

LA FRONTERA /
BORDERLANDS

VCFA / MFA
VIS ART

H E R E

“You never get there by starting from there. You get there by starting from some here.”

—Paulo Freire, *Pedagogy of Hope*

Out of the 365 days of the year that a student at VCFA works towards her or his MFA, only twenty of those days take place on the Montpelier campus. For the remaining 345 days, students

develop their studio practice, conduct their visual culture research, engage with materials, sites, audiences and peers, in the familiar context of that place where they live and work. The words of the education philosopher Paulo Freire have special resonance for our learning community: “the educator needs to know that his or her ‘here’ and ‘now’ are nearly always the [learners’] ‘there’ and ‘then’ ”.

H E R E brings together conversations within and across the multiple **here's** in which we transform our lives as artists, educators, social-citizens, lovers, loners, and cultural workers. This 'zine adopts the principles of “Cheap Art,” using inexpensive black and white photocopies on legal sized paper folded in half.

H E R E will have a regional focus that crosses state and national boundaries: North Atlantic, St. Lawrence River Region, Mid-Atlantic, South Atlantic, Delta, Appalachia, Mid-West, Great Lakes Region, Great Plains, Rocky Mountains, La Frontera / borderlands, Southern Pacific, Northern Pacific and the Northern Continent. In addition to having a regional focus, each issue offers contributors a theme or set of questions to consider as possible frameworks for composing contributions.

SLOW SLOWLY SLOWNESS SLOWING SLOWED SLOWFULLY SLOWINGLY SLOW

“The only thing for certain is that everything changes. The rate of change increases. If you want to hang on, you better speed up. That is the message of today. It could however be useful to remind everyone that our basic needs never change. The need to be seen and appreciated! It is the need to belong. The need for nearness and care, and for a little love! This is given only through slowness in human relations. In order to master changes, we have to recover slowness, reflection and togetherness. There we will find real renewal.”

—Prof. Guttorm Fløistad, University of Oslo

The Slow Movement began with Carlo Petrini's protest against the opening of a McDonald's restaurant in Piazza di Spagna, Rome, in 1986. Petrini's intervention led to the creation of the Slow Food movement. The Slow Movement is an initiative that advocates a cultural shift towards slowing down

life's pace. Over time, this movement has developed into a subculture in other areas, such as Cittaslow (Slow Cities), Slow living, Slow Travel, and Slow Design.

Many of the contributors to this issue attempt to think about slowness and La Frontera. Does the speed at which we think and move through our day inform our social relationships? Our creative practice? Our politics? Are there specific experiences, practices, or rituals that we associate with regional histories, the southwest landscape, or ways in which slowness is valued and practiced differently there?

From a Mexican or South American point of view, the Southwest is actually the North. In an age of militarized borders and border regimes, the tension between these orientations has profound consequences. How does the United States / Mexico border create multiple temporalities, and at what consequence to every day life? How does the border condition influence time and pacing beyond the border's geographic specificity? And for whom? In this sense, **HERE** is not just a publication initiative. It is an invitation for the VCFA visual art community to begin to put our different **here's** into conversation.

