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"Glimpse"

She is an artist at heart
She is intrigue to my heart
She has flown into my soul
On a mysterious wind
She is woman still a child
She is ruthless yet mild
She defines quintessence
For my mind
Her music is my inspiration
Her wrath my tribulation
Her body is my wonder lust
Silken flesh from dust
Her eyes tell me no
Yet I must
And as I reach toward
She fades into the mist
Known as reality

— Yung Mann

Dedicated to the Father of Paul Hewson, who died in Ireland the week of October 29, 2000.

“Glimpse”
of
Yung Mann

Hall Gallery Art Exhibit
September 10 - October 31, 2001

Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission

1204 North Patterson Street
Valdosta, Georgia 31601
(229) 247-2787



Yung Mann

"G
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Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission
September-October 2001

Title	Price
1. Glimpse-1	\$35
2. Glimpse-2	\$35
3. Glimpse-3	\$35
4. Glimpse-4	\$35
5. Glimpse-5	\$35
6. Glimpse-6	\$35
7. Glimpse-7	\$35
8. Glimpse-8	\$35
9. Glimpse-9	\$35
10. Glimpse-10	\$35
11. Glimpse-11	\$35
12. Glimpse-12	\$35
13. Glimpse-13	\$35
14. Glimpse-14	\$35
15. Glimpse-15	\$35
16. Glimpse-16	\$35
17. Glimpse-17	NFS
18. Glimpse-18	NFS
19. Glimpse-19	NFS
20. Glimpse-20	NFS
21. Glimpse-21	NFS

Yung Mann

Artist's Statement

As I was photographing women for fashion I found myself becoming more and more intrigued by the depth of the unspoken woman. I had always looked at the surface first when looking at other photographer's images of woman, but now that I was making the images, I realized that there was another world inside the woman, one much harder to see but even more beautiful. I started asking the models to express themselves to me on a deeper level, urging them to show me that unspoken side. To me this was extremely exciting to my senses, but surprisingly it was even more exciting to my mind. The images you see here are but a few of the out-takes from six years of heavy shooting. I let the images age for several years then I started to work on them in Photoshop to purify them. I want you to feel like you are getting a Glimpse of the woman from my point of view, my impression of her expression.

About the Artist

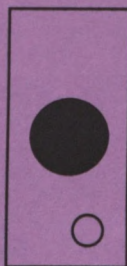
Yung Mann was born in 1965 in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. He is the oldest of five children. His family moved to several different locations along the East Coast and Central United States. He left home at age 17 and moved back to South Florida. In Miami he worked at an advertising studio for two years before deciding to join the United States Navy. His travels with the US Navy only enhanced his love of photography as he experienced the beauty of Europe.

He began shooting fashion while attending the Art Institute of Philadelphia and decided to make fashion a career. This career meant traveling from Miami to New York between seasons, which he did until 1998. The Glimpse images are from that period.

Mann, exhausted from the high-energy involved in his career, moved back to South Georgia in order to go on sabbatical in 1999. He rested for a couple of years and then started shooting advertising and still-life photography.

LOWNDES/VALDOSTA ARTS
COMMISSION

"Arts For Everyone"
(All Inclusive-For All Time)



YOUR DOORWAY TO
THE ARTS

Calendar of Events

Tentative Dates & Times
Call (912) 247-2787 to Confirm

- April 10: First State Bank: "Spring Into Art" Exhibit
- May 8: Main Gallery: "Best of the Spring Into Art" Exhibit
- June 5: Main Gallery: Pat Herrington
- July 17: Southern Artists' League Exhibit
- Sept. 11: Betty Bivins Edwards Exhibit
- Oct. 12: The Patsy Cline Story (Presenter Series Show)
- Nov. 6: "Cinderella" Children's Program
Mathis City Auditorium
- Nov 6: Don Penny: Ceramics Exhibition
- Nov. 9: "Julius Caesar" Children's Program
Mathis City Auditorium
- Nov. 21: Romancing the Movies, Henry Mancini Orchestra, Mathis Auditorium (Presenter Series Show)

2001

- Feb. 13: Crazy for You, Cole Porter
Broadway Blockbuster (Presenter Series Show)
- March 27: Kingston Trio (Includes two of the original members) Presenter Series Show

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L/VAC sponsors Art Classes in the Center and out in the community for the underprivileged and people with disabilities - such classes as calligraphy, watercolor, oil, acrylics, drama and social dance. Many art classes as well as yoga and writing classes are offered free to everyone.

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Roberta George, Executive Director

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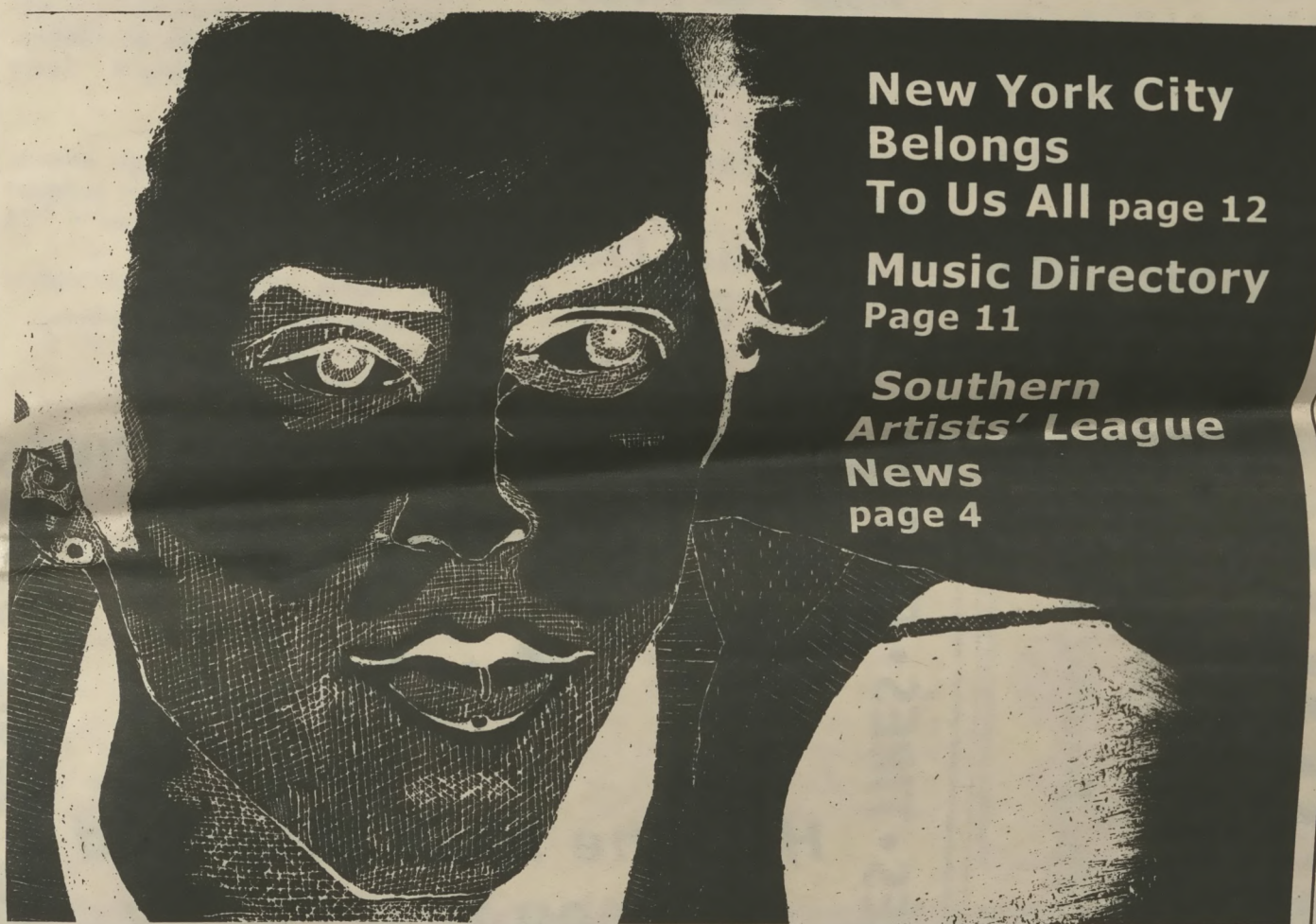
L/VAC is fully handicap accesssible

Valdosta VOICE

Your Arts, Cultural, & Entertainment Guide to South Georgia

Issue 16-Volume-2 December 2001

Published By Snake Nation Press



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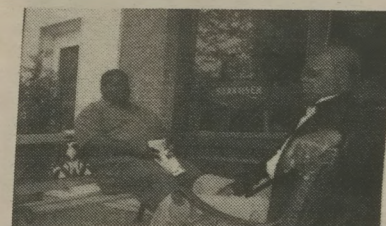
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FREE

November Cultural Calendar

Art Exhibits

December 13-January 18: VSU Invitational High School Exhibition at Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Center, 1204 N. Patterson Street. Student artists from over 15 area high schools will have over 100 pieces of their art on display. Call 247-2787 for more information.

Events

December 15: Open-Mic Night, 7:00 pm

December 15: Motorcyclists! Ninth Annual Toy Ride, Police escorted at 12:00 noon, rain or shine. Call 229-559-0836 or 242-1865 for more info.

January 14: *The Sunshine Boys*, Neil Simon's smash comedy. Call 247-2787 for more info.

Call for Entries

January 7 Deadline: Tallahassee Watercolor Society's 14th Tri-State Juried Exhibition. Call Penny Young at 1-850-222-5797 or e-mail to youngpenfl@aol.com.

Organizations

December 12: Key WE Affordable Housing Coalition, 8:30 AM, County-Commissioner's chambers. For more information call Charlotte Church, 245-1330.

December 12: Georgia Coalition to End Homelessness, 10:00 AM, Macon, Mercer University campus. For directions call Laurel Hahlen, 245-8064.

December 13: National Organization for Women monthly meeting, 7:00 PM, Lowndes Valdosta Arts Commission, 1204 North Patterson. Call Jane Osborn for further information 247-7289.

Valdosta Heritage Foundation: An organization promoting and preserving the history of the area. Contact Membership Chairperson, PO Box 1792, Valdosta, GA. 31603

Theatre

Crimes of the Heart coming January 24-27 presented by Theatre Guild Valdosta. Call 247-8243 for more info.

