

PROCESSUAL VIDEO

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Video Viewpoints

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The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N. Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100 Cable: Modernart

My art has steadily moved from a perceptual priority of imaging toward a more conceptual method for developing idea constructs. Remaining throughout my work has been the necessity to dialogue with the technology. The earlier image works, primarily concerned with color and image density, were engaged in the invention of new and more complex images within compositional and rhythmic structures. The current work involves image-text syntax, a kind of electronic linguistic, utilizing the dialogue to manipulate a conceptual space that locates mental points of intersection, where text forms and feeds-back into the imaging of those intersects. Processual might be considered a space between the perceptual and conceptual. The processual space serves neither as a composite or balancing of these two modes, it relies on the continual transition or synapse between them. I believe the recent video works presented here are my strongest works to date, and in the matrix of video activity, carve out a new space of possibilities.

PROCESSUAL VIDEO

b/w, prepared text, 11 min. 30 sec.

The aluminum was in his grasp as it should be; light, precisionly milled and easily movable from place to place. He imagined measuring the abstract. His eye floated in a green illuminated substance between the lines.

MACHINE LANGUAGE 06

b/w, sound, 45 sec.

the first in a series of short works playing with the possibilities of an image-text syntax using a scan processor.

BLACK/WHITE/TEXT

b/w, stereo sound, 9 min.

a/tex/ture/is/draw/ing/a/con/tin/u/um/from/one/voice/to/an/oth/er/dif/fer/en/ti/at/ed/by/meas/ur/ing/the/dis/tance/be/tween/send/ing/and/re/ceiv/ing/mes/sag/es/voic/ing/the/fol/low/ing/rec/ti/lin/e/ar/time/en/folds/the/neg/a/tive/and/pos/i/tive/spac/es/ex/pand/ing/the/i/mage/that/text/oc/cu/pies/the/space/be/fore/and/af/ter/the/frame/of/ref/e/rence/with/in/a/rec/tan/gle/

EQUAL TIME

color, stereo sound, 5 min. 30 sec.

It was early afternoon and the room was well lit by natural light. Rows of windows filled the walls except one which was freshly painted. A cluster of plumbing fixtures ran up through a template shape in the floor and out through another template shape in the wall close to the ceiling. The fixtures were galvanized steel and visually separated the empty wall from the entrance to the space, a cement archway. People congregated in the middle of the room drinking, talking and smoking. They were unnecessarily close to each other with an eight foot band of floor space surrounding them. I walked around the room in the space allotted to me observing the people and looking out the windows to the streets down below. The noise from the traffic was inordinately loud being several stories down compared to the peoples voices which were unintelligible at only a few paces away. The aural distortion may have been formed by an elaborate draft caused by the sheer amount of windows and the way in which they were open. Moving ones head from side to side revealed a sinosoidal shape sequencing from partially opened to partially closed windows. The peoples drone unexpectedly faded as they noticed wet paint on their clothes, hands, drinking glasses and faces.

A voice spoke from the corner of the room. It was not a right angled corner. It was a wedgelike shape lit obtusely from a light bulb hanging on white zip cord inches above the floor. The cord extended to the ceiling where it was attached and guided by a set of screw eyes evenly placed diagonally from the center area of the ceiling to the opposite corner. From there it continued back down again and ended at a receptacle, level and eight feet of distance with the bulb. Two walls of the room were parallel, one longer and extending into the wedged corner. On the ground and against the walls were small piles of frosted glass equal in mass and shape. The piles and light bulb when seen as three points formed an imaginary line. On one side of the line a voice spoke its' thoughts from the wedged corner projecting them out towards the light. On the other side an animal sat in a folding chair embracing itself making inaudible high pitched sounds. the room was otherwise empty except for two stacks of sheets compressed between floor and ceiling for structural purposes. The separateness of the two stacks could only be distinguished by an occasional acoustical smear.

PICTURE STORY

color, sound, 7 min. 15 sec.

Is structured upon a hierarchical ladder of meaning starting with the mechanistic and ending with a vision, a vision which pinpoints an "insignificant" intersection of image and language completing the d-r-a-w-i-n-g.

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SOUNDINGS

color, sound, 20 min.

sounding the image imaging the sound locating the sound with my voice
imaging my voice through the object sending my voice to the image
to the sound sounding the image imaging the sound touching my voice
encoding the object touching the object decoding my voice fingering
the threshold surfing the space following the edge circuitous spiral in-
verting the polarities investigating both beginnings and both ends around
an extended period of time the time of my voice the space of termination
tangent with my finger my voice my finger two nodes tuning the meaning
of an action sounding the image imaging the sound my skin its skin
forming another skin the skin of myself circulating with self-corrective
pressure on its skin forming a skin of space where i voice from the skin is
always forming and shedding itself i have my finger on it moving it i
have my finger on my voice tracking it driving it moving the skin
spinning the skin continuing the space playing the meaning stretching
the skin taut touching down touching sound touching image touching
touching voicing my thoughts between the skins playing the skin
drumming my thoughts into the skin driving the space driving the
speaker imaging the sound hitting your skin keeping the space taut
drumming your mind through the skin circulating the space circulating
the sound grafting my voice to the skin space tracing our spiral in and out
pulling the skin pushing the skin sending the skin to push the space
to pull your skin taut to touch your space circulating the skin i have my
finger on my voice tangent to the skin put your finger on it put your
mind through it skin your thought graft your skin shed your skin i want
your skin give your skin to me i want to put my finger on it i want to
circumscribe the space tracking the threshold imaging the sound
sounding the image forming the skin space drumming your mind through
the skin drumming the skin stretched through your mind i want your mind
i want your mind for the skin space i want to peel the skin through the
space imaging the skin peeling back the space sounding the skin taut
the skin is pushing my voice the skin is pulling my voice forming a skin of
space where i voice from stretching my voice to the edge pulling the skin
pushing the skin sending the skin to push the space to pull our skin taut
sounding the sounding imaging the imaging sounding the imaging
voicing the skin spacing the thoughts under the skin pulling it taut
locating the space imaging the distance between soundings sounding
the skin stretched between us i want the skin i want to spread the skin i
want to cover my voice with the skin steal the skin giving voice to the skin
cover the skin with the image of skin space the sound ground the voice to
the skin

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