

Metalltanz

INTRO

I recorded the video in a place called Shoshone, which sits between Death Valley and the border with Nevada. The images in this book are stills from the video.

HORIZONTALITY

On the far western edge in a small town a rotating neon sphere is held aloft above the only garage. It spins perpetually – 24 hour experience. Its presence marks an isolated population. Its light broadcasts out, blending into atmosphere. The approach is long. Looking out at the rerouting of past lines, at the inflecting horizon somewhere way out there within the ragged edge of a vanishing point is exhaustion. The roadway rises and falls under stars, a kind of weightless silver club country. The vehicle, like a glittering speeder flat and expanding stretches out on its long haul. The view, itself becoming increasingly anamorphic with the amplification of effect sets in motion an ongoing continuum grounded in mirage.

SILVER CLUB (PART 1)

Under the light of the garage, they pause to load as much silver into themselves as possible before setting out on foot. A small flyer outside reads, the edge detectors – we work the line. Across the road, there's a thing that looks like little more than a freestanding wall, too narrow for anyone to actually live in, but the design is no accident. The residence of "over-real" beings of infinite slimness floating from some unknown limbo. They're capable of flattening themselves against the porous wall that absorbs them like blotting paper. They are more than inclusions. They seem to have gone somewhere beyond the boundaries of possession. Somewhere beneath the ordinary attitude of perception where an opening attuned to the constraints of the environment ushers them in. It's dark and increasingly loud.

SILVER CLUB (PART 2)

Tempted by space, they span and these spanners defy identification as discreet individuals with recognizable origins and plausible histories. The gathering within this new darkness, this missing time, through its movements taunts the demon. The sensitives can see this. But the most expanded bodies may as they are peeled away from realness go awry enmeshed with uncertainty and tension. Is there something extra or is there something missing? Continuities of consciousness, but whose? Fictive errs on the soft pedal. Wheels of steel.

OUTRO

Breeding as deleterious effect?

Well, everything goes downhill. At a fast pace or a slow pace... Something's not gonna stay killer forever if you're breeding with it. Breeding is both why we have such great cannabis but also why we have such bad cannabis – or lines that get driven into the ground... the great spots only stay good for this moment in time. It's a moving target. (Tom Hill speaking on The Pot Cast, Episode 75, 2022)

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