

GUINEVERE YOSEYVA



On the world's longest porch swing, Nebraska, 2019, 35mm photograph captured by a stranger

DEPS ARTIST PROFILE SERIES



Arizona Hwy, 2019, 35mm photograph

ROAD TO NOWHERE



Taken while driving, Flagstaff, 2019, 35mm photograph

For C33 Gallery, Guinevere Yoseyva presents *Road to Nowhere*, an examination of Yoseyva's first solo cross-country road trip. Throughout this exhibition, viewers are expected to engage with the work in a way that makes them feel like they're along for the ride.

Guinevere Yoseyva grew up in a state of instability and constant motion. Though not always a positive force, the regular changes in their life allowed them to learn how to move through the world with wild adaptability. Born in Captain Cook, Hawaii, moving to Sedona, Arizona, relocating to Los Angeles, and most recently, uprooting and rerooting to Chicago, they've been around the block more than once. Living in a constant state of motion, this was not their first road trip. They would regularly take 8+ hour drives from Arizona with their mom to visit their dad in New Mexico, or drive to visit their grandparent's house in Thousand Hills, CA. Those regular trips are what instilled the need for travel within them, it later made them realize the importance of moving through the world at their own pace. Though this wasn't their first time on the road, this was their first time alone.

Yoseyva has been an artist their whole life, but only recently started seriously honing and honoring their self-taught practice, working mainly with collage, painting, photography, and writing. Their work has been featured in several publications, including, *Pinstriped Zine Issue 10*, *Spew Vol 3*, *Not Approved for Medical Use* (their book of illustrations from 2018), *Do You Suffer?* (their book of poetry from 2019), and *Bad Egg Vol 2, 3, and 4*. *Bad Egg* is a queer collective they began in 2017 which focuses on giving queer artists a safe space to share their art. *Road to Nowhere* will be the first exhibition of their work which documents their solo road trip from Arizona to Chicago. Currently, they are studying Arts Management at Columbia College Chicago and are expected to graduate May 2021.

For more information about Guinevere Yoseyva:
yoseyva.wordpress.com



Guards of the Watchtower, Colorado, 2019, 35mm photograph



Self-Portrait, 2019, collage painting



Taken while driving, 2019, 35mm photograph



will YOU find their secrets? or will you just drive on, 2019, collage painting 1/2



Taken while driving, Flagstaff, 2019, 35mm photograph



Spider Beetle of Avoca, 2019, 35mm photograph



On the world's longest porch swing, Nebraska, 2019, 35mm photograph captured by a stranger



A stop on the way, Arizona, 2019, 35mm photograph



Car switch, 2019, 35mm photograph



Impulsive, 2019, 35mm photograph

Bats surround us.

8/12 I'm off. Exactly a month since I've arrived, I leave again. Off on a new journey ahead. I am safe. I sit by the spicket on oak creek canyon. Blessed. I'm incredibly somber. It's never been this hard to leave before. It gets harder everytime. I eat the chocolate. Blessed by

Amma. Thank you for the protection.

I've seen 3 butterflies today. Two huge monarchs (I think) and one little guy.

I drive with the windows open. It's 91°, but I won't feel this air for awhile.

I saw a dead deer on the side of the road.

8/13

I'm eating breakfast at the Alpine Inn. I still have a headache. My whole body is sore. Last night, there was a deer in the road. There was a car in front of me when I saw it, so he had to dodge it before I did.

The fountain of youth lies within the Jack Rabbit Saloon.

My face is covered in welts. Red spots begin to take over my visage. The elevation is making me sick. The climate is not my friend, here. I don't think I'll retire in Colorado. I need more desert.

The owners of the Alpine Inn are from Steacie, Illinois will always find me.

A woman in the Del Norte Honey shop announced that a swarm of bees committed suicide in her horse tank.

*America's Best Inn
Stopped on the 160 East, due to an accident. There's a truck overturned on the side of the road.

The crows swarm. I don't want to stop, but I need gas, and it's been "200" miles and my bladder is on the verge of explosion. I don't want to stop, but I stop. There's a trucker filling up on diesel across the way. I'm cautious. I'm wary,

Notes from Yoseyva's journal on the road
Colorado Honey, 2019

I feel cleansed, though.
Cleansed.
Mom stopped on the sides of my intention
He put it out before it burned through all the way.



