

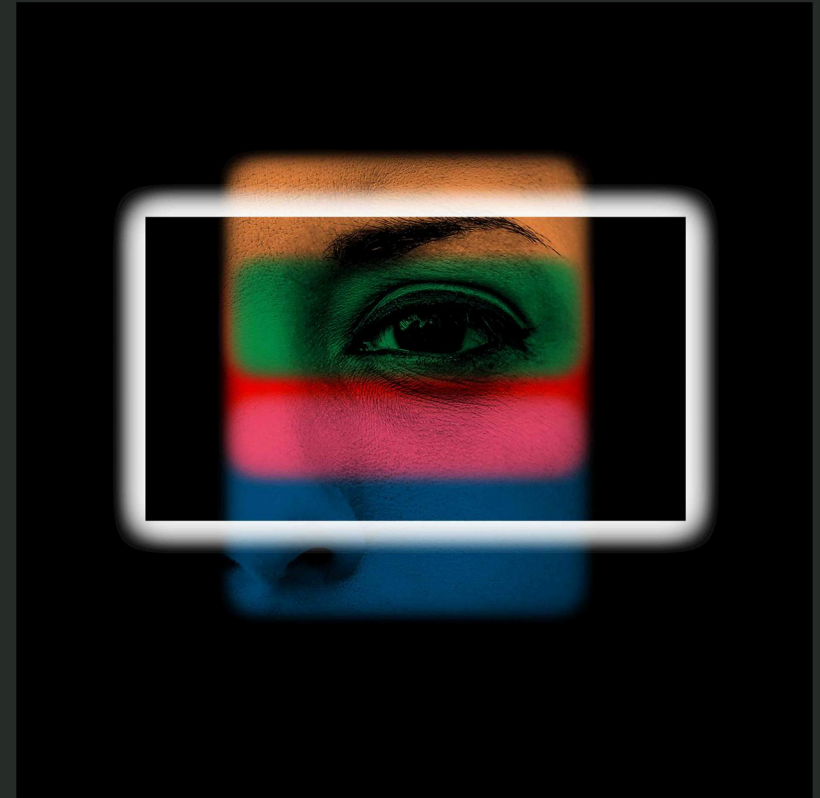
alex williamson
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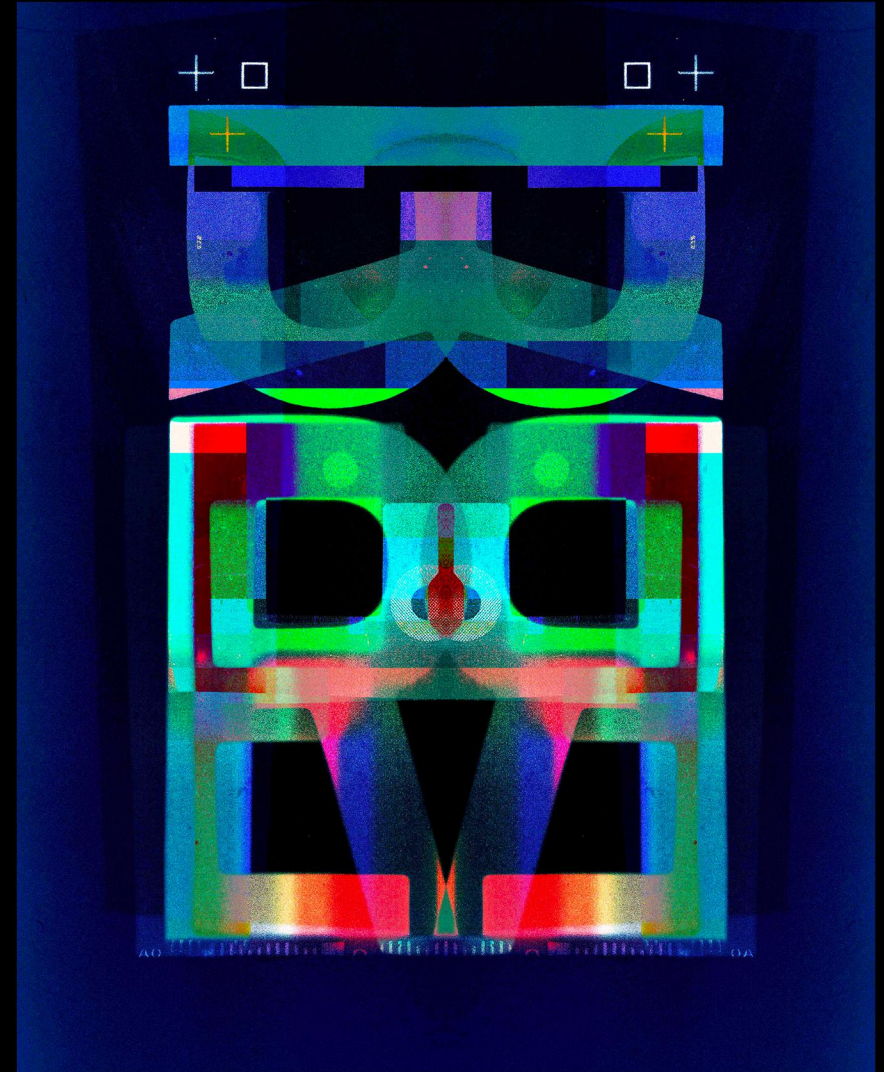
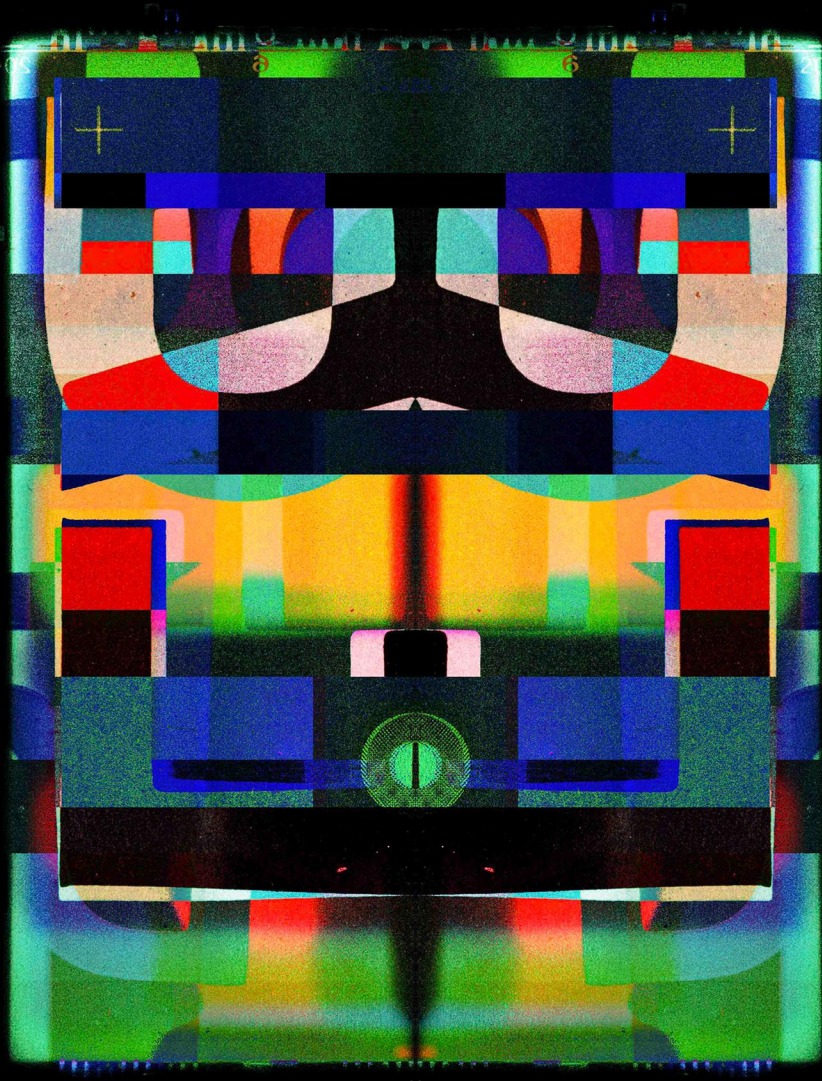
making complex ideas visible:
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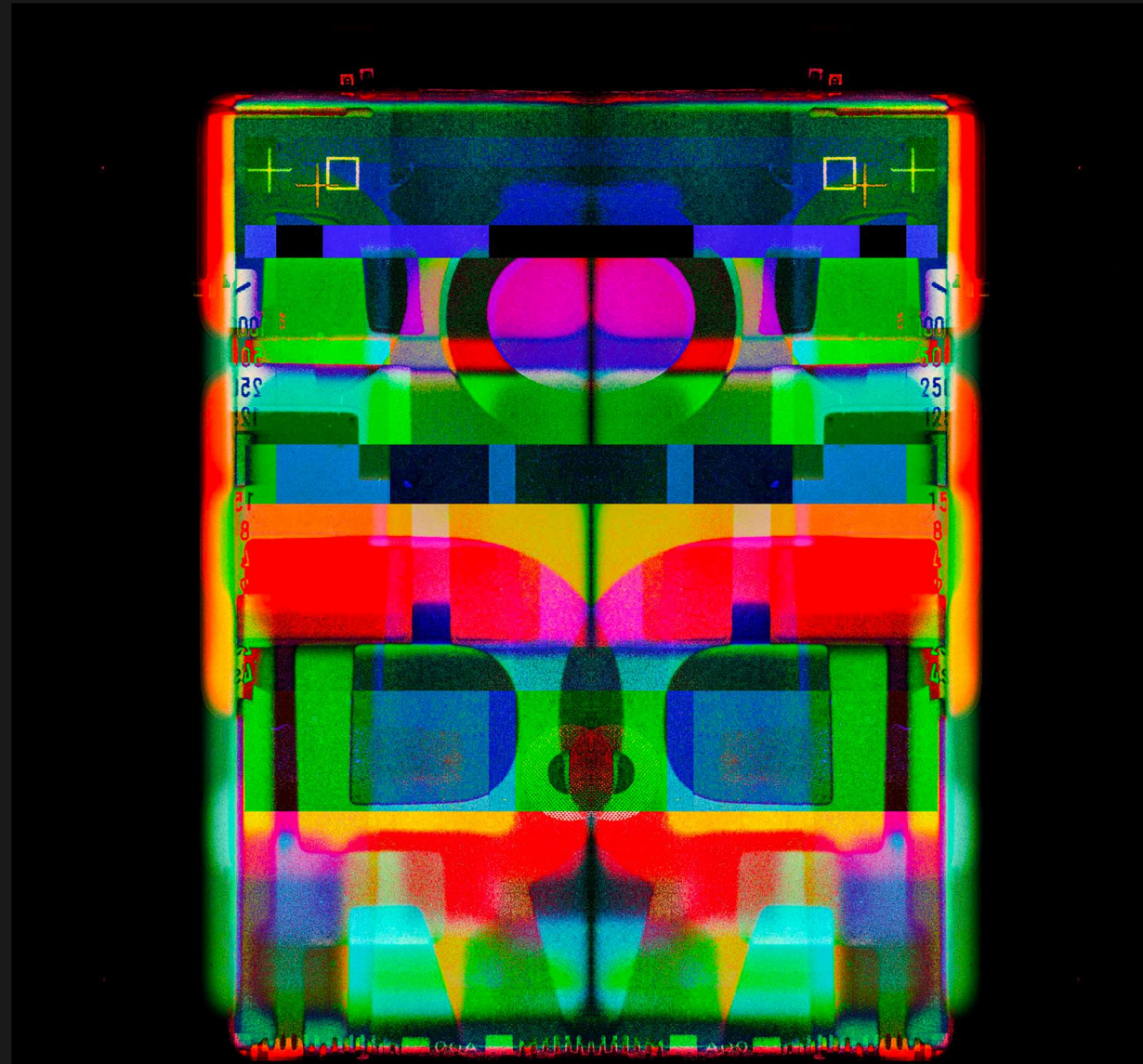
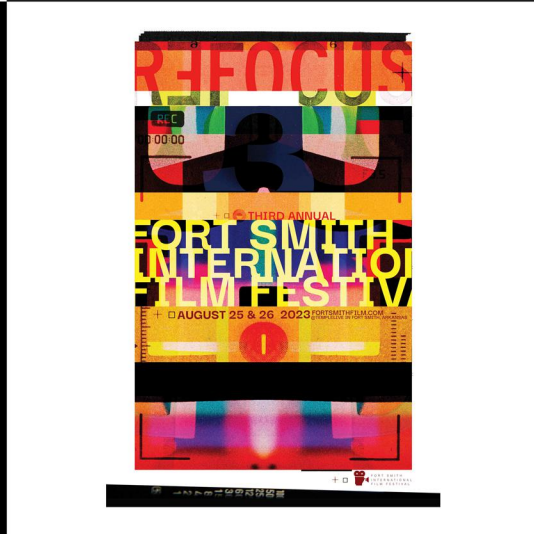
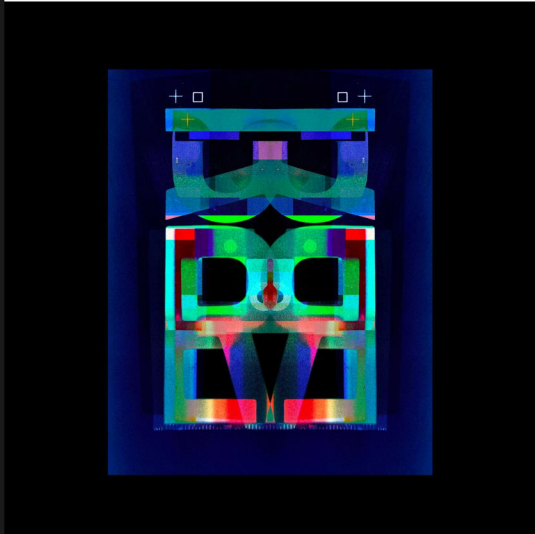
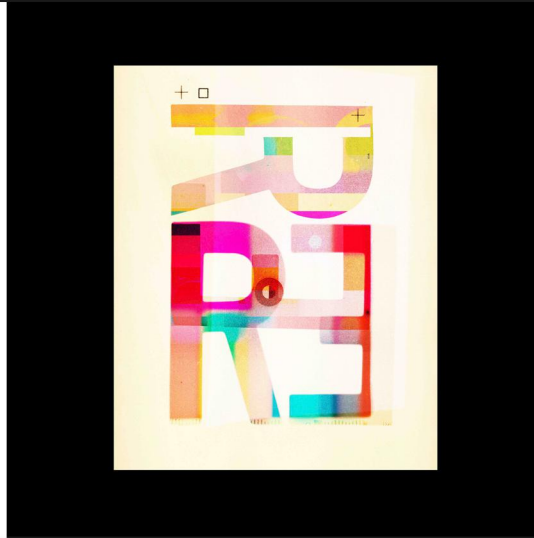
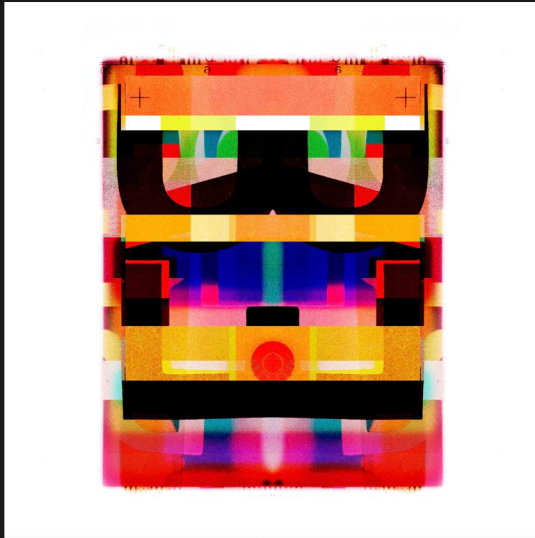
research-led visual storytelling,
communicating ideas with clarity,
curiosity and imagination.
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illustration / design
visual experience
editorial / motion
installation / exhibition
archive / interaction