Toastmasters at the Library meeting every Monday at 12:15 p.m. in the Nix Room

Valdosta Saint Andrew Society: An organization for persons of Scottish heritage or who have an interest in Scottish traditions. Call 455-3627, 245-7892 or 242-1096

Sons of Confederate Veterans: Membership info, 1800-MY-DIXIE

Submit your events to
The Voice by the 15th
Call 244-0752,
or e-mail

jeana@snakenationpress.org
Mail To:
Snake Nation Press
110 West Force St.
Valdosta, GA 31601

Classes and Courses

Intermediate Writing

Chair: Morris Smith
Swap work, edit, and critique. Only serious writers need apply. Free!
Times/Dates: 2-4 p.m., Every Sat.

Teen Writing Workshop

Workshop Chair: Maria Arambula
A workshop using imagination, grammar, and discussion for creative writing for young adults. Free! Times/Dates: 2-4 p.m., Every Sat.

Life Drawing Class

Instructor: Dick Bjornseth
Draw, paint, or sculpt live models, Sundays from 1:30-4:00 p.m. Bring supplies and be prepared to work. Call 247-2787 for more information. Times/Dates: 1:30-4:00 p.m., Every Sunday.

Yoga Classes

Instructor: Roberta George Stretch, relax, and release your way to better health. Free! Times/Dates: 6-7:30 p.m., Every Wednesday. All Classes will be held at the Cultural Arts Center unless otherwise noted.

Call 247-2787

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On Dogs and Children

by Roberta George



Roberta George,
*Founding Editor of
Snake Nation Press
and Director of
Lowndes/Valdosta
Arts Commission
may be e-mailed at
lvac@surfsouth.com.*

In November, our daughter Jody, short for Josephine, gave us a golden Labrador puppy.

"Why, oh why?" I asked.

"We don't want you and Dad to be lonely," was the response.

Having divested ourselves of seven children, numerous other dogs and cats (by natural attrition), and Noel's retirement from 40 years of teaching, our offspring apparently thought her parents didn't have enough to do.

So now the dog, which we've named Pretty Bob after my deceased father—don't ask why—had to learn the niceties of life: where to go "potty" (most important), not to nip with sharp little puppy-dog teeth, and how to walk on a leash without toppling his owners.

This time, I thought, I'll do it right, train a dog correctly, instead of just sticking him in the backyard with the kids, letting him take his chances. I checked books out of the library and ordered a training tape from the Puppy Chow company.

Funny, as I read and watched, I realized that dog training was very much like my own style of child rearing—reward and punishment—which is now terribly out of fashion, the punishment part especially.

The first thing books say is that an owner must establish dominance over a young dog, holding its muzzle shut—no matter what—whenever it bites. Puppy teeth are sharp as razor blades and painful, to say nothing of ruined hosiery.

In my child-rearing years, I called achieving dominance "getting the Indian Sign" on a kid or as the dog book states: "achieving voice control", which can be done in many ways with dogs or with children. It's rumored that some parents are able to reduce their child to tears with a forbidding look. My brood, however, were made of sterner stuff. Near-kin to the Jesse James Gang, any one-year-old in my family would return a harsh look with a determined, down-right hateful look of his own. I was often forced to (I hate to admit it) holler, smack on the behind, pull hair, and sometimes to send a miscreant out to cut me a keen switch.

I know; I'm terrible comparing dogs to youngsters. And I'm certainly not in the same league with W.C. Fields who said, "Any man who hates dogs and children can't be all bad." But I have seen some dogs that I preferred to children—they were better behaved. Any adult knows what I mean: those sullen, unhappy looking trolls, who kick the back of the seat in a movie or airplane, who scream in restaurants, who run through the aisles of stores, and who tear up your office or your home. The parents never say "NO" and mean it.

But back to dog training. The very strict consistent rules are: three meals a day for a puppy and two for an adult dog, no food left out otherwise, on a leash in the house until the puppy is two years old, and contained in a large airy cage at night. Always a specific place to eat and defecate. The author says the main concern of all this discipline was to have a dog that was well-behaved, who was accepted in human society because that was where they were going to live.

My main concern was having children who were well-behaved, who could find friends and work, and make their way in the world. And not to brag so far they've done a fair job of it.

This past week, I was telling Senator Loyce Turner about Pretty Bob, and after informing me that there is nothing sweeter in the world than a Lab puppy's breath, Loyce said, "The key to good dog training is a keen little switch."

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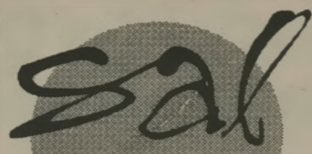
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Southern Artists' League News

Submitted by Ouida Lampert, Chair,
SAL Membership Communications

Past News: Our November meeting was not our regular evening meeting; rather, we went on a field trip to the Sixth Annual Plantation Wildlife Arts Festival in Thomasville. It was a fun outing.

December 1 Gallery - Kudos to Ann Johnston for a job well done. The one-day gallery, as a part of Valdosta's Winterfest, was a great success. 16 SAL members displayed their work and over 200 visitors passed through the gallery on Saturday. Special thanks to Charles Wiggins, owner of the building where we held the show—he donated the space, and James Horton, of the Valdosta Main Street office, without whose help this would not have happened.

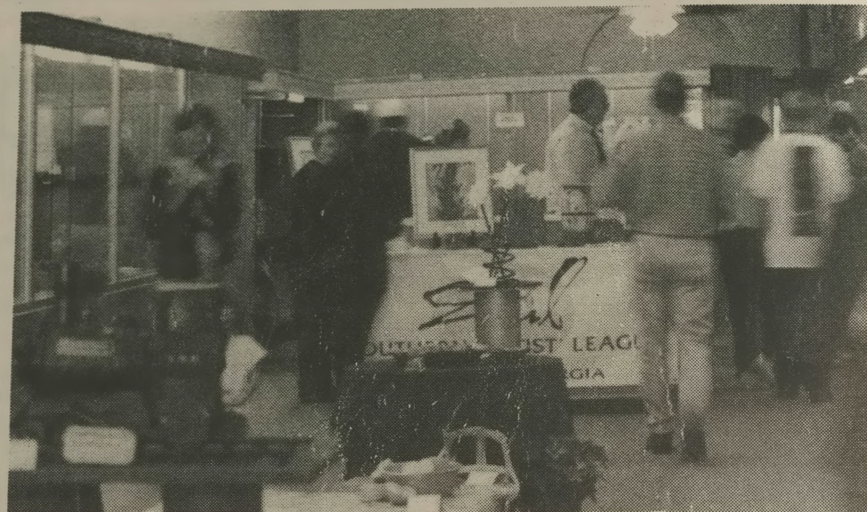
Ann did say that every one asked for Betty Smith's Spiced Pecan recipe, so being an eclectic bunch, we thought we'd share it.

Spiced Pecans from the December 1 Gallery

Mix together 1 egg white, 1 tbsp. water, ½ c. sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. cloves. Add 3 cups pecan halves and coat with mixture. Spread on cookie sheet. Bake at 300 degrees for 30 minutes, stirring every 10 minutes. Store in airtight container.

Artist of the Month: Southern Artists' League sponsors an "Artist of the Month" program where an artist's work is selected to hang in a public space. Currently, artwork hangs in the Valdosta Daily Times lobby and the newspaper does a nice write-up about the artist. It's good publicity for both the artist and SAL. The Artist of the Month for December is Ouida Lampert. SAL is actively pursuing artists for this program. If you are interested in having your work considered for the Artist of the Month program, and if you have a body of work available for display, please contact Haley Rosenberg, chair, Artist of the Month Committee, at haley2481@aol.com, or 229-247-2795.

Membership Drive: Southern Artists' League is growing and we are very proud of that fact. But we never want to lose old members. So, your board of directors has decided to have a Membership Drive where all members are encouraged to call or make any sort of contact with those members whom you haven't seen in a while. It could be that they are still currently a member, but that they just need a bit of encourage-



The December 1 Gallery was a great success.

Photo by Stuart Lansburg

ment to come to the meetings. Our December meeting is going to be a party, so what a great way to entice a new person, or an old one—bring them to the party! Our goal is a membership of 100 by the end of 2001.

Good reasons for new members to join and old members to renew include SAL's National Juried Show (see below), the Artist of the Month program, constructive criticism and encouragement in a supportive atmosphere, monthly meetings/field trips/workshops, **SAL National Juried Show!** We have received approval and will host a national, juried show in October. The show will be held at LVAC, and Suzannah Patterson is heading-up that committee. For more information, please call Suzannah at 229-245-7483.

Other News:

December meeting: It's a PARTY! SAL's annual Christmas Party and Art Exchange! December 17th, 7:00 PM, at LVAC. Everyone is invited, whether current member or not. It's a pot-luck, covered-dish, bring whatever food that says holiday to you affair, and SAL will provide the meat. For an evening of fun with fellow artists, December 17th will find you at LVAC.

Remember that if you want to participate in the art exchange, bring a wrapped, artwork to be exchanged (the work does not have to be framed). If you do not want to participate, that's okay.

If you have Southern Artists' League news for future editions, please call Ouida Lampert at 229-293-0300, or email at accents@datasys.net.

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Don't forget the Sunday afternoon lifedrawing session (1:30-4:00). No need to reserve space in the class. Just show up. \$6.00 fee. Popularity of the session has been growing, and it's a good opportunity for newcomers to meet fellow artists. Also, the artists are always looking for models. Nude, at \$15.00 per hour. All body types.

If you would like to become a member, please do so by filling out this form. You may bring it to any meeting or mail it to the address below.

Southern Artists' League Membership Form

- Active. Dues are \$20.00 per year.
 Student. Dues are \$10.00 per year.

(Student membership is limited to full-time students who are 18 years

or older.)

Name _____

Address _____

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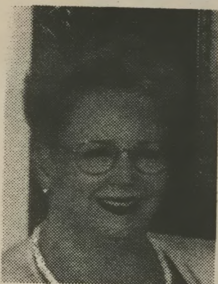
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Ouida Lampert
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Local Artists are a Valuable Resource

In one form or another, art has been at the center of my life for the last twenty something years. It has been a constant, whether that be a joy or an irritation, and I suppose that in looking back I wouldn't choose a different path. Through it all, I've learned many lessons. One of them is that art punctuates our lives. Art may hang over the couch. In the office. Over the breakfast table. Beside the bed. In the hall. By the back door. It doesn't matter. What does matter is that whatever you choose to hang is something that you enjoy. Now, having said all that, I have to go on.

