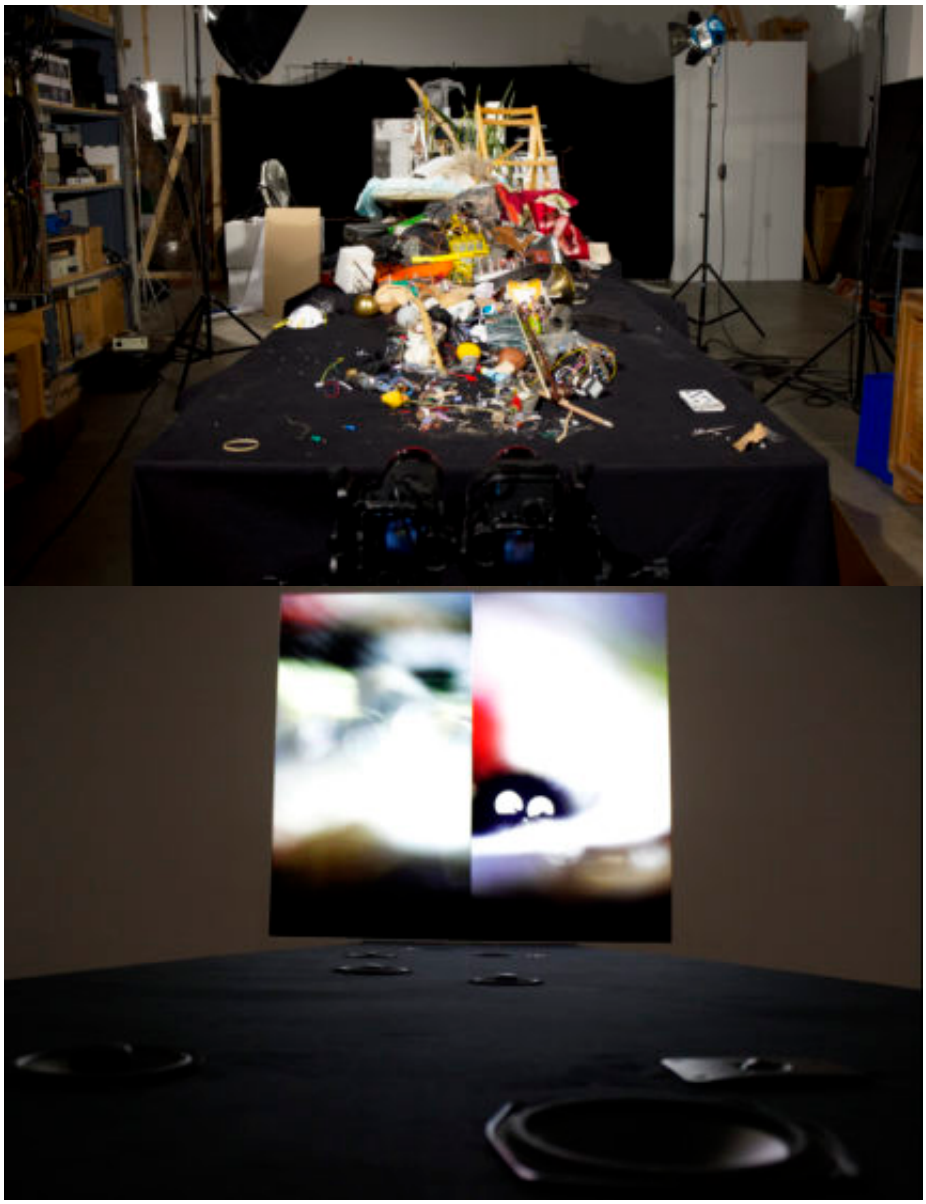
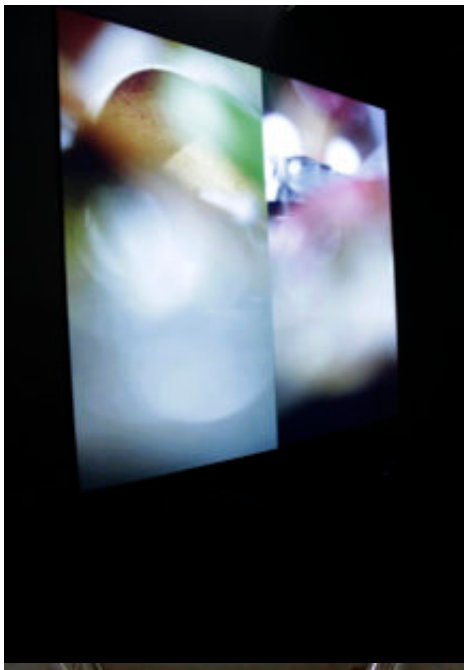
G A R Y H I L L









