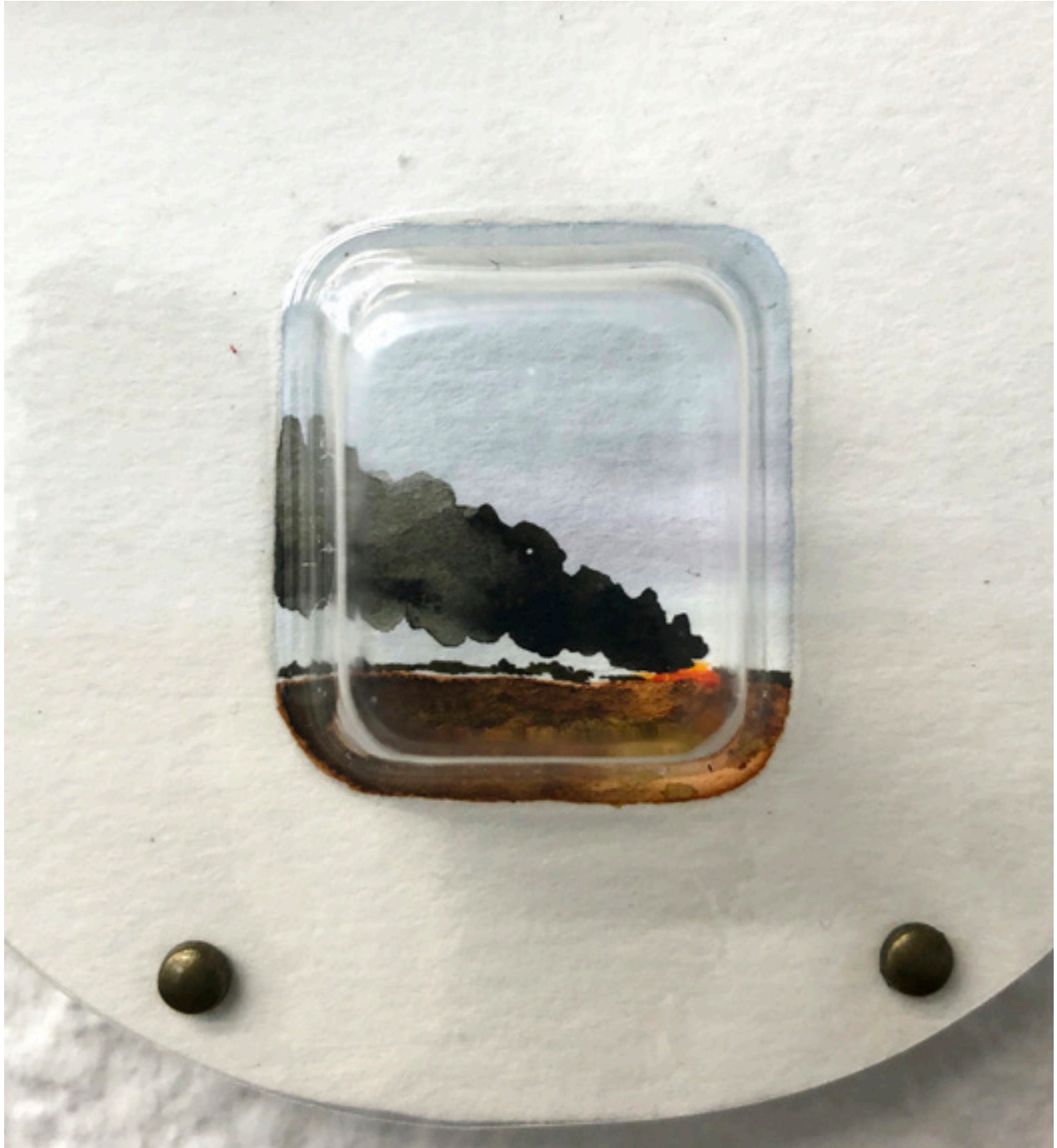


# TRENDS

---

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*





(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.

