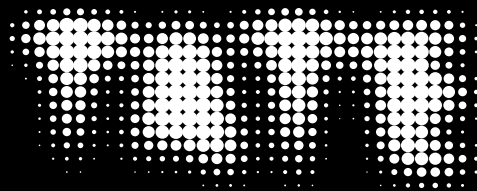


ISAAC JULIEN

WHAT FREEDOM IS TO ME

26 APRIL – 20 AUGUST 2023

LARGE PRINT GUIDE



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TIMELINE

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Timeline

This timeline highlights some of the social, political and cultural events that have impacted Isaac Julien's life and work. It is not comprehensive, but instead offers further insight into Julien's extensive career and the works in this exhibition.

1950s

1957

Julien's parents, Rosemary Bobb and Joseph Julien, emigrate from Saint Lucia to Britain and meet in London.

1960s

1960

3 February, British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan delivers his 'Wind of Change' speech in Cape Town, South Africa. He acknowledges the 'growth of national consciousness' across Africa, and that 'our national policies must take account of it', marking a shift in the Conservative Party's attitude towards decolonisation.

–

21 February, Isaac Julien is born in the East End of London.

1962

The Commonwealth Immigrants Act imposes strict limits on Commonwealth citizens entering the UK.

1964

The US Congress passes the Civil Rights Act.

1967

The Sexual Offences Act partially decriminalises sex between men in England and Wales.

1968

4 April, Martin Luther King is assassinated in Memphis, US.

–

20 April, Conservative MP Enoch Powell delivers his 'Rivers of Blood' speech in Birmingham, England. He calls for the 're-emigration' of 'Commonwealth immigrants and their descendants', and criticises plans to legislate against racial discrimination.

–

Stuart Hall, an influential cultural theorist, becomes the director of the Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies at the University of Birmingham.

1969

28 June, police raid the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar in New York, sparking five days of protests now known as the Stonewall Uprisings.

1970s

1972

1 July, the UK's first Gay Pride march is held in London.

1975

Julien encounters Acme Studios and its community of artists, based close to his family home.

1976

Britain's Race Relations Act passes, aiming to prevent racial discrimination.

1977

Julien attends Notting Hill Carnival, witnessing police harassment that leads to rioting.

1978

Julien attends the first Rock Against Racism march and concert in Victoria Park, London.

1979

22 February, Saint Lucia gains independence from Britain.

–

Julien meets Jenny Fortune, Astrid Proll, Noreen MacDowell and Susan Shearer. They teach him photography and introduce him to filmmaking.

–

London Video Arts is founded, aiming to promote, distribute and exhibit video art.

The Conservative Party wins the general election and Margaret Thatcher becomes prime minister.

1980s

1980

Julien begins studying at Saint Martins School of Art.

–

Julien's painting **Dancing Partners** is exhibited at the Royal Academy summer exhibition. It is the first work he sells, using the funds to buy a Super 8mm motion camera.

1981

18 January, 13 young people die in a house fire in New Cross, London. No one is charged for what many suspect is a racist arson attack.

–

2 March, Black People's Day of Action sees 20,000 people march to protest police failings in the investigation of the New Cross fire.

–

1982

Blood Ah Goh Run is released, a short film documenting the aftermath of the New Cross fire, directed by Menelik Shabazz. The film ends with the prescient line, 'this is only the beginning, not the end'.

–

Martina Attille, Maureen Blackwood, Robert Cruz, Nadine Marsh-Edwards, and Julien co-found Sankofa Film and Video Collective.

1986

Maureen Blackwood and Julien co-direct **The Passion of Remembrance**, as part of Sankofa Film and Video Collective. The film premieres at the Edinburgh Film Festival and is released in cinemas.

1987

Julien meets Mark Nash, editor of **Screen** magazine, and they begin a lifelong partnership.

–

Nash and Julien attend James Baldwin's funeral. Toni Morrison's eulogy will feature in the opening sequence of **Looking for Langston** (displayed inside the exhibition).

1988

Coco Fusco and Ada Gay Griffin curate the touring exhibition **Young British and Black: The Work of Sankofa and Black Audio Film Collective**.

–

Art historian Kobena Mercer and Julien co-edit an edition of **Screen**, titled 'The Last Special Issue on Race?'

6 April, the Metropolitan Police launch Operation Swamp 81 which sees almost 1000 people stopped and searched over six days in Brixton, London. The action is justified through 'sus' laws, which permit arrests and charges on the grounds of suspicion alone.

–

10 April, protests and uprisings take place in Brixton in response to Operation Swamp 81. Unrest spreads across the country in the coming months, with uprisings breaking out in towns and cities throughout the UK.

–

The ACTT Workshop Declaration provides financial support for independent film and video workshops and collectives.

–

Sans Soleil, directed by Chris Marker, is released. Julien cites this work as influencing his film **Territories**, on display here.

1983

12 January, 21-year-old Colin Roach dies in Stoke Newington police station and the police are accused of a cover up. The Commission for Racial Equality calls for a full inquiry into policing in the area. Julien makes **Who Killed Colin Roach?** during protests over the police's response.

1984

Julien graduates from Saint Martins, premiering **Territories** at the British Academy of Film and Television Arts alongside other graduates including Adam Finch, who later becomes Julien's editor.

1990s

1991

Julien's first feature film, **Young Soul Rebels**, is released, winning La Semaine de le Critique Prize at the Cannes Film Festival.

1992

Critic B. Ruby Rich coins the term 'New Queer Cinema',

describing films that are made by and for queer-identifying people using radical aesthetics. **Looking For Langston** (displayed inside the exhibition) is described as the 'Rosetta Stone' of the genre.

1995

Julien and Nash are invited to teach on the History of Consciousness programme at the University of California, Santa Cruz. They begin working on **Frantz Fanon: Black Skin White Mask**, commissioned by the BBC.

1997

The Labour Party wins the general election and Tony Blair becomes prime minister.

1998

Julien and Nash start teaching at Harvard University.

1999

Julien is artist in residence at Artpace in San Antonio, Texas, where he makes **The Long Road to Mazatlán**.

—

Julien has his first show at Victoria Miro Gallery, Cork Street, London, and exhibits **Three**.

Julien and Nash are invited to teach on the History of Consciousness programme at the University of California, Santa Cruz. They begin working on **Frantz Fanon: Black Skin**

White Mask, commissioned by the BBC.

2000s

2000

24 September, Julien's first solo museum exhibition, <<The Film Art of Isaac Julien>>, opens at the Centre for Curatorial Studies at Bard College, New York.

2008

Julien makes *Derek*, a film about the artist and filmmaker Derek Jarman.

–

Julien curates **Derek Jarman: Brutal Beauty**, an exhibition of Jarman's work at the Serpentine Gallery, London.

–

Julien becomes professor of media art at the Staatliche Hochschule für Gestaltung, Germany.

–

Barack Obama becomes the first Black and the 44th President of the United States.

2001

Julien is nominated for The Turner Prize.

2002

Julien makes **Paradise Omeros** in Saint Lucia, which is shown at Documenta 11, curated by Okwui Enwezor.

–

Julien shoots **Baltimore** with producers Andrew Freiberg and Angie Daniell.

2006

Julien visits Morecambe Bay in north-west England with poet Wang Ping to begin work on **Ten Thousand Waves**. On 5 February 2004, 23 Chinese people working as cockle pickers were drowned by the incoming tide in the bay.

2010s

2011

4 August, 29-year-old Mark Duggan is shot and killed by police in Tottenham, London. His death sparks uprisings in the local community which spreads to towns and cities across the country.

2013

The Marriage (Same Sex Couples) Bill passes, making same-sex marriage legal in England and Wales. Scotland passes similar legislation in 2014.

2017

14 June, 72 people are killed and over 70 are injured in a fire at Grenfell Tower, a high-rise block of flats in North Kensington, London.

2018

Julien is awarded a CBE and elected as a Royal Academician.

–

The Windrush Scandal reveals that children of Commonwealth citizens who migrated to Britain between 1948 and 1971 have been threatened with deportation on account of a lack of legal documentation. The scandal is part of a series of government policies known as the 'hostile environment', which challenge the human rights of migrants.

–

Julien and Nash join the faculty at the University of California, Santa Cruz, where they start the Moving Image Lab.

2019

Julien curates **Rock My Soul**, an exhibition at Victoria Miro Gallery, London.

–

Julien makes Kapital and films <<Playtime>> in Dubai, Reykjavik, and London.

2015

Julien and Nash present **Das Kapital Oratorio** at the Venice

Biennale, curated by Okwui Enwezor.

2016

23 June, the UK votes to leave the European Union.

2020s

2020

25 May, 46-year-old George Floyd is murdered by police officer Derek Chauvin in Minneapolis, US. Thousands attend anti-racism protests globally in response.

–

Julien curates part of the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, as an homage to the late curator Okwui Enwezor, who died in 2019.

2022

Julien is awarded the Goslar Kaiserring, a prestigious art prize.

–

Julien receives a knighthood in the Queen's Birthday Honours List.

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WALL TEXT (OUTSIDE)

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Wall Text

Isaac Julien (born, London, 1960) constantly pushes the boundaries of filmmaking as an art form. His works tell important stories, prioritising aesthetics, poetry, movement and music as modes of communication. Social justice has been a consistent focus of his films, which explore the medium's potential to collapse and expand traditional conceptions of history, space and time. Over the past 40 years, Julien has critically interrogated the beauty, pain and contradictions of the world, while inviting new ways of seeing.

This exhibition is the largest display of Julien's work to date, reflecting how his radical approach has developed from the 1980s to the present day. You will encounter films he made as part of Sankofa Film and Video Collective (1982–1992), as well as large-scale, multi-screen installations. Julien says, 'This gradual increase in scale – from one screen to two, to three, to five, and so on – has always been in service to ideas and theories: film as sculpture, film and architecture, the dissonance between images, movement, and the mobile spectator.'

What Freedom Is To Me presents a selection of Julien's expansive career. Places, events, and historical moments recur throughout Julien's films: from Notting Hill Carnival, to 1920s Harlem and abolition movements. Julien designed the

fluid exhibition space with architect David Adjaye. You are invited to choose your own route through the exhibition as a 'mobile spectator', encountering works at your own pace, in an order of your choosing. Moving through the multi-screen installations, you will experience different perspectives, and make connections of your own with Julien's films.

'Whenever I make a work, I'm making an intervention into the museum and the gallery, an intervention with the moving image. Radically and aesthetically, I want to aim for an experience that can offer a novel way to see moving images, in its choice of subject, in how its displayed, in how it's been shot ... in every aspect. Since I entered the art world, that's what it's been all about.'- Isaac Julien

'I'll tell you what freedom is to me. No fear.' - Nina Simone

TERRITORIES

1984

'I wanted to experiment, to create different visual auras, play with time, play within the film using factual material. I wanted to find out how things could be visually poeticised. My ultimate aim, really, was to create a style for political remembering. When I made Territories, I shot on Super 8 film, put it onto video, experimented with those images, and then re-filmed them in 16mm. I remained keen to disband all the categories.'

Territories is an experimental documentary about Notting Hill Carnival, reflecting on its history as a symbolic act of resistance within Caribbean communities. The title refers to the shifting territories of class, race, labour, sexuality, and policing in 1980s London. In response to a heightened police presence and hostility at Notting Hill carnival, Julien explores the often contradictory territories of surveillance and resistance.

Julien draws on imagery and sound from mainstream media and archives, combining them with fictional scenes to question the conventions of documentary filmmaking. The edit refuses any fixed representation of Black experience in its search for: 'a his-story, a her-story of cultural forms specific to Black peoples''

This work is held in museum collections including The Centre Pompidou, Paris and The Museum für Moderne Kunst in Frankfurt.