HERE | La Frontera

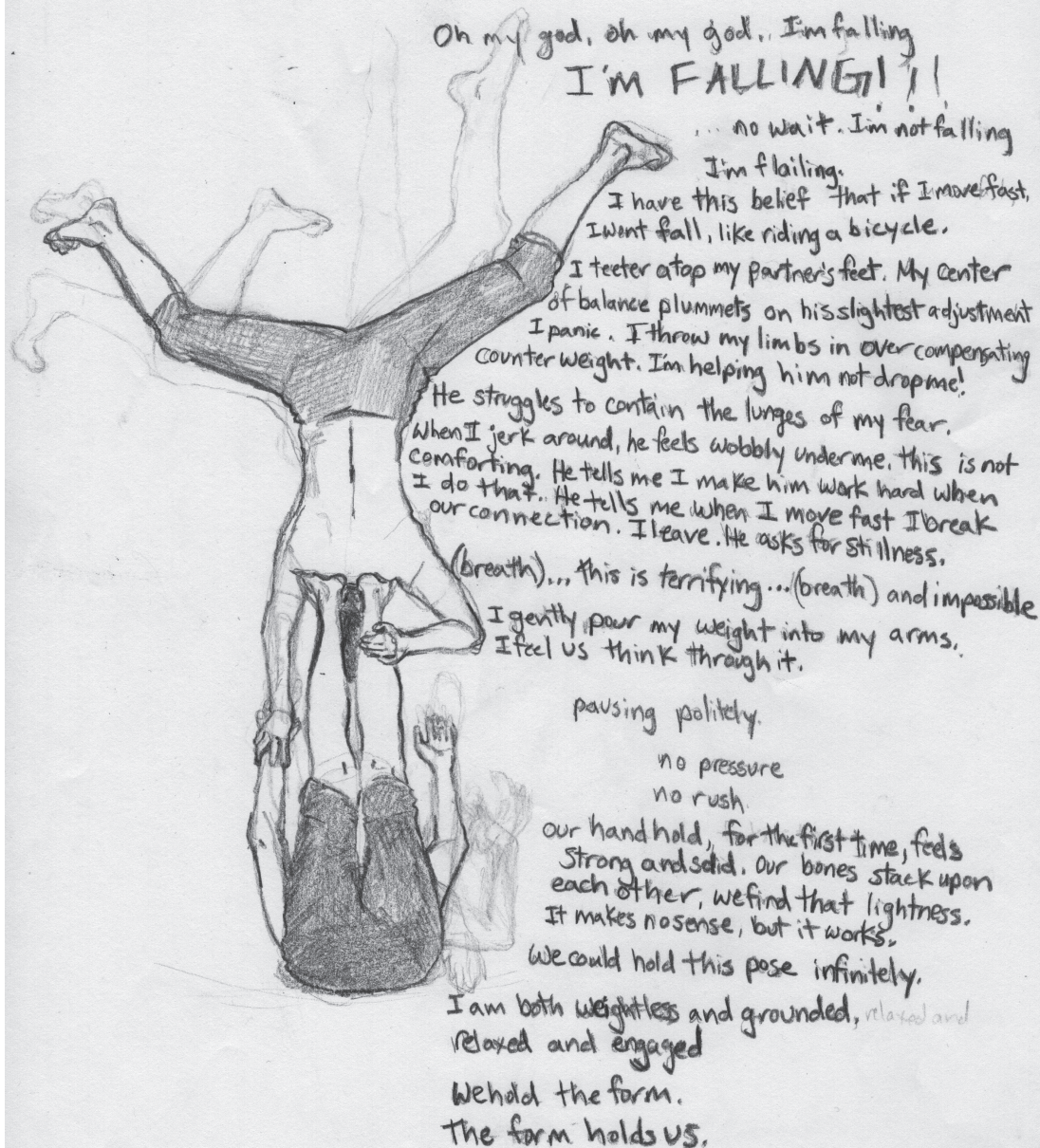
Premiere issue editorial team:

Danielle Dahline, Luis Jacob, Michael Minelli,

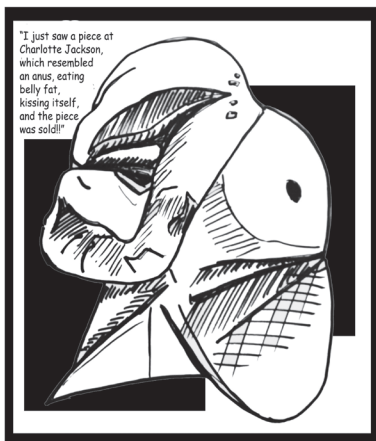
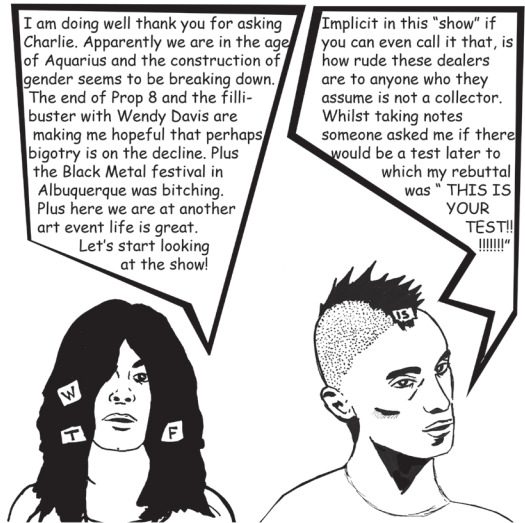
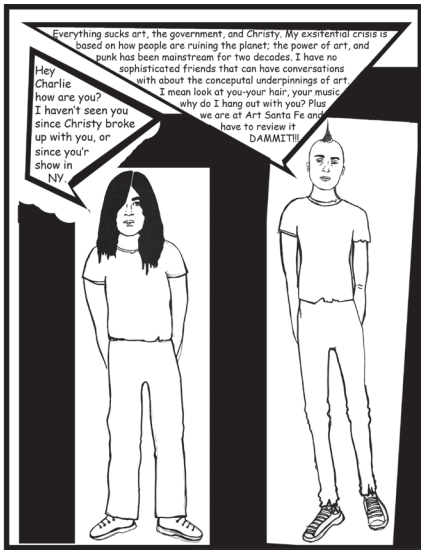
Dont Rhine, and Faith Wilding











Hot Skin

Sun, like hot metal pressed into skin,
burning pleasantly - pleasure pain me.

Hot pressed metal sun skin

-message me truth.

In truth, I breathe in and out – Hot Metal.

In truth, I am ALIVE, burning pleasantly.

Hot metal sun skin.

Metal sun.

