

GARY HILL

TE

AROUND & ABOUT

I'm sure it could have gone another way, a completely different way, a way that has'nt ever come to mind but that's a given. One can never observe all the possibilities and still go on to the next. Sometimes one just exits and enters again. I think I can agree with myself that it's not amatter of choice. You might think that agreeing is a kind of choice even a blatant choice, but that's not all you're interested in either. There's another determining factor and that's what we have to concentrate on, at least I do. I agree it's easy to get sidetracked. It's not even that there's alot going on. We're just busy. I mean it's not complicated. You can go on. I can go on. We can assume there's something happening or not something happening. I don't know perhaps it's unfair to go on. Maybe we should take our minds off it, think about something else. Maybe it's not worth thinking about at all, but that leads to other things just as problematic. Maybe it should be more complicated, we're looking at it to simply. Look we don't have to consider all the possibilities but instead really complicate one, if that's what you want to do. I don't know maybe it's my fault. I came unprepared. I'm not ready to be complex. I don't think that's the answer though. I don't think it's an answer we're looking for. In certain ways that's probably obvious by now, even knowing that you're a little uneasy with it and I am too, but I think it's a way I can work with now and maybe you can and maybe you can't. I mean I'm thinking about that. There's time involved here and it's yours as much as mine. I certainly don't want to threaten your time or make you have to feel decisive yet I want you to be here. I mean I assume you are here but I don't want to back you into a corner, and by the same token I don't want to start from that corner. That's a particular relationship I would like to put aside for now. I know this is'nt free of bullshit. I mean I'm coming from somewhat of a self conscious place. It's a kind of stacking. I mean the ideas just pile up but are'nt interwoven. They're not connect-ed or disconnected. I can see it, disembodied ideas being thrown against the wall, but that is'nt fair. That is'nt fair for me or you. That really kind of loads things down and that's not my intention. I can assure you of that. I want you to be with me. I mean you don't have to listen just hear me out. I don't want you to be involved in deciphering anything but

then that's your prerogative and I don't want to get in your way. There's something that can be said for that and I hear you, but I don't want to listen to it. I realize it's easy for one to say that I'm being ambiguous but I don't think so. I mean if you want to leave you can do that or you can just turn off. I'm not trying to say I'm indifferent. I just think there's a way here. Maybe you really do hear me and I'm going on and on, but we have to continue for sometime. I mean I think that's part of it. It would be easy to stop at this point. It would just be interesting and over and possibly boring, but that is'nt even the issue. It's important that we go on. This is the way I think it has to be right now. If it was'nt this it would be that and there's still this area we have to get through so that the this and the that won't become significant to this. I mean what I am talking about is'nt important in that way that importance draws attention. You might think this is a game of some sort, but really you've tried ways that were adjacent to this one when you were'nt thinking about the consequences. You may even have heard this before in so many words but I want to go on. I'm not interested in this kind of talking. It has its' purpose but it can get very sticky. I would rather settle with you, someway that's nonreversible, a way of being with you when it's the only way. When I arrived here I had no way of knowing it would be this way. I thought about it alot in the begining. I tried different ways of thinking of you, what your response would be and that has to be considered now too. I've never lost sight of that. I don't think theres been a loss of anything. It's just that I have'nt been accumulating things for me or you. There's always time for a sense of urgency. I want to avoid that for now. I don't know though maybe you're waiting for that, waiting and listening.

Gary Hill

April, 1980

AROUND & ABOUT brief description

An edited videotape approximately 5 min. in length (see accompanying tape) is repeatedly copied on a 30 min. cassette in effect forming a loop. On channel one (audio) is a continuous spoken text which determined the editing points of the original tape; for every syllable there is a new image. On channel two (audio) is a more sporadic spoken text which comments on ~~this~~ channel one text. The commentary text is different for each repeated section or loop of the original tape.

