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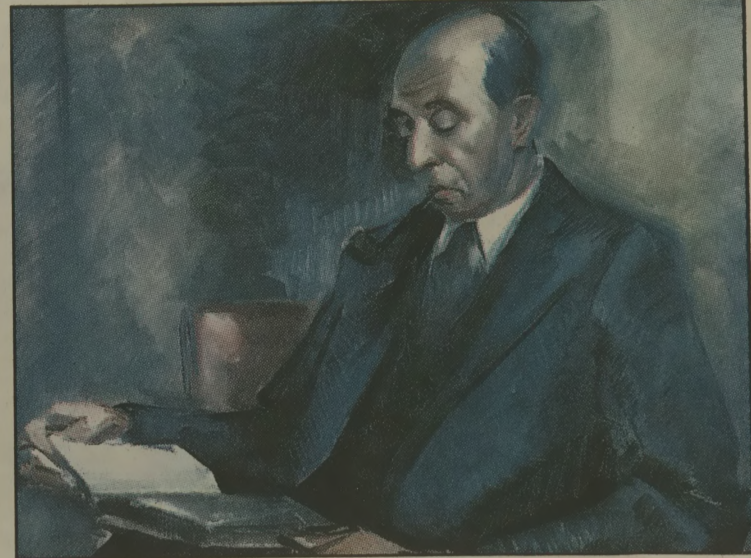
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'Portrait of Holbrook,' oil, artist Lamar Dodd.

'Jaipur Group,' oil, artist Lamar Dodd (1961).

Lamar Dodd's Georgia

Art center shows works of state's most influential artist

By Dean Poling
dean.poling@gaffnews.com

VALDOSTA

IF NOT FOR the contributions of Lamar Dodd (1909-96), there may not be a new arts center in Valdosta. For that matter, there may not be numerous art centers in cities and art programs in colleges, universities and schools throughout Georgia.

This may be an overstatement. Because without Dodd, there would likely have been arts centers and art programs but, without his contributions as an artist, teacher and administrator, it is hard to imagine what Georgia's and the Southeastern United States' art scene would resemble.

A 1949 Life magazine article credited Lamar Dodd as being "more responsible than any other man for the renaissance of art that has swept the Southeast in the last 10 years."

As for Valdosta's new arts center, Lamar Dodd had nothing to do with planning the building, raising funds, renovating the structure or opening it, but he is the artist who was once described as

bringing art to Georgia and the South. So, it is only fitting that a retrospective exhibit of Lamar Dodd's work is the first major show scheduled for the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts (see "Gallery" sidebar on this page for more show details for this and other center exhibits).

BEFORE RECENTLY MOVING to the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts, 527 N. Patterson St., Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission could have never attracted an exhibit of the Dodd show's magnitude to Valdosta, says Adam Kennn Alexandar, the center's curator of galleries.

The old LVAC building at 1204 N. Patterson St. did not have the space, lighting, climate control or security necessary to attract major state and national exhibits, Alexandar says. The new arts center has all of these attributes as well as sponsorship to make exhibits like the Lamar Dodd show possible. The exhibit is sponsored by the Georgia Museum of Art, Morgan Keegan and Company, and the Price-Campbell Foundation.

But why is the Lamar Dodd exhibit so important? How did Dodd influence not only Southern art, but empower art galleries and museums throughout Georgia?

LAMAR DODD "HAS doffed many a hat in his life, among them the mortar board of the doctor of letters, the top hat of the statesman, and the Stetson of the advocate," William U. Eiland writes in his book, "The Truth in Things: The Life and Career of Lamar Dodd," "but the one he always preferred is the beret of the artist. Were he not able to don the latter, none of the others would have fit so well."

Born in 1909, Lamar Dodd grew up in LaGrange, Ga. At an early age, he became interested in art and studied it with a passion. At his family's insistence, he briefly studied architecture, but Dodd did not care for it. He wanted to be an artist. In 1928, he traveled to New York City, where Dodd studied art at the Art Students League. Influenced by the robust life of New York and the League's teachers, Dodd learned his craft while exploring the spirit and terms of being an artist.

"Indeed, Dodd's days at the Art Students League were exciting ones in a pivotal moment in American art, when local tradition and insularity were coming closer and closer to international modernism," Eiland writes. Dodd's associates included Isabel Bishop, George Grosz, Ashile Gorky, etc., — names that "suggest the tension as well as the direction of the confrontation of ideas

on the American cultural scene ... In the early 1930s, the art market began to reflect the changes in taste and intellectual outlook of this fertile moment, and Dodd was in the thick of it in New York."

In other words, the American art scene was loosening its long passionate affair with the French and other European schools of art and beginning to seek an American school of art that reflected the scenes and themes of the United States.

Joining numerous other artists across the nation, Dodd's young style reflected regional scenes. Having grown up in Georgia, Dodd's work centered on scenes from the South. And his vision, skills and talents garnered him placements in an increasing number of galleries and national shows.

