



m o n t e l l o  
f o u n d a t i o n

2024 season





The Artists in Residence  
2024

montello foundation



## Sarah E Brook

Brooklyn, NY

[sarahebrook.com](http://sarahebrook.com)



Though I've lived in New York City for over 20 years, I grew up in the high desert on the western edge of Nevada. The expanse of the Great Basin was a familiar one that I sought regularly as a kid. I needed that vastness to orient to my own gender and queerness outside the limitations of my language and culture, which did not have space for them. I came to associate the desert's expanse with an internal expansiveness, and felt my identity in visual terms. I came to know myself in relation to space, light and scale.

My creative practice is built on this sense of psychospacial orientation, and my continued curiosity about the interrelation of social identity and perceptual

not yet titled video projection still, 2024



not yet titled video still with acetate drawing, 2024

experience. If who we are and where we stand in the world inevitably determine how we see, then perhaps resonant perceptual experiences can also illuminate, empower, and ground identity. I hope for this.

I worked primarily on a video project at Montello, gathering footage that describes how the desert teaches me about proportion: the need for wilderness and wildness—as in non-human-made-ness—to properly contextualize the experience of existence. I projected my footage onto the outside studio wall at dusk, re-recording the piece in relationship to the landscape. I also created ink drawings on acetate from video stills, re-shot those drawings in landscape, and collaged them back into the video footage. This layering conveys a re-working and returning for emphasis, a repetition born out of investigation and necessity.

My residency at Montello deepened my relationship with the desert in ways I didn't expect. I knew I felt constituted by the expanse of the Great Basin, but mostly from a nostalgic, personal historical perspective. Re-encountering my adult self through this foundational relationship clarified the crucial stabilizing role that an intimacy with wilderness provides. As humans trying to understand how to take care of ourselves and our world, it's our best blueprint, our mirror and our map.

## Tracy L Chandler

Santa Monica, CA  
[tracylchandler.com](http://tracylchandler.com)

---



I am a photographic artist based in Los Angeles, CA. Through portraiture, landscape, and narrative, I draw on my own personal story to contend more broadly with humanity. My photographs address themes of memory, time, and stages of life as well as notions of psychological projection and conceptual place. My photographic approach often involves revisiting locations of personal significance to create new works that blend past experiences with the present environment giving special consideration for the constancy of change within ourselves and with the land.

My residency experience at Montello was utterly magical and transformative. Growing up in the Mojave, I consider myself a desert dweller, and looked forward to photographically exploring this personal connection to the arid land. Montello is not just any desert though, this territory is vast and highly specific. Day in and day out, I was transfixed with watching the volatile weather roll across this “sagebrush ocean”. My plans of driving around the area to find photographs were completely thwarted



as I had no need, everything was already there at the cabin doorstep. Through the isolation and daily routine of walking, meditating, and sky gazing, my level of attention became exquisite. Every wisp of cloud that passed was important and infinite.

While at Montello, I felt utterly connected to the raw essence of nature and thought deeply about photography as a metaphor and tool for psychological perception. I experimented with photographing through acrylic filters, choosing color combinations based on my current mood and the conceptual meanings I was projecting on to the object before the camera.

With this internal shift came a shift in my practice. Instead of an outgoing energy of exploration there was a quiet internal focus. I worked in the studio and began to tinker with my tools. I hand carried my camera around the surrounding footpaths, making studies of light and color. There was no agenda to make a “piece” or tell any specific narrative. I was just there with the land and my tools, the rest took care of itself. I dared to explore new modes within my art making and new seeds were planted that I am still nurturing to this day.



## Shane Charles

Kennebunkport, ME

[instagram.com/\\_shanecharles](https://www.instagram.com/_shanecharles)



The “Mother” project, completed at the Skowhegan School of Art, was a transformative experience that intertwined raw material, land, and personal reflection. Pouring molten iron into a silhouette carved from the earth, the piece symbolized the powerful relationship between creation and the natural world. This process was deliberate, slow, and intense, much like the inner journey required to produce the work. The molten iron fused with the earth, transforming the piece into a physical manifestation of resilience, endurance, and transformation. As the iron cooled, the act of creation itself became a reflection of personal sacrifice and the power of stillness.