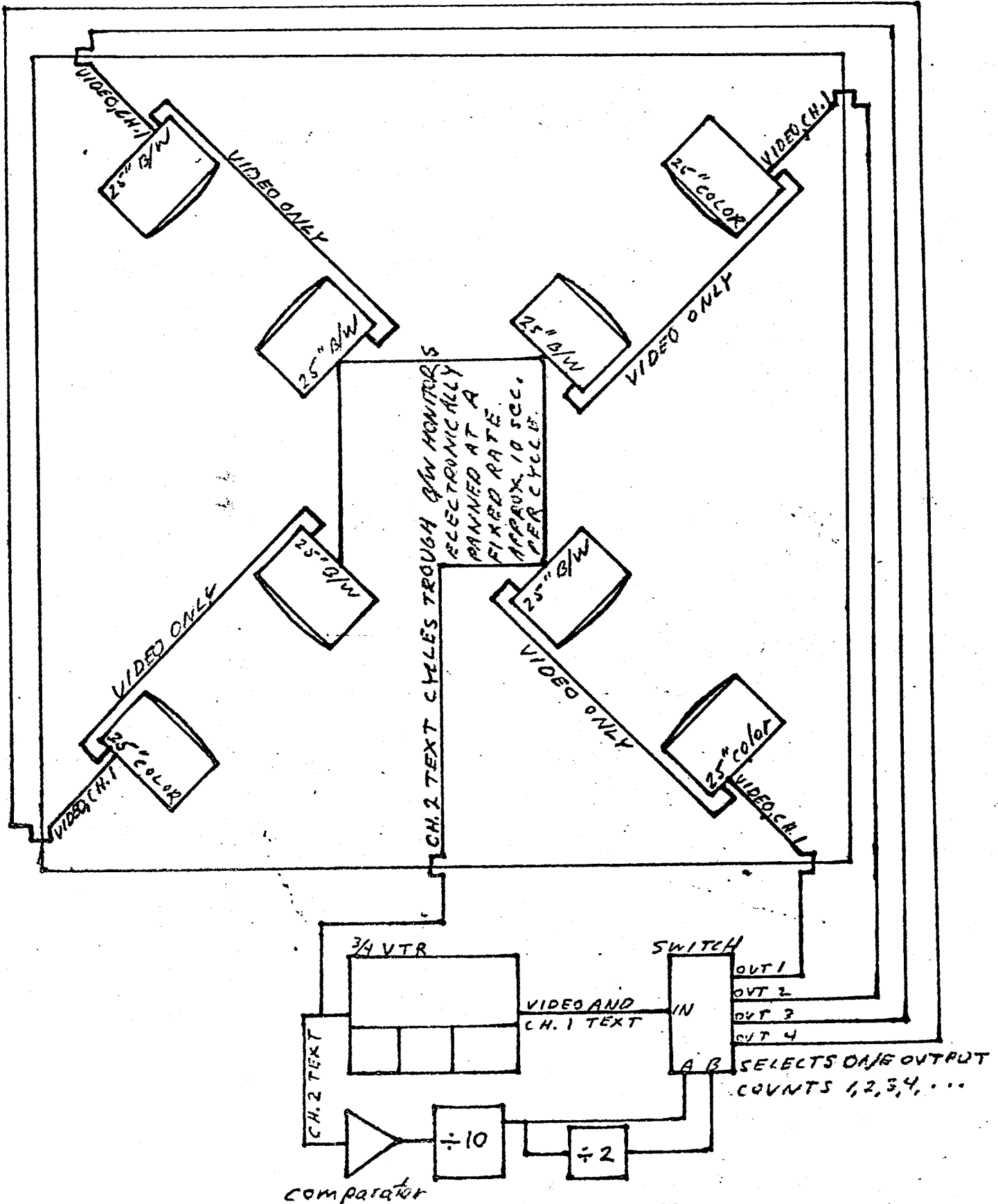
The above 30 min. tape genlocks to a four channel video "system". Four discrete video channels are fed to four pairs of monitors. The pairs consist of one color monitor and one b/w monitor of the same size, at least 15". The pair face each other with a distance of 3-8 ft. which is determined by the "variable dynamics" of the space. The b/w monitor is slightly modified to display the picture backwards or reversed. This creates a mirror image in relationship to the color monitor. There is a kind of feeling of the monitor(s) addressing each other or one self with the viewer caught between. An image arises of the monitors being headphones and are viewed peripherally. The text takes on a certain insistent power as it seemingly generates the images. The pairs are set up in each corner of the room diagonally towards the center of the room.

