

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

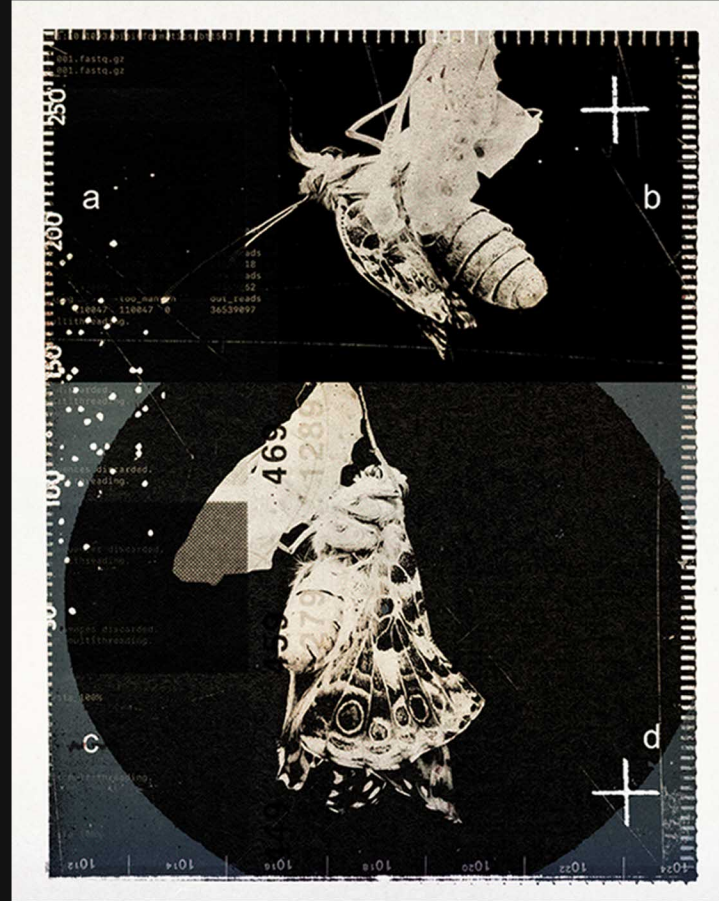
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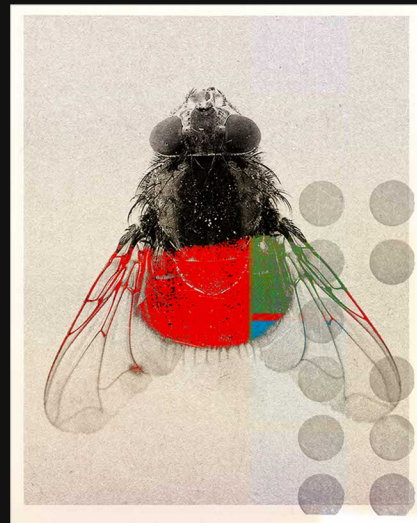
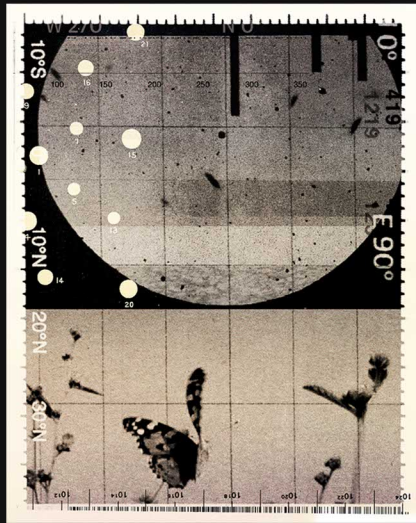
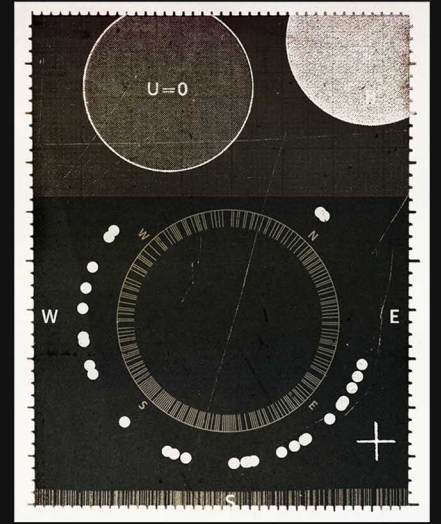
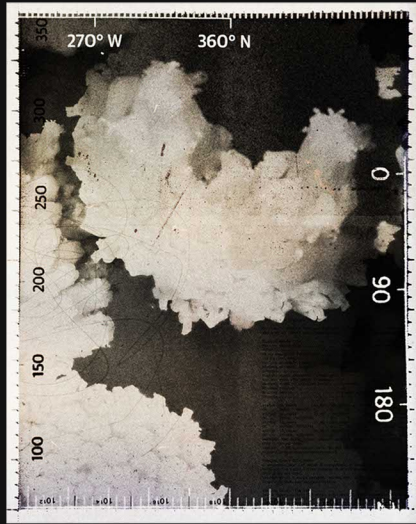




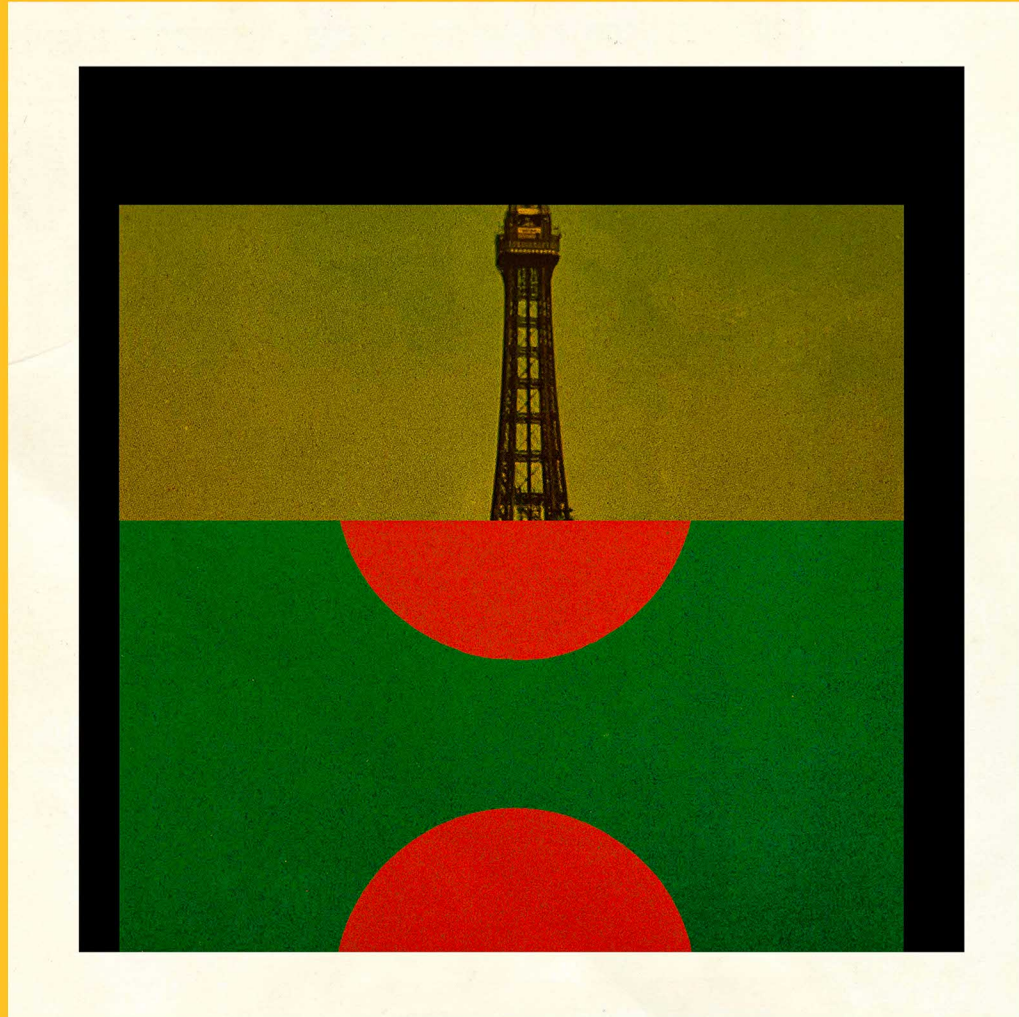




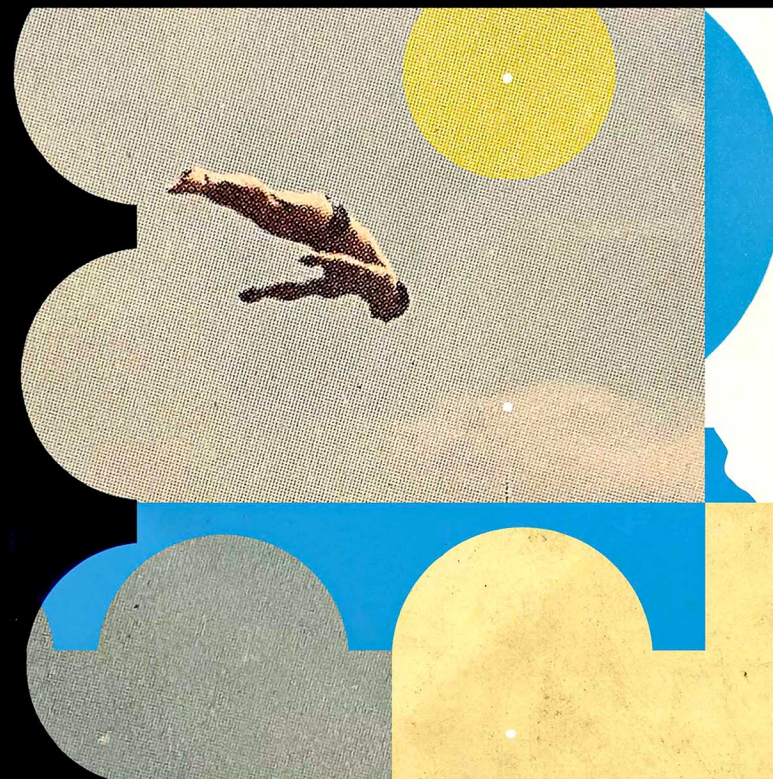
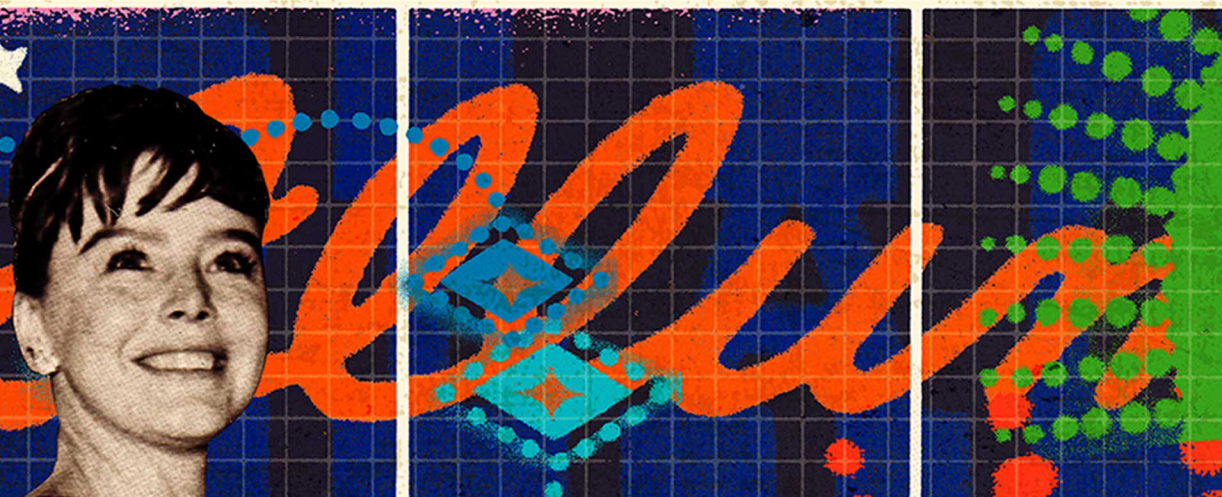












