

## Perri Lynch Howard

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My work is a charting or mapping of sites and situations, expressed through painting, drawing, sculpture, and sound. I have always worked with this orientation; the search for my own felt sense of place, and that of others.

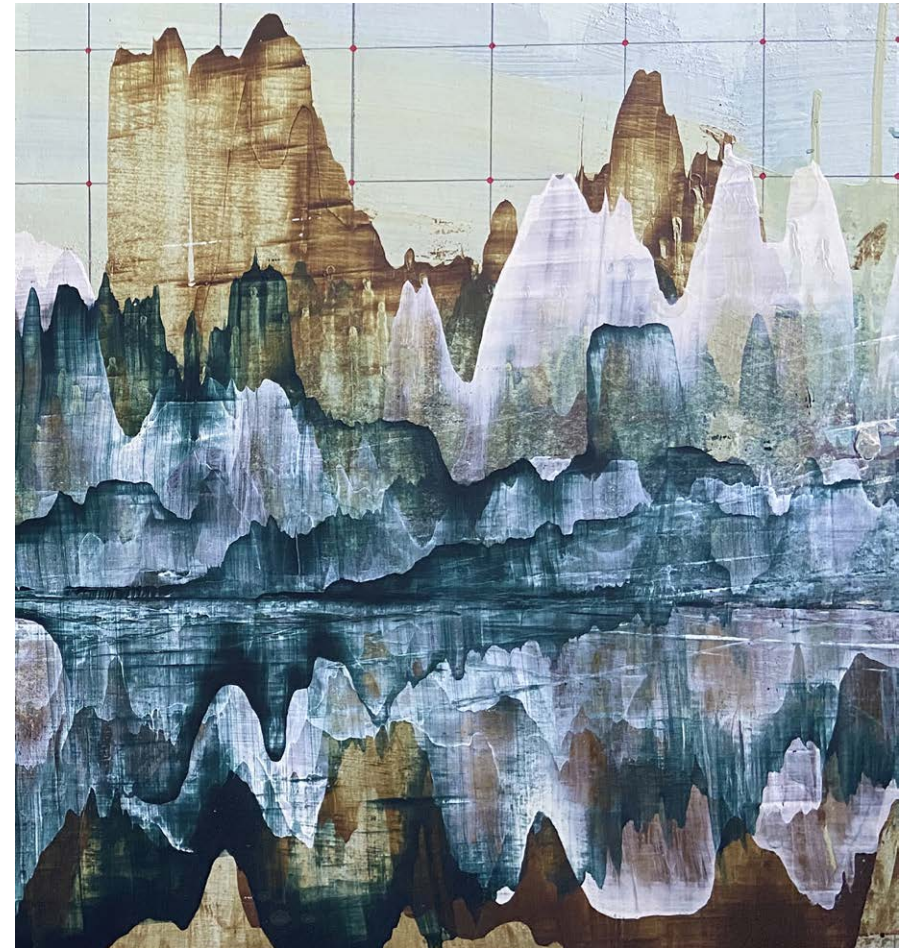
During October, the sonic signature of Montello was comprised of reckless winds, the momentary flapping of a raven's wings, a morning cattle drive, and the occasional rip of a low-flying jet.

To listen to a place is to know it deeply. Knowing a place deeply is the first step toward understanding and protecting it.

It's not the wind that was loud, but the surfaces it encountered. I became sensitive to the manic friction of sagebrush, the edgy syncopation of doors and windows, and the sighing stretch of the stove pipe, warming against the chill.

My hours were spent walking fencelines, stopping to listen through geophones in the earth and hydrophones in the wells and troughs, which were mostly dry.

Sound moves laterally across the basin and vertically through the wells. The low thrum of the propane pump at the Wild Horse Well, the surface disturbance of water, the



detail of *Frequencies: Wild Horse Well*, 2020, Mixed Media on Panel, 20 in x 16 in

soft trickle 18 inches down, and throaty murmurs from the silty bottom of the trough.

I brought these field experiences back to the studio to explore the intersection of sight, sound, and silence through a series of paintings called "Frequencies." This has become a new direction for my visual work.

The day before departure, 400-head of cattle were driven along the south fenceline by six cowboys and a thirty-pound dog. This was a monumental disturbance on the heels of such solitude. After two weeks of listening and seeing how Montello looks, the last two days afforded a glimpse into how this place works. Hardscrabble ranch land.

Here, the days are long and deep. The sunsets are absolutely breathtaking. There is so much freedom to wander and muse. You can do whatever you wish in the privacy of a great expanse, but just like the water, there is scarcity on every level, and, because we're in the great basin, it all drains inward.