Notes from Yoseyva's journal on the road
Sedona, 2019

It was easier coming down, than going up, but my legs are weaker. There is a piercing piece of apple stuck in my wisdom tooth hole.

INTERVIEW WITH GUINEVERE YOSEYVA

Conducted by Kaylee Fowler

Kaylee Fowler: How long did this trip last, and what was your reason behind taking a solo road trip?

Guinevere Yoseyva: The main trip I'm focusing on here lasted four days. The *whole* trip lasted about a month. Let me clarify. The story begins with the summer of 2019. The semester was through, and I was spending my days working for the gallery. I had recently moved into a new apartment and had the opportunity to rent a garage space in the building. This excited me for a number of reasons, 1. I missed my car, 2. the ease of grocery shopping, 3. a new opportunity for adventure. My best friend and I were going to do a big cross-country road trip and had been planning it for a while, but for many reasons that I will not go into, this plan fell through. I still desperately wanted/needed a road trip, so I devised a new plan: I was going to fly into Arizona, drive to Los Angeles, drive up to the Redwoods to camp, go back to Los Angeles to see my beautiful friends, drive back to Sedona, get my wisdom teeth removed, and then, finally, drive back to Chicago. This was the whole trip.

About a week or so before I was scheduled to fly out to AZ, I got a phone call from my mom telling me that Jamie Dagger, my first car, a beautiful dark green 1998 Honda Civic (with yellow pinstripes), was essentially totaled. Naturally, I had a breakdown over this. Not only because I was planning on taking Jamie for the entirety of this crazy trip, but, also, because she was my first car and I loved her dearly.

Once I cleared my head of mourning, I had to set out to find a new vehicle. Tirelessly, I scoured carfax.com looking for something that was cheap and would work. After looking at an uncountable number of listings, I finally found her, the perfect replacement. A 2006 silver Toyota Prius (with black pinstripes) located at a dealership close to the airport.

Due to the rushed nature of this road trip, I had to purchase the car the day I flew in. I arrived at the Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport and was retrieved by my mom to go snag the new car, which was much more of a difficult, time-consuming, and stressful ordeal than I felt was necessary. After a big day of air travel, talking to banks, waiting around to hear from loan officers and six credit cards later, I ended July 12, 2019, with a beautiful new (to me) Prius and my trip officially began.

At the time, her name was unknown, but she has now been dubbed Sylvia Franchesca Donovan.

KF: What did you use to shoot your photos?

GY: I use a 35mm point and shoot Vivitar. I purchased it at Central Camera during my first year of college when I decided I wanted to get more into photography. That dinky little thing has lasted so much longer than I ever expected it to, running on three years now and still works wonderfully!!

KF: Were there any places in particular you set out to see? Were there places you were revisiting from your past, or new places in particular you wanted to experience?

GY: I planned this trip out pretty thoroughly via roadtrippers.com. They've got a whole database of attractions and funky stuff to see on the road, so I planned out a general route and looked for weird stuff on the way.

I made the trip a day longer because I wanted to drive through Colorado since I hadn't been in a couple of years. The first time I was there I completely fell in love with the environment and decided that it was where I wanted to retire (I have a poem about it and everything!) I think it's such a beautiful place, and since it's not super far from Sedona (in the scheme of

things), I decided to add the stop. Colorado was the only location I specifically added because of a past connection to it.

As for new places I wanted to experience, there were plenty! Unfortunately, I couldn't delay the passing of time to visit all of them, but I made it to the most important ones. The only thing I'm disappointed that I wasn't able to see was the giant ball of twine in Kansas, but, alas, it was too out of my way.

roadtrip stops

dino tracks - Tuba city, arizona ✓
billygoat saloon - colorado, four corners area ✗ - closed and thankfully honestly
MOTEL IN PAGOSA SPRINGS (Alpine Inn) (est 6 hr 45 min) (11:30 am central - 10:45 pm mountain: 9 hrs 15 min
treasure falls - Colorado ✓
ufo watchtower - Colorado ✓
garden of the gods - Colorado (PENDING: 439 mi [7 hr 32 min] WITH, 433 mi [7 hr 18 min] WITHOUT) ✗
MOTEL IN GOODLAND KANSAS (Rodeway Inn) (10 am - 8:30(?) pm)
giant van Gogh - Goodland, Kansas ✓
giant ball of twine - cawker city, kansas ✗
world's largest porch swing - hebron, Nebraska ✓
lees legendary marbles - York, Nebraska ✗
Volkswagen beetle spider - Avoca, Iowa ✓
MOTEL IN AVOCA, IOWA (motel 6) (11:24 am
squirrel cage jail - council bluffs, Iowa ✗
gramma's house - Walcott, Iowa ✗
Mount Carmel cemetery - hillside, il ✗
all the way back home, baby

KF: What were some of the unexpected hardships of this experience, and what was an experience that especially stood out as interesting or meaningful?