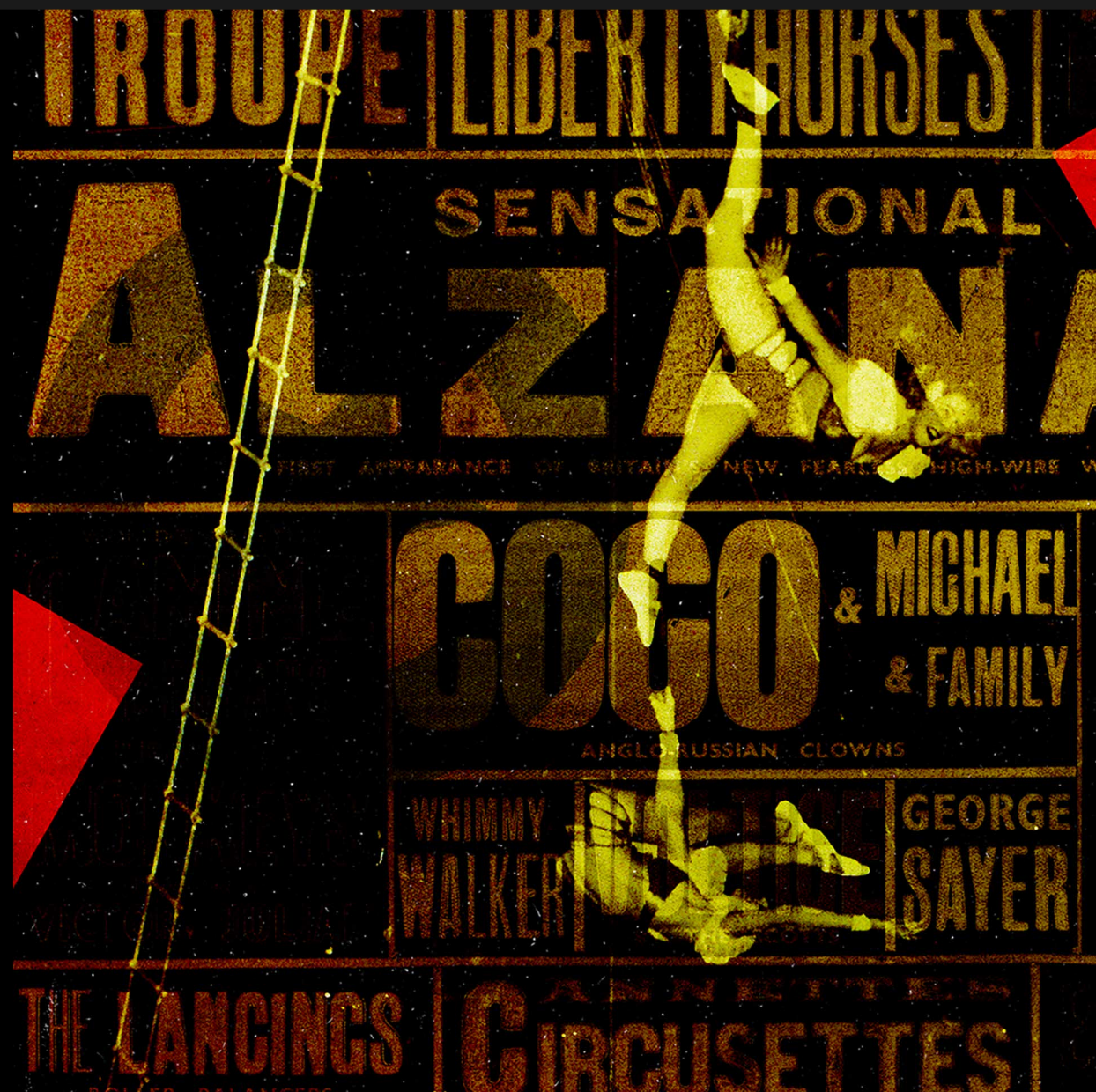
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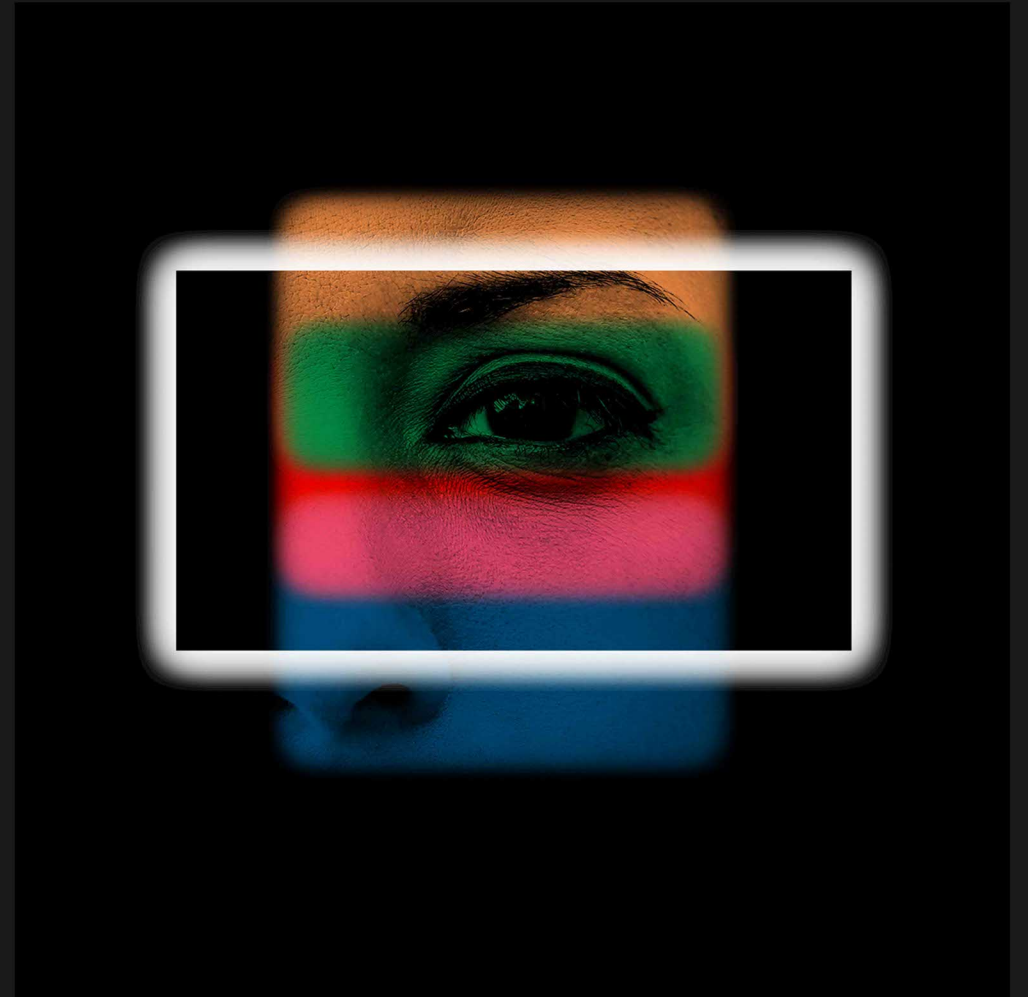
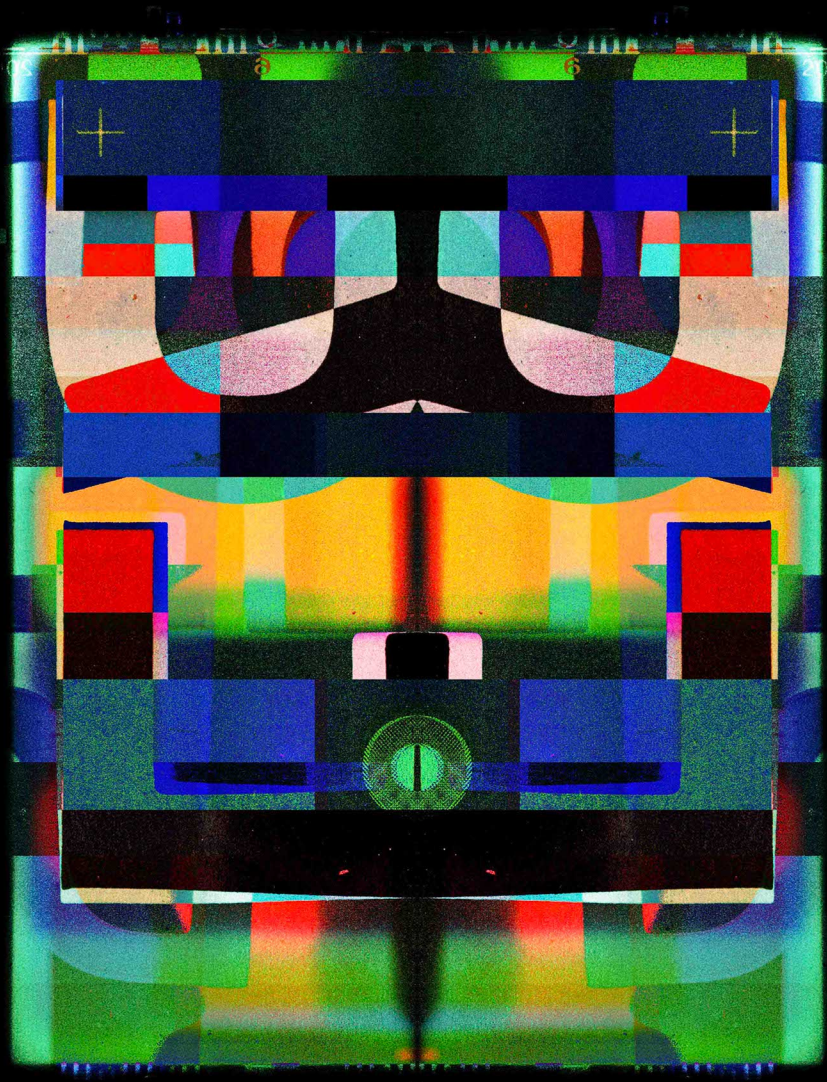




