

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

Jack Kimball:

BRAIN IN SODIUM LANDSCAPE

fully aware of our ironic position

I feel my albumen

vibrating

above

roofs

of tin

a salt lake

blooms

then crumbles

through

veins

a-

luminate green

lights of eel move

shook

a long girl's chain of pale

breath unhooked

from

my clothing

&

hair from

levitating

sounds funny up

no

never before

no

stomach

melted

over the lift

she gives

me

juicy sporadic

tumbling

little commodi-

ties

waging motor riots

drums splash

neck

up

bang arm-

pits

no

her fingers drop

my nightgown in air

jingles

an expensive androgeny

going

completely fantastic

out of my attitude

a-

aaaaaaaaagod

aaaaaaasleep

hahahahamburger

hunting

the hardware that listens

CODE was very close CODE

really is CODE distraught quite

human

he keeps CODE

losing herself

CODE

in the dream



actually

the sun has risen through

the

watercress clamoring in beserk colors

& we're scattering

scattering

the rule of the lake

with multiple arms

John Levy:

In Miami

Grandma confessed  
sometimes it's hard  
to look sweet 16 at 80

who looks, she had said,  
when I'd asked  
about the ocean view

Other Publications  
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