

“SPLAYED MIND OUT” 1997 (GARY HILL/MEG STUART)
*Transcription of spoken texts**

Reciting Back Words

first live spoken text

(note: certain words and phrases are spoken backwards)

a node
another node
two nodes tuning the meaning of an action

speaking

instructions on how to move
back and forth
behind the tween
hidden within
a body of thoughts
the mind can't know
what hand is left

and if
the right hand
were to be ingrown
backhandedly

a hand
passes through
what hand is left
on the back of language

and one remains roaming
dividing the words
doubling the languages
back to their roots

from one word to the next
questions arise
and eyes inflict thought
and right inflects left
and this inflects that
and words reflect back
hand and forth

when the body splits
calls to mind
that which is left
from right
across the flesh
comes a hand written hand

when the right hand
stops writing
the left hand
stops to write
the first hand
for the last time
the hand unhands itself
beheads its double
and the left hand is
not the right
and knowledge
reflects back
the right hand
going mad.

and for everything
which is visible
there is a copy
of that which is hidden

proceed accordingly
inside a book
outside a hand
spun mind
laid bare
on a chair

I am the mirror of a body
lodged in an unknown word

moving the view from right to left

Interrupted solo

**a story activated by the right interrupted by the left
seen after four performers are in symmetrical relationships
in prone positions**

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 through the glass separating vision from pure light. Across the way it looked to be you sitting in a small chair. Your hands washed clean pressed together in the warmth of your thighs. The sound of distant cars filtered through the unseen pines. The smell of the tall trees brought us to our senses. A field of shimmering mirages evokes memories of movies and one smeared dream of your own. Abruptly, eyes about face taking in the black velvety curtain beyond which there are no cities--cities with adequate light to reflect back a ceiling for the sky. You stand like a giant walking stick ready to infiltrate invisible forests. A second thought reclines you without a fight. Your knees become headlights deep in the night illuminating my being with the blinding light. I hit the ground. I wait for the earth to quake. Starfish hands suck a grip from tiny crushed rocks. There I am eye level with a dead rodent annihilated by invention; singled out by the giant movements of coincidence. Its body made abstract, unrecognizable save for the eyes, glazed over with the last shutter of life. I remember I'm blind. I speak instead...but cutting the corners just creates more sides, more words and mere words doubling as other words. A world before words spins somewhere in your being, sending nasty little signals throughout the day. Is there something to say? Can I give you a hand? I don't think I understood exactly.

Perhaps there are slight differences, blind slivers I should be aware of that I could then pass on to you. Or is it just a matter of time, a difference in time--Mine, theirs and then finally yours. And so we begin and begin again not at the same point or different points. These are the expected habits of place left on the wayside. We are simply here. Waiting awaits waiting.

Walking

The last text heard

person is seen walking through monitored spaces manipulated by performers

I walk around the world a few times. Big parallel lines tunnel through pulling up points of entry and exit. The two nodal hemispheres play havoc in the skull. Thoughts can't help but mince and suddenly I am 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.

**Note:* These texts are composed of fragments of several other texts written over the period of 1980-1997. Said fragments have been seen and heard in numerous other works. In this sense they are disembodied texts and remain configurable for various contexts.

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