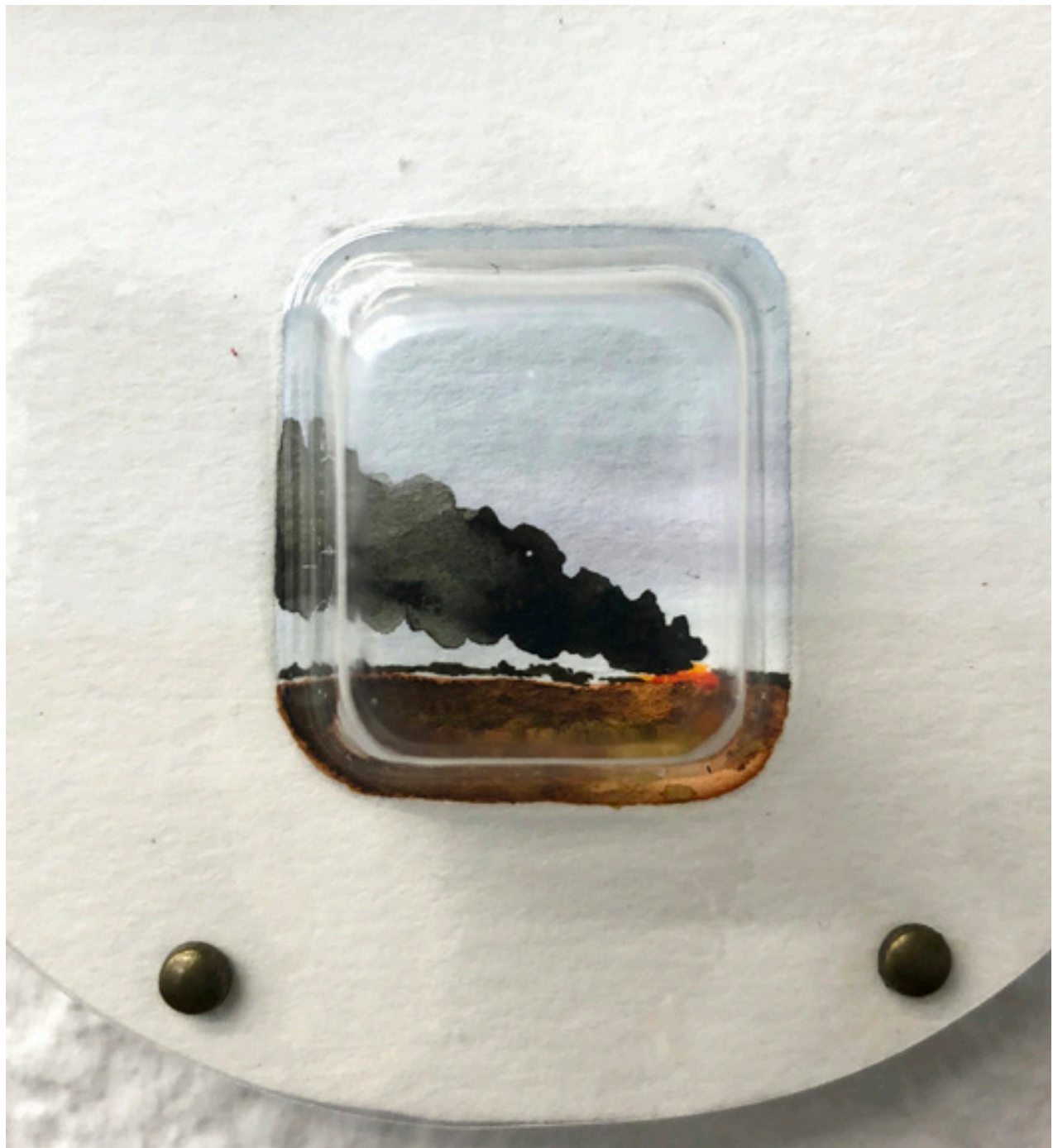


TRENDS

Journal of the Texas Art Education Association





LETTER FROM TAEA PRESIDENT

Forced Change Can Lead to Positive Outcomes

This year has proven a challenge to everyone but most importantly our teachers. Art educators have been forced to change the way they currently teach, forced to change how they assess work, and forced to accept a slower pace from their students. Some will ease their burden through complaint, but the truly strong teachers will rise above the difficulties and embrace the “new” foisted upon them.

The “new” provides a platform for tolerance and patience. Teaching expectations have always varied among art teachers. Art provides a program steeped in competitive arenas where teachers push skills to the point of zapping creativity. Others take a more laid back approach where imagination soars beyond the ability to express the idea well. The truly great teachers find a happy balance between creativity and skill. With the need to slow things down this year, teachers are reshaping and redefining their end goals.

Is that so bad? The many conversations flooding social media have expanded horizons and offered new ways for teachers to engage student learning. Art teachers are notorious for their inventive solutions to daunting tasks. In fact, art educators are ahead of the game when it comes to real life applications and ingenious concepts. Forced change has given many an avenue for exploration. Embrace this change. Find ways to incorporate these new ways of learning even when no longer faced with a situation that demands adjustments to curriculum and teaching practices.

Art teachers have always been blessed with a giving heart, but this past year proves beyond a doubt, that art comes from the heart. Continue to shower students with your passion and energy, your resourceful and inspiring lessons, because even if you only reach one, you have made a difference. You have given those students a safe place to discover new possibilities.

Jami Bevans





Sara Drescher, *The New Landscape #12* (detail)

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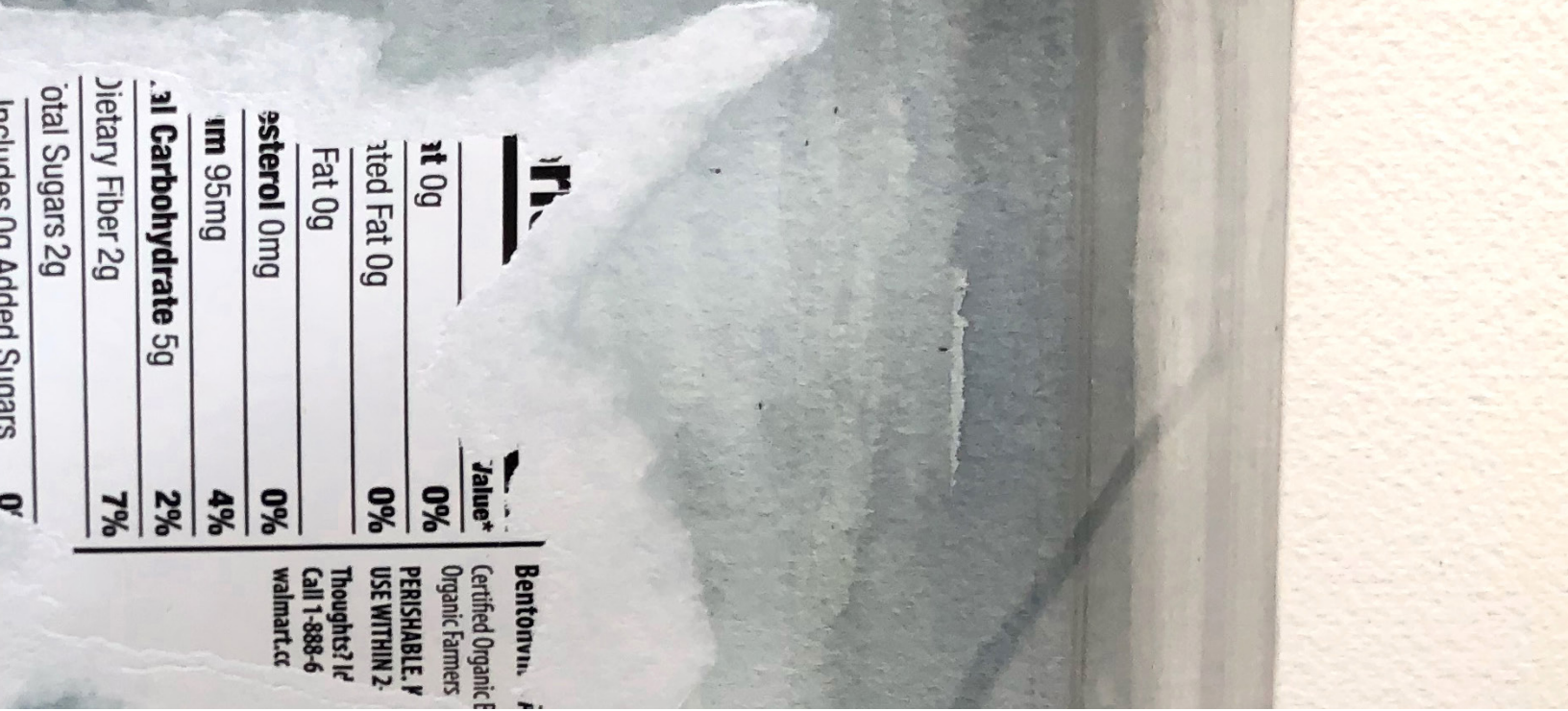
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(Detail) *Eye of the wind*, Oil on Canvas, Justin Clumpner

REVIEWERS

CHRISTINA BAIN

Christina Bain has taught in K-12 public schools within the U.S. As Associate Professor at The University of Texas at Austin, Christina prepares new art teachers for the profession, as well as graduate students for research. Her own research interests focus on teacher education and ethics and she has numerous publications in *Studies in Art Education*, *Visual Arts Research*, and *Art Education*, among others.

CORINA CARMONA

Corina Carmona is a Visiting Assistant Professor at Texas Women's University where she teaches art appreciation and art education. Corina is committed to integrating Chicana/x feminist thought and theory into curriculum writing, social and artistic practices, and institutions.



(Detail) Eye of the wind, Oil on Canvas, Justin Clumpner

RAHA SHOJAEI

Raha Shojaei is an Assistant Professor of Film at San Jose State University and specializes in sound. Her research taps into new materialisms in the investigation of film and how the materiality of sound situates the female body, movement, space, and place in Iranian films. She has won numerous awards for her work in the sound design industry.

DAWN STIENECKER

Dawn Stienecker is an Assistant Professor of Instruction at The University of Texas at Austin where she prepares teacher candidates for the field of art education. Her research interests include the art car community, grassroots organizing in the arts, and the city as educator.

MICHELLE SYLVIA WEINTRAUB

Sylvia Weintraub is a doctoral student at Texas Tech University where she is investigating how people living in a consumer society that is flooded with prefabricated products gain adaptive skills sets by engaging in DIY cultures via the internet. She also works for the Performing Arts Research Lab which conducts interdisciplinary research.

KATE WURTZEL

Kate Wurtzel is a doctoral candidate at the University of North Texas who is interested in the new materialisms and their application to real-world situations. She has worked as a museum educator and elementary art teacher for several years. Currently, she is working for the Onstead Foundation where she leads professional development sessions for all-level art teachers in the Dallas/Fort Worth area.



(Detail) *Landscape No. 9*, watercolor on paper, salad container, Sara Drescher

AUTHORS

ANCHONDO

Brittany Anchondo is a middle school art teacher and artist in El Paso, Texas.

ARDVILLA

Jose Santos P. Ardvilla is a political cartoonist and an Assistant Professor at the College of Fine Arts at the University of the Philippines. He teaches print production for visual communication, design, and comic studies.

CROMER

Michelle Pauken Cromer completed her Ph.D. in Aesthetic Studies at the University of Texas at Dallas. Dr. Cromer is a secondary teacher for Rockwall High School. Her primary areas of research are nineteenth-century Spain and women artists, and pedagogical practices for teaching studio art and art history. She has published the *Teacher's Guide for the Gateways to Art*.

DRESCHER

Sara Drescher is a MFA student at Texas Tech University. Her work has been exhibited in group and solo shows across the United States. Sara has also taught drawing as a graduate instructor at Texas Tech University.

GAUGHAN

Allison Gaughan is an elementary art educator from Plano, Texas. She has a BFA in Visual Arts with an emphasis in painting. In her personal work, she focuses on the concept of Athazagoraphobia, the fear of forgetting or being forgotten, in relation to romantic encounters. Allison has also taught in New York City public schools, and the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, Virginia.



(Detail) Landscape No. 9, watercolor on paper; salad container; Sara Drescher

McCUTCHEON

Diana McCutcheon is a working artist and teacher. She spent twenty years as an art teacher at all levels in the state of Texas and is interested in using art for self-awareness and understanding. She holds a Master in Art Education and Secondary Art and Design Teaching Certification with the General Teaching Council of Scotland.

MOFFAT

Chris Moffett teaches in Art Education at the University of North Texas. His research interests lie in material inquiry, play, technology, and the aesthetics and embodied spatial practices of education.

TERRY-GRIFFITH

April Terry-Griffith is an artist and art educator in Lubbock, Texas who currently teaches high school. She is resourceful and aims to inspire not only students, but society by modeling creative ways to use discarded materials found in spaces and places. These abandoned materials are given new life through her art jewelry.

TOTEVA

Maia Toteva is an Assistant Professor at the Texas Tech University teaching. Her research interests include identity issues in contemporary art, Russian art, and the use of language and science in art. Dr. Toteva received her MA in ancient and medieval art from Southern Methodist University in Dallas and her PhD in modern and contemporary art from the University of Texas at Austin.

TYLER

Courtney Tyler is an artist, researcher, and teacher residing in West Texas. She has been an art teacher, a Lecturer-in-Residence at Lubbock Christian University, and worked with Lubbock's International Culture Center's Global Education Outreach Program to develop arts-based curriculum for K-12 education programs. Currently, she is the Artist-in-Residence at Covenant Womens and Children's Hospital, developing an arts-based program for Neonatal intensive Care Unit and antepartum families.

WEINTRAUB

Sylvia Weintraub is a doctoral student at Texas Tech University where she is investigating DIY cultures via the internet. She also works for the Performing Arts Research Lab which conducts interdisciplinary research.

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CLUMPNER

Justin Clumpner is a Dallas-based artist, who is originally from Chicago. Working primarily in paint and collage, he depicts symbolic narratives built around portraits and is interested in the ironic and absurd. He holds degrees from the Savannah College of Art and Design, the University of Illinois at Chicago, and Texas Tech University.