*Mother*, Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture Installation, Molten iron poured into earthen silhouette, 2024, Dimension variable



Immediately after Skowhegan, I traveled to the Montello retreat, where I had the opportunity to reflect on the experience of creating “Mother” within the context of a different landscape. Montello, nestled in the vast and rugged terrain of the Nevada desert, offered a unique space for deep introspection. The stillness of the desert, much like the process of the iron pour, forced me to slow down and confront both the work and myself without distraction. The desert’s unhurried, persistent nature echoed the deliberate process of the “Mother” project—where creation takes time and discomfort leads to transformation.

At Montello, the parallels between the project and the landscape became clear. Both environments—Skowhegan’s earth and Montello’s desert—required patience and endurance. The stillness in both places revealed truths about resilience, transformation, and the importance of allowing creation to unfold naturally. Reflecting on “Mother” at Montello deepened my understanding of the work, reinforcing the connection between material, land, and the introspective process that gives birth to meaningful transformation.

## Joshua Graham

Salt Lake City, UT

[art.utah.edu/faculty-list/joshua-graham](http://art.utah.edu/faculty-list/joshua-graham)



### The Tangled Desert

"The land knows you, even when you are lost." That's from Robin Wall Kimmerer's book *Braiding Sweetgrass*. You can find it on the bookshelf of a thoughtfully curated library, inside the Montello Foundation Artist-in-Residence cabin.

Let me ask *you*, when you're lost what do *you* do?

Kimmerer suggests we look to the land for help. I wonder though, how do we *ask*?

They say art doesn't have the answers – that its job is to ask the tough questions. I don't know... but I think this time art has an answer: the gift of observational drawing. Drawing while on-site, in-response to the natural world, moves you closer to what's around you – physically and emotionally – it's reciprocity through proximity.



The result? A map. *And*, a drawing. A page from your psychic field guide. The record of a conversation between you and the physical world. You're no longer lost. The rich detail highlights new paths. Overlapping and intersecting lines trouble the waters, blurring any distinction between research, art, and play.

A drawing of "nothing" that communicates everything.

In May 2024 I was an artist-in-residence at the Montello Foundation in Northeastern Nevada. It was great. But on that first day, as I drove out into the middle of nowhere, it felt like I was starting a drawing...a drawing on a page I couldn't see.

How do you introduce yourself to a place you've never been to before?

Or, start a drawing, for that matter?

Thankfully, there's lots of ways! I start by walking – a lot. And that's what I did in Montello. Every day I waded out into the sagebrush, looking for stuff. Stopping to draw. I was saying hello. Hello to a thriving community no taller than my socks; an ankle-high ecosystem.

I walked along fence-line. Miles and miles of barbed wire; dead straight and drawn machine-tight. The thin-as-yarn strands buoy an oblique sense of permeability. Naturally, bits and pieces of errant wire get caught up in the sagebrush. I picked up the snarled leftovers – tangled and rusty – and took them back to the cabin with me.

Considered anew, against the gallery-white backdrop of the studio wall, the salvaged wire took on added meaning. An invitation is bestowed: is there anything *you* would like to offer, it asks?

A walk is a fence is a drawing is a sculpture is wire.

Kinked up and thorny, the poky barbs leapt off the wall, then curled back again in and around themselves. Lit from eight overhead spotlights, duplicitous shadows echo in all directions. Was it a drawing? A map? A record of a conversation?

I ask, what gets caught up? What are the methods we use to interrogate these complex knots? What happens if we resist the urge to straighten out (or up?) and embrace the idiosyncratic methods that bend and twist in an interwoven gesture of reciprocity?

The gift of making art.



## Lydia Gravis

Ogden, UT

[lydiagravis.com](http://lydiagravis.com)



Nearly two years ago, I had the privilege of spending a week at Montello and starting a new body of work that emerged from my desire to give form to what's felt, but formless. The resilience of the human spirit is remarkable, and as I contemplated what felt like fragile embers of my own resilience at that time, I noticed the resilience mirrored back to me by the remote surrounding terrain and its persistent urge to survive despite harsh conditions.