Only one pair is "on" at a time displaying tape. This is determined by the commentary text on channel two. Channel one text generates the images and channel two text determines the location of the image. Theoretically, with every syllable change the image would cycle to the next pair of monitors. Since this would be too fast for the piece, the switching signal which has been formed from the text is divided down in effect changing the location of the image every phrase or short sentence. Since the commentary text is quite sporadic and minimal, the image sometimes stays on one pair of monitors for several sentences of channel one text. The channel one text switches with the image and is heard from the color monitors. The channel two text is continuously panned cyclicly on the four b/w monitors. The speed of the cycle is relatively slow and is fixed independently- sometimes it is heard on the opposite side of the room etc.

The tape should clarify the general sense of the piece although the commentary text is not on that copy.

Around and About

sketch



Black/White/Text

- (3) rec/tan/gle
- (6) with/in/a/rec/tan/gle
- (12) the/frame/of/ref/e/rence/with/in/a/rec/tan/gle
- (24) that/text/oc/cu/pies/the/space/be/fore/and/af/ter/
the/frame/of/ref/e/rence/with/in/a/rec/tan/gle
- (36) 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
- (48) 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
- (96) 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/civ/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

Videograms

Looking through a hole cut to be looked through, a pedestrian waited for the light to change. A construction crew was working on a foundation; Brown backs, concrete blocks and precision instruments for leveling performed in a dirt amphitheater. Every so often two men would act as two nodes. Between them, a long yellow piece of metal with numbers and lines on it told them how far apart they were. One node would always let go causing the metal to suck itself up into a tight spiral. The workers moved from location to location repeating their ritual again and again.

Light passed through the window as it is able to do. It had that gold-orange color that happens. It sprawled over the things in the room. A fixed gaze moved among the reflections caused by the wall of glass separating vision from pure light. A trapezoidal shape was framed by the refrigerator door. The pupils closed for a moment as the reflection glared on the chrome handle. The geometry could not keep its' degree of angle or of heat as it moved to the adjacent wall. It rounded the corner moving exponentially slower, blurring and growing dim, fading to the ambience of the hallway.

Asked to kiss, could'nt engage, to open mouth was a decision to overbearing for the moment. The lips, an amphibian, directed by evolution to live on the face. Each kiss slicing its' belly open, gutting it, exposing an internal network where the guts of a partners amphibian are devoured.

Thought travels at one speed, like oxygen released underwater, surfacing to mingle with its' kind. Any change in this universal velocity is noticed and without delay seized; It no longer fades, merger or continues as it has; Mouth; Leg; Stomach; Hand; Testicle; Something will dispose of it producing physicality; Physicality.

About this room, it's too oblong, There's too much strain on peripheral vision. The alternative is; The living room, where the stereo headphones are attached. One can sit in the chair and rock through thereness, or exit altogether, move closer to the freeway, contract a private ramp for immediate access.

Related movement determined by diagonally stepped solids or gliding in a shaft of space unable to change direction; Decision; Containment; Incision; Slide down against the stainless steel into a little squat and wonder about surveillance.

Space was defined by centrifugal light. A hollow column rotated horizontally within. Its' ends at barely perceptible distances from the circular defined parameter extended and receded continuously keeping the relationship constant. Glass discs, mental condensation, formed on the ends scraping the light. The piercing sound it caused translated exactness. The cut glass refracted the enclosure of light allowing the discs to glimpse the external. The rotation of the column forced the discs out through the open shapes created by their refractions re-enclosing the space. The extracted discs used for externalism were exchanged for information needed to keep the column in motion.