Territories

1984

16mm film transferred to digital,
colour and sound (stereo)

25 mins 30 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X15482

LOST BOUNDARIES

2003

Lost Boundaries was made using Julien's personal super 8mm film archive, which spans the years 1981–1987. During this period, he made several films in diarist's form. Julien aimed to portray a lost part of an experimental film-making practice developed during the early 1980s, now known as the 'Independent Film Workshop Movement'.

Lost Boundaries uses footage shot on location during the making of the Sankofa Film and Video Collective's first experimental feature film, *The Passion of Remembrance* (1986), which Julien co-directed with Maureen Blackwood. Lost Boundaries deconstructs, and foregrounds, the means of 16mm film production. Julien has described it as 'weaving together a community of Black artists and actors who came to prominence at a time when debates in film theory were at the forefront of establishing a new politics of artistic representation, a Black avant-garde.'

Lost Boundaries

2003

Film, super 8, shown as video, colour, silent

4 mins 14 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X87981

WHO KILLED COLIN ROACH?

1983

'I insisted that my camera be engaged in politics, so it was positioned very deliberately opposite the traditional media ... My real aim was to turn that gaze on the police, because, in Colin Roach, they are the people rioting.'

Who Killed Colin Roach? is Julien's first film. It reflects on the death of Colin Roach, a 21-year-old who was shot at the entrance of Stoke Newington police station in East London in 1982. Roach's death and the alleged police coverup spurred protests against racism and police violence in the UK. Julien set out to make an activist video art documentary showing the protests that demanded an independent inquiry into Roach's death. The film is shown alongside his first photographic artwork, made from photographs taken by Julien during the production of the film.

'I was determined to appropriate early video-art techniques to make my campaign tape. I wanted to utilise this camera taken out of an art school context and repurpose its technology for the streets.'

This work is held in museum collections including Museum Brandhorst, Munich and the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam.

Who Killed Colin Roach?

1983

Video, colour, sound and 32 photographs,
silver gelatin prints on paper

34 mins 36 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X83826

THIS IS NOT AN AIDS ADVERTISEMENT

1987

With its pink haze, seductive soundtrack and stylistic approach, **This Is Not An Aids Advertisement** celebrates sexual desire and queer relationships. Featuring Julien himself, it is a radical rejection of the fear that emerged during the HIV epidemic, focusing on love, desire and romance. Julien conceived the film as an activist video artwork for television broadcast.

Julien asks: 'How is sexual desire surviving under the modern regime of AIDS fearing morality?' The video is an important work of LGBTQIA+ history that continues to resonate powerfully, encouraging us to reflect on what has changed.

This is Not an AIDS Advertisement

1987

Film, super-8, shown as video, colour and sound

10 mins 36 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X83827

1980s

This area of the exhibition presents some of Julien's earliest experiments in moving image. Made during the 1980s, they trace the emergence of his unique visual language. For many Black British communities, the 1980s was a period characterised by high unemployment, police harassment, far-right intimidation and media hostility. 1981 saw uprisings in cities and towns across the country, including London.

'During my second year at Saint Martins, we had the Brixton riots. That was the biggest event in my new life, those riots ... It was then that I made the choice to do Fine Art/Film. So the spring of '81 also marked my first encounters with experimental film. Nevertheless, I was fascinated by its painterly aspects. The other thing I found attractive about it was more political: those works broke down preconceptions of what 'film' should be.'

Julien co-founded Sankofa Film and Video Collective in 1983, with Martina Atille, Maureen Blackwood, Robert Cruz and Nadine Marsh-Edwards. Kobena Mercer named the group Sankofa, an Akan word meaning 'to retrieve'. Mercer chose it as a metaphor for the act of reaching back to past knowledge to effect positive change in the future. A new wave of Black British filmmakers and artists were creating experimental films from within, and about, their communities and experiences.

'Works such as **Who Killed Colin Roach, Territories, and**

The Passion of Remembrance – essentially those were all responses to the riots. They were made in answer to certain fixed ways of looking. But not just ways of looking at Black cultures; they were also involved with ways we might feel about ourselves.'

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TERRITORIES TRANSCRIPT

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Territories Transcript

A new context for the political struggles of the disseminated mass of unwanted labour is provided by the streets of civil society. It's territories, the contradictory spaces which are the geographical expression of a city. The territories of class, labour, race, sex, relations.

TERRITORIES – the holding of one classes privileges in a declining system in crisis.

TERRITORIES – of the desires, for the control of one's space...
....carnival!!

TERRITORIES of resistance...sound systems.

TERRITORIES of surveillance...mind.

TERRITORIES of sexual expression – conflicting with dominant demands.

The contradictory spaces, the geographical expressions that co-habit a city.

Behind each conflict there is a history- a her story; we are struggling to tell a story.

A herstory, a history of cultural forms specific to Black peoples.

The decay and decline of Britain's major industrial urban centres is one of the base lines mapping the contours and terrain of race and class as they figure out the repertoire of images in crisis.

So we begin by specifying Notting Hill; one of the set of chains, archipelagos of the 'colony society' – the ghettos created by the forces of the labour market and housing (private/public sectors), the domain out of which 'communities' have arisen, and events like Carnival.

CARNIVAL – an export from the Caribbean island of Trinidad, burst upon the streets of London in 1974 in a fashion that startled everyone; before that a more sedate community-based form of carnival existed.

Throughout the 60s people were becoming more familiar with 'steel drums' and small groups were forming bands and playing in clubs and bars.

It was around 1965 that Carnival first took to the streets as a mainly children's event. Names like Russell Sterling, Vernon Fellows and an English lady named Ronnie Laslett were the people responsible for planting the seeds of today's national spectacle. BBC WORLD SERVICE...The News;

'In 1959, after the Relso Colcrane killing, Claudia Jones and Frances Seereco led a deputation of West Indian organizations to the Home Secretary. And in the same year 'to get the taste of Notting Hill out of their throats' the West Indian Gazette launched the first Caribbean carnival in St. Pancras Town Hall.'

Cleansing to 'get the taste out of our throats', catharsis and cultural struggle. Where to begin to trace the beginning of this black social aesthetic event? How far should we go to begin 'our story', a history of Carnival to 1976 or to 1959? Or should we return to its origins in the Caribbean, in Africa, in Ancient Babylon centuries before Christ?

We are struggling to begin a story. The only choice we have is to struggle. Desires – it is not read or learnt, but practised – by my mother's hand and her mother's hands who brought the wealth to this Oh! So glorious land. We are struggling to being a story, a history, a herstory of a cultural form specific to 'black people'. A history, a herstory of its creation and re-creation in the diaspora. Conventional documentaries always return us to the Caribbean, to Trinidad in particular 'to account for the meaning of Carnival today for black people in Britain. We are routinely taken into a past, shown images of plantocracy; we are told of the ambiguity of mock revolutions. We are told of the mimicry and parody of the planter class and their manners. What do these conventional stories, documentaries add up to? The same old – a string of stereotypes about black culture. Carnival is neutralized and framed, contained as 'aesthetic spectacle'.

And because this music and dance was so misunderstood because the music was based on tonal scales and dancing on choreographic traditions entirely outside the white observers experience – not forgetting the necessary

assumption that blacks, since they were 'savage' could produce no philosophy that 'reach(ed) above the navel – their music was dismissed as noise, their dancing as a way of (or to) sexual misconduct and debauchery. On the other hand, the mix of political function of the black music was quickly recognized by their masters – hence the banning of drumming or gatherings where it took place, often on the excuse that it disturbed the white neighbourhood.

(sound system – interview. People's war sound system)

They do nowadays shut off the carnival quite early, quite quickly these days and stop the Sound System from playing. P.W.S.S.: We have got experience of that – wanna deal with it. Yeah! We are against the amount of police they have in Carnival since 1976 – because we have been in Carnival before 1976 – and its because of the police in 1976 who caused all the riots. The police attitude for one is aggression against Sound systems on the corner- right!, because they see gatherings of young black people as threatening so they are always harassing people on a truck, playing for a band/ float – they want to tell us where to go and where not to go, and where we should turn off and where not to turn off. So in 1980 we said that we are not coming off the street at 6 o'clock or 8 o'clock as they wanted. And we would not turn down the amplifiers and what we did was play the music and let the people dance through the police cordon. Yer! And

after that year they stopped trying to get people off the streets that early. 'It was around six o'clock wasn't it' Yer, we went on to about 11.00, but the point is the police tried to stamp down their authority - but when we said there was a backing, a support for the music going on, and we did burst the police cordon in the end - because they can't stop a lorry coming at you, they have to let you go through. They can't stop people dancing through them - yer know. So we felt happy and we cheered for that! But generally, coming into Carnival, because the only way you were going to be allowed to participate in Carnival was if you had a pass - a pass system for people to enter Carnival. So they could say 'where do you live? You don't live in Notting Hill'. I said 'no, we don't live in Notting Hill, but we tried to set up a pass system where, to enter Carnival you had to have a pass, right! So we said we have not got any passes and we are not bringing any - we have just come to participate and that is it. So we went through in the end. You went through in the end - but there was a bit of aggravation. 'So when you play out normally do you have a different relationship with the police?' We don't have no relationship with the police.

-

Well! Here comes the music from Shaka-Attack as I would say. Whoo...Whoo...!! Play by the man called People's war Mi - power sound by the way. You can never sleep one and one down, come to lick Babylon down. I feel like jumping, yer I feel like moving. So when we all go dancing we fell like jump

Ran pon de street in dis ya romp So when we all go dancing
up ah feel like jump So ya must feel like jump Because you're
rockin and you're dancing to the people's war Jesus Christ ye
have to forward to de floor I know that de feelin is ah music
galore Come on if yun forward because dem policeman is
banging at de door Me say we feel like jumpin Me say we na
doin de wrong tinh Comin dis ya dance ya know, have must
have to jump Pay ya one fifty, say ya come in Little natty natty
jah just a brethren, so little, to tink All make we tight up ah
(dope) Little daughter said that head gone a round
Little daughter said that the music gawn down down down.

We are struggling to begin a story, a history, a herstory of
cultural form specific to black people. A history, a herstory
of its creation and re-creation in the diaspora. The colonial
fantasy requires a fixed image of the black person or the
other. But it is based on a complex kind of fixedness; the
other signifies both fear and desire and disorder due to the
way that blackness evokes fear on behalf of white society.

TERRITORIES II

It was never a question of passing It was a question of hiding.
Behind black and white were perceptions of who we were
– who they thought we were. Tropics. Plantations. Calypso.
Cricket. We were the people with the music voices and the
coronation mugs on our parlour tables. I would be whatever
figure these foreign imaginations cared for me to be.
I would be whatever figure these foreign imaginations cared

for me to It would be so simple to let the others fill in for me. So easy to startle them with a flash of anger when their visions go out of hand – but never to sustain the anger for myself. I could become a life lived within myself. A life cut off. I know who I am but you will never know who I am. I may in fact lose touch with who I am. (This cold, cold air) (this white white land of despair) (rulers bureaucrats, decision makers of our lives) I hid from my real sources. But my real sources were also hidden from me.

Now, we will care for them ; our blood black lives.

It was never a question of passing.

It was a question of hiding.

Behind Black and White perceptions of who we were – who they thought we were. Tropics. Plantation. Calypso. Cricket. We were the people with the musical voices and coronation mugs on our parlour tables. I would be whatever figure these foreign imaginations cared for me to be.

I would be whatever figure these foreign imaginations cared for me to be. It would be so easy for me to startle them with a flash of anger when their visions got out of hand.