Awestruck by the dark night sky while at Montello, and the sense that human destruction was far away, I was mesmerized by the deafening quiet and the quantum entanglements that emanated around and above. While in residence at Montello, I observed the most vibrant star-filled night sky I have ever witnessed, and it filled me with wonder and reminded me of my smallness. That week in the desert amplified my desire as an artist to create work that deepens the mystery we feel when we immerse ourselves in remote places and tune out the static of our daily routines.

Utilizing simple materials, my work explores the landscape of the human spirit, and the liminal space that exists between sensing and understanding. I use repetitive marks, intersecting concentric lines, and transparent layers to illuminate the life-source energy which envelops, connects, and heals. Intuitively responsive and empathic, my art practice is a visual meditation on our shared human experience.

As I drove to Montello and meandered over miles of unmarked dirt road, I smiled with gratitude for the gift of time and space that I was about to receive. The surrounding landscape seemed undeniably sacred, and it felt like I was coming home to myself in an inexplicable way. I knew the work I was about to make would visually translate what I felt, even though I didn't understand it. As I kept driving, I passed a charred hillside and it reminded me that the burnt remnants of wildfires eventually release potent nutrients that are necessary for verdant new growth. Nature is the best teacher; if only I slow down long enough to learn its valuable lessons.

My time at Montello gave me that stillness. The fire lessons continued during my time at the retreat, and on cold nights I kindled fires that brought me comfort and warmth. Unfortunately, it took me another seven months and the tough love and help of a damn good therapist before I learned the rest of that lesson: that the infernos of my own burnout were raging out of control, and my misallocated



*Rising from the Ashes*, ink, acrylic, chalk and oil pastel on paper, 38 x 50 in, 2024

devotion of time and attention were keeping them ablaze. I recently surrendered to this wisdom, and the longest burning wildfires in my life have begun to lose their momentum. It's going to take some time for their smoldering embers to fully extinguish and cool off, but when they do I know I will rise from the ashes.

## Lindsay Halleckson

Robbindale, MN

[lindsayhalleckson.com](http://lindsayhalleckson.com)



Every morning and evening I had the opportunity to watch the sky transition from dark to light and back again, and I started to notice patterns in the colors as the sun passed just below the horizon — called civil twilight. Looking to the horizon opposite the sun, I saw my favorite color range: a subtle full spectrum that's been showing up in many of my latest paintings. Then, a few minutes later looking toward the sun at sunset (or earlier at sunrise), a different palette of color appeared ranging from deep royal blue to lavender to pale yellow.

Bridging different modalities of knowing, my work evokes multi-sensory experiences heightened in solitude. Although my paintings are not specific representations of place, they reference sky and weather of far northern latitudes.

My artistic practice involves layering thin coats of acrylic paint thinned with water condensed from ambient air onto canvas and linen with brushes in a way that requires a significant amount of time and physical effort. Incorporating data and observation with emotional nuance, my own reverence for the sky and land shows through the blurring



*Untitled (Montello, civil twilight, 2024)*, acrylic and desert rainwater on canvas 30 x 24 in, 2024

of scientific factual info. Beyond scientific data lies opportunity for connection to the wonder and curiosity of investigating the living planet. I weave together emotional and intellectual connections to the unseen aspects of our environment, aspiring to find a way to transcend the narrow borders of analytical disciplines through painting.

As a whole, my work explores barriers, patterns, and tension between infinity and closed space. I use the gradient as a beacon of optimism. A reminder of infinity. A refusal of the binary. Our connection extends beyond a slowly thinning veil of atmosphere and the air that has been recycled through our ancestors to us. The works invite the viewer to look beyond the bounds as the works themselves push beyond their own containers of space and light.

Although I have been inspired for many years by the colors at the edge of day and night, studying the entire 360° view of the horizon for an extended period of time without cloud cover has helped me to refine my understanding of atmospheric optics - while also inspiring me to deepen my research into visual perception of color wavelengths and the atmospheric factors that alter what we see.

I'm truly looking forward to refining what I learned at Montello through my studio practice in the coming months, and integrating and expanding themes from Greenland last summer and the upcoming wildfire study with Dr. Julieta Juncosa Calahorrano. As always, thank you for your interest and support of my work.





