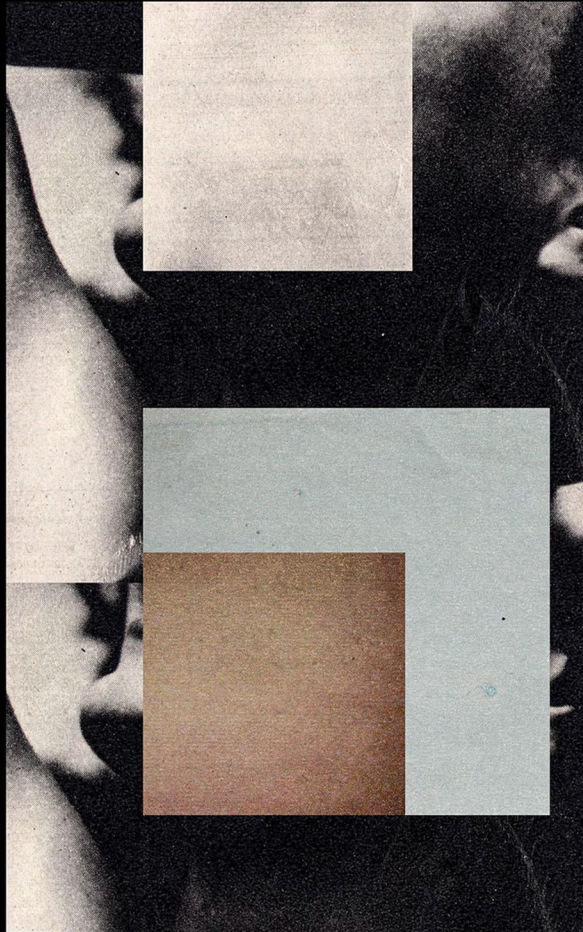
The gang centres around a kid called Shaun, who's lonely, without friends, taking him under their wing. Seeing these kids, united by their working-class roots, a mishmash somehow cohering through aesthetic, was the first time I became viscerally aware of the fact that my own experience was classed.

There's an incredible scene where the gang go "hunting". This is really just dressing up and finding abandoned buildings and smashing them up. Minus the mallets and the smashing, this was something acutely familiar.

There was something about the desolate, abandoned space, the concrete, the texture of the space.

