

Words and images.

Powerful things, when you put them together you can get some of the most emotional, raw, psyched experience that sometimes leaves you feeling sick, hurt, tearful, joyous, feelings of gut wrenching, tingling toes and fingers, stinging eyes, or simply goose pimples prickling up and down your neck and arms.

Film and poetry has been the theme of these two programs and although I tried to make two distinct types of feelings around the programs, I think there is a tie between them.

No.

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Well, yes, words and images, but more than that, the power of these two in the representation of resistance, the acknowledgement of what is and what was.

My first truly "a-ha" moment of the brevity and rawness of poetry was an encounter one summer with a voice on BBC radio. Monotone, rhythmic, measured. Soothing voice, but boy, those words. The static sound of the background as the only accompaniment to this dub poetry, Linton Kwesi Johnson's "Inglan is a Bitch" hit me like the smell of the Smithfield meat market on a hot sweaty day, or the curried sweetness of Brick Lane. The smell of smoggy fuel in the undergrounds, and the full breakfast café down the high street. It was all there. The smells of hardness. Of broken promises and gray skies. The history and the present. With a sniff of the dog piss of the future.

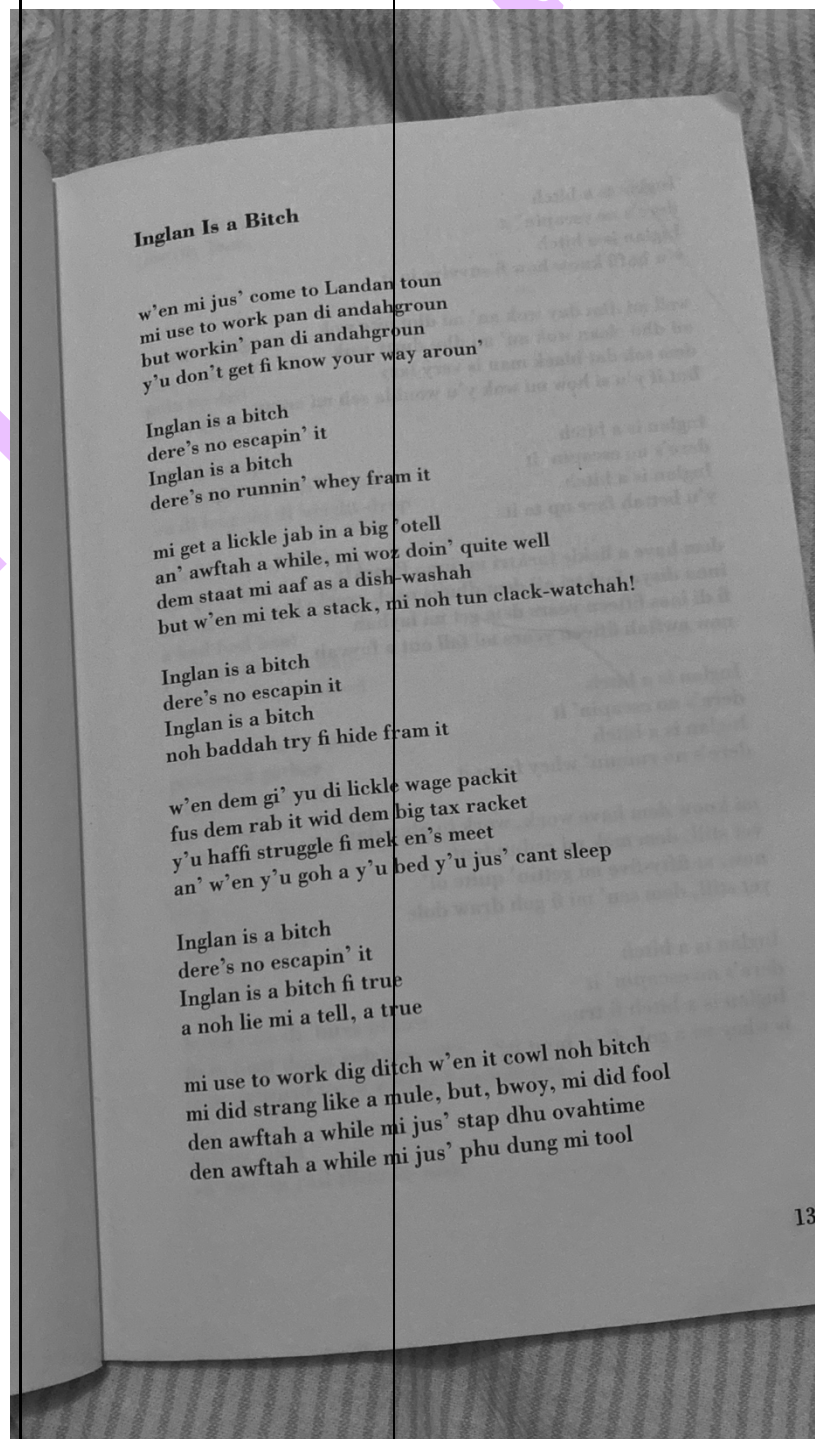


Poetry has a way to slumber us into love and warmth, but just as much to jar us out of that slumber and sling back to reality. I think the films of the sixth program do just as much.

The fragility and quietness of some of the images sit in stark contrast to the sadness and strength of the words. The words themselves move us off into another plane of reality.

