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/
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 sinesoidal 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 diagonaly 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.

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.

The Museum of Modern Art

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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 beginings 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  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  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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