At a 1932 one-man exhibit at a New York gallery, Dodd received numerous accolades for his Southern-themed paintings. One reviewer thankfully noted that Dodd had not centered his works on imaginings of European settings but instead focused on American themes, or more specifically, images from the artist's native state. "Not one scene of the Scottish moors with their purple heather. But a glorious painting of the washwoman hanging out clothes.

Not one scene of the fountains of Rome! But a magnificent thing showing the cabins of tenant farmers. Nothing of Paris or London or Athens or Pompeii. But Georgia, Georgia, Georgia."

By 1933, Lamar Dodd was ready to leave New York and return to the South. He took a position at an art-supply store in Birmingham, Ala., which allowed him a steady job during the day and an opportunity to paint in the evenings.

THOUGH HE WORKED as a clerk in the art-supply store, Dodd continued making a name for himself as an artist and as a proponent for regionalism in art. His works were not only accepted in major shows throughout the United States, but they won acclaim and prizes. In Birmingham, he continued expressing his thoughts on "the nearness of beauty" in his paintings and through his words. In a Birmingham News-Age Herald interview, Dodd praised the South's beauty, while taking to task the local residents who failed to see the magnificence around them. "... And they say that travelers write letters home about how 'quaint' the shops are in Jerusalem and Bombay," Dodd said, "but they drive at 50 miles an hour along the side streets of Birmingham where there are hot dog stands and shoe shops and pawn shops and antique shops and bookshops that are as colorful as anything that even Port Said has to offer."

While his Southern scenes and advocacy of regional beauty gained him prizes, praise and esteem, Dodd also became a magnet for artists throughout Alabama. They visited him at the shop and in his studio, where he critiqued their work, discussed art and worked alongside of them.

His growing reputation soon opened a larger chapter in his life.

AT THE AGE of 28, in 1937, Dodd was invited to join University of Georgia's fine arts department as an artist in residence. Dodd and his wife, Mary, returned to Georgia.

At Athens, the Dodds found an art department in chaos, with only one full-time art instructor and the other two art teachers assigned to art and other academic interests. Charged with increasing interest in the arts at the university and in the state, Dodd was also faced with cultural problems: In the South of the 1930s, as Eiland writes, "ladies painted pictures; men painted houses."

Such was the world Dodd entered, and this is the Georgia art culture he changed.

He stayed with the University of Georgia for four decades. The

GALLERY

"Lamar Dodd: Artist of Georgia: Selections from the Georgia Museum of Art" opens with a 5-7 p.m. Monday public reception, Pearlman Gallery, Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts, 527 N. Patterson St. The show is scheduled to run through mid-summer.

ALSO OPENING

Three other exhibits are also scheduled to open with a 5-7 p.m. Monday reception at the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts.

■ **Best of the "Spring Into Art" Exhibit, Price-Campbell Gallery:** This show features 99 pieces of local and regional art selected by jurors Jack Cheatham and Lanny Webb from the hundreds of works displayed in the



'Gus Nouveau,' artist Faye Bridges Hyatt.

center's opening "Spring Into Art" exhibit.

Top prizes are scheduled to be awarded at 6 p.m. Monday. The show is scheduled to run for the next several weeks.

■ **North Florida Artists, features works from Mary Law Goff, Dean Allen Tucker, and Linda Pence, Boyette Gallery:** Numerous works, of diverse themes and medium, from three North Florida artists. Show runs for the next several weeks.



Mary Law Goff.



'Monarch Migration,' Linda Pence.

■ **Walter Hobbs' Hahira Middle School Art Students, Robert George Gallery:** The center's children's gallery continues exhibiting the works of Lowndes County art students of Hobbs, who is also an area artist. The exhibit runs for the next several weeks.

Regular gallery hours: 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Monday through Friday; 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Saturday; 2-4 p.m. Sunday. Admission: Free. More information: Call 247-2787.

Look for further information on each of these exhibits in upcoming Living sections of The Valdosta Daily Times.

art department and curriculum came to be considered both one of the finest in the Southeast and the United States. As a teacher, he became admired, while the enrollment of art students increased and the state's thoughts on art shifted to a more progressive stance. By the late 1940s, Dodd was instrumental in founding the Georgia Museum of Art. He developed and participated in cultural-arts exchanges with other countries, which took him to Europe, the Soviet Union and Asia, while bringing artists from those nations to Georgia. He served as a government ambassador for the arts.

He expanded the role of art in the state's daily life while moving from the regional/realism of his youth to exploring further developments as an artist as he grew older. Despite his duties as an administrator, instructor, traveler and public speaker, Dodd continued producing dozens of canvases annually. He continued growing as an artist.

"Changes in perceptions and reactions, (Dodd's) and the rest of the world's, required new means of expression, which Dodd found in cubism, abstraction, expressionism and, back again to complete the circle, in a new realism," Eiland writes.