But never to sustain the anger for myself.

(MUSIC INTERLUDE – African celebration of Rituals, beyond stereotyping)

A new context for the political struggles of the disseminated mass of unwanted labour is provided by the streets of civil society.

Its territories. The contradictory spaces, the geographical expression of a city The territories of class, labour, race, sex, relations. Territories; the holding of one's classes privileges in a declining system in crisis. Territories for the control of one's space – Carnival Territories of resistance – Sound System Territories of surveillance – Mind Territories of the body. Territories of sexual expression conflicting with the dominant demands.

The contradictory spaces. The geographical expression of a city, The territory – of the Look. Behind each conflict there is a history A herstory We are struggling to tell a story, a herstory, a history of cultural forms specific to Black peoples.

-Music/Song:

Against us is the power of police
The shameless lies that men have told
Will forever more be paid In gold
Against us is the power of gold
Make a man a guilty or an innocent
Against us is the power of the police
The shameless lies that men have told

Forever more will be paid in gold
And you will find what's black and white in history...
Against us is the law with its immensity of strength and
power
Against us is the law
(repeat twice)
Against us is the racial hatred and the simple fact that we're
poor
My father dear...I am a prisoner

That is the way the righteous man
Against us is the power of police
The shameless that have been told
Will forever more be pain in gold

Against us is the power of the gold

Against us is the power of the police
The shameless lies that men have told
Will forever more be pain in gold
Against us is the power of the gold
Against us is the strength and power
Against us is the law
Police know how to make a man a guilty or an innocent
Against us is the power of the police
The shameless lies that men have told
Will forever more be paid in gold

Against us is the power of the gold

Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah.....

No man is a moonlight lover

He really really love me under cover

Oh de bird ring, the sun is shining

A guilty or an innocent....

The territories of class, labour, race, sex, relations

Territories, the holding of one classes privileges in a declining
system in

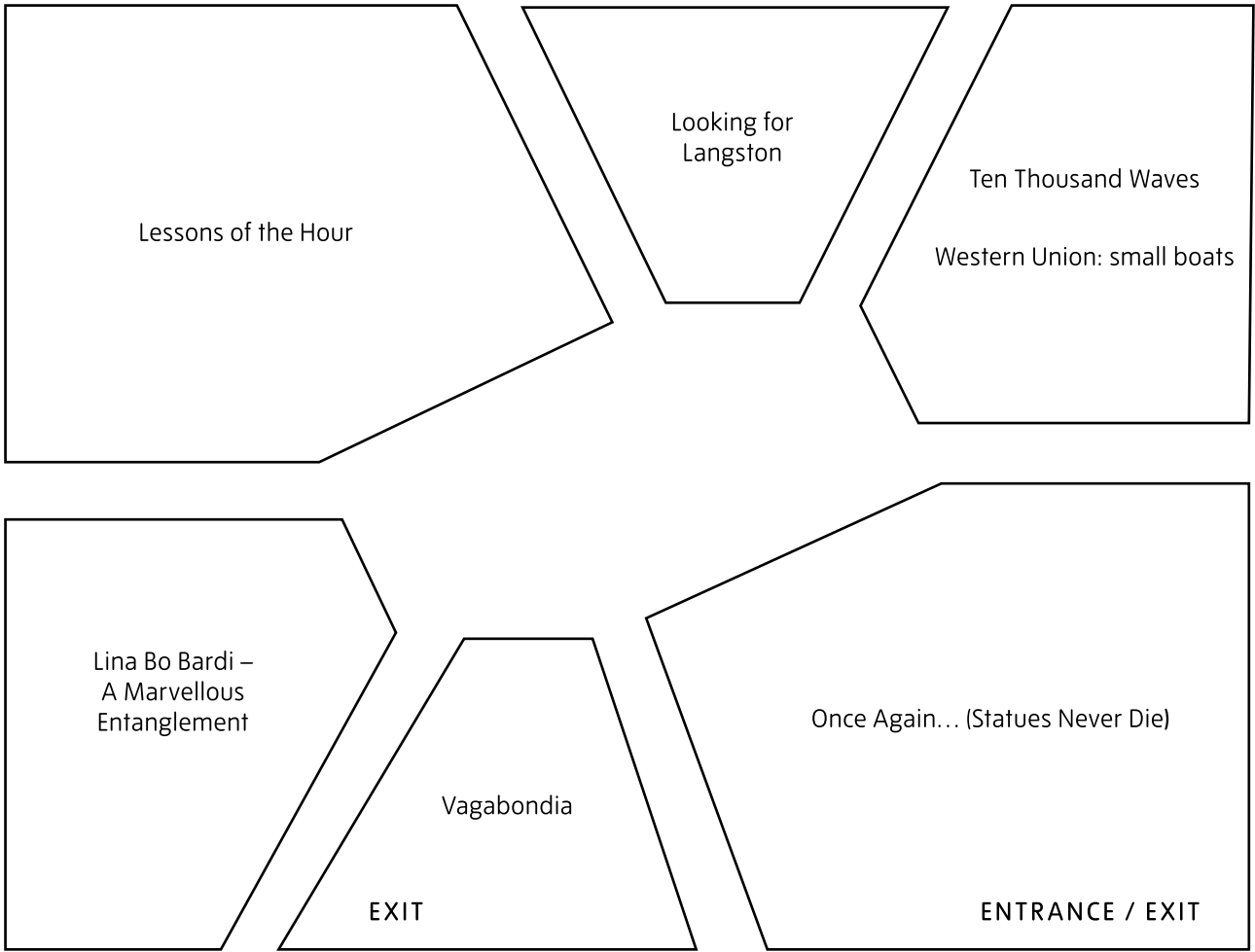
Crisis

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MAP

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WALL TEXT (INSIDE)

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Wall Text

Anti-clockwise from Once Again... Statues Never Die

ONCE AGAIN... (STATUES NEVER DIE)

2022

In **Once Again... (Statues Never Die)**, Julien returns to the Harlem Renaissance. The film centres on a conversation between Alain Locke (1885–1954), the philosopher, educator, and cultural theorist of the Harlem Renaissance, and Albert C. Barnes (1872–1951), an early US collector and exhibitor of African material culture. Scenes, footage, and lines reappear from *Looking for Langston* (also in the exhibition), as Julien explores Black queer desire through the relationship of Locke and artist Richmond Barthé (1901–1989). These references suggest that **Once Again... (Statues Never Die)** could be a conclusion to **Looking for Langston**– or even a new beginning – as time in and between Julien’s films blurs and interconnects.

With this work, Julien also returns to the museum as a site of interrogation and dreams, imagining the installation as a form of ‘poetic restitution’. With the inclusion of sculptures by Barthé and Matthew Angelo Harrison, the installation alludes to contemporary restitution debates, examining

the collection, display and significance of African visual culture in western art museums. It was filmed at the Barnes Foundation in Philadelphia and the Pitt Rivers Museum at the University of Oxford, where Locke was the first Black Rhodes scholar. It reflects on Locke's 'lifelong mission to reorient the aesthetic compass of the African diaspora in the direction of its rightful artistic heritage.'

Julien's footage is interwoven with extracts from **You Hide Me**, directed by the Ghanaian filmmaker Nii Kwate Owoo in 1970. This recently rediscovered film, which was shot in the stores of the British Museum, argues for the repatriation of Benin Bronzes. Julien also includes excerpts of **Les statues meurent aussi** (Statues Also Die), the 1953 film directed by Chris Marker and Alain Resnais. French authorities banned its screening soon after its debut for its anti-colonial sentiment. All of these works raise questions still relevant today about the collection, display and interpretation of 'African art' in European museums.

Once Again... (Statues Never Die)

2022

Video, 4K, 5 projections, black and white
and sound (9.2 surround) 32 mins 32 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X85890

Richmond Barthé 1901–1989

Black Madonna

1961

Bronze

Courtesy of Michael Rosenfeld Gallery LLC, New York, NY

X87982

Matthew Angelo Harrison Born 1989

The Vigilante

2021

Wooden sculpture, polyurethane resin, and stainless steel

Private collection, Paris

X87985

Matthew Angelo Harrison Born 1989

Masks For Manhood

2021

Wooden sculpture, polyurethane resin,
and stainless steel

Eva Dichard Collection

X87983

Matthew Angelo Harrison Born 1989

Relic for Disruption III

2021

Spear, tinted polyurethane resin

ZV collection courtesy of The Heller Group

X87984

ARTWORK LABELS

Diasporic Dream-Space: The Lover

2022

Photograph, inkjet print on paper

Courtesy of the artist

X87989

Maiden of Silence (Ten Thousand Waves)

2010

Photograph, inkjet print on endura ultra paper

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro

X87991

Maiden of Silence (Ten Thousand Waves)

2010

Photograph, inkjet print on endura ultra paper

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro

X87991

**Pas de Deux with Roses (Looking for Langston
Vintage Series)**

1989, printed 2016

Photograph, gelatin silver print on paper,
mounted on aluminium

Collection of Glenn Scott Wright, London

X88497

**After George Platt Lynes, Nudes 1942 (Looking for Langston
Vintage Series)**

1989, printed 2016

Photograph, gelatin silver print on paper,
mounted on aluminium

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro
X88493

Portrait (Looking for Langston Vintage Series)

1989, printed 2016

Photograph, gelatin silver print on paper,
mounted on aluminium

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro
X88495

Le Salon (Looking for Langston Vintage Series)

1989, printed 2017

Photograph, gelatin silver print on paper,
mounted on aluminium

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro

X88496

I Love My Friend (Looking for Langston Vintage Series)

1989, printed 2016

Photograph, gelatin silver print on paper,
mounted on aluminium

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro

X88498

Looking for Langston (Looking for Langston Vintage Series)

1989, printed 2016

Photograph, gelatin silver print on paper,
mounted on aluminium

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro

X88494

The Lady of the Lake (Lessons of the Hour)

2019

Photograph, inkjet print on paper,
mounted on aluminium

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro

X87986

Tecnologia pré-histórica/Prehistoric Technology (Lina Bo Bardi – A Marvellous Entanglement)

2019

Photograph, inkjet print on endura ultra paper

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro

X87990

Untitled (from Vagabondia)

2000

Digital print on paper

Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro

Z76891

WESTERN UNION: SMALL BOATS

2007

Western Union: small boats and Ten Thousand Waves

explore the movement of people across countries and continents. Reflecting on unfinished journeys, Julien connects stories across different times, places and experiences.

Julien made **Western Union: small boats** at a time when immigration policies were being discussed and debated in the UK and mainland Europe. Focusing on the dangerous and often life-threatening journeys of people across the Mediterranean to southern Europe, Julien traces how borders are used to control the movement of people. The film explores the impacts of these journeys on the lives of people who make them and on those who must stay behind. He also considers how these experiences leave traces in buildings, monuments and architecture. Dance plays a central role in the film, which was made in collaboration with choreographer Russell Maliphant. Images, dance and sound open up poetic spaces for reflection. Julien invites us to consider the many different journeys – some about to happen, some unfinished and some ending suddenly – that take place across water.

'In **Western Union: small boats** I'm showing human qualities, individual elements that get lost in all the official rhetoric. To try to really illuminate these, I turned to dance. In terms

of bodies and movement, dance provides a different way in which I can look at things. Dance brings the story to what Derek Jarman used to call 'political lyricism'.

Versions of this work are held in museum collections including Buffalo AKG Art Museum, New York; Israel Museum, Jerusalem; Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki; Milwaukee Art Museum, Wisconsin; Museum Brandhorst, Munich.