GY: There was one thing in particular which was just so weird. I had gotten a few vaccines (chickenpox being one of them) less than a week before I left for the trip and thought nothing of it. As I began my second day of driving, I noticed that I was starting to get weird, faint, red spots on my face. I thought it was allergies or something at first, and concluded that I was allergic to Colorado.

The trip went on, and these red spots were getting worse. They were starting to cover the rest of my body and when I made it to the motel in Kansas, I was totally covered. They didn't hurt or anything, but it made my body super sensitive and warm. I nixed the allergic to Colorado idea, because it was ridiculous, and concluded they were like heat spots or something. Since this trip was in the summer I was sitting, unmoving and sweating in the car all day. The heat spot idea seemed logical at the time, and that's what the internet led me to believe.

Iowa did not resolve this weird rash situation either, in fact, it got worse! I kept driving and driving and driving, and finally made it home. Once I arrived at my house, the situation already seemed to be looking better, and by the next day or so, it was completely gone, and it's never come up again!!

My final conclusion on the weird rash business: I think it was a stress-induced reaction to the vaccine (specifically the chickenpox one, obviously). Below is a picture of what it looked like in Kansas, but all in all, this was such a strange event that ended up causing me the most stress during this trip, which is why I had to take up so much of your time in explaining it.



Interacting with all of the different people on this trip was incredibly meaningful to me. Everybody I met was so kind and helpful, it made the whole experience so much more fun and positive.

The picture of me underneath the giant Van Gogh was taken by some other tourists, who were also visiting the monument, and were traveling from Los Angeles. (We bonded, briefly, over this fact.) They offered to take the picture for me once they saw my setup, which was just me recording myself on my phone while it leaned against my bag. Seeing and experiencing the genuine kindness and compassion that people had towards me, a stranger, really lifted my hopes and made me feel less alone and much safer on the road.

I think all people have compassion within them, it's buried deeper in some than in others making it harder to connect with, but on a bigger scale, I think everybody has genuine kindness in there, somewhere. Being a drifter in this situation makes people act on their best behavior. As a stranger, people generally want to make a good first impression. Even if you never go back to that town again, when you look back on the experience you'll remember how nice the people were. I think this attitude of hospitality relates very much to the middle-America-country ideal/mindset where reputation is seen as an important thing.

KF: How does the isolation of traveling alone compare to the social isolation currently enforced on us, and what effect did it have on your creative processes then versus now?

GY: The isolation is incredibly different. The isolation that comes with driving cross country results in travel and seeing things you've never seen before, while this socially distanced isolation results in feelings of stagnation. I would say the isolation I faced before I took my trip was much more similar to the current state of social distancing than the isolation I experienced on the road.

The whole trip consisted of very constant socialization when I was in Los Angeles, and then sudden isolation when I went back to Arizona. That in of itself was a very dramatic,

emotionally tolling experience because once I was in that isolated state, in Arizona post wisdom-teeth removal, I felt very alone. Generally, I am the type of person who needs solitude, but going from seeing some of my closest friends everyday for a solid week to being completely alone with nobody other than my mom, pets, and digital communication to interact with led to a very extreme shift in my psyche where I felt incredibly useless and lonely.

The isolation I experienced on my trip, as I mentioned, was incredibly different because it didn't feel isolating. At least with the isolation faced while driving I was able to do something and it allowed me to connect to myself on a deeper level. Being stuck at home during this crisis oftentimes makes me feel incredibly stagnant since I'm not able to see friends, other than my roommates -- who I am really thankful to be around at this time, but the lack of outer socialization is really taxing. With the self-isolation I experienced while driving I was able to move throughout the world and had something I was actively doing, putting the pedal to the metal. And not only was I driving and seeing all of these new sites, but I was still able to go in stores and gas stations and talk and laugh with people that I didn't know.