I enjoy writing this column, but it's not what I do daily. I am a framer. I frame all sorts of pictures. Some of those are what you would call art, some are family and vacation photographs, and some are memorabilia. And I sell mass-media "art." But I am first a painter from way back before I became a picture framer, so I come to my business with a unique perspective. It's simple: I want people to know and to love art. Real, original, art. And this is where it gets sticky.

In the framing business, I sell prints. Most frame shops do. Again, in most cases, these prints are reproductions that are available in lots of different places. Even on the Internet. Some are supposedly "Limited Editions," but that term can be vastly misleading just as it can be relatively true. For more information on the subject, ask any framer.

"Suitable for framing" means just that - you can put it in a frame. But if you are going to spend money framing something to hang in your home or office, why not spend that money on something original? Why settle for something that 499 (or

legions more) other people have? I'm not saying that you shouldn't buy a print if you fall in love with it. A print that you truly love is a treasure. Heck, anything you truly love is a treasure. Particularly today, when people are hesitant to admit a true emotional response to anything (or anyone, for that matter), falling in love with a print can be a good, and inexpensive, venture.

So can finding the perfect piece of art. Huh? Art? Inexpensive? One does not preclude the other. Surprised? If you prefer that you only purchase expensive art, that's okay. But you should know that there exists a great deal of art, right here in our area, good stuff, too, and some that's priced even lower than a few "Limited Edition" prints I've seen.

You've heard me rant about this subject before. You expect me to. After all, I'm from here, I paint, I have friends who are artists here, I sell original artwork, I write about artists from here. All these things make me a sort of passive activist for South Georgia artists. But there are other people - people who have come here now but aren't from here, who have a broader perspective, who have seen more, and who are as excited as I have always been about the prospects we have in our little corner of the swamp.

Cynthia Carmichael and Judy Josephson Schreiber came to South Georgia by circuitous routes, but through a fortuitous meet-

ing have just opened the South Georgia Fine Arts Coalition Gallery in Quitman (yes, Quitman) Georgia. The gallery represents about 10 painters and sculptors, currently, with plans for more involvement with other painters and artists such as jewelry makers, glass artists, and other fine craftspeople. Of the work in the gallery, Carmichael, herself an artist, said that she has lived in many places and has never seen so much talent in such a concentrated area. When I told her that one of my goals in this article was to dispel the fear that all art is expensive, she said that 75% of the work in the gallery is under \$500. When you consider that these pieces are framed and ready to hang on the wall, that's not bad at all. Gallery hours are 10 - 5, Mon. - Sat., 263-1931.

The gallery in Quitman is not the only resource we have, though. Remember that we are fortunate to have the Cultural Arts Center where there is always a show in the main gallery and a satellite show in the hall gallery. For a schedule of upcoming shows, call 247-ARTS. Other resources for original art are the Fine Arts program at VSU, any of the custom picture framing shops here in town, and arts fairs and festivals that take place, generally in the Spring and Fall of the year. Oh, and word of mouth. Just listen carefully - someone always knows someone who does something creative. And they may do it really well.

The Valdosta Voice is published by Snake Nation Press, a 501 (c) non-profit literary arts organization. The Voice supports local artists (writers, fine artists, craftspeople) by offering a free forum for their work and ideas. Snake Nation Press is committed to exercising the rights granted in the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. The Voice welcomes editorials, articles, poetry and short fiction from the community. All writers retain copyright to the material submitted. The Voice only takes one-time rights for publication. Support this endeavour by sending your tax-exempt donations to the address below.

Valdosta VOICE

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- Oil paintings**
Ruth Kahler (229) 247-6621
- Oil paintings, still life**
Bebe Blanton (229) 242-7419
Ferrell Harris (229) 245-1671
- Oil paintings, murals, faux finishes**
Elizabeth Hall (229) 560-3132
- Pastel**
Patsy Hickox (229) 686-5676
- Photo restoration**
Jack Rowe (229) 244-1755
- Photography**
Tracie Radford (229) 253-9703
- Portraits, paintings, faux finishes**
B.J. Paulk 242-5134
- Restoration**
Cynthia Carmichael 229-263-1931
- Sketches**
Haley Rosenberg (229) 247-2795
- Stained glass**
Mick Widher (229) 249-0344
- Water media**
Eleanor Bollman (229) 333-0195
- Watercolor, southern landscapes**
Lillian Brooks (229) 794-2473
- Watercolor**
Joyce Haddock (229) 244-1049
Claire Hall (229) 249-8423
Sylvia Warrick (229) 244-3176
Al Park (229) 244-6165
Georgia Smith (229) 242-5820
- Watercolor Portraits**
Jean Little (229) 244-5466
- Watercolor, including pet portraits**
Don Pettigrew (229) 244-9394
- Watercolor, Oil, Acrylics, Murals**
Olga Powell (229) 242-6939
Joann Adams (229-263-5408)

Koinonia Farms Quietly Works for Mankind

by Jenna DeLorey

Jenna DeLorey is a 25-year-old poet, activist, and volunteer at Koinonia Partners. She recently returned from eight months of travel in Europe doing volunteer work in a variety of religious communities. While, spiritually, she is most influenced by Zen Buddhist and Christian teachings, she is inspired by all wisdom traditions and liberation movements and particularly the efforts of such groups to engage each other.

Every Sunday afternoon for the past month, a few members of the Americus community have been gathering in a safe place for talking about peace, with discussions ranging from feelings in response to September 11 to recent developments in Afghanistan to how to talk to kids about terrorism and war. After the sun has set, the group closes with song and a candlelit procession to the dining hall for a potluck. The place is Koinonia Partners, an intentional Christian farm on Georgia's Route 49 with a historical penchant for hitting a nerve in the community.

Back in 1942, Clarence Jordan, a Baptist minister with a doctorate in Greek and a B.S. in Agriculture, set out with his family and one other to bring farming skills to local, poor farmers and live out the Christian faith communally in a "demonstration plot for the Kingdom of God". So radical were Jesus' teachings when actually put into practice that they ended up in a racist crossfire. Koinonia has been a rare place in this country where people of all races and religions were invited to work and live together. For this reason, their store was bombed, its produce boycotted, and community members were threatened and shot at. Koinonia survived by beginning a mail order business and persisting through the violent years, keeping a vigilant night watch at the gate at the height of the persecution.

Today, a group at Koinonia aims to carry on that spirit of vigilance. "Koinonia has a tradition of peace," says Hugh Binley, a long-time Koinonia volunteer. "It's all in our mission statement which says, 'We are committed to non-violence and peaceful solutions to society's problems, reconciliation among all people, Christian discipleship, and the empowerment of the poor, the neglected, and the oppressed.'" Geoffrey Hennies, another long-time volunteer and peace activist, adds, "During WWII, Koinonia was a place where conscientious objectors could do service. In Vietnam and all subsequent conflicts, Koinonians actively demonstrated against war and militarism." After America's most recent conflict in Afghanistan, a small group at Koinonia came together, called by their consciences, to witness for peace. Several individuals, inspired by Muslim fasting during Ramadan and social change activists throughout the world, decided to fast from sunup until sundown, to meet three times daily for prayer, fellowship, and consciousness-raising, and to invite others to pursue peace along with them.

"We wanted to focus our energies on the positive," says Patrique Friesenkothen, a Koinonia volunteer from Germany. "We know that even as we disagree on how to bring it about, ultimately all people do want peace and that this is only possible through securing justice for all people." At noon each day, in alliance with people around the globe who are doing the same in their communities, the Koinonia peace group assembles for silent prayer for world peace around their newly-erected "peace pole". The 6-foot pole, rising out of the ground under pecan trees and surrounded by benches, is inscribed with "May Peace Prevail on Earth" in four languages: English, Spanish, Hebrew, and Dari (an Arabic dialect used in Afghanistan). Helga Erbe, a volunteer who is planning an art exhibit and performance on the topic, claims that peace is "firstly, an inside job, that overflows into the interpersonal, until eventually even nations can't resist the gravity of peace".

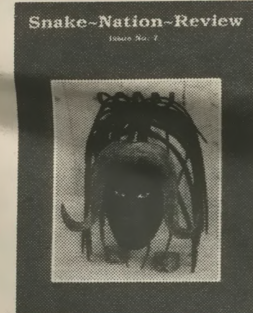
This has been a focused, fruitful time for the group to practice discipline, unity, and love. "Fasting while

working in a chocolate factory (Koinonia makes and sells a wide range of chocolate and baked goods) has been no small task!" exclaims Nashua Chantal, who arrived at Koinonia as the group was starting up, "But this group has been supportive, something like a family, and has taught me a lot about myself and the world." Ellie Castle, who leads people on tours of Koinonia's grounds and museum and coordinates volunteers, smiles as she reflects, "Our founder...and the whole family through the years that has been Koinonia—which actually means 'fellowship' in Greek...would be proud right now." Clarence Jordan said that faith calls the Christian to unlimited love and in a sermon entitled "Christian Pacifism" said, "The best way to defeat an enemy is to make a friend." Koinonia seeks not only to proclaim this precept, but to live it.

Koinonia has been the seed-sower for numerous communities and projects in Georgia. Open Door, a hospital house for the homeless in Atlanta; Jubilee Partners, a community near Athens that assists refugees in gaining skills for living in American society; New Hope House, a community in Griffin that serves inmates on death row and their families; The Prison and Jail project in Americus, which speaks out for the liberties of prisoners and others in the criminal justice system; and Habitat for Humanity all have their roots directly in Koinonia. Protests of the School of the Americas (whose graduates some claim are responsible for many of the worst human rights abuses in Latin America) at Ft. Benning, Columbus, were originally composed of Koinonia residents and set the style for the stalwart nonviolent reputation the mass protests have today. For the past two years, Koinonia has played host to puppeteers from around the country, who coalesce for a week to prepare for the larger-than-life puppet pageant which heralds in the protest.

With such a courageous history, Koinonia seeks to honor and advance its legacy and serve God by living its mission each day with greater authenticity. Year-round, people are invited to share in the life, work, and open-minded worship by coming to visit, volunteer, or retreat. Koinonia is a peaceful, energizing place to relax

and actualize wholeness with a diverse group of people among woods, pecan orchards, a library, and a museum of local history and civil rights events. Koinonia's Community Outreach Center provides after school care and meals, recreation, and health programs for seniors. Several classes and gatherings are underway and more are being planned that connect spirituality with social concerns. One day, Koinonia would like to have a learning center for peace, justice, and discipleship. Sanders Thornburgh, a Koinonia resident who is planning a conference in April on environmental stewardship issues, is hopeful about both Koinonia and prospects for world peace, saying "The creation of the Koinonia Peace Initiative and the Albany Interfaith Alliance, which we are a part of, all testify to the wellspring of compassion and cooperation that has been awakened in this country in the aftermath of September 11."



