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It seems somewhat absurd that I need to travel halfway across the country to get to a place where I can really think. I thought this to myself while out at the Montello Foundation this summer. The process of living at an artist residency and escaping the everyday duties of normal life is always fruitful, the richness of time in a faraway place. In this case the Montello Foundation is a very special one indeed, particularly in light of its extreme remoteness, the unmarred natural beauty of the vistas, and the opportunity to rid oneself of communication such as cell phones and the internet.

So what did I DO out there? People always ask. Well, I would lie down and stare up at the sky for hours at sunset. Really, hours! I read several books, from start to finish. I would hike for several hours a day, each day a few miles in a different direction. During these walks, I searched the ground for rocks, strange sticks, the perfect sagebrush, and

Nevada Paper Moon Fold, 2015



Nevada Sunrise Sundial (Two Lines Blue), 2015



wandered around with eyes down; my GPS keeping me tethered. Some days I would bring my camera along, and some days I would not. I stretched; I sketched; I jogged; I made coffee; I biked, and often I couldn't stop staring at the sky or the sunbeams that moved across the studio walls.

Can you slow yourself down? This seems simple and yet so important to the process of our lives, and for an artist in particular. Can your pace become one with the landscape's? Can the day and light change as you do, so that your body's cycle falls into rhythm with the high desert hills? By the second week, I felt completely comfortable there, so very alone (not lonely), full days passing without a trace of human activity. What a special space that is, not easy to come by, to daydream, to sit down and put to paper floating ideas, capturing moments of clarity and vibrancy. Thank you!