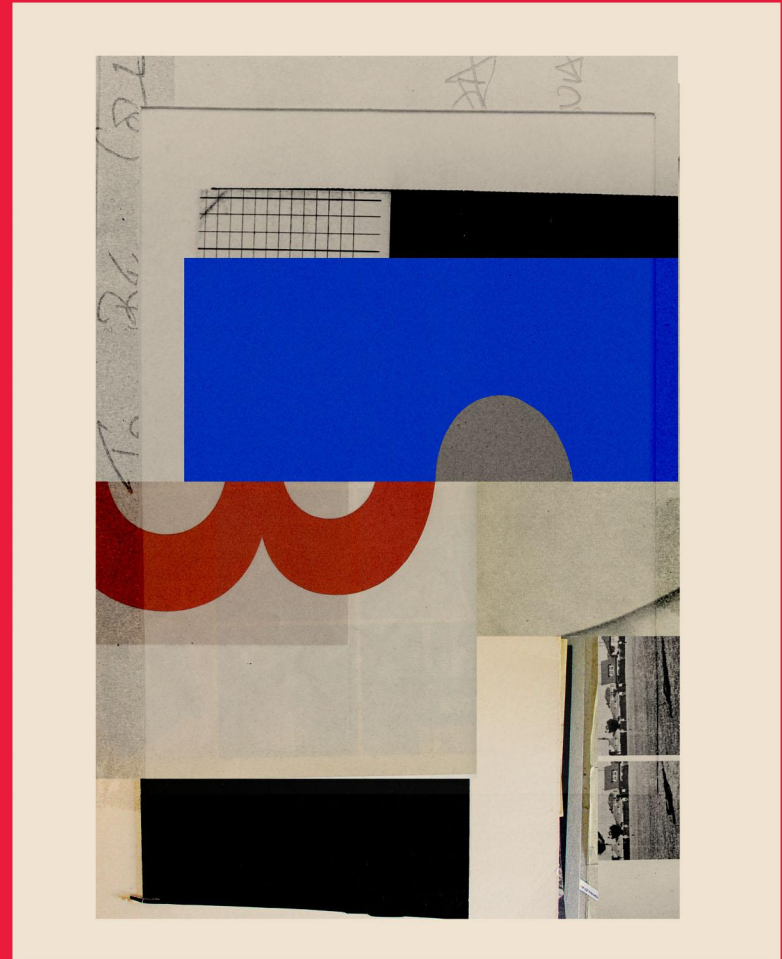
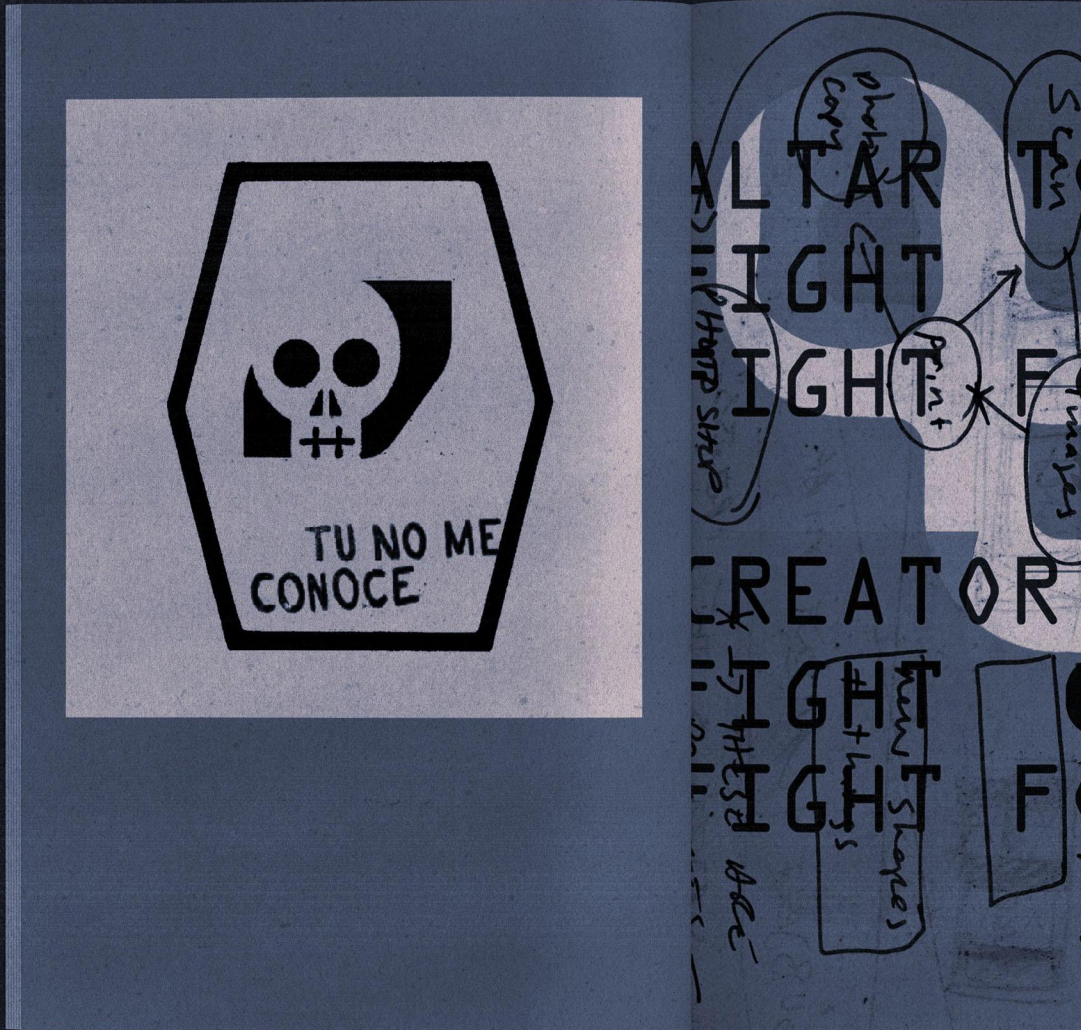