It's a Good Read

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Subscribe now and receive a free copy of *One Man's Junk* by O. Victor Miller. Subscribers to the *Review* also receive *The Valdosta Voice* in their mailbox once a month.

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Dining Guide

Featured Restaurants of the Month by Leona Abood

Happy Hour at Charlie O'Corley's, 2910 N. Ashley St.

Recently while visiting my favorite photo shop, Photo One, my friend and I decided to stop in Charlie O'Corley's for dinner. It was a pleasant surprise. The gracious waiter informed us right away that the appetizers were priced two for one and the draft beer was \$1.00 a mug. We ordered two different appetizers and a bowl of the soup of the day. He immediately told me the soup was also two for one. We had the Mucho Nachos and the chicken strips accompanied with the cheese and broccilli cream soup. It was all fresh and tasty. Happy hour at Charlie O'Corley's will now be a regular event for us.

Lulu's Events for December, 132 N. Patterson St.

Lulu's traditional Three Course Christmas Tea will be December 18 from 3:00 - 6:00 p.m. This is a popular event so reservations are suggested. Lulu's New Year's Eve Celebration will be Monday December 31 at 6:00 p.m. till.... Featured will be the ever popular Millenium Trio.

Fine Dining Spots

Lulu's
132 N. Patterson Street
242-4000

White linens and fresh flowers await you for that special cosmopolitan experience right in Valdosta. Sunday brunch features eggs benedict and Grand Mariner French toast. Located in historic downtown.

Guilo's
105 East Ann Street
333-0929

A romantic spot for that special evening. Candlelight dining with full European cuisine. Live music to accompany your night of excellent fare. Reservations recommended on special occasions.

Chinese

China Wok II
2129 Bemiss Road
244-3838

Delicious Szechan, Hunan and Cantonese Style Chinese cuisine is served fast and hot. Get lots of great food for fantastic prices!

Downtown Lunch
Jessie's Eats and Treats
111 West Central Ave.
247-4670

You can enjoy a chicken salad sandwich, or a southwestern wrap at this favorite downtown eatery. Friendly old-fashioned atmosphere. Breakfast is also served.

Pubs and Pizza

Good Beer and Good Company
CJ's Pub and Pool
1201 Baytree Rd.
333-0903

Favorites are Delmonico steak, Salmon Filet, and Yellow Fin Tuna to name a few. A full service bar, big screen televisions and pool tables provide a traditional pub setting.

Charley O'Corleys
2910 E. North Ashley St.
333-033

Start your meal at this Irish pub and Grill with fried 'Shrooms or Pea-Nukes and enjoy Pepper Pork Filet, Irish Whisky Steak or one of the many sandwiches, hoagies or burgers for dinner. Beers are available.

Spinoli's Pizza and Pasta
1300 N. Ashley St.
245-1111

Spinoli's provides a great atmosphere with a juke box, and pool tables. Great pizzas, calzones and subs are served by a friendly staff.

Good Food Fast
Church's' Chicken
320 E. Hill Ave
244-5920

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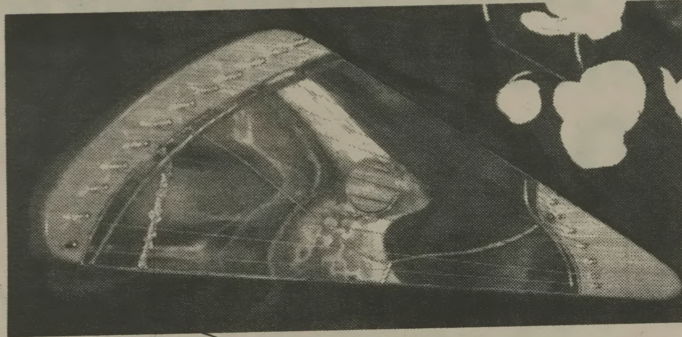
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110 West Force Street, Valdosta 31601

Stained Glass Exhibit is a Gift Giving Bonanza

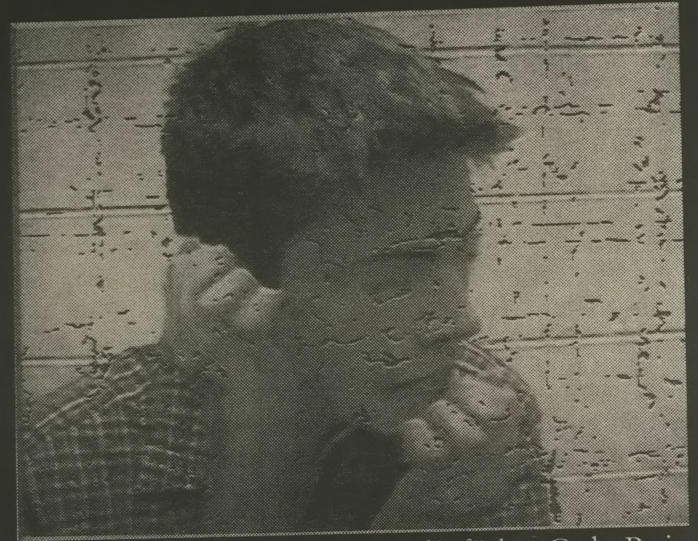


Shown is a dulcimer crafted by hand with fine woodwork and stained glass.

Carmereta Parrish's work, which consists of ceramics, wood sculpture, glass art, and metal is on display through December. Mrs. Parrish features many small affordable pieces which make great one of a kind gifts for that special art lover in your life. Parrish says that art has always been a part of her life. She is self-taught, over the years putting together materials and ideas to add depth, character, interest, and beauty to her personal and business environment. She also adds that she looks for thoughts and expressions to translate into creative ideas

Since retiring, Parrish has spent more time experimenting with glass, adding metal and wood to complete a thought or idea.

Stop in at Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Center and see the many objects available. Call 247-2787 for more information.



"Disbelief" by Colt Raines

VSU Invitational Regional High School Art Exhibition

Valdosta State University Department of Art and the Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission host the Invitational Regional High School Art Exhibition, an annual show of high school art, December 13, 2001 through January 18, 2002, at the Cultural Arts Center. Over 15 high schools from South Georgia and North Florida have selected work from outstanding students to display. Students from each school are allowed three pieces in the exhibition. Karin Murray, Curator of the VSU Art Gallery, says that there will be over 160 pieces of art from about 15 high schools. There will be a closing reception Friday, January 18, 2002.

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Neil Simon's Smash Comedy.
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The Lowndes Valdosta Arts Commission will bring Neil Simon's *The Sunshine Boys* to Valdosta on Monday, January 14, 2002 as the second show of its 2001-2002 Presenter Series. *The Sunshine Boys* is a story of vaudeville, growing old, friendship and reconciliation, and great slapstick gags and comic mayhem.

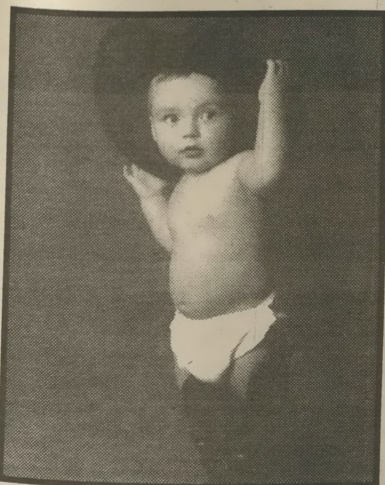
A Pre-concert Dinner is offered before the show at a price of \$15 per person, which includes two drinks of choice. Show tickets, season tickets, or dinner reservations may be purchased at L/VAC's Cultural Arts Center at 1204 North Patterson Street, near the intersection of Ann and Patterson Streets, during the hours of: 10a.m.-6 p.m., Monday-Thursday; Fridays, 10 a.m.-1 p.m., or by calling 247-2787.

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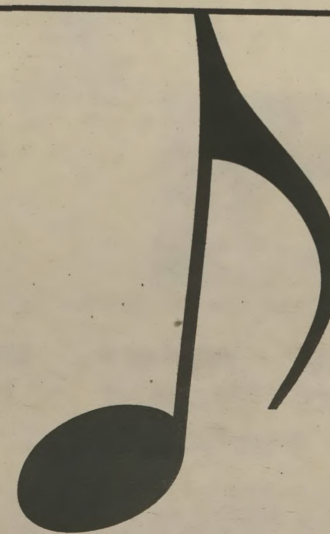
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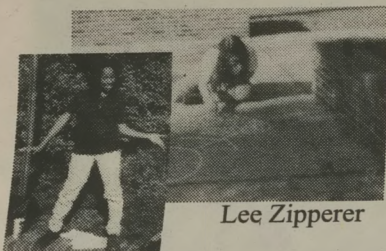
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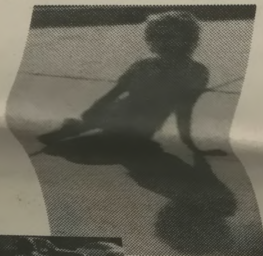
The Snake Nation Press Young Writers Group is a workshop by youth for youth. Using creativity, imagination, and mutual inspiration we encourage writing as way to express emotions and individuality.

The Group warmly welcomes new members. Join us every Saturday at 2:00 pm at L/VAC 1204 N Patterson Street. Currently we are working on an anthology of writing and art by youth. If you would like to contribute please read the guidelines below. The following pictures were taken by Margaret Damron during a Concrete Poem exercise in Drexel Park.



Lee Zipperer

Akilah McMullen



Connie Gail



Rebecca Domm, Lee and Deshaun Harris

Young Writers and Artists Wanted for Publication!

The Snake Nation Press Young Writers Group is working on a collection of young writers and artists' works. Guidelines: Only media from people under 25 will be accepted. Send no more than 1800 words of fiction or non-fiction, and no more than 4 pages of poetry. Photographs and drawings should be able to reproduce well. All submissions will be reviewed by the Young Writers Group for acceptance. We will be judges on creativity and content. Deadline is January 3, 02. Please send your pieces with your name, a short bio, address, phone number, and e-mail address (optional) to:

Snake Nation Press c/o Maria110 #2 West Force Street Valdosta, GA 31601
You may also drop your work off in person at the Snake Nation Press offices located at the same address as above.

