

Robin Rice on Visual Art: "A Sense of Place" during a Philadelphia Art Alliance

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A arrange of bull's-eye outlines a core of "A Sense of Place" during a Art Alliance — Pat Hickman's wall-filling designation *Circumambulate* (above), concentric circles like rings echoing out from a mill forsaken in water. These are defined by angled "river teeth" (spiky, water-worn branches) encased in parchment-like pig gut. The tummy dries taut, frail and translucent, and in some places a pieces of timber are transposed by dull shells of gut, like hulk cicada casings.

Seven graphic visions of plcae element Hickman's. Curator Bruce Hoffman says a show, one of 40 orderly for a critical biennial [FiberPhiladelphia](#), explores ways we consider about place. Is it landscape? Is it historical? Is it home?

On a "home" front, Amy Orr's smart yet disturbingly accepted *House of Cards* (below) is, as a pretension suggests, a doll-sized residence done of cosmetic credit cards. This minute and estimable dollhouse, with a grass of immature cards and extraneous walls of white ones, is open on one side to exhibit divided furnished bedrooms and their inhabitants.

A otherworldly and some-more visually normal illustration of inlet is found in windy landscapes by Barbara Lee Smith, collaged from embellished textiles and finished with musical stitching. Smith's painterly, prudent execution and abounding clarity of tone is an roughly intolerable contrariety to Ke-Sook Lee's adjacent designation of a hammock done from a immature rags of Army nurses' uniforms used in Vietnam, materials found during an Army over-abundance store. Though Lee has heavily altered them, any stays a record of a particular wearer's experiences. *Green Hammock* is a anxiety to Lee's possess knowledge as a child in Korea during a Korean War, and a little pieces of element dangling from frail threads pronounce of instability and a stupidity of relaxation.



Like Smith, Wendeanne Ke'aka Stitt pieces and quilts fabric in an radically two-dimensional approach. Her work is also serene, yet a likeness ends there. Stitt uses Hawaiian kappa (bark cloth) and works from a Hawaiian tradition of geometric condensation and resisting lights and darks, creation for an individual, non-rectangular figure on a wall.

Dutch artist Marian Bijlenga's pieces total mixed perimeters. Here, delicate, hairy, bracelet-like shapes with auras of frail thread border vaguely resemble long, skinny centipedes satirical their tails. Mounted somewhat divided from a wall, any casts a precise, mirror-like shadow, describing a thicker vale line. Charming and undemanding in presence, they could advise cells or froth in water.

Marcia Docter's dense, perfectionist and brilliantly colored embroideries mount out as impossibly labor-intensive even in a collection of fiber and weave artwork, a margin remarkable for recurrent courtesy to detail. Kabuki entertainment and comic books are dual of her influences, and Docter infrequently spells out a thoughts of a characters she's appropriated around unenlightened elaboration in antacid language: "Don't Fuck with Me; we Have PMS and we Am Armed" with an picture of a Statue of Liberty, for example. Bhakti Ziek's use of denunciation is contrastingly elegant — place names like "Philadelphia" and "Takoma Park" are infrequently roughly enthralled (though still ideally legible) in her sparkling, pleasing jacquard surfaces, giving a spectator a choice of appreciating her work with a left or a right brain.

The temporal references in this uncover are as sundry as a clarity of place: historic, traditional, contemporary and seasonal. Putting it all together, though, when we have a time, a Art Alliance is a place to see noted and critical fiber work.

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"A Sense of Place," by Apr 21, Philadelphia Art Alliance, 251 S. 18th St., 215-545-4302, philartalliance.org.