

in·ter·face gallery

486b 49th Street | Oakland, CA 94609
p. 415 990-8028 | www.interfaceartgallery.com

Ehling/Bennett | *His Carpets Flowered*

May 4th – June 11th

Reception: Friday, May 5th 6-9 pm

Interface Gallery is pleased to announce Ehling/Bennett's first solo show, *His Carpets Flowered*, May 4th - June 11th.

Ehling/Bennett is the collaborative practice of Jeremy Ehling and Kim Bennett. The artists have worked in collaboration since 2014. Ehling has worked in stained glass conservation and Bennett comes from a family of quilters. These backgrounds inform their collaborative process, which involves handing their works back and forth as the artists alternatively stitch material to the surface and add gestural marks and washes of paint. They describe this process and the resultant works as “rectangular conversations.” In their words:

"Talking is part of it, sitting outside is part of it. Leaves falling are part of it. Finding a relationship to the ways people used to make things is part of it."

The title for this show comes from Lorine Niedecker's poem of the same name.

Please join us for an artist reception on Friday, May 5th, from 6-9 pm.

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His Carpets Flowered
- by Lorine Niedecker

William Morris

I
—how we're carpet-making
by the river
a long dream to unroll
and somehow time to pole
a boa

I designed a carpet today—
dogtooth violets
and spoke to a full hall
now that the gall
of our society's

corruption stains throughout
Dear Janey I am tossed
by many things
If the change would bring
better art

but if it would not?
O to be home to sail the flood
I'm possessed
and do possess
Employer

of labor, true—
to get done
the work of the hand...
I'd be a rich man
had I yielded

on a few points of principle
Item sabots
blouse—
I work in the dye-house
myself

Good sport dyeing
tapestry wool
I like the indigo vats
I'm drawing patterns so fast
Last night

in sleep I drew a sausage—
somehow I had to eat it first
Colorful shores—mouse ear...
horse-mint... The Strawberry Thief
our new chintz

II
Yeats saw the betterment of the workers
by religion—slow in any case
as the drying of the moon
He was not understood—
I rang the bell

for him to sit down
Yeats left the lecture circuit
yet he could say: no one
so well loved
as Morris

III
Entered new waters
Studied Icelandic
At home last minute signs
to post:
Vetch

grows here—Please do not mow
We saw it—Iceland—the end
of the world rising out of the sea—
cliffs, caves like 13th century
illuminations

of hell-mouths
Rain squalls through moonlight
Cold wet
is so damned wet
Iceland's

black sand
Stone buntings'
fly-up-dispersion
Sea-pink and campion a Persian
carpet