THE ANNETTE HOWELL Turner Center for the Arts' "Lamar Dodd, Artist of Georgia" is scheduled to present a study of some of the changes and development within the artist's career. The exhibit is to include 20 pieces selected from the Georgia Museum of Art. The scheduled works range from the 1930s to the 1960s, with an emphasis on the 1930s works.

Many of these works are pivotal in Dodd's early growth as an artist as well as his rise to prominence on the national art stage. They are some of the works by one of the most influential people on Georgia's cultural map.

Lamar Dodd was successful because he was able to integrate his many roles into one life, says his daughter, Irene Dodd, Valdosta, who is also a renowned artist, teaching many years at Valdosta State's art department.

Just as he didn't abandon the scenes of his native Georgia when he went to New York nor forget what he learned in New York when returned to the South, Lamar Dodd didn't quit painting to teach, he didn't quit teaching to be an administrator, and he didn't quit administrating while traveling. "He was a great administrator and an excellent teacher and it was important for him to give all of his attention to that," Irene Dodd says. "So most of his painting was done in the summertime. And he was prolific. He scheduled the summer for painting and planning. The painting kept him in touch with his work and he was able to pass on that energy in his teaching and administrating."



youthful Face

New center makes stronger commitment to children's art

By Dean Poling
dean.poling@gafnews.com

VALDOSTA

Dozens of sea creatures swim through the air, stationed beside of underwater plant life that glistens under gallery lights. These are not real fish, but fantastical representation's of a sea environment, presented as part of an exhibit by local artist and art teacher Walter Hobbs' Hahira Middle School students.

Housed in an area named for the executive director of the Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission and the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts, the Roberta George Gallery is filled with works by the Hahira Middle School students (see "Gallery" box on this page for more exhibit details).

Though LVAC has long been committed to involving local and area youths in art, the Roberta George Gallery, which is assigned as a children and youth gallery, emphasizes the art commission's and its new art center's increased dedication to youth and children's arts. LVAC has long been a friend to art for youngsters. It has, and continues, to sponsor art classes for youths and children, as well as present several youth-related art shows annually. However, unlike LVAC's former headquarters at 1204 N. Patterson St., the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts, 527 N. Patterson St., allows the art commission to present continuous art exhibits by and for area youngsters. The new art center's increased space also ends the constant worry of a child's smudged finger-painting print finding its way onto the expensive canvas of an exhibited artist. The old center housed children's art classes in the same room as major gallery exhibits. In addition to the children's gallery, the new center has separate space, away from the galleries, dedicated to children's art classes.

The children's gallery is one of several galleries offering simultaneous exhibits in the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts. For the young and old alike, a visitor can view the works of local children in the Roberta George Gallery, while journeying through the center's other galleries to see the prize-winning works of numerous local and regional artists from the "Spring Into Art" show, view an internationally flavored exhibit of African art as part of the center's permanent collection, view the diverse works of three North Florida artists and see several masterworks of the late artist Lamar Dodd.

In perspective of the entire art center's offerings, the children's gallery allows adults and children to witness how artists develop from the early works of youths to the mature capabilities of a master. It demonstrates how art can shape lives from an early age to an individual's golden years.

A PEEK OF the works by artist/teacher Walter Hobbs' Hahira Middle School students on exhibit in the Roberta George Gallery, Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts.

Dean Poling/The Valdosta Daily Times

GALLERY

Walter Hobbs' Hahira Middle School students exhibit is on display, Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts, 527 N. Patterson St. Run dates: Continues through June 13. Gallery hours: 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Mondays through Fridays; 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Saturdays; 1-4 p.m. Sundays. Admission: Free. More information: 247-2787.



SEVERAL HAHIRA MIDDLE SCHOOL students contributed to the success of the aquarium piece which is part of the exhibit.



'In Deep Thought,' monoprint, artist Katie Senna, Hahira Middle School.



Untitled, sculpture, artist Cassie Turner, Hahira Middle School.



Untitled, sculpture, artist Bree Diah, Hahira Middle School.

CONTACT US

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NIGHT MOVES

Here's what's happening tonight, according to items submitted. Schedules subject to change.

1-Up Nite Club, 206 E. Hill Ave.: Bands 13 Days, Darkest Hour, Curl Up & Die, Malefactor perform.
AmVets Post 607, 728 E. Hill Ave.: DJ Boogie Down spins Blues Night.
Charlie Tripper's, 4479 North Valdosta Road: Raymond Peace, a local musician, plays piano selections.

