

THE NEW HOPE: A MANIFESTO

The New Hope (UK, 2015)

An adaptation of *La Primera Parte del Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha* by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Crew

Director: William Brown
Cinematography: Tom Maine, William Brown, Annette Hartwell
Music: David Miller and Amy Holt
Sound: William Brown, Annette Hartwell
Production: Annette Hartwell
Editor: William Brown

Cast

Obi Wan	Dennis Chua
Hadrian Gutt	Alex Krawec
Landlord	Alastair Trevill
Kristina	Annette Hartwell
Robert Bruce	Nick Marwick
Andrew Lennox	Andrew Slater
Princess Caledonia	Lucia Williams
Jawa Owner	Julia Drell
Tina	Herself
Park Thug #1	Ewelina Lipska
Park Thug #2	Xavier Rashid
Park Thug #3	Joshua Bessell
Park Thug #4	Charlie Gracie
R2D2	Greg Rowe
C3PO	Alastair Hird
Girl Ewok	Isabel Chua
Boy Ewok	Gabriel Chua
Cyrus	Millad Khonsorkh
His Girl	Lauren Lyle
Jack	Edward Chevasco
Hooker	Grace Ker
Dee	Deanne Cunningham
Jim	James Pitman
Baby	Ariadne Bullen
Mother	Alexandra Brown
Princess Candy	William Brown

Why make such a film? I mean, why make a film with a bunch of different, sub-industry-standard cameras, with some non- or barely professional actors, with an obscene script, with sound recorded live in Hyde Park and other busy parts of London, and then edited so obviously without continuity that, to the eye and ear of anyone used solely to Hollywood fare, the film runs the risk of ridicule?

Well, in part the idea is to stand up naked in front of you, the audience. Not only not to hide, but deliberately to expose, even to pursue exposing, a naked cinema, a cinema laid bare of nearly all its artifice. This is a cinema that could be embarrassing for all involved, including cast, crew and viewers, since there is nothing easier than to reject or to mock those who have revealed their weaknesses.

Nonetheless, we feel that *The New Hope* is also a clarion call, or perhaps better a tilt at the giant that is industrial cinema. For, in tilting at this giant, we hope to reveal that in reality, the giant is just a windmill. That is, there is no magic in industrial cinema, such that it constitutes a mythical creature of legendary proportions. Rather, industrial cinema is just machinery and work, even if it tries to cow us into believing otherwise.

As a film, *The New Hope* is of course constructed with machines. But we do not have the arsenal available to a mainstream production – and we have deliberately sought not to reproduce its illusions, even if on

a smaller scale more suited to our (lack of) budget. Instead, our film seeks not to instill faith in some hokey technology-driven religion, but rather to encourage people, to give them the courage also to stand naked, and to have belief not in the world of fantasy, but in the only world that we humans can experience directly. We need not monsters and effects, blowing fire out of a pipe from behind a curtain, creating digital monsters from behind a computer screen.

Instead, we will show you that there is magic in a colander and a dustbin lid. That the only set you need are the public spaces of the parks of our cities. That anyone can be and is an actor, from every human to a dog to a tree. That an iPhone is as good as an Arri Alexa. That you can read the script to the actors one line at a time, with no indication as to where the scene is going. That the sound can be raw. And that in spite of these limitations, our film has as much right to go by the name of cinema as anything the industrial filmmakers can put together with their massive budgets – even if they would insist otherwise. Because to accept *The New Hope* as cinema would be a direct challenge to their power. But the Empire is not infallible. It can be toppled by even a farmboy.

In his *Exemplary Novels*, our master Miguel de Cervantes gambled his right hand that his readers would find worth in his work. We, like Luke Skywalker, are prepared to gamble our right hands for the same. You may feel unsure at first, but you'll see that Obi Wan might just be right.