DELEON

Julia DeLeon is an artist and educator at Rockwall High School, Rockwall, Texas. She graduated from the University of North Texas with a BFA in Studio Art and is currently working on her Master of Art Education.

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Dinah Hodges is a Visiting Assistant Professor of Graphic Design at Texas Tech University. She is a designer who specializes in event design and business branding. She received her BFA in Design Communication from Texas Tech University and has worked as an elementary art teacher.

ARTISTS

PLACE-CONSCIOUS ART EDUCATION: *Wandering, Encountering, Dwelling*

The poet Elizabeth Brewster (2005) once wrote “people are made of places,” in the poem “Where I Come From.” However, places are made up of more than people. Other species live embodied and emplaced lives, so places have something to say to us. Place-conscious education embraces the ecological, biophysical, social, cultural, and economical contexts of communities as a civic responsibility (Greenwood, 2013) and is studied by a variety of disciplines including architecture, ecology, geography, anthropology, literature, cultural studies, and art.

Place-based pedagogies began as a movement and methodology of study, with the idea that students should have a way to contextualize knowledge through the local. Rejecting abstract and disembodied approaches to learning, scholars suggest using the local community and environment as a starting point to teach subjects, emphasizing hands-on and real-world applications to increase academic achievement, civic engagement, and an appreciation for nature. Furthermore, place-based pedagogies also seek to address how we can be connected to places and communities. Academics feel knowledge needed to be situated to not only reflect the life of a larger society but also to learn to live together.

More recently, place-based pedagogies have taken a critical turn. Place-conscious education extends place-based education to build a conceptual framework that socially engages with the politics of place and moves beyond the natural world to urban spaces and experiences. The romantic view that nature is more authentic and meaningful has been challenged to consider how all environment is intertwined with social and political issues, including investigations into how power relations inscribe spaces, creating multiple and conflicting meanings and different modes of emplacement, and how cultural work in and through places enhances or limits potential (Gruenewald, 2003). Lastly, place is thought to be a practice instead of a representation.

Adopting a place-conscious pedagogy in art education means to acknowledge the politics of place, to performed place through a process of drifting and dwelling, and to understand how images and objects become a function of space. An experience of place is always mediated. So, places have histories, they offer a physical, sensory, and sociocultural environment of sounds, movements, interactions, images, and objects and a variety of means and activities recreate them continuously (Ruitenburg, 2005).

The articles that follow touch on some of these aspects of place but most importantly, they demonstrate the many ways in which place is personal and pedagogical, involving wandering, encountering, and dwelling. Wandering is an exploration of lived lives, often utilizing biography, ethnography, and participatory approaches to exploration such as walking. Wandering is not a privileged way of knowing but is deeply embedded in social context and relations, including the politics of race. Wandering

can be free and open, or regulated and constrained giving some understanding to how we can live our daily lives. To wander is not only about traveling through but is integral to perceptions of an environment. It is experiential in scope, but can also be experimental.

A sense of place can also be understood as the process of materially and imaginatively situating practices (McKittrick, 2011). It is a space of encounter that holds inside itself useful practices, narratives, and resistances. Humans, things, and their places of encounter become the context in which knowledge is produced. Encounters are both a way to inhabit space but also a way of becoming in relation to another, for you are asked to meet others on their own terms. Such encounters produce and teach us ways to think about and be in the world.

Finally, a storied sense of place and land is crucial to dwelling and forging a sense of belonging. Dwelling is it is a way of inhabiting space. Dwelling provides a respite for the mind to sift through, prioritize, categorize knowledge and sit for a moment with ideas before the acquisition of new thoughts—sheltered from the pressures of the outside world. It can be a particular location but it is definitely a way of becoming as we are called to witness our surroundings, to listen, and to meet the other. Furthermore, dwelling involves social, political, material, cultural, and spiritual practices through which people create home, and can be constrained by barriers such as insecure housing, precarious work, and immigration policies. Adobe es politico!

As editors, we believe place is entangled with movements and events that involve wandering, encountering, and dwelling and have organized this journal issue around these headings. As Gruenewald (Fall, 2003) notes,

places teach us about how the world works and how our lives fit into the spaces we occupy. Furthermore, places make us:

As occupants of particular places with particular attributes, our identity and our possibilities are shaped. (p. 621)

As social actions, wandering, encountering and dwelling re-contextualize knowledge about past, present and future. Through these processes, individuals participate in and contribute to, rather than passively learning about, the communities they inhabit.

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LITTLE

Rina Kundu Little is an Associate Professor of Art Education at Texas Tech University in Lubbock, Texas. She is interested in place-conscious art education, new materialisms, visual culture, interdisciplinarity, and creative endeavors. She has published articles in *Studies in Art Education*, the *Art Education Journal* and *Visual Arts Research*, among others. Her artwork includes cartographies of land.

PERALTA

Andrés Peralta is Associate Professor in Art Education at Texas Tech University. Through lenses of post-humanisms and feminist new materialisms, his work in research and art-making focus on futurisms specifically intersections of trans*identities, technologies, constructions, and perceptions of self through social media.



Photograph by Julia DeLeon

WANDERING

by Andrés Peralta, co-editor

Places meander through time and memory and are experienced beyond temporal constraints. Moving through place produces an image of the world through the perspective of the wanderer. Through their journey, wanderers can inhabit past, present and future simultaneously, allowing place to be experienced through multiple trajectories and possibilities. A place exists in tandem with those that wander through it, creating a tangle of non-linear thoughts understood as a continuum between the physical, and the intangible.



Figure 1

If I have a destination in mind, a choice might manifest as a question of efficiency, a calculation of time and energy. It takes something to pull me off this felt course. Wandering a new city, known destinations drop away, and I encounter a different experience of choice, a different experience of left and right, one that sways this way and that, untethered from a plan. To wander a new city is to feel out its particular flows, stoppages, and eddies of bodies and spatial arrangements (McDonough, 2004). You feel your way, but just as much, you are feeling out the city itself, even as it feels you out. Something will begin to strike you, a recurring differentiation that begins to organize into a question/refrain (Lefebvre, 2007). (See Figure 2)

Every city has a certain style, of course. A look, a feel. But that is not exactly what I'm talking about. The stuff of postcards. More and more, this is a kind of veneer.

The Sidewalk Chairs of Beijing

by Chris Moffett

While walking, we often encounter choice as a matter of lefts and rights. Which path, spreading out from here, shall I follow?



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4

movement also marked by the morning's rolled promotional coupons fanned out amongst the protective ironwork. Above your head, the ironwork juts out between the silhouetted skyline of buildings, breaking up the possibility of a higher, more truant stroll. (See *Figure 4*)

The technologies of paving and construction render the streets and their structures increasingly similar. One gets the sense that urban planners are studying the same types of curriculum, that plans made in one place will proliferate across the surface of the earth. A Starbucks is a Starbucks; Kentucky Fried Chicken has brought Kentucky to the world. Does my choice of lefts and rights leave me anywhere different? Within the increasingly standardized objects of the global urban, what materially makes a space a place?

A city emerges from a more or less coherent solution to walking, rest, food, shelter, and so on. Beneath the standard solutions, as you wander, you begin to notice something of this place. The stepped sidewalks of São Paulo, for example, express a distinct flowing topology that is not unrelated to its helicopter pads, electrified wire, and stand-alone security booths. In contrast, New York's air-conditioners puncture its pre-war housing stock's facades, as part of a regulated threshold of



Figure 5



Figure 6

Figure 7



Figure 8



Figure 10



Figure 9

If you walk long enough, beyond the lefts and rights, one will notice another choice emerging out of the soreness of your feet, or a flagging stride. Keep walking? Find your way back? Find a place to sit?

Every city must address this call for pause, well or poorly, perfunctorily or eagerly, in the street or tucked off it. Every city sits. And sitting, on or near the street, requires navigating a whole new set of relations and choices. The rights and lefts, ups and downs, become more local, and interwoven around a particular spot. Sitting at a sidewalk café, or a public park bench, you can see the city's movement break and flow past you. You begin to notice the people who are not passing through but dwell here over time, moving around, talking, working, pausing.

(See Figures 5, 6 & 7)

Walking the streets of Beijing, however, I began to notice another layer of sitting. One that I could see—that seemed part of the street's public space—but was not for me. Over time, walking Beijing, I discovered a remarkable proliferation of local social solutions to sitting in public spaces. The sidewalks extend the interiority of private space, bringing its seating with it. Each chair suggests something of the forces and materials out of which a particular space re-shapes and reworks itself. An office chair padlocked to a public railing, repurposed and repaired dining chairs—they occupy Beijing's pathways, mediating between the hand-tied bamboo scaffolding, the metal cranes throwing up housing blocks at an alarming rate, and the dance of plastic washbasins on the street.

(See Figure 8)

One day on Beijing's outskirts, I set out the opposite way, looking for the edge where Beijing becomes something else. I climb a dirt path up into the hills, out passed the last buildings. After walking a distance, I was surprised to find a jury-rigged recliner made out of a tree, and a little further, a lounge chair that must have made its way there on somebody's back—the comforts of home. Looking out, past these chairs, I could see the endless sprawl of Beijing in the distance.

(See Figures 9 & 10)

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REAR FINDS

by Jose Santos P. Ardivilla

"Rear" is such a strange address.

Yet, in all my transactions which would demand an address, I write my landlord's house address then attach at the rear, the word "rear" which is apt as it is unnerving. I "belong" at the back. Whenever a parcel of mine is delivered at my landlord's porch, he would gruffly instruct the mailman to bring it to the back. Or, he would call me up and say there's mail for me and that I should hurry to pick it up lest it gets stolen. Because as he has said, "this neighborhood has its problems". So, I live in a neighborhood that is not gentrified and secure. I live at the back.

The rear is an interesting place of note because it is often ignored. This is where the dumpsters are. So, every day when I wake up and go out, I navigate myself through the dumpsters and refuse. In the dark hour of 5 a.m., I gingerly walk to avoid animal excrement. But my presence will also turn on motion sensors and a harsh light will beam down from a post lighting me up as if I was a fugitive on a film noir movie screen. This is where my day starts and where my day ends. At the rear.

Here. These are not the manicured lawns. Façades of houses are not framed by flags. This strip of land is

where weeds grow and refuse thrive. Such locations offer an interesting take on walking as pedagogical approach to positionality and social relations and concerns. Walking implicates a sense of place, which goes beyond geographic location but is part of a network of engagement which, for the observant, can cast a light on certain social operations. "[P]laces are not simply locations or abstract concepts, rather they are sites of lived experience and meaning making" (Wattchow & Brown, 2001 p.14). It is worth noting that "experience" is imbricated with meaning-making for they "arises from the interaction between the internal factors of the person and the external factors of her or his environment" (Ruitenberg, 2012, p. 7-8). Hence, my experience as an international student during a global pandemic and amidst social unrest in America are at play whenever I emerge from the rear. Such has become routine for me when I walk through the back among the discarded and ignored. I take photos of what I see at my feet and I use my feet as a framing device for scale, as well as for positioning. Walking is not just passing through a place but a constant situating of oneself in relation to encounters. The placement of my feet signals an encounter as well as witnesses where I stand.

The refuse that is to be hidden at the back has a cartographic smell. The front of the house smells of freshly-cut grass, newly-watered by sprinklers, and sometimes flowers living in huge pots. At the back is decay.

Familiar. How many times have I been bitten by insects as I trudge in this strip of refuse? The smell is “comforting” in a way because it is familiar. I come from the global South. This is the smell of an overwrought system at the daily brink or threat of collapse. The smell seems to jar my senses to focus on the troubles America is dealing with in its backyard where the dumpsters are. This is where the dirt is swept under rugs. In the front, all-American lawns with verdant grasses thrive, which costs a fortune to keep up. Decency takes money. The rear is of money as well. Those of us without it, who are familiar with the dirt or the nearness of dirt, who lack cultural capital, chase it too.

One night when I took my stroll, I saw a disheveled man wearing a filthy shirt and a pair of worn out shorts, but with a quirky pair of socks. He was setting down what I assume were his possessions at the concrete step at the back of one of the now vacant buildings. At a glance, one could assume he was homeless, or a derelict. I watched

a note. It begged but without being cloying. I do not assume that it belonged to the man who sat there the night before, for in such back alleys where refuse is dumped, the items refuse to go. Such a refusal to go is the problem of poverty even in the most wealthiest and powerful of nations. Such a note would be collected and thrown away if seen fluttering about on an American front lawn. This is like a calling card for a poor person down on his/her luck where only a bottle of beer and a pack of cigarettes might see him/her through.

It made me think not just of the many anonymous people I have seen opening dumpsters in the still darkness of morning. It marks my position here, of my proximity to them. Maybe you have seen the homeless. But I wager mostly from a distance as you glance at the wretched from the safety of your car or from the moat of your green lawns. I walk past near them. I sit next to them. My nearness speaks of my lack of mechanisms to be distant from such a sorry sight. In this country, I have less privileges. As for my finances? I am still better than a vagabond in an American back alley. But it gives me pause because I received an email from the State Department’s Institute of International Education instructing me to produce a banking statement with a minimum amount they dictate before they renew my document allowing me to stay here.

I smirk at these connected issues of money and its fraught stranglehold between myself and the man I saw that night. I smirk at this imagined money connection, an encompassing issue of America at the site of a back alley. One person’s card, a jovial request for help, is at my feet. The note closes with “Anything Helps! Thx and God Bless U,” scrawled by a person who knows s/he has nothing to give except gratitude for a kindness. In my restricted movement (I cannot go home to the Philippines and I cannot stay in America after I am done with my studies), I am asked to show money to the State Department to be able to stay here while some person with hardly any cash lost this piece of writing as s/he goes on to the next dumpster. I know that is a false equivalence but it allows me a chuckle. I have to rely on a bank statement for me to stay. I am in the land of the free, yes, but at its back alley where refuse spills over. I get a taste of the daily threats of poverty at the back where dumpsters are filled with discarded mattresses who have seen better dreams.