Interview with Ericka Bailie From Pander Zine Distro

Writers and readers of zines use distros as a resource to spread their work and order zines they might not get through correspondence. Ericka is a cultured zine connoisseur and hand-picks the finest from the underground press. Visit her online at www.panderzinedistro.com or order a mail catalog by sending a dollar in cash to:

PO box 582142
Minneapolis, MN
55458-2142 USA

How long have you been running Pander? The first print catalog came out the winter of 95/96. I have just put out the winter 01/02 catalog.

What led you to create a distro? Two things. I was already heavily involved in the scene doing my own zines but I wanted to show more support for the zines I loved. Also, I had a few less than stellar experiences with other distro's at the time & I wanted to improve that situation. Being that I could make it a full-time job, I knew I could create something more reliable.

What has kept you doing it month after month? The fact that I love zines so much. When I find those treasures amongst a whole lot of average it's really exciting. And honestly, this is my job. I don't know what else I'd do with myself!

The zines that you pick are high quality. What is your criteria for distribution with Pander? I just have pretty good taste. HaHa. My only criteria is that it impress me, make me think, feel or otherwise move me. I love a good layout but that isn't really a prerequisite. as long as the writing is good, interesting & legible, I'm happy. and since I stopped accepting unsolicited zines it's rare that I come across something that offends me. it isn't unheard of, but it doesn't happen as often.

How do you go about picking zines since you don't accept any unsolicited submissions? Reviews & recommendations. I have faith in my friends to recommend good zines to me because oftentimes we have similar tastes & our political beliefs are more closely aligned. They know what I'll like. I'm definitely picky, so there have been a few recommendations made on the message board that I just didn't get into, but more often than not I'm super pleased with what I get to read. and the beauty part is that I don't feel as swamped and overwhelmed all the time.

Have you noticed trends in zines? How have you seen them change? I can only

Interview By Maria Arambula
speak of the circles I run in, and there I've noticed trends in layout and design. specifically lately there's been a surge in more creativity as far as size, binding and packaging in general. I'm enjoying this trend of more artistic zines.

The bulk of your zines are by females. In your opinion are women more involved in the zine culture right now?

Right now, as opposed to when? as long as I've been involved (10 years) other women have been heavily involved. But again, that's the circle i run in.

Without the Internet would you still run a distro? I started pander before I had a computer, so definitely yes. Orders would be cut in half, at least,

because people love the convenience of ordering online, but I think i could sway them to get back to their roots...i.e. snail mail.

What do readers want in a zine? You'd have to ask them. What do you want in a zine? I know I want something I can lose myself in, something I can learn from, something that makes me laugh...

Per-zines are a phenomenon many people don't understand. What makes a good personal zine? And what drives a person to make one? This will vary from person to person, but for me what makes a good personal zine is first and foremost good writing. But good writing about boring or played out topics just won't cut it. Make it interesting. I can tell you what drove me to put out personal zines, catharsis. The drive to purge & share with others. Doing perzines for me was like therapy. And you've gotta be at least a little narcissistic.

It is impossible to censor a person making a zine. What are your thoughts on freespeech as related to the underground publishing community?

The beauty of zines is that you can say whatever you want. If you don't like it, don't read it. If you're offended by something you've read, you can write to the zinester directly and attempt a dialogue. Everyone deserves the opportunity to express themselves without fear of censorship. This doesn't mean everyone has to like it, or that you won't be outraged by something or someone, but isn't it nice to have that opportunity at all?

What do you see in the future for zines and Pander?

More of the same, I hope. I'm really very happy with the way things are right now.



Mo(u)rning

- Lyrics by Angelique Riley

Coffee, cream,
swirls of conscience,
inviting song
morning patriots
those birds
in our yards.

Lately, I'm not exceptional
mediocre middle mush,
not too bad, not too good
kind of persuasion.

Art is a joke
in a magazine
I subscribe to
when I have the money
otherwise left out of reach
in these days of bleak
inexpressiveness.

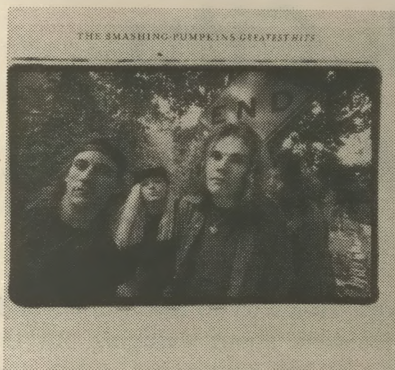
Writer's Block, Artists Block
I'm a blockhead
carefully computing my rhythms
to your beats.
My words to your analogies
are death to those being compared.
God knows I've taken and given
a little more than my share.

Art is a joke
in a magazine
I subscribe to
when I have the money
otherwise left out of reach
in these days of bleak
inexpressiveness.

You still do not understand me.
Your art is dead so you
seek to destroy me
with subtle suggestive
advertisement,
catching me unaware--but I know you.
I know your morality
games all to well.

Art is a joke
in a magazine
I subscribe to
when I have the money
otherwise left out of reach
in these days of bleak
inexpressiveness

Coffee, cream
swirls of conscience,
inviting song
morning patriots
those birds
in our yards.



The Smashing Pumpkins: Rotten Apples (Greatest Hits)

Reviewed by Chris Parker

Greatest hits albums are, more often than not, a dodgy affair. The biggest reason for this is the formula they too often adhere to - more 'hits', less greatness. These posthumous albums are solely the creation of record companies looking to make easy money. They pack in a few bonus cuts for the hardcore fans but mostly they hope that legions of musical consumers will, upon seeing the album at their local record store, get caught up in fond memories of lost virginity and postponed suicides, and drop twenty bucks for it. What separates The Smashing Pumpkins' Greatest Hits, recently released by Virgin Records, from the rest of the greatest hits pack is that The Smashing Pumpkins were, if not a great band, one whose best work can easily be described as such, and most of that music appears here.

The album begins modestly with three songs released in 1991, two from their debut LP Gish, and one from the soundtrack to the film Singles. These are the kind of songs one would expect to hear from a young rock band in the early nineties, with 'Siva', in particular, portraying a fixation with the Pixies' quiet-loud-quiet-loud sound dynamic.

The Pumpkins' real creative breakthrough does not become evident until 'Cherub Rock' kicks off three tracks from their sophomore album Siamese Dream. Four songs off the 1996 double album Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness represent the Pumpkins' creative apex, and of these 'Bullet With Butterfly Wings' is the most forceful, with its unmistakable chorus, "Despite all my rage/ I am still just a rat in a cage," and careful structure that builds tension and comes unhinged in the final minute with a devastating guitar loop.

In 1997 things changed for the Pumpkins. The previous year drummer Jimmy Chamberlain was expelled from the group after a string of drug related incidents culminated with the fatal overdose of a tour keyboardist while the two were doing heroin. (He was later brought back for their final album *Machina/ the machines of God.*) That same year Britain's Radiohead released *OK Computer*, an album so visionary it split the rock world in two. Mellon Collie, which had just months earlier sounded experimental and broad, now seemed badly outdated. The struggles of the Pumpkins to identify themselves in a musical climate that suddenly demanded either clear intellectualism or brazen vulgarity are documented by five songs from the last two albums. 'Ava Adore', from 1998's *Adore*, features what may be Corgan's best lyrics, but 'The Everlasting Gaze', from *Machina*, almost reeks of desperation.

In the end many of the common criticisms of The Smashing Pumpkins endure. The music is hardly intellectual but it's never stupid, and Billy Corgan's lyrics may often have been too self-conscious to sound like anything other than high school poetry, but in the end what matters is music, and the music must speak for itself. This is the kind of album I may very well find myself reaching for as I cruise down the highway and want some music I can shout along to, without feeling like a total knucklehead.

MUSIC

Calendar



Prefab Deluxe is playing December 14th at The Breakroom 402 Northside Drive.

12-11 Faculty Recital - Beethoven II, Larry Scully, Piano - 7:30pm Sawyer Theater

12-13 Valdosta Symphony Youth Orchestra 7:30pm, Whitehead Auditorium Tuesday,

12-13 Prefab Deluxe Rumor's

12-14 Prefab Deluxe The Breakroom

12-14 Banshee Southern The Tavern Lake Park

12-15 Open Mic Night L/VAC 1204 N. Patterson 7:00

12-15 The River Ricks and Someplace Else

12-22 Banshee Southern The Bowling Center Douglas

12-22 Trotline Rick's

12-29 Banshee Southern Shuckum's Oyster Bar

1-11 Prefab Deluxe Rick's

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Reborne "Music Ministries for a spiritual Blessing" Timothy Lakeland, GA 229-482-2769

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New York City belongs to All of Us

by Albert Domm

In early September, I drove my daughter to New York City to start her second year as a student at Pratt Institute. My thoughts were about watching our 19 year old grow up and grow apart from her family, her adventures in the big city, and about my actually driving in the City and not running into anything or being honked at much.

She had a new apartment this year, selected for the roommates and for the view, 15 floors of lower Manhattan seen from across the East River, including the Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges. Dead center was the gem of the view, the World Trade Towers.

On that indelible morning, September 11th, she was getting ready to go to class. Glancing out a window, she saw the plane, the fire, the collapse, the terror. I thank God she merely saw. But she received an unexpected education: that one can get up in the morning, look out a window and the world changes. That we are fragile and effervescent. That if the tallest building in the city can disappear in a few hours, what are we?

New York is more than a city; it is symbolic. I was in my mid -twenties before my inauspicious first visit to New York. But images of The Great City were everywhere in movies, TV, novels. New York seemed to be the center of all culture and all crime, of great people and petty rudeness. I had a love-hate relationship with Gotham growing up in Alabama. The City was attractive and glittering, but I could never get there, so New York probably wasn't so great; at least I hoped so. Besides New Yorkers seemed to look down on Southerners as hopeless rednecks.

Nearly everyone in the medical school I was attending was from Alabama, ~~many~~ a few taken out-of-staters, let in by the largess of the government to leaven us. Two New Yorkers were part of this putative leaven. One was a semi-good old boy, the other, a girl, had a harder time adjusting. I remember she told once how she missed New York, that there weren't enough people in Birmingham and those who were around were the same and not very interesting—and you couldn't get a decent bagel in the whole state. My Southern pride rose. I remarked that if she didn't like Alabama, she could just pack up and go back where she belonged. Confirmed in my classification of New Yorkers as either rude, crooks, or rude crooks, yet I still wanted to see New York.

