

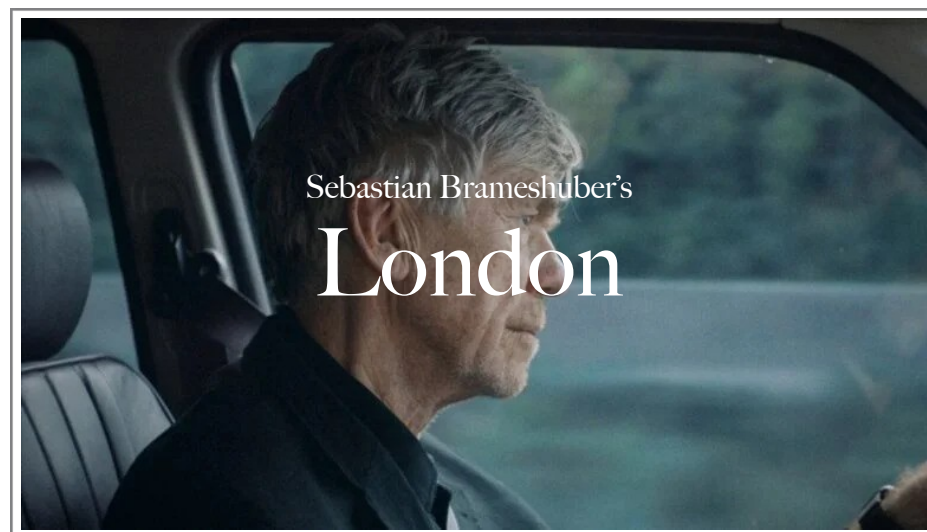
one's freedom? The film poses this question both directly, when a passenger asks Bobby, and obliquely, through the succession of life stories. In a world that has lost its innocence, where the spectre of global war looms, the film quietly manifests the possibility of facing reality and taking a stand. ♦



Coming soon to Acropolis:

- *Movements of a Nearby Mountain + Short Films* (Dir. Sebastian Brameshuber, 2004-2019)—Los Angeles premiere, Sept 24 at Now Instant Image Hall, with Brameshuber in person
- *A. Rimbaud* (Dir. Patrick Wang, 2026)—Los Angeles premiere, Oct 16 at the Lumiere Music Hall, with Wang in person
- *A Woman Escapes + 3D Short Films* (Dir. Blake Williams, 2009-2025)—Los Angeles premiere, Oct 18 at the Culver Theater, with Williams in person
- *Channel Surfing: Experimental 3D Shorts Curated by Blake Williams* (Dir. Various, 2006-2026)—Oct 19 at 2220 Arts + Archives, with Williams in person

Acropolis Cinema presents:



September 22, 2026 – 2220 Arts + Archives

ABOUT THE FILM

Bobby, a good-natured yet solitary driver in his early seventies, shuttles back and forth on the Westautobahn between Vienna and Salzburg. In the passenger seat are a series of strangers Bobby has invited via a car-pooling app: a morally conflicted young soldier, a supermarket worker, a cinema-loving son of Albanian immigrants, a Romanian migrant, a Bosnian queer activist, and many more. A former art museum guard, the questing, questioning Bobby bonds with each of his guests as time passes and the seasons change, while all the while enacting his own emotional journey: visiting a hospitalized friend hovering at death's door. From this beautifully simple premise, Sebastian Brameshuber draws a delicate, perceptive portrait of the contemporary gig economy that also feels humane and timeless, of people connecting despite the capitalist mechanisms that control them.