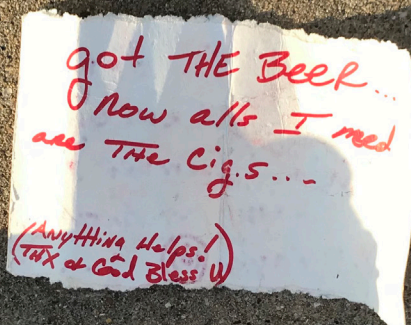


Figure 1. A Note with a Scribble. Author Image.

him open a ring-bound notebook and flip through it. I walk around campus for an hour and when I got back, it was dark and he was still there seated. I just walked past him and went home and to bed.

When I woke the next morning and went about my walk, I passed by where he had sat. There were copious amounts of trash about the area. This is where people discard empty boxes of condoms, a doll with a missing limb, and the dejecta of fast food culture. One thing caught my eye-- a note with a scribble on it (Figure 1). I thought it was interesting to be confronted by such

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Holy Ground

by Allison Gaughan

Ever since I was a little girl, I was determined to get out of Plano, Texas.

To prevent ending up there for the rest of my life, I never even dated or had relationships in high school. Throughout college, I was restless and on the move. I started off in Philadelphia studying fashion design. After a year, I attend the University of Texas at Arlington to study psychology. Then I eventually ended up at Texas Tech University to study visual studies. I had a variety of romantic relationships during these early college years. They were all like driving 100 mph down a dead-end street. I was okay with their demise. I was not going to end up in Texas after all. No matter the relationship, however, they all took place on holy ground.

December 11, 2015

Dear Juxtaposition,

We met on that dreary

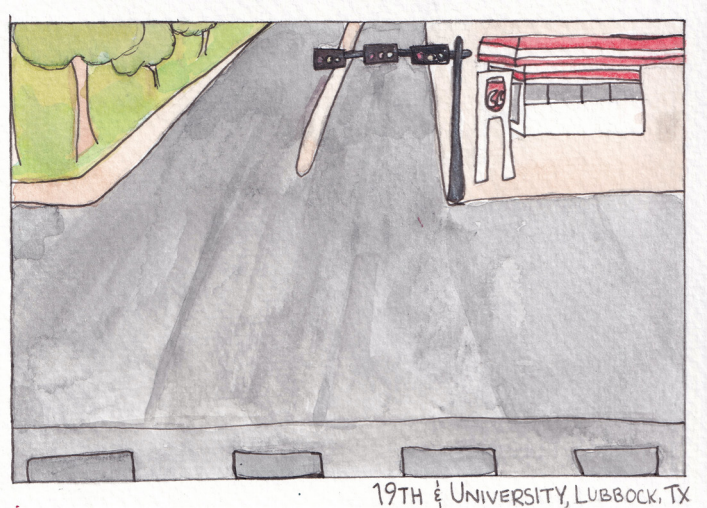
Tuesday night, the last day of exam week, and I tried to play it cool walking up to you after you won a game of pool. You drove me home and walked me to my door, telling me you were enchanted to meet me. You requested I go out with you Friday and I agreed. The next evening you told me you were sort of in a relationship. That relationship was an engagement according to my best friend's search of Facebook. We were such fools to think we could be platonic on that Friday evening.

Forgetting to keep a safe

distance, we discovered a mutual distaste of Pollock. I made you laugh when I compared him to a cat marking his territory on a white couch. We stopped at a red light at the corner of 19th and University on our way to my townhouse and missed the next green light as we discussed oil painting and Beethoven's *Creatures of Prometheus*. I believed then that you could be my soulmate. Ending this emotional affair two weeks later was the hardest thing I have ever done. I collapsed on the ground reading your reply, sobbing hysterically. I was full of regret.

*C'est la vie.
Allison*

Figure 1. 19th & University, Lubbock, Texas



May 3, 2017

Juxtaposition,
That afternoon in May, after I finished student teaching, was a blessing and a curse. All the feelings I tried to repress from a year and a half prior came back the second I saw you walking towards me. I suspected you had a new woman in your life after your engagement was called off on my 22nd birthday. I could not bring myself to ask, or care. I was selfish and wanted to pretend we were picking up where we had left off. When our afternoon drinking and talking came to an end, I was devastated. I missed you the second I left you and cried knowing that I would do anything that you asked. As I pulled off the highway to compose myself, I came to the realization that I would always be the other woman. I decided in that moment being her was not what I wanted and the best thing for me to do would be to move far away. I would run away to New York City, a place we both disliked. I knew it was the safest place for me then.

Always,
Addison

September 12, 2017

Dear Lost Boy,
When we met, I had just moved to Manhattan after spending every cent to get out of Dallas. I was desperate for a meal that was not tomato soup or a cup of white rice with ground pepper. I know it was not right, but a girl has got to eat. It was done in one swoop. You immediately asked me on a date. I finally warmed to the concept of dinner after I rejected your first two ideas. I did not expect anything to come of our date except a good story. However, as we walked along the Hudson after dinner, I realized settling was not the worst option. I did not think you could be my soulmate, but I thought you could make me content. I had never met someone that wanted me more than I wanted him and thought perhaps settling is a part of growing up.

Yours,
Addison

Figure 2. Wild Turkey, Lewisville, Texas

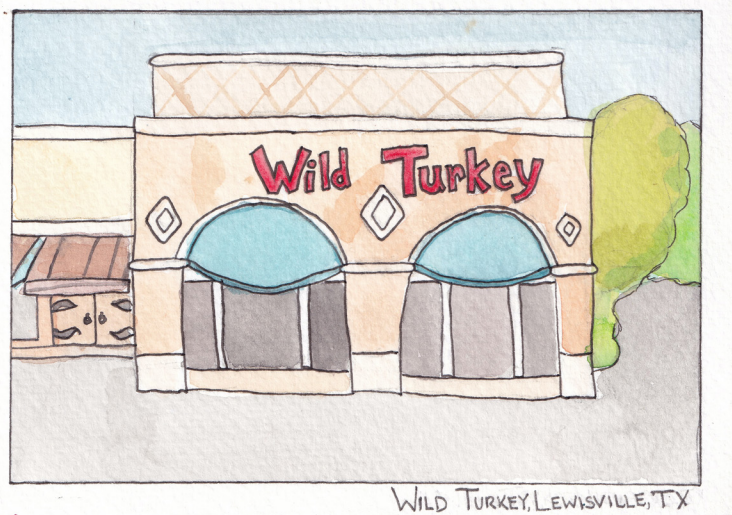
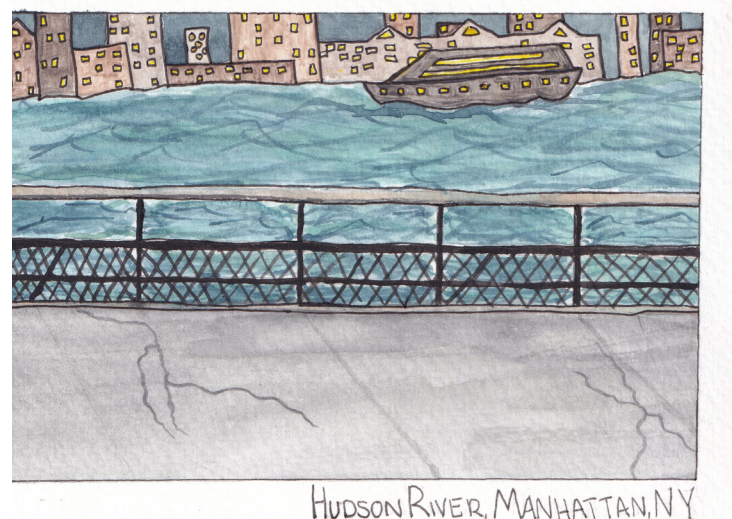


Figure 3. Hudson River, Manhattan, New York



September 10, 2018

Darling Lost Boy,

That trip to San Juan for our one-year anniversary was draining and probably one of the worst trips I have ever had. I am fairly certain you would agree with me about that. We avoided each other the entire weekend, until our last night in Old San Juan. We went to that fortress with the amazing view and I kept joking that you were planning to murder me for trying to befriend all the feral cats. You stopped me at the top of that fortress and told me how happy you had been the last year. You told me that it was the happiest you had ever been. You sounded like you were giving a speech you memorized. My heart raced. I felt like a deer in headlights thinking you were going to propose. In that instant I knew if you dropped to one knee, my answer would be no. I could never marry a man that was allergic to cats, let alone believed Pollock was the most talented artist in the twentieth century. I felt so relieved when you finished talking and did not ask to marry me. I did not sleep at all that night and I kept asking how I could be with someone with whom I did not want to spend the rest of my life.

Regretfully,
Allison

September 17, 2018

Dear Lost Boy,

Remember how we got into a fight when I did not ask you to join me on the Reese Witherspoon book tour? Things had been rocky with us for a while and Puerto Rico did not help. You called me regularly every evening before bed on the few nights we did not spend together. On my walk back to my apartment from the Whiskey in a Teacup tour, my phone rang. I fully anticipated it to be you, except the voice on the other end was not yours. It was Juxtaposition's, the guy I served as a "dirty mistress." I yelled at him and told him to lose my number for I was finally happy. When I hung up, I broke down crying. I realized I was not happy in our relationship, or even in New York. I sobbed my way from Tiffany's on Fifth Avenue to Gertrude Stein's statue in Bryant Park, begging her to guide me and help me fix the relationship. I tried to remind myself I was once happy with us.

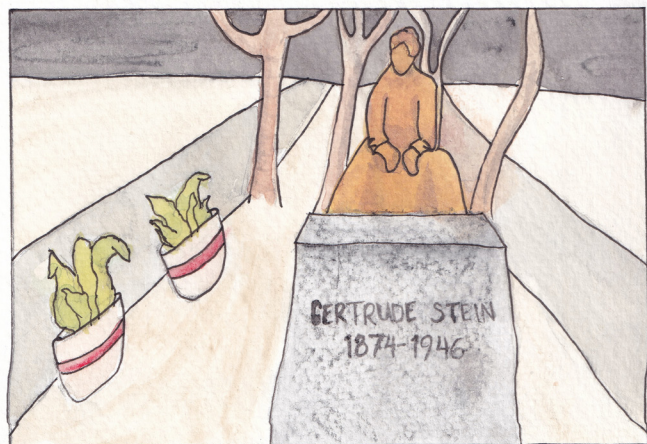
Yours,
Allison

Figure 4. Castillo de San Cristobal, San Juan, Puerto Rico



CASTILLO DE SAN CRISTOBAL SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Figure 5. Bryant Park, Manhattan, New York



BRYANT PARK, MANHATTAN, NY

January 7, 2019

My darling Juxtaposition,

Our nightly phone calls after our partners left us for other people was my favorite part of every day. You had truly become my best friend and closest confidant.

We discussed art and literature and our dreams. We talked about what it would be like to be married and our miserable dating experiences while living across the country from each other. There was that night though shortly after the New Year when you asked if you could ask me a question. Your tone was unlike anything I had heard in our two plus hour-long calls. You asked if I still loved you. I did not answer, primarily out of fear. You proceeded to tell me that you compared every woman to me, and after careful consideration, you believed me to be the one. We discussed a long-distance

relationship during our following calls. I told you I could not leave Manhattan for at least two more years and that I would never move across the country for you. It was a lie. I knew the morning after you told me the things I had longed to hear that I would move. I never expected that when I moved back and heard you tell me you love me as you pulled me close to you, that it would feel so wrong. I never thought I would be the one to walk away for good.

Figure 6. 97th & Park, Manhattan, New



Sincerely,
Attison

In July 2019, I moved back to Plano from Manhattan for a job opportunity and the potential of a "happily ever after" with the Juxtaposition.

I was ready for life to slow down and to stand still for the first time in my life. The first night back, I saw Juxtaposition and realized he was never a person with whom I could stand still, or spend "forever." I decided I would be alone and focus on myself for my first year back in Plano. Life of course never goes according to plan. I reconnected with a family friend two weeks after returning, and we hit it off in a way I never thought possible. I had found a man accidentally, with whom I could happily stand still. A man that I would have never considered in my youth due to his association with the place I longed to leave. The joke ended with me. Plano turned out to be where I belonged all along.

Place was never background. It was always an entanglement.



Photograph by Julia DeLeon

ENCOUNTERING

by Andrés Peralta, co-editor

Environments contain within them their own agency, existing with or without human intervention. Mountains rise and fall, desert sands shift, and the seasons ebb and flow of their own accord. Individuals identify, classify, categorize and establish the rulesets for defining place based on what is understood or preconceived. Encounters with the unfamiliar, however, can challenge and destabilize an individual's perceptions, and create new magnitudes of meaning-making.

AFROFUTURISM:

An Alternate Ending to Turner's Slave Ship

by Michelle Pauken Cromer

In 2019, I was selected to be part of the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) Foundation's Global fellowship, culminating in a two-week field study to South Africa.

When I first told people in my neighborhood that I was traveling to South Africa, they responded over and over with, "what church are you going with?" Lost on most was the idea that I could be traveling to South Africa to learn from their educational models and not swoop in to help. Whether I wanted to admit it or not, this white colonialist view was the one I was inadvertently passing onto my students. Despite my enthusiasm for African art and works about the African diaspora as we worked through the AP Art History list of 250 works in my course, my discussions of the repatria-

tion of African art objects counteracted the celebration of cultures and accomplishments. I did engage with some of the latter definitely but I felt at the end of the day it was victimhood through white colonization I left in the students' minds. My approach to works like Joseph Mallord William Turner's *The Slave Ship* (1840), a narrative of African slaves thrown overboard, certainly did not help eliminate a message of victimhood.

The carefully curated trip to South Africa included the Apartheid Museum, Nelson Mandela's house, shantytowns, community art programs, and schools. These venues facilitated exposure to points of view that I had not considered before as a white Texas teacher. The trip also helped me pay closer attention to the narratives that



Figure 1. El Anatsui, TSIATSIA – searching for connection, 2013. Aluminium and copper, 15.6 x 25 m, Zeitz Museum of Contemporary Art Africa. Author Image.