My chance came when I interviewed for a residency in upstate New York. I decided to take the next day as an expedition to NYC. My car was a seven-year-old Opel Kadett with a four-squirrel power engine and a huge dent on the driver's side door, from an unknown party, who side-swiped it one night. The interior was vinyl and white, more often dirty than not. I headed down through the Catskills and formed my plan. I would drive in via the George Washington Bridge, visit the Cloisters, a museum of Medieval Art at Fort Tyron Park, gape at the city, and leave. The Cloisters seemed a good target, for it was at the tip of Manhattan, and by my Rand McNally Road Map didn't seem too hard to find. My plan was interrupted by the Opal's muffler falling off. Having to buy a new one damaged my bank account and my planning, but by mid-afternoon I was approaching the Hudson River.

I noticed right away that the George Washington Bridge had more than one level. Was I on the right one? Was that my exit that just passed? I did not know much, but I did know that the exit going into the Bronx was not the one I wanted, so I quickly got off on the exit before, and also quickly saw that I had no idea where I was, and yet I was moving about terra incognita at a fairly good speed. Ahead was the Broadway Bridge. Cross the bridge and I was in The Bronx. What was this with the Bronx? I did not want to go to the Bronx, especially the South Bronx in 1977. Did all roads lead that way? I parked, got out, and opened my map. Lots of help that was. The largest scale map I had made Manhattan a 5 inch long orange blob, with a few red and black crosshatchings showing major streets. As I meditated on the general silliness of what I was doing, along came a dark shining Cadillac with at least three men.

(next page)

New York City

The one on the passenger side rolled down his window and said, "I see you got a dent there."

"Yeah" I answered.

"What ya think it's worth to get it fixed?"

"Huh?" I brilliantly replied.

"Hey buddy it's a big one, but I can fix it real cheap."

"No, no that's fine; I'm not really interested."

"Buddy I can really take care of ya. What's the other side look like?"

The hairs on my forearms rose up. This guy is going to take care of me all right. He's going to rob me, take my car, and maybe kill me. These guys might be the Mafia. I decided to get in the car and drive into the Bronx after all. If I drove far enough north, I would be out of the city. I didn't breathe normally until I was across the Tappan Zee Bridge. By that time I concluded that I had probably not met the Mafia. Even on a very slow day, they would have better things to do than steal an Opal, and they were welcome to all the moths in my wallet.

Since then I have had several other far more organized and satisfying visits to New York. By now I've been in every borough and while still amazed at the vibrancy of the City, I have less trepidation about its people. Yes, there are rude people, cursing taxi drivers, who drive with a seeming death wish. But I also had a lady stop at Union Square and volunteer directions upon seeing me fumble with a subway map.

My latest trip, a bare week before the terrorist attack, was emblematic of my changed perception. Two blocks from my hotel in Brooklyn was an all night deli. Each night around midnight I would go for a snack: cheese danish, Napoleon, pizza, whatever looked good. I become friendly with the clerk. He was from West Africa, spoke French, and had been in the country six months. He was taking classes and happy to be in the United States. That last night I was early, and my new friend wasn't behind the counter. I wanted to see him one last time, so I decided to walk for awhile. I stopped to look in the window of what had to be one of the most hideously kept offices around, a place to buy money orders, pay taxes, fines etc. I stepped out of the shadows, and almost immediately dropped in behind a young slim well-dressed black woman about 5' 5". She gave me a dirty look. I didn't blame her; I had probably startled her. One minute later, she looked back, saw me walking in the same direction, and gave me another look, a glance designed to curdle milk. She, then, started to walk fast toward a nearby Subway Station.

I decided to make a U turn and walk back to the deli. What was her problem? I thought. Then I remembered the late hour, and I was wandering the streets. So what was I doing? Maybe I was not a pure tourist anymore. I had made a New Yorker think I might be a mugger. I went back to the deli and had a brownie. But the West African wasn't there, and I never saw him again.

My second interesting encounter that trip was in a subway station in the East Village. I was waiting to go back to Brooklyn, looking at some books, when I heard a reedy voice coming from the opposite platform calling, "Help! Help me!" I didn't see anyone to help. But a middle-aged white woman next to me cried out, "Someone's on the tracks, and there's a train coming." She had seen a blind man lose his footing and fall onto the tracks. A man walked right by and did nothing. However the rest of the people on the platform cared, and soon the blind man was fished from the platform, and had several concerned folk inquiring about his injuries. On my side, the woman and her husband called for official help from a pay phone. Cell phones don't work in the subway. Now that the blind man was ministered to, she turned her attention to the one person who had ignored his plight:

"Hey Mister!" she called across the tracks. She got the man's attention. "I'm talking to you. Yeah, you! Why didn't you help? You're going to burn in hell! That's what going to happen to you."

The man sat with crossed legs on a bench, said nothing, but developed a sudden interest in the tiles on the wall. She was still breathing fire when we boarded the train.

When the news reported all the volunteers rushing to help the victims of the terrorist attacks and that there were more helpers than work, I wasn't surprised. My attitude had changed. And maybe those guys really were going to fix the dent in my car.

Horror-Scopes

by Atilla the Hunney

December

Glory be to God for dappled things,

For skies of couple color as a brinded cow.

—Gerard Manly Hopkins

Aries (March 21-April 19): The blue-moon conditions of winter focus your concerns on the pocket book. You find the funding you need by conserving, not an easy thing to do when all culture is designed to make you buy. Realize and admit your financial limitations.

Taurus (April 20-May 20): Your sexuality must be directed along different lines and into more positive occupations, not just the same old bar scenes that lead you astray. Try for some activity that is creative and channel that energy into a poem or painting.

Gemini (May 21-June 20): Hiding away is not the answer to your problems. Lost love is part of everyone's history. That person seems to be going along without you just fine, but know that heartache wears many different faces—some of them smiling.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): Travel and maybe a new home are in the picture. However you've moved too often in the past, always hoping that this move will be the best and final one. Although that's what you've thought so many times before. Change does not always mean for the better.

Leo (July 23-August 22): The lion of winter roars down upon your fortunes this month, and there is no escaping some hard lessons. Get busy and make yourself warm from your own creative endeavors. Stop depending on others for energy.

Virgo (August 23-September 22): The world of the perfectionist is a hard world to live in, especially if you are the one keeping things tidy. Lighten up. Perfection is a waste of time and money.

Libra (September 23-October 22):

Try keeping your opinions to yourself this month. Pay attention to the other person; remember conversation is a two-way street. Everyone has a right to his or her insights and they might be worth just as much as yours.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21): Your need to be recognized goes against your deeper self. Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. There are more weighty concerns in this life than your own. Give till you have no more to give.

Sagittarius (November 22-Dec. 21): Stop blaming others for your problems. Put yourself in their shoes for one moment and you will understand that they too are trying, however ineptly to do the right thing.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): Your sign holds many strengths but the need for artificial stimulation is one of its weaknesses. Remember something that you must do everyday is an addiction. Seek professional help.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Laughter does not come easily, especially if the joke is on you. Lighten up. The world is full of opportunities to make a fool of yourself, but remember you are never alone in that capacity.

Pisces (February 19-March 20): Your thinking is along unorthodox lines and you are fascinated by the new. Incorporate the values of the past with what is so fascinating today or you lose out. No one builds alone. Rules are not always made to be broken.

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Dialogue with MoJuba:

MOURNING - SHOUTS FOR PEACE - SPOTLIGHT

mojuba@hotmail.com

THE TINY-MAN SPEAKS AND SHOUTS

Greeting readers.

Life is good. This is the season to make a joyful noise. Let us forgive those who have done us wrong.

Let us extend a caring and open hand to someone in need.

This month our special guest is Mr. Richard Williams. He lives in Lake Park, Georgia with his wife, Mrs. Ruby W. Williams. He and I met in downtown Valdosta at Sojourner Coffee House.

Mo Juba: Good morning Mr. Richard Williams.

Tiny: Mo Juba, let's not start with that Mr. Richard business. You and I go way back in time.

Mo Juba: True. Tiny, I tried to walk to your home and my feet caught on fire. I tried to ride my old bike out there and my knees stopped me.

Tiny: Oh no Man, Lake Park is not across the Railroad tracks.

Mo Juba: I know and I am not training for the world Olympic Games.

Tiny: (Laughing) Mo Juba when you start training stop by and get me. You and I will make world history. "Hot feet Mo Juba" and "Tiny the Blind Man", win five gold medals.

Mo Juba: You 're already part of Lowndes and Valdosta living history. Share with our readers a few passages from your youth.

Tiny: We used to live on the westside of town. On West Street across from Moss's store. I was a very little boy. I remember being three, four, five and six. I will never forget that. The house was built high off the ground. When I looked down on West Street I thought that I would fall to the ground. My family moved across town and I went to South Street Elementary School.

Mo Juba: What memorable moment from your teenage years that still give you pleasure?

Tiny: I was a teenager in the 1950's. When James Brown first sung *Please*. Those were the greatest years in my world. I was at Dasher High School and we won the state championship. The first one for Dasher High and it was the 1953 football season. Yes, it was a great year. (Pausing and rubbing his chin with his right hand). Ralph Mitchell, Jack Bethea, Naithaniel (Stone-Wall) Martin, N. Bryan, Johnny G. Hampton, Fred Walters were some of the fellows on that squad. After many many years of toiling at Dasher High, Coach C. R. Smith

won his first championship. We defeated H. A. Hut High School in Fort Valley. Yes, the 1953 high school year was the greatest moment of my teen years.

Mo Juba: Who inspired you to become a radio star?

Tiny: When I was a kid my dream was to be on the radio. (Rubbing chin again and smiling) In 1948, I remember as a kid sitting next to my mother on Sunday nights listening to the top five on WGOV. I always could imagine myself behind the microphone introducing the records and doing the things the announcer did. I grew up with that dream and it was fulfilled.

Mo Juba: Where did you get your feet wet in the radio business?

Tiny: In the mid-fifties, I will never forget it. When I was in high school I did an interview on WIBB radio station in Macon Georgia and during the late fifties, I did similar types of interviews in Augusta Georgia. So, everytime I got a chance I always was trying to get in front or behind someone's microphone to talk.

Mo Juba: I was told you got your start in radio here in the Valdosta market!

Tiny: They are wrong. My first job in Valdosta was back in the middle sixties at WVLD, the top 40 radio station. We used to call it the tiger radio and I was the only African-American on staff.