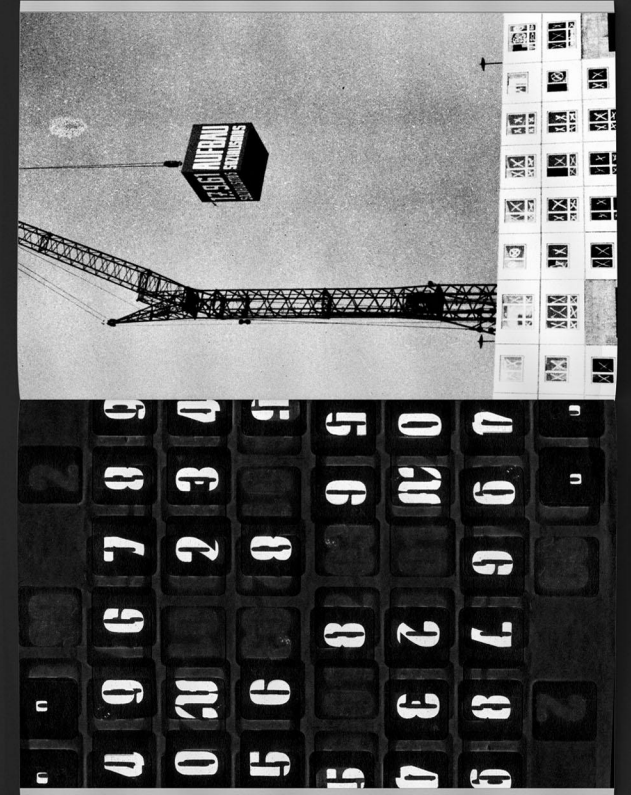
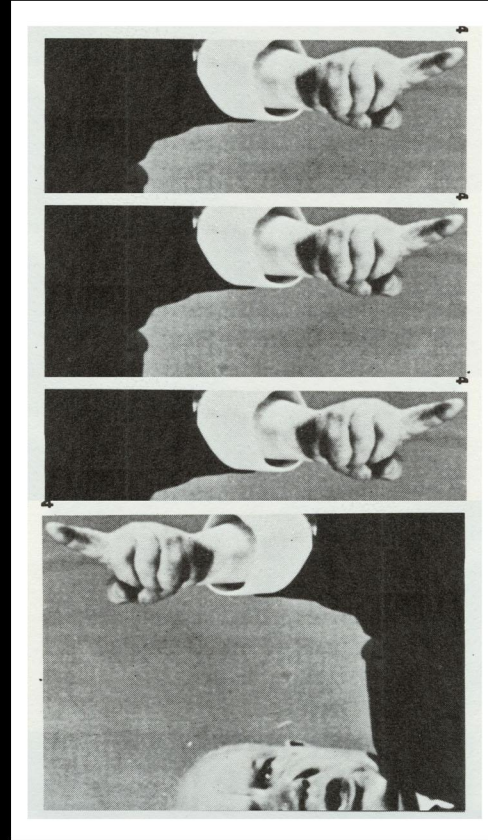
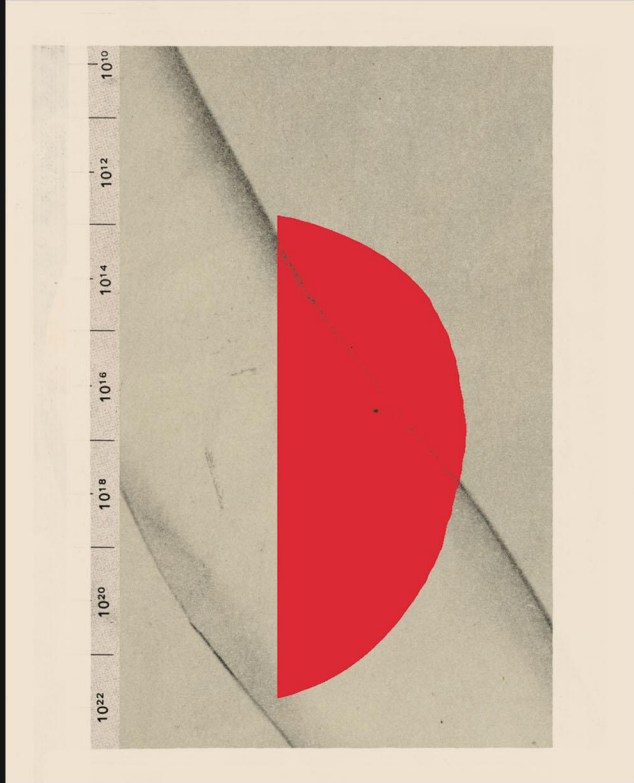