Title: Cutting Corners Creates More Sides

Date:2012

Media: Mixed media

Video Link :

Description:

Two HD Video projectors, 3840 x 2160 media file, mac mini computer, graphics expansion module, multi-channel audio interface, three stereo amplifiers, assorted loudspeakers, aluminum table construction with six wheels (20’ x 41/2’ x 28”), two screens (4 ½’ x 8’ x 1 ½”), black duvetyne, assorted cables.

Edition of two and one artist’s proof

A spoken text …rummages through piles of surplus; boxed accouterments and that unaccounted for miscellanea… and the uneasiness of language itself as it grapples with the whereabouts of the necessary words. The narrative debris morphs through manifolds of optical glass with each utterance marking points along the way. On a long, black tableaux two cameras with little or no depth of field, sentence by sentence cut through a mysterious world of a seemingly inconsequential lineup of objects, tools, parts, bits and the unidentifiable forgotten --whatever might have been close at hand becomes enfolded in a richly colored crystalline doppelgänger image. For each sentence and “drilling” through the objects, the cameras’ parallaxes have been adjusted for a different cross section—the point where momentarily a continuous horizontal view is possible only to then quickly deconstruct as quickly as it formed. The object/installation itself is a self-contained self-reflexive mobile surface complete with positional projectors and screens and a narrow black “runway” of sorts reflecting the initial process of recording. Supplanting the original sets of storied objects a haphazard line of raw speakers map the voice, tracking the bits of speech as they momentarily arrest points of focus pinpointing a sequence of cross sections in the strange world of objects—a world that spurred a meandering narrative simultaneously referencing perceptual processes and language cul-de-sacs.

Spoken Text:*Cutting Corners Creates More Sides* I wasn’t exactly sure what had transpired. Quietly, I was either on the edge of unraveling or establishing a frame from which to begin the insurmountable task of “going through—” parsing and classifying—owning up to an inconsequential gathering of effects. The residue of intimacy will no doubt reveal certain fissures exposing unbearable thoughts that at times are regrettably articulated rather than one biting the lip that feeds. Similarly, the unforgiving light severs images—becoming at once, unimaginable and blind to the world that spawned them. Now detached, I watched myself rummage through forgotten letters, notes, boxed accoutrements and that unaccounted for miscellanea. Relationships with those said things tend to invert in rather insidious ways during troughs of slow time. I ruminate on certain ones—the ones that appear and disappear for no apparent reason except that at one time or another I *assumed* them. It's come to the point when carrying out the simple task of doing one thing after another only happens with great difficulty. Thoughts can’t hold words long enough allowing them to cure, thereby giving me ingress to my own instruction set that I might follow. Not that there aren't words in any sense of *the word*; it's just