Western Union: small boats

2007

Video, 3 projections, colour, sound (5.1 surround) 18 mins 22 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X83828

TEN THOUSAND WAVES

2010

'**Ten Thousand Waves** and **Western Union: small boats** are kind of sister projects because they're both about people searching for the so-called 'better life', which, of course, is why my parents came to England from the Caribbean in the first place. Artists and filmmakers have always been involved in trespassing and translating cultures ... and I utilise fantasy to make political statements.'

Ten Thousand Waves was made in response to the Morecambe Bay tragedy in 2004. In February that year, 23 people from China drowned while working as cockle pickers off the coast of north-west England. The film weaves contemporary Chinese culture with ancient myths, including the story of the goddess Mazu which stems from the Fujian Province, where they originated.

Ten Thousand Waves reflects Julien's commitment to telling stories that illuminate the human cost of capital, labour and extraction, exploring the movement of people across countries and continents.

Versions of this work are held in museum collections including Fondation Louis Vuitton, Paris; M+, Hong Kong; Museum of Modern Art, New York; Nasjonalmuseet, Oslo; Towner Art Gallery, Eastbourne; The Whitworth, Manchester and Zeitz Museum of Contemporary Art Africa, Cape Town.

Ten Thousand Waves

2010 Video, 3 projections, colour and sound
(5.1 surround) 49 mins 51 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X85889

LOOKING FOR LANGSTON

1989

‘The most interesting question for me proved to be: what did Black artists actually want to say? What would their art look like if its internal dialogues were made accessible to a wider audience? **Looking for Langston** came out of such a conversation, one connected to Black gay desire and to photography. But it was really born of thinking about the textuality that belongs to the innermost life of one’s consciousness.’

Looking for Langston is a lyrical exploration of the inner world of the poet, novelist and playwright Langston Hughes (1902–1967), a foundational figure of the Harlem Renaissance. Julien filmed **Looking for Langston** in London but set it in the jazz world of 1920s Harlem. Bringing together poetry, image and sound, Julien explores Black, queer desire while breaking down traditional divisions between art forms. Using beauty and poetry to ask important questions, **Looking for Langston** was made at the height of the HIV epidemic. It is a powerful celebration of Black queer love and a rejection of homophobic rhetoric. Julien directed the film while he was a member of Sankofa Film and Video Collective, with his partner, the film critic and curator Mark Nash. Its exploration of the complexity of the queer gaze led to the film gaining cult status, becoming a hallmark of what is now described as ‘New Queer Cinema’.

‘The central question in **Looking for Langston** was how to

portray desire, more specifically Black gay desire. To talk about that, I knew that right away one had to use fantasy. It's always been my observation that questions around desire tend to be located less in the real than in fantasy.'

This work is held in the collections of Museum of Modern Art, New York; Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego, and Tate, London.

Looking for Langston

1989

Film, 16mm, shown as video, black and white
and sound (stereo) 46 mins 29 secs

Tate

X74398

LESSONS OF THE HOUR

2019

Lessons of the Hour is a poetic journey into the life and times of Frederick Douglass (1818–1895), a visionary abolitionist, freedom fighter, activist and writer. The film installation focuses on Douglass's own memories of enslavement, and the untold stories of struggle and sacrifice of his ancestors who were also enslaved.

Julien brings us on a journey into Douglass's era, reflecting on its relationship to, and relevance with, the present. It focuses on 1845–1847, a period in which Douglass travelled to Scotland, Ireland and England to campaign against slavery. Filmed in Edinburgh, London and Washington DC, the film includes excerpts of his most powerful speeches such as 'Lessons of the Hour', 'What to the Slave is the 4th of July?' and 'Lecture on Pictures'. Here, Douglass sets out his belief that photography – which had just been invented – has the power to influence human relations and connections. He goes on to suggest that photography might support people to shape their identity after gaining freedom from enslavement.

The installation mirrors a 19th-century salon-hang – large groupings of artworks hung together. Natural landscapes appear throughout the film. They shift between places of beauty, and sites of violence and trauma that hold histories of enslavement. It also focuses on the domestic life of Douglass and his wife Anna Murray Douglass, who was also

an abolitionist. The multiple screens work as portals for travelling in and out of history, representing Julien's ongoing interest in using the archive to reflect on contemporary life. 'The film tries to build into the pictures this sense of rupture and sublimity, and at the same time to use them to look back into a history and a slavery that we've been resisting in the west in the 21st century, but which nonetheless haunts the spectre of all our actions in everything that we do.'

Versions of this work are held in museum collections including Memorial Art Gallery, New York; Museum of Modern Art, New York and Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Virginia.

Lessons of the Hour

2019

Ten-screen installation, 35 mm and 4K transferred to digital, colour and sound (7.1) 28 mins 46 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X83830

LINA BO BARDI – A MARVELLOUS ENTANGLEMENT

2019

Lina Bo Bardi – A Marvellous Entanglement signals Julien's commitment to dance and choreography. It honours the work and legacy of modernist architect and designer Lina Bo Bardi (1914–1992). Celebrated for her buildings in Brazil, Bo Bardi devoted her career to promoting the social and cultural potential of art, architecture and design. Like many of Julien's films, sound plays a central role in the work, taking us through the film as the narrative unfolds. It was filmed across seven public buildings Bo Bardi designed: four in Salvador, in Brazil's north-east region of Bahia, and three in São Paulo. Each becomes a site for a performance, intervention, enactment or reinvention of scenes that have shaped the history of, and the legends around, Bo Bardi's architecture. Julien presents a complex layering of sounds and images. This includes footage of Bo Bardi's buildings, and staged performances of music, voice and movement. It also features readings by Brazilian actors Fernanda Montenegro and Fernanda Torres, who portray the architect at different moments of her life. Performances by the dance company Balé Folclórico da Bahia also feature, filmed at the Museum of Modern Art of Bahia.

Motivated by the belief that Bo Bardi's work and legacy has yet to be fully acknowledged, Julien emphasises her social, political and cultural views, alongside philosophical

reflections from her articles and letters. 'Linear time', she wrote, 'is a western invention; time is not linear, it is a marvellous entanglement, where at any moment points can be chosen and solutions invented without beginning or end.' This work is held in the collection of Ruby City, San Antonio, Texas.

Lina Bo Bardi – A Marvellous Entanglement

2019

Video, 4K, 3 projections, colour and sound (9.1 surround)

39 mins 18 secs

Courtesy of the artist

X83829

VAGABONDIA

2000

Vagabondia was filmed in Sir John Soane's Museum in London. The film focuses on the dreams and fantasies of a conservator walking the halls of the museum at night. She is transported to a dreaming state, imagining hidden histories behind the collection of paintings, sculptures and architectural relics. In this fantasy, the objects appear to fold in on themselves as time and space are collapsed.

A museum functions as a place that contains and defines history and culture. Objects represent histories that are circulated over time and across space, presenting a particular narrative of culture. Histories are left out and stories often distorted, depending on what objects are collected and by whom. In Julien's hands, the museum's permanence becomes unstuck: he sets history in motion as he blurs, and often breaks, the boundaries of time and space. Julien invites us to question 'who sees what and what it is we're actually seeing'. He often returns to museums as a subject in his work, exploring their sometimes violent histories and considering what a museum should be today: how might they collect, show and share objects, and how might we want to encounter them.

'I used Creole to vocalise the conservator's thoughts, and the narration is spoken by my mother, Rosemary Julien ... I was trying to explore a version of the repressed histories. My

whole series of works about the museum is concerned with unexpected elements of the institution.'

This work is held in museum collections including, Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki; Rose Art Museum, Brandeis University, Massachusetts and Tate, London.

Vagabonda

2000

Video, 2 back projections, colour and sound (stereo)

13 mins 17 secs

Tate. Purchased with assistance from the American Patrons of Tate (Eileen-Harris Norton and the Peter Norton Family Foundation, Kathy and Richard S. Fuld Jr), Poju and Anita Zabłudowicz, 2004.

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VIDEO TRANSCRIPTS

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Video Transcripts

ONCE AGAIN... STATUES NEVER DIE

EXT. Barnes Foundation Merrion

ALICE SMITH (Timecode 00:14)

Once again,
I defend,
My open heart,
No question

INT. Oxford University Museum of Natural History

MAN'S VOICE (Timecode 01:09}

Ils sont venus ce soir où le
tam
tam
roulait de
rythme en
rythme
la frenesie

des yeux
la frenesie des mains
la frénésie

des pieds de statues
DEPUIS
combien de MOI MOI MOI

sont morts
depuis qu'ils sont venus ce soir ou le
tam
tam
roulait de
rythme en
rythme
la frénésie

des yeux
la frénésie
des mains
la frénésie
des pieds de statues

CURATOR (Timecode 01:39)
They came that night when the
tom
tom
rolled from
rhythm
to
rhythm

the frenzy

of eyes

the frenzy of hands

the frenzy

of statues' feet

SINCE

How many of ME

how many of ME ME ME

have died

since they came that night when the

tom

tom

rolled from

rhythm

to

rhythm

the frenzy

of eyes

the frenzy

of hands

the frenzy

of statues' feet

ALICE SMITH {Timecode 02:09}

Go Beyond,

Everything

INT. Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford

CURATOR (Timecode 02:33}

Who does not seek to be remembered?

Memory is Master of Death, the chink

In his armour of conceit.

But what do you wish to say to me? I need neither your pity nor the pity of the world. I need understanding. You were present at my defeat. You were part of my beginnings. You brought about the renewal of my tie to earth, you helped in the binding of the cord.

ALAIN LOCKE (Timecode 03:49}

The significance of African art is incontestable; at this stage it needs no apologia. Indeed no genuine art ever does.

Having passed, however, through a period of neglect and disesteem during which it was regarded as if crude, bizarre, and primitive, African art is now in danger of another sort of misconception, that of being taken up as an exotic fad and a fashionable amateurish interest.

CURATOR (Timecode 05:45}

Everything that was ever torn apart

has been torn apart in me

everything that was ever mutilated

has been mutilated in me
in the middle of the platter stripped of breath
the cut fruit of the moon forever on its way
toward the to-be-invented contour of its other side
and yet what remains with you of former times
little more perhaps than a certain urge
to prick up my ears or to tremble in the night rain

CURATOR (Timecode 06:24)

Contemplating them, I feel, occasionally, totally detached from my surroundings and they become kind of mediums of introspection; some of the deities represented -like the god Ogun, for instance -value their isolation. Ogun retreats into the hills and just steals away from humanity. And this is a trait I discovered in myself.

CURATOR (Timecode 07:02)

So the real problem, you say, is to return them. No, I repeat. We are not men for whom it is a question of "either-or". For us, the problem is not to make a utopian and sterile attempt to repeat the past, but to go beyond. It is not a dead society that we want to revive. We leave that to those who go for exoticism. Nor is it the present colonial society we wish to prolong, the most putrid carrion that ever rotted under the sun. It is a new society that we must create ... a society rich with all the productive power of modern times, warm with all the fraternity of olden days.

INT: Barnes Foundation

ALAIN LOCKE (Timecode 08:46)

Its chief need is to be allowed to speak for itself, to be studied and interpreted not to be praised or exploited. It is high time that it was understood, and not taken as a matter of oddness and curiosity, or of quaint primitiveness and fantastic charm.

ALBERT BARNES (Timecode 09:06)

It will be the glory of a few men endowed with certain prophetic vision to have inscribed in the history of the beginning of the Twentieth Century the revelation of the primitive statues of the African black race.

ALAIN LOCKE (Timecode 09:19)

This so called "primitive" Negro art in the judgment of those who know it best is really a classic expression of its kind, entitled to be considered on a par with all other classic expressions of plastic art.