Alive sun skin.

my skin

ALIVE hot skin

my hot skin.

alive



Glorious and brutal desert,

you erase yourself with time and wind, submerging both cruelty and beauty in the diachronic process of your daily invention. I walk on you and find the bones of yesteryear, animal skulls, cactus spines, plastic bags and trash for future archeologists, one day revealed and the next day hidden. Thank you for not showing me the human bones.

AN DON

Borders are like layers.

What is slow here is change

but always the wind

the dust

the sun.

Quende.

the sky,

dry, thin air

art as INDUSTRY

makers and seekers

LAYER

division and politics.

Us and them, either or,

green chili or red.

Both **DIVISIVE** and **INCLUSIVE**:

Land of **CONTRAST**.

La Frontera

nuclear bombs and drug wars

SANTA FE ART MARKET

you have your layers too: high end galleries as

with an aging clientele, younger installation artists galleries,

native Americans sitting on the sidewalk, selling turquoise and pan

handlers on street corners, coloring tourists "anything helps."

I cross the borders between these realities without papers or permits or

ecyotes, just by walking across town. Your slow boiling cultural melting

pot, so much below the surface, all suffering and phoria,

mythology and the grindstone of "art workers."

"Accumulation #10" oil paint on wood on

Blair Vaughn-Gruler









As you know in the Southwest there is a kind of slowness that is just the inherent speed of the region. You can see it in the clothes; nobody really dresses up for anything. In the summer it's shorts, t-shirt, and a smile. In the winter shorts, t-shirt, a smile and a jacket. Getting dressed up is defined as putting on your good Levis and button down shirt. It might be the weather, hot in the summer and somewhat chilling in the winter.

In my NDN world the pace is even ka uttea, if that can be imagined? And maybe I'm using the wrong word here "ka uttea" If I can westernize it? It would be the concept of patience or in Yoeme – "NDN Time." One Time my Achai was rushing around and my Hamuli asked him "what's the rush?" "I have to get going, I have to meet with some people" Hamuli shouted "Alaaaa, Let good things happen when they happen, stop watching that lelo."

NDN people didn't spend their lives with one eye on the clock because they had to deal with time long before there was a mechanism created to tell time. What it all comes down to is that every thing will begin when everybody gets there and every thing ends when it's over. Time is comparatively flexible and commonly not systematized into compartments as it is in American society.

- NDN - Indian
- Lelo - Clock
- Ka uttea - Slower
- Achai - Father
- Hamuli - Grandpa

Chiokee Utessia (Thank you) for the opportunity
 Jim Rivera

SeedBroadcast



SeedBroadcast is a generative project exploring grassroots food and seed sovereignty through collective inquiries and hands-on creative practices. SeedBroadcast believes that local communities hold a genius of place that nourishes the core of sustenance. We seek to reveal this innovative knowledge and pollinate the collective dialogues that animate the saving and growing of local seeds, to provide an avenue for the revitalization of localized food sources and people power.

As a collective, SeedBroadcast is committed to grow locally and deeply, while also finding connectivity and partnerships between communities and individuals across the country. We hold a strong belief that it is a basic human right to have unlimited access to growing and eating healthy food. These rights are not necessarily available to everyone for many reasons: lack of resources, such as open pollinated seeds, access to land and water and a lack of cultural support towards experimentation and learning are limited. Therefore, we have made it our objective to support, defend, and create diversified sites of food and seed discourses through creative investigations across our foodsheds.

Since its inception, SeedBroadcast has been engaged in the germination and cultivation of Seed Stories, which support the generation, sharing, and distribution of seed saving and food growing information. While pragmatic "how-to" information is a foundation for practicing local food and seed sovereignty, it also highlights the poetry explicit through the local genius of voice and voices. These stories are the history, presence, and future for creative and transformative agri-Culture, and the re-invigoration of a popular culture through the grassroots.

In 2013, SeedBroadcast roused Seed Stories through two agendas: a southwestern tour with the Mobile Seed Story Broadcasting Station and the creation and publication of SeedBroadcast agri-Culture Journal, which is distributed through the Mobile Seed Story Broadcasting Station and local partners. These platforms support collaboration and sharing of seeds, stories, resources, and inspiration within local communities and between individuals, while also providing pollination through diversified regional, national, and international media networks.