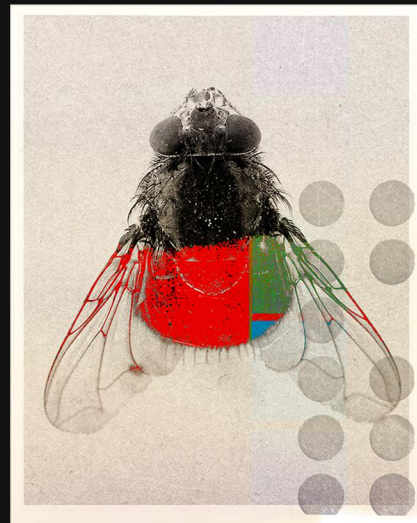
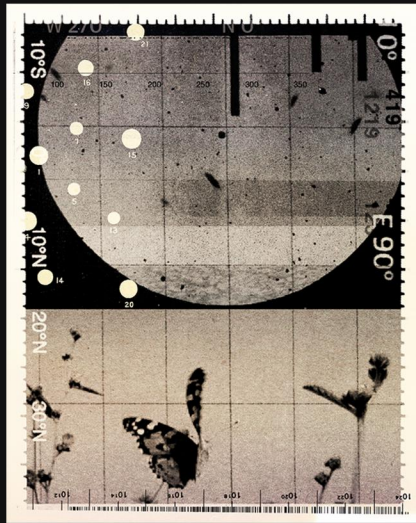
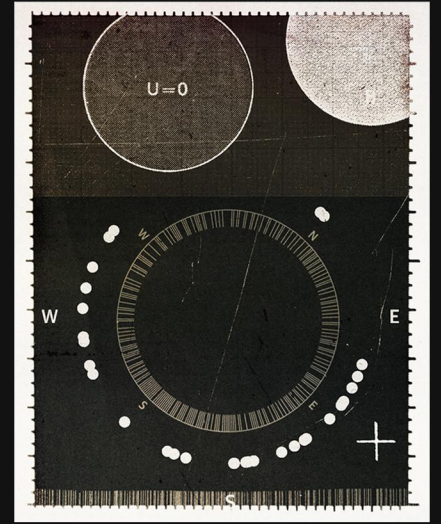
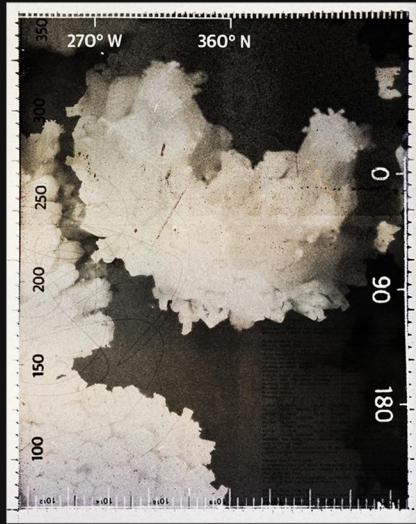
t. +44 (0)7956440087
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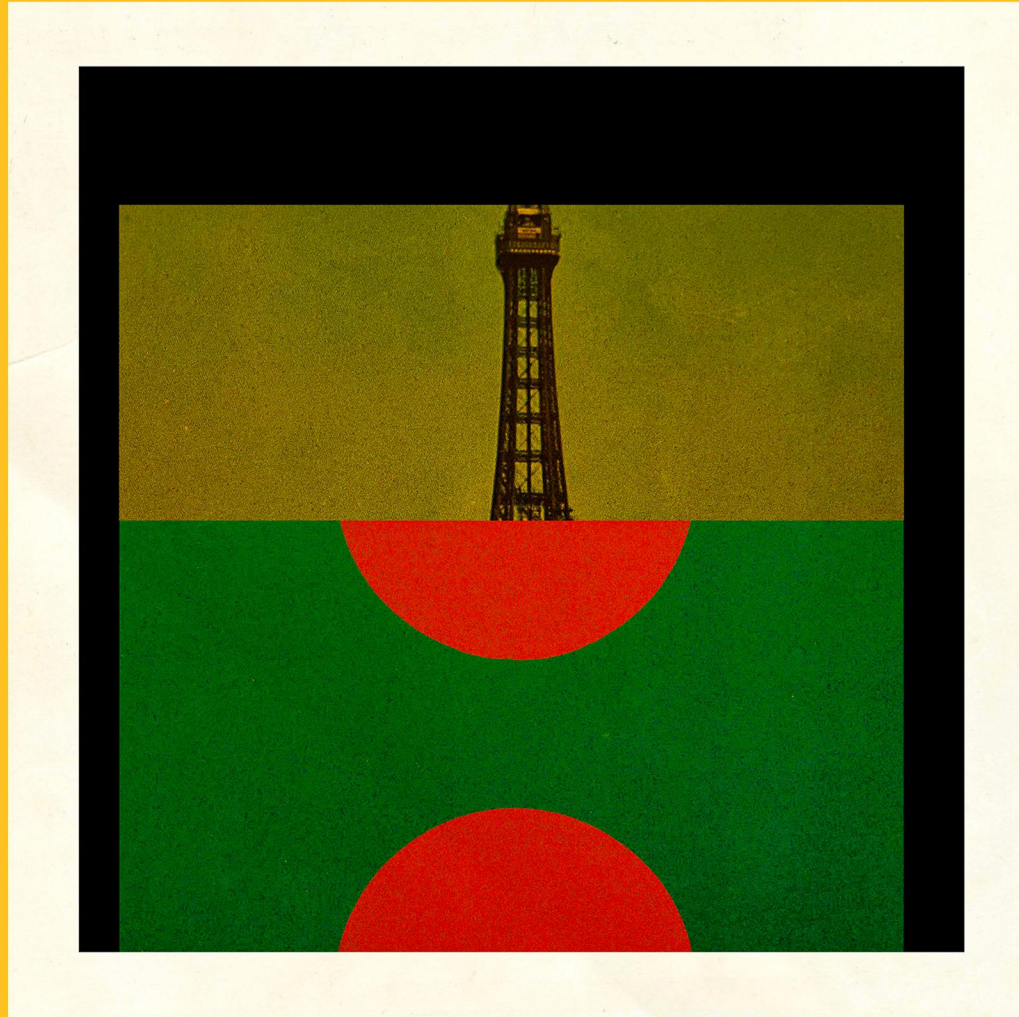