Processual Video

Text

He knew the ocean well. He grew up there and observed the waves daily, the water always returning, informing the shoreline, feeding the waves back into themselves. He didn't particularly like flying but it was worth a certain edginess and an occasional glissando within his stomach, in that order, in order to be in the mountains surveying the slopes, cutting patterns in the random snow. Being a surfer skiing was acutely secondary, nevertheless close to his concerns. It was 11:00 a.m. and cold. The sun was very bright, too bright for a single pair of eyelids. The outline separating the pristine blue sky and distant peaks never seemed to stabilize. His perception reflected what he conceptualized to be true, that there was really no line at all. Reaching the top of the incline he remained on the lift for the ride back down. The maintenance crew was still covering the run with artificial snow (artificially produced snow). He turned his concentration from panorama to local reality. A passenger in a chair suspended, moving at constant rate towards the platform landing, in all probability to loop again. He watched the last length of cable overhead trying to "get" its' tensile strength before requesting the operator to slow the machine down allowing him to get off. Back home the waves were flat. The forecast was the same for time to come. He thought to himself and not for a moment too long. He imagined he was there observing distance, the space always returning, informing time, feeding memory back into itself. He stood in the sediment of the text banking on and off its' reverberances, sentencing himself to a temporal disparity. The voice of presentation was awkward for him, as were slide rulers and what they represented to equilibrium and certain geometric art, respectively ascending their horizontal and vertical cultures. From here he could survey the slopes, the graph and the patterns of a predictable randomness. He was at or nearing the apex of deliverance. Answering was acutely secondary, nevertheless, close to begging the question. The discourse was what to expect by the time he got there. The outline separating the blue chroma and white data never seemed to stabilize. His conception reflected what he perceived to be true, that the line was an iconic abrasion enabling him to follow the negative going edge of the clock. He lost track of where he was, the dancer forgetting to throw his head ahead of himself before pirouetting. He recovered his concentration from a panoramic

Text continued

smear drawing a slightly different perspective: A passenger in a chair suspended, waiting at a constant rate, moving the platform towards the landing in all probability to loop again. He suggested the last horizons would lead to states of blanking increasing with time. Reclining, he awaited the forecast to see if it had changed. He felt the vulnerability of transistion, a kind of dream leaving a surfacing sleep. He could'nt remember whether he dreamt in color or not, the sequences always returning, infolding the cycles, feeding information back to the clouds. He did'nt particularly like flying, not to mention the airport escalators designed to track the angular motive of the site, yet operating by now predictably in and out of order, in that order assuming they were made to function and carry him to a terminal distance where the planes' instrument panels would sincronize. It was arrival time. He knew what he had expected by the time he got there. The outline separating the pristine blue sky and silver bird never seemed to stablize. His proces-sual continuum with the object forced this to the true state. Reaching the top of the mechanized ascent he discovered a long line waiting. The maintenance crew was still removing snow from the runway. With no place to go, he turned around and walked back down a ramp. The immediacy of movement was controlled and went unnoticed. He was distracted by the sound of a jet. His concentration spiraled out from graphic to glass, tinted and as long as the structure could contain. He watched another landing. A plane, a passenger, a chair, suspended at a constant rate towards the platform. The image became static passing the toggle state resetting the mythology. He was aware that decisions had to be made and finality simply avoided the vulnerability of transistion. His mind beared little resemblance to the state of the art. He projected ahead. The time would always return, infolding the object giving space back to the given. He realized banking on and off Newtonian principles would confuse the stairstep logic, not to mention the escalators his memory staked out of order in order to underline(mine) a certain notion about compasses operating from manmade polarities. The time came to call attention to itself. He was left cold. He was one up on himself. Memory had re-mapped expectation before he was there. The speaker threw his head ahead of himself before pre-wetting his tongue. The outline separating the mouth and words was prerecorded. He needed a signal to