Figure 2. Joseph Mallord William Turner, English, 1775–1851 *Slave Ship (Slavers Throwing Overboard the Dead and Dying—Typhoon Coming On)*, 1840. Oil on canvas 90.8 x 122.6 cm (35 3/4 x 48 1/4 in.), Museum of Fine Arts, Boston Henry Lillie Pierce Fund 99.22

I was circulating and to discuss these experiences with other self-reflective teachers. Despite decades of apartheid, victimhood was not South Africa's story. There are areas of extreme poverty, crime, and high illiteracy rates stemming from systematic racism. But, there are also dominate investment in and messages of community, collaboration, hope, education and the power to change the world. And here I was in my suburban classroom teaching my students that Africans and members of the African diaspora are victims.

A visit to the Zeitz Museum of Contemporary Art Africa (MOCAA) in Cape Town also helped reframe my thinking about my pedagogical practices. The first thing I realized, aside from identifying El Anatsui and Yinka Shonibare as artists included in AP art history curriculum, was that I knew very little about African contemporary art despite my Ph.D. in art history. Investigating floor after floor of contemporary African art with an El Anatsui tapestry hanging down all five floors began to create a different narrative for me. Ones that I would not have been found in a traditional American or European art museum, where Western history dominates (Figure 1). What a reprieve that all the artwork, which may have been relegated to the side galleries, is now brought to the forefront. As a teacher I often found myself suggesting the same sets of artists I discovered at MOCAA to my students for inspiration. Examples included Atang Tshikare's ink drawing of *Self-reflection* for my student interested in the intersection of the body and nature and Kiluanj Kia Henda's *Under the Silent Eye of Lenin* to make a comparison in art history on Kongo and Communistic works, in addition to artists found among rooms of large installations and mixed media works.

What was particularly striking were the works identified as part of the Afrofuturist movement. A movement that first emerged in the 1990s has entered a 2.0 phase in the last few years, asking the larger question, "What is the Black artist's responsibility in the twenty-first century?" (Anderson, 231). Practitioners of Afrofuturism often combine science fiction with art in a dystopic dream-like setting. They also include strong African-descended figures as subjects of works rather than objects. I immediately thought of how I could incorporate these works into



Figure 3. Osborne Macharia, *Macicio: Second Commander Kigotho*, 2015. Chromogenic color print, 120 x 150 cm. Zeitz Museum of Contemporary Art Africa



Figure 4. *Exodus: The Heroic Age*, Loyiso Mkize, 2018. Charcoal, posca pens, acrylic paint, 350x 650 cm, Zeitz Museum of Contemporary Art Africa. Author Image.

my lectures and discussions to decolonize the field of art practices while teaching the AP art history, more specifically J.M.W. Turner's *The Slave Ship* (Figure 2).

The Slave Ship, a controversial work in its time, created a political argument against England's slave trade during the nineteenth century. The painter portrays sick slaves thrown overboard so that the traders could file an insurance claim. Their chained ankles emerge out the waves as they are drowned and are devoured by fish. Turner conveyed his message through the strong contrasts between expressive swatches of orange and blue paint. The energy and tension of the storm are visible in the canvas' left quadrant and the ensuing currents that dominate the scene are at the bottom third. This work follows the Romantic sensibilities of the era portraying the sublime. And it also is a story of Africans as victims of white European oppression, and in the case of Turner, it is told to enact social change.

Rather than incorporating art from Africa and its diaspora framed in victimhood, or as surviving colonialization, we need to also discuss how art can be a space to imagine people. Potentiality is a type of emplacement requiring the creative capacity to imagine, to take risks, and recognize possibilities. Let us show our students radical imaginings using alternative endings with contemporary African artists leading the charge. Challenging European patriarchy, the Afrofuturist movement, as described by Gipson (2019) is "rooted in the Black people who have inhabited the space in the past and present and who seek better futures for themselves on their terms" (p. 87)." Why not step outside the curriculum to show our students artists who practice the right of self-determination. Instead of seeing the sea during Middle Passage as a site of death and loss of identity and history, it has been reclaimed by Afrofuturist artists through reappropriation into "a fantasy space which is always as much about the future as the past" (cited in Mayer, 2000, p. 561), creating a new post-colonial waterworld. The story may begin once the slaves are thrown overboard, rather than end there. Ralph Borland's *Dubship I – Blackliner*, a collaborative sculpture piece, is a starship in search for a refuge and a new home. Named after a Jamaican ship that attempted to return slaves to Africa at the beginning of the 20th century, this large-scale work hovers suspended in a form

made from galvanized wire and steel, and hope. Kenyan artist Osborne Macharia's warrior figures are found at the bottom of the sea, standing firm in their steam-punk attire and looking forward to the future (Figure 3). The goggles represent both technology and a passage to the future. These figures make a new hierarchy with the character Kigotho as a Second Commander. He has agency in this newly created world.

Furthermore, in this new world order, African superheroes as seen in Loyiso Mkhize's large-scale *Exodus: The Heroic Age* (2018) (fig.4) create a revitalized city. Mkhize draws his figures in the style of that found in graphic novels. They are powerful and dominant. Hints of a cultural past evidenced in various headdresses and shields intersect with a futuristic city and its vehicles. This inclusion of technology suggests a new and better future without eliminating the past.

What these artists have done, as Mayer (2000) argues, is to "turn the project of recuperating the past into a futuristic venture" (p. 555). We, too, as educators, can achieve this goal by flipping the narrative as an act of emplacement. As teachers we need to be cognizant of the message we are sending our students through the artworks we make visible and the artworks we ignore. Global education is not about checking off that "I showed my students some African art," but going deeper and finding ways to be inclusive of ways of imagining life and place all year, not just for a unit. We must first practice empathy and dissect the stories that we are telling our students. We also must attempt to understand from another perspective. Let us be more intentional as educators and empower our students to flip the script from victims to victors.

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Figure 1. *The Value of a Scale*, copper and acrylic paint, 2018. Author Image.

*As an artist and art educator,
my current goal is to teach
others the benefits art
can provide.*

This requires being attentive to the everyday resources surrounding them. Such attention to everyday surroundings allows one's art to be meaningful and situates oneself in relation to space and place. For me, being conscious of one's environment and the materials that are embedded in it has led me to embrace recycling as a process for art making. I recycle found materials from my environment to make art jewelry, one of a kind unique creations.

"Every human being is an artist, a freedom being, called to participate in transforming and reshaping the conditions, thinking and structures that shape and inform our lives" is a quote by Joseph Beuys (as cited in Weintraub, 2002, p.66) that resonates with both my teaching and creating. As an artist, my process begins with observing and reflecting on everyday objects that surround me. I collect these discarded objects and I think through them, imagining what they may become. My current body of jewelry work incorporates forms that represent armor and weapons. When worn, they make me into a warrior ready to fight for the arts (*Figure 1*).

For me, these common items are not mundane but vibrate with new potential. They act upon the body making it into something beyond what it was.

Creating Jewelry that Vibrates

by April Terry-Griffith



Figure 2. Java Jabot, recycled coffee stopper sticks and stainless steel, 2018. Author.



Figure 3. *Energies Passing*, brass and Prismacolor, 2018. Author. Image. Image.

Discarded coffee stopper sticks, broken pencils, chalk, and scratch paper are not the dead, useless residue of human action but are alive and transformative. They become jewelry that shape identities in relation to place (Figure 2).

My art jewelry is also a catalyst for conversation, especially on developing an eco-conscious mindset. Eco-conscious is an ethics of practice where nature and other beings are respected and

where we redesign systems based on methods that preserve the ecological and cultural diversity of natural systems. The individual works of jewelry are sculpted, painted, etched, drilled, hammered and labored—made with materials from the environment using care. The question of materials used has been central to efforts to assert jewelry's cultural import and artistic range (Ramljak, 2014) and provides social currency for the wearer. The body wears the jewelry and interacts with its materiality, creating a link between the wearer and the space one has visited or occupied (*Figure 3*).

I believe that objects and materials harness energies attracting people (Graeber, 2005). When a piece of jewelry is worn, the wearer automatically adds to her or his physical persona. She comes into being with the piece. This idea is framed by Jane Bennet's discussion of vibrant matter (Bennet, 2010). She believes everything and everybody is made up of dynamic material and as such all are entangled. Things always appear in relationship to other things. Independent movement of any seemingly separate body results in a change for other things. Understanding that everything and everybody are entangled is significant, with implications for long-term sustainability and care with the world. I take this into consideration when creating my jewelry. There is a great challenge in bringing new life to the old materials, and when I am resourceful, my work is more meaningful to me. Being resourceful is also a great trait to have as an art educator. Several of my pieces include materials used previously by close to one hundred students including colored pencils shavings, acrylic paint from discarded bottles, and solder drippings used in some of my earrings. These are the physical things that make up the place of an art room and when used in jewelry draw attention to its environment (*Figure 4*).

Rather than throw away shavings when emptying sharpeners, my students and I collect and give the materials new life transferring their vibrancy into other uses. My objective is to model positive behaviors that I hope they take into consideration. One memory that will always stay with me is when a student walked



Figure 4. Post Painting, recycled acrylic paint and stainless steel, 2018. Author Image.

Figure 5. Letters from Prison, plastic and nickel, 2018. Author Image.

Figure 6. Pledge Allegiance to What?, found calligraphy nibs and etched brass, 2018. Author Image.

in wearing earrings inspired by our shared ideals of recycling and reusing. She had combined scrap leather, colored pencil, and wire in a way that I would never. It was exciting to see that I had inspired a student to make something out of nothing.

By using mundane objects assembled in new ways, I challenge the viewer to question the importance of objects in their everyday life.

Coffee stoppers are used for one necklace while scrap copper and leftover acrylic paint in bottles collected from trashcans are used for another. The simplicity of the color palette forces the viewer to focus on the shape, texture, and gradient of the pieces. The ornamentation I create is representative of my daily life, my profession, and my place. The lines of art and life blur. Art is here to enrich and benefit our lives (*Figure 5 and 6*).

My goal as an artist and educator is to challenge notions of consumption as an end in itself by creatively re-thinking and repurposing those materials. There are infinite possibilities when you begin to see materials as lively and full of possibilities that extend self and our attachment to place. All it takes is imagination.

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Figure 1 Class Portrait

Material Memories

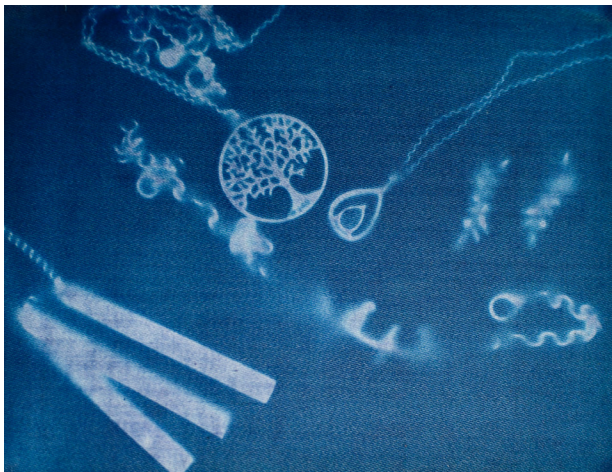
by Courtney Tyler

College students sit in small groups, smiling fondly as they recall memories and consider the ways in which they take root in us. Our bodies often remember through things and objects.

Between stories of waffles and perfume, there is a heaviness in the presence of recollections. Voices shake and tears push through. Such moments can be a web of interconnections between past and present, objects and encounters, and emplacement and displacement (Figure 1). After sharing, students write a short narrative of their memory

WANDER.
Some cheerful, others somber.
They enter. Into
Memory.
Loss.
Grasping at
smells, sights, sounds.

The Space.



Art forms stand in for the things that were materially and emotionally felt or experienced bringing into view the yet unimagined. We look at photography where entire moments are flattened into a two-dimensional surface. But photography is also a metaphor for a way of being or knowing. We slow down to notice things, to pay attention (*Figure 2*).

The cyanotype process particularly lends itself to exploring memories. A physical object is placed upon paper, or fabric, with UV sensitive solution. After the sun exposes the sensitized fabric, the solution is rinsed off. Shadows created by the object are forever imprinted upon it. A shadow of the space that once was renews our engagement. We think and remember through the matter.

Students are asked to find objects that reflect, define, remind, or distract from a memory. We reimagine the memory as it relates to us now. Many students live far from home, and do not have easy access to family heirlooms and other items they might easily have chosen. They must instead engage with their setting in Lubbock, Texas, often stretching to discover how memories can help to shape where they are now. Place is always porous. Hereness is shaped by thereness.

Figure 2. Student Cyanotype. Author Image.

Figure 3. Cyanotype Process. Author Image.

Figure 4. Post Painting, recycled acrylic paint and stainless steel, 2018. Author Image.

Figure 5. Letters from Prison, plastic and nickel, 2018. Author Image.



ENCOUNTERING

They return to class with sacks of objects.
Spices, dried beans, whisks, necklaces,
pinecones, candies. Mindful of the story each
object tells, we begin the cyanotype process
(*Figure 3*).

Sensitize paper.
Swish. Swish. Dry.
Search for the
sun.
Exposed objects.
Past meets present
sensitivity.

Moments laid bare.

Sensitized Memories.
Wash. Rinse. Dry.
Objects stuffed

away.
Shadows remain.
Flattened. Heightened.
Under. Over. Exposed.

Blurred.
Rethought.

DWELLING

A shadow, a moment
never again
alive.

Exposures complete.
Chemicals rinsed.
Over.
But.
A space remains
 for shadows
 of objects
 of memories
to dwell.
In place.

Students reflect on their created images
and how simple objects, meaningless to their
neighbor, anchor them. Objects create a
physical and metaphoric space for individual
memories to live and be reimagined. The
cyanotype creates a space of encounter
(*Figure 4*).

Hybrid Spaces of Interaction at Inter_World_View 2019

by Sylvia Weintraub



*Figure 1. Entryway to Inter_World_View 2019.
China Academy of Art, Hangzhou.*

In October 2019, members of the Performing Arts Research Lab (PeARL) at Texas Tech University in Lubbock, Texas received an email that directed our attention to an open call for an exhibition being held at the China Academy of Art (CAA). Following an afternoon spent cobbling together symbolic fragments of our research endeavors, we clicked “send” and watched as our electronic submission slip away into space.