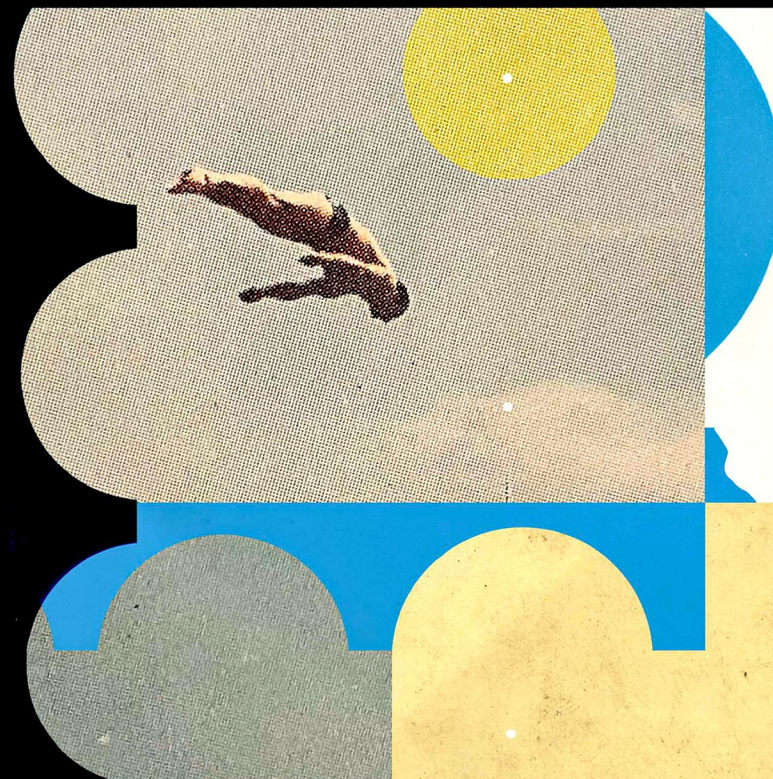
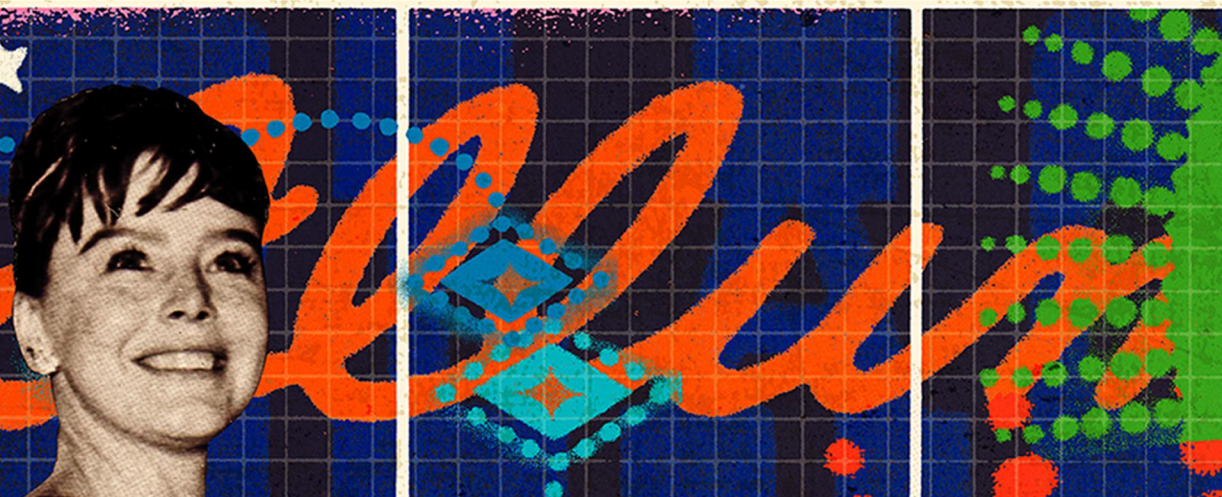








