

EXTRACT: EMMIE McLUSKEY

*Is this a film we watch or a film that we would be part of?*

Part of, yes. This idea of film itself implies a process, when all we really have is the lens, all we are is what the camera is: all of it, fused into a body.

*The space? The light?*

The lights flare and flash, the whole world flashes white. The camera is already moving, inventing a geography, slowly surveying. There is a swaying forward and then a spiralling upwards surrounded by gentle pressure. While the shots appear consistent, the body and its machinery tighten. After a few moments, figures can be made out, passing across the scene or below it, staccato, emerging from waves or clouds of vapour. This swooping camera eye can float and glide and penetrate space, move through walls, anticipate thoughts. There is no right, no left, no up or down. Stars twinkling in some vast firmament could just as easily be LED's, down there on a stage. In moments when everything goes completely dark, the silhouettes of the figures remain.

*What are the figures? Is this a staging of something?*

It could be, yes. The camera glides more slowly down to a ground level and we can see now that it edges around statuary: the figures made from stone, surrounded by broken sepulchres and cracked sarcophagi.

*Is this a necropolis?*