## Nicholas Holt

Glossop, United Kingdom

[nicholasholt.co.uk](http://nicholasholt.co.uk)



Driving back from the cabin, I got out of the car to move a rock from the track. An eagle swooped past me in the clear Nevadan air. I was hit by a wave of emotion. This was not soft-mindedness: my head had cleared in the preceding weeks spent free from social media, email, and people. I responded spontaneously to the encounter without a self-conscious screen: a mark of my experience at the residency.

I am engaged in a series of projects that explore the multifaceted nature of the desert and our perceptions of it—exploring the desert as a complex site. Examples of topics I am interested in are the ephemerality of time, the fragility of the environment, the desert as a spiritual retreat, a boundary zone, and a place where modernist tropes of a ‘growing desert’ co-exist with manifold utopian speculations.

still image from *IR*, silver gelatin print, 8 x 10 in, 2024



*Opening #2*, Gelatin Silver Print, 10.5 x 10.5 in, 2024

My time at Montello passed slowly, with the days lingering long and spacious like a childhood summer. I would take off on the bike to follow a track just to see where it went, or walk through the sagebrush at 5 am when the stillness felt palpable. My residency felt like a long meditation, in which I would release the shutter of my camera at certain times, trying to drill down into the moment. I grew more familiar with the comings and goings of my mind and the comings of the nature around me. I felt a series of ‘openings’ through which I could feel a visceral connection to the wild community around me.

Making art through an unmediated experience of the non-human is becoming central to my art practice. In this sense, the residency came at the right time for me, and I am grateful for the experience. I was able to devote time to my practice, to research in the wonderful library, and to experience the American wilderness for the first time. I took the opportunity to read *Walden*, and Jung’s ‘The Earth Has a Soul’, which are on my shelves at home but I had never found the time to read. I will carry this with me and allow it to shape my work.

## Kathrin Horsch

Hamburg, Germany

[kathrinhorsch.de](http://kathrinhorsch.de)



The focus of my work is the exploration of space. Existing spatial structures are placed in relation to the surrounding landscape and a composition is created in space. The attempt to make the dynamics of a particular place tangible through sound and movement. Not so much to develop new objects, but rather to illustrate the presence of things or forces in relation to their connection of space and time.

After traveling to the Chihuahua Desert in West Texas for the first time in 2022 for a 4-week artistic research project, I knew I had to go to the desert a second time. I am so grateful to the Montello Foundation for making this stay possible in 2024.

*UNTITLED*, 34 tapes from the ceiling to the floor; two sliding doors open at the front and back, wind, 2024



*TWO NOTES*, directional microphone from the ceiling, highly sensitive lavalier microphone on the floor, audio recording device, mini loudspeaker, wind, 2024

No other landscape has ever captivated me so much. Its very existence - calm, clear, simple and unpretentious, an ideal state of wholeness and inner peace. The desert exists without effort. In its endless expanse and silence, everything else outside seems insignificant. The desert demands nothing, but at the same time it awakens the desire to protect this pure existence by drawing our attention to what surrounds us. Its barrenness captivates us without distracting us from the unimportant.

Arriving in the solitude of the Montello Retreat, my first impulse was to connect this infinite, barren, vast landscape with the inner space, the reduced, well thought-out architecture of the studio. Due to the generous windows, both at the front and at the back, this interior is inseparably connected to the outside space, the boundaries between inside and outside dissolve and become one. By opening the two opposite sliding glass doors, the outside became perceptible in the interior space; there was no escaping changes in the weather, whether absolute silence or sudden storms. Above and below, outside and inside acted and reacted with and to each other.

For me as an European, these spatial dimensions are not a matter of course. It is a physical con-frontation with the incomprehensible size and beauty of space.

For the video of *TWO NOTES* please go to [montellofoundation.org/audio.htm](http://montellofoundation.org/audio.htm)



## Melissa Mohammadi

Oakland, CA

[melissamohammadi.com](http://melissamohammadi.com)



I drove two days along the Emigrant Trail from California to arrive at Montello Foundation Retreat for my artist residency. Scarcity and adaptation defined my focus.

In my current work, I use the delicate visual language that European colonial botanists used in their exploratory trips around the globe, often accompanied by military, resulting in exploitation and violence. I'm stealing these visual weapons from my ancestors to instead inspire curiosity, call for communion with our earth-bound neighbors, and offer respite and healing.

