

CATALOG NOTES:

"The Visible Compendium" constructs bits of unnamed meanings, fragments of light. Photography is, to me, not about things, but about light. Light is our primary reality when we are at the movies--light which suggests things, the secondary reality, a construct by the mind. "The Visible Compendium" attempts to engage the mind, and particularly what is unknown in the mind, rather than what has been seen and know a thousand times ;over.

"The Visible Compendium" reaches farther than any of my other animations. It goes off in many directions, held together, hopefully, by the sound track, which itself goes off in a number of directions: strange sounds, some recongizable, others not. Some music. No voice, no silence. This in intentional. The film is a compendium, as indicated in the title--a catalog of visible possible experiences, some at normal time, some speeded up or slowed down, some cantinuous, others broken up. Why? Tough question. Why not? Why not experiment with different modes of visible motion? (And, I might add, totally manufactured bits of motion elucidated by the light from the projector.) For instance, when the nude woman with the towel walks across the screen, the image broken up with flashes, close-ups, erratic zooms, etc.--this is partly to find out what such a construct looks like, partly to express the sound track (which was in place before the animation), and partly to express those unspoken "meanings" I mentioned above.

"Your images in the new film ("The Visible Compendium")  
are just as stunningly beautiful as ever--"  
--Gunvor Nelson

"Your Compendium is a perfet counter-part, it seems to me to the placement of Sophia's length and breadth, insomuch as this new work presents dreams of the chores and diversions of the human world--lacerated by 2 meditations on War: the 1st an almost endless rain of missiles on an ancient chariot, the 2nd your wondrous clown dancing on battleship cannons--Bravo! Nothing could be clearer on the subject (expecially welcome at this time); and inbetween (as suggested slightly before and slightly after) a feelsome balance spectrum of dreamed dailiness finally exposed as--if one can but see it as you have--the greatest show on Earth."

--Stan Brakhage

Shown Ann Arbor Film Festival, 1991  
S.F. Cinematheque, 1991  
Museum of Modern Art Cineprobe, 1991  
Anthology Film Archives, 1991  
Annecy International Animation Festival, 1991