

# MARTHA TUTTLE *Metaxu*

by Phong Bui

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Edges travel with elation. Lines sag.

Wrinkles recall sages

Eager to impart wisdom to the troubled world.

*Clear Sound (1)* is talking to *Cold Water (1)*.

Their textures oblige the absorbent air.

Measuring space on all sides

The constituent elements are remote,

Instantaneously made familiar

And the familiar, intrinsic.

The Rupture Drawings welcome their living precedents

(The natural chain of consequence.)

To anticipate a conjoining of faith and reason,

As the sun continues to blaze over dry land.

Who would forget the immense difference between indigo,

Clay, and iron. And woad, clay, and iron!

Burgundy, maroon, friendly chocolate from Tunisia,

There, no one irons their clothes.

Not even before the shrines in Sufetula.

Burnt edges and punctured holes

Stretch the form to find unpredictable coteries of tempo,

Circulation that moves the lines to breathe, sing, and dance.

*Clear Sound (2)* and *(3)* are too vivacious to claim

Certain degrees of calmness, she admits.

Fundamental divisions, palatial folds, mellowed contradistinctions  
Shades of indigo migrate outward;  
Combined bodies of woad and iron,  
Rest! Look! Looking with rest.

The imperceptible grid is there, proud of its broken rhythm.  
A series of dances consists of six petite torsos, ever discrete,  
Left to right! Right to left!  
There they are, *Pines and Plovers*, undoubtedly  
A reincarnation of Diotima and Simone Weil,  
Patrons of the in-between world,  
Where becoming and being are a perpetual condition.



Martha Tuttle, *Clear Sound (2)*, 2015. Wool, steel, rust, silk, indigo, woad, clay, iron, and paper, 22 × 20 inches. Courtesy Tilton Gallery.

<http://www.brooklynrail.org/2016/02/artseen/martha-tuttle-metaxu>