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Whereas the fifth program was movement forward (hah) I hope for us to experience the wordiness of this sixth program but leave with feelings equally gripping.



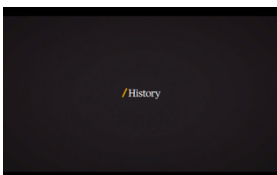
📢 program 06



Omar Amiralay
A Plate of Sardines,
1997
17m 31s
[ubu.com/media/video/
Amiralay Omar A Pla
te of Sardines 1997.
mp4](http://ubu.com/media/video/Amiralay_Omar_A_Plate_of_Sardines_1997.mp4)



Porsche Veu
I am Here, 2022
1m 16s
[youtu.be/T0k0QWKM
ucA](https://youtu.be/T0k0QWKMucA)



Inua Ellams and Jamie
MacDonald
The Actual / Fuck,
2020
1m 40s
vimeo.com/46008990

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★ reviewed!

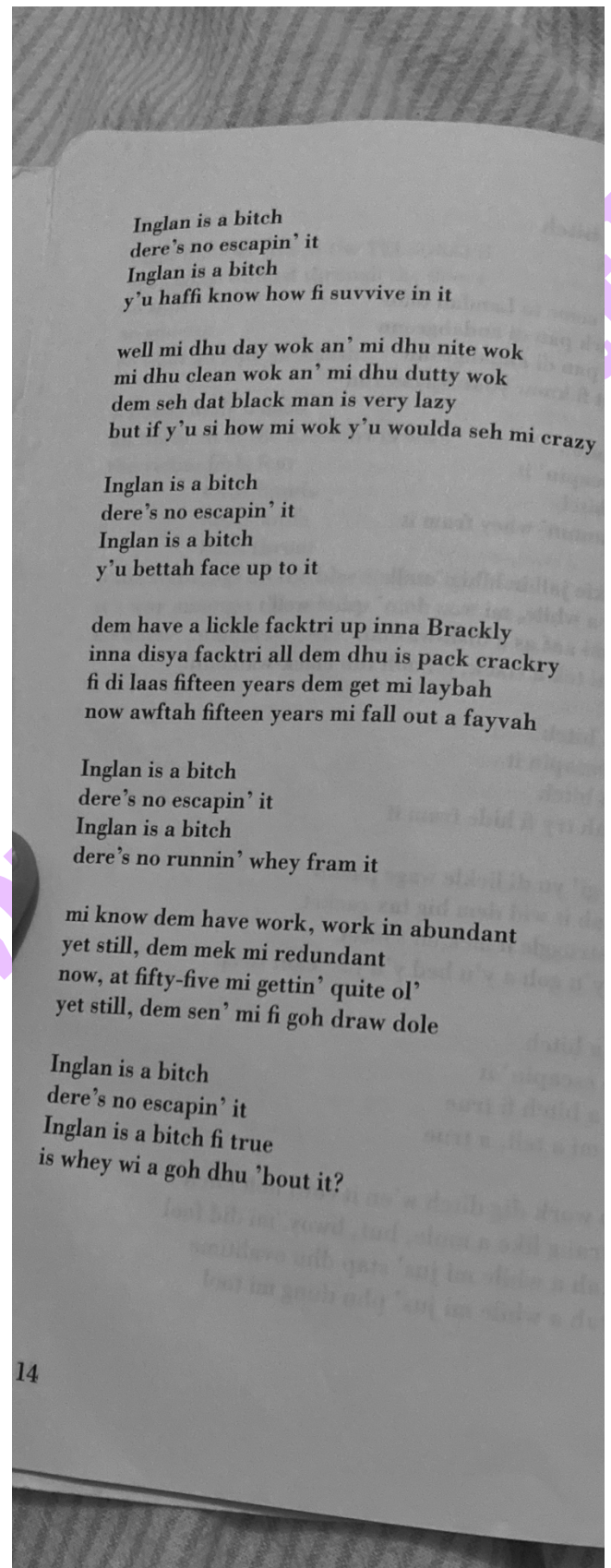
Sun, Apr 7 at 14:02

the
programming
today was fantastic

💖💖, Jessica!

zz afterwords

This program was a continuation of grappling with the world as it was during this grey and cold late winter. These films actually worked as a crescendo for me. Starting with a questioning of remembrance and memory as these things are attacked and destroyed. But the body and mind will remember, and Porsche Veu's piece I find to be reaffirming. I also love the throwback feeling of TLC's *Waterfall*, which is itself a powerful song. Inua Ellams's poem brings me back to anger and questioning and reminded me of the power of film and poetry, which is why I will always stand by these art forms. As a child I heard Linton Kwesi Johnson's "*Inglan is a Bitch*" and it was mesmerising and chilling. Ellams's voice is elegant in contrast, and the words are more singular and pointed terms, but the feeling it gave me was once again a throwback to first hearing Johnson's poem coming in over the radio waves.



Linton Kwesi Johnson

***Inglan Is a Bitch*, 1980**

in *Tings an' Times*, published by

Bloodaxe Books and recording by

Fnac Music, both 1991

youtu.be/oJ4UBztigF0?si=enL5SxInS

[JN5uzka](https://youtu.be/oJ4UBztigF0?si=enL5SxInS)