

A funny character walks through deserted housing projects, telling a story in the sensational tone of a professional narrator of the documentary spectacle or of an MC of boxing events. Our flaneur seems to be a genetically modified (very hairy) incarnation of David Attenborough with the difference that he does not meet, and thus does not comment on, anything living. He reads out the complete plot, which is as winding as the path he makes through cinematographically overlapped modernist quarters of apparently Nordic cities, in wintertime. In this narration, biographies of people who are traditionally never associated with each other mix with and illustrate the 'true story' of the modern era's totalitarian ideologies, communism, social democracy and global capitalism.

What can be more adequate to telling the bad news than the good old situationist *dérive* through more or less livable environments of control, the results of totalitarian 'aménagement du territoire'? The story and the trip starts from Sergei Eisenstein's birth/birth place, in Riga, Latvia (a tribute to 'Hegel of cinematography'), and wanders through Malmö, Sweden and New York, United States. The three sites that lend the setting of the film are in the same time representing the 'three failures' – Riga stands for the failure of communism, Malmö, of social democracy, New York, of (global) capitalism.

Blum over identifies himself with the logic of 'truth business', that is, mainstream documentary, whereby the truth is spectacularly created, often as a sign of a hidden conspiracy, and thus made a commodity – something eventually justifying the system, rather than challenging it. In Blum's subversive presentation though everything turns upside down: the character he impersonates is one that you would never-ever believe anything, the story does not hold together and is permanently alienated through random facts and the fake enthusiasm of the voice, the latter being also in frustrating contradiction with the desolate environment. The visual monotony creates the opportunity for the viewer to do the demanding intellectual job of decoding the layers of the piece and to follow the complicated story – still, in the end what remains is the disturbing notion: we are going to die soon, and only men with cigars and expensive fur will survive after the collapse.

In despite the indiscriminate suggestion in the title and all the alienating effects of the presentation and content, Blum's personal/artistic conviction comes through for the attentive listener. In case of communism, Blum carefully insinuates, the failure might not be definite – it could have only been 'abused by a drunken husband', that is, by communist totalitarianism; in the paragraphs about social democracy, his irony, and maybe his contempt, too, are at their climax, as if Blum didn't take this formation as seriously as he does with the other two; then the true apocalypses comes when he addresses global capitalism, the living corpse. Sure, this latter is the enemy against which Blum with a whole new generation of politically engaged artists is fighting. What is specific to Blum in this group is his lively interest in forgotten facts and histories, which he manages to process in a way to animate and justify, his political work.