their way of pressing up against me, of not wanting to tango as it were—they are decidedly uncooperative making the liquidity of thought next to non-existent. The playful specters slip free of my desires and proceed to taunt me. An inability to differentiate one from another has me closing my eyes, humming to myself, hoping to resonate with my own bones. For an instant I envision each word wearing a Venetian mask, together they mischievously switch their cloaks just beneath the lid of thought. The moment I begin to verbalize, pictures of the very words I labor to fit my mouth around morph into Boolean look-a-likes and my utterance turns to garbled nonsense. I have the distinct sense of being backwards—thoughts are eating themselves before any kind of linguistic traction takes place. Periodically I'm wakened by disturbances from the outside—a Doppler shift of a distant siren, a perturbed neighbor, a whimpering dog— whatever the night offers by way of familiarity gives much needed refuge, however brief. Am I capable of living language without dread? Bursts of physicality momentarily divert me from crippling loops of recursive meanders giving me a modicum of hope. But they never fail—the naked words, the micro nightmares scurry back to their respective husks before resuming the mind game the house always wins. Verbal cocoons hang in the balance. Memories are suspect. Was she really there? Could my arm really have been in that position? Did it happen that way—with a spool of wire rolling across the floor? What difference does it make? There is an attraction to each mind's singular way of constructing the order of such things... Globe-like balls assembled from accumulated rubber bands abruptly appear as a vast network of crisscrossing runways. What I knew to be inanimate was imbued with a polyrhythmic flickering akin to time-lapse recordings. Having trouble determining distance, I cautiously advanced toward what appeared to be an engineering feat of unimaginable proportions. A glorious evening sky added to the celebration of the human ingenuity that lay before me. Giddy abandonment was palpable as the ultramarine splendor found its cradle in the depth of waiting blackness. The velvety canopy transformed visibility into an infinite space of vertiginous possibilities. As night sparkled my focal point began shifting from one extreme to the other scrutinizing the view more thoroughly. Given the aura of calmness, why was there not a single plane taking flight, landing, or taxiing? Instead, a menagerie of aerodynamic beauties passively stood looking like arrowheads randomly pointing in all directions. Service vehicles and miscellaneous support machinery were also idle and silent. What made the situation all the more peculiar was the absolute stillness of the air—suspiciously odorless, innocent—intoxicatingly so. I found myself taking deep breaths, each one deeper than the last, as if supplementary oxygen had been pumped into my whereabouts. By now, I had succumbed to the clarity of the night. The abundance of stars appeared like scattered sand or bits of crystal attuned to that one unseen oscillator that sings at a fever pitch. Everything was perfectly placed as if by a giant hand. Perhaps it was a top-secret operation that for whatever reason had to be abandoned? This explanation fails too—broken glass, debris of any kind, even the smallest hint of litter—all were absent. On the contrary, the place looked immaculate, inexplicably calculated. Was it camouflage, a simulacrum of something perhaps sinister or even more fantastical—a stealth site of some kind—a place made invisible by proprietary algorithms that I had inadvertently broken the code of? The thought was frightening and exhilarating at the same time. Adrenaline was coursing my veins. The atmosphere had changed dramatically; I could feel a kind of acceleration taking place. I watched my own eyesight rapidly destabilize all over again. Every aspect of my vision was being tested. What moments ago was all but an inconsequential wandering had placed me in the midst of a bizarre construction with elaborate riggings, control mechanisms and massive decoys. I was beginning to perspire and feel ill. I could no longer triangulate the two images that were now flying directly into my pupils. Waves of light moved over the scene like fast moving clouds. Things were transforming back and forth between opaque physical entities and layers of diaphanous light. My depth of field wasn't helping matters. Occluding one object from another was futile.

Perception was being absorbed—my vision was that of a tired body being swallowed by quicksand. Had I simply lost consciousness and awakened with a bird's eye view of a cinematic event? Perhaps I was only peering into an optical contraption—a prototype of some kind—swimming through its seductive illusionary space having forgotten it was pressed up against my own face. Or, had I embarked on a somnambulistic journey that night? I live on the outskirts of a desert border town--a place of quietude conducive to a sleep walk of any length that would have me nowhere in no time at all. Somehow I needed to make physical contact to confirm or deny the circumstance before me. There was the nagging thought that it was my very own existence that would be determined once I decidedly made the move whatever that might entail. Admittedly, I lacked the necessary resolve to push the knot out of what was beginning to feel like a wooden void. Everything seemed to be aligning itself within if with nothing else. Was it simply a question of synchronicity?

Bibliography:

Ihler-Meyer, Sarah. "Gary Hill: Cutting Corners Creates More Sides," Art-Press (December 2012, Issue 395, p36)

Salmeron, François. "Gary Hill: Cutting Corners Creates More Sides," *Paris Art*.

Exhibition History:

"Cutting Corners Creates More Sides," In Situ/Fabienne Leclerc, Paris, September 12 – October 20, 2012

"Always Rings Twice," WEST, Den Haag, The Netherlands, February 16 – May 13, 2018

"On the Outskirts," bitforms gallery, New York, May 17 – June 29, 2019

"Gary Hill: Momentombs," Suwon Art Museum, Suwon, Korea, November 26, 2019 – March 6, 2020

Notes: