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Although I consider my work to be within a painting discourse, I use mostly textile techniques such as spinning, weaving and dyeing. I see these practices as allowing material variation, as well as touch (my own, a place's, a process's) to be recorded into material form. I like most the part of my practice in which I start to emotionally confuse a piece of cloth, an image of skin, and a landscape.

At Montello, this kind of boundary dissolution was easy to access. Organically- and quickly- my mind softened and flowed. I got so quiet I began to confuse my heartbeat with an approaching truck. I watched the grasses droop and leave semi-circle drawings in the sand when the wind blew them. I drew constellations in the sky and found their counterparts in the holes dug by insects and animals in the ground. For the first time, in a long time, I found the space to sit and watch the day, the weather, the light.



Like the way galaxies recede to the rim of space, 2019, wool, linen, pigment, quartz, 63 in x 46 in

I wrote and wrote and wrote, read, made dye from juniper berries, walked for hours in every direction, collected stones, put the stones back, sang, said hey to a hunter, found an elk carcass and recorded how it decayed over weeks. I made and photographed textile installations on fences, which have started a new body of work I am now focused on.

Most importantly, at Montello, I sat with what I did not know. I sat with the questions- hard ones- that I've needed to ask of my practice for a long time. I began to envision how to engage further and more directly with the ecologies and places that inspire me most, and to think how poetic space can exist symbiotically alongside ecological advocacy. I'm surprised that such a short time in a place can have such reverberating affects, yet months later I still feel Nevada in my work, my thoughts and in my body. Montello shifted me, I think radically, and I miss it so.