Show starts between 7-7:30 p.m. No cover charge.
China Doll Lounge, China Garden, 2535 N. Ashley St.: Hundreds of karaoke selections throughout the night. No cover charge.
JP's, 1833 Norman Drive: DJs spin the hits.
Loozie Anna's, 1915 Baytree Place, Remerton: Trivia Night!
Quality Inn Lounge, 1902 W. Hill Ave.: Hundreds of karaoke selections with DJs Wes & Adam, starts 8 p.m. No cover charge.
Remerton Grille, 1903 Baytree Place, Remerton:

TannersLane, a Brooks County-based band, plays rock, pop, etc.
Shooter's Sports Bar & Grill, U.S. 41 South, Twin Lakes: Mixed music, dancing, karaoke, from 8 p.m.-2 a.m.

To enter items for Night Moves, fax: 244-2560 or e-mail Features Editor Dean Poling (dean.poling@gafnews.com). Items should be submitted a few days in advance of an event's scheduled date. There is no charge to place items in Night Moves.

LIVING

Growing With Our Community

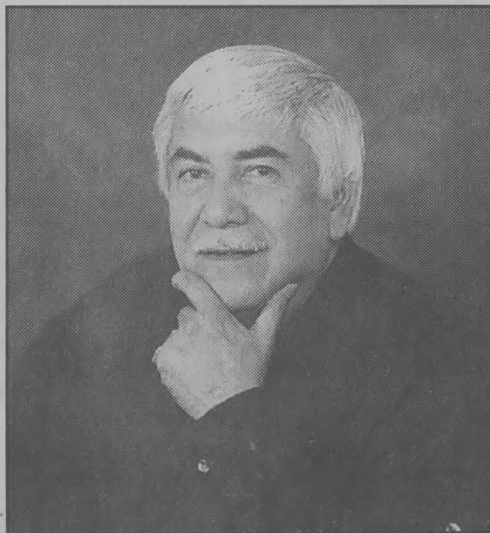
The Valdosta Daily Times 11A

Local poet headlines art center's Open Mic Night

VALDOSTA — Dr. Manuel Tovar, Valdosta, is scheduled to read from his new book during this weekend's Open Mic Night at the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts.

"Of Time and Space Divided" is Tovar's third book of poetry. As a young man, he often published poetry in the two newspapers of his native Monterrey, Mexico. "Tenuidades," his first book of poetry was published by the University of Nuevo Leon. His second book was "Under the Moon: Poems of Love and Other Follies." His two early works are out of print.

But not "Of Time and Space." Along with Manuel Tovar's more recent poems are illustrations by his son, Miguel Tovar. The book is available at the local Books-A-Million and the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts. This weekend's reading is sponsored by the art center and the local Snake Nation Press.



DR. MANUEL TOVAR

Born in Monterrey, Tovar was "schooling in the old country ways of courtesy and respect and love of family and place," according to information from Snake Nation Press. He studied medicine at the Universidad de Nuevo Leon. He became an MD through the Missouri State Board in 1960 and became a naturalized American citizen in 1964.

In 1973, he moved to Valdosta, where he practiced medicine for many years. He and wife Diane raised their family here. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, Tovar volunteers at the Migrant Workers Clinic, Lake Park. He is also involved with the writing seminars at the art center, 2-4 p.m. Saturdays.

Dr. Manuel Tovar's reading and book signing for "Of Time and Space Divided," is scheduled for Open Mic Night, 7-10 p.m. Saturday, Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts, 527 N. Patterson St. Admission: Free. More information: Call 247-2787.

Saturday, April 26, 2003

ART OF PLANNING



Contributed photo

Sally Turner Querin, right, and Brett Ganas, Landscape Architects, review the landscaping plans for the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts, which celebrates its Grand Dedication Opening, 6:30 p.m. Tuesday. Querin is the daughter of the late Annette Howell Turner. Landscaping work outside of the center is nearing completion.

VALDOSTA VOICE

Winter 2003
valdostavoice.com

Local and Regional
Arts Events

Lowndes/Valdosta
Arts Center

Southern Artists' League

Theatre Guild Valdosta

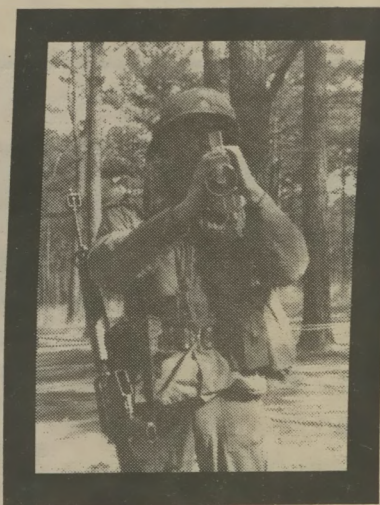
Youth for Arts
Spiral Bound

Snake Nation Press
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Snake~Nation~Review

Issue No. 16



Snake Image Bank

Valdosta, Georgia

SNAKE NATION PRESS
*Publishers of readable
literature since 1989.*

*A cultural arts journal of literature, music, and art.
Featuring poetry, essays, reviews, and short stories from
emerging writers.*

Miracles Do Happen

Like any miracle, it's a thousand small stories taking place that hardly anyone ever knows or hears about. It's two women signing for a loan on a building that they have no idea of how to repay; it's a small club cooking a sit-down dinner for a hundred people to encourage them to buy tickets to a musical; it's year-in and year-out volunteers working on small and large projects that sometimes pay off and sometimes not. It's late-night phone calls that ask, "Why are you still down there?" and dedicated staff members who answer, "Why are you calling at this hour?" It's art scholarships that turn sometime-artists into ones who sell their work. It's an African-American actress playing the role of Cinderella and hugging all the children as they come out of a school show. It's hanging a piece of art in a hall, selling it, enabling an artist to pay a doctor's bill. It's county, city, and state leaders, regard-

less of party, who have the foresight to invest in art and culture for their constituents.

