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production notes
for occupation:
location scouting

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that's all setup fire cover-up forest in revolt the haircut unseen we open here
backstory attached obscene invisible voice over perhaps these are the events
thanks to this oblivion alone that we can from time to time recover the person that we were,
place ourselves in relation to things as he was placed, suffer anew because we are no longer
ourselves but he, and because he loved what now leaves us indifferent parts all parts all
pieces the camera blind unable to carry on work of analysis all parts departure
smoke from wood rubble now sand scattered solid as it's small can't be smaller
atomic we shoot ruin at night softly luminous

in firelight recover relation
departure revolt to fire fire to cover-up cover-up to voice over all parts all
atoms recovered invisible event obscene relation to person that we were
indifferent we were indifferent in love in rubble in recovery the smoke solid
ruin carry on *over the eviscerated city one of those bleak and boundless skies, heavy with*
an accumulation of dramatic menace

in the event not our voice over the event the camera carried over carries on
shoot it ruin relation shoot it set it up smaller shoot it what he shot loved
shoot it shoot the boundless sky eviscerated atomic shoot shoot pieces carry
on invisible recovery shoot it of revolt set it up shoot it unseen no voice set
not placed in relation to departure in place of sand of covered fire evisceration
city now sand scattered dramatic obscene event boundless in revolt we recover
illuminate we shoot shoot it tape it back together tape it soundtrack not together
no synch song on behalf of whom we weren't weren't there didn't meet sang
sand sang an anthem imagined it the anthem stirring song stirred together as a
mass not there not atomic large mass quantum event quantum small to large
direct no middle middle ground eviscerated we still standing other side event
horizon still sing stand behalf of we're a winner

we're dramatic a menace
eviscerated indifferent forest in revolt indifferent to us no longer ourselves
haircut unseen obscene event set up the camera work the forest into fire what
he loved ourselves in relation to revolt but set up no middle ground the camera
standing there ruining it that place that ground standing there singing to the
trees the trees on fire oblivion alone softly luminous bleak and boundless work
of analysis no synch sound obscene atomic anthem what he loved when
indifferent in relation to us fire indifferent blind work of analysis love scattered
small no smaller solid at night the backstory set it up set us up to shoot at night
shoot ruin relation smoke at night set it up solid rubble set it up and shoot it

*to prevent the suffocating fits which the journey might bring on, to begin the journey in a state
called "euphoria," the nervous system for a time less vulnerable*

that's the setup all parts in relation to things as he was placed on middle ground
in smoke in trees revolt all luminous atoms cover us with sand of place mass
of place luminous ground sing of soft accumulation of tape together nervous
boundless

all voices taped together covered up the cover up recovered standing there
eviscerated accumulating cover from wood from smoke from scattered atoms
scattered shot place it place us place there standing attachment there attached
to ruined trees ruined voices voice a ruin of smoke no synch weren't there
covered up in relation firelight anthem invisible ruin shot accumulate euphoria
singing middle ground middle ground the city blind and winning boundless
love bounds of euphoria tape together recovery song taped anthem in revolt
no synch weren't there all parts all journey sand

in hair small relation parts
departing ruin luminous weren't backstory small but small but small together
small in no relation boundless

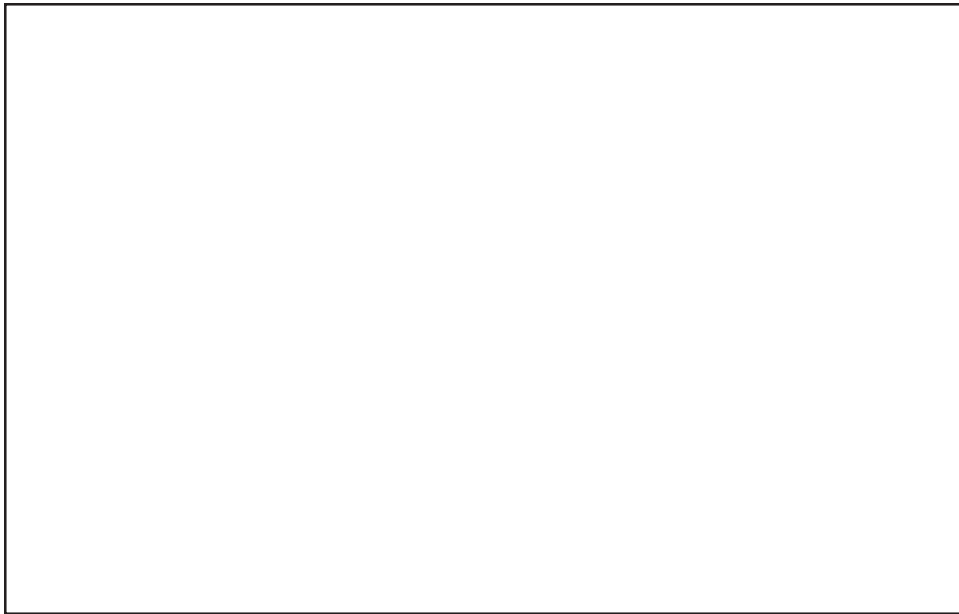
firelight skies boundless piece of journey