ALBERT BARNES (Timecode 09:33)

No psychologist would deny that what we like, we must share with others to obtain its full savor. Its role in that manner is enlarged, since I do not hesitate at the outset to place African sculpture on the same plane as the incontestable

masterpieces of contemporaneous art.

ALAIN LOCKE {Timecode 09:56}

Perhaps the most important effect of interpretations like these is to break the invidious distinction between art with a capital A for European forms of expression and “exotic” and “primitive” for the art expressions of other peoples.

INT. PAFA

ALICE SMITH {Timecode 10:17}

And I won't apologise,
Cause I'm,
I'm making a new way

MAN'S VOICE (Timecode 11:36)

He said “Put no difference into your tone when you speak of his name. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Let my name be spoken without effect, without the ghost of shadow on it.”

MAN SINGING (Timecode 11:58)

Whatever happened to a dream deferred?
Whatever happened to a dream deferred?
Things haven't changed much, we still find power in our words.
I wandered as you wander and I've seen how far you've come,

Though history's forgotten names, name will not be won,
Is there a life that you've hidden?
One you felt was forbidden?
We're seeking what's true, 'cause we want to know you

INT. Barnes Foundation

ALBERT BARNES (Timecode 13:39)

The work of the young painters such as Picasso, Modigliani, Soutine, for example, is to a certain extent, the work of the African emotion in a new setting. In the same way the sculpture of Archipenko, Lipschitz and of Epstein is impregnated with Africanism. The music of Berard, Satie, Paulene, Auric, Honegger-in short, all that which is interesting since Debussy, is African.

ALAIN LOCKE (Timecode 14:13)

Thus the African art object, a half a generation ago the most neglected of curios, has now become the cornerstone of a new and more universal aesthetic that has all but revolutionized the theory of art and considerably modified its practice. The movement has a history. Dumb, dusty trophies of imperialism, assembled from the colonially exploited corner of Africa, first as curios then as prizes of comparative ethnology.

INT. St. Pancras Hotel staircase

MAN'S VOICE (Timecode 14:58)

We sneak all over town like two thieves,
Whiskey on our breath,
No street lights on the back roads,
Just the stars above us,
As ordinary as they should be,
We always have to work it out,
Walk it through,
Talk it over,
Drink and smoke our way into night.

INT. St. Pancras Hotel bedroom

MAN'S VOICE (Timecode 16:19}

And he awoke,
Beauty was smiling in his sleep,
Half his face stained flush colour by the sun,
The other half in shadow,
His eyelashes casting cobwebby blue shadows on his cheek,
His lips were so beautiful, quizzical,
I would kiss your lips,
He would like to kiss beauty's lips,
He flushed warm with shame,
Or was it shame?
His pulse was hammering from wrist to fingertip,

Beauty's lips touched his,
His temples throbbed,
Beauty's breath came short now, softly staccato,
Beauty's lips pressed cool, cool and hard,
How much pressure does it take to awaken one?

MAN'S VOICE {Timecode 17:54}

Sometimes on the edge of sleep, these faces and others are projected against the wall of memory and almost immediately I am back in the gallery where I first saw these faces and heard their names: Being introduced to Alain Locke at an impromptu all-boy tea party; kissing Langston Hughes and never forgetting it; being photographed by Carl Van Vechten; staging the first production of Baldwin's "The Amen Corner" at Howard University; straightening Harold Jackman's tie; not caring much for Countee Cullen's looks; hunting dark meat with Auden up in Harlem; being loved.

ALAIN LOCKE (Timecode 19:18)

By what evolution of art or through what personal experience did this deep understanding of the inner springs of African character come to a European painter?

INT. Barnes Foundation

ALAIN LOCKE {Timecode 19:42}

Since African art has had such a vitalizing influence in modern European painting, sculpture, poetry and music, it

becomes finally a natural and important question as to what artistic and cultural effect it can or will have upon the life of the American Negro. It does not necessarily follow that it should have any such influence.

ALBERT BARNES {Timecode 20:10}

Negro art has a spiritual mission; it has the great honor to develop the taste, to stir the depths of the soul, to refine the spirit, to enrich the imagination of this very Twentieth Century, which will be ashamed, perhaps, because it thought that it had nothing more to learn, when so numerous were the discoveries yet to be made in the domain of beauty.

ALAIN LOCKE {Timecode 20:35}

Because of our Europeanized conventions, the key to the proper understanding and appreciation of it will in all probability come from an appreciation of its influence upon contemporary French art, but we must believe that there still slumbers in the blood something which when stirred will move with peculiar emotional intensity towards it.

ALBERT BARNES {Timecode 21:07}

At a time when the black race seems to give to the world only the spectacle of its own agony, and the men of that race seemed doomed by the world to a contempt which nothing can appease, at the time when they seem to have renounced all hope of moral rehabilitation, and where their memory has

broken so completely with the past that it seems they would never be bold enough to pretend to intellectual heredity- at this moment the veil is torn, the heavy veil of prejudices amassed by the centuries

ALAIN LOCKE {Timecode 21:46}

If by nothing more mystical than the sense of being ethnically related, some of us will feel its influence at least as keenly as those who have already made it recognized and famous.

Nothing is more galvanizing than the sense of a cultural past.

INT. Pitt Rivers Museum

CURATOR (Timecode 22:11)

aptain George Le Clerk Egerton, Chief of Staff for the Benin Expedition, 1897 wrote a to-do list in his diary:

Work to be done Saturday 20th February

- Cots and stretchers to be prepared for sick
- Ju-Ju houses to be blown up
- Walls and houses to be knocked down
- Queen Mother's house to be burnt

CURATOR (Timecode 22:49)

And what of the museums, of which Europe is so proud? It would have been better, all things considered, if it had never been necessary to open them. Better if the Europeans had allowed the civilisations beyond the Continent of Europe

to live alongside them, dynamic and prosperous, whole and un mutilated. Better if they had let those civilisations develop and flourish rather than offering up scattered limbs, these dead limbs, duly labeled, for us to admire. Here in the museum, the rapture of self-gratification rots our eyes. A secret contempt of others dries up our hearts. Racism, no matter if it is declared or undeclared, drains all empathy away. No, in the scales of knowledge the mass of all the museums in the world could never outweigh a lone spark of human empathy.

INT. St. Pancras hotel staircase

MAN'S VOICE (Timecode 24:20)

I loved my friend,
He went away from me,
There's nothing more to say,
The poem ends,
Soft as it began,
I loved my friend.

EXT. Barnes Foundation Merrion

ALAIN LOCKE (Timecode 24:52)

We cannot let the weather determine our fate.

We emerge, shadowy figures; we see one another.

One mystery is solved: we are the shadowy figures ... looking for the door to a transgressive culture that will let us in.

Growing up, dreaming of becoming an artist, I did not connect makers of race with makers of art.

In those days I did not think about connections in culture-about racist agendas. Within the dreamworld of art I am all that I want to be-it is transporting me outside time.

Through the snowy, cold ... everything stopped-I have left time behind ... surrendered the solidness of our body to become snowflakes, present then dissolving. We are able to shed all the other pieces of our identities that bind and imprison us. We let go of race, class, sexuality, nationality-we let language go-we breathe-they represented the things of this world, separating and dividing and creating unnatural barriers.

We will keep the knowledge of how to use our imagination as a vehicle to let all worldly things go.

As we mature as artists in the mystical diasporic dream-space, a culture of infinite possibility is ready to receive us. This is artistic freedom as pure and unsullied as falling snow.

INT. Barnes Foundation

ALICE SMITH (Timecode 28:39}

Once again,

I defend,

My open heart,
No question,
And Oh,
My old ways,
Bad old days,
Passed me by,
Like the weather,
I've spent so many days,
And nights,
Tried in so many ways,
To change my situation,
Oh, I go beyond,
Everything,
That I've ever seen, Beyond everywhere, That I've ever been,
And I won't apologise, Cause I'm,
I'm making a new way, For us once again

TEN THOUSAND WAVES

Hello coastguard

Hello, Yami pull over one minute

Hello

I've got a load of Chinese boys in Morecambe Bay
and they're stuck

'cause they're cockle pickers

and they need a plane or something

you're going to have to get them out of here

What, they just told me you have they?

They've...My boyfriend's brother

he's on the beach now

we're on the way to pick them up now

Right

and they need to get out

and they're all Chinese,

You're going to have a problem with the English

but can you just please get something out there now

And how many are out there do you know?

How many men?

There's a lot

Twenty-five people

Right they've been on the cockle bed have they...

at Morecambe bay?

Yeah, cockle bed Morecambe Bay...

Can you please just please

Are they okay? Are they on the bank
or have they got water round them?
Have they got bikes? Quad bikes?
Ask them have they got bikes.
Get them all out
Just people... no bikes?
Just people?
Hello?
Yeah
Just people
Police 2-1, just arriving on scene
I'll get back to you as soon as with a sit. rep. over
Roger.. have we had any indications
apart from the report that they were up to their neck in water
Roger.. yes.
Initial 999 report of twenty-three people
cut off Hest Bank of Morecambe
Chinese nationals,
can't be able to speak English most of them
Liverpool, this is Police 2-1, Police 2-1
Police 2-1, Liverpool coastguards
We have a visual with only one person at this stage
on a sandbank
should be illuminated by our searchlight
for the inshore rescue, over
Liverpool roger
Anyone not involved with the cockler incident if they

can switch to Lancaster channel please
That's any patrol not involved switch to Lancaster channel
Liverpool, this is Police 2-1
Police 2-1, Liverpool
The casualty on the sandbank is
immediately in front of the police helicopter now
I have no time to make love to my wife
I have no time to watch my son grow
I have no time to feed my mother
How tall has our dragon-eye tree grown?
I've promised, my little girl
To come home when the tree blooms
We'll pick the fruit and sell it to pay your school
But the wind is cold
My back broken from bending over the sea
Cockling, cockling in the quicksand bay
The sea is rising to my chest
My little girl, please forgive your Mama
Forgive the fruit, and the eyes
Decaying in the bed of the North Wales Sea
have managed to recover one person
known to be critical with hypothermia
and no further information gained from that casualty
due to lack of language
Ten thousand waves
Call my mother
Sorrow

A statue facing the sea
Raven hair bleached by salty wind
Go home, Mother
The shore is empty, so is the net
Tangled under your feet
Go home
Pray for your son-- unfilial
Strayed in the wild North Wales Sea
Ten thousand waves
Wash me to the bay
My wife in the yam fields, gazing towards the sea
Who will hold your fists
That feed our son, our aging parents?
Ten thousand apologies
My wind-chapped beauty
Pray for your ill-starred man
Wailing from the forbidden North Wales Sea

LOOKING FOR LANGSTON

(Timecodes taken from BFI DVD – may not be exactly the same for other formats or editions)

TONI MORRISON

(VOICE OVER) [41secs]

We may be indeed, the only people in the world who really care anything about them. When that unassailable combination of mind and heart, of intellect and passion was on display it guided us through treacherous landscapes as it did when you wrote these words, words every rebel, every dissident, every revolutionary, every practicing artist from Cape Town to Poland, from Waye Cross to Dublin, could memorise. A person does not lightly elect to oppose his society, one would much rather be at home among one's compatriots than be mocked and detested by them. And there's a level on which the mockery of the people; even their hatred is moving because it is so blind.

[2mins 42 secs]

Why should it be my loneliness? Why should it be my song?
Why should it be my dreams we've heard overlong?