As our proposal traveled halfway around the world, I idly pondered what this event might look like should we be chosen to participate. Glancing at the glowing search engine on my computer screen, I re-read the event description from the China Academy of Art’s webpage for the hybrid event, Inter_World_View (IWV):

This year we wish to invite 10 to 20 groups of young people from all professions, from all over the world, who have unique [sic] work modes, creation methods, and lifestyles to Hangzhou. They will meet, exhibit, debate, work, live and connect with each other in order to establish a profound communication for long-term

cooperation in the future. Particularly, we are looking forward to inviting specialists who are able to go beyond the fragmentation of professions and fields in order to enter metaphysical dimensions with transcendental thinking and desire to “change the world” (para 1).

Our work would be displayed as part of a curated show but we wondered what it means to meet, debate work, live, and connect in a temporary space.

Within a month, several members of PeARL, including me, were now journeying to Hangzhou, China to present. Prior to our trip, I had been in frequent communication with our assigned host, so I was aware of the twelve-hour time difference. I first tried to comprehend Hangzhou abstractly through data, descriptions, and compressed images, but these representations have since faded. Instead my understanding is now informed by memories of place. Fragments of meanings, activities, landscapes, and cityscapes implicate and enfold into each other as my understanding of home informed my experience of China.

Although Hangzhou is considered a medium size city by Chinese standards, its population is roughly equivalent to that of New York City. Riding in the back of my cab, I looked about wide-eyed. As we reached our hotel, I placed my luggage onto a sidewalk that turned out to be a scooter lane and I got my first taste of the speed of the city—the urban buzz, the quick movement, and the push and pull. From the street, the city lights generated ambient light that hovered, transitioning from the reach of human existence to the beginning of the sky’s black, depthless void.

Wandering with and through the crowds, I walked in pace with the city’s pulsating rhythms. The scale of the city began to sink in as I came in relation with others. My skin felt the warm evening air tinged with moisture, and I considered how two places on opposite sides of the world could have nearly the same temperature. Although characterized by warm weather, Lubbock’s climate is significantly drier than Zhejiang province, and in contrast to Hangzhou’s high population density, people nearly disappear within the sprawling South Plains landscape surrounding Lubbock. I also reflected on the long tradition of regionalism in West Texas and recalled the impact of minimalism stemming from Donald Judd’s work in Marfa, Texas. By comparison, artistic conventions in Hangzhou are the product of an exceptionally long lineage of traditions. Moreover, considering the highly inventive nature of the IWV curatorial approach, their current production of artworks and exhibitions are in dialogue with other models and modes, transforming practices.

After meeting with our curator, we walked to the CAA museum where the IVW show was being installed. As we approached, I noticed white-gloved gallery staff gingerly removing large calligraphic works, and had a visceral sense of change as artworks simultaneously flowed in and out of the museum. Upon entering, we were confronted with a towering, grid-like

conglomeration of metal scaffolding. This immense skeletal structure seemed to operate as a prelude to the exhibition. The structure was several stories high and established a colossal geometric pattern within the space, which somehow activated the space without overpowering it (Figure 1). As we walked towards the staircase to the basement, we stepped over dozens of large maps that represented different “world views” that had been harvested from the internet. Peering upward, I observed that several maps were stretched tightly like banners over a few areas of scaffolding.

Weaving a path along that of other museum visitors, we followed our curator downstairs to the basement where the main exhibition space was located, an area that spanned the entirety of the museum’s basement level. As we descended the stairs, student assistants unfurled more maps and secured them to the flat planes of each stair. Other assistants attended to various details of the show as well as the needs of IWV participants. On the opening day of the exhibition, IWV participants gathered as Chinese news reporters captured the excitement. Cameras rolled as the head curator screen-printed the exhibition title directly onto the gallery wall.

As we were introduced to other IWV participants, I noticed that the majority of them were Chinese nationals. I felt a sense of displacement in relation to cultural, language, and institution. I did not feel at home but ideas of home followed me here. I searched for them. Within days of our arrival we met a pair Italian-American musicians called *Passepartout Duo*. These gifted musicians create do-it-yourself (DIY) instruments and make mesmerizing music in which perceived sonic boundaries between acoustic materiality and electronic digitality are blurred. In the evenings IWV participants shared a meal prepared by an innovative chef and a team of sous chefs served it on a spiral dinner table. Conversations unfolded around the meal. After the conversations lulled, *Passepartout Duo* performed as participants reclined comfortably on a large carpeted area (Figure 2).

Interestingly, IWV participants included a group of climate change scientists from Beijing University, a collective of attorneys-turned-subsistence farmers, a duo of socially- engaged artists whose studio is located near Ai Weiwei’s former studio, a small architectural firm interested in food places, and several eccentric psychoanalysts, amongst others. Several days passed before a dance collective from Columbia called the *Hegelian Dancers* also arrived. The *Hegelian Dancers* looked utterly exhausted on their first day, and we learned that their journey was extended due to their inability to fly over the United States. They presented on the impact of salsa as a rejection of binary oppositions, a privileged conception in the Western world. In contrast, salsa involves a 1-2-3 movement rather than a 1-2 step, allowing for greater fluidity, improvisation, and variation of movement. During their danceable lecture, all IWV participants engaged one another in movement exchange via capoeira.



Figure 2. Food as Megastructure by Super Dessert co., Ltd. in collaboration with musicians Passeportout Duo. Inter_World_View 2019. China Academy of Art, Hangzhou.



Figure 3. One Day Pub, CAA collective. Inter_World_View 2019. China Academy of Art, Hangzhou.

Refreshingly, I found myself mainly listening and watching, interpreting the signs. During the IWV events participants sat on 4-inch high circular woven seats that leveled individuals. We relied on a group of highly trained undergraduate students from Shanghai who specialized in English translation and understood philosophical implications of translation itself. Still, during the trip, differences in cultural codes presented challenges, and differences in perspectives, perceptions, experiences, historical inheritances, biases, interests, values, beliefs, feelings, moods, motives, and ambitions surfaced. Within the walls of the museum and beyond, we noticed that image and text held prominent places in Chinese society. The highly visual culture seemed eerily similar to that of the United States, bursting at the seams with avenues for consumption and entertainment. All around me I felt a tremendous energy in the air, which was in stark contrast to the lull of Lubbock.

Due to the scope of the exhibition our time to explore Hangzhou was limited. Each morning we walked to the CAA museum from our hotel, which was housed in a mammoth complex perched above a plethora of fast food restaurants atop an underground Carrefour. As we went to and from the hotel, we passed through thick billows of cigarette smoke that wafted lazily through the building's halls. Ashtrays overfilled with soot stood on skinny legs surrounded by tiny powder puff clouds. LED lights flickered subtly in the background within the hotel's murky labyrinth of dimly lit hallways, so a vivid blast of white sunlight inevitably hit your face upon exiting the crowded elevator and stepping out onto the street.

During periods of unscheduled time, I strolled about the old section of Hangzhou and watched as people enjoyed meals together, participated in fitness events, hollered at one another on the street, and danced together in parks. We discovered that there is a rejuvenation in activity during the evenings when the sun goes down in Hangzhou, unlike Lubbock where closing time typically begins at dusk. Colored lights danced along the West Lake's cobbled pathways as vendors opened for business. We often traversed the city accompanied by a CAA curatorial studies PhD student who helped us navigate Hangzhou's environmental and cultural landscape. As a native of Belarus and highly proficient translator, she served as a medium to help bridge the gap between our perceptions, awareness, and sensibilities as natives of a nation that privileges freedom and individualism with those of the Chinese nationals, whose society favors the collective.

As the show emerged, ideas mingled and places were constructed, deconstructed, and transformed within the exhibition space. During one collective's presentation, several young artists assembled and disassembled an entire pub within the course of a single day. The space was demarcated by vast stretches of opaque black curtains that hung from large wooden structures, which serves as walls.

In this temporary place IWV collectives convened, sitting around small round tables, sipping drinks and conversing (Figure 3). Reflecting up the exhibition now, several key aspects unique to the show's curatorial approach come to mind. Notably, an emphasis on unfolding processes during the events promoted an active resistance to clearly delineated boundaries, strict categorizations, and closed understandings with regard to artworks and communications. Additionally, the ephemeral nature of the events established probing awareness, which amalgamated and dissipated as they formed perpetually fragmented pictures of the world.

On the tenth day of the exhibition, art historians, critics, journalists, museum visitors, philosophers, CAA faculty and students, and community members gathered to celebrate the final reveal of the exhibition. That night the exhibition space felt crowded as people shuffled about, lingering, looking, talking, and musing. During the afternoon leading up to the exhibition, CAA student assistants adhered dozens of vinyl stickers displaying Mandarin, English, and Spanish text onto the floor. This floor text ran through the entire space and fat, black markers were provided to encourage viewers to incorporate their own thoughts and expressions into the exhibition. I imagined the impending silence as I considered that in less than twelve hours the entire show would be disassembled. After a night of karaoke and goodbyes, PeARL members were on their way back to Lubbock, Texas.

Incredibly, PeARL members departed from China within days of the Coronavirus outbreak. The valuable opportunity to travel to China to participate in IWV served to deepen my knowledge not only of arts-based and scientific research practices, but also of human relations in hybrid configurations. Throughout all the challenges in a faraway yet faintly familiar place, the IWV exhibition events united practitioners and scholars who represented various disciplines and trades to promote the exchange of knowledge, perspectives, and insights and to generate new world views. Hybridity can be thought of as a fusion of forms, styles, and identities predicated on cross-cultural contact via movements of people and commodities in spaces. Such spaces enable process, complex exchanges, negotiation, and interrelations.

The exhibition created openings to imagine new possibilities and alternatives to dominate museum spaces. Subjectivities were created, transformed, or took up different meanings in process during the exhibition. Presentations and displays transgress boundaries and binary notions to disrupt artificial categories and hardened stereotypes. The ten-day process-based exhibition resonated multiplicity and fluid crossings through the exploration of relationships between bodies and spaces and direct experience, dialogue, deliberation, and social collaborations.

Special thanks to Halina Troshina for her extraordinary hospitality and assistance in our



Photograph by Julia DeLeon

DWELLING

by Andrés Peralta, co-editor

To dwell is an action an individual can enact physically, as in residing in a home, a building, a structure. Dwelling can also be a mental exercise as in thinking, reflecting, or obsessing. Both of these actions can reflect the experience of altering and being altered by place. Continuous rhythms encountered through dwelling re-situate place as both a construct and a producer of perception, reality, and knowledge. Through dwelling, the politics of place emphasize possibilities of becoming and conceptualizations of being.

ATTENTIVE LIVING:

Views on Landscape

by Sara Drescher

One of the most important things an artist can produce through her work is attentive looking. Solving the problems of climate change, stemming pollution, and achieving sustainability are monumental and overwhelming tasks.

As artists, we can draw attention to these matters. Since I am complicit in the human impact on the environment, I ask myself how I can represent landscapes and address the plastic and waste that litters them.

Traditional landscape art designates land shaped by people for a purpose and is understood at a glance. It is arranged by the artist and as such it is often looked upon with an attitude of mastery. This genre of art often focuses on natural scenery as subject matter.

It can depict a variety of settings, such as mountains, forests, rivers, and beaches.



Figure 1. *The New Landscape No. 12*, watercolor on paper, salad container, 12x9, 2020. Author Image.



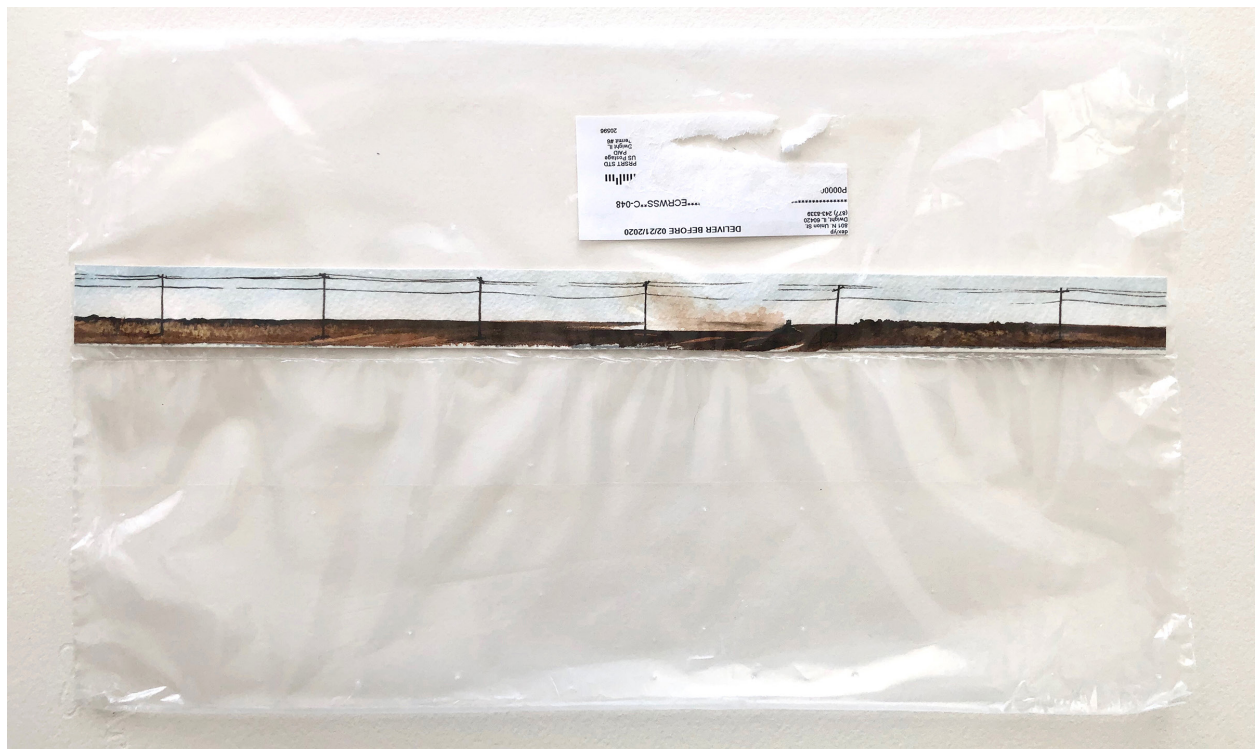
Figure 2. The New Landscape No.2, watercolor on paper, plastic egg carton, 4x12, 2020. Author Image.