Text continued

retrigger the trace. The control of immediacy was movement. His arms outstretched and dialed a space resetting the methodology. Direction was open ended. Transmission lines could carry his message anywhere providing it began with the rise time of the form. His position was refractive. Scale was not a part of the trajectory. The pulse width of interim was widening and time was syncing through the window containing the vacuum. His distance was referenced by the the frame. He was at arms length with it. The outline separating the left and/or right and right and/or left sides of the brain never seemed to stabilize. To proceed with the object of recognition was to accept architecture as the delineator. The possibility of adjacent spaces was collapsing. His mind was an iconic abrasion of reality attempting to level with the first person. 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: the pendulum always returning, performing entropy, feeding stasis back to the object revolving in his head. He wasn't accustomed to metrodemonic devices as they wrought a certain slant on linear statements such as: When binary operations and the art of origami are considered the two equal sides of an isosceles triangle with the third being a satellite of sorts, a contextual shift begins to cycle causing the polarization of all axis within a proximity determined by a violet code. He was one to one with himself. The space was wired with discrete tensions adding to the torque when nearing the perpendiculars. Old pilings, once the support of a platform, had been outmoded and replaced by a bridge. His mind rested within a suspension system of equi-probable beauty. He watched the last length of cable trying to "get" its' tensile strength as the double line broke allowing him to pass. The rearview mirror was slightly ajar. He adjusted it. Within limits, he enjoyed long distance driving and traveling light.

Picture Story

Four letters in the alphabet possess a quality significantly different than the others. When upside down or backwards their characters remain the same. The letters are H, I, O, X or HI OX. Furthermore O and X may be turned 90 degrees in any direction and still contain their original meaning.

horizontal; vertical; height; width; scan; slew; triangle; envelope;
summing; bias; cycle; hold; sequence; event; characters; plot
development; form; content; concept; vision

Soundings

Mouth stretches, like nodes of a tiny instrument, vibrating soft experimental kisses.

sound imaging sound
image sounding image
sound turning sound
turning image turning (note: this is heard forwards
inverting image sounding and backwards)
imaging sound inverting
sound imaging sound

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
inverting 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

continued

Soundings

bury the sound imaging the skin space underground
drive the image of a spike with a spike through the imaging sound
burn the skin imaging the sound away

() have always wanted to get close to you. () know that () am self centered and constantly drawn in two directions. It's a dialectical fact. At times () fluctuate so much () thoughts draw a blank and translation is minimal. If only you could hold () the nature of () thoughts could be felt. At least then you would know it's not a matter of mind but it comes directly from () to you...and () know after awhile no matter how clear () am it all blurs together and () ripped ()self open to deliver all () know how to deliver putting ()self in a irreversable solid-state of confusion.

Commentary

television contains image
television contains sound
television contains space

no one is connecting
no one is feeling the attempt of connection

everything is real time
everything is soft time
everything is time code

its a hologram with a hollow sound

EQUAL TIME

A voice spoke from the corner of the room. It was not a right angled corner. It was a wedge like 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 pitch 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.

I left the room exiting to a hallway. It was long enough to form extreme perspective looking in either direction with doors to other rooms on both sides. I crossed the hall and entered the room opposite me.

EQUAL TIME

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 sinoidal 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.

I left the room exiting to a hallway. It was long enough to form extreme perspective looking in either direction, with doors to other rooms on both sides. I crossed the hall and entered the room opposite me.

WAR ZONE

WAR ZONE is an installation which attempts to physicalize the dialectical space created by the perceptual and conceptual faculties- a kind of theatre where image and language are at war. Seen in another way, the left and right sides of the brain battling for control.

One enters a room of dense sound, a kind of modulated white noise where words emerge and are "washed" over as one moves through the space. The composite sound consists of at least 16 prerecorded loops (the number is ultimately determined by the specific space). Each loop is a single word or phrase repeated which is naming an object or location within the space. Each one is heard through a separate loudspeaker (the speakers are small, 3" diameter, and are not enclosed in cabinets) located on or at the object/location being identified. The choice of the objects/locations to be identified are determined by the given space, an empty or neutral space. Allegorically seen as the empty mind, thinking to itself nothing in particular, wandering, etc. The empty space as the empty mind is of course far from empty. Objects identified might be floorboards, light fixtures, various alcoves, moldings, nails, studs, various plumbing fixtures, etc. The white noise texture of the words forms from the words being whispered which further suggests the mind thinking to itself. The speakers might be seen as mines in the mind field (the neurons of the brain firing synapses).