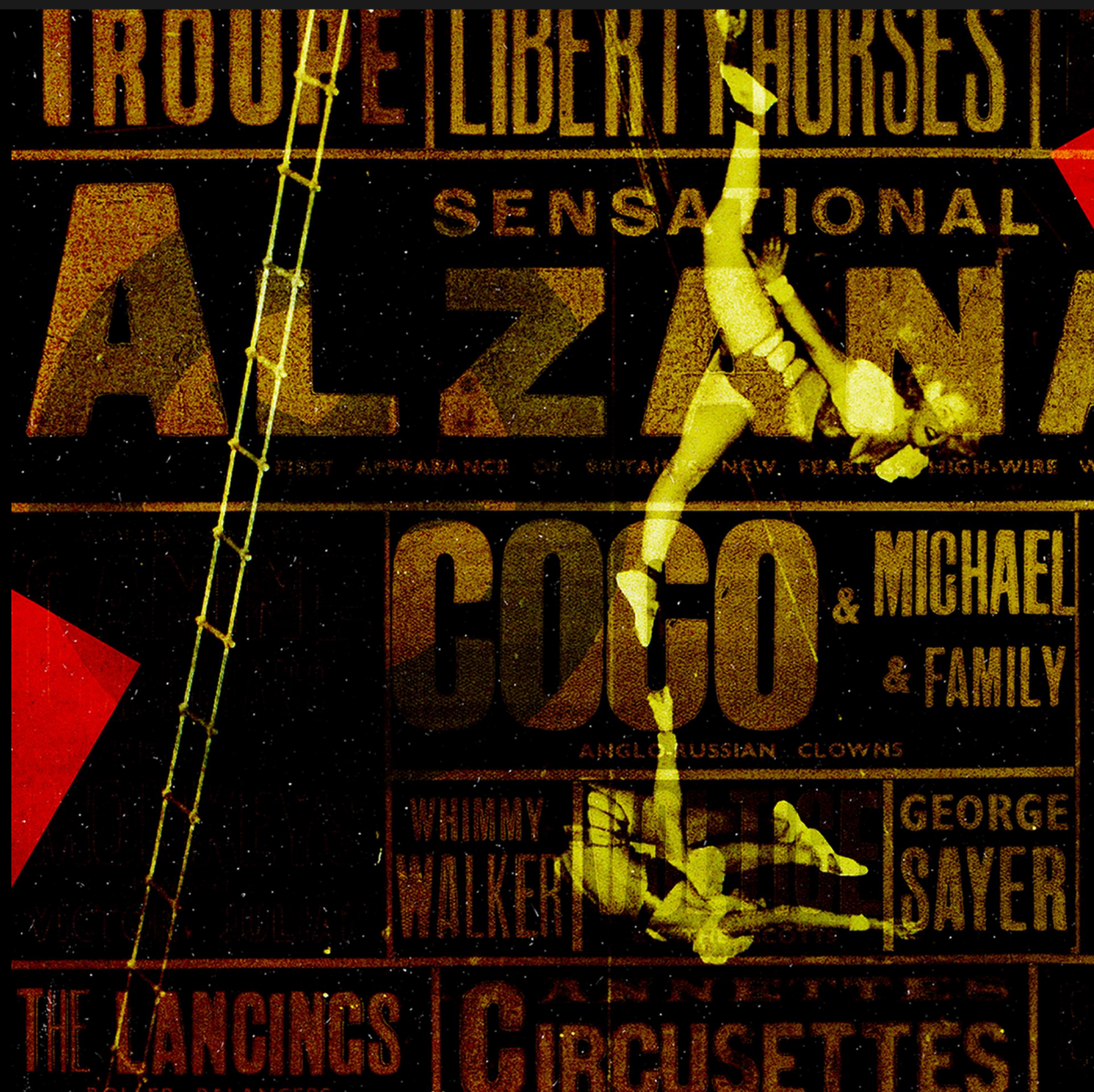




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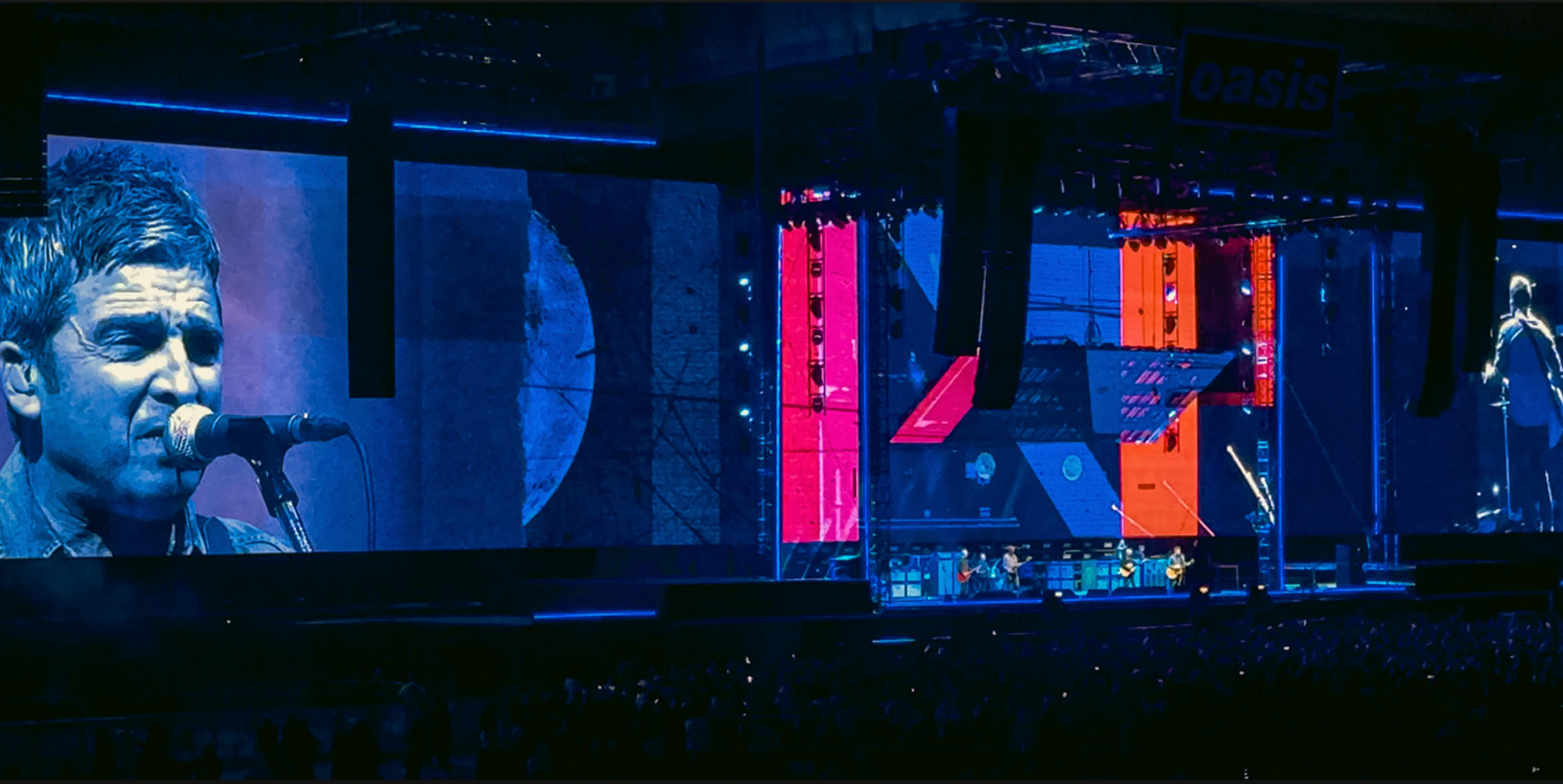


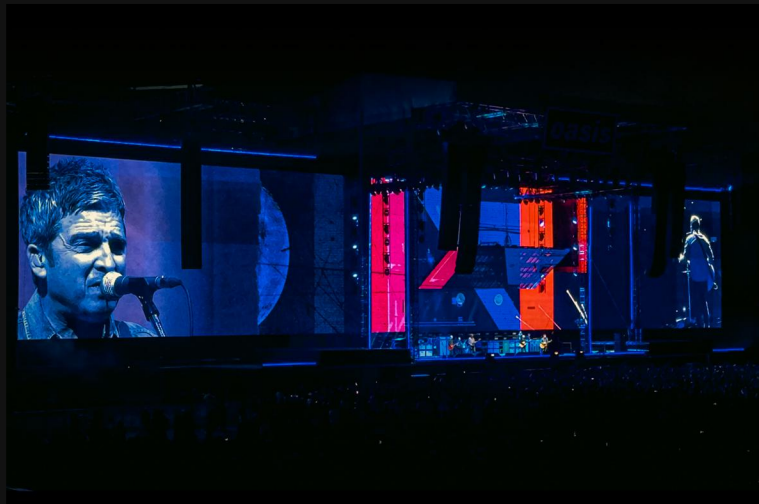
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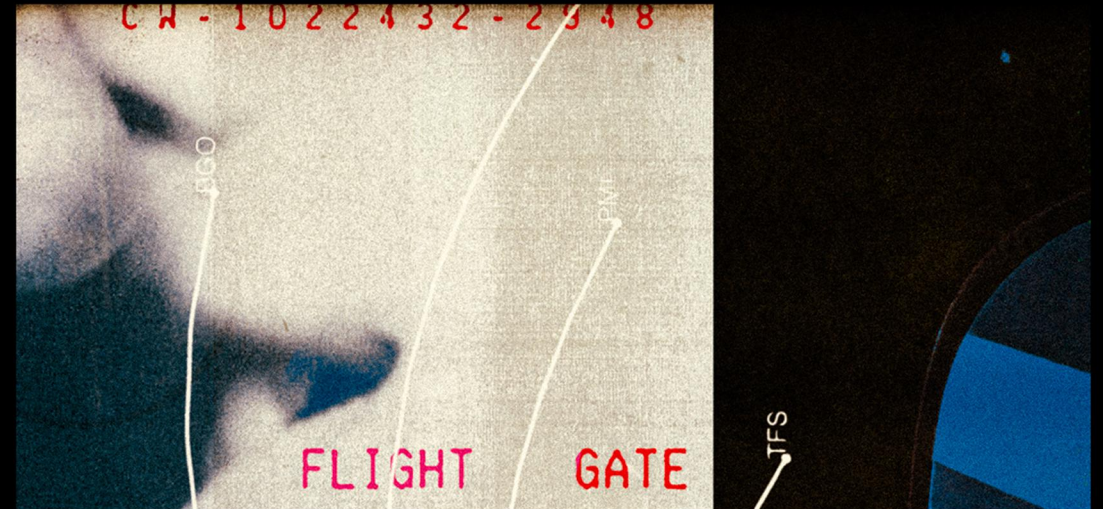
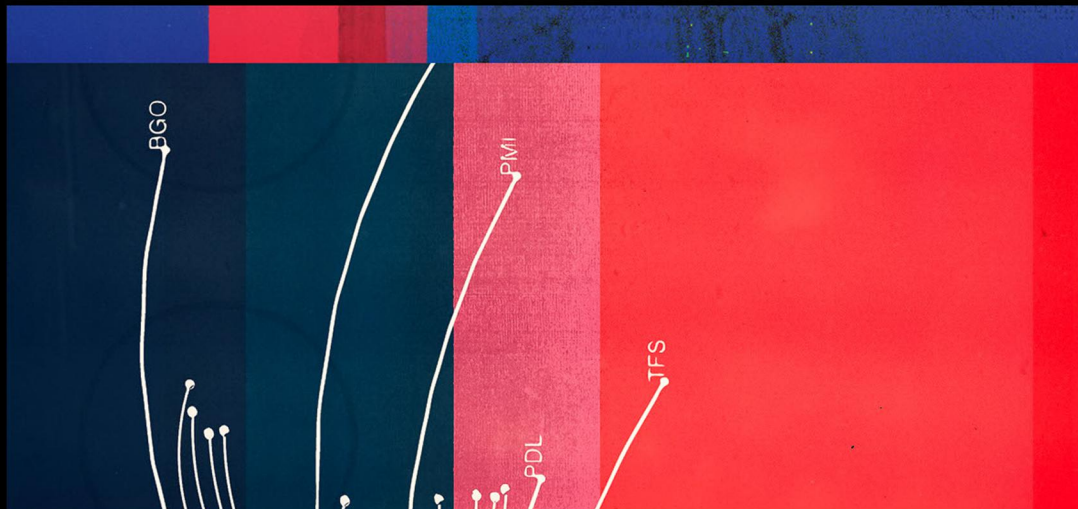