But more contemporary perspectives on landscape art define things differently. These compositions reveal attitudes about land, site, and place engendered by social, cultural, and political histories. They document strongly held beliefs about the land.

Julie Bozzi is a contemporary artist working in landscape. Painting in oil, watercolor, and gouache, she captures landscapes seen from highways and country roads. The landscapes are unheroic, detached, and without human figures. Bozzi prefers the insignificant or ignored landscapes, capturing them through the play of light and color. These are landscapes we only see in our peripheral vision. There is always evidence of human activity in these landscapes revealed by light posts and man-made objects. The slow looking required to take in her landscapes reminds me of how people see Lubbock, Texas.

The land here is easily overlooked-- a place not fully noticed.

I paint the landscapes of Lubbock (*Figure 1*). Its nature is frameless but mine is framed. Each piece is made using watercolor and features unheralded aspects of the environment much like Bozzi's works but mine are framed by trash such as egg cartons, salad containers, and envelopes found strewn across the land (*Figure 2*). Intensity in colors and high contrast create clear focal points and visual tension. Others are rendered in muted, quiet colors as if the land is holding her breath (*Figure 3 and 4*). In these landscape, electrical lines, windmills, drilling, or fire appear. Nature alone, pristine, and untouched, can no longer be a direction of discourse for landscape. By layering plastic over the landscape and including cast offs that litter the land, we begin to see how the land is entangled by our actions. (*Figure 5*).





facing page:

*Figure 3. The New Landscape No. 9,
watercolor on paper, catalog wrapper,
9x12, 2020.*

Author Image.

*Figure 4. The New Landscape No. 10,
watercolor on paper, envelope,
6x9.5, 2020.*

Author Image.

this page:

*Figure 5. The New Landscape No. 10,
watercolor on paper, envelope,
6x9.5, 2020.*

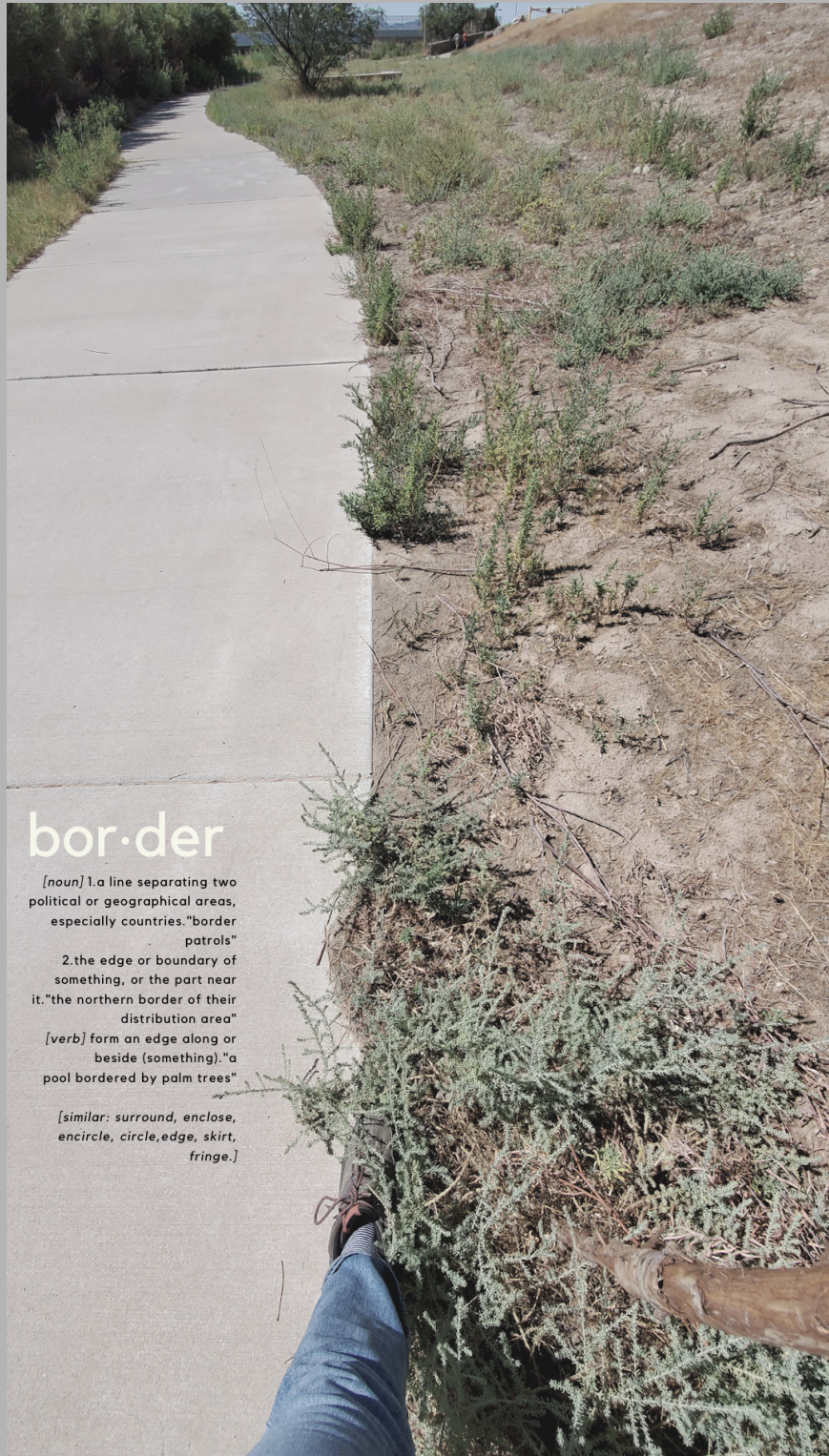
Author Image.

By relating the size and scale of the landscapes to the plastic, I convey interdependence. Art can be a way of making sense of our environment and the objects and situations within it.

The function of framing the landscape with plastic is not so much to inform us that the object within it has been endowed with special qualities by the artist, but rather to create a space within which a certain quality of attention is invited. I ask viewers to consider our relation to the land and how our activity has a dominant influence in shaping it.

I Am of Borders

by Brittany Anchondo



bor·der

[noun] 1. a line separating two political or geographical areas, especially countries. "border patrols"

2. the edge or boundary of something, or the part near it. "the northern border of their distribution area"

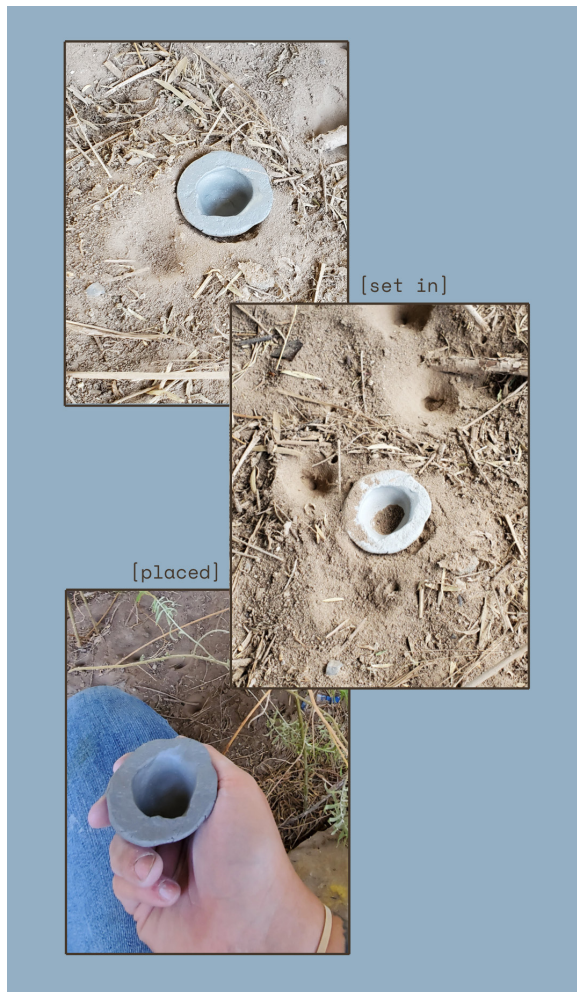
[verb] form an edge along or beside (something). "a pool bordered by palm trees"

[similar: surround, enclose, encircle, circle, edge, skirt, fringe.]

I am of boundaries--
meandering across
the desert floor.
River and fence
Lace and fringe the
skirt of the mountain.
Its fabric nuanced with
luscious greens and
vibrant purples,
Not ever just brown
Tucks neatly under, at
gently bended knee

(Figure 1).

Figure 3. Border. Author Image.



I am of borders--
encapsulated pockets of
community and weather worn
facades.
Rock walls and chain-linked
fences
Protect and defend their
claim.
Rising wafts of creosote--musky and earthy
Welcome the clouds, heavy
with holy water.

(Figure 3).

Figure 1. Set in Place. Author Image.

Figure 2. Vessels Documentation. Author Image.

I am of barriers--exactng
their way through caliche and
stone.

Cactus spines and thorny
brush enshrine patches of
sunburnt grass

Beside those imprisoned
squares of wastefully green
perfection.

Desert floor--gouged and
scored

Accepts its penance in
genuflection

(Figure 2).



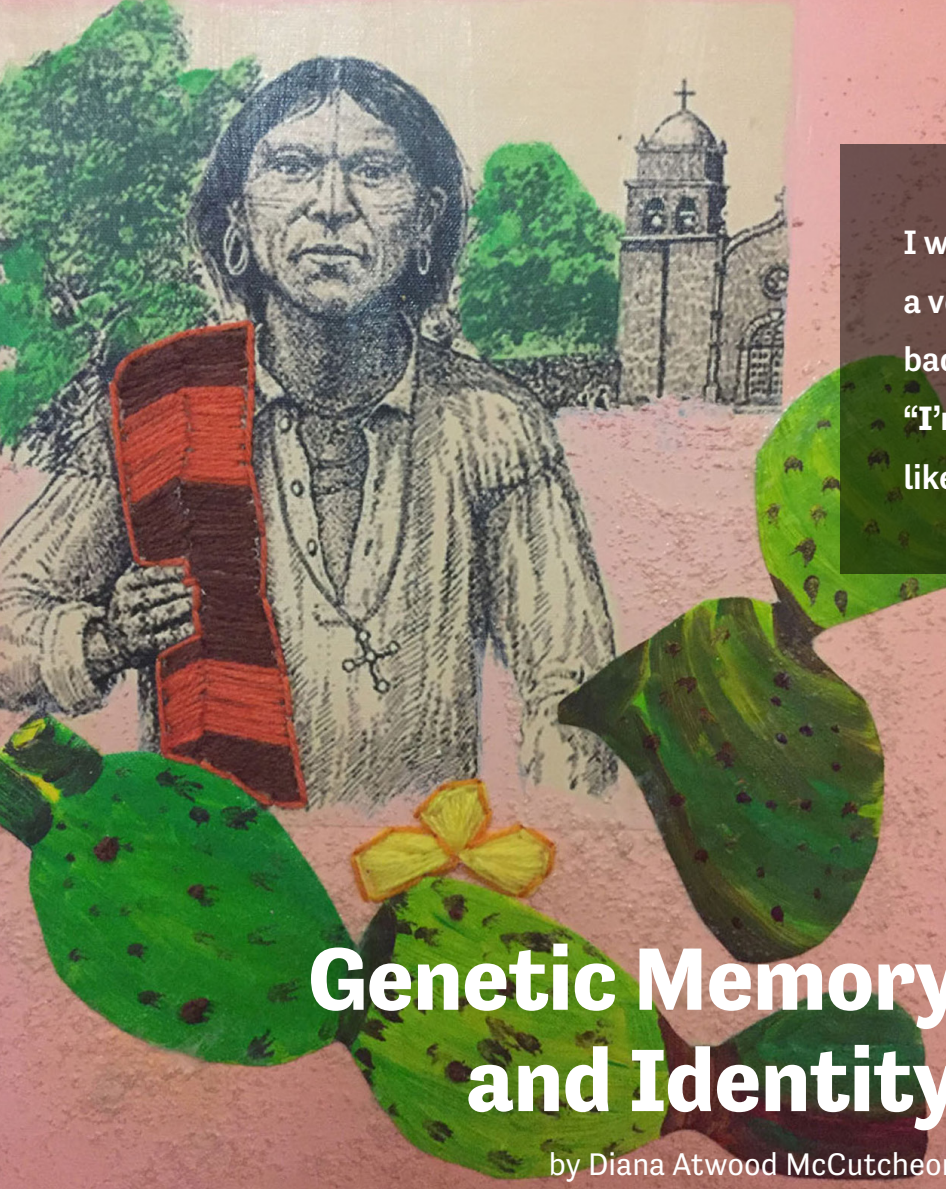


Figure 1. Coahuiltecan Tribe. Author Image.

I was adopted at age two days old. I have a very early memory of sitting in the backseat of my parents' car and saying, "I'm adopted, I'm adopted, I'm adopted," like a chant of some kind.

I do not remember my parents telling me I was adopted, but it seems that I knew from a very early age. My parents were loving and kind, and I was incredibly close to my dad. My family always said that I was "special" and "chosen." And I remember thinking, "chosen for what?" I did not know much about my biological parents growing up, but a few bits of information leaked out. I knew my biological dad was musical, and that my biological mom was smart. I am not sure how I knew these things unless I overheard them in some adult's conversation. As they say, "little ears hear everything."

During a studio class in Marfa, Texas, as part of the Master of Art Education program at Texas Tech (MAE), we had a "drifting" assignment one sweltering summer day in the desert. Individually, we made a systematic plan for drifting or moving through a place guided by criteria I had created beforehand. This experience impacted me in realizing that when we slow down and are deliberate in our observations and interactions, we do become more aware of ourselves in the moment-- being present to ourselves and in the space that we are standing in. This experience was interlocking and meshing with my encounters with genetic memory in other places--times when I felt drawn to a specific location like the Governor's Palace in Virginia, or while standing in a San Antonio mission (Figure 1), or Scotland while walking the ruins of a Cathedral in Elgin.

