A person susceptible to “wanderlust” is not so much addicted to movement as committed to transformation.

— Pico Lyer
In the Mayan calendar, time does not simply run along a line. Instead, it is a series of repeating circles. It dislodges linear time. What spaces does that create? As an artist, and a researcher, I am engaged in an endless tangle with the problem of making history. I don’t want it – His Story with its Timeline and narrative of progress. I want something else. I want an assemblage of the people I have loved. I want those who have faded from view – nomads, illegals, immigrants, impossible subjects, the colonized in endless process of decolonization – those whose lifelines I have shared, or whose work is my work, too, whether they know it or not. I want a record of these embraces – conceptual, virtual, embodied. This requires multiple timelines and spaces - more like a constellation. I need astronomy, and astrology, and circular time. I need other frameworks for my stories. A constellation is always much bigger than any of us. Memories condense and disperse upon stars and planets. Can I just map you onto a few? What planets and stars would you like? I will draw your face upon them and it will last forever.

The constellation mapped by your work – the artists in this graduating class – shines brightly in circular, repetitive time. You work scientifically, epistemically, viscerally, semiotically, astronomically. You gather as you wander, drawing from diverse trajectories of thought, cultural ways, and materials. You think ceremonially, digitally, and evoke new forms of being together. You contribute to each others’ work, through mobile projections, conversations, shared spaces. You steal,
reorganize, and redistribute. You look for the shine and your luminance spills over, sonic wavelengths willy-nilly. I don’t need to make sense of this. It makes its own sense, your shape, your pattern. Maybe it’s the Great Emu, the Dragon, the Coatlicue, or all at once, overlayed. It has certainly been done before, and it will be done again. But in circular time, it is through the repetition that we find the way, it is in the learning and knowing we have been here before that we recognize knowledge. It’s not new, it can’t be all new (how boring)! We must listen for what has come and what has just left…the resonances, footprints, artifacts of our ancestors.

Remedios Varo, about whom our beloved and recently deceased colleague Janet Kaplan wrote so passionately, was hidden from us, covered over by storytellers who believed in His Story and The Timeline. Janet revealed her star in the constellation and when she did so, everything changed. The story and its shape changed. Time and space were transformed. As Kaplan writes: “In intimate tableaux, Varo invites us into a world of her imagination that is not the world we know. It obeys other laws and follows other patterns. It is a reality apart” (p. 38, 1987). How could we understand surrealism – with its multiplicity of realities – without this? Without Woman? Without Mexico? Without Varo’s nomadism, her insurgency? With this, Janet shifted the field of political meanings upon which artmaking, with its multiple forms of Surrealism, can both emerge and be encountered. She remade a reality. This is what history making might be.
In the ensuing pages here, L.A. Watson quotes Judith Butler: “Whose lives are real? How might reality be remade?”

This group of artists, the winter 2015 graduating class in Visual Arts of the Vermont College of Fine Arts, has also evoked a reality both apart and remade. Your constellation resonates with the knowledge of many before you, and many to come.

These words are dedicated to the achievements of the winter 2015 Visual Arts MFA graduates and to the life of Janet Kaplan, faculty member.

Works Cited
Ceci n’est pas un poisson (This is not a fish)

The treachery of scientific research photography resides in the premise that this visual reference is not a nano-sized fish but a digital photographic two-dimensional representation of an animal disguised by a gold coating and filtered through an electron microscope. Photography may reflect a visual medium of hegemonic authenticity but, as surrealist painter René Magritte in *La trahison des images (The Treachery of Images)* advised the viewer, his pipe was a painted representation and not the physical, functional artifact.

©2014 David Allio in collaboration with the Lincoln Memorial University Imaging and Analysis Center
Joeann Argue

lost and found

for when we are lost
there is only sorrow

for when we are silenced
there is only pain

for when we are invisible
there is only despair

for when we are heard
we come alive
Samantha M. Eckert

I built the house in sections, always following the concrete needs of the moment. It might also be said that I built it in a kind of dream. Only afterward did I see how all the parts fit together and that a meaningful form had resulted.

