

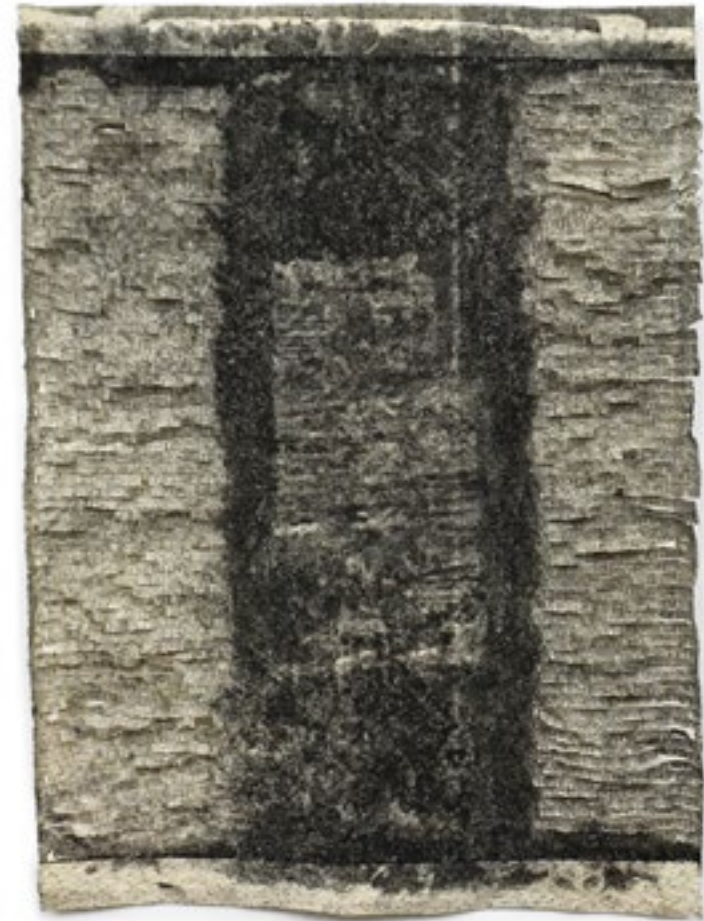
## SaraNoa Mark

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My explorations stem from the innate human desire to document experience. I am mystified by our non-negotiable temporality. I seek evidence of the constant and invisible activity of time, time as a mark maker draws its presence in the form of wiggly waves washed up along the shore. The disintegrating effects of the wind working repeatedly for an unfathomable period of time eventually shapes a stone and sculpts the landscape. All my works are attempts to explore the language of drawing. The practice of making art prompts me to be present in my experiences through intentional observation and the act of making art allows me to participate in the world by responding with visual creations. I came to Montello hoping to make 'land art' when I arrived I couldn't even bring myself to play a song. For the place I came to was complete and I dared not disrupt its natural order. I learned to be the silent observer, witnessing the repetitive yet mystifying



patterns of a day. I have never stayed in the same place for so many days yet the place I stayed had the power to shift from dusty orange to deep blue. For the first time in my life I felt inside time, inside the fabric of a day. All there was to do really was to exist. All day I could recall my dreaming for there was nothing to pull me out of my imagination.

Being present for the entire operatic length of the sunrise then listening to the day from the last chirping sounds to the first howls of night teaches you everything there ever is to learn. I cannot name the knowledge I acquired in this time I can only say I felt closer and that I felt aligned. All of these experiences allowed me to abandon hesitation, and trust creative impulses. I learned to make my thoughts visible and to begin more than I could finish. After many months of avoidance in the studio I almost instantly gathered a renewed urgency and ability to welcome uncertainty into my practice. I believe it will take a long time to unpack and process my time at the Montello Foundation however I know that I can never un-know the feeling of standing alone in the swaying sagebrush.