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Comment rassembler les pièces du puzzle caractérisant notre existence dès lors que l'on en ressent le besoin dans ce monde déstructuré?

Ici, à travers ses photos, Adrien Toubiana nous fait découvrir la méditation transcendantale.

Depuis les années 1960, cette pratique se répand, notamment grâce à l'appui des Beatles. Aujourd'hui, le cinéaste David Lynch compte parmi les nombreux adeptes.



LONDON REVIEWS

WHIRLED CINEMA

BY ANAIS BREMOND - @ANAISBREMOND

A discreet cinephile-paradise welcome screen lovers to experience the kind of privileged moments which tends to become scarce in the present state of our urban life...

The sound over my head is not that of my neighbours methodically shuffling to house music; or a fault due to bad sound-proofing in a multiplex. We're below the railway leading to Loughborough Junction station, South London, in one of the renovated arches that has been home to a members-only cinema since 2010. Whirled Cinema is a private venue that shows just one film per week, once a night from Wednesday to Sunday. There's music docs like Searching For Sugar Man, a Tim Burton week, and various recent art house films like Alps or Amour. True, the programme focuses on independent cinema, and won't be to the taste of blockbusters aficionados, but the the exclusive tag "members only" does not give justice to the ethos of Whirled Cinema.

The combination of an original concept in unexpected settings makes it a gem of a venue. Half way between Camberwell and Brixton, Loughborough Junction is more famous for its immortal crackheads and great West Indian take aways than for its art scene. The budding gentrification of Brixton village hasn't spill this far yet. Right behind the junction, the cinema's entrance is down the alleyway of an industrial ward, near a garage and a Million Dollar Baby-type of gym called Miguel's boxing club. In order to get in, membership holders touch their travel cards on a reader just by the door, while

Whirled staff can check via CCTV they haven't lent their cards to friends, lovers or flatmates. A necessity in a venue that has a strict 60-people capacity, and where lack of room could easily become an issue.

The atmosphere upstairs is cosy, with dimmed lights, red benches, a round cocktail bar at the back also serving sea salt popcorn and oven-baked pizza. The crowd comes in early to secure good seats, and can stay for drinks after screenings. The yearly cost to be one of the happy few to have access to this cinephile-paradise is £65. For this price you can bring a friend every time you come and as many time you want. Let's assume you only came once a month: that's less than £3 each. Once a week it goes down to £0.62 per film. Difficult not to find this too good to be true, considering tickets in Central can cost you up to £15.

Against all odds, triple dip recession and arts sector cuts, the company is going strong since its start in February 2010, when Rob Lindsay met Mike Atterby and Lee Edmonds. Atterby and Edmonds had already converted two railway arches into artists studios. Started with a modest £5,000 lottery grant, the concept has thrived so much that memberships are now closed and wishful customers have to add their

names to a waiting list. The team is even looking to open another venue in South London. Whirled Cinema is the proof that a small cultural enterprise can still be profitable and successful today, as long as it is well integrated in its local community and presents a diversified business model.

The team has to to pay alcohol licensing fees and screening rights to each distributors; but on the other hand makes profit through space rental: the venue can be hired on Mondays and Tuesdays for private screenings, radio shows, literary events. The team also administers studio spaces in nearby vaults under the title Whirled Art Studios. "All profits have been invested back into the cinema", says company director Rob Lindsay. "The process is growing, albeit very slowly."

But Whirled Cinema is coming more of an exception, especially since the big chain Cineworld bought the Picturehouses franchise, including institution Brixton Ritzy in December last year. In this context, there is little not to love about the whole thing; the thunder-like train sound and neck-twisting experience of sitting behind someone taller than you adding to its charm. Whirled Cinema has this timeless feel about it, it's always been there and it ever will.

A STRANGER IN PARIS

THE TOWER OF PARIS

BY DANIEL SCHEFFLER

On the Stairmaster after say 20" the machine, with a mind of its own, congratulates me on climbing the Eiffel Tower. It really does, just yesterday I climbed La Tour Eiffel and I can easily do it again today. So why in reality have I wanted to avoid the actual site of the iron lattice Paris tower at all costs - could it perhaps

be the flurry of Baguette-fed, burnt coffee smelling tourists that swarm around it as it was the lighthouse of culture. Perhaps yes.

The tower held the tallest man-made structure in the world title for 41 years, until the Chrysler Building had tumescence, and requires an easy to apply 60 tons of paint every 7 years to maintain its shine. So what about all this engineered steel, vulgar stature and upkeep sweat makes the tower the dernier cri of a city so obsessed with haute culture. Ah perhaps it is the iconic nature of the edifice that has given Paris an arresting stardom. Unaffected by fame

and fortune, seemingly that is, the city has clutched their ownership of all things culturally acceptable or culturally permitted that is. And somehow that gave the city of lights its notoriety. But Paris, the sufferer of middle child syndrome, did secretly want to appear to the world to be greater than, more chic than...

VOILA I SAY!
THE EIFFEL TOWER
WORKED ITS
PRESTIDIGATION.

Undeniably it peers at you from every corner of the city, when you come out of the dirty Metro, when you pop your head out of the tiny top window of your atelier and even when you wake from a sleep in one of the many manicured gardens around the city. It doesn't smile down at the visitors queuing in snake-like formations below. It would probably spit on them if it could. But all the same visitors come and marvel at the engineering and Paris loves, oh really loves, all the attention. But of course my darling Paris will never admit to that.