

“I was enthralled with the discovery of the jukebox: a machine that didn’t sew, drill, boil or kill; a machine solely for fun.”

— Lenny Bruce, “How To Talk Dirty And Influence People: An Autobiography”

My art moves.

The subterranean passages and distaff urban spaces of New York City formed the “hometown” landscape of my childhood and adolescence, and these mysterious, leaky, battered places continue to appear in my dreams as scenery and subject. Designed for utility and scarred by use, they testify to both the glory and the folly of the human desire to reshape the environment.

Pop songs, comics, cartoons are the other landscape we inhabit. This landscape exists only in our heads. Its journey from creator’s mind to ours was, until quite recently, mediated exclusively via physical objects: phonograph records, sheets of paper, strands of film. These analog media require physical motion to play back. Someone has to thread the projector, turn the page, put the needle to the record. The work requires work.

Like the subway, analog media were built to be used; like our own bodies, they acquire scars as they pass through the world. They go. They are noisy. Records pop, warp and hiss; film gets torn, scratched, burned, cinched, and tangled. Sounds and colors wobble, shift, and fade. The artifacts of wear and tear become part of the experience for future observers.

Steel, wood, paper, glass and plastic are the stuff of humdrum existence, but they also inhabit an ephemeral, unconscious realm. These mundane materials embody our media-based culture: records and record players; cameras and film. Our collective dreamlife resides inside these cleverly designed machines.

Film animation’s ancestors were the railroad, automatic devices, vaudeville theater, carnival amusements, a fascination with the corporeal motion of objects. I wish to re-create some vestige of that irreducibly physical, mechanical world from which our omnipresent image-and-sound-reproducing media evolved.