

A Short Film About Baseball

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The throw was the last leg of a triple play. Its trajectory was an arc the chord of which bisected the diamond. The baseball, spinning between mass and momentum, hurtled through a space implied by the convergence of multiple dimensions that intertwine in the substructures of the visible but which are otherwise unrelated and brought it to a momentary resolution that was almost perceptible when the film was slowed down and the line of the throw and spinning of the ball became continua that stretched across the frame. And much like Roy Orbison had to relearn to sing so his voice would sound as if it had already been passed through a reverb unit the third baseman had to relearn how to be himself in the wake of the throw.