Also within the space are two cameras with 1" monitors for viewfinders with magnifying eye pieces (porta-pak cameras). The cameras are fastened together like binoculars and are encased in aluminum creating a single viewing apparatus which is attached to a tripod. The tripod is a large sophisticated type with big handles and cranks on it with a contraption like quality. If I could secure those kind that you literally sit in and swirl around that would be the best. The idea is the image of a machine gun that you can manipulate in any direction and "shoot" the objects/locations in the space. The binocular viewfinder is capable of monitoring the two cameras and two prerecorded videotapes in any combination on the two monitors.

The prerecorded tapes are images of the objects/locations in the space being named. The images are recorded from the same location of the mounted cameras; approximately in the middle of the space and in any direction. The shots include zooms, pans, close-ups etc. A stereo soundtrack of machine gun fire acts as the score for the editing points of the two videotapes i.e. a single gunfire in the left channel corresponds to an edit from one image to another in the left monitor of the "binoculars" and the same with the right. If the shot is heard in both channels both images change simultaneously, though they may or may not be the same image. Sometimes the images will change very rapidly (repeated machine gunfire). The soundtrack is monitored on headphones by the viewer when operating the "machine gun" camera system.

A separate 4 channel sound system monitors an occasional bomb explosion which will act as a switch selecting either live or prerecorded images in either channel of the viewfinder. The stereo sound on the headphones, the stereo video and the differentiation between live and prerecorded images, particularly when one is moving the cameras, create a number of disparities in relationship to stereoscopic vision and perhaps to the left and right sides of the brain. With two heavy duty directional spot lights panning the space from opposite corners in an otherwise darkened "war zone", the composite of sound, image and language and their placements in the perceptual/conceptual fields become a mapping of the thought processes of a divided mind.

WAR ZONE (additional notes)

WAR ZONE was exhibited at Media Study/Buffalo in May of 1980. The large soundspace there determined certain details I think are important. The space, which is insulated for sound recording, is quite raw in feeling with exposed fiberglass on all the walls and ceiling. The pink color of fiberglass and the deadness of the sound corresponded so well with the original idea that I constructed the piece with much more of a literal intention, picturing the space as "inside the mind". This notion was further exaggerated by "found objects" used for various things in the Media Study building. A ladder, dolly, mirror, film screen, a housing device for industrial use, ropes used to raise and lower the film screen; These objects along with others became metaphors for thought processes; i.e. ladder/hierarchy of thought processes, climbing to higher levels; dolly/the stable thought, it moves in any direction horizontally but is never shaken; mirror/reflection; film screen/projection; etc. These constructs were not necessarily to be consciously perceived by the viewer but they served as a kind of map or diagram for constructing it.

A small wire mesh fence supported by wooden trestles divided the space in almost half. The "inside" contained the objects/speakers and the machine gun camera (with the headphones and "binocular viewfinder", when being operated by the viewer reinforced the "inside"). The outside contained two large monitors displaying the two prerecorded tapes and an "external" speaker system monitoring the machine gun sounds.

A live white rabbit lived in the inside space for the duration of the installation. Among the identified objects (metaphors for thought) it served as the unidentified, the non-verble, the illusion darting around the brain, the war zone. The whiteness of the rabbit suggested an interesting textural relationship to the "white noise" of the whispering. Also the reference to Alice in Wonderland is hard to overlook.

MESH

MESH is an installation which incorporates wire mesh; electronically generated sound, oscillators; and memory mapped video images, the viewers'. The mediums are structured as an intra-active dialogue playing off the grid element present in the three forms.

Layers of wire mesh, from 1 to 3, are mounted on the walls and sometimes bulge or "envelope" out into the space. The oscillators, one for each layer of wire mesh, are heard through speakers mounted visibly behind the mesh. There are 4 speakers on each section of mesh, which monitor the sound to move or pan from one end of a section to another. The smallness of the speakers, 3 inch diameter, gives the sound a physical metallic quality and keeps it "woven" into the mesh rather than projecting it out, becoming aural and environmental. After the sound pans one section of mesh it switches to the next and pans again. The time of panning varies according to the length of each section. The positioning of the mesh sections is used to manipulate and suggest the flow of the space and the movement of the viewer(s) as part of the installation. The sections might begin and/or end at corners in the space; round corners or go around pillars and support studs; or jut out into the space creating a transparent wall. The spaces between the sections also vary and are "pointed" to with a pause of silence during which time the switching of sound from one section to the next takes place. All the variables are determined at the specific site of the installation.

