

A Hundred Posters

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Ron Silliman:

PRIVATE PARTS

Yves Montand
as an aging
and weary
anti-Franco agent
living in Paris
in Alain Resnais'
extremely moving
existentialist
work. The ever-
popular
surreal ballet,
once again in circulation,
that voluptuously
recounts
a Spanish legend
of passion
and death.
Funny-tough,
shatteringly

authentic

portrait of the restless

and violent

life-

style

of four young men

in New

York's

Little Italy.

Two

brilliant

offbeat works

by Robert Altman.

The clash of civilization

with a primitive,

pacifistic

environment is the theme

of this beautifully

produced

factual tale

of three whalers.

Belmondo and Anna

Karine

involved with dead bodies,

spy rings,

parodies

of the Vietnam War
and pyrotechnics
on the Riviera
in this
darkly
romantic
cult classic.
Chabrol's
gripping, sensual, perverse
triangle
involving a lesbian
photographer,
an undecided
young
Bohemian
and an architect.
Wry allegory
of a vibrant
provincial
who revenges her oppressors
by becoming
a prostitute.
The mysterious,
hypnotic
and beautifully erotic
allegory

of a man
and a woman trapped
in a sandpit
that probes
fundamental questions
of existence
and the meaning
of freedom.

Alan Davies:

Remembering 100s of Collages

Joe Brainard at the Fischbach Gallery

The collages are a cumulative image diary, a massive visual record of the months of making the works. They also refer to his past through images from adolescence; they record his obsessions, this fact pointed to in the dozen or so collages that deal with the habit of smoking cigarettes; and they record things that are somewhat on every mind: eating, romance, sex. As in Gertrude Stein, images and details repeat, where they are important. Thus the works are as accurate a sense of his personality as of his art; his art a record parallel to the images that run in his mind. We learn what he prefers, cherishes, eats. His work does not insist on ordering the world, but presents some of his pieces of it, extending them slightly to others.

Collage materials came out of magazines, pieces of advertising, printed labels, and such things as cards for pins that could be picked from trashbins in Soho. Some of the works are not collage; there are small paintings, portraits (of himself, of the male torso), designs, landscapes (sometimes the feeling of a landscape from materials used to other ends), still lifes (flowers for example). But most are assemblages of less common detail, because they are toward a less common end.

Most are not statements about structure or color. He uses these, usually not at all bluntly, to make a record of likeable images which he enhances by his treatment of them. He places images together;

sometimes one shows through a hole cut in another; he surrounds them by paint or extends them with additional drawn lines -- all technique draws them into a different space. His paint is mostly light soft colors, some pastel in feeling, made unobtrusive by brushing loosely around pieces of pictures.

In some he integrates pieces of his writing, so they accurately correspond to more of his varied activity. The smaller works especially, on blank postcards with his name printed on the back, feel as if made to give to individuals, a correspondence. All the works have this intimacy, though with a range of emotion (humor, sentiment, critical faculty, tenderness, memory) within that personal limit.

Visually most are very striking, but some are abandoned as if the artist had reasons other than only visual ones for the work he was releasing. Looking around the gallery, you can locate ones that struck you as you first saw them more closely; they are distinct enough so your immediate reaction to each can vary a lot.

Surrounded by the collages, you are in his world, as accurately as he could get you there. You feel that you've had dinner with him every night for a year.

Donald Quatralo:

PROGRESSIONS FROM SHORELINE

LOGGING HAS COME TO REST
WHITE TREES BLEACHING OFF A DARKER BARK
THE BEACH A CRESCENT OF ABRUPT ASPHALT SMOOTHS
PURPLE STARFISH LINKED ALONG CHIPS NOT ROLLING
I'M COMING HOME, LITTLE CRABS GONE BLACK
WE ARE NOT ALONE
BURGANDY TRUMPETS FROM OPAQUE CENTERS
AND WE
COME FROM BELOW THE LEDGE, WE ARE
THE OVERFLOW, A COMMUNITY OF ANEMONES
AND OYSTERS OUR VAGINAS
KELP OUR SKIN AND HAIR
THE CLAM OUR CURIOUS PENIS
OUR HOUSE IS THE FIRST VOWEL OF THE LANGUAGE
IT IS A POETIC
BECOMING AN ANIMAL
NAILS GROWING, ABLE TO CLIMB TREES