I've been able to get a lot of creative work done that I was putting off since I have more time on my hands, which I'm grateful for. If I can describe my creative process during the trip in one word it would be overloaded. I was completely overloaded with inspiration, and since I didn't have the time to actualize it on the road, it was just brewing inside of myself with nowhere to go, which is what led to all of these works. Currently, my creative process feels a bit stagnant, though I've been able to create stuff, my inspiration largely comes from seeing nature and interacting with people/the world, so even though I've been able to make more things during this time, I haven't felt as inspired. Most of the work that I've made

during this isolation has been catching-up on pieces I had started awhile ago but was putting off finishing. I'm hoping that I'll be able to find more inspiration while I'm stuck inside my house to give myself more of a purpose during this time.

KF: Were collages and photography your choice for this exhibition because of their ease in transportation, or do you think there is something to these mediums that particularly speak to this experience?

GY: Collage and photography have been my preferred mediums throughout my life. I used to make collaged pins in high school, and I've always been taking pictures. Originally, I had no intention of making this trip an exhibition and I was just taking pictures on my dinky little camera for my own personal keepsake. So, I suppose, yes, I chose photography for compatibility and portability, but mostly so I could have documentation of my trip.

As for the collaged pieces, the idea started once I stayed at the first motel and saw all of the funky flyers and magazines that were in the brochure stands in the lobby. I knew I wanted to do something with them when I got home, so I continuously collected collage-able stuff throughout the trip (mostly from motels). Before I left Arizona, I had bought a bunch of canvases from Ross, so using the pieces I collected for a funky landscape painting collage only seemed appropriate as all of the utilized materials (except paint) were directly linked to my travels.

KF: Did you conceptualize this trip as a source of inspiration before you set out, or as you went along did you realize that this was an experience that could be translated into art?

GY: I didn't set out on this trip with any specific goals in mind, other than making it from point A to point B in one piece. All of the things I saw on the road, the scenery, strange places, and lovely

people, were all very inspiring in and of themselves, and I don't think I could have come back from it without creating something.

This was a very intense and drastic personal choice I made as a sort of self-directed final coming of age journey. I think I always anticipated that something artistic would come from it, but I didn't take the trip with the goal of making art from it. The art birthed itself from the experience rather than the other way around.

KF: What was your most important takeaway from this experience, either artistically or personally?

GY: The trip was something I intensely knew within myself that I had to take. I wasn't sure why and I knew it was a pretty crazy thing for me to do, especially alone, but I knew it was sort of the last hurrah of my teenage years.

I think I always knew something transformative was going to happen on this trip, and I think it was mostly a solidification of my independence. I planned and funded the whole thing myself and, though, there were times where I was driven to insanity, it was a really necessary step towards my own personal growth.

I feel like the trip allowed me to get to know myself a lot better, which I am very grateful for. It allowed me to see the obscure beauty of the empty country and solidified my hypothesis that I am the type of person that needs to take personal time to get away from the craziness of the world. Thankfully, I have the ability to have a car, and this whole thing confirmed that I desperately need my own personal space where I can just up and drive away into the seclusion of nature when I need to.

DEPS ARTIST PROFILE SERIES



Guards of the Watchtower, 2019, 35mm photograph

The DEPS Artist Profile Series, presented by Columbia College Chicago's Department of Exhibitions, Performance, and Student Spaces (DEPS), is a virtual publication on select artists involved with the DEPS Galleries and the Columbia College Chicago community. Our goal with this series is to connect artist and viewer on a deeper level, and to highlight the amazing works and thoughts of our featured artists through interviews, artist biographies, and catalogs of work. Art has always been a way to connect with others, no matter where one may physically be. We hope by presenting the creativity and insights of the people involved in the DEPS Artist Profile Series that viewers may have one more way to stay in touch with and support the arts community.

The DEPS Artist Profile Series is managed by Fine Arts major and DEPS Exhibitions Assistant Kaylee Fowler. Design, animation and illustration by Graphic Design major and DEPS Exhibitions Assistant Gianella Goan.

For more information, please contact Mark Porter, mporter@colum.edu / 312.369.6643
<https://students/colum.edu/deps>

C33 Gallery: 33 W Ida B. Wells Dr, Chicago, IL 60605

Follow us on [Instagram!](#)
Like us on [Facebook!](#)

[#ColumbiaDEPS](#)
[#columbiacollegeconnected](#)