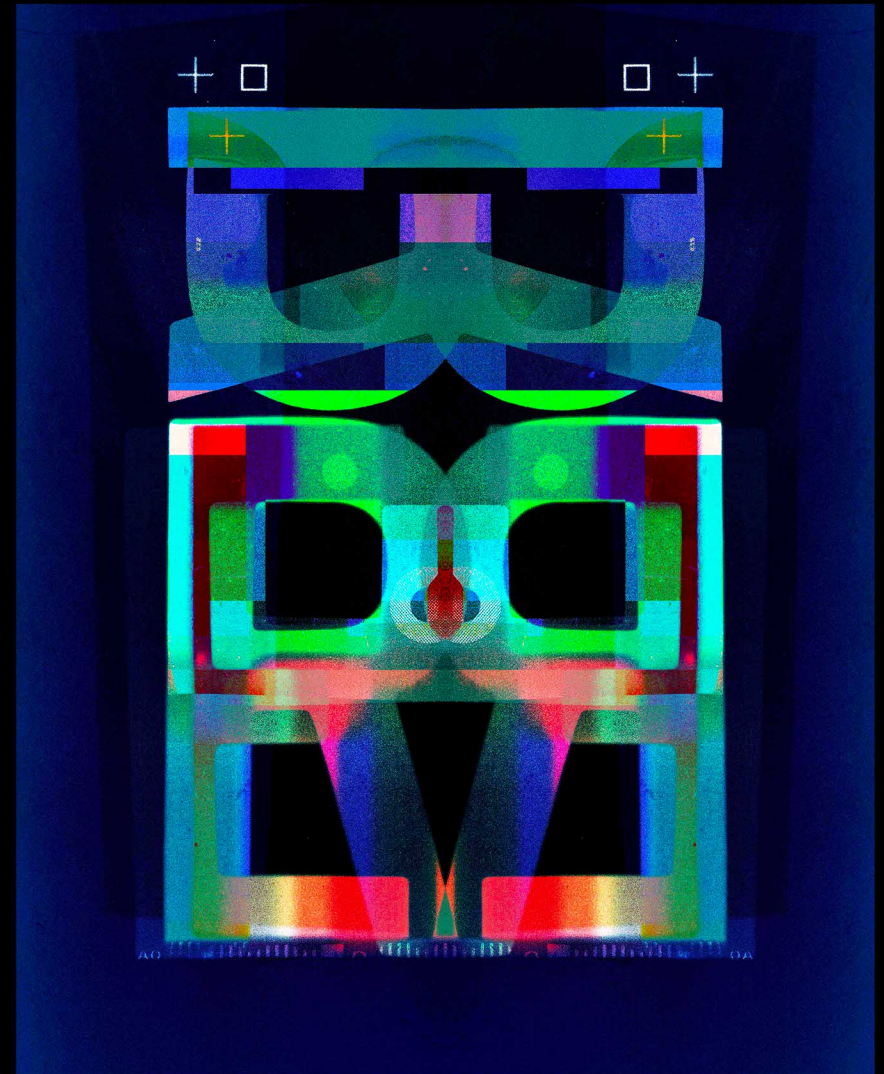
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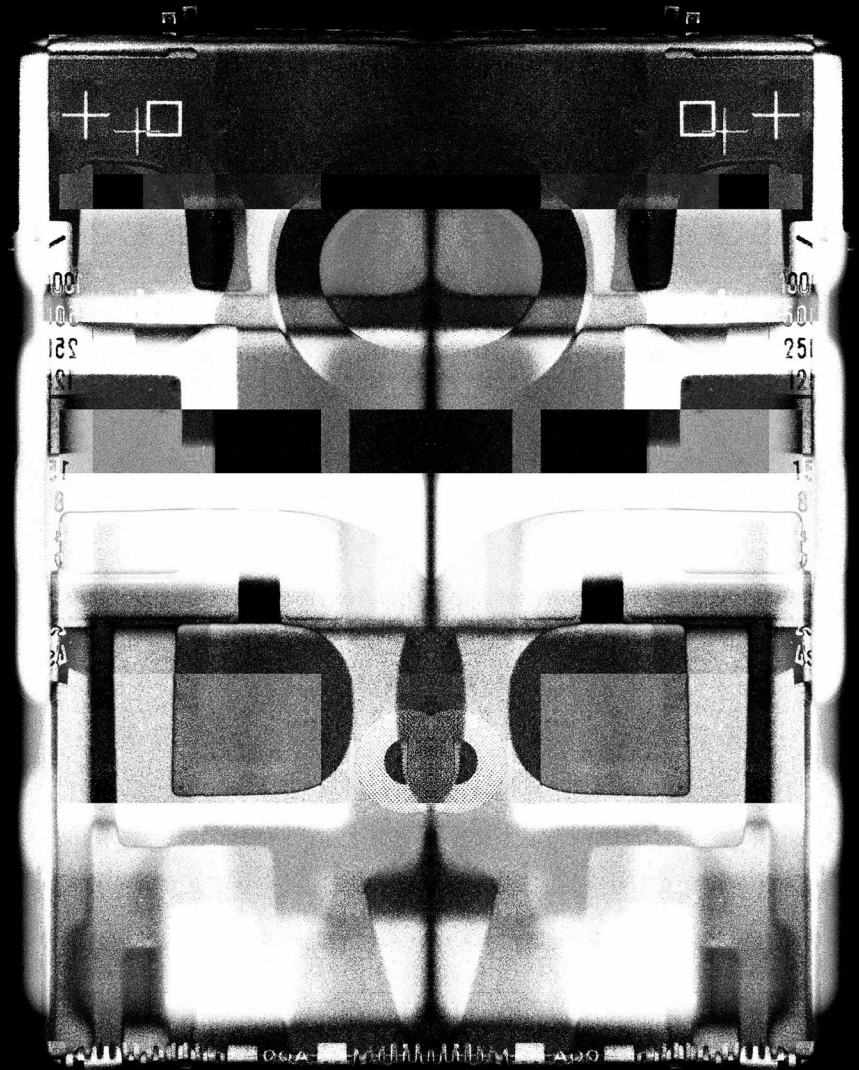
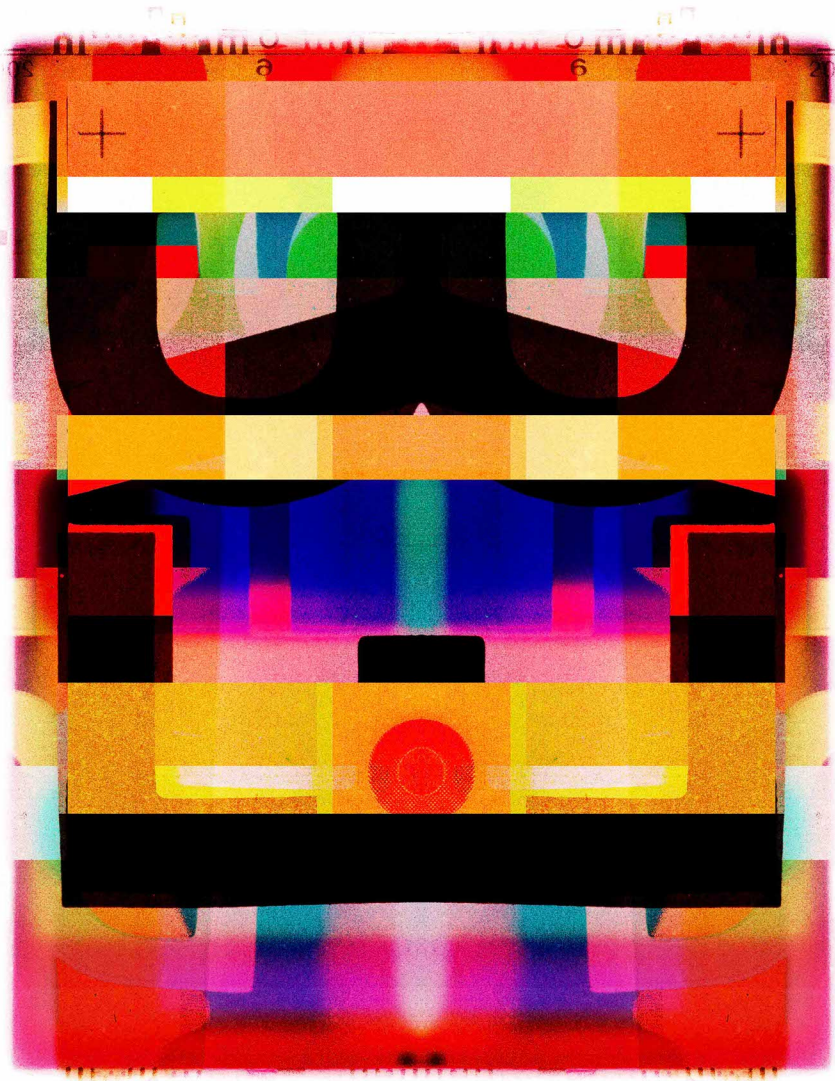