My journey and experience with specific physical places and genetic memory have changed the course of my life.

Genetic memory, or the science of epigenetics, literally “above the gene,” proposes that “we pass along” more than DNA in our genes; it suggests that our genes carry memories of trauma experienced by our ancestors and they influence how we react to trauma and stress. Trauma experienced by earlier generations can influence the structure of our genes, making them more likely to “switch on” negative responses to stress and trauma (Pember, 2017). Scientists have made discoveries related to environmental changes passed between generations of nematodes (Cendros, 2017). Studies have shown that transgenerational environmental memory being passed down for many generations and suggests this phenomenon might be biological planning in DNA (Dean, 2018). Although environmental memory and genetic memory is something that science does not completely understand, psychoanalytical sciences can provide some connections.

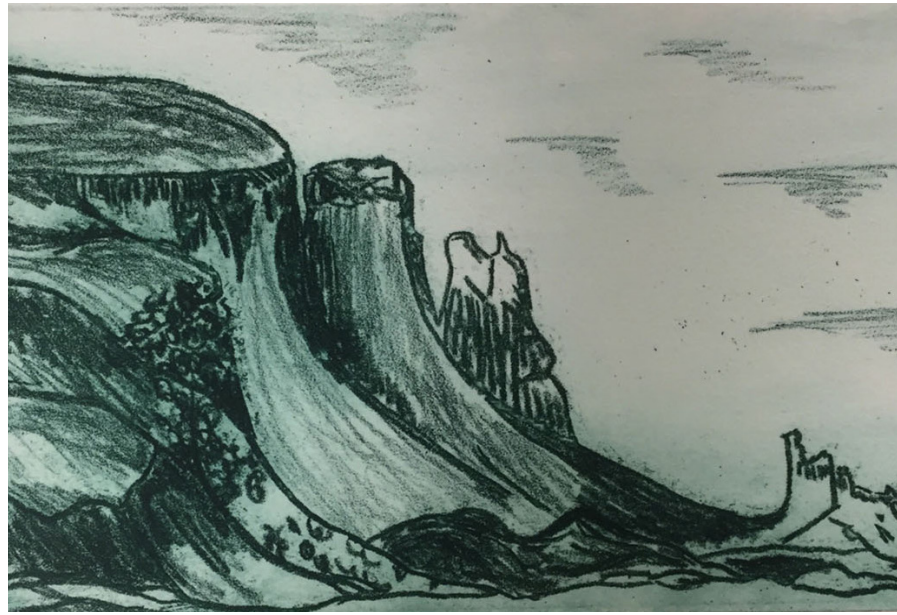


Figure 2. *The Quiraing*. Author Image.

Carl Jung, a Swiss psychiatrist, and psychoanalyst who founded analytical psychology, used the term “collective consciousness” to refer to inherited traits, intuitions, and collective memory. Like Jung, psychologists have also referred to an “ancestral memory” that might exist in our genetic makeup. Treffert (2019) makes an argument for genetic memory as the transmission of knowledge or genetic transmissions of templated rules of understanding. Furthermore, there are connections of genetic memory to new materialisms. Gazzaniga’s (2000) argues that perceptual phenomena tied explicitly to the body’s physiology come pre-programmed; the mind and the body are intuitively attuned to physics, physical environments, and social exchanges. My self-discovery journey considers the science of epigenetics, revelations in genealogy, and the all-important effects that place can have upon us in shaping who we are. I remember we were assigned the family tree project in 5th grade. We were to find out about both sides of our family’s history and create our version of a family tree in a visually pleasing way. I loved my parents and my family very much, but I knew that they were not really from where I came. And I began to wonder, from where did I come? My adoptive family was not interested in family history and ancestry at all. They were native Texans, and that is all that seemed to matter to them. I, on the other hand, had an intense interest in history, both American and European. In adulthood, one of my adoptive grandmothers shared some interesting information with me. She had known my biological mother and had saved some photos and newspaper articles for me. As I looked through my nannie’s old trunk, I found my biological connections for the first time. I was fascinated by the photos and the family names, and I realized that there was a Scottish connection on my maternal side. I focused my research on my maternal side, where I did have a bit more to go on. My research started before I knew about DNA testing, so the going was slow. I will say, though, that the first time I looked up the maternal name online and saw some history and photos of the Isle of Skye, it took my breath away. To think some of my ancestors came from such a beautiful place was like finding a pot of gold.

SCOTLAND

After a move from East Texas to Waco in 2007, it was not long before I went through a period of everything falling apart. Over time, I felt that I was eventually coming back together more wholly and authentically. I began to search even more deeply about life, my journey, and what I wanted. I was living a new life post-divorce, connecting to old friends, and making new ones through Facebook. I connected with a friend that I had known for approximately 30 years, and he introduced me to his wife, Susie. Susie is a very talented photographer, and we became fast friends. They were living in Scotland, and I was utterly drawn in by her photography of the place. I was absorbed in what I saw. We chatted many times about me coming to visit them in Scotland. One day, I decided to go. I went to a travel agency and booked my flight over. I did not know at the time, but this was the beginning of self-discovery through genetic memory in a very personal way.

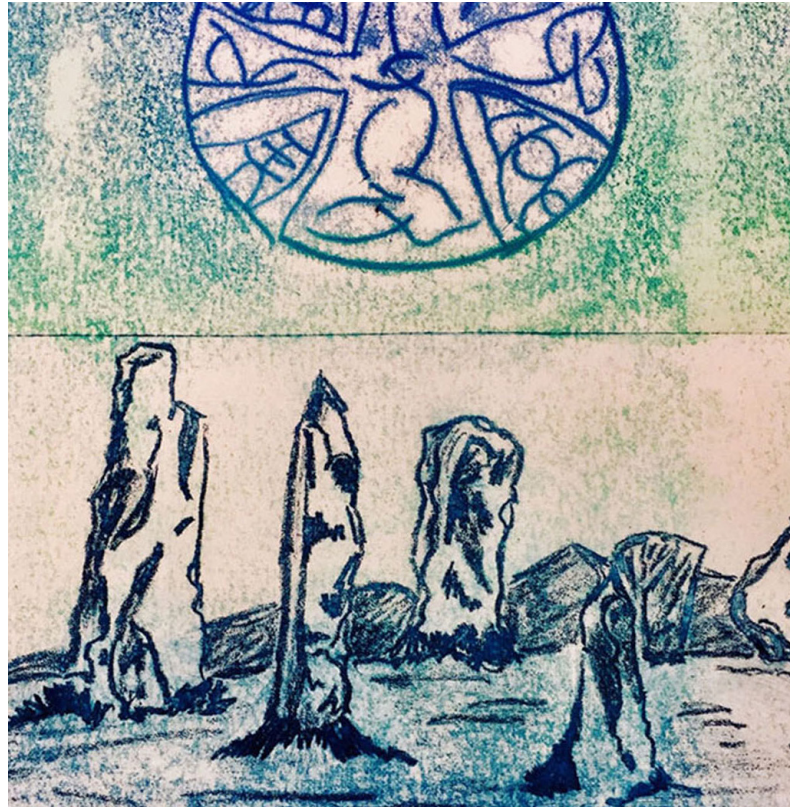


Figure 3. Celtic Calanais. Author Image.

Figure 4. Crossing the Minch. Author Image.

My trip took me to Aberdeen, and I landed safely through a rough and bumpy ride. When my feet touched the ground, I felt something happen in my body. I felt a sensation in my feet and my chest. And I thought, I am home. I am home. It was a feeling and experience that I will never forget. That I could feel so strongly about a place that I had not ever been to before surprised me.

I wanted to find the village that the family name McCutcheon came from and the nearby Celtic ruin of Caisteal Uisdean or Hugh's Castle. The name of "McCutcheon" means, "Child of Hugh" and is part of the ancient "McDonald" Clan. I kept thinking that I was walking and stepping on land that my ancestors had also walked. That experience was something through which I felt connected to the land, the past, and a history that was also my history. I felt the pull of "ancient things" the whole time I was on Skye (Figure 2). We also found the village of McCutcheon nearby. We almost missed it. It is a small area with only a few houses. It was not a village in terms of what we think of as a village. But it was the physical place and the beginning of where the surname of the family was established. I was finally finding my roots.

The remainder of the trip was beautiful. I could not believe how much I felt at home and how friendly the people were. The whole trip to Scotland was unique, gorgeous, and life changing. As a native Texan, it was interesting for me to feel more at home in Scotland than in Texas. And I wondered why. I had fallen in love with Scotland, and in all my travels abroad, I had never felt this way anywhere else (Figure 3).

HOME

After I got home, these questions and thoughts kept coming to mind. I had always been interested in taking a DNA test. I had read articles and looked up companies in the past. It was usually more than I could afford for something extra and personal like this. I decided to spend the money and take the test. I could hardly wait for those results to come in! The test would tell me a lot about my cultural heritage, even if I did not have names and faces to put with it. My first DNA test results came back overwhelmingly from the United Kingdom. Seeing that I had such a high percentage from the UK felt like a validation of what I had felt and experienced in Scotland. I did not know how I had such a high percentage or from whom I had inherited it, but I was anxious to begin the research and discovery. I started with what I knew.

I traced the McCutcheon line in America back to 1730 when my McCutcheon ancestor immigrated from Scotland to America. My McCutcheon line began in Virginia. Then they became first settlers in Tennessee, and then shortly after Texas became a state, they moved to the McLennan County area. It was fascinating to connect all this Scottish heritage to the town in which I grew up and now lived.

After visiting Scotland for that first time, I began to have conversations with other Scots and people of Scottish heritage. I would hear repeatedly that Scotland "called her own back to the land". There is a saying in Scotland that you are a Scot to the hundredth generation. I have also had conversations with many Americans of Scottish descent about their trips to Scotland. The phrases, "I felt like I was home", and "walking the lands of my ancestors", or "feeling the pull of ancient places and locations" - these things kept coming up in conversations with others. I began to understand that this was not just my experience, but the experience of many (Figure 4).

LEARNING THROUGH PLACE

David A. Gruenewald (2003) in "Foundations of Place: A Multidisciplinary Framework for Place Conscious Education", mentions how places teach us and make us. What a place can teach us depends on the attention that we give places and how we respond to them. He also states that a place is not just a point on a grid, but that places have something to say, and human beings must learn to listen to them. Gruenewald asks us to consider places as being alive and urges us as humans to open our senses and be more aware of the aliveness of places and the connectedness that we can experience in a place (2003). Place are also not physical but discursive, psychological, mythic, memory, and history. My connection to the place forged by my trip to Scotland are all of these!

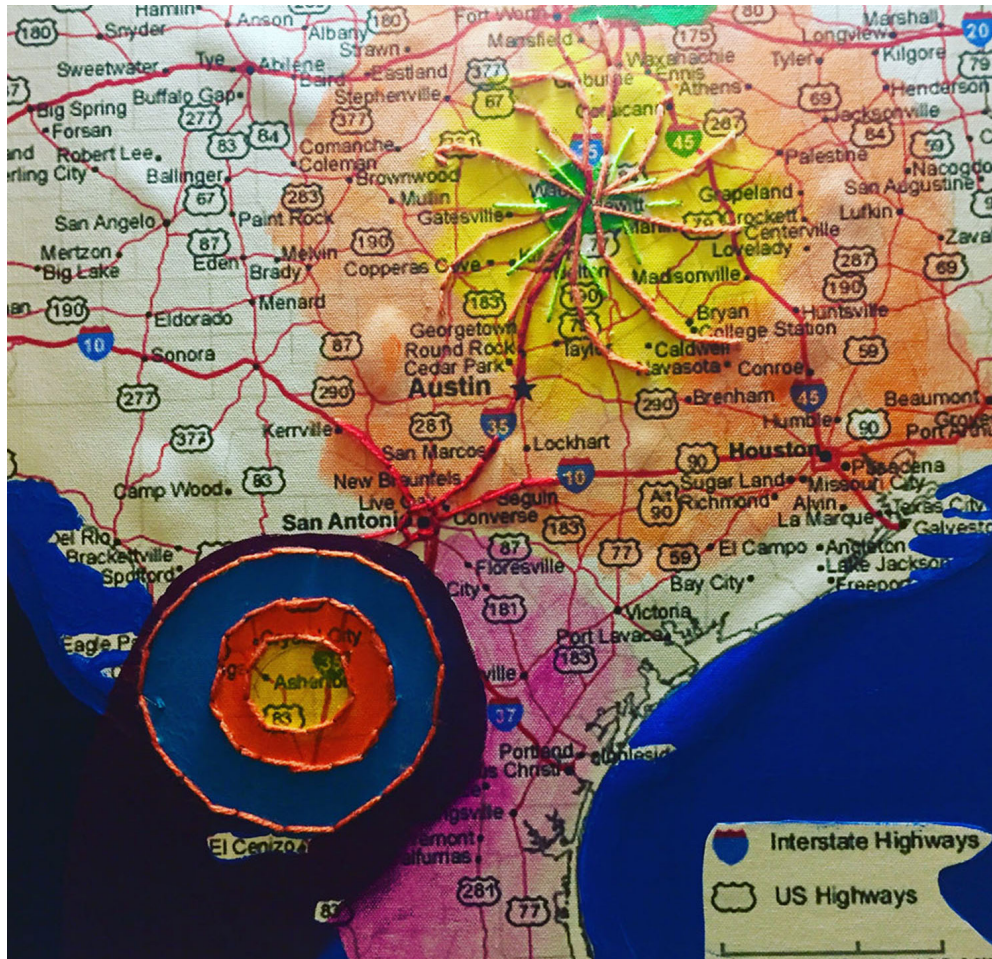


Figure 5. No Borders in Me.
Author Image.

As an art educator, I also think about how genetic memory and place consciousness can work within a curriculum. How our experiences of place through memory could inform art and how these can impact our students through art education and art creation.