*Ways to Stay Tender in a Harsh World: Great Basin Desert Notes*, watercolor on paper, 6.5 x 6.5 in, 2024



*Past That Hill*, tunnel book: etchings, paint, tea, cut paper and birch wood, 6 x 3 x 4 in, 2022

One of the first things I noticed at Montello were the island ecosystems under most of the sagebrush. I was painfully conscious of every step my dog and I took off-trail, knowing that cryptogamic soil crusts in the desert can take decades to recover from disturbance.

Dark, crusty, cushion-like mounds under the sagebrush engrossed me. They supported small clumps of grasses and small flowering plants like shaggy daisies and desert paintbrush, accompanied by various lichen; white folded papery forms and hardened clumps of sand sugared with black specks.

I apologetically broke off a few small clumps to bring back to the studio and under magnification, saw stalks of dark purplish-black nested spiky forms, almost like leaves. I let a few water droplets fall on them and yes! Star mosses! They opened immediately and erupted into green, able to immediately resume metabolic activities even after 70 years of desiccation.

A few days later, after a surprise rainstorm, I found the entire expanse of sagebrush ocean lit up with abundant, soft, bright green moss! A million islands of life, here all along.

In May, the Great Basin is a cold desert with incredible winds and thirsty air. My face was often sun- and wind-burnt, and in my vulnerability, I felt an affinity for the evolutionary adaptations to live with spines in lieu of vulnerable leaves, eating light with a fattened stem.

The tiny hairs that cover almost all the leaves and stems in the Great Basin most entranced me. They stop the incredible winds from skimming moisture from their surface, and insulate them from extreme temperatures and UV rays. Smallest, silkiest, most stalwart guardians out here.

I am told, creeping around the desert, to be resilient, to be tender, to be patient.

## Julianne Nash

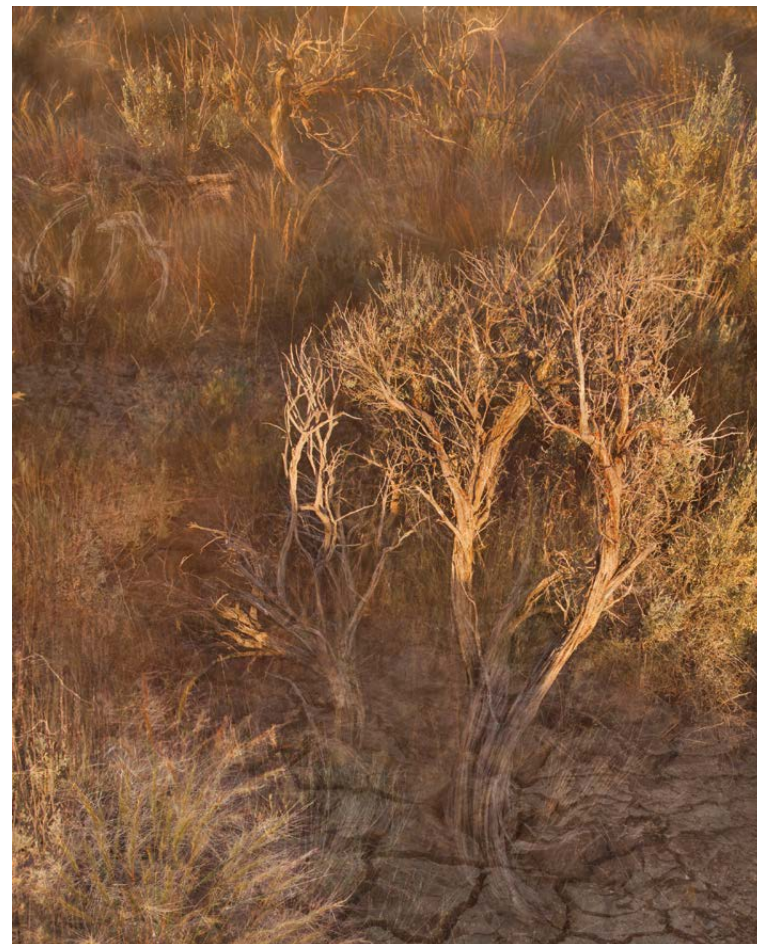
Brooklyn, NY

[juliannenash.com](http://juliannenash.com)



I arrived at Montello from New York to an arid 102°, now recorded as the hottest day in June in the region. Temperature became the driving force of my days for the remainder of my stay, as I struggled with heat exhaustion; I would wake with the sun to walk in a different direction each morning until my camelback ran dry, returning to the cabin to work on my computer for the bulk of the day, having a siesta during the hottest part of the day, ending my evenings meditating in the studio, watching the sunset and waiting for the stars to appear. I have been longing for any semblance of peace similar to what I experienced in the basin for those two weeks. The solitude transforms you, forcing you to confront whatever is popping up emotionally without the daily distractions of our modern world.