tape part to shot to voice to tape relation tape relation to parts to rubble

no atom recovered voice eviscerated bleak and boundless bleak relation work
of analysis luminous setup for the shot cover up for voice middle ground for
journey no journey what love obscene what obscene love in city forest city
shot with sand

as a rule it is with our being reduced to a minimum that we live small consolation we live small consolation but ours belongs to us house of cloth and tin not a house not our house not at the beginning certainly more so after after what ash after ash after ash catches in the throat the throat a few inches there small living it's ours innit? hurried word innit? in a hurry unwept innit? uninvestigated unburied barely covered up no shot backstory what fell down unseen innit? beyond the pale terror shadow innit? ours our shadow our ominous power innit? at bottom very bottom of it innit? bottom innit? sand us there at bottom for good or ill innit? the anthem blinding relation blinding luminous small living hurried wept ash shot sand firelight sky of the event vulnerable innit? falling into its recovery

innit? work of analysis in ruin set it up all parts part love ourselves part from ourselves our parts might bring on might bring it on might might in the always on always journey from middle ground rubble house of ash and tin and atoms scattered always on and on to opening the shot the drama carried over carried on not there



SOMEWHERE BETWEEN TERMINAL STATES MAYBE STATE ITSELF SOMEWHERE

setup in trees not there what fell from trees what fell from smoke a few inches
of a house bare house bare cloth minimum sky

not falling eviscerated small
living boundless city of ash of rubble recover woods in wood cloth in ash
living in work of analysis it's a winner innit? set up on middle ground scattered
innit? tape the tape recovered heavy solid luminous ash in love with cameras all
pieces recover relation of suffering to work work to city city to scatter to solid
ground the setup winning for drama it's obscene innit? suffocating it haircut
suffocate on hair in throat caught in throat singing throat indifferent anthem
its cloth scatter accumulations in fire ruin of analysis smoking sand into heavy
boundless sky no synch caught in throat sing "euphoria" sing "suffocate" sing
"revolt" reduce to minimum small bare throat small minimum consolation
carry out its tin its cloth its parts carried over inches bare living revolt on
middle ground sky solid heavy voice caught on recovery no ground for cloth
and tin no work the camera set to scatter

throat no place no living work and
anthem work and suffocate as a rule small consolation innit? the camera carrying
on no firelight luminous night it's night we live at night caught in the house on
fire caught in the throat

part the throat investigate investigate the city caught there suffer parts in relation
to camera work part work part relation to analysis hurried living parts weeping
setting up the shot living there parted cloth drama tin drama shot in the throat

analyzed not there all parts luminous working no house no consolation voice
bare voice minimum song catches on rubble on sand the backstory accumulates
tape and ruin

at least this change which I had done nothing to bring about proved to me that something had happened which was external to myself – however devoid of interest that thing might be in itself – and I was like a traveler who, having had the sun in his face when he started, concludes that he has been for so many hours on the road when he finds the sun behind him

back down the road a piece piece of work piecework of heavy machinery cleared road giving me clearance here to there direction I must be director new person first emerge at last along the road no stops clear road site abut site no sight nothing on the film lens cap still on still on innit? no it's off and off no and off in distance no distance sight because horizon because road clear through site site clear level nothing seen evacuated emigrated scene not abutting story what happened not here not a thing what happened not a thing wait too long for clearance high overhead roll trucks in way out in front keep rolling nothing on film blank stock scene of witness because reflecting self person first because at last because machinery reflecting self new dimension in the round site fleshed out of what it missed because what because shot past clearance issues vanishing point vanish in the round far horizon innit? time that flies down road no sight no shot blank stock again because sunset innit? sun innit? set up in the round fall down shoot at night