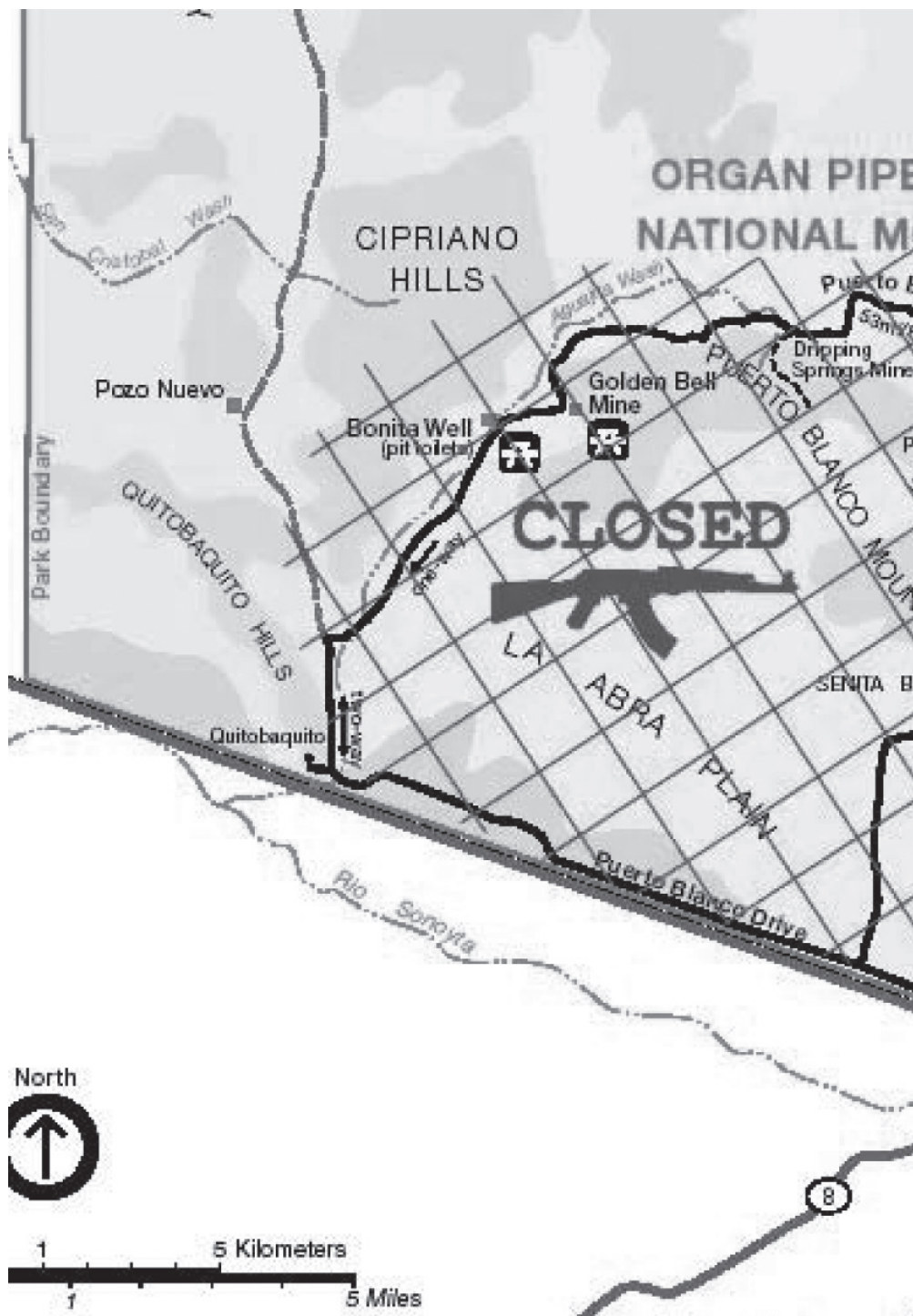
During the 2013 tour, we were blessed to partner up with many organizations and community projects to conduct SeedBroadcasting at local events throughout New Mexico and Arizona. At these events we set up a hands-on seed exploration table, encouraged creative drawing of seeds, food, and farms, provided a free-source copy center, broadcast audio Seed Stories across the streets and landscapes, shared seeds, and recorded Seed Stories. Partners included: Compartiendo Semillas en Anton Chico, Homegrown Santa Fe, Albuquerque BioPark, Tri-County Farmers' Market in Las Vegas, Feast on the Street, Native Seed Search, Santa Fe March Against Monsanto, Pima County Seed Library, In Seeds We Trust, Tewa Women United, SEEDS: A Collective Voice, and Mora Grows Seed Library. We also collaborated with University of New Mexico, Art and Ecology and Land Arts of the American West Students.