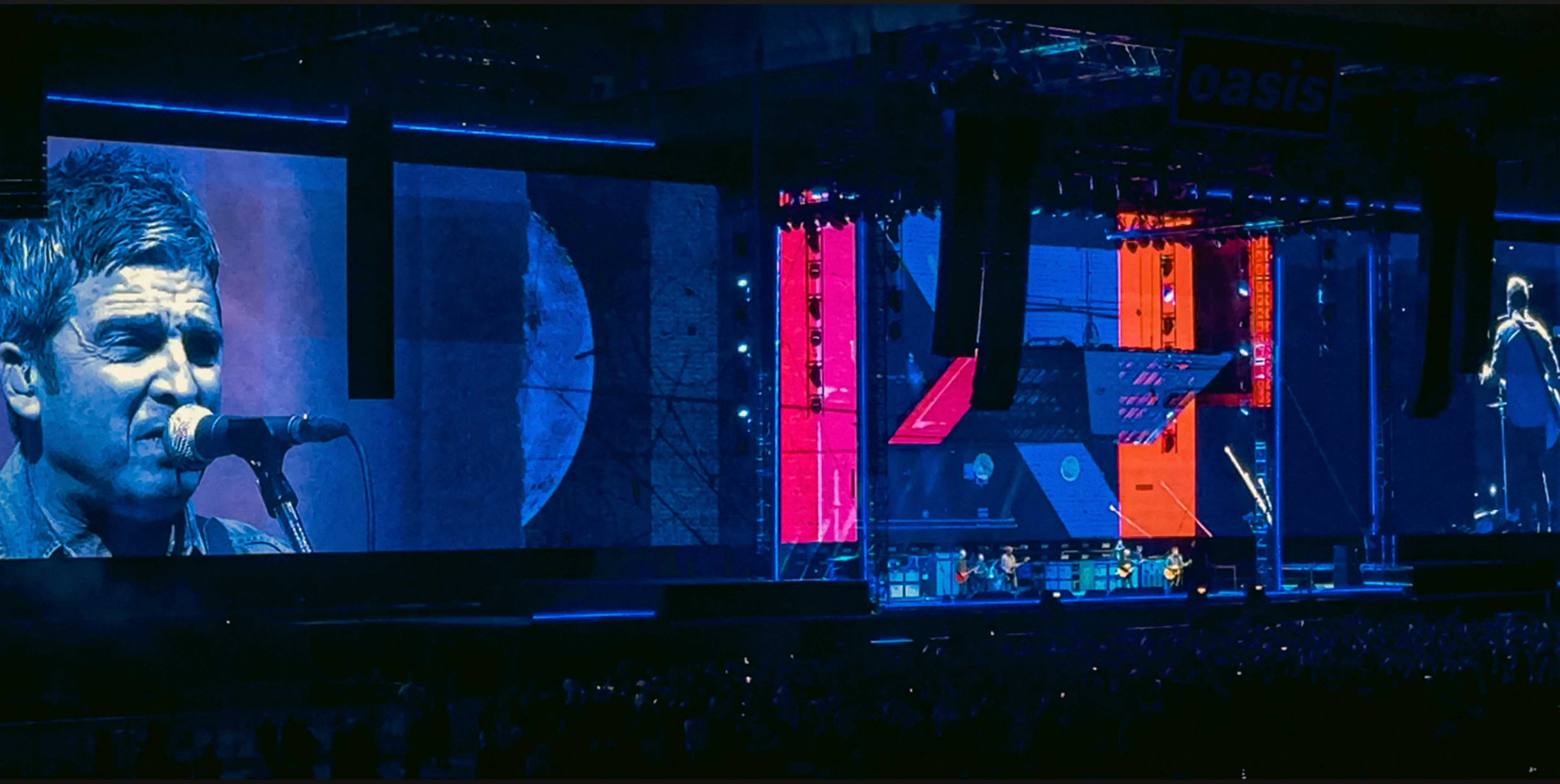




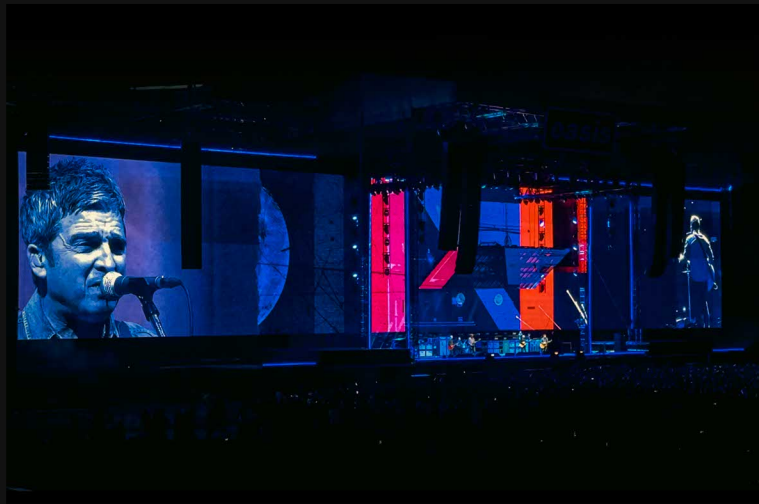
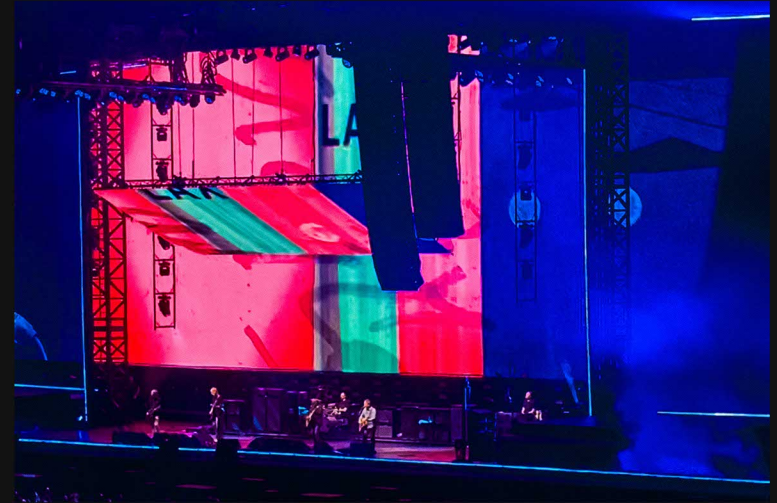




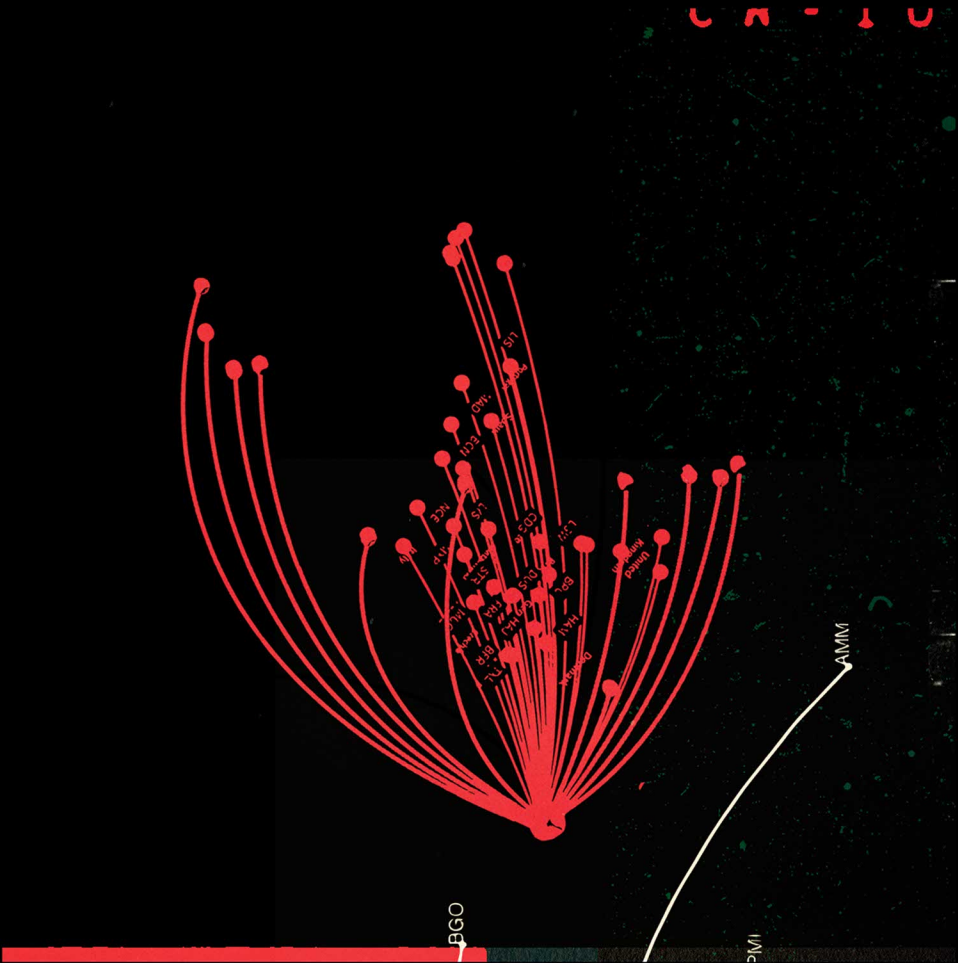
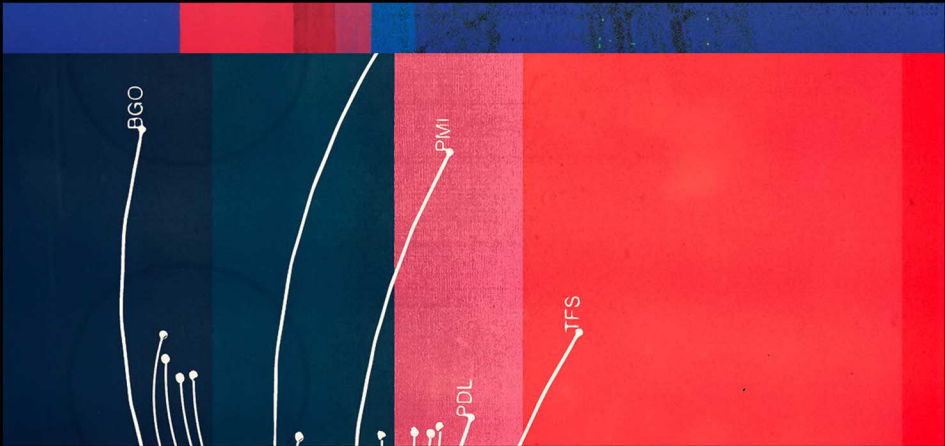