It's the miracle of one beloved woman, whose good will and humor endeared her to everyone she met, so that her husband, her family, her friends, and the community wanted her to be remembered in a special way.

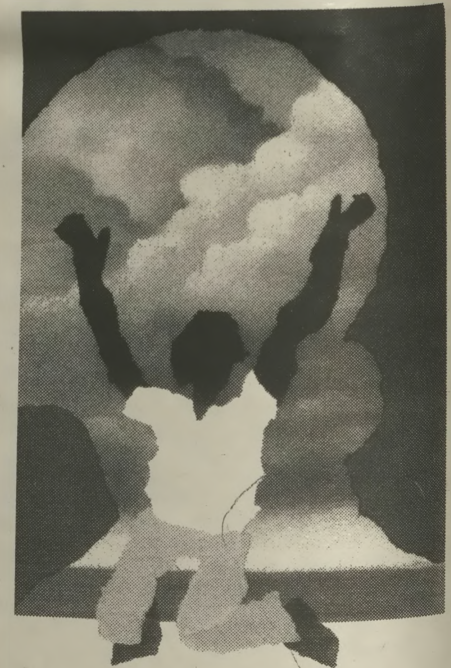
This miracle is the Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Center, which will become the Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts in what was once the First State Bank building at 275 Patterson Street. For over twenty years, L/VAC existed in the inconspicuous little yellow brick building on Patterson Street next to VSU, but now it's moving and will have its new head quarters in April, 2003. Go by and see the construction, call in your donation to 247-ARTS, come to the party on April 7, 2003, and see what miracles can be accomplished by working together.



Interior view of construction in the new Annette Howell Turner Center for the Arts.

Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*

L/VAC's
Presenter Series
Season Finale
March 4
Mathis Auditorium
Call 247-2787 for
more information



When *Porgy and Bess* premiered in 1935, few could imagine that it would become the forerunner of today's hottest Broadway musicals which are essentially operatic works. Conceived as a Folk Opera, *Porgy and Bess* created an air of bewilderment and excitement when it opened—most newspapers dispatched both their drama and music critics to this boundary-breaking phenomenon.

Today, *Porgy and Bess* is recognized as a masterpiece, entwining pride, prejudice, pathos and passion with a heartwarming and memorable score which includes "Summertime", "I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'" and "It Ain't Necessarily So".



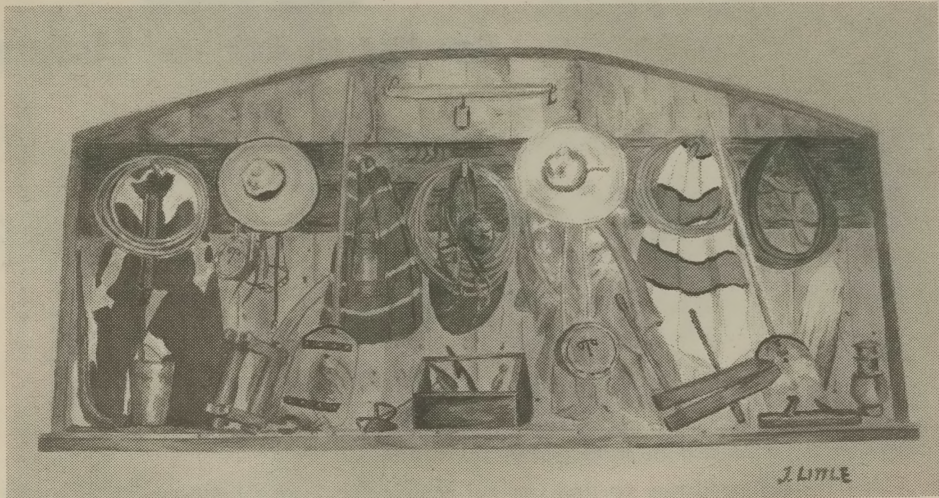
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Exhibition at L/VAC Cultural Arts Center
Through February



Sombreros-Jean Little

African-American Artists

L/VAC Hall Gallery

In the Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission's Hall Gallery, several local African-American artists will be featured through January and the traditional Black History Month, February. The exhibit will take a look at the "African-American Artist" as part of America's art cultural history. The show features art in the forms of colored pencil and pen and ink drawings, metal and wood sculptures, paintings, and photography by a group of African-American artists.

