

## Yuki Murata

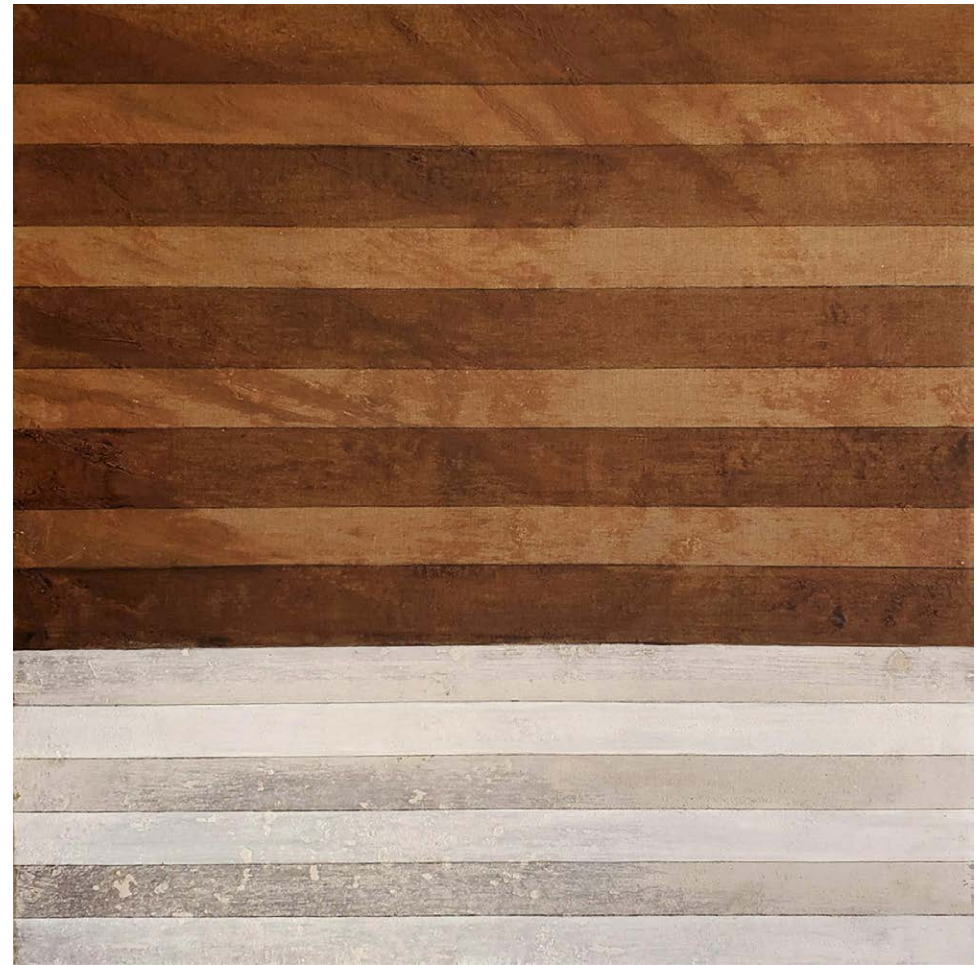
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Rhythmic linear repetition and a subtle color palette are my meditation on the restoration and repair I search for in our splintered, suffering world. The surfaces are repeatedly built up and sanded, scraped and burnished back as an homage to the making, death and remaking of all life. I habitually return to square formats to honor our human desire for stability and order. In my work I am trying to document time and location by using materials gathered from the properties around where I am working.

In Montello, I immediately fell into the rhythm of the land and sky. The wind insisted that I listen to nature's raw power and ferocity. I walked aimlessly, but with a clutched compass and full water bottle, alone and hyper aware of the good and bad of solitude. Like many places, gender and race can make a difference in the wilderness. After being cooped up with my partner and children because of Covid I was giddy in my anticipation of the isolation and privacy. Ironically, the seclusion transformed my claustrophobia into a deep gratitude for community and companionship. The soundtrack of animals, wind and silence amplified my inner dialogue and mocked my independence. The vastness of the sky, both day and night, stirred my curiosity



*Resolana Passage, 2019*

soil, micaceous slip, handmade natural pigment inks, pencil and wax on undyed linen, 36 in x 36 in x 2 in

and altered my perspective profoundly. Montello gave me physical and mental space to review and recalibrate my art practice. The detachment from WiFi and news was jarring but deeply appreciated. The smell of sagebrush and the glow from the milky way soothed my nervous system. September burned hot during mid-afternoon and as the black sky began to glitter the chill of night lay down upon the land. Traveling to and from Montello became as much a part of the experience of being there, working in the studio. The journey along those rough roads literally and figuratively loosened my grip on a preciousness and precision in my painting that I was pleased to shed. Montello reminded me to accept what is happening right now instead of anticipating or wishing for what could be or feeling paralyzed by what might be.