LOOKING FOR LANGSTON TITLE SCREEN

RADIO ANNOUNCER

(VOICE OVER) [3mins 3 secs]

Monday night, May 22nd, Mr Hughes died. In his honour Riverside Radio WRVR in New York presents in memoriam Langston Hughes, a blending of memories, tributes and his own words.

HUGHES [3mins 54 secs]

Sun's a settin'/ this is what I'm gonna sing/ the sun's a settin'/ this is what I'm gonna sing/ I feel the blues a coming/ wonder what the blues'll bring. I got those sad old weary blues/ I don't know where to turn/ I don't know where to go/ nobody cares about you when you sink so low.

MUSIC COMES IN OVER VOICE

What shall I do? What shall I say?

BLACKBERRI (SINGING) [4mins 33secs]

Langston I'm singing these blues for you/ Langston I'm singing these blues for you/ You love this music, God knows we love this music too

BESSIE SMITH [4mins 59secs]

My man got a heart like a rock in the sea/ My man got a heart like a rock in the sea/ My man got a heart like a rock in the sea

BLACKBERRI (CONTINUING) [5mins 7 secs]

Whatever happened to the dream deferred?/ Whatever happened to the dream deferred?/ Things haven't changed much/ we still find power in our words. I wandered as you wandered and I've seen how far you've come/ though history's forgotten names your name will not be one/ Is there life that you've hidden/ one you felt was forbidden?/ We're seeking what's true/ cause we want to know you.

(VOICEOVER) [6mins 17secs]

Langston Hughes, friend of Countee Cullen, friend of Bruce Nugent, friend of Alain Locke, friend of Wallace Thurman; admired for their intelligence and their art. Were they seeking the approval of the race? Or the black middle class and the white literary establishment? Langston Hughes wrote that the ordinary negro hadn't heard of the 'renaissance', and if they had, it hadn't raised their wages any. Baraka said Harlem was vicious modernism, bang-clash vicious, the way it was made. They could not understand such beauty so violent and transforming. But could he understand the beauty of the people with 'freakish ways'? Homosexuality was a sin against the race so it had to be kept a secret, even if it was a widely shared one.

SINGER [7mins 21secs]

Call me a freakish man: what more was there to do? /she call me a freakish man: what more was there to do?/ Just 'cause

she said I was strange that did not make it true/ I sent her to the mill to have her coffee ground/ cause my wheel was broke and my grinder could not be found.

[8mins 37 secs]

You mix ink with water/ bound to turn it black/ I say, you mix ink with water/ bound to turn it black/ You run around with funny people, you'll get a streak of it up your back.

There was a time when I was alone/ my freakish ways to treat/ There was a time when I was alone/ my freakish ways to treat/ But they're so common now/ you get one every day of the week. Had a strange feeling this morning/ well I've had it all day/ Had a strange feeling this morning/ well I've had it all day/ I wake up one of these mornings/ that feeling will be here to stay.

BLACK MALE AMERICAN VOICE

(VOICEOVER) [12mins 9 secs]

He was in a field... a field of blue smoke and black puppies and red calla lillies. He was searching... on his hands and knees... searching among black puppies and red calla lillies... he was searching pushed aside by poppy stems. Then he saw two strong legs... dancer's legs.... the contours pleased him... His eyes wandered on from the muscular hocks to the firm thighs... the rounded buttocks... then the lithe narrow waist... strong torso and broad deep chest... the brown eyes

lookin' at him! His hair curly and black and all tousled. It was BEAUTY. BEAUTY smiled, looked at him and smiled and said

BEAUTY [13mins 17secs]

I'll wait.

BLACK MALE AMERICAN VOICE

(VOICEOVER) [13mins 28secs]

And he became confused and continued his search on his hands and knees... pushing aside poppy stems... and lilly stems... a poppy... a black poppy... a lily... a red lily...

[13 mins 58 secs]

Then he awoke. BEAUTY was smiling in his sleep... half his face stained flush colour by the sun... the other half in shadow... his eye lashes casting cobwebby blue shadows on his cheek... his lips were so beautiful... quizzical... I would kiss your lips. He would like to kiss Beauty's lips. He flushed warm with shame... or was it shame? His pulse was hammering from wrist to finger tip... Beauty's lips touched his... his temples throbbed... Beauty's breath came short now... softly staccato. Beauty's lips pressed cool... cool and hard... how much pressure does it take to awaken one? He could feel his breath on his nostrils and lips... Beauty's lips pressed hard against his teeth... he trembled... he could feel Beauty's body close against his... hot... tense... and soft...

soft...

(VOICEOVER) [16mins 54 secs]

He said "Put no difference into your tone when you speak of his name. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Let my name be spoken without effect, without the ghost of shadow on it."

BLACKBERRI (SINGING) [17mins 15secs]

Whatever happened to the dream deferred?/ Whatever happened to the dream deferred?/ Things haven't changed much/ we still find power in our words.

I wandered as you wander and I've seen how far you've come/ though history's forgotten names your name will not be one/ Is there life that you've hidden/ one you felt was forbidden?/ We're seeking what's true/ cause we want to know you.

ESSEX HEMPHILL [19mins 11secs]

(VOICEOVER)

Stalking... the neighbourhood is dangerous, but we go there... we walk the long way... our jangling keys mute the sound of our stalking... to be under the sky, above or below a man... this is our heat... radiant in the night... our hands blister with semen... a field of flowers blossoms where we gather in empty warehouses... our seed falls without the sound or the grace of stars... we lurk in shadows... we are

the hunger of shadows. In the dark we don't have to say I love you. The dark swallows it and sighs like we sigh when we rise from our knees. I am lonely for past kisses, wild lips, certain streets breed for pleasure. Romance is a foxhole. This kind of war frightens me. I don't wanna die, sleeping with soldiers I don't love. I want to court outside the race, outside the class, outside the attitudes! But love is a dangerous word in this small town – those who seek it are sometimes found facedown floating on their beds. Those who find it protect it, or destroy it from within. But the disillusioned – those who've lost the star dust, the moon dance, the waterfront, like them, I long for my past. When I was ten, thirteen, twenty, I wanted candy, five dollars a ride.

BLACKBERRI (SINGING) [20mins 20secs]

Look at me beautiful black man I'm just like you/ You know that I face discrimination too/ Got here about ten/ I walked in this place/ Hardly nobody here would look me in the face./ You're such a beautiful black man, but somehow you've been made to feel that your beauty's not real/ Beautiful black man, don't you walk with your head down bending low/ Don't you do that no more/ Beautiful black man did they ask for ID?/ Did they want two pictures or did they want three?/ I know it's hard but sometimes we must, just walk away shake our heads in disgust/ You're such a beautiful black man but somehow you've been made to feel that you're beauty's not real/ You're such a beautiful black man go on put a smile on

your face, be proud of your race/ I'm saying you're beautiful/
I'm saying you're beautiful/ Don't you know you know
you're beautiful, beautiful, beautiful face/ I'm saying you're
beautiful/ Come on now and be proud of your race

VOICE OVER [24mins 8secs]

It was a time when the Negro was in vogue. White patrons of the Harlem Renaissance wanted their black writers and artists to know and feel the intuitions of the primitive. They didn't want Modernism; they wanted black art, to keep art and artists in their place. By the end of the 20s Negroes were no longer in vogue; patrons found other uses for their money. Sophisticated New Yorkers turned to Noel Coward and coloured artists and writers began to go hungry. History, the smiler with the knife under the cloak.

ESSEX HEMPHILL [25mins 16secs]

(VOICEOVER)

He speaks good damn English to me./ I'm his brother,
Carver./ He doesn't speak that 'dis' and 'dat' bull I've seen
quoted./ Every word he speaks rings clear in my head./ I
don't suppose you ever hear him clearly?/ You're always busy
seeking other things of him./ His name isn't important./ It
would be coincidence if he had a name, a face, a mind./ If
he's not hardon then he's hard-up/ and either way you watch
him/ you want, cross over music, you want his pleasure

without guilt or capture./ You don't notice many things about him/ he doesn't always wear a red ski-cap, eat fried chicken, fuck like a jungle/ he doesn't always live with his mother or off the streets or off some bitches you assume/ you appear to be concerned/ you offer him twenty dollars telling him it's cab fare and discharge him from your home./ You're paths cross the next day/ you don't acknowledge him but he remembers/ his seed dilutes in your blood./ He doesn't dance well but you don't notice, to you he's only visible in the dark.

[27 mins 12 secs]

(VOICEOVER CONTINUES)

Lowering my pants before another mouth/ the cheap movie reel rattles in its compartment while the silent colour movie, for a quarter/ grinds round and round./ We pant in a dark booth./ The musk of hair burns our nostrils./ I moan as his mouth swallows me./ This is the first sound in this silent movie/ then he moans, giving the movie its dialogue.

Now we think as we fuck/ this nut might kill us./ There might be a pin-sized hole in the condom./ A lethal leak./ We stop kissing tall dark strangers, sucking mustaches/ putting lips, tongues, everywhere./ We return to pictures. Telephones. Toys./ Recent lovers. Private lives./ Now we think as we fuck/ This nut might kill./ This kiss could turn to stone.

BRITISH MALE VOICE (V/O) [29mins 26secs]

Sometimes on the edge of sleep, these faces and others are projected against the wall of memory. And almost immediately I am back in the gallery where I first saw these faces and heard their names. Being introduced to Alain Locke at an impromptu all-boy tea party; kissing Langston Hughes and never forgetting it; being photographed by Carl Van Vechten; staging the first production of Baldwin's "The Amen Corner" at Howard University; straightening Harold Jackman's tie; not caring

much for Countee Cullen's looks; hunting dark meat with Auden up in Harlem; being loved. What probably seems obvious to him then would not make itself clear to me for years: we were linked by our homosexual desires. Eventually I discovered that they had broken a number of rules about the Negro by writing at all. But before I came to terms with that I would have to learn something about the terms they had set for themselves and others had set for them. Not to discuss the moral significance of Langston Hughes, Alain Locke, choosing in the main others of their kind to love, is to emasculate and embalm their society as a whole; it erases the image of the two coloured sissies kissing and producing poems and paintings for and about each other. And finally, it undermines – as so much of America's recorded history

does whenever it attempts to reconcile itself to that enigma known as 'Negro' – the dismissal of nearly everything that does not make it white. History, as the smiler with the knife.

ESSEX HEMPHILL [33mins 17 secs]

(VOICEOVER)

I loved my friend./ He went away from me./ There is nothing more to say./ The poem ends, soft as it began/ I loved my friend.

[34 mins 11 secs]

O sweep of stars over Harlem streets/ o little breath of oblivion that is night/ a city building to a mother's song/ a city dreaming to a lullaby./ Reach up your hand dark boy and take a star/ out of the little breath of oblivion that is night./ Take just one star. (CONT.)

You left me begging for things/ most men thought they had below their belts./ I was reaching higher./ I could throw my legs up like satellites/ but I knew I was fucking fallen angels./ I made them feel like demigods./ I believed my mission to be a war zone duty: don't create casualties, / heal them./ But I was the wounded/ almost dead./ Helping the uninjured./ Men whose lusty hearts weakened in the middle of the night/ and brought them to tears, to their knees/ for their former lovers. / They could look at me and tell they did not want to endure/ what beauty love scars gave me. So touch me now –

Hannibal, Toussaint./ I am a revolution without bloodshed./ I can change the order of things to suit my desperations./ You can raise your legs, almost touch heaven./ I can be an angel, falling.

VOICEOVER [37mins 50secs]

(two voices)

C: I saw you last night

R: Too many occupants are never found.

C: in the basement

R: Many canoes overturn

R: of the Brass Rail

C: Your dark diva's face, a lake.

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R: Lushing and laughing.

