

VENUS MANHATTAN

David Medalla: Cloud Canyons – Independent Projects

November 6 - 14, 2014

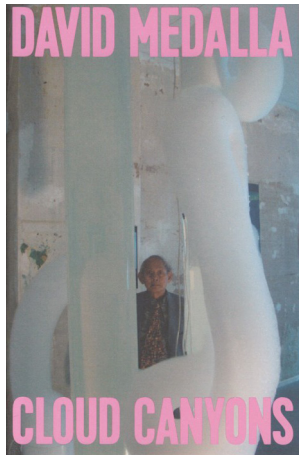
548 West 22nd Street, New York

Venus Over Manhattan

980 Madison Avenue

New York, NY 10075

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(New York, NY) – Venus Over Manhattan is pleased to present **David Medalla: Cloud Canyons** at the 2014 edition of Independent Projects, New York.

THE BUBBLE MACHINE

by David Medalla

Some times my eyes become
lachrymose.
Tiny bubbles mix with my tears
whether I am happy or sad.
Jimmy Dean made me laugh
when he threw popcorn over his
mouth
and created a fountain in the air.
'Give it a try,' he said.
'Open your mouth.'
Instantly he threw some popcorn
over my open lips.
I was not fast enough.
The popcorn fell over my face.
A few stuck to my sweaty cheeks.
Jimmy licked them off.
'Delicious!' he said.
'You are delicious, I replied,
and gave Jimmy a quick kiss.
We both laughed
and hugged each other with delight.
That was in New York in 1954
when I was a lad.

Eight years later
I was in Scotland.
In Paddy's Bar on Rose Street,
I met Viv McCorry, a young writer
who also played the trumpet.
An instant friendship developed
between us.

We plied each other with drinks.
We said 'Hello' to Hugh McDiarmid,
the celebrated Scottish poet.
When the pub closed,
Viv invited me to go with him
to stay the night at his parents' place
in Leith.
The morning after I met his parents,
both teachers,
who welcomed me warmly to their
home.
We had breakfast of smoked herring
and porridge.
It was Sunday.
The pubs were closed.
The law said alcoholic drinks can only
be served
on Sunday in restaurants and hotels
to foreign tourists visiting Scotland.
Viv said, David, you are a foreign
tourist.'
'No, I'm not,' I protested.
'Yes, you are. Come with me'.

Together we made our way to a
brewery
on the Rock near Edinburgh Castle.
The brewers welcomed us
because we were 'travelling tourists'.
They showed us how beer was brewed.
I watched the foam and froth

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bubbling in the large copper
vats.
Sufficiently inebriated. laughing,
Viv and I raced downhill from
the Castle Rock
and uphill to Arthur's Seat.

We layed our young bodies side
by side
on the green grass
and watched in silence the
passing clouds overhead.

My lachrymose eyes oozed
with bubbles and tears.
Tiny rainbows raced down my
cheeks,
Memories buried by many years
appeared in my slightly dozy
head.
I was a child during the Second
Word War.
My father was a guerrilla who
joined
a Resistance group based in
Makiling mountain.
On our birthdays and festival
days
My father came to see us in our
home in Manila.
One Holy Week he visited us
bearing a large jack fruit from

the mountain
and a small sack of
plantain, sweet potatoes and
purple yam..
At dawn on Easter Sunday
cries and gun shots tore the
morning air.
Japanese soldiers were chasing
some one.
'The kempetai are chasing some
one', said my father.
We were silent for a long time.
After the 'kempetai' had gone
we went to our garden.
My sister Solita held me in her
arms.
We followed our parents
to a hibiscus shrub inside the
wooden fence.
A young man who worked with
the Resistance group
had come down from Makiling
mountain
to warn my parents that the
Japanese military police
were going to arrest my father.

The young man had been shot.
He was dying.
I saw tiny bubbles coming out of
his mouth,
tiny raindows

mixed with blood
as red as the hibiscus flower
above him.

Years later the Allies defeated
the evil Axis Powers.
On the Eve of Independence of
my native Philippines
I caught malaria and small pox.
Quinine tablets provided by the
American soldiers
cured my malaria.
Native medicine from Herbs
provided by a woman friend of
my mother
cured me of small pox.
While I was recuperating from
my illness
I watched my mother cooking
guinataan:
tropical fruits. cooked in coconut
cream.
I watched slices of jack fruit,
plantain, sweet potatoes and
purple jam
bubbling in the coconut cream.
'This will give you strength, said
my mother,
as she handed me a bowl of
guinataan
still bubbling with coconut
cream.

For further information about the exhibition and availability, please contact the gallery at
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