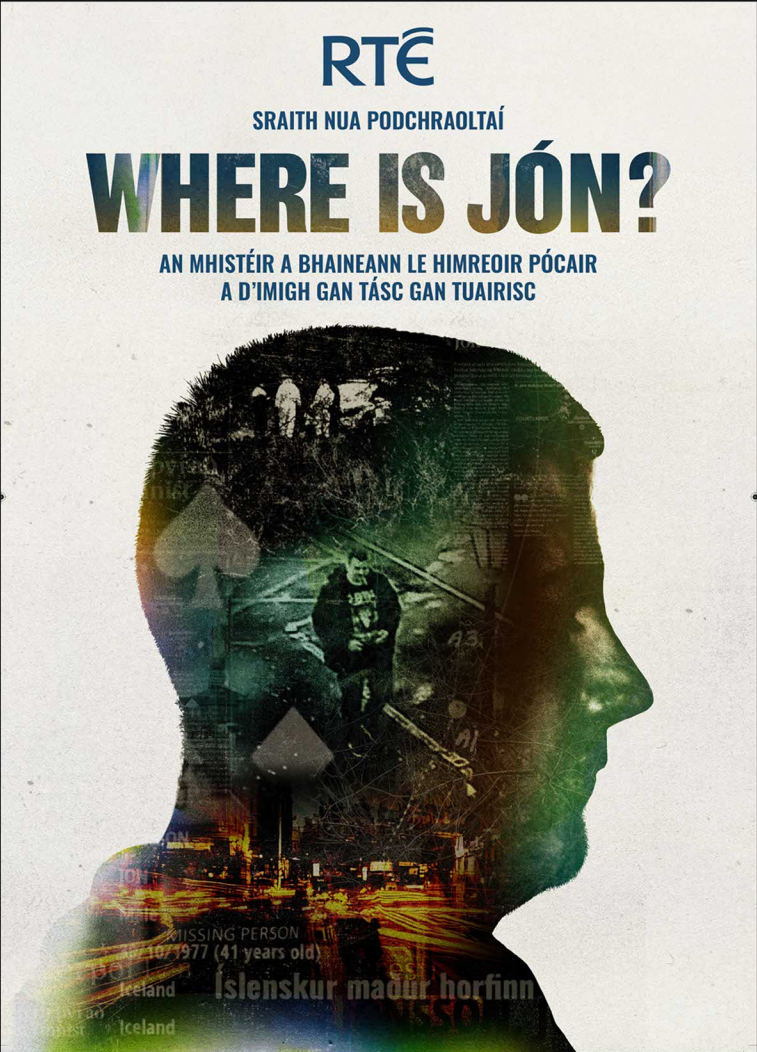
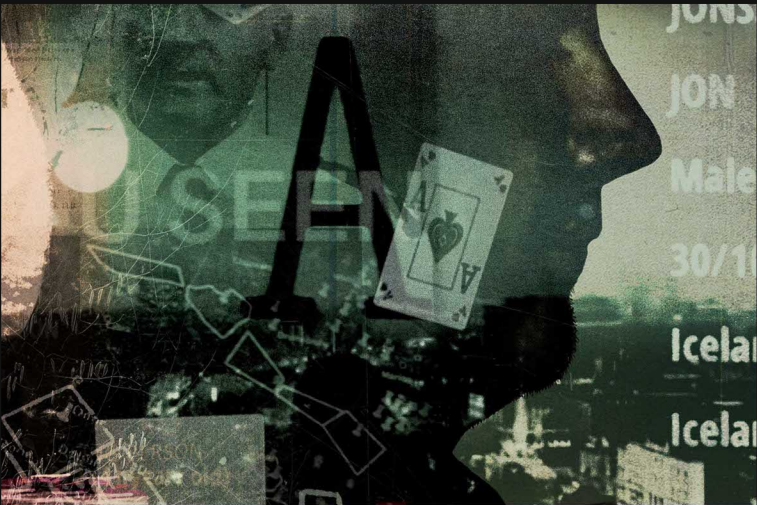
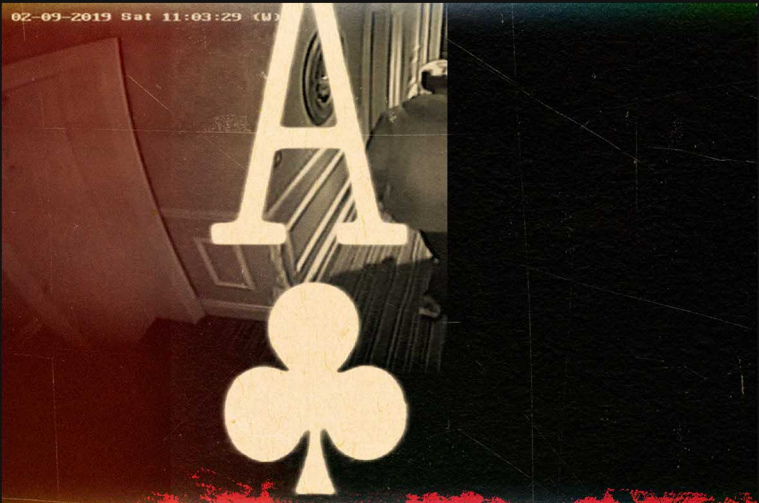




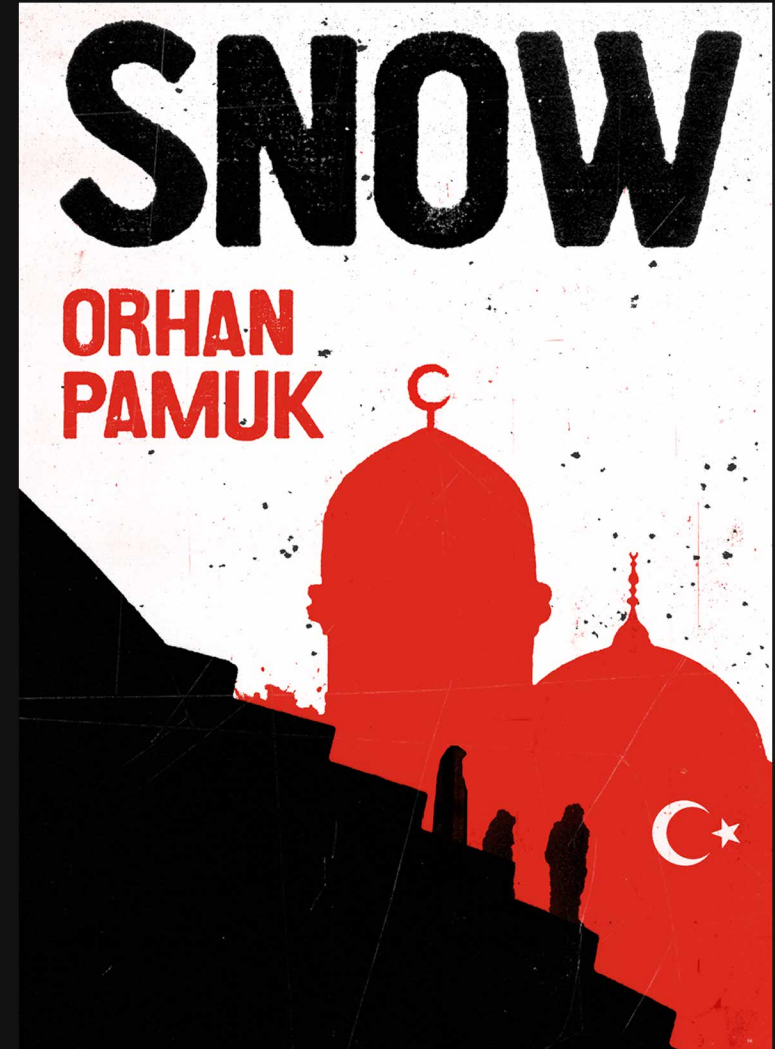








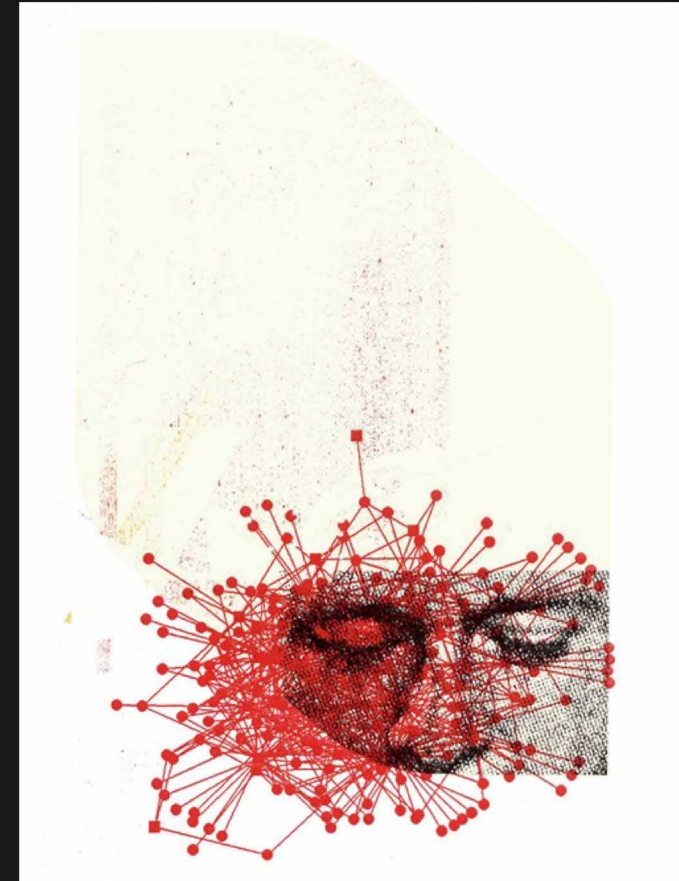
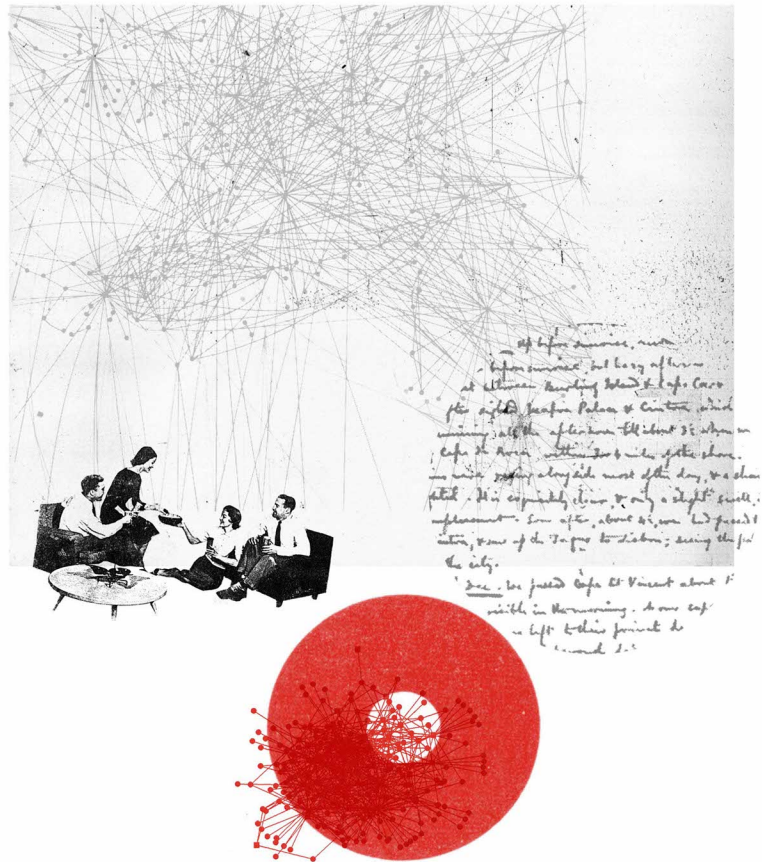