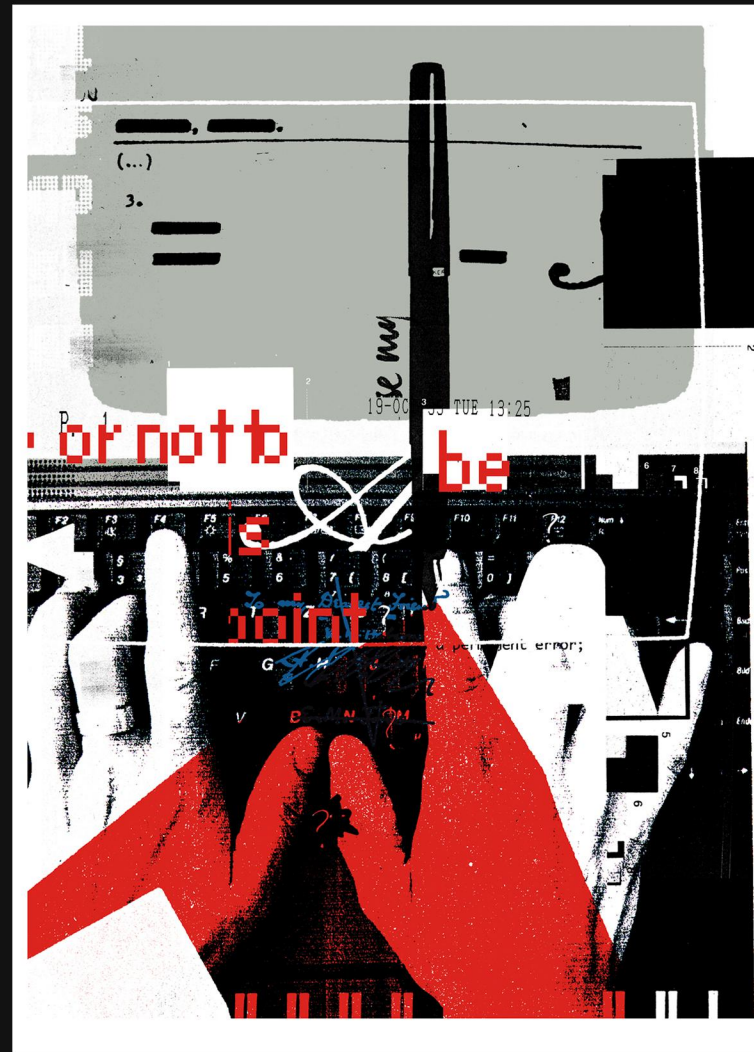
IT'S SHOWTIME!



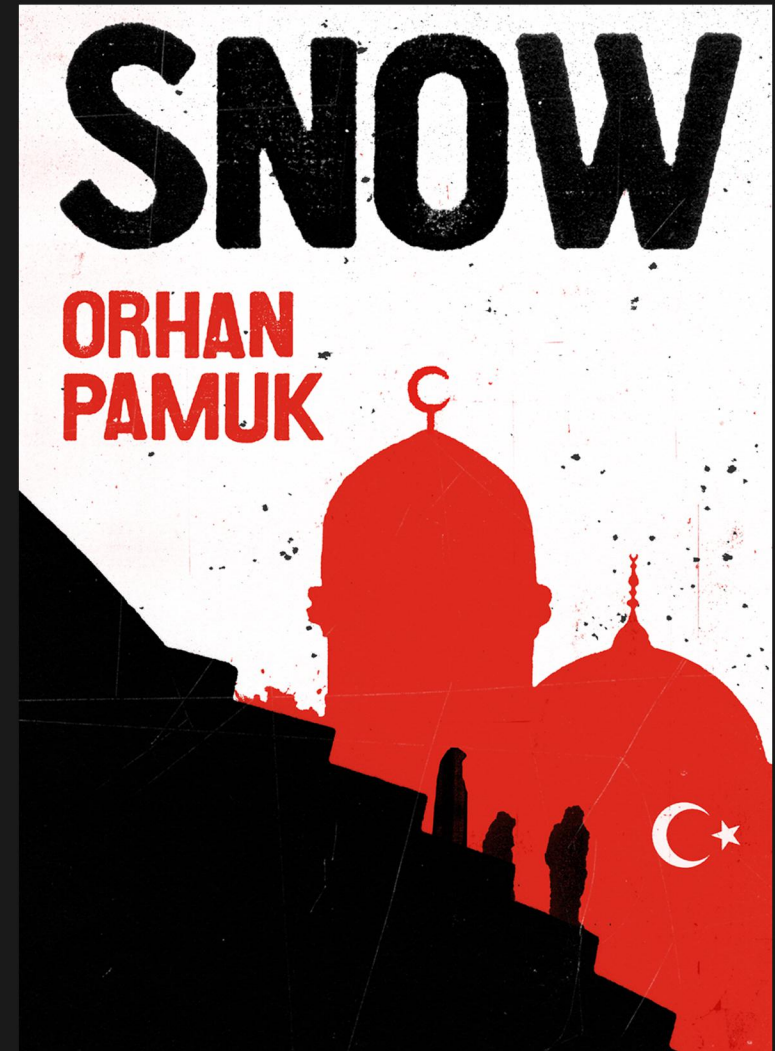


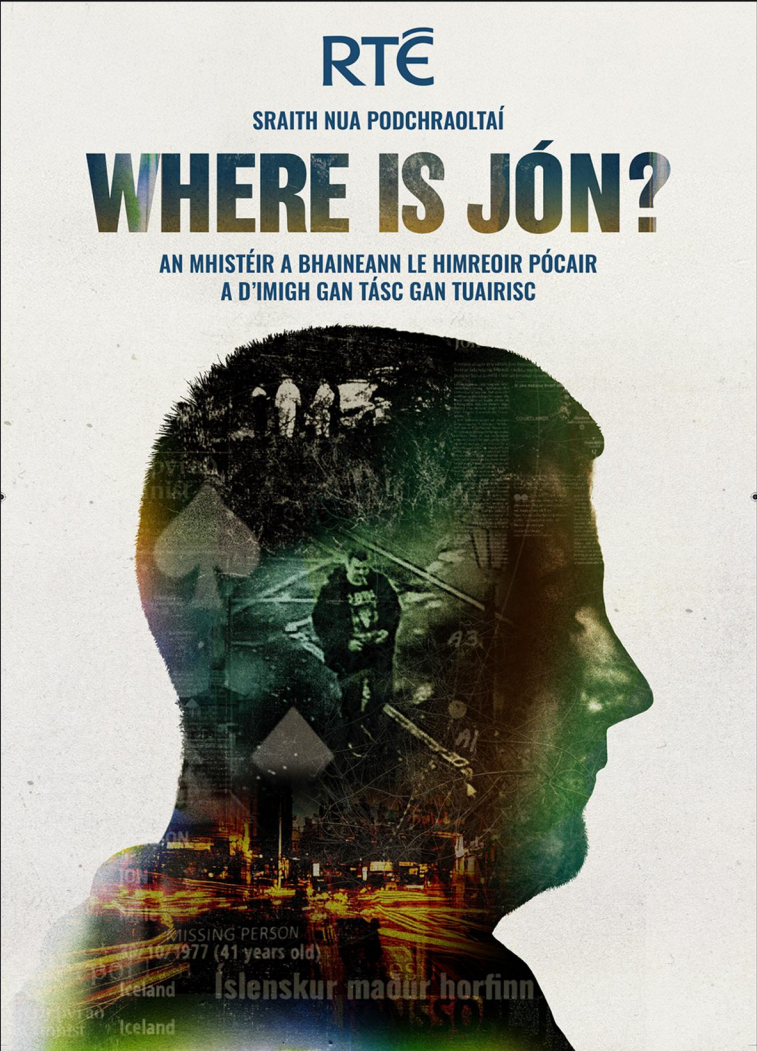
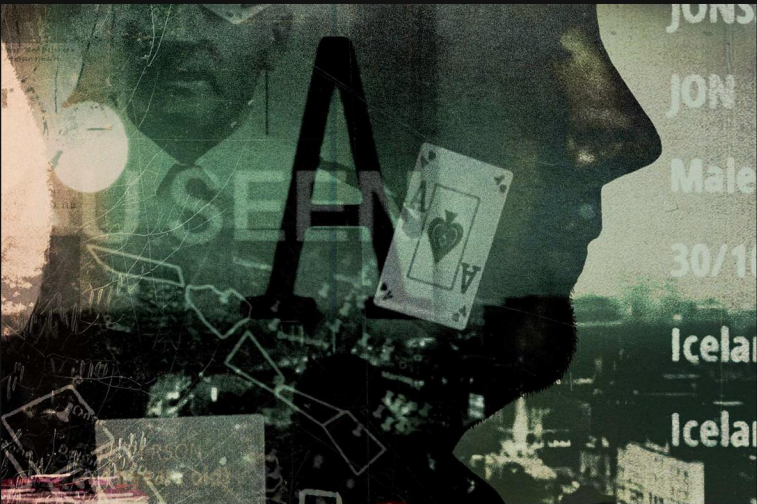
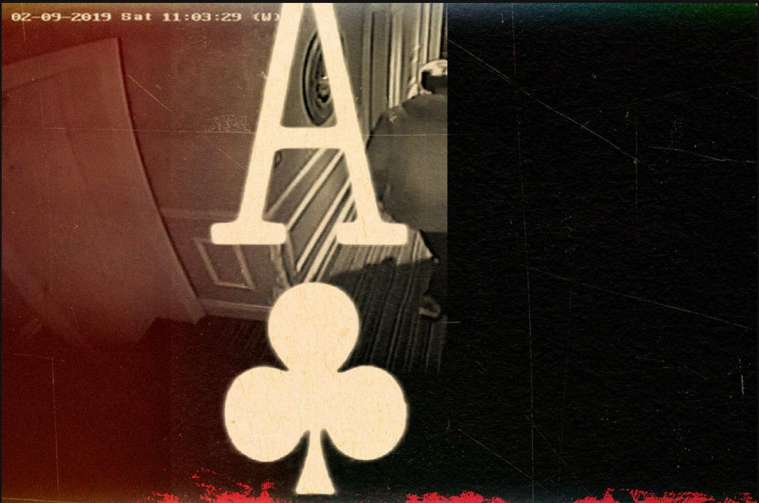