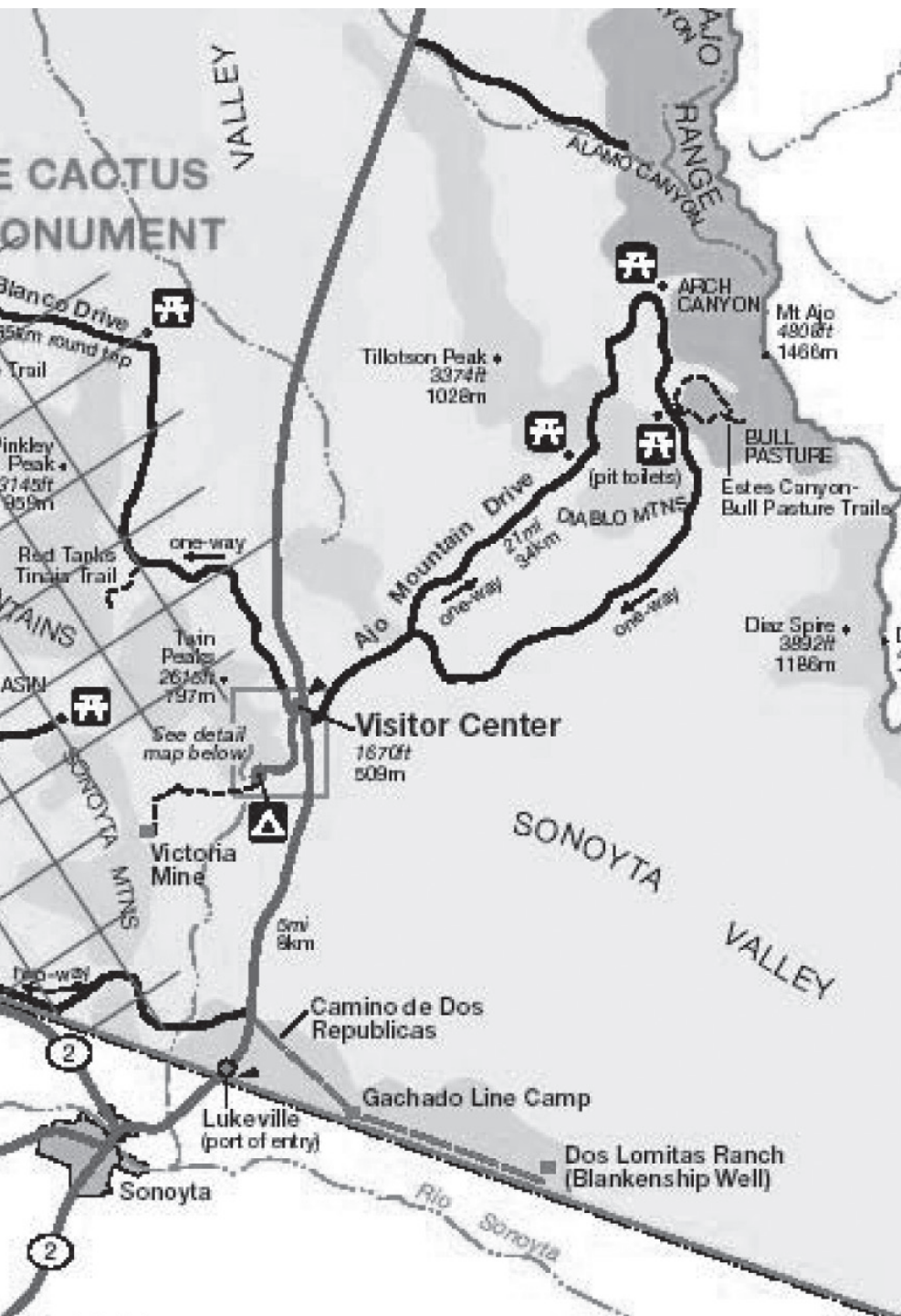
SeedBroadcast collective cohorts:
Jeanette Hart-Mann
Chrissie Orr