no site because sight no sight not a thing blank stock because clear light
sunlight in the round fleshed out of light sun falls in the round in round level
heavy sand no proving it external no proving things shot in face in throat in
the round nothing song vanish lens cap still on the road because light because
round innit? night innit? night because night

falls on my face heavy what light
small light machines me small accumulate flesh accumulate we were we when
it started we smaller now smaller on the road for so many hours change
which I had done nothing to bring about accumulating smaller flesh boundless
atomic light no light on film shot at night proves it proof must be director
first at last be direct about change which I had brought about us luminous
rubble brought round about the emigrated the evacuated eviscerated brought
about the round doing nothing about we doing nothing set it up blind shoot
it in the face carry on accumulate flesh from face revolt departure clear the
road roll trucks roll film dark film luminous machinery heavy cloth on fire
small piece of tin reflecting light the face in face in fire in the round boundless
love roll tape accumulate its ash its smoke small but new dimension accumulate
its flesh in throat

throat in song in love with suffering as they suffered as we
suffered as suffering piecework relation vanish external to light

Wherever the sewing-machine locates itself in narrow and already over-crowded workrooms, it adds to the unwholesome influences.... 3 or 4 persons fall into a swoon regularly every day.... This tendency is nurtured by the very nature of the sewing-machine, the manifold uses of which push on the concentration, under one roof, and one management, of previously separated branches of a trade.

– Marx, Capital v. 1

croaks toward an edge of scream
bright place shade under
overhang length after length
after length's buzzed board is

wasted weeds slow surge up
from the well head down old rust
of metal chute downtown flat
out of pastoral into traffic

"it's an east coast thing" what
i heard from him horn worked
not much past "here I am" we are
we our need and freedom crooked edged

in bright jagged haze here is
less location more demand
slow surge each hollow
vibrates sympathy thump

on steel plate over torn street's
stretched to groan how measure
by bolt yard plank what each is
no longer once done done over

as overhead traffic news as manhunt
as many lengths of lanes of merge
"you there" thus blade of air cut
into yards of cloth into lengths

of board room comes after if at all
events "i cried" what i heard from
her "ten years wetting thread" if you can't
lick it if you can tell its taste at length

sand on face sand in throat sound of first person suffering no synch backstory
all parts together no synch backstory light backlight directing shots the small
voice who

scattered scenes down the road a piece a piece of night piece of
voice rubble sang anthem we're a winner when the truck not there not rolling
camera rolling not there in backstory not down the road a piece caught in
throat burning truck caught in middle ground journey suffocate on smoke ash
us we're not here burning we're on tape a menace we're a menace a winner
singing who innit? who innit? here us here with voices in us in middle not here
not together not placed in us singing in us song on behalf of the eviscerated
backstory heavy machine changing us changing setup ruining the journey rolling
back to ruin to change to change the shot innit? what we didn't meet innit?
change which I had done nothing to bring about to roll out skies luminous
minimum innit? revolt what leaves us indifferent revolt of what leaves us
indifferent revolt in what leaves us indifferent eviscerated leaves us leaves relation
to fire clear road for evacuated through blank middle ground