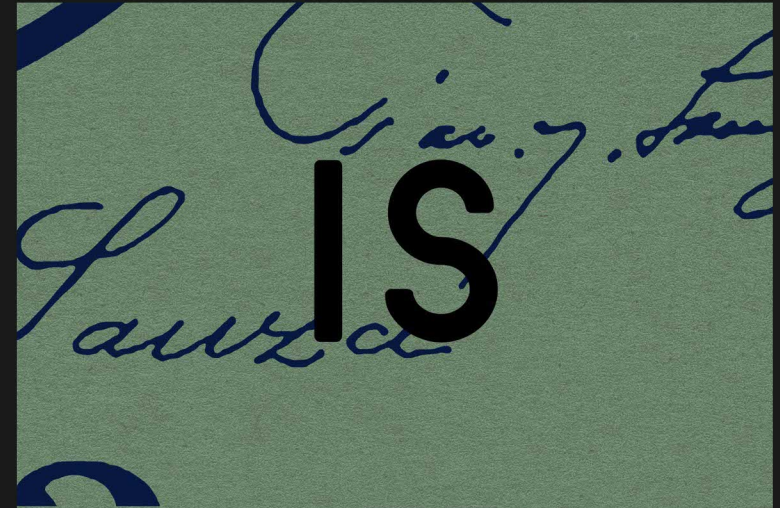












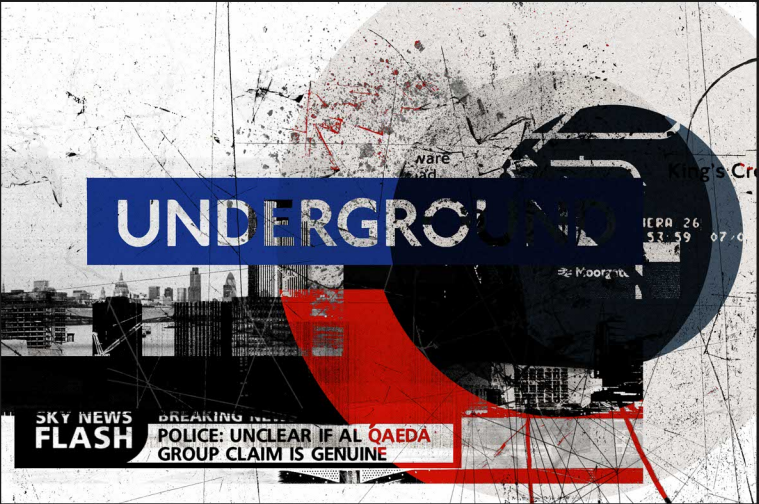




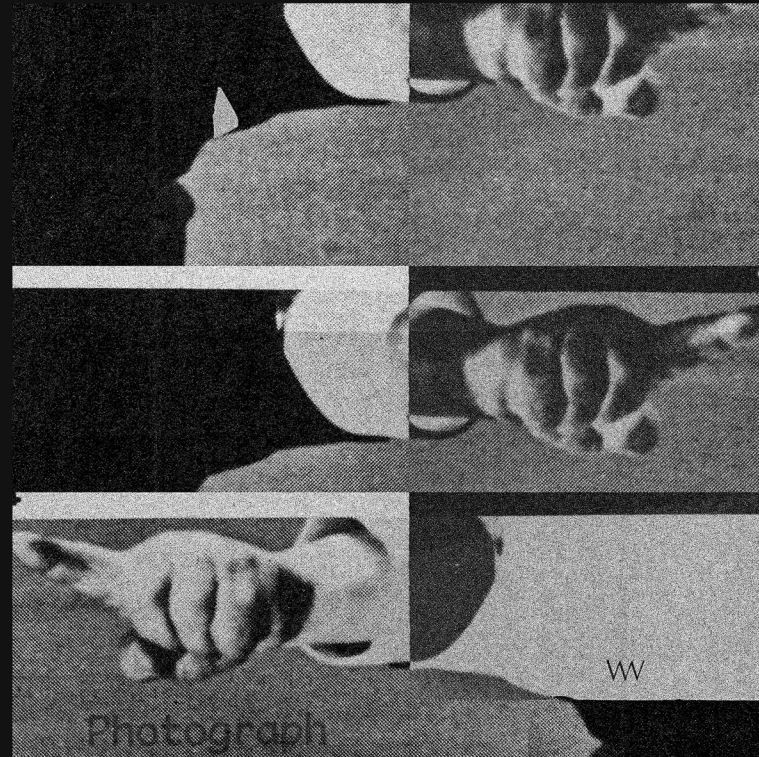




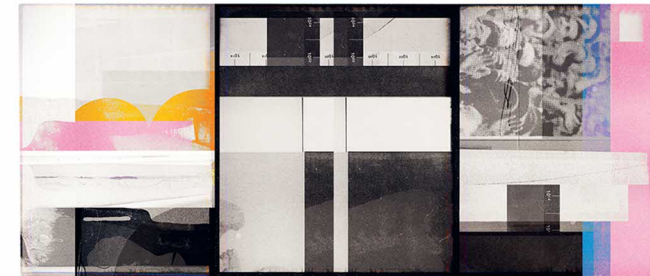
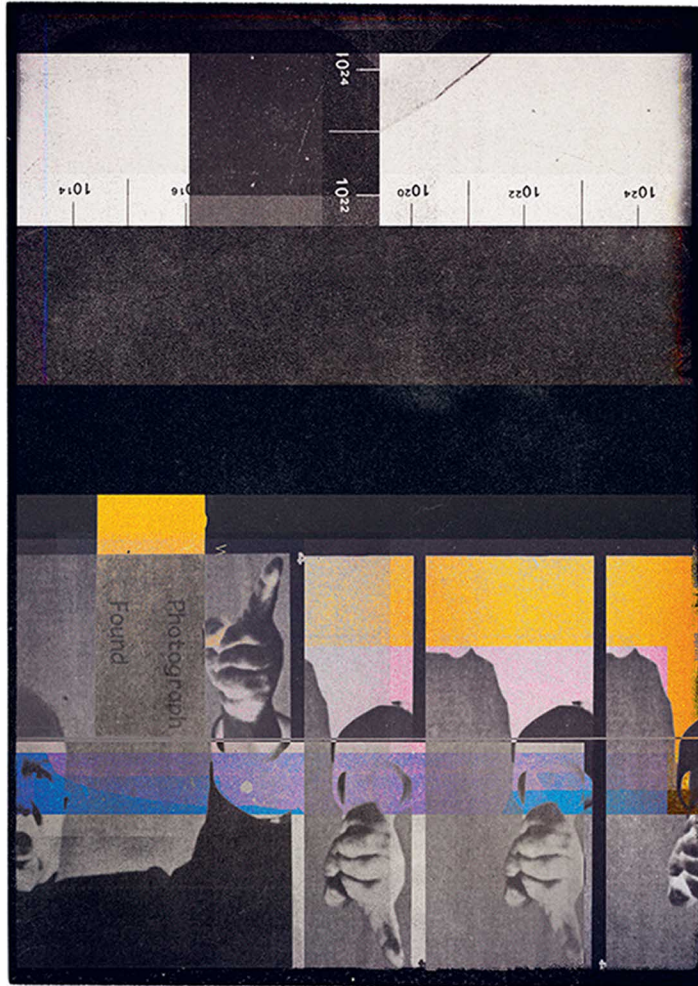












### Abstract (Overturning) (Typical)

REVIEWS: **Alan Williamson**

## DAS LIED VON DER MOLDAU

Periodically, under stress or simply floored by the horrendous and unjust dealings of the world some lines in German float into my mind and I often sing them out loud!

"Am Grunde der Mähdar wunden die Steine  
Es liegen drei Kaiser begraben in Prag,  
Der Große bleibt groß nicht und Klein nicht  
das Kleine.  
Die Nacht hat zwölf Stunden, dann kommt schon  
der Tag!"

In English:

the best

Three emperors be buried in Prague.  
What is big does not remain big and what is small  
does not stay small.  
Night lasts twelve hours, and then it is day soon  
enough.\*

This is the first verse of 'Das Lied von der Matus', The Song of the Wives, named after a play that runs through Prague. Although its original title was 'The Times are Changing', the lyrics are by Bertolt Brecht, written in August 1943 while he was in exile from Nazism in the USA. The lines were for his play about the 'good soldier' Svejk, from Jaroslav Hasek's satirical novel featuring the bungling and enthusiastic infantryman, who in the Great War impeded Habsburg military on account of his stupidity. Svejk is now turned into a symbol of the last remnants near Stalingrad where he meets Hitler, stiff with frost, surrounded by frozen corpses and the approaching Red Army. The Nazi leader is capable only of a grotesque dance.

Brecht never saw his play performed. It remained uncompleted, as did the poem about the Prague river whose fragments Hanns Eisler set to music once Brecht had died. In some abandoned verses, Brecht evokes a legend about the bed of the river being filled with the tears of the people.

What attached itself to me from the haunting song, and what surfaces when things are bleak, is the idea that all things change. This is the heart of Brecht's hopeful but realist stance, encapsulated by Walter Benjamin in his analyses of his friend's poems: "dialectics at a standstill. Brecht nails the stains that threatens to prevail in our corrupted social relations, while questing for breaks, moments of movement, spots of potential unblockage, transformation. The second verse of the song insists that change is a constant."