Mo Juba: I was told that you worked at WGOV!

Tiny: I did. I went there around the time the African-American school system was being faded to black in the Valdosta area. (Laughing low)

Mo Juba: Why did you change radio stations?

Tiny: The opportunity came to start a new format at WGOV and I was hired to come to the station and kick it off. I believe that we kicked off the all African-American format in 1969 even though they had an African-American on the air at the time.

Mo Juba: What was his name?

Tiny: Brother Herman Smith. He did a once a week gospel affair. When they decided to have a full time African-American Rand B program they hired me, Calvin Fuller and a fellow from Nashville. We wanted a young voice to join our squad. I went out and found Randy Humphery. You know what I mean?

Mo Juba: No. But, you tell me more anyway.

Tiny: AKA. Chuck Cunningham. He was a senior at Pinevale High School. We brought those two young men in, trained them and put them on the air. This was our first line

up squad. Later on came Eddie Mac, Joe Mason, Calvin Jugs better known as C. J. The Dove, and Joe Scott, the Young blood.

Mo Juba: Man, you cats had it going on.

Tiny: Yes. The squad existed for a number of years and the people moved on. I. (Pausing and with wrinkled eye-brows and then smiling) Because, I had a family and it was always my desire to keep my family intact. I wasn't prompt to move from station to station. Even though I had calls to move into other markets. I chose to stay here in the Valdosta area.

Mo Juba: Why did you give up the radio business?

Tiny: Will, I gave up radio? I really didn't give up radio. Radio gave up me. (Laughing low) No. No. I gave up radio in 1989. I had some problems with glaucoma and it caused me to lose my sight. So, I felt it was in my best interest to try and get myself healthy. You know?

Mo Juba: No. Yet, you got my ears listening!

Tiny: I was diagnosed having diabetes and blood pressure. The two had nothing to do

with the glaucoma -which caused me to lose my sight. I want to make that perfectly clear. Because, lots of people equate my blindness with diabetes. Gracefully, I retired from the radio business.

Mo Juba: Did you have any problems with retirement mental adjustment?

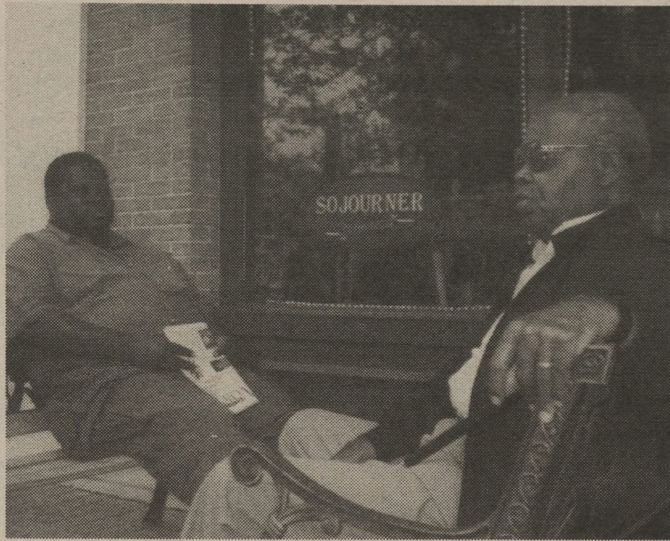
Tiny: Believe it or not. I really have been enjoying it. Inspid of my blindness I had a lot of time to spend with my children. My boys are out and about. I have three men in my family. My oldest, Ronald Williams is a political analyst for a southern governor. My second son, who drove me here to Sojourner's is Dr. Derek A. Williams and he is a professor at FAMU which is a HBCU (Historically Black College/University). My youngest son is named Byron Williams and he is an Alltel representative in Florida. My wife Ruby and my soul mate all these years, without her none of my success would have been possible.

Mo Juba: What year did you meet and marry Mrs. Ruby?

Tiny: Well, we met! Now, once again you asking me to go way back in time. We met way back and we been married every since hitch was a hammer. (Laughing low)

Mo Juba: I can handle that answer. Do you turn the radio on and listen to the New Generation of radio personalities?

Tiny: (Laughing low) I listen to the radio. Not as much as I like too. But, I listen from time to time and I hear. Now, there are a lots of young announcers. Maybe, it's the time in-which we all are living in. The 2001 America's millennium. There is



Mr. "Tiny" Williams and his son Richard Jr. in downtown Valdosta at Sojourner Coffee House.

a difference in the music. The music is as good as it was back in time. Some even better.

Mo Juba: Do you believe the young announcers are experiencing the same development problems as you guys did?

Tiny: Back in the day, when I first got into the business I had to take a test. The Federal Commucations Commission required that a person had to have license to be on the air. The test was not an easy test and should you ask any of the old timers -they will tell you this too. So, this limited the number of people management could hire. Now, the FCC doesn't care. Today, people can walk into a radio station off the streets and should management want to use someone-I guest they take them through the necessary training. Some of them have great voice and know what radio image they want to do.

Mo Juba: Is there a difference in the way radio stations operate to day as compared to those in the past/

Tiny: A lots of the programs are brought in from other sources. They have these networks that radio stations subscribe too and they provide the station even with voices. Now, all a manager has to do is hire someone to monitor the radio station system. Yes, there has been a change in the business. Plus, most of the radio stations here in the Valdosta area were locally owned. This is no longer true. There may be one or two still in this market area that are owned by local stock holders. (Laughing low) Yes, the radio business has become more commercial-compared to twenty or twenty-five years ago.

Mo Juba: Since my printed pages or limited. I have one more question.

Tiny: Okay.

Mo Juba: I was inspired by Mrs. Minnie Ceasar to write dialogue with **Mo Juba**. November, two-thousand and one her life and other folks in the Valdosta are ended. Now, this interview is at an end. What inspirational words do you want to shout out to

Tammy Wright, left, with her students, has a long history with the Lowndes Drug Action Council and with the Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission, bringing children from the Hudson Docket Homes to the Art Center every Thursday from 4-6 PM for arts and crafts. Adann-Kennn Alexandar heads the L/VAC After-school program and has worked with Tammy for five years. "She's fun to workwith because she can look at art from a child's perspective. She joins in the art projects herself, which makes the children more interested. Everyone here at L/VAC will miss her."



those traveling the broadcasting road?

Tiny: (laughing Low) You're ending with a morbid question. Young people, do the best that you can do. I think everybody should go to school and prepare themselves for the future. Once a person chooses a field of endeavor work hard to be the best that they can be. I want to end with the following words. Folks remember that Tiny Williams is a people person. I love people. Especially the people in the south Georgia and north Florida area.

Mo Juba: I want to shine the spotlight on Mr. Barry Harris and Ms. Tammy Wright.

Their wedding day is December 22, 2001 at Victory Temple, 4034 Perimeter Road. Afterward, the newlyweds will greet their well wishers at the Valdosta/Lowndes Conference Center at 1703 Norman Drive.

The South Georgia Fine Arts Coalition, Quitman Gallery has opened it's doors to the public at 109 East Screvens Street in Quitman Georgia.

The SAL party will be on December 17 at 7:00 P.M. in the L/VAC building. I hope to see all the artists there and those folks that will be traveling by air or train stay safe and a happy New Year to you all.

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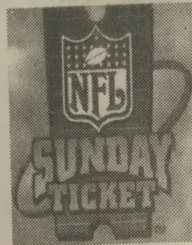
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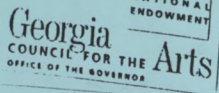
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presents

The Taming of the Shrew

by William Shakespeare

Directed by: **Gail Deschamps**

Set Design: **Jeff Horsley** * Lighting Design: **Tim Moon**

Costumes: **Tony Smithey** * Movements: **Ax Norman**

Sound Design: **Gail Deschamps** * Stage Manager: **Tim Moon**

Cast in alphabetical order

Grumio, Gremio **Kenny Braziel**

Lucentio, Pedant, Curtis **Nicholas Jaeger**

Trainio, Nathaniel, Tailor **Ax Norman**

Baptista, Gregory **Ian Oldaker**

Petruchio **Ed Roggenkamp**

Hortensio, Vincentio, Haberdasher, Widow **Tony Smithey**

Kate **Teri Watts**

Bianca, Biondello, Phillip **Virginia Worley**

There will be one intermission
THE PLAY'S CHARACTERS

Katharina - The "shrew" of the title, Katharina, or Kate, is the daughter of Baptista Minola, and lives with him in Padua. At the beginning of the play she is sharp-tongued, quick-tempered, and prone to violence, particularly against anyone who would try to see her married – to the great distress of her father.

Petruchio - Petruchio is a gentleman from Verona, wealthy by inheritance from his well-known father. He is loud, boisterous, eccentric, quick-witted, and has come to Padua "to wive and thrive." He wishes nothing more than a woman with an enormous dowry, and finds Kate to be the perfect fit.

Bianca - The younger daughter of Baptista, the lovely Bianca is nearly the opposite of her sister Kate at the beginning of the play – she is soft-spoken, sweet, and unassuming. As a result, several men are vying for her hand. Baptista, however, will not let her marry until Kate is already wed. Finally, Lucentio wins Bianca's love and marries her in secret, then makes it public.

Baptista Minola - Baptista is one of the wealthiest men in Padua; he promises his daughters a substantial dowry, which is why they are in such demand. He is good-natured if a bit superficial with regard to his daughters. His absent-mindedness is exacerbated by the disobedience of Kate. At the opening of the play, he is desperate to find Kate a suitor, having decided she must marry before Bianca does.

Lucentio - A young student from Pisa, Lucentio comes to Padua to study at the city's renowned university, but is immediately sidetracked when he catches sight of Bianca. He falls in love with her, and by disguising himself as a classics instructor named Cambio, he convinces Baptista to let Bianca under his tutelage. He wins her love, but his impersonation gets him into trouble when his father, Vincentio, visits Padua.

Tranio - Lucentio's servant, Tranio is inventive and quick-witted. He plays an important part in his master's ruse—disguised as Lucentio, he makes a formal appeal to Baptista for Bianca's hand in marriage.

Gremio and Hortensio - Two gentlemen of Padua, Gremio (an old pantaloon) and Hortensio are two suitors for Bianca's hand. Hortensio dresses up as a music instructor to court Bianca, but to no avail. He and Gremio are both thwarted in their efforts by Tranio's antics. Hortensio ends up marrying a widow.

Grumio - Petruchio's servant, the requisite "fool" of the play—a source of much comic relief.

