

BOMB

Looking Back on 2017: Art

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The new gallery Parker, opened in 2017 by Sam Parker, had an exceptional show of works from the '60s and '70s by Franklin Williams. The sculptures gave me a sense of being home. Not only is the gallery located in a residence in Los Feliz—I had gratitude to be in a place with wooden floors, light switches, and the other trappings of domestic normalcy—the exhibition itself lent a humanness and an interest in the animal world, that I appreciated within the current political and social climate. One sculpture of what looks to be a snail, opened a world where language can point but does not suffice. That said, while I was recovering from a surgery this spring, *The Sound of a Wild Snail Eating* (Algonquin Books) by the author Elisabeth Tova Bailey, was kindly read to me by my mother, and I thought of this text while looking at this sculpture and the exhibit. We need shows like these.



Franklin Williams, *Untitled*, 1966. Acrylic, gesso and yarn on women's underwear, broken toilet seat and canvas stuffed with cotton batting, over wooden support, 10 x 12 x 23 inches. Courtesy of Parker Gallery.