The times are changing. The great plans  
Of the powerful eventually come to a halt,  
And even if they appear like bloody cocks  
The times are changing, and no force can stop that!

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

**The stones wander and those desirous routes**  
out of the morass suggest the truth is simple. So

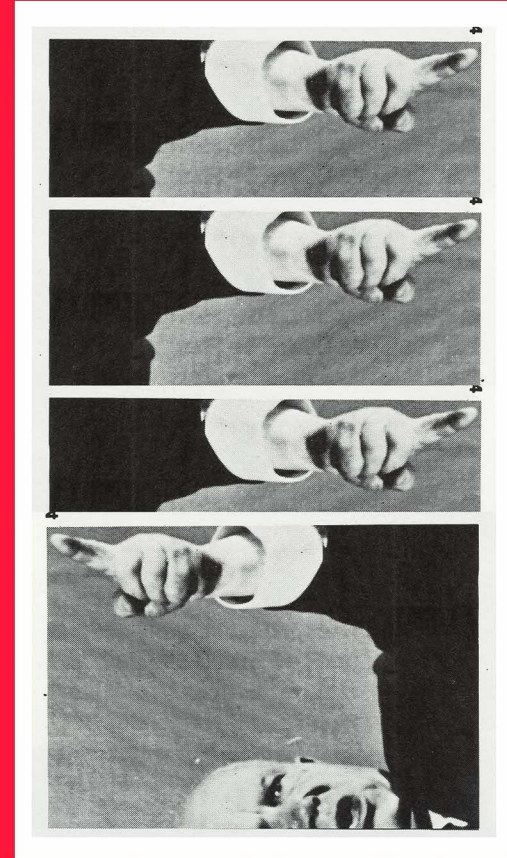
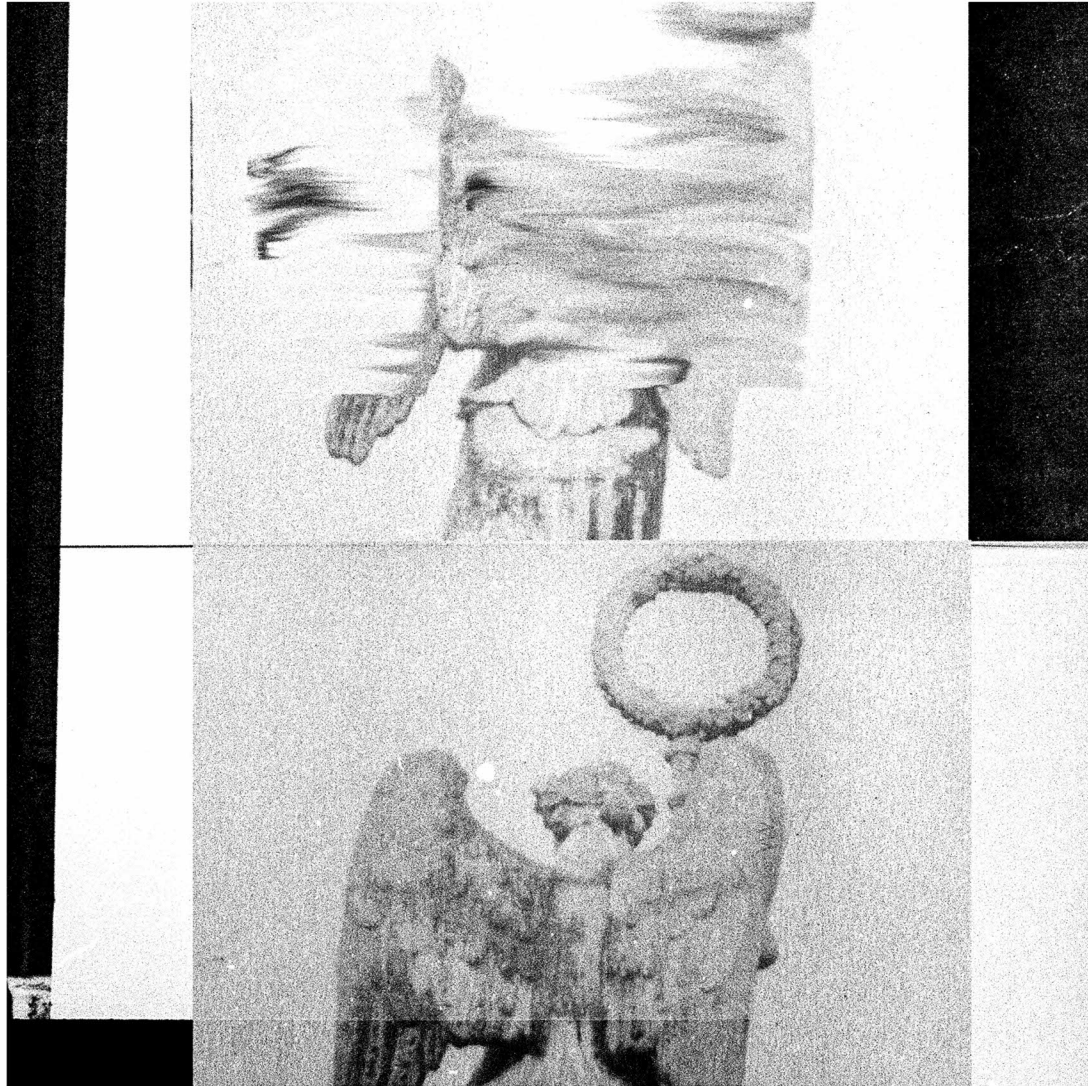
out of the morass suggest the truth is simple, so simple, he joked, that a toy donkey might understand it. So it's expedient to hold on to slogans and mantras, ones that stretch the space for overturning, ones imminent and ones that will one day arrive, even if in a geological timescale.



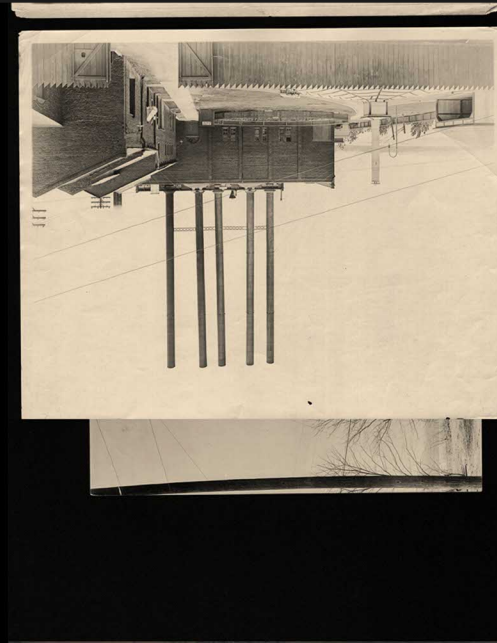
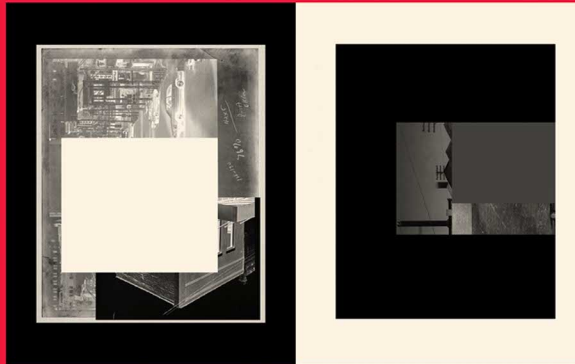
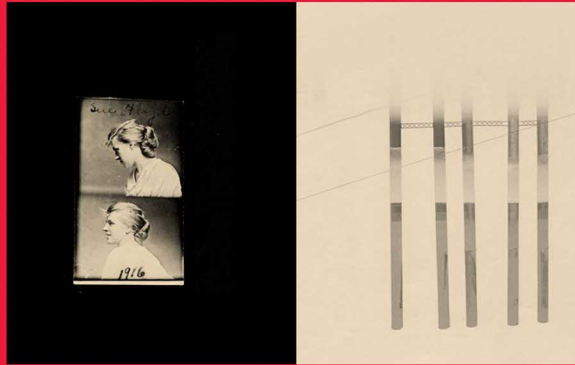
### THE BROWNE CASE

### Notes and References

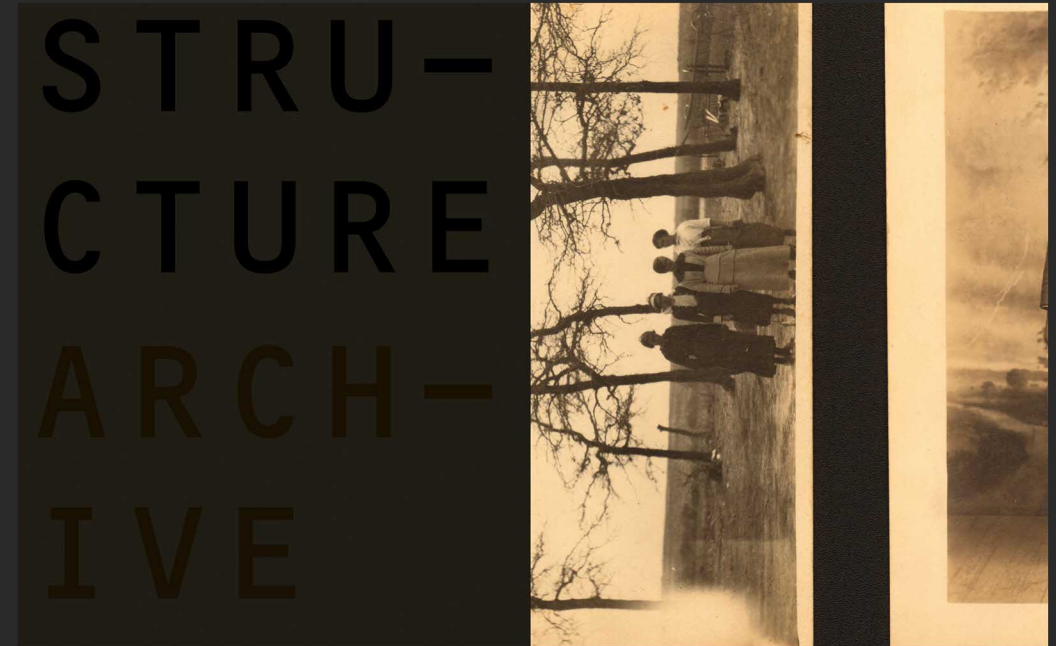




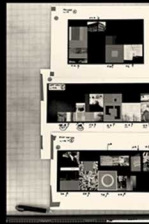
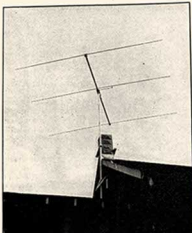
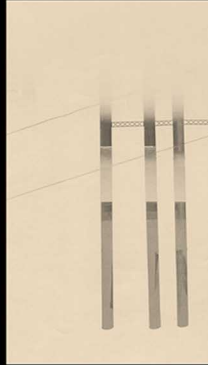
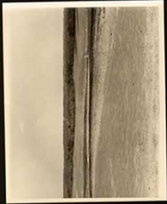
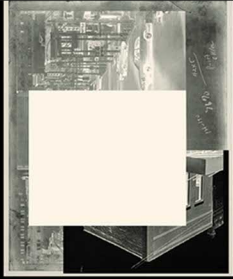