Adann-Kennn Alexxandar, Lynwood Bruce, Leon Colvin, Clyde Edwards, George King, Jean Little, Vanessa Loud, John M. Sirmans, and Grady Whitfield are the artists featured. The group is also talented in many other areas, ranging from educator to entrepreneur to mechanical engineer. Lenwood Bruce, the group's young artist, is a VSU student. Leon Colvin, avid jogger and walker, can be seen around town exercising when not in his studio. His works hang in some of the most prestigious homes throughout Valdosta and the southeastern United States. Clyde Edwards

is an Assistant Professor of Art at VSU. His magical touch with pencils brings drawings to life. George King, now retired from Smith Motors, is a full-time artist. He does sculptures from wood and metal. Jean Little is president of Southern Artists' League and an Administrative Secretary for Academic Affairs at Valdosta State University. Little has recently shown her talent by illustrating and doing paintings for a children's book. Vanessa Loud, owner of Crown of Glory Beauty Salon, musician and a dance instructor, is a painter. Loud's shop seems like a gallery, full of her works that grace the walls. John M. Sirmans, a railroad engineer, paints realistic scenes that capture images from the surrounding areas. Grady Whitfield, local playwright and writer for *The Valdosta Voice*, has paintings that use vivid, dramatic colors. Adann-Kennn Alexxandar, a photographer, is the Curator of Galleries for the Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Commission and the movie critic for the *Valdosta Daily Times*.

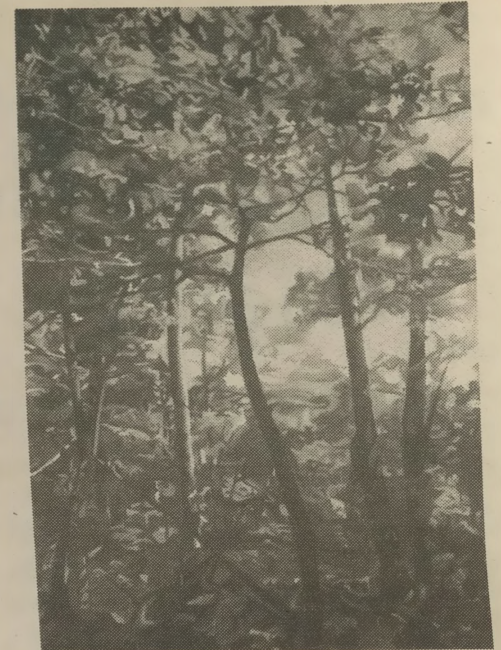
Junia Mason-Edmonds

L/VAC Main Gallery

"Consciously and unconsciously my paintings embody a wide range of moods and sentiments."

—Junia Mason-Edwards

A native of Tampa, Junia (pronounced JUNE-ya) Mason-Edmonds received her BFA from the University of Tampa in 1983. Two years later, she was invited to return for her first one-person show in the University's Lee Scarfone Gallery. Beginning in college, Junia has presented in a variety of solo, small group, and juried exhibitions at locations in and near Florida. Inclusions of her work in corporate collections include TECO (formerly, Tampa Electric Company), the University of Tampa, Foley & Lardner in Tampa, and the Pillar-Bryton Company in Orlando. Recent 2002 exhibits include: *The Plantation Wildlife Art Festival in Thomasville, Georgia*, and in Tallahassee, a two-person show at Artzania Gallery with Vivian Jendzio, and *the Chain of Parks Art Festival* downtown. In 2001, Junia exhibited in a two-person show at Tallahassee's Gallery 621 in Railroad Square with Susan Kempton-Floyd. She had a one-person exhibit at the Tallahassee City Hall in 2000, and received consecutive First Place honors in the 1999 and 2000 Creative Tallahassee Annual Juried Art Exhibitions. Junia's paintings are often available at Artzania and Explorer's Club in Tallahassee, and at the High Springs Gallery in High Springs, Florida.



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Southern Artists' League Plans Projects

submitted by Jean Little, Dick Bjornseth and Amy Lansburg

Southern Artists' League Christmas Party was held Monday, December 16th, at LVAC. There was plenty of food and fun and a gift exchange. The highlight of the evening was Dick Bjornseth's game of "Pin the ear on Van Gogh".

Artist of the Month for January was Joyce Haddock. Carla Penny is Artist of the Month for February. You will find her work exhibited in the office of *The Valdosta Daily Times*. If you are interested in being artist of the month and have four to six works to show, please contact Jean Little at 244-5466.

Our open meetings are held on the third Monday of every month. January 20th was the first meeting of the new year. A new artist to the area, Millie Adams, was featured. She and her husband have recently returned from a trip to Alaska. Ms. Adams had several pieces of her work in alabaster to show, as well as pieces she has collected in her travels. A slide show and a question and answer session were presented.