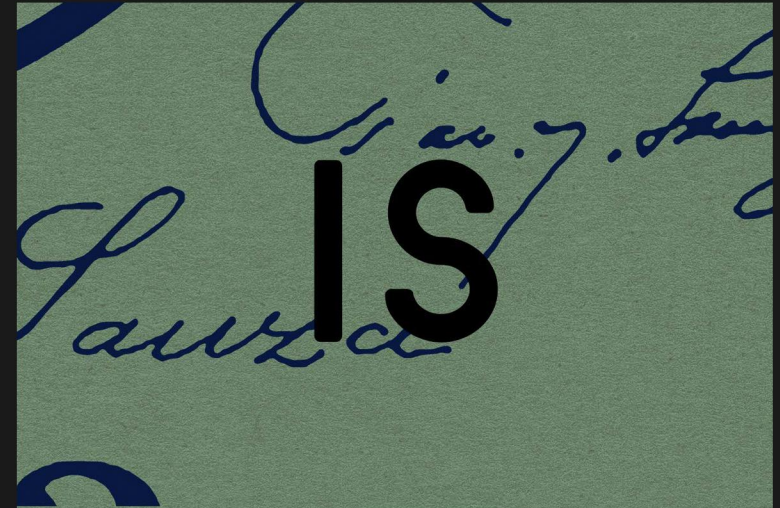




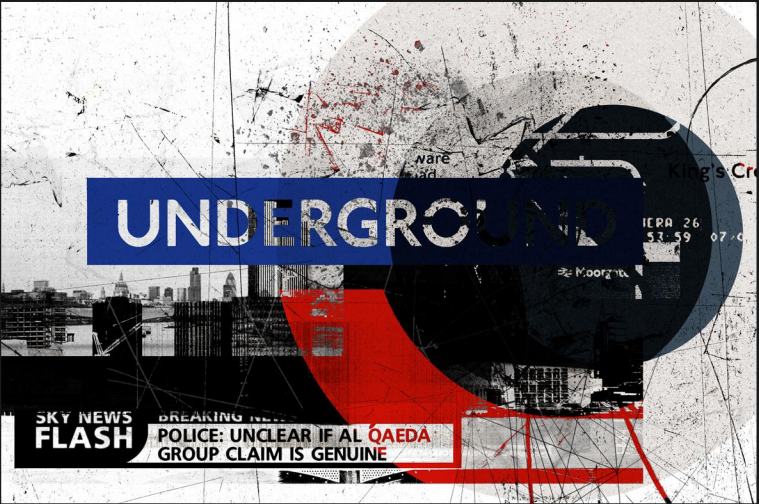










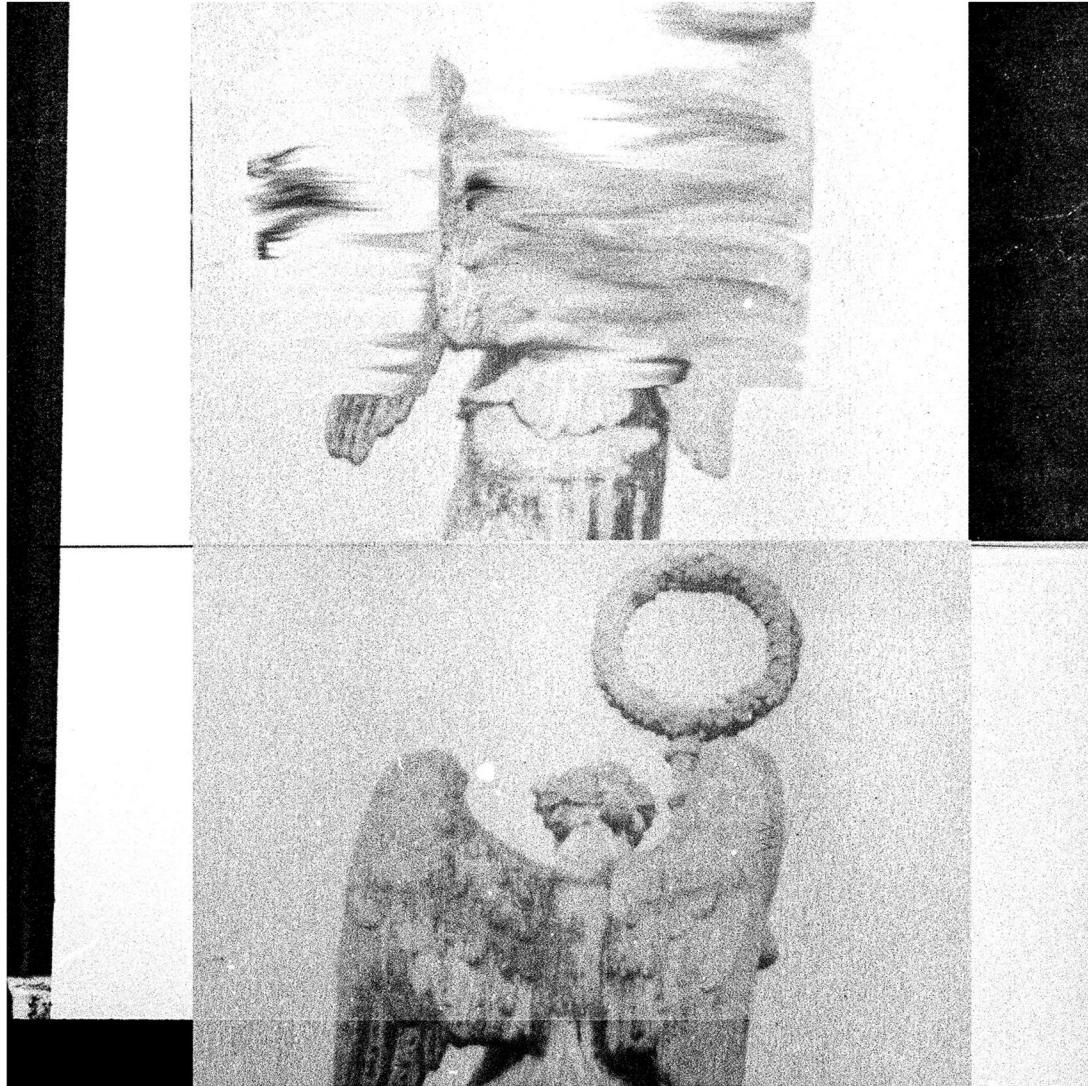


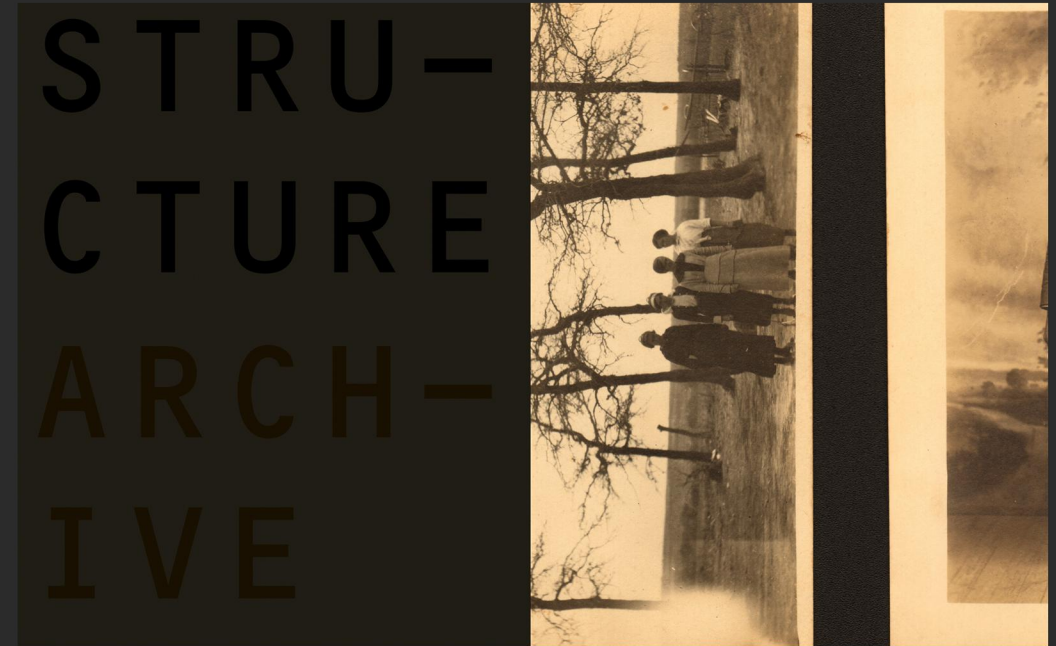


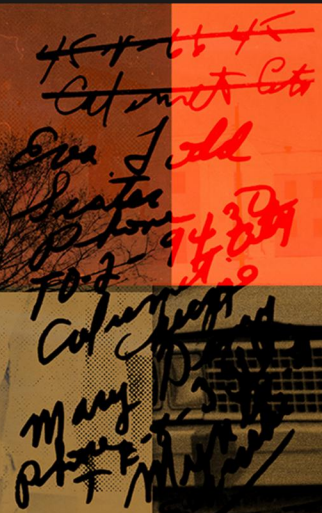


IMAGES Alex Williamson

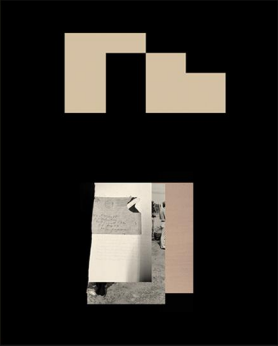
PREVIOUS PAGE Timelines
ABOVE Overturnings (Typical)