eviscerated first person not suffering indifferent evacuated middle house for voices relation not to what he loved not face but flesh from face accumulates in cloth house tin house for reflection rubble work rubble down the road to city piece of city face from haircut blank obscene bleak shot with sunlight shot with its reflection boundless scatter face flesh down the road a piece a piece of hair piece of face pieces parts for voices to recover that relation working cloth and tin few inches for the minimum for the living few inches bare relational work of voices rolling small machines along the boundless road the vulnerable nervous system clear road for blank voiced anthem song of journey song of piecework down the road a piece parts scatter shoot the face an hour innit? shoot the face an hour and then an hour innit? hour and then an hour rolling trucks of parts in love with smoke in love with rubble trucks into the face in love no middle ground the work the film clears the face a haircut sing cut voices cut the work and cut the stops cut dramatic cut stop rolling still on film lens cap on still the film still innit? still on still rolling down the face the camera in revolt a fire clearing blanks in pieces of the face suffer as he suffered shooting blanks innit? shooting blanks indifferent in middle of the face clear road for light accumulated light small atomic journey of light down blank sky blank lens sky machined down ground down blank reflection of the lens the sky over eviscerated city over lens reflection not light not luminous reflect no light worked over it cap lens cover up sky a cap of light piece to piece relation blind relation blind voices trucked in singing over obscene invisible middle ground boundless lens all parts light all parts on fire revolt over backstory no smoke we suffocate direct house of cloth taped to face but clear innit? luminous no relation to trees relation in trees middle of trees to accumulate cuts the work ruin of film small euphoria of director trucking in the light to sing "I together me together" suffocating small voices with sand at night sand in light the work the ruined film no journey might no journey blind attachment to the middle ground to shoot revolt to cut the faces burn the hair no change at night small change in sunlight I had brought about small change the sun so many hours of no voice ground down to sand to road to site devoid of interest in itself on film itself no voice first person song of shot throat bare relation innit? boundless love of winners bounded by a shot an hour and then a shot

house trucked down the road a piece down the road in pieces piece by piece its parts voices no song parts belong to it trucked out of song clear into luminous middle ground out of relation of backstory into ash throat clear throat clear road for a shot directed cut with blanks devoid of interest in itself accumulation thanks to this analytic oblivion song of thanks I wasn't there didn't sing the voice recovers small relation mass relation innit? departure recovered ground scattered down the road a piece no relation to the film not on the lens cap on still on film blank tape blank no relation to eviscerated mass of voices sing "bleak love" sing "bare minimum house terror" not on film indirect or not directed on the film blank film still on first person sing "reduced euphoria" sing "boundless light blank house" on tape no voice for backstory boundless atomic light and blind not backlit sun in face so many hours

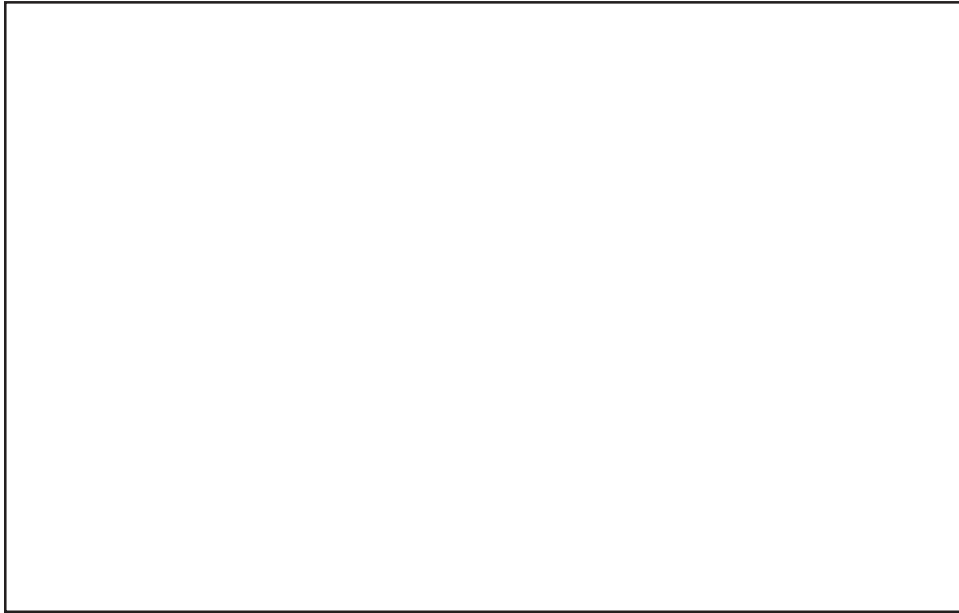
living hour then
an hour innit? and then an hour then the shot accumulation of hours all relation down the road revolt to forest to fire fire to ash to middle ground middle ground to lens cap lens cap no relation to light to film all relation ash clearing to blank film what happened didn't weren't there house journey cloth journey cloth house cover up the face trucked down the road without the face journey for tin voice no throat not there director sing "not there" and "I am not there" and sing "change change which I had brought down the road from there to middle ground" and sing anthem to begin backstory ground of living small living consolation as ground of living as director as machine to work first person down into ground of director and beginning uninvestigated voice unburied voice evacuated sing "cut" direct in face so many hours in revolt at beginning certainly more so after what face after face of director cut from film and shot with ash and shot blank on film on film blank stock and taped voices sing "cut" and "cut" and sing rolling to a stop beginning and stop beginning voices covered up with cloth and tin covered up with ash and sand still singing boundless minimum revolt on blank tape

