**A few notes on *A Tiny Space of Silence*,**

**an exhibition by Becky Guttin**

Becky Guttin excavates the past and reshapes matter to imbue it with a pulsating force. Gnarled and misshapen, hollowed and twisted—metal and fiberglass are transformed from industrial materials to lyrical detritus or apocalyptic flotsam.

Guttin is an avid collector of discarded objects. Forgotten garden tools: a hoe, shears, metal springs and digging implements, offer up the beauty of rusted metal, the remnants of dirt and earth, the subtle patina of work and sweat. She values how time and labor are emblazoned on their deteriorating surface.

From keen observation of these objects, the artist extrapolates by focusing on the decaying metal and the disintegrating wood, the subtly hued specks of dirt and mud. She takes these surfaces and textures and blows them up onto flattened or extruded shapes. There is the strenuous process of layering fiberglass and then using resin to transform airy gauze and fabric into a petrified material of portentous beauty. Sometimes she tears holes on the hardened surface. It’s as if the pieces were bullet-ridden or eaten up and rotted by insects.

A petite woman, Guttin builds up the materials onto considerable structures that grow to her height and taller. She conquers the three-dimensional form by forcing it into a particular shape, curving and twisting it or hammering and expanding it. The artist labors with tenacity and vision.

Becky Guttin is a 21st Century alchemist that masters the materials to generate visual poems about humanity and its connection to the earth’s cycle. She borrows from the palette of nature: a moment of catastrophic or slow transformation that becomes physically expressed. “Hunger for Sound” with its bright orange surface looks like molten lava in its glowing and most destructive state but it also forecast its inevitable solidification and congealment. And lava is a powerful force that has become inert in the lustrous bubbly black of “Palpable Evidence of Time.” Meanwhile, the all white “Stain of Memory” appears to be a cross-section of the earth’s crust, where every deliberate environmental and geological change is forever engraved.

The artworks on view become metaphors of the inexorable passage of time. Can we find a moment to be quiet and meditate? Encapsulated in our awareness of existence is acceptance of its finality. As our eyes attempt to rest on Guttin’s intricate surfaces and absorb the intensity of her forms, our hearts flutter at the inevitable conclusion of our presence in the universe.

Alessandra Moctezuma, M.F.A

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