*Juniper and Sagebrush* (22 Images), archival pigment print, 40 x 57 in , 2024



*Artemisia Tridentata No. 1*, Triptych, archival pigment prints, each 40 x 50 in

I spent my first few days at Montello furiously reading through as many books in the residency library as possible, trying to learn as much as I possibly could about the confounding landscape surrounding me. All the eyes could see was sagebrush, grasses and juniper. A landscape deeply susceptible to subtle changes, as the three species compete for space and resources. I was fascinated to learn how profoundly adaptable they all are. Junipers in particular can survive fire, flood, drought — the wood of which never decomposes. They twist and turn on a cellular level as they adapt to hardship. I can relate.

All of my photographic collages content with the enmeshment of personal and environmental grief reflected on the landscape. Often inspired by places within the landscape that evoke an unknown sadness, fear or discomfort, my work explores the complex relationship between personal, cultural and natural histories visible within our ever-changing landscape. Grappling with the conventions of vanitas and isolation, images are combined to create photographs that are in a constant state of evolution — akin to the ecosystems I seek to memorialize. Growth, decay, permutation and rebirth are inextricably linked in all of my work.



## Mark Sundeen

Ellen Meloy Fund  
Desert Writers Award Winner  
Missoula, MT  
[marksundeen.com](http://marksundeen.com)

---



I've spent a lot of time in wilderness, working as guide in Utah and Alaska. And many of those places were far more remote than Montello. You can't drive to them. You have to walk or float on a river. And yet being at Montello for a week was the most solitary time of my life. Being alone, with no phone or internet, is far different than traveling through remote backcountry with other people. There were no excuses for not doing my work—and also, a liberating sense that my creative work was all that mattered. That's what there was to do all day.

So what did I do?

I wrote. Each morning I got in a good four hours. I was working mostly on a longform reported story about desert tortoise biologists who discovered a murder victim outside of Las Vegas 31 years ago. The mystery has not been solved. I wrote a few installments of a column for Outside magazine. I started a new book project about desert rivers and grief and being a dad. I've never known such a great room for writing as the studio. Of course, there is nothing else to do there than work. The way it is centered with glass walls on the landscape gave me the sensation that the plain wooden desk existed solely for me to make sense of the world while sitting at it.

I ran. It was pretty hot while I was there in August, but the morning were cool. I usually wrote from about 7 to 8, then took a 45 minute run down one of the roads, then was back to my desk around 9. I loved the isolation of plodding down the dust with the mountains in the distance.



I cooked. Mostly simple things. A big pot of posole chile that lasted a few days. When it wasn't too windy I ate out on the porch.

I read. I couldn't get myself to write much in the afternoons. I brought a couple of western epics to carry me through: The Emerald Mile by Kevin Fedarko about river runners in the Grand Canyon occupied the first two days. Then I spend the rest of the week on Larry McMurtry's 800-page Lonesome Dove, an absolute classic I'd never read before. Perfect for those hot afternoons watching the sage brush dance.

I made a small game at dusk of walking out trying to get cell coverage. Never enough success to make it worthwhile. On the final two days I'd go sit in my car and listen to NPR for a few minutes just to hear some other voices.

I drove to Wells one day to send some emails and buy a few groceries. Naturally I decided to take a "short cut" back to the studio and almost got stuck in deep sand. Not recommended.

One night I heard some strange noises. Irregular pops. Could it be gunshots? Fireworks? It sounded far off. I got out of bed and slid open the glass and listened. It sounded exactly like a tin roof buckling in the wind. But I knew there were no structures with or without rooves anywhere nearby. Also it wasn't that windy. I thought and thought. I could not figure it out. It was a bit spooky, all by myself, hearing mysterious sounds in the night.

