



ANALOGUE <TEXT FOR A LIVE FILM>

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Out of a certain net of being, a supernova flees, exploding faintly. In spiraling desire, neutron stars collide. So that silver materializes and ghosts, celestial dust at first diaphanous and scattered, then with heft ringing into densities of cloud. Lured into planetary formation, silver shelters in the shape, pearled and crusted over, a momentary keeping.

Within an edging of time, continental plates heave against their peripheries. Water siphons into the gaps. Silver salts let loose a cling, dissolve towards brine that seeps from seabed, scatters silver onto seafloor, an arrival shining laced and coy. Or silver ruptures to surface, a shattering quake, nestles into cracks of a nebulous and ever-forming crust and veins there.

There is this surface of celluloid, so bathed in star-born silver. Each ecstatic stroke of light on film a black gashing, as silver atoms bond together, chemically coalesce into shadow. *Collusions of a process shifting.* Silver thickening in response to electromagnetic waves that skimmed the distance, this coagulation by starlight, this blackening by sun.

The word alchemy is threaded through with black earth, with the Egyptian etymological root of *khem*. An allusion to the fertile soil of the river valley, alluvial, strewn with silt, capaciousness from which crops burst before leafing and then stooping towards decay. Transmutation an alchemical morphing from thing to thing, an ever-seeking towards primal form.

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Like cosmic light on earth-mined silver (a stellar haunting) burning brightly, a fusion of flame. Analogue film shot through with sun as star-to-star communion, an image-yielding colloquy, a shared projection. In alchemy, *as above, so below* – resonance of the heavenly and terrestrial spheres – is known as the Doctrine of Correspondence.

Correspondence as in an agreement of things, as in a similarity, as in text shuttling from hand to hand, or surface to surface, or wind fluctuating, desirous, from mouth to mouth. *Co-respondence* as a collective answering and a shaping over time. Correspondence as a vibratory a teeming a mutual resounding. Resounding, from *resonare*, to sound again.

Silver, a supple metal, is prone to crystallization, recrystallization, to a continuous re-structuring. Silver acquiesces, struggles to hold form, entangles instead with copper, nickel, zinc and lead. So easily is it animated by heat and spark. So surely its electrons deflect all visible light, shining in a collective bodying forth of waves, a spectral tide.

Moving images first danced on silver-coated film with potential for the shifting shapes to burst to flame in projector heat. In laboratories, spent film is burned, the ashes leached, the silver leaping. Or processing solutions are recycled into dissolutions, so swimmied with silver. So that this malleable metal may slip from image to image, suspended anew and anew in emulsion.

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From image to image, from hand to hand, the silver slips, mined as currency, as cultural projection. Ghost-singing origin stories of war, of humans forced to tunnel into earth, of mules coerced to walk in circles, pulverizing ore. Ghost-singing the gutted peaks, the blasted land, the tapped veins. A spectral haunting here that's inescapable in every bloated silver grain.

A cemetery: beneath the blackened earth, silver rings a finger as flesh recedes, silver clinks with bone. Though silver also rises gently, extracted from land by willow, pine, mustard, mushroom. These phyto and fungal accumulations, as corpse also transmutes to new and stretching form. As one walks between the graves, from fruiting body to fruiting body, a zigzagging on silvered soil.

All swerves and bursts, celestial, terrestrial, that lattice here within this heavy metal, charged with cosmos, dense with trace. This film will someday decompose, a pregnant reeking, with silver fleeing from the shell, revealing plastic substrata,

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