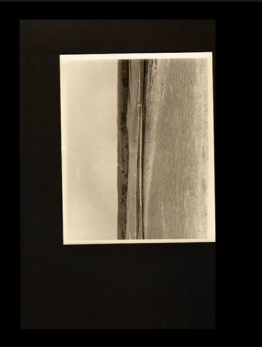
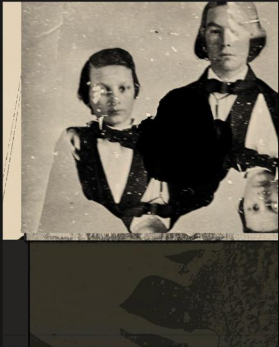
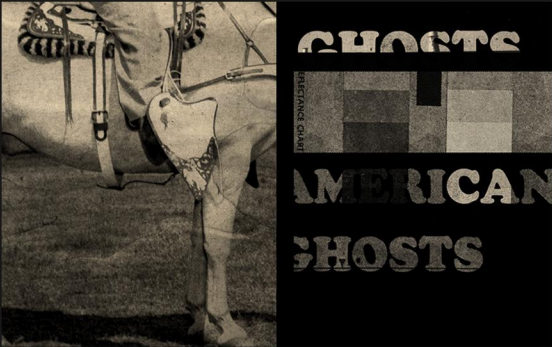
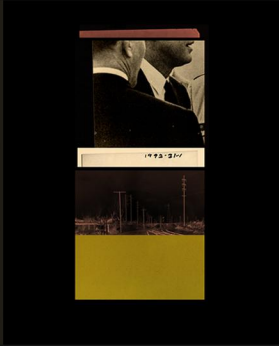




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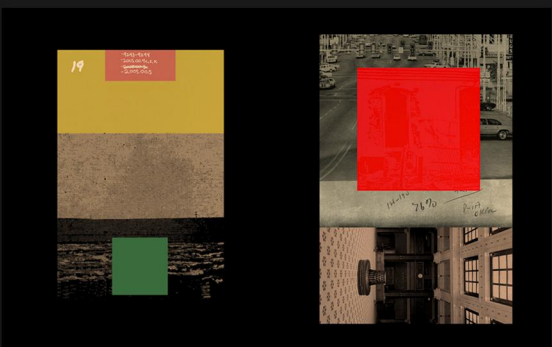
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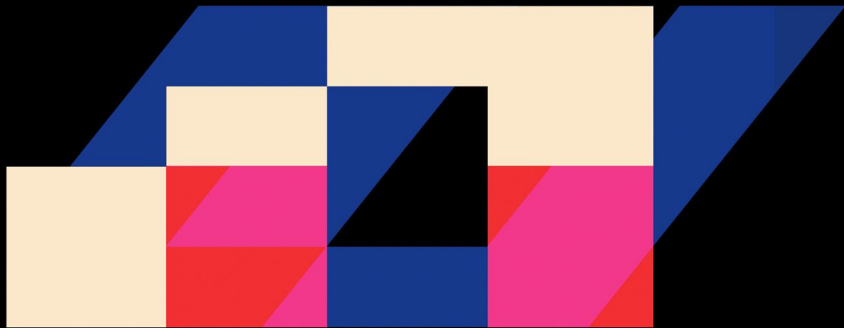
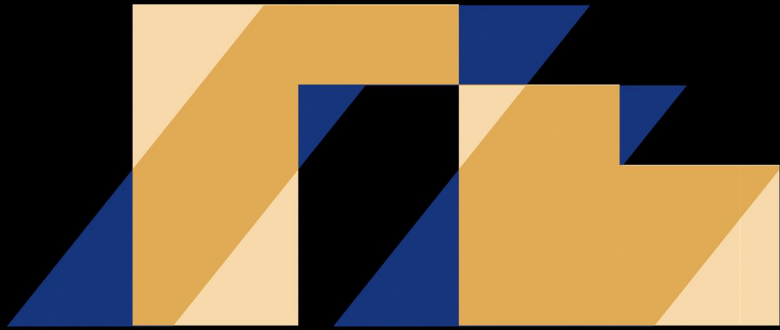


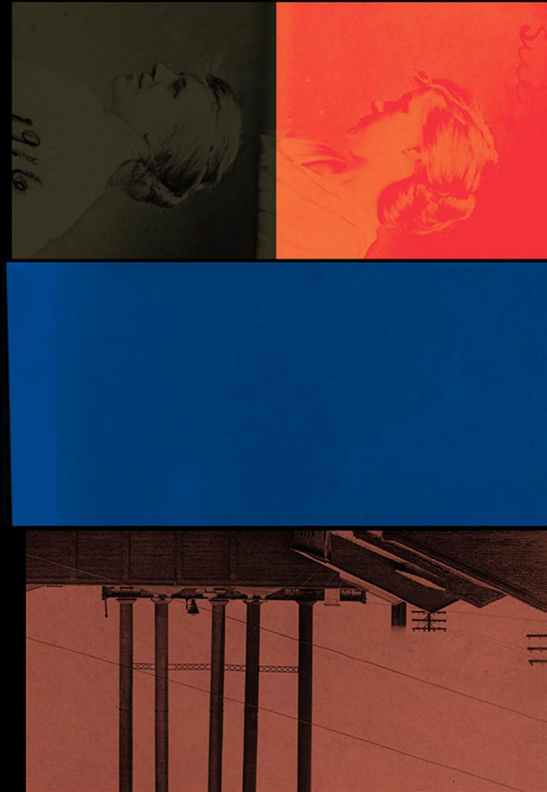
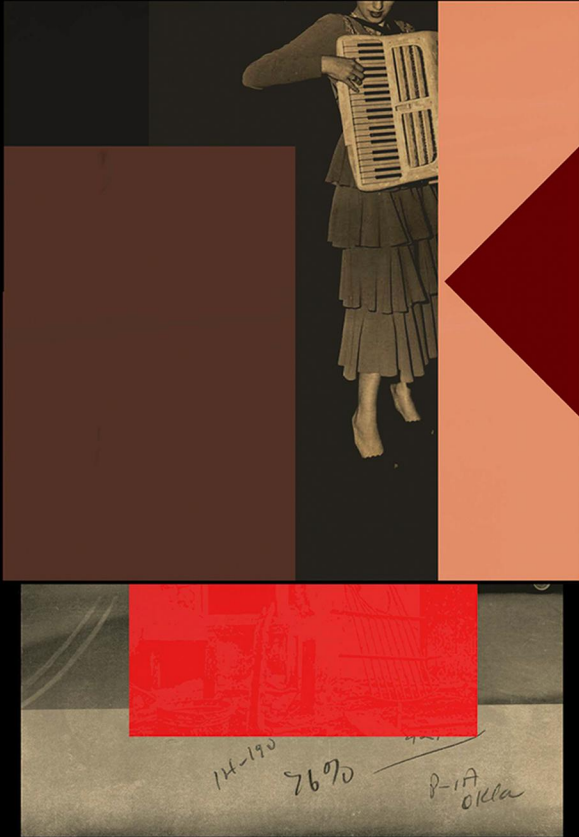
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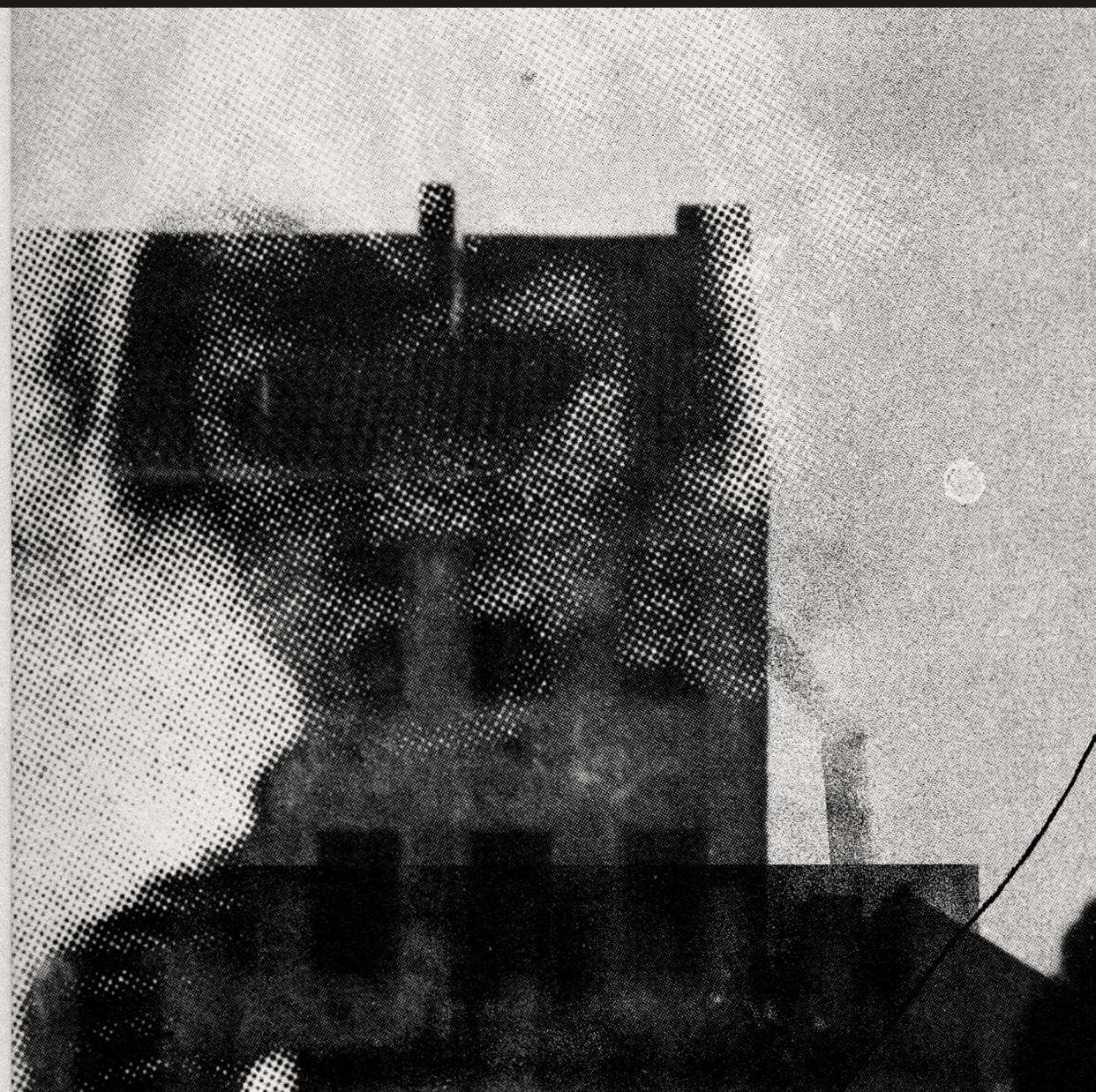


