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## PARK LANES

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Kevin Jerome Everson; US 2015; Second Run; region-free Blu-ray; 2 discs; 480 minutes; 1.77:1. Extras: trailers; booklet.

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REVIEWED BY BEN NICHOLSON

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Watching people going through the motions of the nine-to-five in real time may not sound like the most enticing proposition, but in the hands of the prolific artist filmmaker Kevin Jerome Everson, spending eight hours in a factory that produces bowling alley parts is an experience both engrossing and bracing. Most profiles of Everson will draw upon the fact that labour is – in its various guises – a recurring preoccupation of his. In one sense, the 2015 feature film *Park Lanes* is the fundamental expression of this recurring subject. Newly released on Blu-ray by the indispensable Second Run label, it is a deliberate, durational presentation of people employed on a factory floor, fashioned to resemble – and at 480 minutes, exactly match in length – a typical working day.

Of course, any film quite so long is intended to challenge the viewer, on some level. *Park Lanes* spends its entire runtime holding uninterrupted shots of 10 minutes or more, primarily of various individuals going about their daily work routine. There is no narrative progression per se, but Everson arranges the piece to create a simulacrum of the working day – beginning with people arriving on shift, passing through hours of work, lunch in the cafeteria, coffee-room breaks and clocking-off time. The film's length may imply that watching the film will be arduous, but in fact it evokes the rhythms and quiet focus of an average day.

That is not to say, though, that the film has the feel of a meandering fly-on-the-wall portrait. What feels evident in every moment of *Park Lanes* is its formal and aesthetic rigour. Anyone familiar with Everson's wider body of work will be aware of how precisely his films employ form and composition and that remains the case even in an eight-hour opus. Despite the lack of framing information, the film still feels as though it has discrete sections, following the work of different people, like a series of vignettes. These feel divorced from place and time – the camera focus is shallow, the framing compact, the background devoid of people. Each sequence has an almost unreal intimacy which emphasises that the efforts of the ordinary individual are just as worthy of consideration as those of a renowned artisan.

Everson's interest lies in the act of labour itself, rather than the outcomes. By broadly eschewing the larger socioeconomic implications – or, at least, by letting them linger, unaddressed, at the edge of the frame – and by mostly dispensing with the final products of the factory, he submits, and forces us to submit, to these moments of process. *Park Lanes* is a film as much about attention as labour; the demanded attention of the audience member, the patient attention of the observant filmmaker, and that of the diligent, intent worker. It's suitably captivating.

**DISC:** The disc for this release contains only the film, but it comes with an accompanying booklet that includes an interview with the filmmaker and essays by Matthew Barrington and Elena Gorfinkel.