C: I hear the sea

R: Your voice

C: screaming

R: falling from the air

C: behind your eyes

R: Dancing with the boys on the edge of funk.

C: Twilight.

R: The boys danced, darling,

C: My tongue

R: touching you

C: walks

R: indiscreetly.

C: along your thighs like a hermit.
R: your body a green light
C: I have been naked with you.
R: urging them.
C: Dear Diva, Darling:
R: You were in the mirrors
C: the light
R: their arms.
C: The boys whispered about you
R: Singapore slings toasted you.
C: under the music pumping from the jukebox.
R: They were promises chilled by ice cubes.
C: They were promises chilled by ice cubes.
R: The boys whispered about you
C: The sloe gin fizzes
R: under the music pumping from the jukebox.
C: and Singapore slings toasted you
R: you were in the mirrors
C: the light
R: their arms.
C: Your body a green light.
C: Dear Diva, Darling:
R: The boys danced darling,
C: I have been naked with you.
R: touching you indiscreetly
C: My tongue has walked along your thighs.
R: dancing on the edge of funk.

C: I have found the scent.

R: Your voice

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C: Twilight.

R: falling from the air.

C: I hear the sea screaming behind your eyes.

R: Lushing and laughing

C: Your dark diva's face,

R: I saw you last night

C: a lake.

R: in the basement

C: Many canoes overturn.

R: of the brass Rail.

C: Many occupants are never found.

LANGSTON HUGHES [39mins 43secs]

(reciting poetry with music)

Looks like she could have known if she only would. He
mistreated her terrible, beat her up bad. Then went off and
left

her, stole all she had. She tried to find out what road Dave
took; there wasn't a trace, no way she looked. That woman,
who could foresee what your future meant, couldn't tell to
save her, where David went.

Sun's a' rising, this is gonna be my song. The sun's a' rising
this

is gonna be my song. I could be blue, but I've been blue all night long.

LESSONS OF THE HOUR

Birds singing, footsteps]

[Whip creaks, wood creaking]

Frederick Douglass:

Several old logs and stumps imposed upon me, and got themselves taken for wild beasts. [Whip] I could see their legs, eyes, and ears, or I could see something like eyes, legs, and ears, till I got close enough to them to see that the eyes were knots, washed white with rain, and the legs were broken limbs, and the ears, only ears owing to the point from which they were seen. Thus early I learned that the point from which a thing is viewed is of some importance.

[Wood creaking, raven croaks]

[Piano sounds]

[Cutlery sounds]

[Clock ticks]

[Violin playing Scottish song]

[Piano plays]

[Sewing Machine]

[Train engine]

Frederick Douglass:

Eleven days and a half gone and I have crossed three thousand miles of the perilous deep. Instead of the bright, blue sky of America, I am covered with soft, grey fog. I

breathe, and lo! the chattel becomes a man. I gaze around in vain for one who will question my equal humanity, claim me as his slave, or offer me an insult. I am seated beside white people—I reach the hotel—I enter the same door—I am shown into the same parlor—I dine at the same table—and no one is offended ...

[Piano plays, train engine and whistle sounds]

Frederick Douglass:

... I am now as you will perceive by the date of this letter in Old Scotland – almost every hill, river, mountain and lake of which has been made classic by the heroic deeds of her noble sons. Scarcely a stream or a hill that is not associated with some fierce and bloody conflict between liberty and slavery.

[Violin]

[Applause]

Frederick Douglass:

Good day everybody. I take it as a compliment to my enslaved race that while summoning men here from the highest seats of learning, philosophy, and statesmanship, you have also summoned one from the slave plantation. On this, the committee of management have, in one act, labeled their

course both philanthropic
and cosmopolitan.

Daguerre, by the simple and all-abounding sunlight, has converted the planet into a picture gallery. Daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, photographs and electrotypes, good and bad, now adorn or disfigure all our dwellings. Man of all conditions may see themselves as others see them. What was once the exclusive luxury of the rich and great is now within reach of all.

The old commercial maxim that demand regulates supply is reversed here. Supply regulates demand. The facilities for travel has sent the world abroad, and the ease and cheapness with which we get our pictures has brought us all within range of the daguerreian apparatus.

[Door opens]

As to the moral and social influence of pictures, it would hardly be extravagant to say of it, what Moore has said of ballads: give me the making of a nation's ballads and I care not who has the making of its laws. The picture and the ballad are alike, if not equally social forces – the one reaching and swaying the heart by the eye, and the other by the ear.

But next to bad manuscripts, pictures can be made the

greatest bores. Authors, editors and printers suffer by the former, while almost everybody has suffered by the latter. They are pushed at you in every house you enter, and what is worse, you are required to give an opinion of them. Pictures, like songs, should be left to make their own way into the world. All they can reasonably ask from us is that we place them on the wall, in the best light, and for the rest allow them to speak for themselves.

Rightly viewed, the whole soul of man is a sort of picture gallery, a grand panorama, in which all the great facts of the universe, in tracing things of time and things of eternity, are painted. The love of pictures stands first among our passional inclinations, and is among the last to forsake us in our pilgrimage here. It is said that the best gifts are the most abused, this among the rest. Conscience itself is misdirected: shocked by delightful sounds, beautiful colors and graceful movements – but sleeps amid the ten thousand agonies of war and slavery.

[Whip cracks]

Frederick Douglass:

I never saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration, and at night... Long before I waked she was gone. She was a field hand and a whipping was the penalty

of not being in the field at sunrise.

[Waves]

Scottish Woman Sings "Send Back the Money"
"Send back the money! send it back!
Tempt not the Negro's God
To blast and wither Scotland's Church
With his avenging rod:
There's not a mite in all the sum
But cries to Heav'n aloud
For wrath on all who shield the men
That trade in Negro's blood."

[Piano]

Anna Richardson:
Yesterday Elisa and I rose at four and armed with string and
staves and with Douglass quite laden down with all the tools
we could muster, without alarming the household we set out
to climb a fair way up Arthur's seat. Eliza chose the place and
wasting not one minute we began to mark out our slogan.

[String Instruments]

Scottish Man and Woman sing "My Boy Tammy"
Man (as Tammy):

Waes me! ye're getting warm, warm.,
My kind Mammy;
Ye're foamin' like a keg o' barm,
My kind Mammy.

Woman (as Mother):

Shall I, as free as ocean waves,
Shake hands wi' women'shippin' knaves,
And build Kirks wi' the bluid o' slaves? –
Send back – SEND BACK THE MONEY!

[Music]

[Train Engine]

Frederick Douglass:

My back is scarred by the lash – that I could show you. I
would I could make visible
the wounds of this system upon my soul.

[Instrumental Music]

Frederick Douglass:

I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse
rather than a blessing. It had given me a view of my

wretched condition, without the remedy. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out. In moments of agony, I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity. I have often wished myself a beast. I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own. Anything, no matter what, to get rid of thinking!

Frederick Douglass to audience:

Ladies and gentlemen, the distance between this platform and the slave plantation, from which I escaped, is considerable — and the difficulties to be overcome in getting from the latter to the former, are by no means slight. That I am here today is, to me, a matter of astonishment as well as of gratitude.

The American slave trade is a terrible reality. I was born amid such hellish sights and scenes. As a child, my soul was often pierced with a sense of its horrors. I lived on Philpot Street, Fell's Point, Baltimore, and have watched from the wharves, the slave ships in the Basin, anchored from the shore, with their cargoes full of human flesh, waiting for favorable winds to waft them down the Chesapeake. In still darkness of midnight, I have been often aroused by the dead heavy footsteps, and the piteous cries of the chained gangs that passed our door.

What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer: a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your nation's greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciations of tyrants, brass fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery;

[Fireworks]

Your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade, and solemnity, are, to him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy — a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation on the earth guilty of practices, more shocking and bloody, than are the people in these United States, in this very hour.

[Audience applauds]

Frederick Douglass:

I have now my manumission papers in my possession... There is nothing that will sting the Americans more than the fact. I left republican America a slave; I returned from monarchical England a freeman...

[Ship whistle]

[Instrumental Music]

[Thunder]

[Instrumental Music]

[Horse Steps]

LINA BO BARDI – A MARVELLOUS ENTANGLEMENT

Português

Tempo linear é uma invenção do ocidente.

O tempo não é linear é um maravilhoso emaranhado, onde, a qualquer instante, podem ser escolhidos pontos e inventadas soluções.

Sem começo nem fim.

Se o problema é fundamentalmente político econômico, a tarefa do atuante no campo do desenho é apesar de tudo, fundamental.

É aquilo que Brecht chamava de a capacidade de dizer não

A liberdade do artista foi sempre individual

Mas a verdadeira liberdade só pode ser coletiva

Uma liberdade ciente da

English

Linear time is a Western invention.

Time is not linear it is a marvellous entanglement where, at any moment, points can be chosen and solutions invented.

Without beginning or end.

If the problem is fundamentally political-economic, the work of the designer is, despite everything, fundamental.

It's what Brecht called "the capacity to say no".

The artist's freedom has always been individual, but true freedom can only be collective.

A freedom aware of its social

responsabilidade social
que derruba as fronteiras da
estética
Campo de concentração da
civilização ocidental
Uma liberdade ligada
às limitações e as conquistas
da prática científica
prática científica, não
tecnologia
decaída em tecnocracia
ao suicídio romântico do
não-planejamento
reação ao fracasso
tecnocrático
é urgente
é urgente contrapor a grande
tarefa do planejamento
ambiental.

Duas linhas sobre Pierre
Verger

Bahia 1958.

O escultor Mario Cravo me
acompanha na cidade.

Cravo diz: "agora vamos
visitar o Pierre Verger".

responsibility,
which tears down aesthetic
boundaries –
the concentration camp of
western civilization.
A freedom connected
to the limitations and great
conquests of scientific
practice.
Scientific practice, not
technology
decayed into technocracy.
Against the romantic suicide
of non-planning,
reaction to technocratic
failure,
it is urgent
that we counterpose the
great task of environmental
planning.

Two lines on Pierre Verger,
Bahia 1958.

The sculptor Mario Cravo
accompanied me around
town.

"Now we're going to visit

Por uma ladeira de casas modestas subimos até a casa de Pierre Verger.

A porta estava encostada, Cravo gritou:

“Somos nós, o Cravo e a Lina Bardi!”

Verger estava deitado numa cama pequena, circundada de caixas e embalagens carimbadas em diferentes idiomas com carimbos fascinantes.

Não tinha móveis.

Verger disse: “sente.”

Sentei numa das caixas e logo pensei

“C’est l’exotisme!”

É toda a serie dos grandes escritores que tanto amei; era como ver, realizada, umas daquelas historias fascinantes.

Bahia, São Paulo, 1959,

A grande exposição “Bahia no Ibirapuera”

Além dos móveis de

Pierre Verger!”

We climbed a slope of modest houses to reach Pierre Verger’s house.

The door was half-open, Cravo shouted,

“It’s us, Cravo and Lina Bardi!”

Verger was lying on a small bed surrounded by crates, labelled in different languages, with fascinating stamps.

There was no furniture.

Verger said, “Sit down.”

I sat on one of the crates, thinking,

“C’est l’exotisme!”

A whole series of great writers that I have always loved came to mind.

It was as if we were living one of those fascinating stories.

Bahia, São Paulo, 1959, the great exhibition “Bahia in Ibirapuera”.