—C.G. Jung, “The Tower,” Memories, Dreams, Reflections

*a condition of being* (installation detail): 10 towers made from 10,000 burned Popsicle sticks, hot glue, spray paint, graphite, 10- 3’x10’ drawings on muslin, cast shadows.
I am a multi-disciplinary, contemplative artist exploring the generative space between mind and body, action and result, psychology and ecology. My work investigates how human agency activates and shapes the internal and external landscapes of our lives and communities. In this work, I am using pure materials found in nature such as seeds, organic soil, and compost, allowing each to tell their innate stories of transformation, impermanence, and possibility, all while pointing to the necessity of human agency in stewarding the contents of our communal and personal ecologies: the soil, the seeds, our emotions and the human mind.

*I Changed My Mind: Cement Over Prime Agricultural Soil Rubbed with Prime Agricultural Soil, sifted organic compost,* 120 lb rag paper, ponderosa pine needles, cracked cement, Rattlesnake Creek rocks, human exertion, sunshine.

*composed of prime agricultural soil amended with composted thorns, egg shells, divorce papers, wedding photos, love letters, duck, cow and rabbit manure, grass clippings, maple leaves, food scraps and driftwood.*
Dennis Fougere

Not unlike any other natural force in the universe, I am compelled to study the shine behind all things, and in so doing, move onward.
Tyler Gill

*We are all born mad, some remain so.*

—Samuel Beckett
The aspen leaves had turned variations of yellows and oranges. Snow was lightly falling and covering the ground. Fog dispersed through parts of the Pando Forest in Utah as if it did not want to allow the sun through for that epic photo opportunity. But this was an epic moment. Over the last two years, what I came to realize is that the importance in photography for me is about the experience, the moment of capturing the photograph.
Melora Griffis

detail: the wound is the place where the light enters you

—Rumi

the hero did not survive, acrylic and charcoal on paper, 16" X 20"
Taylor Harlin

I take great pleasure in walking and collecting. During this time I am able to reflect on all of the mundane and ordinary things we “tune out” during our daily routines, the visual noise of the mundane or discarded. I am interested in using objects that have been tuned out by others to give them a new frequency, a new wavelength to travel upon.
Jeff Huston

White Contemporary American culture constructs a damaging masculine identity within men and women through institutions of religion, marriage and government that empower them at the expense of the preliterate. The perverted power relationships between the church, state, and family overwhelmingly benefit white men are sold to the masses as “tradition.” The damage of white masculinity can be seen in the shootings of african americans by police and the systematic land re-appropriation from native communities to the highest bidder for economic gain. White American masculinity challenges and rewards us when we use our communities and natural resources for our own means without recognizing the damage we instill on our society and environment.
Beth Magee

I want my work to be in between culture and nature—to escape that binary. By engaging with the histories of painting without strategizing an end game, I feel free to interrogate and choose, to reinvent—avoiding a signature style. I am beginning to think of painting in terms of adjacency, as a medium that has many neighbors—as a doorway to body, the everyday, and the environment. I like the idea that paintings can create a social screen, taking and offering impressions of their immediate surroundings and context.

Rock, Scissors, Paper, oil & acrylic on canvas, 24" X 20"
detroitsummertwothousandfourteen.i walkedalloverthecity.iwalkedfromeigthmiletohamtramck.iwalkedfromhamtramcktomexicantown.

istoppedatbarandsawamanwitharazobladeinhismouth.onethingiwillneverforgetaboutthecitythatsummerisfallingasleeptothethumpin
gofcarstereosinmyneighborhood.
By creating this new context, materials and voices that have become silent find new meaning within the present moment. It is here at the intersections of past and present, silent and spoken, and lost and found, where the possibility of alternative narratives develops.
Lori Talcott

What would you take into the Dark?

The earliest experience of art must have been that it was incantatory, magical; it was an instrument for ritual.

—Susan Sontag, Against Interpretation
It is not a matter of a simple entry of the excluded into an established ontology, but an insurrection at the level of ontology, a critical opening up of the questions, What is real? Whose lives are real? How might reality be remade?

—Judith Butler, Precarious Life