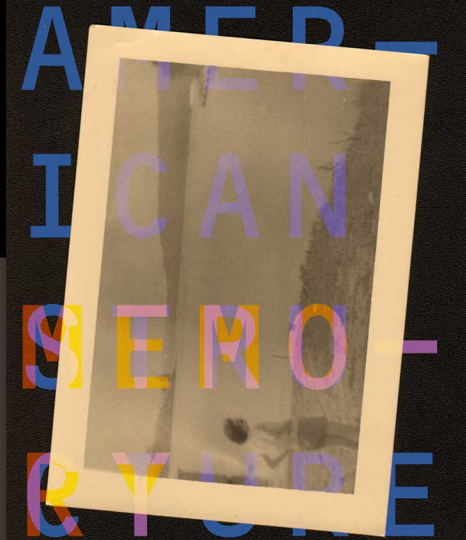








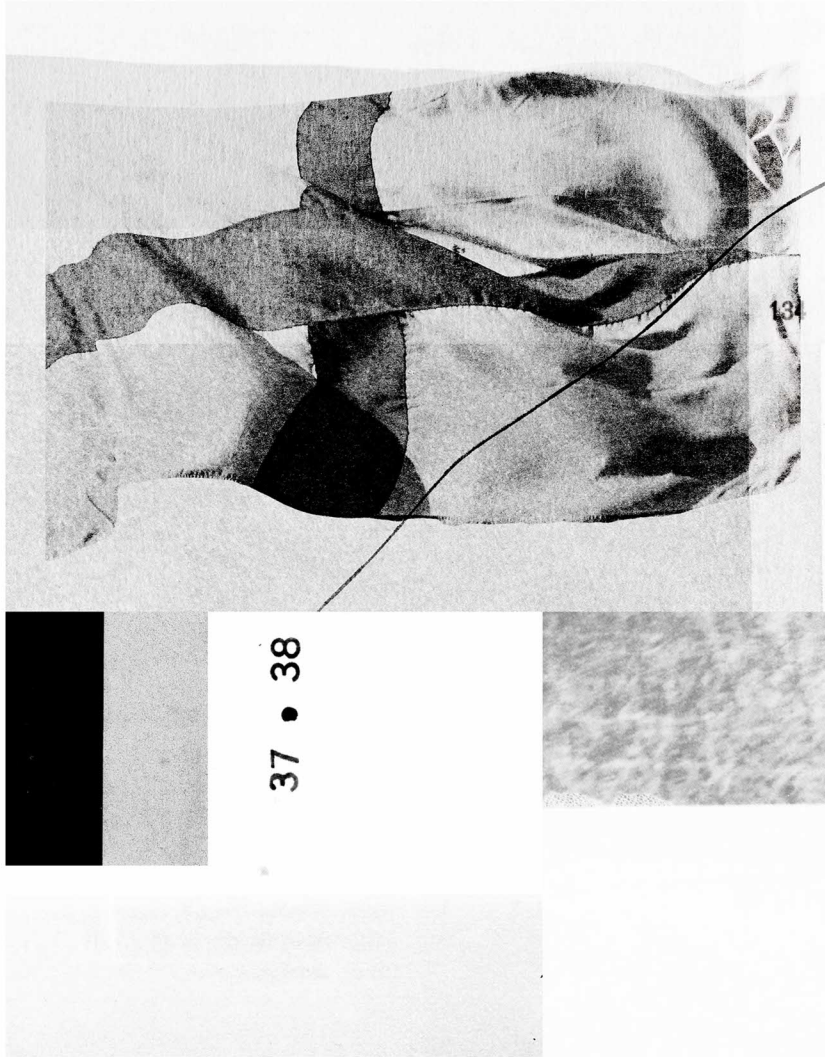
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This is England

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.

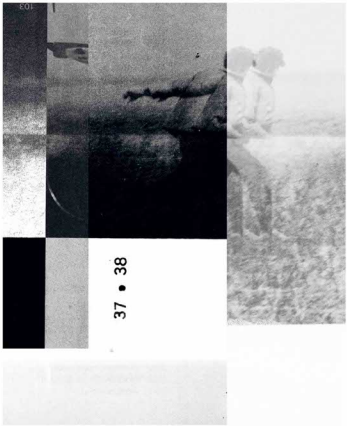
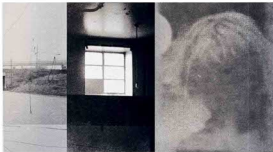
I used to think it was easier with visual media, films in particular, because you could show, with greater subtlety, rather than tell the same caricatured path. But, of course, this can be equally guilty of stereotype and laziness. Moody over-head shot of brick terraced houses with a grey filter: here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

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

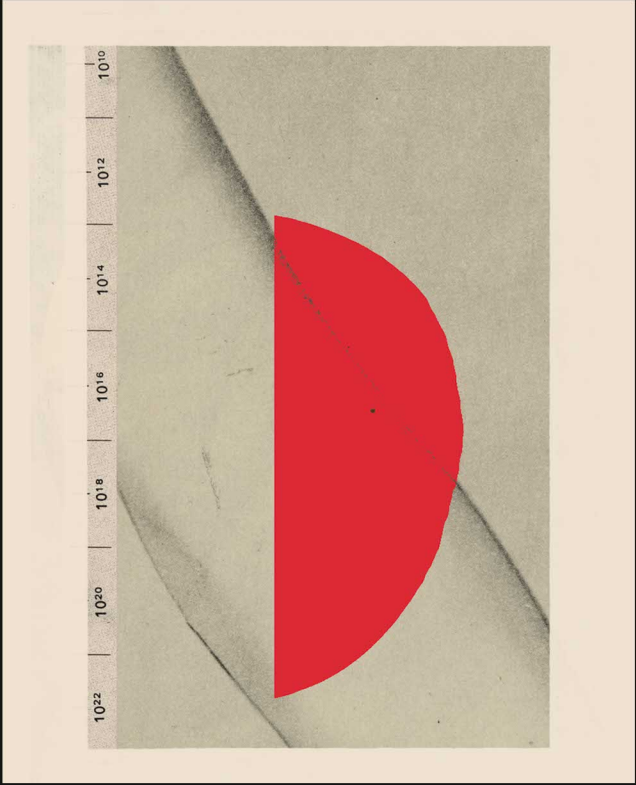
This is a movie that depicts an era some ten years my senior, in 1983. The political landscape of the film, now hauntingly familiar, was slightly more distant then. It was 2007 when I saw it; we had just edged from Blair to Blairite with Gordon Brown. I had heard of Thatcher before, loosely, without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

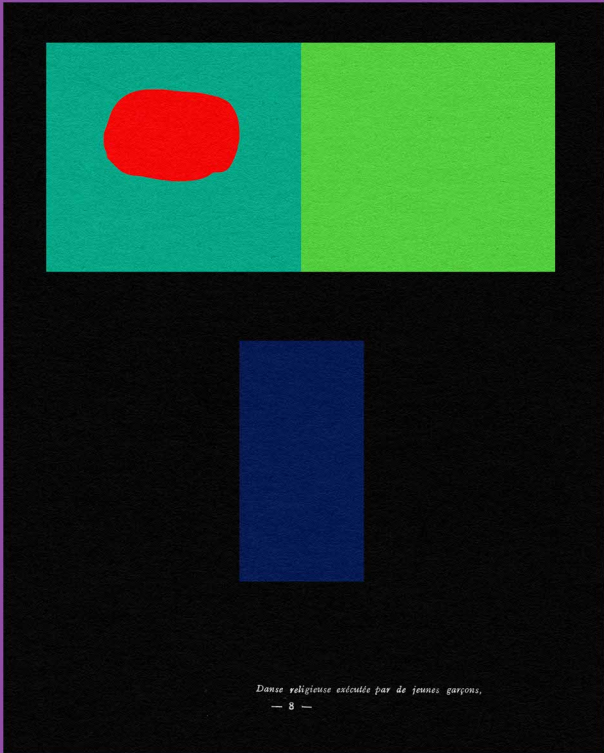
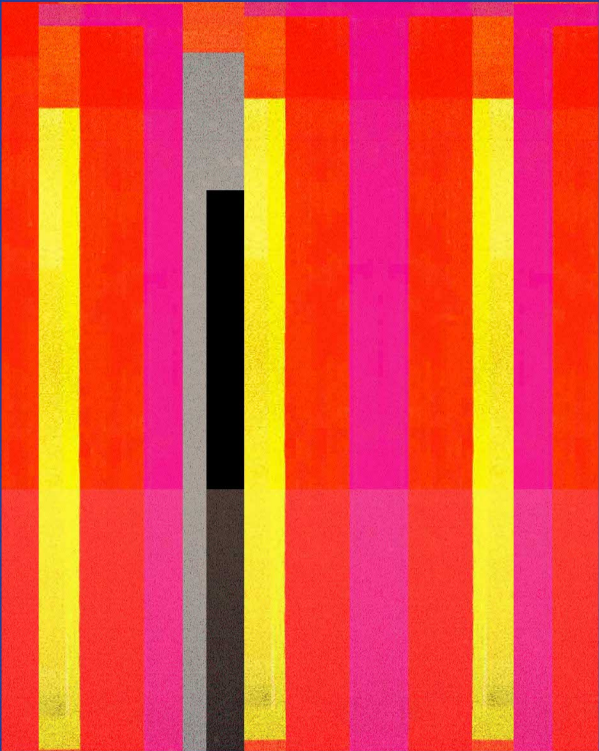
I wasn't aware of any of this at the time of course.











Dance religieuse exécutée par de jeunes garçons,  
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