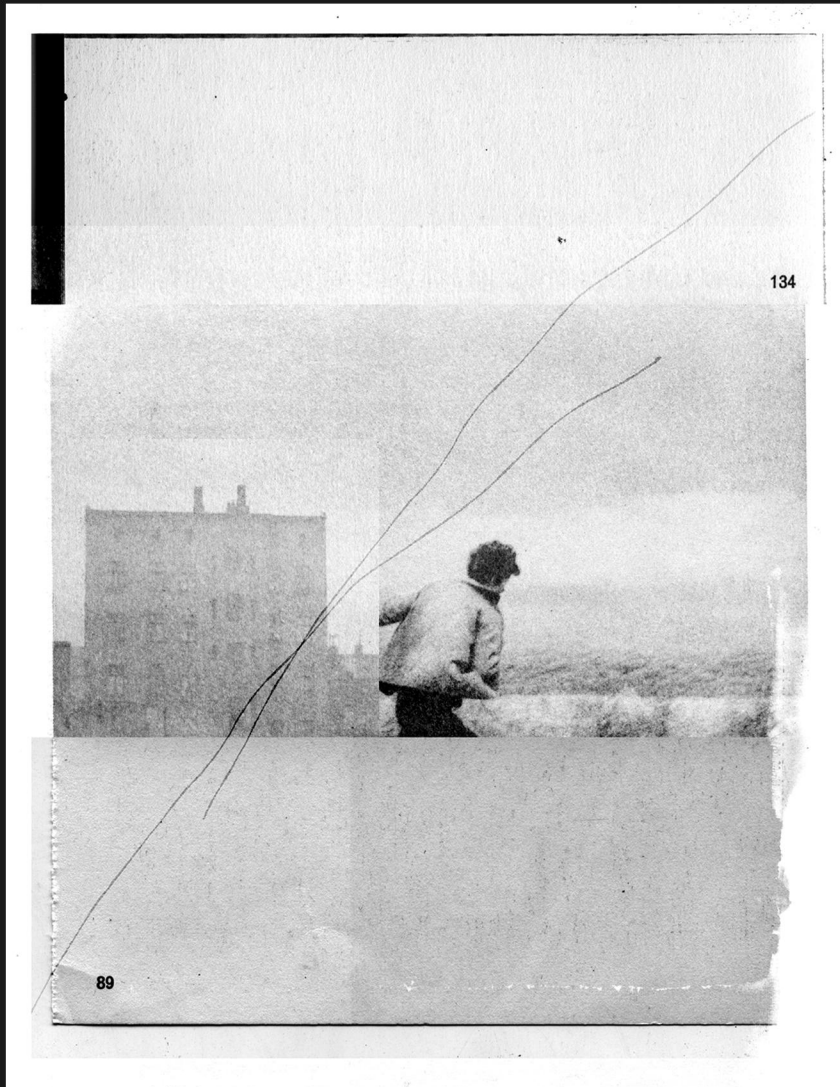
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This is England

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.

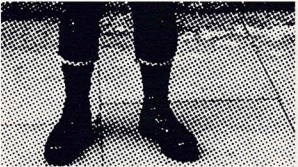
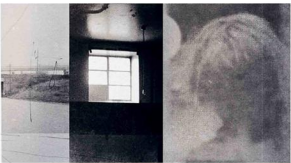
I used to think it was easier with visual media, films in particular, because you could show, with greater subtlety, rather than tell the same caricatured path. But, of course, this can be equally guilty of stereotype and laziness. Moody over-head shot of brick terraced houses with a grey filter: here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



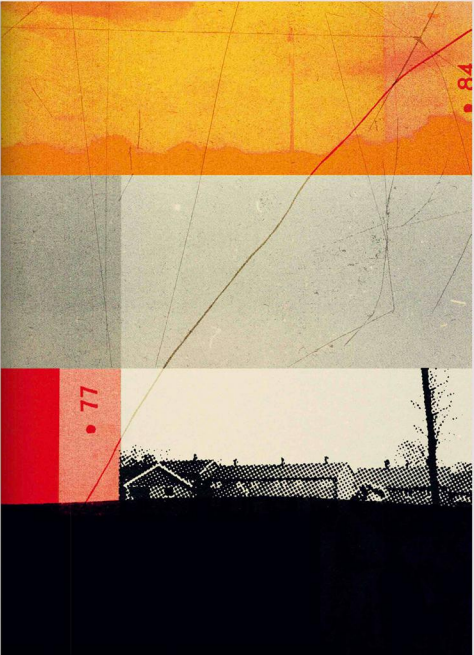
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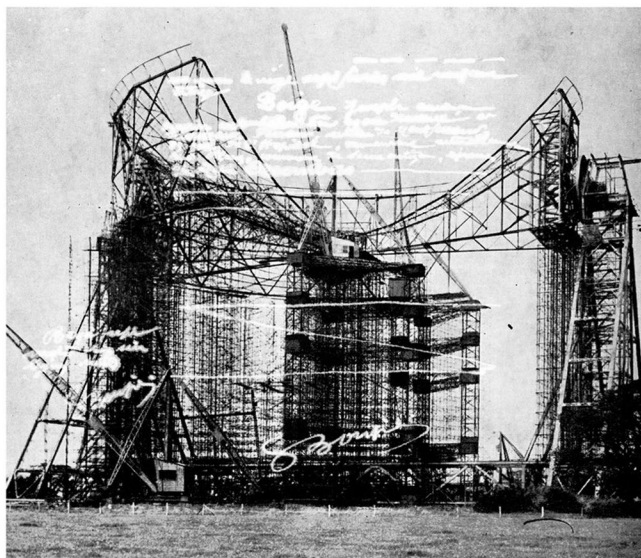
The film depicts a gang of skinhead teenagers in the Midlands, living in a liminal cultural space themselves between the original, anti-racist, anti-establishment skinhead movement, and its later, fascistic bastardisation.

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.

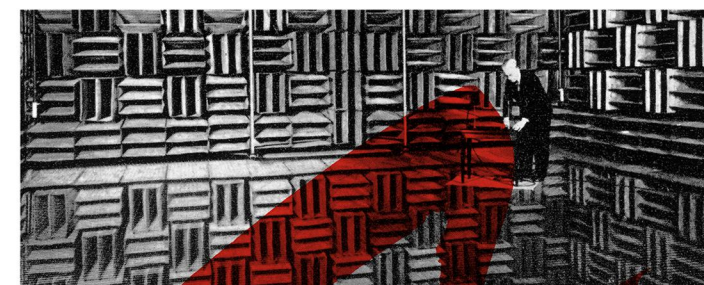
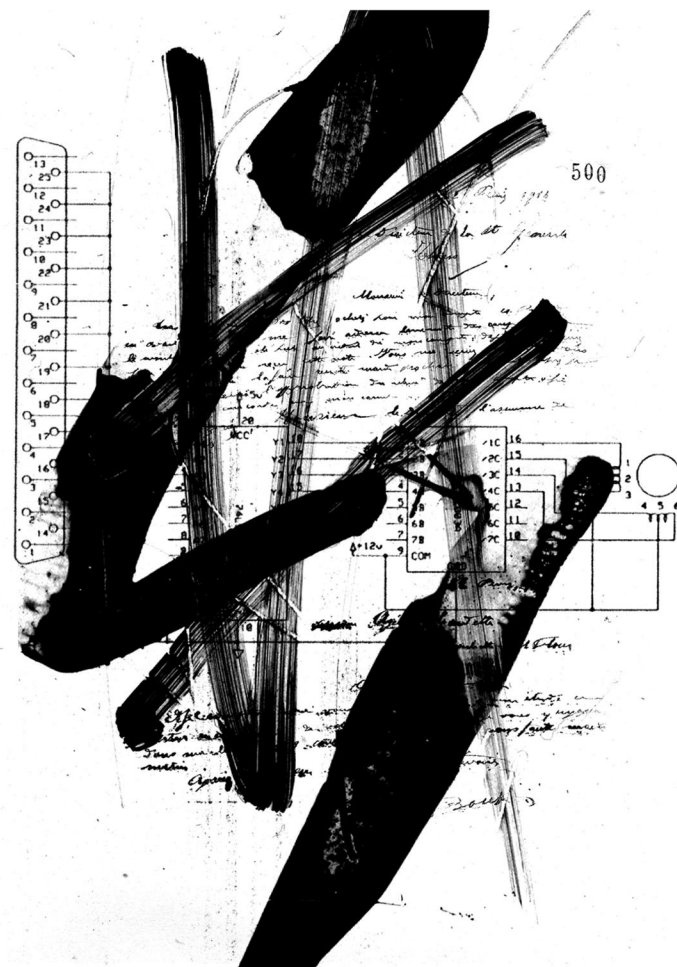




Berge

Bayi akan
sudah ada
lagi
Gunting

Ernie



~~Conquer le monde~~

Monsieur Salomon
Compton 22
Clermont

et de vous informer que j'ai vu
 de la même manière.

Spence