ART WORKSHOP/ MEETING

Monday, February 15th, 7:00 PM. Program: "A Collaborative Experience" This will be a hands-on studio for members and others led by Dick Bjornseth, Assistant Professor of Art at VSU. At this fun workshop, artists will work together to produce works of art. Bring paper (18 x 24 Drawing pad), charcoal, pen and ink, or markers. Members and guests will jointly produce a

number of artworks, that combine the unique insights and abilities of each person. Just bring some paper and supplies and come ready for a new art experience.

ST SIMONS ISLAND ART TRIP

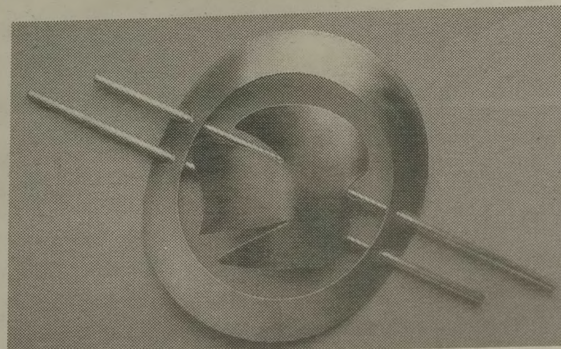
Plans are beginning for a spring weekend trip to St. Simons. SAL members and others will travel to St. Simons (probably car pool) to draw, paint, or photograph this scenic coastal town. Tentative plans are for artists to stay at least one night at one of the local motels then return to Valdosta on a Sunday. SAL is looking for ideas for dates and other things to do in St. Simons. If interested, contact: Dick Bjornseth 293-6239.

SAL and Lowndes/Valdosta Chamber of Commerce have joined together for a Raffle of Dr. Zaccari Sculpture. (See accompanying article.)

Don't forget the Sunday afternoon life-drawing session (1:30-4:30 p.m.). No need to reserve space in the class...just show up. \$7.00 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. Occasionally SAL also hires clothed models at \$10 hour. Call Dick Bjornseth for more info: 293-6239.



Southern Artists' League



ZACCARI SCULPTURE RAFFLED

A limited edition sculpture by Valdosta State University President Dr. Ronald Zaccari was raffled on the evening of Tuesday, January 28th at a social event of the Valdosta/Lowndes County Chamber of Commerce. According to Zaccari, the 7" x 14" stainless steel sculpture is entitled "Exploring the inner rings of Saturn". It is a maquette (a working model) of a large scale sculpture to be installed in a Florida landscape design. The completed sculpture is projected to be seven feet in length. Chuck DeWeefe of Trus-Joist was the winner of the raffle.

Prior to coming to VSU as President, Dr. Zaccari served in a variety of academic art capacities, including Head of the Visual Arts Department at Southeastern Louisiana University, Associate Professor of Art at the University of Colorado, and Assistant Professor of Art at Edinboro State College.

South Georgia/North Florida residents will have another opportunity this Spring to see additional artwork by Dr. Zaccari. The Valdosta State University Gallery will be sponsoring a solo exhibition of Zaccari's latest sculptures and working drawings to be on display for March 17th-April 8th.

Southern Artists' League Membership Form

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.

Active. Dues \$20 per year. Student. Dues \$10 per year.

(Student membership is limited to full-time students who are 18 years or older.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ St _____ Zip _____

HomePhone _____ WorkPhone _____

Email _____

Medium _____ Date _____

Make Check Payable to Southern Artists' League and Mail To:
Southern Artists' League, Box 2562, Valdosta, GA 31604-2562

Artist Opportunities

DEADLINE MARCH 15 NAKED OR NUDE

Perceptions of the Human Form. Open to U.S. artists 18+. Work depicting the figure. \$25/1-3 slides. Juror: Chuck Gniech, Gallery Curator, Illinois Institute of Art, Chicago. May 28-June 27. SASE to "Naked or Nude," Fine Arts Building Gallery, 410 S. Michigan Ave., #433, Chicago, IL 60605, www.fabgallery.com.

DEADLINE MARCH 14 11th SOUTHEAST REGIONAL

Open to artists 18+ living in the Southeast U.S. \$30/1 slide, \$35/2, \$40/3. Show May 1-June 12. SASE to M. Eady, Arts and Design Society, 17 First St., S.E., Ft. Walton Beach, FL 32548, www.artsdesignsociety.com.

DEADLINE FEBRUARY 28 2nd SOUTHEASTERN ART EXHIBITION

\$2,000+ awards. Open to artists in AL, FL, GA, NC, SC, TN. 2-D and 3-D work (no photo, prints, or craft work); plexi only on framed work (white or off-white mats), 2-D max. 48", 3-D max. 45 lbs. and 60" (work 25+ lbs. must be hand delivered). \$30/3 slides. Juror: Elsie Dresch, painter, PSA. Show May 17-June 25, Work must be for sale; 30% commission. No insurance. Mable Cultural Center, Mableton. Dunwoody Fine Art Assn., P.O. Box 88586, 30338, 770-396-5326.