For more information on projects and events:
www.seedbroadcast.org

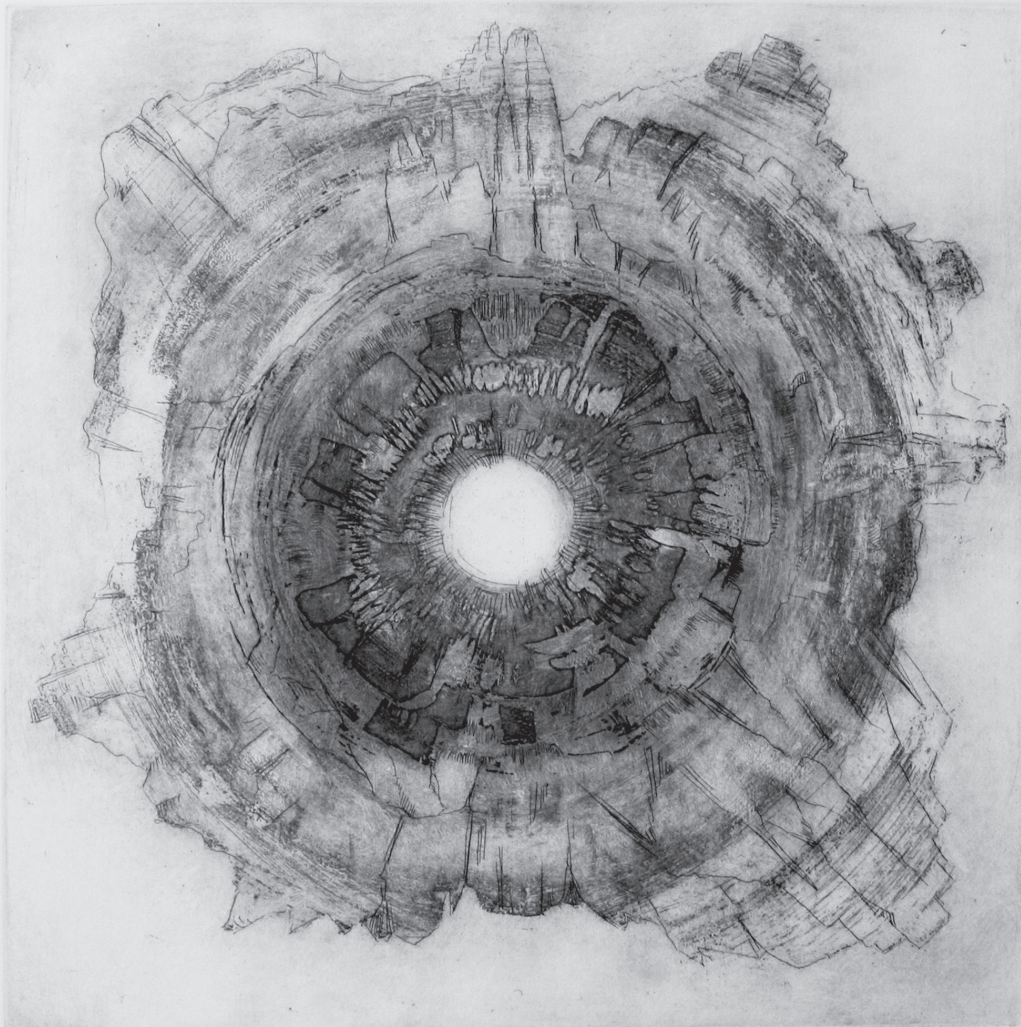


Photos (left to right, top to bottom) Brian Campbell, Aaliyah Sanchez, Pajoaque Pueblo, Santa Fe March Against Monsanto, Aldo Hart-Mann, Armand Salia, South Valley Academy, Anasazi Beans, SeedBroadcast Seed Swap Table.













PATRICIA MCINROY | Alumni

Riding in the back of a truck with
freshly picked coffee in Chiapas, Mexico.
The next stop for the coffee beans
will be the U.S./Mexico border.



OBSERVATION

Returning to Mexico is a little less time consuming. You pass through unguarded lanes that have a red and green signal light, however if you happen to be in the lane with a burned out signal it is important to wait until a Mexican border guard signals you to pass through. If not and you get impatient, you are directed to a secondary lane where you are asked a series of questions before you can proceed on into Mexico. One of the questions is, “Why did you not wait for the signal light to change?” You are now in Mexico.



Algunos bailan para recordar... una danza de olvidar.

(Some dance to remember... some dance to forget.)

Brought to you by Google Translate

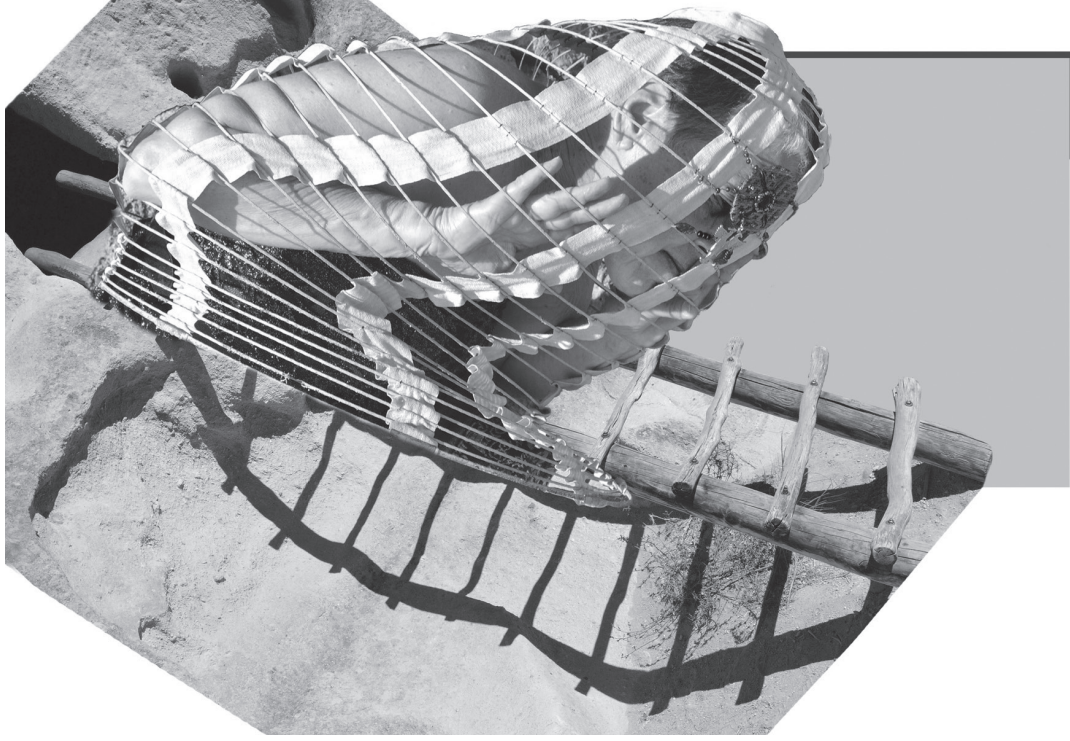


Vitamins in hand
her body falls to the ground
prayer plant farewell.









