

YELLOWSTONE ART MUSEUM

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45.7857 108.4344
N^oWEST

PEOPLES CHOICE

AWARD



70 Days Last Spring

Antique cotton/linen sheet, stitch, found objects

The Covid-19 virus colored everything we did. The colors drained, leaving stark black and white landscapes that we didn't recognize. Gradually, colors and shapes began to return, but they were wrong—different. Using the antique sheet as the background refers to long nights, losing sleep, trying to make sense of things that didn't quite go together anymore. Being home gave me a chance to explore my much smaller world. Color from leaves in my yard, rusty metal grid. What happens when I bury fabric for 10 weeks in the garden? It changed into something interesting, stained by the dirt, shredded by bugs. As days became more normal again, they were still different. How long is this process going to take? Do we even want the old to return? My friends started using their plants to dye white thread naturally. My friends. They're out there somewhere. They send me small packages, small surprises to add to my work. Let me introduce you to them. Laying plans, trading things to use in our artwork kept us connected; we're still looking forward to our first coffee/tea date, soon. Moving from a world that fell apart, I was stitching as fast as I could, trying to fix something, anything. I limited myself to two methods: using the running stitch and the stab stitch. I did lose a relative to Covid—someone the age of my children. I have included here small colors, textures that refer to his death. Three others were sick but recovered, including one of my daughters, so there are references to them, too. Now I understand my grandparents and parents a little better, and what they must have felt as they said, "I just hope you never have to go through anything like what we did that year." Are we really out of isolation, yet? I think there's a lot of fear still around. —Brooke Atherton

Brooke Atherton

BILLINGS, MONTANA



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N^o / N^oWEST JUROR'S AWARD



Anamorphosis Series: Pulp

Paper, paperclay, liquid starch, stain, tea

As an artist with disabilities caused from Ataxia, a rare neurological disease that is progressive, affecting my ability to walk, talk, balance myself and use fine motor skills, my artwork not only considers the essential structure of skeletal or embryonic animal references but has become a vehicle to interpret transformative changes occurring in my body caused from the progression of the disease. My work brings awareness people living with disabilities while pushing the boundaries of contemporary art, inviting discussion on these concepts by focusing on movement's copious flow. This manner of passage of the living body to one's gait and gesture, drives examination and permits curiosity, thus uncovering aspects of human nature and the wonder of origin. These juxtaposed ideas reveal blurred distinctions between connections and dysfunction exhibited in multi-media multivalent invocations of the body. The work created during quarantine examines the many facets of human growth through the power of movement's processes, concepts and materials that do not obviously relate to one another but when probed, inherent threads overarch, link, network and build transformative connections. The intent of this new work is to explore the dysfunction of systems to communicate with the whole body. I find these references provocative and they offer me an opportunity to understand our own growth and decay. —Lisa Merida Paytes

Lisa Merida Paytes

CINCINNATI, OHIO

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N^o / N^oWEST PURCHASE AWARD



Anticlimactic (From the Top)

Oil on canvas

I render scenes from generally unremarkable life events that bring me joy when I first see them. Quiet and wordless, they imply undefined visual narratives and ask for further consideration. I hope that the images' frozen state will allow others to focus on their harmony, and go forth and discover their own unexpected moments of personal radiance. Recent source material has come from old family photographs that were determined to be unworthy of display and forgotten in storage. For me now, they are found objects that I have no personal attachment to, but great aesthetic appreciation of. I am grateful for the opportunity to filter each image through my eye and hand. These images share a focus on the power of women and girls living their lives without immediate concern, or arguably with dismissal, of society and its pressures and expectations. It is my hope that these works draw attention to the innate strength women and children possess that may be overlooked, ignored, and suppressed. *Anticlimactic (From the Top)* features a girl that is very socially distanced from two figures fading into the mist. She seems to have lost concern of what others may think of her retrieving a rock from her shoe out in the open, as well as of her safety as she dawdles close to rail tracks. —Angie Huffman

Angie Huffman

MARION, IOWA



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