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Art & Culture

Guerrero Gallery's October Exhibitions With Maria Guzmán Capron and Hilary Pecis

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Installation view, Maria A. Guzmán Capron, *Forgotten Intruders*, September–October 2018.
Courtesy of the artist and Guerrero Gallery.

[Guerrero Gallery](#) has two amazing shows up right now, one by [Maria Guzmán Capron](#) titled *Forgotten Intruders*, and another by [Hillary Pecis](#) titled *Familiar Views*. Read on below to see some of the exhibited work and to read Guerrero Gallery's description of each artist's new work.

Maria Guzmán Capron's *Forgotten Intruders*

"The staircase leads up to an attic. The walls are painted an old sea mist color. The space is open, sparse, with a few pieces of furniture scattered around, including some mismatched chairs. Some of them spent most of their lives outside on a patio. There is no bed or couch. A worn out kitchen cabinet rests awkwardly in the space. This is an attic where things get stored and lost, an improvised guest room." - Maria Guzmán Capron

The attic—that strange and often forgotten space, where dust accumulates with years of neglect and boxes of items that have ceased to serve their daily functions lie dormant. Perhaps due to that strange remove from daily life or the general role served as the keepsake of forgotten objects and distant memories, the attic has become a ripe space for the imagination, embroiled in everything from lighthearted fantasy to abject terror. It's within the attic that we lose control as the logic and intentions of the space make themselves known to those seeking, or those who simply stumble upon the space, and it's within this context that Maria Guzmán Capron's latest exhibition takes shape.



Maria A. Guzmán Capron, *Atrapada y Peluda* (front and back), 2018.
Fabric, thread, wire, wood, stuffing, batting and spray paint, 20.75 x 16 x 16 in.

In the refuge of the attic, Capron's figures can stretch their limbs, fully at peace to luxuriate in their own obscurity becoming static once again as an intrepid viewer climbs the stairs to the gallery's upstairs space. Much like the clumsy array of furniture strewn about the attic, the artist's highly idiosyncratic figures, realized in textile, wood, painted embellishment and various other materials lovingly embrace the language of contrast and difference. They're difficult, defiant and deeply individualistic, exuding personality yet briskly reminding the casual viewer that they are the ones who reign over the attic space and not the other way around. Some grace the walls while others sit atop and within the various pieces of discarded furniture that have found their way up to this forgotten place, a place that has long since lost control to the whims of its new inhabitants.



Installation view, Hilary Pecis, *Familiar Views*, September–October 2018.
Courtesy of the artist and Guerrero Gallery.

Hilary Pecis' *Familiar Views*

A stack of artist monographs lie heavy on the left side of one of Los Angeles based painter Hilary Pecis' compositions, the titles running the gamut of painters from Fairfield Porter and Florine Stettheimer to Kerry James Marshall and Henri Rousseau—lovingly depicted in the artist's confident hand. Beside them sits a ceramic vase with lilies overflowing, the discerning eye realizing that the vase is an original piece by the funk-art legend Maija Peeples-Bright, with a painting in the background alluding to yet another artist that has played a role in Pecis' life and development as a painter. These are self portraits made in remove, works that both intimately invite you into the home and spaces around LA and California that the artist visits, as well as puzzle pieces through which we construct a fuller understanding of the artist as we stroll from work to work.

Pecis' paintings within *Familiar Views* feel both rooted within the history of painting, of the still-life and landscape traditions in particular, and emblematic of the contemporary space which painting holds. The classical techniques of intense rendering and lush blends of oil paint are traded for Pecis' textural and flattened compositions and a penchant for odd perspectives, translated through the artist's handling of her favorite local acrylic paint manufacturer: Novavcolor. Much like their art historical connotations, there's an ever-present layering in Hilary's works, of experiences, of references, of objects and space—a casual density found throughout the works in her solo exhibition, regardless of content or location. The paintings bounce fluidly from domestic spaces and the artist's garden to desserts and the jagged mountains that surround LA, and back to the scenes that feel archetypally of Southern California—low slung markets, aging signage, and of course the ever-present hovering palm tree.

Regardless of the space inhabited by the painter's gaze, there lies an overarching feeling of comfort—of being invited into the artist's home or following along on the family's travels. And at a time in which social media beckons its users to actively package their lifestyles and “live” exciting experiences for the vicarious consumption of others, there lies an alluring and sincere confidence conveyed in Pecis' invitation to inhabit some of the quieter moments in the artist's life.