

Meanwhile, each nation feels justified in their pursuit of "security", regardless if their aim comes at the cost of demonising those within their own communities. Comparatively, these two films explore the height of segregation in the US during the 1920s and the Holocaust of the 1940s, yet it wouldn't be hard to mistake much of the rhetoric and biased justification for discrimination and even eradication of the 'other', for more recent political discourse. The ongoing classification of who belongs to which race, and is thereby worthy of protection, are remnants from the designation that relegated the Negro to 'less than', an endorsement guaranteeing a significant portion of the US would remain incapable of arguing for their political representation, "The labor is kept cheap and helpless because the white world despises 'darkies'" (Du Bois, 1929, p.936).

Within Our Gates reveals a contrast between races, as it suddenly shifts to a nearly all white cast, juxtaposed with Sylvia as the main Black character. The audience is thrust into another dizzying succession of characters, and the film reveals how each life is salaciously intertwined. While driving through town, Mrs. Warwick nearly runs over a small white child, whom Sylvia rescues at great risk to herself. Cut to the hospital, where Mrs. Warwick inquires as to what is troubling the young woman. It is here Sylvia confesses, she is gravely concerned for the school's future. The scene begins to reveal the vastly contrasting experiences between two women: one African American and the other a white philanthropist. Mrs. Warwick, unsure how she can best help, decides to consult her friend, Mrs. Stratton. Fortunately for Sylvia, Mrs. Stratton offers the following advice: "My dear, you needn't trouble yourself over this illusion of educating the Negro. Leave it to those of us who know them—and who know just what they need." Following their conversations, Mrs. Warwick becomes convinced of the blatant hatred on display from her friend, as Mrs. Stratton further remarks, "Let me tell you—it is an error to try and educate them." In defiance, Mrs. Warwick settles on a \$50,000 donation, a considerable increase beyond the \$5,000 needed to keep the school open.

Optimism is short-lived however, and Sylvia begins to narrate the events of her past. We're introduced to a kindly and hospitable family, the Landry's. Having adopted Sylvia as a young child, the Landry's supported her pursuit of education, despite never being afforded the opportunity themselves. The ever-helpless spectator observes as a mob descends on the Landry home, tipped off by an obedient Efram. This unsuspecting Negro has made a fatal miscalculation of his usefulness. Under a false assumption, he believed himself to be an invaluable friend to the whites, given his service of dispensing gossip. Though in a surprising turn of events (perhaps more so for Efram than the audience), we watch as the mob grows impatient from their pursuit of the falsely accused Landry and begin setting their sights on Efram. Soon after, it's clear he's found himself at the wrong end of a rope. This consequential attempt at assimilation has not protected the loose-lipped Efram. Recounting the events, a close-up of a newspaper explains, "Efram, Gridlestone's faithful servant and himself the recent victim of accidental death at unknown hands.."

The insidious system of othering rears its ugly head once more by the newspaper's blatant disregard for justice, a reminder that it is only the wealthy white landowners who are extended protection and power. In discussing the tensions from this era, Du Bois remarked on the barriers facing the Negro's attempt to secure self-assertion and education, "They cannot do it and if they could, they shall not, for they are the enemies of the white race and the whites shall rule forever and forever and everywhere" (1920, p.936). Another bleak warning paralleled with our modern times, cautioning us to renounce the horrors occurring outside-or within- our walls, before we are doomed to perpetuate them into oblivion.

Micheaux's film does not offer its viewers the anticipated conclusion of collapsing time and space into a neatly constructed final narrative. Similarly, *The Zone of Interest* jolts viewers out of a linear timeline, revealing in one of its final scenes, a maintenance worker inside the Auschwitz-Birkenau Museum. The moral of these stories appear to be, if we don't find a way to better work together and not only understand, but embrace our unique differences, such stories of fragmentation and refusal to see ourselves in the 'other' will continue, to our detriment. Challenging a rise in concentrated power and wealth will be required in the near future, or as we hear