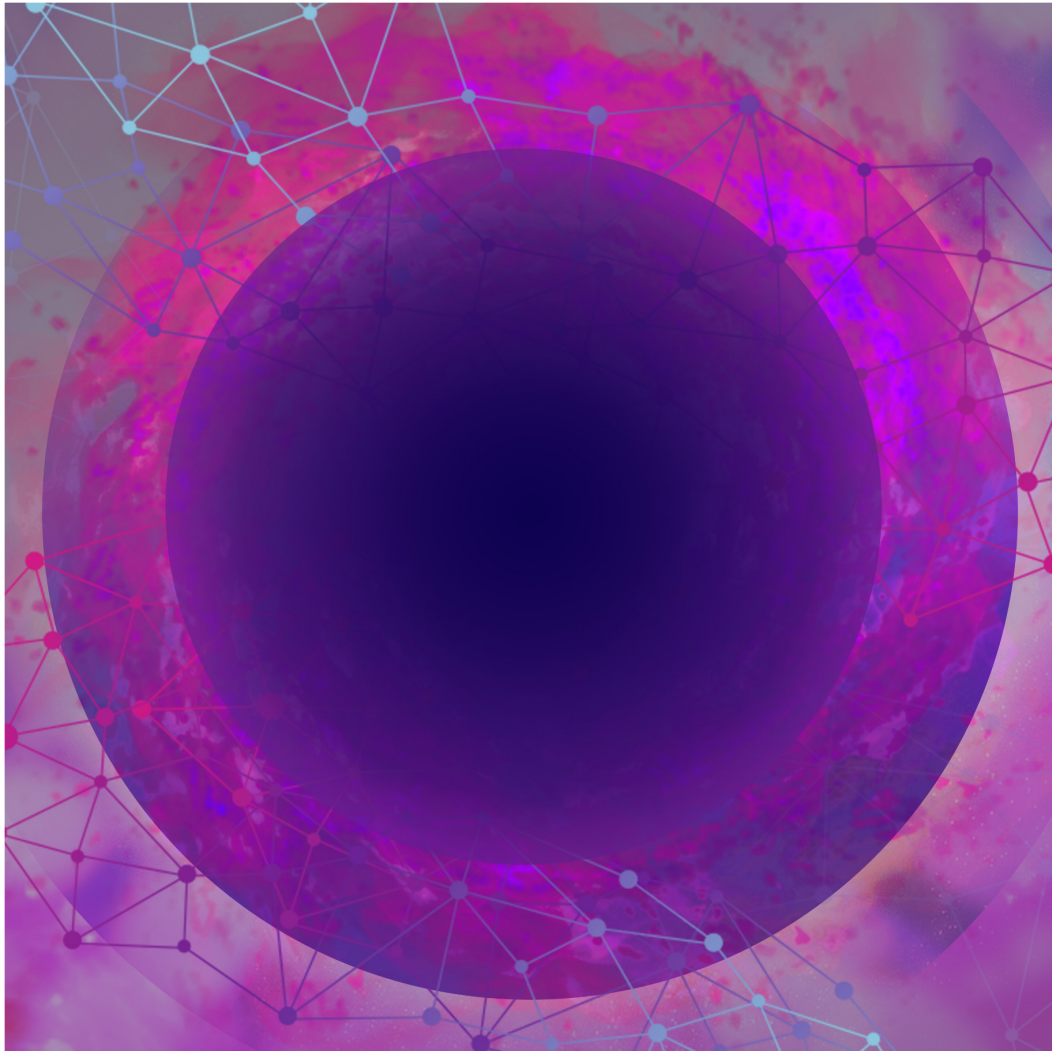
In art, we access a different part of the brain and another way of thinking (Edwards, 2012). Alternate ways of thinking are an asset to education and the experiences of our students. As art educators, we provide students with time to focus immersing them in artistic endeavors, and in the art of listening to themselves. We teach them to think and become more of who they are—specifically in middle and high school, where we can create an atmosphere for students to be authentic and discover who they are and who they want to be (Candela, 2019). Slowing down long enough to be more self-aware is a positive and helpful thing that shapes a nurturing environment.

I informed myself about who I am through my genetic research, my memory, and tracing my heritage to and through Scotland. To connect my experiences, my research, and my art in this way felt incredibly empowering. Creating a curriculum based on place conscious education, including memory, can help students understand the importance of place, and how we interact with place, and how place interacts with us. Like me, students who struggle with identity issues feel disconnected and displaced, cut off from their biological history, can benefit from a process that focuses on physically being in a specific location and feeling connections (*Figure 5*).

I believe that an art education that includes engagement with place, as an artist, has helped me, and can also help students be more mindful during difficult times. A place-based curriculum can help students be more aware of themselves, their thoughts, their feelings, and even more in tune with their physical bodies. Through these foundations on new materialisms, conscious connection, and genetics and historical research, I have come to find that place has memory, and memories are with place.

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The Void, 2020, Andrés Peralta, digital media.

VOICES FROM THE VOID:

Survival and Noncompliance in Soviet Russia by Maia Toteva

One of the fundamental elements of art typically taught is the idea of space—positive and negative space. Positive space is where matter exists and negative space is a void, bounded by matter. Positive space can be thought of as equal to whatever matter fills it.

However, space is more than just a thing that is inhabited; it is more than just form and matter. Space can exist in the physical world, but it can also be conceptual. Space can be defined by more than what it contains. Space does not become place because its physical matter inhabits it—characterized by absence as well as having a physical presence and the memory of existence. Although space may contain the physical presence of matter—houses, trees, people, and buildings—it is also inhabited by the void, the open spaces between presence and absence. A void is not something that necessarily exists as something to fill. A void is also a place that exists through memories, histories, and happenings—

connecting individuals, locations, events, memories, through time and space. The space between is neither a singular nor multiple, and it exists as an unknowable and immeasurable, constantly shifting, and unquantifiable state of being.

This paper focuses on inhabitants of a space in time who rejected the very idea of the void as active nonexistence that is “unworthy and unacceptable for a human being” (Kabakov, 2009, p. 687). These were the unofficial artists of the Russian underground working in secret during the Soviet period. They dwelled in the space of nonconformity and challenged authoritarian principles that defined both the ideological situation and physical spaces they occupied. Ranging from open protests to cunning, silence, exile, and implicit non-compliance, their artistic attitudes comprised a panoply of styles, ideas, and alliances that came to be known as unofficial Russian art, Soviet underground, the second avant-garde, or Russian nonconformism. Their adherence to dissident nonconformity provoked retaliation and censorship from the totalitarian state, as they moved through spaces between the void, perpetuating their nonconformist ideologies, embracing ambiguity, and challenging control.

The void is a recurring notion--both as presence and absence--in the works of authors writing on totalitarianism. Two dissidents working on different sides of the globe and in different totalitarian contexts, the Russian artist Ilya Kabakov and the Chinese writer Fang Hu, describe the void. Fang Hu (Hu, 2009) conjures a metaphorical image of the void, stating, “the void is a daily relation and condition. It accommodates the transformation of all entities... It does not originate from subjectivity and it does not move toward objectivity. The void has no beginning and no end” (p. 682). Similarly to Kabakov’s perception of the void as “active nonexistence,” Fang Hu’s void defies the very idea of time and place by having

“no beginning and no end.” It eliminates the distinction between subject and object, mind, and place to encompass everything—space, time, matter, and being in the existence of nonexistence.

Kabakov’s essay titled “On the Subject of the Void” was written in the 1980s when the artist traveled to Czechoslovakia. This was his first trip outside of the Soviet Union. Upon his return, Kabakov experienced “the clear, final vision of the void, of the absurdity of the place where we live all the time” (Kabakov, 2009, p. 682). The artist’s writing attempted to capture the concept’s allusiveness by distinguishing the void from the notions of emptiness, vacuum, and unoccupied space.

“The void of which I speak is not zero, it is not ‘nothing’... The void is exceptionally active” (Kabakov, 2009, p. 682). Kabakov goes on to further articulate the dual agency of this absence/presence. The void is “the transformation of active existence into active nonexistence and, most importantly... it lives and exists, not of its own accord, but feeds off all the life and existence that surrounds it... reducing it to its own nonexistence” (Kabakov, 2009, p. 682). As the artist explains, the people who dwell in the void live in a state that is a “particular atmosphere of stress, edginess, debility, apathy, permanent groundless terror” (Kabakov, 2009, p. 683). This is caused by the sensation of the void and the “impossibility of definitively knowing it, naming it, or even distinguishing it” (Kabakov, 2009, p. 684). Everybody is an “enemy,” everything is “emptiness,” everyone is an “embodiment of the void” (Kabakov, 2009, p. 685).

Three years after Stalin’s death—at a time of increasing nonconformist activities—new artistic developments emerged as a reaction to the cultural void perpetuated through isolationism. Change occurred on the periphery of Soviet culture. In 1956, named after its meeting place—the Lianozovo district of Moscow—a group of artists coalesced and became known as the Lianozovo circle. The alliance gathered once or twice a week to draw, paint, read poetry, discuss art, and learn about new developments. The common feature that united the works of the group was the expression of the inner self by combining surrealist and expressionist elements.

Oskar Rabin, referred to as the “strategist” of the Lianozovo circle, was a leading figure in the movement that established a separate, marginal world that came to be known as “unofficial” or “nonconformist” culture. Nonconformity coalesced as resistance to censorship through Rabin and the group’s organization and participation in alternative exhibitions. Rabin probed the nonexistence of the void in two ways—aesthetically and conceptually—challenging the socialist utopia with his dark depictions of austere life and somber poverty on thickly painted canvases. Instead of bright depictions of collective happiness and labor, his paintings feature gloomy landscapes of empty city outskirts and dirty backyards. His somber palette of blacks and browns reflects the darkness of the human condition. Surrealist details evoke the absurdity of life in the void as a swamp from which there is no escape.

Exhibitions of Rabin and the Lianozovo group in 1965, London, and 1967, Moscow, challenged the state authorities by creating and distributing self-made tickets for the event. Despite the political pressure, they achieved a widespread publicity by sidestepping the state censorship and the authorities. In 1974, an exhibit titled “The First Fall Open-Air Show of Paintings” included Rabin and artists from the group. The show was closed forty minutes after its opening when the police, disguised as volunteer workers, drove onto the lot with bulldozers under the pretense that they had to build a new park.

Arrests, interrogations, and increased pressure on the participants followed. The bulldozing of the show to silence unofficial artists did not escape the Western press so the “police action” was officially denounced. Undefeated, the artists exhibited their work in Izmailovsky Park two weeks later, in an event known as “The Second Fall Open-Air Show of Paintings”. Nearly seventy artists mounted almost hundred works in front of an audience of thousands for the duration of what became known as “the four hours of freedom” (Glezer, 1975, p. 38). Encouraged by this “victory for the artists,” Oskar Rabin organized further exhibits in 1974 and 1975, and the state retaliated with numerous anonymous letters, phone calls, death threats, harassment, and the arrest of his son, Alexander Rabin, who was also an artist. The exhibitions met the fierce criticism of the establishment, and state papers accused Rabin and participating artists from the Lianozovo circle of distorting Soviet reality, labeling them political provocateurs.

In 1978, Rabin emigrated to France and settled in Paris. On the face of it, the system had won by protecting its status quo and silencing powerful voices, and, by the 1980s, the core of the Lianozovo group had left USSR. However, the group’s relentless fight for human dignity and free expression impacted subsequent generations of artists and left an indelible mark on the development of Russian nonconformist. Seen through the lens of Kabakov’s metaphysics, they rejected the disease of the system and led the cultural wave that brought about change and a desire for personal freedom.

Like a void, censorship’s presence is abstract and often unintelligible, and at the same time, it is painfully tangible and inescapable. The concept of censorship is a phenomenon that is innately familiar to the subjects of the totalitarian state.

This concept relates both Kabakov and Hu’s premises of the void in two ways--first, as an internalized state of mind in the acts of self-censorship and second, as a metaphysical, existential state of being. The space between the ideological and the physical is not empty but populated by diversely situated entities or events linked together through the void as connective tissue. Voices stifled by censorship resist and reverberate their message through other means such as the nonconformity of the Lianozovo circle. Like a void, censorship is not just the mere absence of words; it is the space between what is spoken and what remains unspoken. Space within the void provides a state of being where voices can resonate, rebounding among one another increasingly resonating with meaning and purpose.

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2021 - Futurisms as Creative Movements

Futurisms, as creative movements in visual art, music, theater, film, and literature, can be defined as a way of exploring representation, inclusion, and the possibility of liberation through intersections of identity, technology, and culture. Perceptions in futurist narratives are intimately tied to (re)imagining the world creatively. Futurisms is an aesthetic and a philosophy that re-evaluates the past and looks to the future to create conditions of possibility and as such can be thought of as a blueprint to rethink society in ways that empowers people. constructed realities of self and others using imagined worlds to describe how individuals resist, reclaim, and redefine their identities.

Notions of self and others are composed of intricately entwined and nuanced interactions that intersect lived experiences, imagined experiences, and physical and virtual realities. Recent cultural and socially relevant events have created opportunities for individuals to resist stereotypical notions of identity and reimagine themselves through a technological lens. The intersections of identities, including those of artists, educators, students, have encountered scrutiny, specifically within technological or online modalities.

The next issue of Trends will consider the following questions: How can artists, educators, students imagine a future for themselves? How might technology promote the reclamation of self? What role might art education play in healing past cultural constructions of identity and place, and reimagining the future? What role has technology, or more specifically, social media, played in the reclaiming, redefining, and reimagining visual art and a future of art education?

Trends 2021 welcomes submissions that explore futurisms specifically as they pertain to intersections of technology and identity. Consider these questions that relate to empowering individuals to resist, reclaim, reimagine, and redefine identities, including: How can artists, educators, and students imagine a future for themselves? How might technology promote such imaginings and help to redefine and empower self? What role might art education play in reimagining the future as a better place for all? What role has technology, or more specifically, social media, played in the reclaiming, redefining, and reimagining self and others?

Guidelines depend on the type of submission: arts-based submissions with minimal text should be accompanied by a 200-500-word description (which might not be published but will be used to review the submission). We also welcome creative written submissions of between 1000-2000 words, as well as traditional research manuscripts (which should follow the Trends Author Guidelines).

Submission Deadline:

Original manuscripts must be received by July 15, 2021 as a Microsoft Word document. Please submit electronically via email to taeatrends@gmail.com. For questions or more information, please contact Editors Andres Peralta or Corina Alvarado at taeatrends@gmail.com.

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