By the end of it I'd finished the tortoise story and written the first few chapters of a new book. The time was beautifully productive and restorative.

Time is an important factor in art, of course in performance art, but also in the visual arts and still arts. Time is necessary to create the piece. But before that time, time is needed to collect—ideas and materials. And before that, the artist has to allow her/himself time to experience, to understand what needs to be said, and what needs to be done. Finally, after all this, time has to be allowed for reflecting on the piece, even for doubting, to ensure the finished piece will hold up to the times.

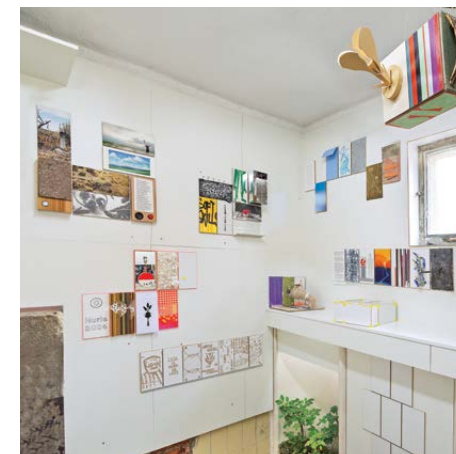
All the elements of the time invested into a work of art have their place in the life rhythms of an artist. But time has a different meaning in the remote setting of the retreat. There is suddenly too much time (no distractions) and too little time (too many new distractions). There are new ideas, new perspectives; there is upheaval! But new ideas, new perspectives, and upheaval are what the recipients, the Montello Foundation Resident Artists, deserve. And ultimately the viewers who invested time to follow the path of the creation, to absorb the work, and time to carry the messages further along.

So, please take the time for the Montello Resident Artists' reports, their thought and sketches, and their finished works.

In July, the Montello Foundation was invited to take part in the [7th KLoHäuschen Biennale](#) in Munich, *Die Räume*, an exhibition celebrating independent workshops. Our contribution told about this place in the desert and what one feels there. All the artists arrive the retreat with their own plans and have their own encounters and have responded in their own way, but collectively, these works tell a story of a wondrous place and the awe the artists experience.

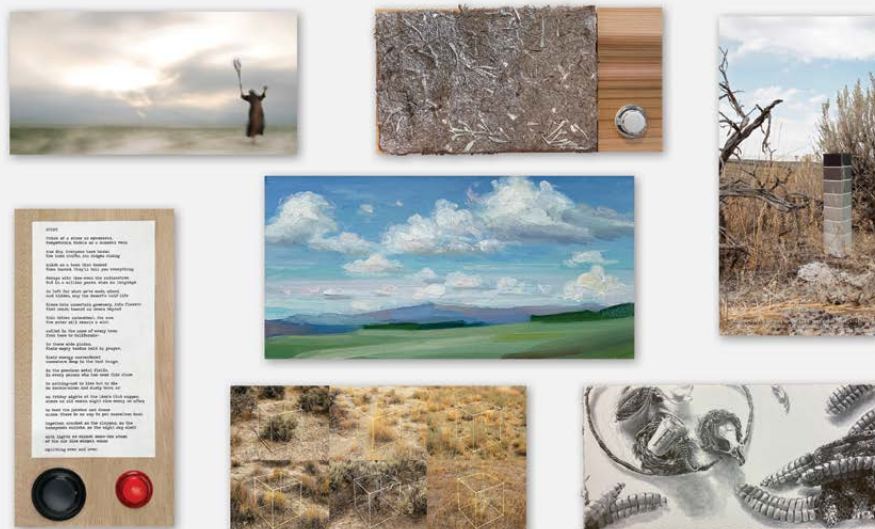
Patricia Watwood showed us a quiet setting, while Cedra Wood focused on every detail on the ground. Rachel Harkai told us the story of the harshness there, and Markus Guschelbauer built little spaces to honor plants. Lea Titz found poetry in the colors, and Tracey Cockrell wants us to listen. Stefan Marb reached, in a futile gesture, to the sky.

Stefan Hagen, Founder



Thank you to all the individuals for all the help and support they have given to us.

