

Kat Minerath, 'The Delights of Tyson Reeder's 'TV Dinner'', Shepherd-Express, October 2015

**Shepherd**  
EXPRESS

## The Delights of Tyson Reeder's "TV Dinner"



## Wit and irony at Green Gallery East

Tyson Reeder's paintbrush is often tipped with wit and irony. In his solo show at Green Gallery East, the latter is tempered by something closer to sunlit nostalgia, a period recognized and remembered but one that loops over itself, still present.

The exhibition is titled "TV Dinner." There are no gallery notes, no artist's statement and scant writing to tap out in black and white the meaning of those words. On a recent visit, a gallery assistant noted that Reeder was oblique about its meaning, preferring it remain a suggestion rather than a directive. However, clues align with the images, a sense of modern convenience and a neatly carefree nature.

Regardless of semantics, the paintings speak for themselves in nuanced color with graphite lines that bleed over, under and through. Riverwest's Polish Falcon is immortalized in minty glory, the exterior of the building done in Day-Glo green, with pink sign and golden planters outside the door on a dark blue street. This certainly sounds fancier than the actual place, and it prompts a feeling of poetic fondness.

*Yellow Mannequins* is bathed in monochrome, a modulated study where three figures exist. Like a fashion plate vignette, a female figure in a strapless short dress speaks with a male, using body language intimate and interested. A second male figure stands off to the side, fading into the background while being overtaken by pink floating dots. Their bodies are featureless and pale, like the simulacrum of conversation where details are washed away.

The process of receding into another time comes especially through Reeder's color palette. In an untitled painting, a diminutive black cityscape sits along a low horizon with a bifurcated background in bright pink and pale blue.

Geometric shapes, some with amorphous designs, bounce along, seeming ready to squash the city like a circa-1986 video game. It is vibrant, elegiac and flavored with a slightly ominous spice.

In the gallery, a sleek sliver mannequin holds court. He is somehow Bowie-esque, glisteningly more sculptural than any human. Reeder's paintings follow suit, their vibrancy threading between sunny memory and tangible reality.

*Through Nov. 8 at Green Gallery East, 1500 N. Farwell Ave.*

*For a video interview with the artist, please visit the Art section of [shepherdexpress.com](http://shepherdexpress.com).*

**Tyson Reeder, Yellow Mannequins, Acrylic, graphite and pastel on linen, 30" x 40", 2015**