ALEXANDRE

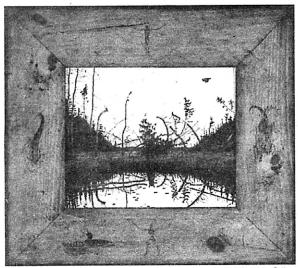
VILLAGE VOICE

OCTOBER 4-10, 2006

by R.C. Baker

Where the Wild Things Are

The northern lights scribble across a night sky; an owl drops silent and heavy as an anvil—death from above for some hapless creature scurrying across the fog-shrouded ground. Uttech paints mysterious forests, their bare, scraggly trees and heaps of glacial boulders conveying a sense of foreboding that brings to mind the German romantic painter Caspar David Friedrich's ruined Gothic cathedrals. But instead of robed monks, howling wolves and rearing bears hold dominion over the swamps and wild meadows. All these works were painted during the last two years and possess a formal beauty: Green lily pads provide dotted counterpoint to the broad orange sweeps of a sunrise reflected in a pond; lakes and towering pines are obscured by clouds of birds, scattered as densely across the surface as Pollock's splatters. All manner of beasts stampede in one direction—what are they fleeing? Or pursuing? As every city slicker knows, the woods are paradise-just don't get caught in them after dark.



Alexandre Galle

Nin-Babamitam, 2005