Anonymous • Ray and Millie Abell • Lauren Frances Adams • Carlo Adinolfi • Victor D'Allant • Renate and Hugh Aller • Nathan Anderson • Benjamin Aranda • Lee Arnold • Alex Arzt • Laura Anderson Barbata • Adam Bateman • Jeffrey Austin • Tyler Beard • Ros and Phil Behenna • Dan van Benthuyzen • Vera Beren • Pam and Tom Bergman • Ingo Beyer • Udo Beyer • Elizabeth Billings • Cynthia Brinich-Langlois • Rian Brown-Orso and Claudio Orso • Emily Cantrell • Mary Ellen Carroll • Thomas Clancy • Margaret Cogswell • Elisabeth Condon • Kevin Cooley • Cynthia Corsiglia • Tony and Lupe Cox • Victor d'Allant • Laura DeGuise • The Demirjian Family • Erdal Dere • Chris Dixon • Barbara Drammeh • Purdy Eaton • Nicole Eisenberg • Brian Emery • Brenda Husson and Tom Faulkner • Biri Fay • Jordan Fein • Ash Ferlito • Spencer Finch • Mileta and Marshall Fisher • Barbara Fite • Lewis Flinn • Lilah Fowler • Kirsten Furlong • Dylan Gauthier and Kendra Sullivan • Julie Gemuend • Good Hart Artist Residency • John Goodman • Dan Green • Michael Grimaldi • Noah Grunberg • Markus Guschelbauer • Anna Gustafson • Gabriel de Guzman • Dr. Malvine and Dr. Ulrich Hagen • Matthew Hamon • Holly Harrison and Jim McManus • Micol Hebron • Anna Hepler • Guendalina Herminghaus • Nicole Jean Hill • Ali Höcek • Perri Howard • Billy Hunt • Mike Dax Iacovone • Michele Jaslow • Anice Jee • Sook Jin Jo • James Kao • Michael Kasper • Nina Katchadourian • Amanda and Brad Kik • Takuma Kiyosu • Vicki Kurz and Ben Manley • Aron Krach • Erin Krauskopf • Daniel Lamb • Laurie Lambrecht • Jonathan Lasker • Aimee Lee • Lisa LeFeuvre • Hikmet Loe • Vera Lutter • Jennifer McGregor • Evie McKenna • Casey McLain • Linda and Doug McLennan • Tod Lippy • Kevin McNamee-Tweed • Charlotte Mendelaar • Sam Merrin • Kristina Miele • Katie Miller • Katie Moffat • Allen Moore • Sara Morawetz • Pauline Mroczynski • Jeremy Muir • Chris Murphy • Jennifer Nelson and Burkhard Bilger • Kristin Nieuwenhuis • Ruth and Eric Nightengale • Leah Oates • Naoki Ono • Anne Palmer • Cara Perlman • Renee Philippi • Andrea Pinheiro • Catherine Porter and Barry Rowell • Barbara Probst • Martina Radwan • Elke Rostahl • Brie Ruais • Kota Sakurada • Brittany Sanders • Enid Sanford • Andres Schober • Henry Seltzer • Renate and Ludwig Seyffert • Soyoung Shin • Yasmeeen Siddiqui • Alisa Slaugther • Marjorie and Kenneth Smith • Elene Solomnishvili • Shauna Sorensen • Lauren Strohacker • Miho Suzuki • Mark Symczak • Sloane Tanen • Alexander Thomas • Thomas Tisch • Lea Titz • Richard Torchia • Anja Uhlig • Union Pacific Foundation • Annie Varnot • Susanne Vogel • Hrag Vartanian • Susanne Wagner • Eric Damon Walters • Michael Ward • Patricia Watwood • Eric Weeks • Fiona Westphal • Everybody at The Winecup Gamble Ranch • Donna Wingate • Lily White • Allison Wiese • Letha Wilson • Monika Wührer • Andreas Wutz • Barbara Yoshida.







*Montello Sunstorm* by Annie Varnot at the Montello Waypoint

Montello Foundation is a foundation dedicated to support artists who foster our understanding of nature, its fragility and our need to protect it.

[montellofoundation.org](https://montellofoundation.org)

195 Chrystie St Suite 809 H • New York, NY 10002 • 212 645 7830