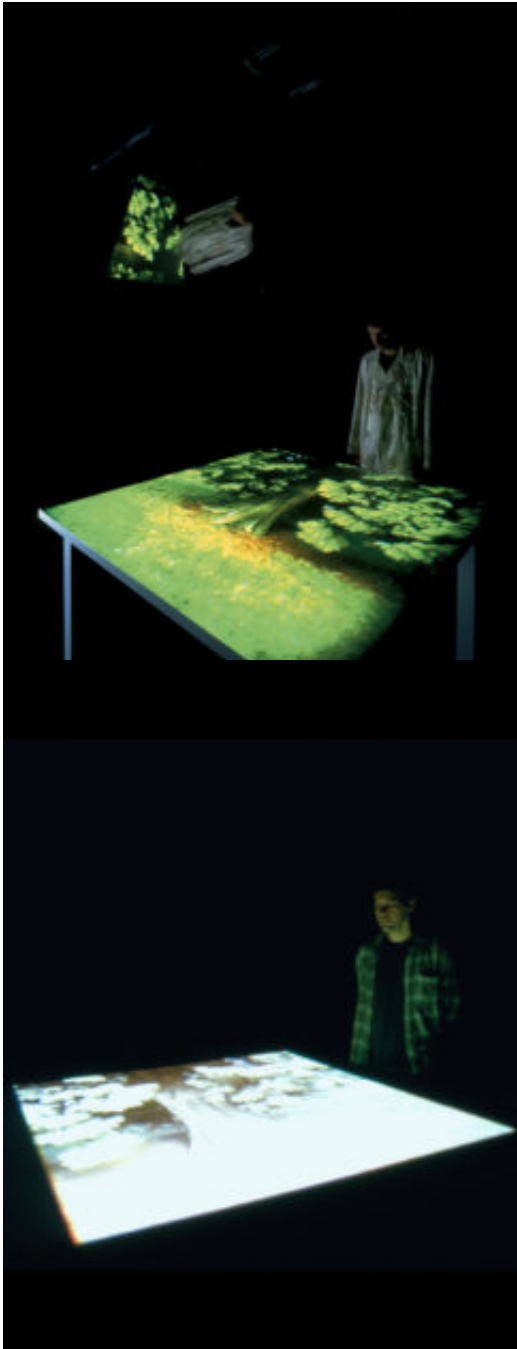
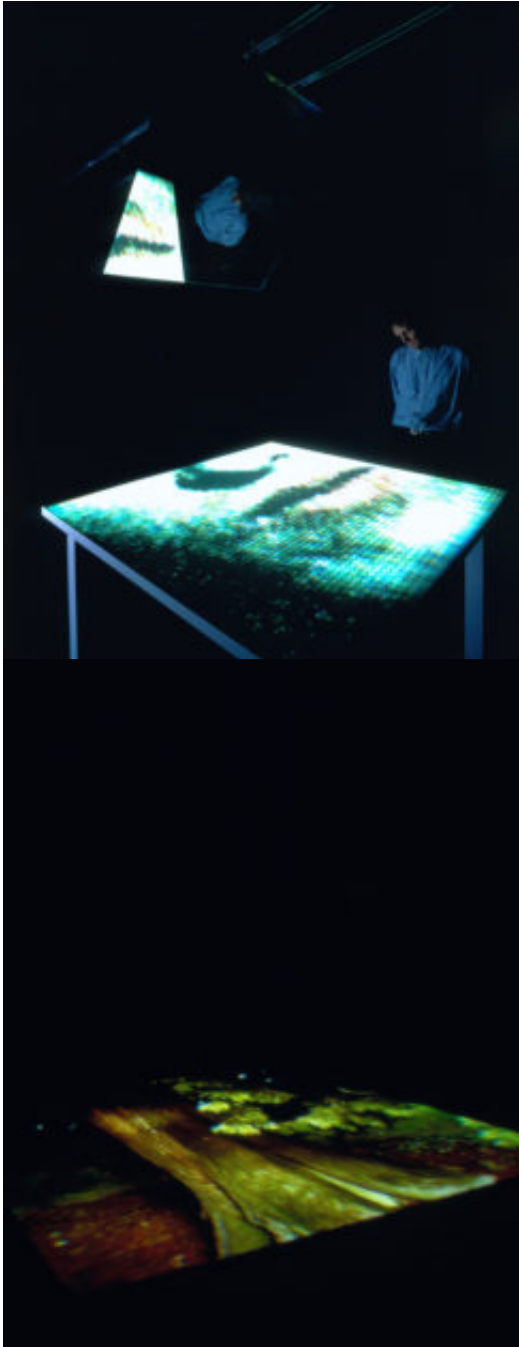

GARY HILL





Title:Reflex Chamber

Date:1996

Media:Mixed media installation

Video Link :

Description:

Video projector, white-laminated square table, mirror, strobe light, metal railing, four speakers,

strobe controller, original playback technology: one laserdisc player, and one laserdisc (color; mono sound)

Dimensions: room: 15 x 15 x 15 ft. (4.6 x 4.6 x 4.6 meters); table: 34 h. x 60 x 60 inches (152 x 152 x 86 cm.)

Edition of two and one artist's proof

A white table measuring 34 h. x 60 x 60 inches is positioned in the center of a completely black/light-locked 15-ft. square room. Prosaic video images are projected and refracted off a large mirror mounted on the ceiling at a 45-degree angle down to the surface of the table, filling it edge to edge. The picture's orientation changes from scene to scene. A spoken text fills the space and is broken up by patterns of increasing and decreasing spaces of silence. All the words and parts of words remain intelligible as they are pulled apart and pushed back together like an accordion. A strobe light is synchronized to the patterns of the speech, sometimes as rapid pulses or as a continuous burst of extremely bright light, obliterating the site of the image and exposing the viewers' presence.

