

Thoughts on Posters and Life



by Jacaeber Kastor

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INTRODUCTION

This is not intended to be a finely produced book, but rather a readable document for those who are interested in in this series on concert poster artists and graphic design. Some of these articles still need work.

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Once upon a time there was a hippie who went to a dance at a fabled ballroom resplendent with both colors and the sound. Such a night was had, such an event, such a moment...that the brightness boldly etched a filigree of fun, within this hippie's skull is did, greater and stronger perhaps than many other less memorable events, time consuming as those may have been. Essentially a chemistry was brewed that night and upon exiting said ballroom a poster was proffered and the hippie took it and said "wow!".

When this hippie got back to the pad the poster was posted most auspiciously, and over the ensuing months it became part of the spirit of that place and that moment in that time.

Now many years have passed that hippie by - perhaps by now we could say the hippie had changed or the world turned, and fraught with semi-welcomed responsibilities and astonished at the un-sweet and un-light world unfurling like a chain letter from Hades, our aging person/ story subject here:

- A. Goes to a poster shop.
- B. Looks through an old dusty portfolio in the attic.
- C. Pokes about in the basement of the parents house.
- D. Is wandering about the weekend flea market.

When: "Wow!"...ahoy, there it is - THAT POSTER. Not even remembering ever having lost it, it's been what?...20 years!!

Then: "Link" - neuro-chemsymbio = instantaneous - positronic - warpometric - deja voodoo processes take effect transporting the subject momentarily into a mode reminiscent of the feeling gone by. A moment, a daydream, perhaps an attitude. Unmistakable.

So the subject acquires the poster, and perhaps framing it this time around (with a tasteful acid free mat), re-hangs it and is pleased to note that the sense of excitement and hopefulness and mystery that abounded in the time and place of that poster exudes from it even now, and a contact high of sorts may be obtained merely by glancing at it.

[Note: This article originally appeared in {Wes Wilson}'s publication "{Off The Wall}," and is used with permission of Wilson and the author. Copyright © Wes Wilson and Jacaeber Kastor]