



EXCESS, THE FACTORY

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You make cables near the window, cables of different colors. You roll them into coils. Light is there, space is soft. You come, go. Corridors, oblivion.

You make cables near the window. Extreme tension. The sky, and the cables, this shit. You are seized, gripped by the cables, the sky. There is nothing else.

All space is occupied : all has become waste. Skin is dead. Teeth bite an apple, a sandwich. You absorb. The gaze sticks to everything like a fly.

You work nine hours, making holes in parts with a machine. You place the part, bring down the lever, take out the part, and raise the lever again. There's paper everywhere.

Time is outside, in things.

The courtyard, crossing it. A factory courtyard's absolute nostalgia.

You walk between formless walls. Sheets of metal, soft and fat. What interest, what interest. This wire on the ground. No one knows the trouble I see. You go looking for something. You absorb everything. You go, you go down. You see others doing things. You are alone, in your gestures. You walk, you feel yourself walking. You are inside. You feel each movement, you unfold, you walk.

You eat caramels, your teeth are stuck together.

Before going in, you go to the cafe. You look at yourself in the mirror above the counter. The jukebox always plays *Those were the days, my love, ah yes those were the days.*