

The mood is of drowsy delirium, anesthetised, an exhausted turbulence runs through you

**SOUND**

There is no sound. The sound tracks in silence

**CAMERA**

A series of images ripple across the screen, the topographical remnants of a city cut in pieces. Rudderless details that float free from the stationary axis that drives them, sear across your brainpan in waves of incoherence, shifting and adjusting their angle. Shuddering, juddering in and around you, a non-human vista, a random geometry

forward then back, left then right, move on

**IMAGE**

A broad lamp lit street flanked by rows of newly built apartment blocks, familiar, uniform, anonymous

PROPERTY: PRIVATE PARKING, ACCESS GATED, DOUBLE GLAZING THROUGHOUT

a lone window remains illuminated and a dull interior light casts the elongated silhouettes of two unidentified figures across a vertical roller blind, the makeshift screen that unintentionally reveals and conceals them. It's impossible to tell, it's unclear from a distance, whether they are animated in violent dispute, agitated limbs, unfurled and unhinged, a push? a struggle? a fight?

the image slips out of alignment

giving your senses no time to adjust

no stop

no start

no beginning

no end

the indifferent observer moves on

TRAFFIC SLOW DOWN

move to a standstill, fingers dr

umming against steering wheel covers: massage grip, universal fit, available in a variety of colours

engines are still

ticking over

over and over and on

**CAMERA**

Mobilising its range through rhythmic patterns, an automated cycle of pushes, shifts and pulls, lurching then jerking from one frame to the next, an ambulant repertoire of compact curves and tight rotations, shaking and breaking the image. Maximum clarity dissolves in the long shot, in the cut that detaches its tether, a narrative undone in the gap

displaced, non-placed, replaced images, move on

**IMAGE**

Nothing, no one, nothing transpires, a detailed description of absence, vacant streets flanked by telephone wires. Abandoned cars, and empty trolleys, and padlocked gates, and gates left open, and roads that stretch out in every direction

move on, return, once full, now empty

you're losing your purchase on place

**SOUND**

Inaudible images, deficient in action, are stalked by evocative sound, by the noise of involuntary memory

the cracks and shouts, the shrieks and cries, the holler and wail of a siren

the sound of evocative silence, the taciturn din that escapes your ear returns as embodied sensation, as the hubbub that prickles your skin<sup>1</sup>

**IMAGE**

At the bottom right of the screen a lone man enters the frame, his left arm is clasped tightly across his chest, and, while shielding his body from the harsh wind, he drives his bent torso into the sudden, persistent rain,

rain that hits the camera lens, pelting, beating, pounding, rain breaking slantwise across it, rain forming tiny rivulets, which, when caught by the streetlamps, start to glisten,

his right hand clasps a brief case which beats methodically against his leg, gyrating to the rhythm of his steady, predictable gait, it's impossible to tell where he is heading, or to surmise where the two figures have gone, the scene is over before it has finished, and finished before it began<sup>2</sup>

it seems at first to be empty, although it's teeming with inhuman life

liquid waste, toxic base, animal, vegetable, mineral

piss ridden stench, gasoline wrench, the acrid reek of diesel, the remnants of events that have happened, that have merged while retained in the air, the consolidated trace of mixed odors, of pungent and fetid aromas, grained in deep in the atmosphere

sticky and damp, parched and rank

move on

<sup>1</sup> NOTE: When the camera eventually returns to frame the preliminary scene the two shadowy figures will have vanished, the previously illuminated window will be blacked out

<sup>2</sup> REPEAT: When the camera eventually returns to frame the preliminary scene

ever on and on always on



**CAMERA**

There is no plot, no motive propelling the series,  
indifference is wearing you down, you're on a loop, a  
chronicle of memory exhausted

insomniac glare, disinterested stare, enveloped in the lure  
of narcosis

drawing you in through its cyclic rotations, through its  
vertiginous compulsion to repeat, slowness slowly seeping  
through your nervous system, it's pointless to resist you  
participate

and the lens is still stippled with water

and the dust catches light on the glass

so on and on ever on move on