



THE BIKE ROOM  
1109 W. North Shore Ave  
Chicago, IL 60626  
October 8 - November 12, 2011

## TIE DYES ON THE SUNRISE

*With warm thanks to Nancy Lu Rosenheim & Sara Knox Hunter*





*There they stood in the first gray light, in rain, wind, snowfall or frost: silent, patient, casting and casting again, retrieving nothing yet never questioning the possibility of bright steelhead hidden beneath the green slicks: numb-fingered, empty-bellied, aching-backed they stood, hatted or hooded like rabbis or monks, grumbling but vigilant, willing to pay hard penance for the mere chance of a sudden, subtle strike. What was a fisherman but an untransmuted seeker?*

DAVID JAMES DUNCAN, THE RIVER WHY

The land below the sea, but here, perhaps, a sea creature unto itself. There is a unity amongst the colors reading horizontally on the white plain that unravels towards the edges as the fleshly emerges, the image versus the bodily, the eye making one of them all, an anthropomorphic broach staring out from its knit corpus. Pepperland, like the place, defies its plain, growing and twisting out beyond the borders. Pattern seeps out from behind the plain, stretched painfully across the wide white, distorting the material-made patterns into artist-made form paired with shadows and expanse. Uncomfortable domestic symmetry, feral materials lacking their proper charm and scrapbook page, reaching tentatively into the space and baiting us with unassuming familiarity, but we find no friend here. The gesture and the perverse,

bound together in sickeningly sweet cotton candy pink, bodily background escaping at its edges where materials assert authorship, demand voice. Sunrise snakes across the horizon, the colors reminiscent of a dawn that can't quite be remembered now. Lured in by form performing function, as frozen as it ever is dangling charms into the abyss. The bean bag body provides open invitation to sit, at either side, leaning comfortably against a thin column, waiting until casting begins in earnest, but perhaps its work is already done. The knit forms sag in solitary fashion, like missing mittens hung from fences in winter. Dragging on the ground, reminiscent of their humble beginnings as brightly colored but lifeless skeins waiting to take shape, luring the artist to them. This scene is the remains of a brighter moment, now unnaturally abandoned to nature's devices, which never fail to leave their mark.

SARA KNOX HUNTER