# 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

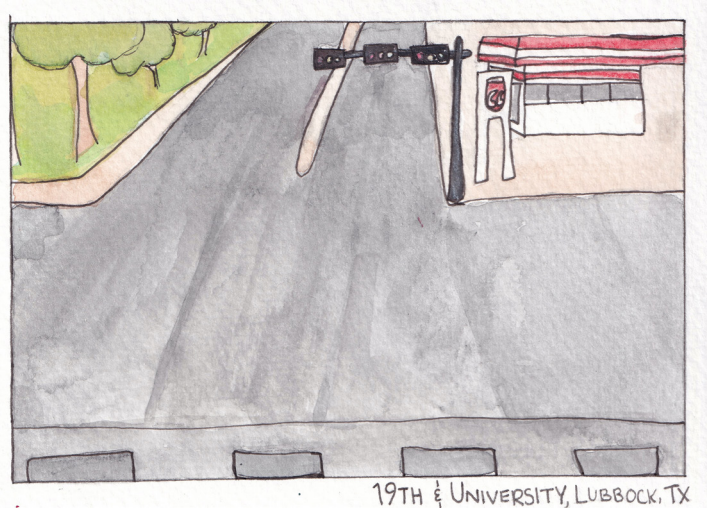
Tuesday night, the last day of exam week, and I tried to play it cool walking up to you after you won a game of pool. You drove me home and walked me to my door, telling me you were enchanted to meet me. You requested I go out with you Friday and I agreed. The next evening you told me you were sort of 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

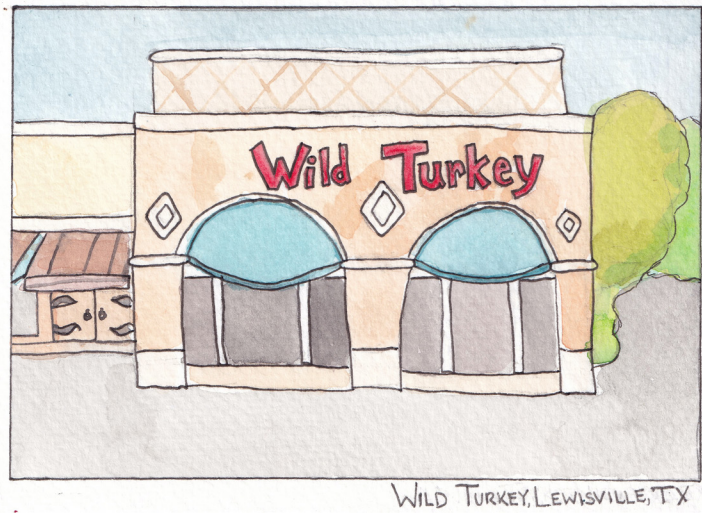
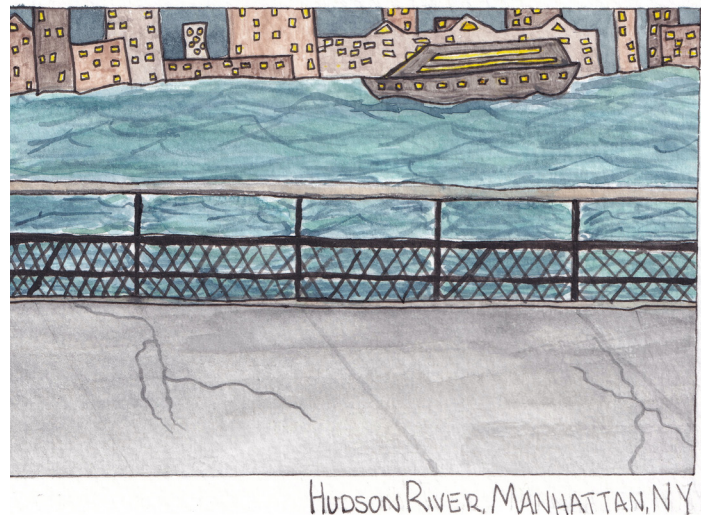


Figure 3. Hudson River, Manhattan, New York



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.

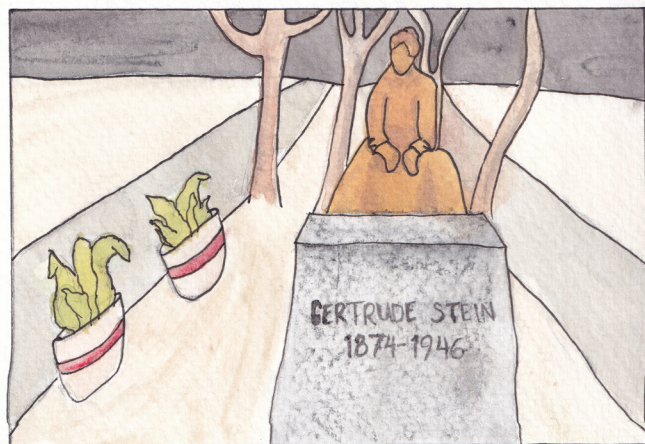
Yours,  
Allison

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



CASTILLO DE SAN CRISTÓBAL 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.

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.

Figure 6. 97th & Park, Manhattan, New