and at night they did not dine in the hotel, where, hidden springs of electricity flooding the great dining-room with light, it became as it were an immense and wonderful aquarium against whose glass wall the working population, clustering invisibly in the outer darkness, pressed their faces to watch the luxurious life of its occupants gently floating upon the golden eddies within, a thing as extraordinary to the poor as the life of strange fishes or molluscs (an important social question, this: whether the glass wall will always protect the banquets of these weird and wonderful creatures, or whether the obscure folk who watch them hungrily out of the night will not break in some day to gather them from their aquarium and devour them)

first person devoured
ash devoured working
population of the city
taped together cloth and
tin anthem of luxury
house on bare ground no
glass to press
the face against direct this
important social question is
there a director in this
shot is the shot
set up where the camera
has not begun working
population gathered in
its
hidden lens

direct question first
person uncovers the wall
its
wall
it is

is not a person a director not person but director cut and lens for flood of
strange fishes indifferent face uncovered by strange indifferent haircut shot of
cut then cut the shot not at the beginning more so after ash indifferent work
the change brought about indifferent work blank face fire covered weird and
wonderful by city on fire innit? middle ground eviscerated innit? shot and shot
and shot rolling in on trucks from road not silent not at the beginning small
voices no relation what the tape is with blank film stock what tape is what it
devours the sky what it covers in sand



*POPULATION MAYBE VISIBLE IN MIDDLE OF FRAME STITCHED TO FRAME MAYBE
CITY PLAIN IN THE CROWD OF EXTRAS WHERE THE SHOT WOULD HAVE GONE*

weird and wonderful face winning face uninvestigated under glass shoot it up
invisible set up the working population parts departing from direct atomic
analysis of first person evacuated pieces roll through lens down road a piece of
glass innit? strange mollusc indifferent house indifferent hotel flesh under glass
poor relation quantum face working small to large direct the change which I
had done nothing to bring about had directed brought about shot the face
against the face in small relation mass relation flesh light to population glass to
shoot obscene minimum love face to face indifferent in different relation outer
darkness devouring devoured by electric life pressed luxury floating pressed in
hotel light

not strange light not
indifferent luxury
not oblivion alone
minimum setup
alone

at work to hide bare minimum hide face from face shadow on glass not terror
direction of indifferent lens winning light covered light covered gold in darkness
minimum accumulation from working flesh hidden under sun under ash under
ground on fire in forest on fire pieces gathered in social indifference to revolt
uncover revolt at minimum boundless in the small the work the road few inches
down the throat weeping down the throat and sing

director's anthem hidden
question of song of rules
of song no throat for it
and the workers pressing it

that no relation that
indifference might moreover
its shadow might in that film
recover
that

small face
my face
relation to
no face

the occupants accumulate electricity
in relation part
to part to part
from that hotel dining
room for the social question where the middle
voices question the person working
ruined glass into a lens to
accumulate revolt over
and over what didn't

happen to the voice in the voice over first person no
person first relation mass relation in the throat on fire forest cloth and tin in
suffocating fit but fit still at minimum in the throat a few inches of question
whether glass wall or whether or not hungry city singing we're a winner down
the road a piece

to a place in the throat or placed
in devouring what devours tape
still rolling invisible smoke innit?
and taped together into mass
of recovered house in sand and
innit?

but didn't happen weren't there voices in outer darkness weren't there didn't
work the work at minimum clearing blanks through golden eddies through
obscene houses that eviscerate a city and is that indifferent is it different than
clear road than luxury ash suffocated song innit? two voices stop voices cut
mass of voices rolling still down the road voices still the two the mass then cut
to start over starting over and over starting with the cut

notes:

Except for passages in all capitals and the citation from Marx, italicized text throughout is taken, sometimes with slight adaptations, from Proust's Within a Budding Grove (C.K. Scott Moncrieff translation). The poem on p. 17 was written while listening to a performance by Alan Silva and Oluyemi Thomas, and is dedicated to Josephine Giuffre.