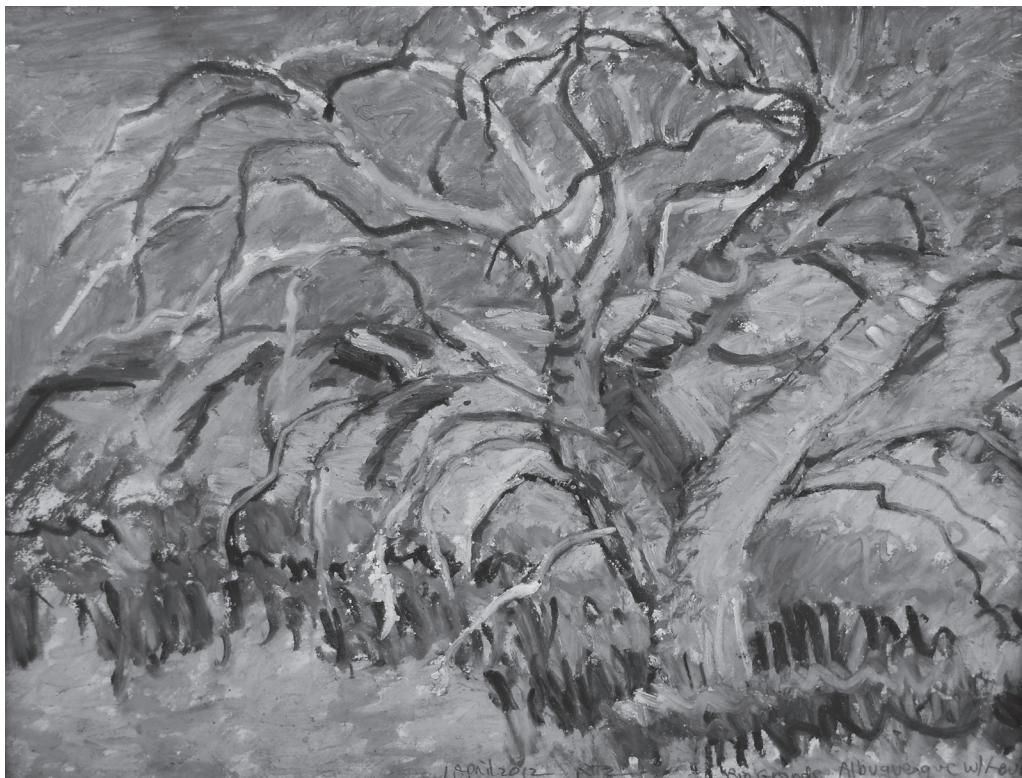
One of my favorite spots in Arizona is a place called V-Bar-V. The ancient Sinagua tribe used one of the rock walls in this area for ritual and spiritual ceremonies and they carved visual forms into the rock as a method of historical record and narrative. The sun acted as their daily clock and seasonal calendar. The way the light hit images on the wall helped inform the Sinaguas when their planting and harvesting seasons began and ended. The visual images and their placement became an important part of their lives. Cooperation, family, and tribal cohesion were part of their survival. Therefore, the idea of “slowness” was and still is respected among the Native American communities.

An hour away from this petroglyph site, I teach at Northern Arizona University. Performance is key to both student and job success. Universities are run like businesses. So numbers and maintaining them become key to survival. Larger class sizes, blended and hybrid learning, and technology in the classroom are the directions of the future. Continued existence means the shrinking of human contact in the learning process. It is a fast paced job in the midst of a slower paced environment. History is outdoors and ever-present in the Colorado Plateau region.

However, there is a paradox in talking about “slowness” and what it means in a regional sense. I don’t think slowness needs to be defined by place.

Slowness is a state of mind. Each person makes decisions about how they want to approach their lives and how they choose to prioritize the things within it. We are all constantly trying to balance relationships with career and life success. “Loss” is our reality check. When we experience loss, we remember, reflect, and through that loss, we re-prioritize.

The older I get, the more I look back and see how fast life has been. I should be freaking out about how little I have accomplished over the years, but instead, I enjoy the time I can find being creative, the quiet when I am alone to think, and the people who are willing to take time out of their own schedules to communicate with me. Life is fast, but I can only pace myself by my own clock. And I guess that also means having “respect” for other people’s clock. There’s another “R” I can add into the equation.



