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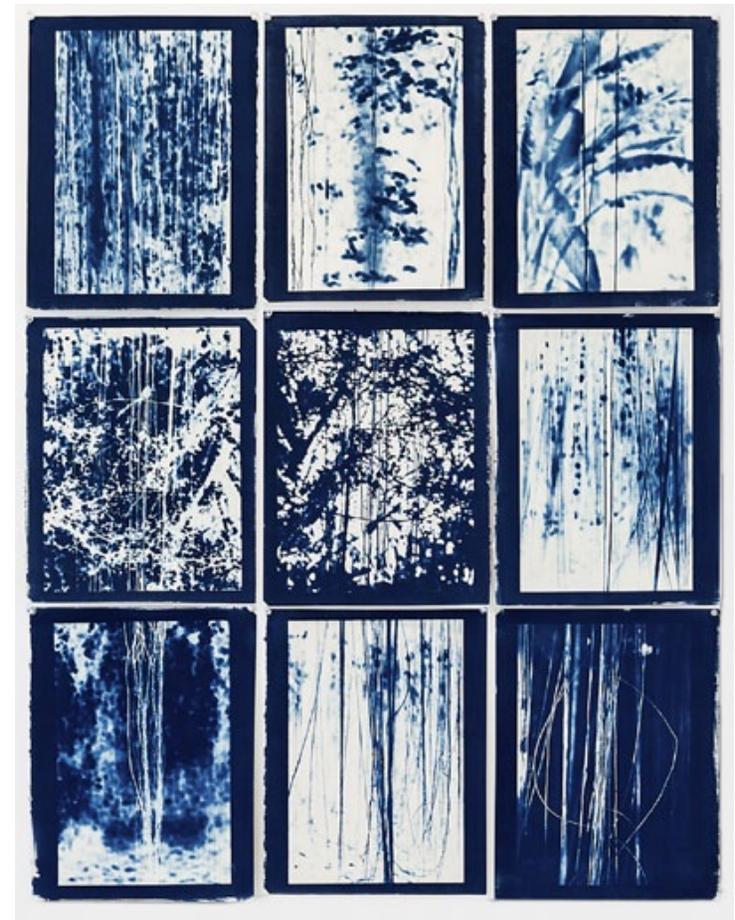


The westward drive from Salt Lake City through Wendover was a great prelude to the change of environment of the Montello retreat that was to come.

Turning off Highway 233 near the tiny community of Montello on to the dirt road leading to my destination was like lifting the stage curtain to my imagination of what wonder this isolation of place and time could present.

I was bound to the foundation's cabin 18 miles back on an unpaved road in Nevada's high desert. After driving only 2 miles I had to stop and leave my car to savor the surroundings. Awe (that word we overuse), was overwhelming me. I was in a dream! Someone had emptied the sea's water for me. Now I could journey and experience the expansive ocean floor, its flora, and swooping hills. In the breeze the abundant

Bark Cloth, Linen prints in process at Montello



Jungle Road, grid of cyanotypes made in Captiva

sage bush quivered like tethered seaweed waving in underwater currents. It was an auspicious beginning for my adventure alone deep into the wilderness.

Arriving at the cabin the wind howled the first 36 hours encouraging me to set up the studio to work indoors. The autumn sunlight was bright and the plant-life was bleached and dry as I later ventured out to explore with my camera. The third day a sudden hale storm thundered on the roof and then the peaceful quiet descended. This continuing silence allowed me to hear a jackrabbit jump, the whooshing wings of a crow flying overhead and coyotes in the distance. My time alone in this beautiful expanse of wilderness was one of the best gifts I've ever received. I read, wrote, photographed, wandered in my mind and on foot, worked on an existing project and thought about life, the earth and my friends. The experience at Montello strengthened my spirit and refueled my sense of possibilities.