Besides furniture, crates and candomblé objects,

“caixotes” e objetos do
candomblé,
gente.
Africana e não-africana.
Música, e enorme barulho.
As fotos-documentos de
Pierre Verger dominavam,
em grandes ampliações,
todo aquele espaço.
Grande sucesso.
O crítico de arte Pierre
Restany gritava, comendo
um acarajé:
“Très, très sérieux, très
sérieux!”
Os acontecimentos de 1964
reduziram a Bahia e o Brasil
ao silêncio por quase vinte
anos.
As fotos de Verger
silenciaram também,
guardando para outros
tempos sua poesia de cada
dia, seu particular que,
como dizia Goethe, é o único
caminho para chegar a um
discurso “universal”.

people.
African and non-African.
Music, and a great noise.
Pierre Verger’s photograph
documents dominated the
space with massive prints.
A huge success!
The art critic, Pierre Restany,
shouted as he ate an
“acarajé”,
“Très, très sérieux, très
sérieux!”
What happened in 1964,
reduced Bahia, and Brazil, to
silence for almost 20 years.
Verger’s photographs were
also silenced,
saving for another time
their everyday poetry of the
particular,
which, as Goethe said, is
the only path to achieve a
universal discourse.
This is true.
Verger narrates the true
Bahia.
Expressing well the popular

É assim.
Verger “reconta” a verdadeira
Bahia,
que bem exprime o grande
ditado popular do Nordeste:
O que eu quero é respeito.

Entrando pela primeira
vez na então abandonada
Fábrica de Tambores do
Pompeia
era 1976
o que me despertou
curiosidade foram aqueles
galpões distribuídos
racionalmente
conforme os projetos
ingleses do começo da
industrialização Européia.
Todavia, o que me encantou
foi a elegante e precursora
estrutura de concreto.
Na segunda vez que lá estive
era um sábado.
o ambiente era outro:
crianças corriam, jovens
jogavam futebol embaixo

saying in the Northeast,
“All I want is respect!”

When I first went to the
abandoned factory at
Pompéia,
it was 1976.

What aroused my curiosity
were those warehouses,
rationally laid out,
in the English style from
the beginning of European
Industrialisation.

Nevertheless, what
enchanted me
was the elegant and
pioneering concrete
structure.

The second time I went there
it was a Saturday.

The atmosphere was
different,
youngsters were playing
football in the rain,
which fell through the
cracked roofs,
and laughing as the ball

duma chuva
que caía nos telhados
rachados
rindo com os chutes da bola
na água
Eu pensei:
"Isa tudo deve continuar
assim... toda essa alegria"
É aqui que começa a história
da realização do centro Sesc
Fábrica da Pompéia.

Tenho pelo ar-condicionado
o mesmo horror que tenho
pelo carpete.

Assim surgiram os buracos
pré-históricos das cavernas,
sem vidro, sem nada.
Os buracos permitem
uma ventilação cruzada,
permanente.

A cadeirinha de madeira do
teatro da Pompéia
É apenas uma tentativa de

splashed into the water.
I thought,
"All of this must continue just
like this... all this joy."
This is where the story of
creating SESC Pompéia
begins.

I'm as horrified
by air-conditioners
as I am by carpets.
This is how the prehistoric
cave entrances came into
being,
without glass, without
anything.
The holes allow for
permanent cross ventilation.

The wooden chair of the
Pompéia theatre,
is simply an attempt to give
back to the theatre
its capacity to distance and
embrace.

It's not only about sitting.
As for the chairs, made all of

devolver ao teatro
seu atributo de distanciar e
envolver.
E não apenas sentar-se.
No que se refere à cadeirinha,
toda de madeira e sem
estofado,
os autos da idade média, por
exemplo
eram apresentados nas
praças,
o público de pé, andando.
Os teatros greco-romanos,
não tinham estofado
eram de pedra, ao ar livre.
E os espectadores, tomavam
chuva,
como hoje nos degraus dos
estádios de futebol
que também não tem
estofado.
Os estofados apareceram
nos teatros áulicos das cortes
e continuam até hoje, no
conforto da sociedade de
consumo.

wood and without upholstery,
in the Middle Ages, for
example,
the performances used to
take place in the squares,
with the audience standing
and walking about.
The Greco-Roman theatres
didn't have any upholstery,
they were made of stone, out
in the open,
and the audience would get
rained on,
just like today in football
stadiums,
which don't have upholstery
either.
Upholstered seats appeared
in the aristocratic theatres of
palaces,
and have been maintained
today, for the comfort of
consumerist society.
Is everything ready?
I'll speak.
Ready?

Tudo pronto?
Vou falar.
Pronto?
Casas ou museus?
Tudo de uma só vez
As casas, as escolas, os
museus, as bibliotecas
A planificação de uma cidade
não pode esquecer dois
edifícios públicos
Que ainda hoje são
considerados um luxo
intelectual
O museu e a biblioteca
Museu?
O que é um museu?
Correntemente, quando se
quer designar uma pessoa,
uma coisa,
uma ideia antiquada, inútil,
fora de uso
Costuma-se dizer: É uma
peça de museu
Querendo indicar com essas
palavras
O lugar, No quadro da cultura
contemporânea, o museu

What comes first, houses or
museums?
Everything at the same time:
houses, schools, museums,
libraries.
The planning of a city cannot
overlook two public buildings,
that are today still considered
an intellectual luxury:
the museum and the library.
Museum.
What is a museum?
Nowadays when one wants
to indicate a person, a thing,
or an idea that's outdated
and not useful anymore,
you usually say: it belongs in
a museum.
Indicating with these words
the place of the museum in
contemporary culture:
a dusty and useless space.
The modern museum must
be a didactic museum.
It needs to combine
conservation with the
capacity to transmit a

ocupa
Lugar poeirento e inútil
O museu moderno tem que
ser um museu didático
Tem que juntar a conservação
à capacidade de transmitir a
mensagem
Que as obras devem ser
postas em evidência por
parte do arquiteto
Que não deve aproveitar a
ocasião
Para dar um espetáculo em
torno de si mesmo
De fato: qual a significação
de uma peça isolada?
Um obra de arte
mesmo se exposta com
a mais perfeita técnica
museográfica,
Se esta obra é fim em si
mesma,
Isolada no tempo e no
espaço,
Sem nenhuma ligação com o
novo tempo
Sem continuidade histórica?

message:
that the work should be
foregrounded by the
architect,
who shouldn't take
advantage of the situation
to create a spectacle around
themselves.
In fact, what meaning does
an isolated artwork have?
An artwork,
even if exhibited with perfect
museographic technique,
if it is an end in itself,
isolated in time and space,
without any connection with
our time,
with no historical continuity?
I have spoken.
There are 'beautiful souls',
and less beautiful ones.
The former achieve little, the
latter achieve more.
And so, in an offended city
full of rubble,
a ray of light may appear, all

Falei.

Existem “belas almas” e
almas menos belas,
sendo que as primeiras
realizam pouco, as outras,
realizam mais.

Assim, numa cidade
entulhada e ofendida,
pode, de repente, surgir uma
lasca de luz, um sopro de
vento,
uma pequena alegria numa
triste cidade

Tempo linear é uma invenção
do ocidente.

O tempo não é linear
é um maravilhoso
emaranhado,
onde, a qualquer instante,
podem ser escolhidos pontos
e inventadas soluções.

Sem começo
nem fim.

Acção!

Tempo linear é uma invenção

of a sudden, or a breath of
wind,
a little joy in a sad city.

Linear time is a western
invention.

Time is not linear.

It's a marvellous
entanglement,
where, at any moment,
points can be chosen and
solutions invented, and
solutions invented,
without beginning
or end.

Action!

But linear time is a western
invention.

Time is not linear.

It's a marvellous
entanglement,
where, at any moment,
points can be chosen and
solutions invented,
without beginning or end.

Try it for the camera, it's
better if you speak to the

do ocidente.
O tempo não é linear
é um maravilhoso
emaranhado,
onde, a qualquer instante,
podem ser escolhidos pontos
e inventadas soluções.
Sem começo nem fim.
Fala para a câmera, é melhor
para a câmera
Mas tempo linear...
Tem um belo bicho passando
aqui.
E tem uma lua lá em cima.
Mas o tempo linear é uma
invenção do ocidente.
O tempo não é linear;
é um maravilhoso
emaranhado,
onde
a qualquer instante,
podem ser escolhidos pontos
(Faz pra câmera)
e inventadas soluções.
Sem começo nem fim.
Mas tem meio, ou não?
Não tem meio.

camera.
But linear time...
There's a beautiful beast
passing by here.
And the moon's up there!
But linear time is a western
invention.
Time is not linear.
It's a marvellous
entanglement,
where...
at any moment
points can be chosen...
Address the camera!
and solutions invented,
without beginning or end.
Is there a middle?
No, there isn't.
So say it once straight to
camera.
But linear time...
Start with the time first.
I'll do it didactically.
But linear time... - Poetically,
poetically!
Didactically. - But first look at
the camera.

Então fala uma vez direto pra
câmera.

Mas tempo linear

Começa olhando primeiro

Agora vai didático

Mas o tempo linear (Poético,
poético)

Didático (Mas olha pra
câmera primeiro)

Vamos lá? Não, vai você

Mas tempo linear é uma
invenção do ocidente.

O tempo não é linear

é um maravilhoso

emaranhado

onde, a qualquer instante,
podem ser escolhidos pontos
e inventadas soluções.

Sem começo nem fim.

nem fim.

Vamos fazer de novo para
som; essa não valeu.

Que bom.

Faz a italiana dessa vez.

Com sotaque? (Exagera,
exagera.)

Mas tempo linear é uma

Shall we? No, you read it.

But linear time is a western
invention.

Time is not linear.

It's a marvellous

entanglement,

where, at any moment,

points can be chosen and
solutions invented,

without beginning or end.

Or end.

Once more for sound, that
one was no good.

That's good.

Do one as an Italian.

With an accent? - Exaggerate.

Exaggerate.

But linear time is a western
invention.

Time is not linear.

It's a marvellous

entanglement, where, at any
moment,

points can be chosen and
solutions invented,

It's a marvellous

entanglement, where...

invenção do ocidente.
O tempo não é linear;
é um maravilhoso
emaranhado, onde, a
qualquer instante,
podem ser escolhidos pontos
e inventadas soluções.
É um maravilhoso
emaranhado, onde
É um maravilhoso
emaranhado
um maravilhoso emaranhado,
onde
Onde
é um maravilhoso
emaranhado, onde
um maravilhoso emaranhado
Onde
é um maravilhoso
emaranhado, onde
Acho que falta um pouco
"emaranhado", o emaranhado
é muito bonito.
Os poucos emaranhados, os
poucos emaranhados
Está tudo emaranhado
Como ela é arquiteta: pontos.

It's a marvellous
entanglement...
A marvellous entanglement,
where...
where...
It's a marvellous
entanglement, where...
A marvellous entanglement...
Where...
It's a marvellous
entanglement, where...
I just think you're missing
the entanglement, it's really
beautiful.
The few entanglements... the
few entanglements.
It's all entangled.
Because she's an architect:
points. She stops at the
points...
And solutions invented,
without beginning or end.
But linear time is a western
invention.
Time is not linear.
It's a marvellous
entanglement, where, at any

Ela para no 'pontos'
e inventadas soluções sem
começo e nem fim.
Mas tempo linear é uma
invenção do ocidente.
O tempo não é linear;
é um maravilhoso
emaranhado
onde, a qualquer instante,
podem ser escolhidos pontos
e inventadas soluções.
Sem começo
nem fim.
Lina Bo Bardi.
Eu.

moment,
points can be chosen and
solutions invented,
without beginning or end.
Without beginning
or end.
Lina Bo Bardi.
Me.

Transcripts are not available for **Western Union: small boats,**
and **Vagabondia**

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