The washboard road to Chaco Canyon in New Mexico was a long, beautiful, and endless 350-mile drive. I saw a house built way far deep 'way out there' with electrical wires connecting it to the world. Dust from sand suddenly whipped up like passing ghosts. I saw an antelope. And I passed signs that said things like: "Rodeo," "Bingo," Bible," "Talk of the Town Carwash" (the only action in town), and "Church of God," all of which had in common that they were worn old signs falling apart. Radio stations preached what the Lord says you are supposed to do, and Indian-language shows played music or told the news or stories . . . I have no idea which. Once I got back on the right road, there were no signs. According to the map, this had to be the right road, 14 North. Soon it became a 'nonroad,' the surface of which was a washboard and dusting of sand that whipped up into the air every split second my tires touched down. The road was torn apart as I thanked myself for renting a Jeep instead of the toy matchbox car the rental company had originally given to me. Once at Chaco Canyon, I was just so happy to have made it safely. My first impression was physically being high up in the sun-scorched desert, present at this sacred site of a people disappeared like at Macchu

Picchu, who chose to live in bitter cold winters and seethingly hot summers. Why did they build here and why did they leave? I walked all through Pueblo Bonito. The architecture informs us much about the people who lived here, as the rooms were small, and there were so many of them one could get lost in the maze. There were common entertainment amphitheaters, and tiny rooms for intimacy. Wood was carried from a forest far away and used for beams in the stone structures. I was particularly interested in the one window that was aligned to allow the sun to come through at solstice, perfectly aligned for four days. I took myself to every Pueblo, knowing what great company I was to myself. On the way back, Mt. Taylor was parallel to me at a distance, but then it jumped ahead, way far ahead, like 60 miles ahead. I don't know how it did that, unless I was driving backwards. Hoshiah is a town on the way back, so I took the detour onto a sandy road. I was instantly asked if I was lost. The people responded well to their new stranger, but I was afraid they would invite me to dinner. Oilrigs — if that was oil being drilled . . . not sure — and a long dusty road to nowhere are what make Hoshiah the town that it is today. People looked Indian and Spanish, with pleasing countenances.



oOo

Slowly waking body-mind turns off the alarm, and goes back to slow dreams.

oOo

Later, slow breakfasting,; grinding coffee beans; making a shake; spooning yoghurt you made yourself in hours of slow cells budding; over whole grains slowly ripening in the maturing sun; honey gathered by bees that slowly rub against stamens laden with pollen and nectar.

oOo

Slowly, you write letters by hand, and amble to the post-office to mail them, noting along the way new flowers slowly unfurling.

oOo

Your friend calls from a café: Join me in a slow latte, or even slower cappuccino! No espressos allowed.

oOo

You have to travel by car but end up in the slow lane? Fine, listen to the radio and sing along. Later, you are in the aisle behind a very old woman bent over the shopping cart. You don't pass her impatiently, but slow down to her pace—and see so many more things. At the checkout counter, you have a slow pleasant conversation with the cashier while counting out your pennies.

oOo

You don't switch to a DSL line, but take the slow blue highway of the internet and answer email as slowly as possible, taking time to file your nails, read a chapter, or do other within-reach tasks while waiting for the downloads and uploads. Or just stare into space slowly enjoying the blossoming apple boughs brushing your window pane.

oOo

Listen to the radio. That is slow time.

oOo

Slowing down the production line is the most ubiquitous tactic of factory resistance. There are so many ways: you have a bladder infection and run to the bathroom frequently; you catch your hair in the machinery; your hand or eye got a sudden spasm and you could not continue to work; you ran out of components and forgot to order more; you had a sudden hysterical fit and lost control; the spirit moved you to pass on a joke or some gossip down the line; you are distracted thinking of the slow sex you had last night.

oOo

Slowing down the family dinner is also possible: cooking a casserole from scratch for example, everyone has to wait and socialize while it cooks, and a slow drink of cool white wine is a good way to pass the time.

oOo

Slowly grinding corn for tortillas, or grinding the curry spices, spaces out the day, although it seems work is never done and there is never enough food to go around.

“Chew slowly and it will seem like more,” my mother told me when I was little.

oOo

Choose slower technologies and have more time to think. Feel the speed of your fingers—are they keeping pace with your thinking? Your emotions? If your day is filled with tasks you must do, start early and space them out slowly, taking breaks in between. Stop when you can, and go slowly to bed with a good book.

oOo

Go as slowly as possible when making love, masturbating, taking a bath, going for a walk, talking with friends and lovers, eating or drinking, or other pleasures.

oOo

Our full-speed ahead world is addicting and mesmerizes us into not thinking or feeling. Don't let speed control you. The slow body's pleasures and pains are part of your radical subjectivity.

oOo

Above all, treasure the gaps, the spaces between, when there is no visible activity, when thought, daydream, contemplation and solitude take shape and have their becoming— becoming slow, slowly becoming.

For more information about ***HERE*** contact zine@vcfa.edu