Spoken Text:

© 1996 by Gary Hill

Note: Text is heard considerably broken up, however upon repeated listening about 90% is comprehensible.

A word is worth point zero zero one pictures. To be transfixed is no longer an option. I am in a way blind. I live time through a succession of pictures I've known since when. But it's precisely this *when* that haunts--it eats out the looking cavities and smiles inward like a Cheshire cat. What I might name as "the immediate surroundings" has all but vanished. I can only imagine a centripetal point that calls out numbers. As it stands--I have no place. No feet. I've lost the vague idea of limbs. Legs feel more like logs arranged for fire. A small pipe organ made of glass infiltrates the body. Music. I know it but can't place it. I live the threat of broken glass penetrating skin from the inside out. I remember a dream of holding the other's heart in my hand; for a moment I live the pulse of another being. Then it was over and I gave it away to a hungry animal. Lush sensations have ceased. I have no mouth, no scream, no voice within. I only listen to an imaginary sound I might make. I am supersonic and alien. I have the feeling of being a fuselage. Am I walking? Dreaming? Sitting in a chair? Killing? Eating? Could it not be any of these, any and all simultaneously? Where am I? I can't remember at will. It can only be described as holy for fear of something completely other. Parts come back not quite like what was before, but the connection is certain. A few switches flipped, that's it. The wherewithal generator is next to close by--happening right before my hands. I'm synthesized. Thought--that tree that won't let go brings to mind the terrifying possibility: it's only words that separate things. I feel abandoned by the real, leaving what's left. I'm going. I'm watching myself go. Everything's changing speed, backing into itself. The effect mesmerizes. Movement eludes me. I'm paralyzed. Waiting awaits what's left. It's doing exactly what it says. No question. No questions. Circumstance is at a standstill. Things have exited. If I go everything will have already followed. I know it. It knows it. There is nothing to leave. Nothing. Difference exists only through sound, a wall of sound. Can I go through it? Can I go through with it? Where is it now, where does it

reside? What does it feed on? Why does it flicker? Nothing approximates its speed. It's something from the outside. Way outside. I didn't think this. This is not me. I'm not accountable. It wasn't thought out. It has no relation to thought. This is that hole that everything must pass through. I'm going now before it comes. Will I know when it comes? Will it approach with signals? Will there be a moment of recognition? Is that when I am it? Am I simply tapping myself on the shoulder? What is the point? It's always there, on again; on again. It waits without pathos. Waiting is human. This point wants to show me something inhuman. It wants to bring me to my knees. It wants me to pray. It wants me to see through seeing, it wants me to act like knowledge. It wants acknowledgment. It wants me completely at the edge. It burrows itself in, blow ups and begin again. Plural. Points. Cells. Each and every one autonomous in perfect orbit; holding fast. Why? What prevents meltdown. I live. Why? There is still the liquidity of everything; it runs in place of numbers. The tree of whens lost its leaves. All stones have been left turned. I throw one, it skips, walks on water; meets its own reflection in a way that propels it to its next reflexive moment...and so on...across the abyss...and little by little, little divides: I should become someone else and proceed accordingly. I walk around the world a few times. Big parallel lines tunnel through pulling up points of entry and exit. Two nodal hemispheres play havoc in the skull. Thoughts can't help but mince, and suddenly I'm beside myself entertaining a party of two, only to fall back a few steps, a few words gone by, a few instructions on how to get from point A to point B. Points, known only by the needle that records everything.

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Exhibition History:

An example of this work was first exhibited in a solo exhibition at White Cube, London, England, December 13, 1996 – January 25, 1997.

“Grand Opening,” Montevideo/TBA, Amsterdam, The Netherlands, December 12, 1997 – January 10, 1998.

Solo exhibition. Musée d’art contemporain de Montréal, Quebec, Canada, January 30 – May 3, 1998.

Solo exhibition. Rice University Art Gallery, Houston, Texas, February 27 – April 12, 1998.

Solo exhibition. Donald Young Gallery, Seattle, Washington, May 16 – August 15, 1998.

Solo exhibition. Center for Contemporary Images, Saint-Gervais Genève, Switzerland, September 5 – October 11, 1998.

Solo exhibition. “A Name, A Kind of Chamber, Two Weapons & A Still Life,” Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York, New York, September 18 – October 30, 1999.

“media art 2000: escape,” media_city Seoul 2000, Seoul Metropolitan Museum, Seoul, Korea, September 2 – November 15, 2000.

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2001 – March 10, 2002. Traveled to: Centro Cultural de Belém, Lisbon, Portugal, October 10, 2002 – January 12, 2003.

"Update #8," Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg, Wolfsburg, Germany, February 6, 2004 – Spring 2004.

"Gary Hill: Mind's Eye Blink(s)," In Situ/Fabienne Leclerc Gallery, Romainville, November 6 – December 23, 2022.

"Gary Hill: A Question of Perception," Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg, Wolfsburg, November 30, 2024 - March 16, 2025.

Notes:

This is the first work in which the artist utilized a strobe light (note: *Dervish*, 1993-95 implicitly uses strobe lights in lieu of standard projection bulbs for the projectors). Since then he has used similar techniques in *Midnight Crossing*, 1997; the performance *Splayed Mind Out*, 1997; *23:59:59:29 - The Storyteller's Room*, 1998; *Cabin Fever*, 1999; *Wall Piece*, 2000; *Unconditional Surrender*, 2008 and *The Slow Torque of Bonsai*, 2017.

Wall Piece, 2000 uses excerpts from the same text.

The Strobe controller was designed by Dave Jones.