

Key Grip Steve Pugh
Gaffer
Dan Fontaine
Visual Effects
Rushes Post Production
Special Effects
Supervisor David Harris
Supervising Art Director Andy Nicholson
Set Decorator Debbie Moles
Prop Master Steve Register
Construction Manager Denis Wilson
Costumes Designed by Suzie Harman
Wardrobe Supervisor Joanna Wright
Make-up/Hair Design Kirstin Chalmers
Make-up Artists Kath Rayner
Laura McIntosh
Jenny Harling
Title Designer Danny Yount
Main/End Title Design Prologue Films
Music Supervisor Ian Neil
Soundtrack
" I'm a Man" – Black Strobe; "Have Love Will Travel" – The Sonics; "Download" – The DCs; "The Breaks" – The Black Keys; "Outside View" – Eater; "Nocturne" – James Scott Bartlett; "Do the Pop" – Radio Birdman; "Bankrobber" – The Clash; "The Trip" – Kim Fowley; "Rosalyn" – The Pretty Things; "Outlaw" – WAR; "Waiting for a Train" – Flash & The Pan; "Rock and Roll Queen" – The Subways; "Strictly Mambo" – The Gun" – Lou Reed; "Nocturne" by Frédéric Chopin; "We Had Love" – The Scientists; "Ipaneman Dream"; "Powerhouse" – The Raymond Scott Quintette; "Mirror in the Bathroom" – The Beat; "Funnel of Love" – Wanda Jackson; "Such a Fool" – 22-20's; "Dopisyla" – EX-Sektor Gazu; "Piano Quintet 'The Trout Quintet'" by Franz Schubert; "Negra Leo" – Miguelito Valdes
Production Sound Mixer John Hayes
Re-recording Mixers Ron Bartlett
D.M. Hemphill
Supervising Sound Editor Mark Larry
Co-supervising Sound Editor Bryan Watkins
Stunt Co-ordinator Jim Dowdall
Film Extracts
The Remains of the Day (1993)
Pride & Prejudice (2005)

CAST

Gerard Butler
One Two
Tom Wilkinson
Lenny Cole
Thandie Newton
Stella
Mark Strong
Archy
Idris Elba
Mumbles

Tom Hardy
Handsome Bob
Karel Roden
Uri Oboromavich
Toby Kebbell
Johnny Quid
Jimi Mistry
Councillor
Geoff Bell
Fred the Head
Matt King
Cookie
Jeremy Piven
Roman
Chris Bridges
Mickey
Dragan Micanovic
Victor
Michael Ryan
Pete
Nosso Anozie
Tank
Gemma Arterton
June
David Bark Jones
Bertie
David Leon
Malcolm
Bronson Webb
Paul
Kelly George
Danny
Roland Manookian
Bandy
Jamie Campbell Bower
Rocker
Alex Kovas
Marios Woszezycki
Chechirians
Mickey De Hara
Turbo
Scott McNess
Johnny (12 years old)
Tim Wallers
property lawyer
James Greene
judge
Jasper Jacob
barrister
Joanna Bacon
speeler girl
Johnny Harris
Gary
Tiffany Mulheron
Jackie
Ben Caplan
Ben Homewood
estate agents
David Sterne
barman
Oliver Dimsdale
posh man in shorts
Blake Ritson
drowned Sloane
Robert Stone Armer
nightclub bouncer
Andy Linden
waster
Jason Courtis
accountant
Charlotte Armer
nurse
Rory Sadler
Oliver Dean
Eton boys
Anton Saunders
James Puddephatt
detective sergeants
Laura McIntosh
sexy girl in bathroom
The Subways:
Billy Lunn
Charlotte Armer
Joshua Morgan
band
Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS
In Colour
[2.35:1]
Distributor
Warner Bros
Distributors (UK)
10,273 ft +9 frames

Routes

Dancing to New Orleans

United Kingdom 2007

Director: Alex Reuben

Certificate: not submitted 48m

Alex Reuben's documentary *Routes* sets up its no-frills aesthetic of focused intensity and surging rhythms in the opening scene – an extended sequence in which the camera either cleaves to a simple square wooden board, upon which various members of a community in the town of Asheville, North Carolina 'flatfoot' to the accompaniment of some spectacular Appalachian bluegrass, or weaves its way immersively through musicians, charged-up onlookers and would-be participants. Taking its cue from Harry Smith's celebrated *Anthology of American Folk Music* and evidently inflected by his own passion for the historical roots of dance culture in its myriad forms, London-based DJ and director Reuben's subsequent road trip will branch out across the Deep South to document numerous other forms of dance and music that have flourished here for centuries and that never-endingly sprout new tendrils and offshoots, arriving finally in New Orleans' cultural epicentre struggling to come to terms with Katrina's aftermath.

Reuben made his trip at a charged moment: as well as Katrina, the build-up to the Iraq war had fuelled his disillusionment with the way words had become a vehicle for lies and manipulation, influencing his decision to jettison voiceover and interviews and instead allow the dancing and music to speak for themselves, without distractions – shots from a car window are the only break between locations. Similarly he aims for a visual transparency – mercifully free of look-at-me direction and editing – that serves the material, prioritising sound over image (Reuben undertook never to break the fluidity of his sound sync) and raw, textured immediacy over polished, carefully composed images.

Like the dancers in the film, Reuben achieves his own delicate balance: inviting viewers to lose themselves in the rhythms, but also to remain alert to nuances and connections in the dance experiences, never overt or laboured in this subtly understated film; the 'democracy in dance' Reuben aims to represent is mirrored in the unpatronising relationship with the viewer, given space to find their own way into the film and make links based on their own knowledge and interests. Racial faultlines, political undertones and historical continuities gradually emerge. Two young hip-hop dancers in Memphis demonstrate some exquisite mime-style moves they call "bucking", a reference to the word for a male slave, which in turn relates to an African-American step known as 'buck dancing'. Elsewhere Tuscarora Indians perform a smoke dance with similar steps and clear affinities with that opening

SYNOPSIS A film documenting a solo road trip inspired by Harry Smith's Anthology of American Folk Music, undertaken to explore and document the multifarious forms of music and dance flourishing in the Deep South, from North Carolina to New Orleans – the latter filmed in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina in 2005. The different kinds of music and dance captured in numerous everyday settings include Appalachian bluegrass, clogging, Mississippi fife-and-drum blues, krumping, Memphis hip-hop, the Tuscarora Indian smoke dance, Louisiana Cajun, zydeco and swamp pop.

flatfooting scene in North Carolina, which in turn bears similarities to breakdown steps. Each dance, with all its historical layering and resonances, is always anchored in landscapes and communities, for which Reuben has coined the phrase "choreogeography". The film builds to a scene of euphoric collective bonding near the end, not dissimilar to one in John Gianvito's *Profit Motive and the Whispering Wind* (2007), another minimalist but pointedly political affirmation of the past in the present and the survival of a spirit of communitarian resistance.

If Reuben's film has a fault, you might occasionally find the editing a little abrupt, wish the camera would linger longer on contextual details and the surrounding landscapes; in fact with such rich and diverse material, its 48 minutes running time feels parsimonious.  **Kieron Corless**

CREDITS

Directed by Alex Reuben
Produced by Alex Reuben
Camera Alex Reuben
Edited by Jane Hodge
Alex Reuben
[none]
Production Companies Commissioned by Capture 4 for Arts Council England by Portland Green, Jen McLachlan for ACE, Vivienne Gaskin for ICA London, Deborah Robinson for NAGW, Helen Sloan for SCAN & Rajni Shah Chaired by Scott deLuhnta
Associate Producer Lucia Ashmore
Mentor David Hinton
Sound Alex Reuben
Sound Dub Dave Williams
Proposal Consultant Georgina Harper

WITH

The Tree Band
Emerald
Rayna Gellert
Phil Jamison
Alice Jamison
The Tuscarora Indian Nation of North Carolina
Pura Fé A. Crescioni
R. Marcus Deese

Sakuran

Japan 2007

Director: Mika Ninagawa

With Anna Tsuchiya, Shiina Kippei, Narimiya Hiroki, Kimura Yoshino

Based on a manga series by Anno Moyoco, photographer Ninagawa Mika's debut feature boasts a sensuous visual exterior which, while initially arresting, can never fully conceal the flimsy melodrama operating beneath. Set in Edo-period Tokyo within the opulent pleasure dens of the Yoshiwara district, *Sakuran* chronicles the ascent of strong-willed Kiyoha (played by model and pop star Anna Tsuchiya) from rebellious servant to revered 'oiran' (the highest level of courtesan) after she is sold as a child to the Taramigukaya, an upmarket brothel.

Tsuchiya virtually reprises her disaffected free-spirit role from Nakashima Tetsuya's recent *Kamikaze Girls* as the no-nonsense but vulnerable courtesan whose beguiling bedside manner and disarming honesty make her a favourite with the brothel's clients. Kiyoha's desire for freedom and autonomy conflicts with a fierce ambition to succeed as an oiran, her institutionalised status symbolised by the recurring motif of goldfish bowls; once out of the bowl, survival odds are slim for these women.

With sex representing only one element of their required duties, oiran were more polymaths than prostitutes, skilled in art, musicianship and intellectual discourse. However, *Sakuran* doesn't really explore this, with Kiyoha's fame cemented by her 'way' with the customers more than anything else. The languorous exchanges conducted in the brothel soon grow repetitive, and the action later settles into a soapy love-triangle plot crowned by an outrageous climactic deus ex machina that dampens Kiyoha's earlier independence.

Ninagawa's background in fashion and advertising photography informs much of her strident *mise en scène*: deep reds and blacks drench the screen, compositions often resembling still tableaux that have been jolted into animation. Even death is intensely aestheticised, as when the blood of a suicidal oiran ironically showers her ineffectual artist lover's blank canvas. As Sofia Coppola did with *Marie Antoinette* (whose positioning of its female character as a rebel stranded out of time and trapped in a hermetic world *Sakuran* most recalls), Ninagawa injects the period trappings with a pop sensibility that isn't always cohesive. Sequences showing the oiran parading the streets staring directly into the camera seem to have strayed in from a fashion shoot, while the dialogue has a disconcerting effect of alternating between the profanely modern ("Bugger off") and the more traditional ("This world is a vale of tears"). Shena Ringo's eclectic modern score works in places – such as when the oiran display their wares to big-band cabaret – but other jazzy pop numbers seem awkwardly intrusive. One moment could almost