The frequency or pitch of the oscillators and the gauge, size of holes, of the wire mesh are fixed proportionately as a sound/image relationship; the larger the grid size of the mesh - the lower the frequency of the sound and vice versa. A composite example of two sections of mesh and related sound would be as follows: The first section of mesh consists of three layers and is 24 ft. long (pan time of sound is 12 sec.). Grid sizes are 4", 1/4", 1/16". The three corresponding oscillators have frequencies of 8 cycles per second, cps., 32cps., 128cps. There is a space of 4 ft. between sections and therefore a 2 sec. period of silence. During this time the oscillators are reprogrammed and switched to pan from the next four speakers mounted on the second section of mesh. This section has two layers with identical grid sizes of 1/8". Two oscillators have identical frequencies of 64cps. with the third being shut off. The length of the second section is 12 ft. with the pan time of 6 sec. The time/space relationship in this example would be .5 sec. for every 1 ft. of distance.

Other notes on the mesh/sound construction are: 1. When the grid gets beyond a certain size, say 2", the corresponding sound frequency would be subsonic or below hearing. The nature of a square wave, the shape of the waveform generated by the oscillators, allows the sound still to be heard as a "click", i.e. 4cps. would be click, click, click.... 2. The tonality of a square wave reflects and forms a gestalt with the metal outlined squares of the wire mesh. Interestingly, when square waves are monitored visually on an oscilloscope they are seen as , 3. Being that the mesh is always in multiples dividable by two, that is the hole size, and therefore the sound is always octave combinations, a further relationship develops between; a moire pattern present in the mesh, caused when placed over one another but don't line up, and the phasing of the sound, occurring when two frequencies are almost exactly the same but are within a cycle out of phase. 4. The panning sound always ~~begins with an attack or completely on~~

cont on page 2

begins with an attack or completely on and ends by being shut off with no fade in effect sectioning the sound as the mesh is. The interweaving of analogis inherent qualities of the sound and wire mesh creates a kind of sound/image drone which continuously cycles around the space amplifying a textural/conceptual resonancy that the viewer moves through.

Within this cycle is another cycle, the continuum of which is determined by the viewers' movement. Upon entering the space the viewers' image is digitally translated into another grid system encoded with video picture information, usually the viewers' face, and monitored on one of four video monitors in the space. (these locations determined by the specific site). The size of the video grid is also related to frequency, the sampling rate of the memory storing the "still" images. Each entrance to the space generates a new still image on monitor 1 and cycles the last image on monitor 1 to monitor 2, the last image on monitor 2 to monitor 3 and so on. As the images cycle around on the four monitors they go through further permutations; different sampling rates change the grid size or picture resolution, images double up horizontally, vertically or both, and images reverse.

For the most part the movement of the piece is cyclic. The exceptions to this become interrupts or cut ins which never really stop the cycles but kind of modulate them. At random intervals each monitor will fade to different electronically generated grids, flat with no picture information, which physicalizes the relationship between the actual wire mesh and the electronic generation. As the pattern fades through a viewers' still image, an oscillator with its' frequency again related to the grid, this time electronic, increases in volume and is heard via the TV audio speaker. As the sound fades away the pattern fades back to a viewers' image which may be the one that was there before or a new one if other people have entered the space. Also acting as interrupts are various movements by the viewer within the space which are also digitally translated into still images and simultaneously switched into the image cycle determined by the first camera at the entrance to the space. Using the viewer as image source and activator of the piece forces them to realize the "logic" behind the work and "meshes" them in a real time sense into the piece.

As one stays with MESH there is a sense of hearing with ones eyes and seeing with ones ears as the grid element resonates throughout the space.