TRT: 122 min

In person: Sebastian Brameshuber

A Quiet Revolution by Olivia Cooper Hadjian

The following article was originally published in the London press kit, February 2026

From Vienna to Salzburg and Salzburg to Vienna, Bobby, a retired man, shares his car with people younger than himself, sometimes still in their teens, whose features and accents reflect a variety of origins – among them, we recognise Cliff, who appeared in some of Sebastian Brameshuber's previous films . The tone of the conversations varies; some are functional, reduced to their simplest form due to a language barrier, others turn intimate in an instant. An anti-dramatic narrative unfolds. Working with non-actors who elaborate characters based on their lives, Sebastian Brameshuber strips fiction of its illusionist and escapist functions, but uses its power to create situations that wouldn't happen naturally and boil them down to their essence. His minimalist mise-en-scène highlights each face, polishes each fragment of existence like a diamond. Although the film takes place almost entirely along the route connecting two cities, ellipses break up this line. Just as the lives of the passengers before and after their journey remain off-screen, we are free to imagine the beginning and/or end of each conversation. Rather than subjecting our perceptions to a plot, the film sharpens our awareness of the present, and develops under cover.

Bobby's trips are motivated by a special relationship, rooted in the intensity of youth: he drives to Salzburg to visit a long-lost friend who suffered a stroke and is in a coma. He says he didn't want to start a family in order to preserve his freedom, yet now, his car becomes home to a series of micro-communities. At a time when ideologies tend to emphasise homogenous units – the individual, the family, the nation – the film highlights other types of connections. The fact that the landscape surrounding the travellers remains mostly in a blur also counters the nationalist agenda: a passenger

explains that fascist Austria traced roads in such a way that the 'motherland' would look its best, but we see none of that.

Bobby seems to grow as his encounters put him in touch with different parts of society. In return, he shares what he has to offer: the perspective of a man who has lost all greed, imperious desires and fear of missing out, and now sees life in the rear-view mirror. Some passengers read the world politically, while others focus on the immediate or the personal. We can tell that they didn't all start out in life with the same opportunities. However, by placing them successively in the same seat, and the same frame composition, the film emphasises continuity over dissonance. The reasons for the passengers' journeys vary, and their interests may diverge from Bobby's, yet Brameshuber chooses to capture moments of convergence. His camera adopts the point of view of the driver or the passengers, imitating the curious gazes that circulate within the vehicle. Each passenger has something in common with Bobby – don't we all? Gradually, their perspectives add up to form a picture of the present. The ever-repeating journey takes on a metaphorical dimension. It seems to encapsulate our shared time on a shared planet, which seems to be getting smaller and smaller.

The car, the quintessential symbol of individualism in prosperous societies, appears to have transcended its original purpose here. While it still provides a sense of freedom, the carefree attitude of the post-war boom era now only survives where there is denial. *London* captures a reality where precariousness is rife, and cars are shared with strangers for economic and ecological reasons. The changing weather, varying light, and incessant movement around the travellers make us aware of the passage of time. Just as travellers in the car are paradoxically still and moving, they share a moment in the present while also travelling to the past. The car sometimes feels like a time machine, as the stories of the passengers bring back Bobby's memories.

Just like the present time and space, the past is something that Bobby and his passengers share. Their conversations conjure up the wars and ideologies that shaped the 20th century. Their ripples can still be felt as they reappear today in new forms and shapes – Bobby meets a former-Yugoslavia-born queer activist, and the son of an Albanian partisan who reads Hollywood productions through a Marxist lens. Maybe we are already in the future, as suggested by a military checkpoint on the road, indicating that war or fascism has reached Austria and that underground activism has become a necessity. But wait, maybe that's already true?

Even before the film begins, the title 'London' takes us back to the two years Bobby spent in the English capital, and his subsequent return to Austria with long hair, at a time when 'people would chase you with scissors'. Is the aging man heading towards a rediscovered dissidence? As he encounters the fragments of the world entering his car, he seems to become increasingly committed, as if these windows into the lives of others were gradually reawakening his consciousness. By delaying the appearance of new characters and letting us hear their voices first, the film arouses our desire to get to know these people whom we will soon leave behind. It takes on a performative aspect: the human warmth it depicts also arises within us as we watch. What should one do with