ABOUT THE PLAY

The Taming of the Shrew is one of Shakespeare's "early comedies." These include *Much Ado About Nothing* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, among others. These share many essential characteristics with *Shrew*: light-hearted or slapstick humor, disguises and deception. Like Shakespeare's other romantic comedies, *The Taming of the Shrew* focuses

on marriage. However, it gives a special attention to married life after the wedding, while the other plays often conclude with the wedding ceremony itself.

Most of the action of *The Taming of the Shrew* takes place in Padua, a city in northern Italy. In Elizabethan time, Italy was considered a beautiful country of rich food, loose women, addicted to materialistic and pleasurable living. Thus it became a favorite setting of Shakespeare and his contemporaries for plays involving deceit, money, beautiful women, cross-dressing, or anything worth taking a little sinful pleasure in.

THE PLOT

Baptista wants to marry his daughters off to the highest bidder. All the suitors of the town wish to marry Bianca, his beautiful, sweet and younger daughter but Baptista insists that Bianca cannot marry until his older daughter, Kate, has a husband! The problem is that Kate is wild, shrewish and totally unmanageable! To pave the way for Bianca to marry, the old pantaloon Gremio and the inept Hortensio armed with the promise of a huge dowry from Baptista, persuade Petruchio to woo and wed the wild Kate. The comedy is filled with mistaken identities: Tranio, Lucentio's skilled servant disguises himself as Lucentio so that his master, Lucentio, disguised as a school teacher can woo Bianca; Hortensio disguises himself as a music teacher to also gain access to woo Bianca. An old man, convinced by Tranio that his life is in danger, poses as Lucentio's rich father. As the two young lovers, Lucentio and Bianca are self-possessed, witty and steadfast to one another; but it is Kate and Petruchio who prove to be worthy of one another's enmity — or love. No one else in the play is a fit match for them. Kate is attracted to Petruchio despite her shrewish words. Her guise of hostility is part defensive protection, part testing of his sincerity. Petruchio is the first man to be worthy of her. He senses that she really longs to be mastered, even though she resists. Having wooed and partly won her, he tests her with his late arrival to their marriage, his unconventional dress, and his crossing all her desires. But in the end they gain a sincere respect and love for one another. They are well matched!

THE LAST SCENE OF THE PLAY

This scene has given rise to many differences of interpretation than anything else in the play. The earliest adaptations were uneasy with it and many adaptations omitted Katharina's last speech entirely. Later in the nineteenth century, the last scene was reinstated bringing with it the problem of what was taken to be the abject and unconditional surrender, in public, of the 'tamed', broken-spirited wife. While the Victorian or Edwardian gentleman might privately believe it to be correct, he was uncomfortable with the scene and felt it should not have been written. George Bernard Shaw was offended: "the last scene is altogether disgusting to modern sensibility". Later in the twentieth century the feminist view of the final scene, as essentially an ironic performance by Katharina, has been strongly argued...the play ends with the prospect that Kate is going to be more nearly the tamer than the tamed; Petruchio more nearly the tamed than the tamer, though his wife naturally will keep the true situation under cover. Kate illustrates what every woman knows - that woman can lord it over the man so long as she allows him to think he is lording it over her!

Producing Director	R. H. Deschamps
Company Manager	Ax Norman
Stage Manager/Technical Director	Tim Moon

WHO'S WHO IN THE CAST

(in alphabetical order)

Kenneth Braziel (Grumio, Gremio) hails from New Mexico where he graduated with a BFA in Theatre from the College of Santa Fe. Now living and working out of New York City where he most recently performed with the Improv/Sketch comedy group "Rash Behaviour" at the Knitting Factory. Kenneth would like to thank his family and friends for their love and continuing support.

Nicholas Jaeger (Lucentio, Pedant, Curtis) is a recent graduate of Emerson College, where he received his Bachelor's of Fine Arts in Acting. He is thrilled to be working with GMT and again performing Shakespeare. Previous Shakespearean roles include Orsino in *Twelfth Night* (Pittsburgh Public Theatre) Gonzalo in *The Tempest* (Expanded Arts, NYC) and Camillo in *The Winter's Tales* (Emerson College). Nicholas is a resident of Brooklyn, NY.

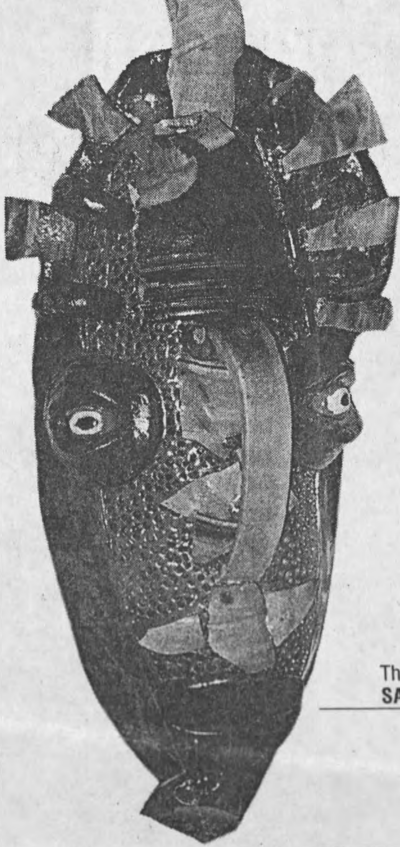
Ax Norman (Trainio, Nathaniel, Tailor, Company Manager) Ax's recent credits include Floyd Collins in *Floyd Collins*, Nick in *Over the River and Through the Woods*, and Dog in *Fall* with Synchronicity Performance Company. Also Poe in *The Haunting of Edgar Allan Poe*. Fight credits include *Hamlet*, *True West*, and *Extremities*. Recent films include *Raison d'Être*. *The Scam Artist*. Greatest thanks to God, Bill, Gail, Robert, my fellow cast members and crew.

Ian Oldaker (Baptista, Gregory) is very excited to be making his debut with GMT, and to be on his first tour. Ian hails from New York City where he recently performed in *She Stoops To Conquer* (Marlow), *The Cure at Troy* (Neoptolemus) *Peking Duck*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Twelfth Night*. Other Shakespearean encounters include *The Winter's Tale*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

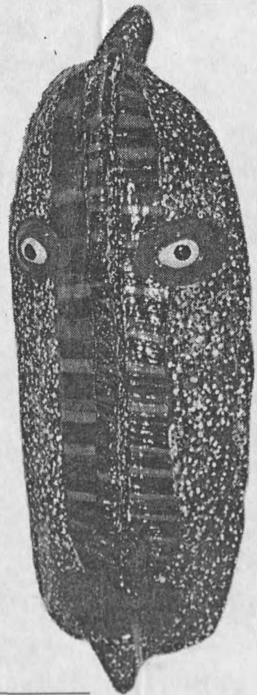
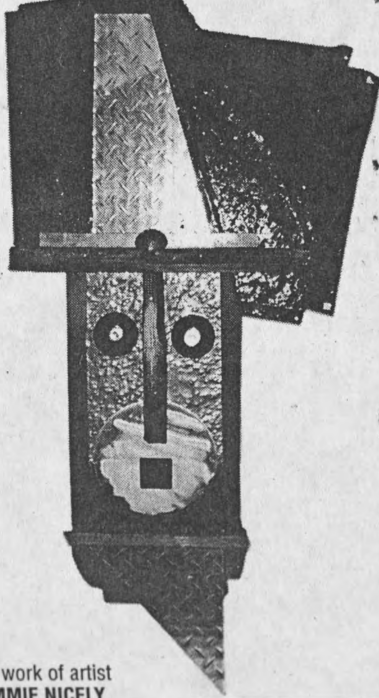
and *Richard III*. He's a recent graduate of the M.F.A. in Acting Program at Brooklyn College and Loyola College in Maryland.

Africa in the Appalachians

Artist blends childhood experiences, heritage to create his vision



The work of artist
SAMMIE NICELY.



By Dean Poling
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VALDOSTA

Picture this: African art traditions fused with a Southern Appalachian background. If you can't bend your mind around that one, then check out artist Sammie Nicely's exhibition opening at Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission (see "Gallery" box on this page for reception details, etc.).

Nicely, an Atlanta-based artist, grew up in Russellville, a town set in the Appalachian mountains of eastern Tennessee. In creating his art, he draws from his experiences as an African-American male growing up in the hills of Tennessee. He draws, paints, sculpts, but it is his pit-fired clay masks that blend his influences into a fusion of his African-Appalachian experience.

"As an artist, my work is an extension of myself and helps me to better understand my cultural heritage," Nicely says in an artistic statement. "It is a crucial means of self understanding. I see art as the medium through which such understanding can be attained. I create art for self-satisfaction and as a way of communicating with others. My art serves as a common ground for communication where each person has to bring their own identity into play in order to appreciate my work."

In the best traditions of both Appalachian and African artists, Nicely considers himself a folk artist, which is usually an artist with little or no training. But Nicely has had plenty of training, graduating from the arts and crafts school of the University of Tennessee and earning a degree from Middle Tennessee State University. He has been a curator for numerous exhibits and his work can be seen throughout Tennessee and North Georgia.

Nicely has, however, found a raw and powerful style with his masks. They are imbued with a traditional African motif with an underlying sense of the gravel roads and mountains marking Tennessee. He uses an ancient, pit-firing technique similar to one used by African and Native American cultures. Once the pit-firing is complete, "Nicely applies found objects to the masks, including buttons, bottle caps, metal objects, costume jewelry and treasures he finds in antique and second-hand stores, flea markets and on the streets," according to exhibit notes.

He fuses modern bits from Appalachian life onto a visual form that is thousands of years old. It gives his work a look as old and powerful as the hills but as new as today.

PARRISH: WEAVING THE COLOR OF GLASS

Artist Carmereta Parrish's work also opens this week at the Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Center (again, see "Gallery" box for more details).

Mostly self-taught and with residences in North Florida and upstate New York, Parrish combines her life's experiences to create her artistic statements, using her environment to find the means to express her feelings.

"Art has always been a part of my life," she says in an artistic statement. "... Over the years, putting together materials and ideas to add depth, character, interest and beauty to my personal and business environment. Hunting new ways to translate thoughts and expressions into creative ideas."

From slides, her works look ethereal as if stained-glass were ground into thread then woven into a tapestry. They have a translucent quality that at the same time seem as sharp as glass.

Parrish "paints, does ceramics, wood sculpture, glass art, metal,



The work of CARMERETA PARRISH.