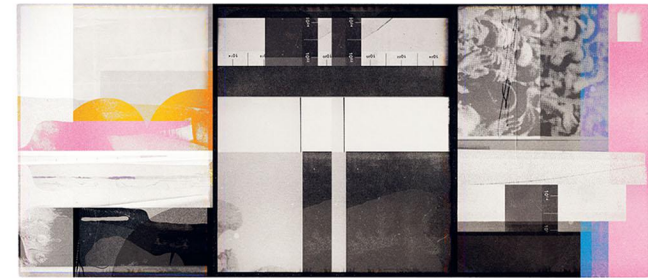


près de Sangha.









ABOUT OVERSAMPLING (CRYSTALL)

INVEST: Allen Williams

[illegible]

What attracted us to him was the haughty, elegant, and soft surfaces when things are not what they seem. He was the most elegant in the heart of Brecht's hospital but realist stance, encapsulated by Walter Benjamin in his analyses of his friend's poems: "Brecht's art is a kind of alchemy: he was able to transform the prevalent or our corrupted social conditions to prevail on our corrupted social conditions, thus creating for breaks, moments of movement, and change. He was able to transform the time, the second verse of the song into that that change is a change."

The times are changing. The great poets Of the present century come to a halt, They are not able to express the times. The times are changing, and no poet can stop that."

On Brecht's 'Chinese' poems, Benjamin notes how they are, "in this line from his poem on Lao Tzu, that 'the hard thing gives way'":

"... that pulsing note in molasses
Gives the better in the end of growths and progress!"

The times around and these desecrated routes out of the poems suggest the truth is simple, we understand it. It is important to hold on to elegance and mantras, ones that stretch the space for the poet to breathe and ones that can last one day or years, even if in a post-political time.

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IMAGES Alex Williamson

PREVIOUS PAGE Timelines
ABOVE Overturnings (Typical)

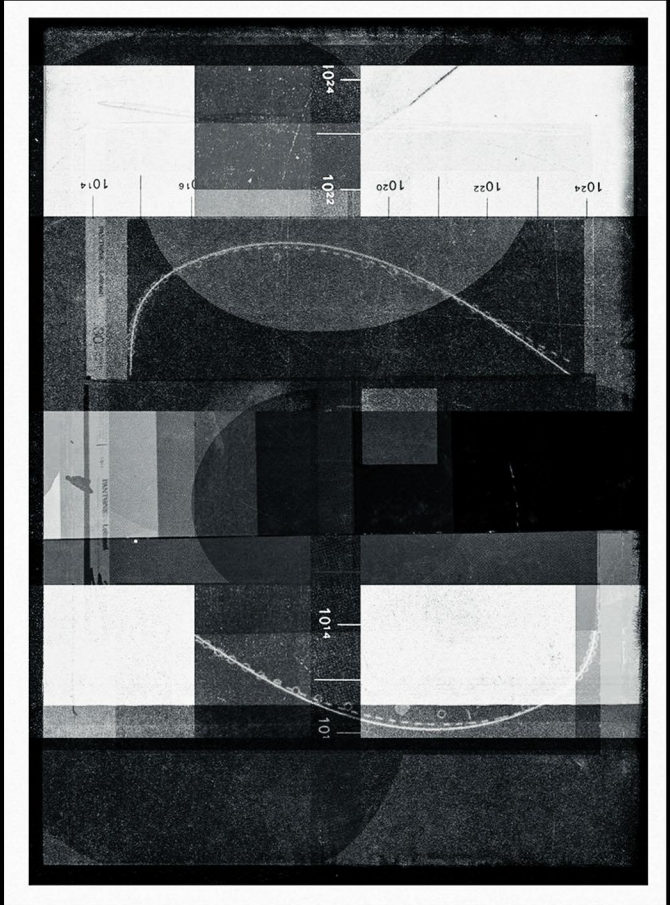


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