February 13, 14, & 15

8:00 p.m.

February 9, 2:30 p.m.

'Dosta Playhouse,
122 N. Ashley St.

DINNER THEATER DEADLINES FOR THE ODD COUPLE

Theatre Guild Valdosta offers dinner, catered by Covington's, on Thursday evening of the performances; the cost is \$15 per person for dinner and \$10 per person for the show. Pre-payment of dinner tickets is required. The deadline for receiving payment is Tuesday, Feb. 11 for the Feb. 13th show. For the convenience of patrons, a TGV member is on duty during the special box office hours, listed below, at the 'Dosta Playhouse to receive the required pre-payment. Visa and MasterCard will be accepted, either in person or by telephone (call 24-STAGE). These box office hours are offered because our answering service is unable to handle credit card payments. The SPECIAL BOX OFFICE HOURS begin January 27 and continue through Feb. 11. The hours: Mon.-Fri., 5-7pm; Sat. 10-2pm; Sun. 2-5pm. Reservations for a performance may be made through our answering service during all other hours. ADVANCE RESERVATIONS are highly recommended, and these reserved tickets should be picked up 15 minutes before the show in order to avoid "line rage!" The theater opens at 6:30 pm for dinner. BYOB.

The Odd Couple

Director: Pauline Player
Oscar: Michael Brogdon
Felix: Ken Kinard
Roy: David Luke
Vinnie: Matthew Keen
Speed: Rick Patrick
Murray: Fred Stikel
Cecily: Patty White-Cosey
Gwendolyn: Bridget Badeaux

November
Driving to Columbus, Georgia
by Roberta George

At last,
the sycamores' leaves have turned yellow.
They stand like tall sisters, flaming,
amid the tired green of the pines.

We drive past at eighty, making colors blur
into impressionists' paintings.

The red of the scrub oaks and bud trees is lower,
a brilliant second layer of pigment. And lower yet,
the powdery ecru of weeds gone to seed.

The cotton left in the fields is
snow in south Georgia.

And there the earth, turned purple-red, ready
for planting. The furrows ripple, overflow,
bound by a burnt-umber road.

And the sky? A flat latex of blue. Wisp clouds
move, proving it's not just a back drop, a prop in some play.

And I'm thankful I'm not an artist, for I would
be forced to stop and take out my easel and paints
from the trunk of the car.

My husband and sister would wait on the side road,
the one that I mentioned. Wait, with doors open,
fussing and yawning, finally falling asleep on the seats.

I wouldn't finish till dark. It would be one of those pictures
you'd hardly notice, in a booth at a fair, titled "Autumn" or
"Fall", or maybe "November".

Writetimes Review

How To Succeed in Heaven Without Really Dying

Author: Adam McDaniel

ISBN # 0-9719919-0-1

Why Worry Press

Review by Christie Schuler Smith

Let's face it. We all love those movies that depict a guardian angel coming to someone's rescue, and the cartoon image of man sporting a devil on one shoulder and an angel on the other is a cherished memory for anyone born before the mid-'80's. So what could be better than a novel that combines the drama and the humor into one very fresh and unique storyline?

Micah Cohen is having one of those days. In fact, he has had one of those lives that define Murphy's Law. More than two decades have passed since a horrible accident claimed the

lives of both his parents, and would have claimed his, had it not been for the kiss of life given him by an angel not much older than himself.

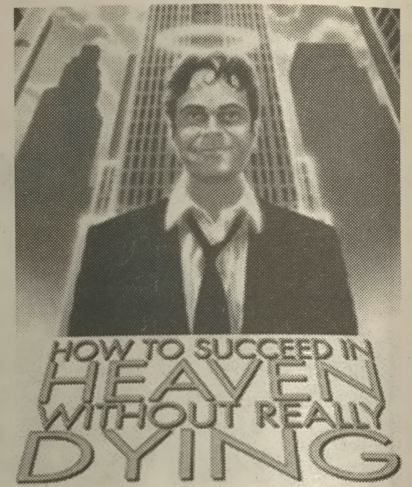
At twenty-eight, Micah has no friends, no lover, and the only family he has is the cantankerous uncle who raised him. His job stinks, his employer is heartless, and a large share of New York City's cockroach population inhabits his apartment. Life is just not worth living for a man who can do absolutely nothing right. He even screwed up suicide.

That is when Colton, an obnoxious, slick-looking, planner-carrying devil with a twisted sense of humor appears in Micah's living room.

But it certainly is not the last time! From there on out, Colton appears at the most inopportune times, seemingly determined to drive Micah to death by pestering. But he has more than a little competition to overcome.

Christine is Colton's nemesis. The unkempt, poorly dressed, streetwalking homeless woman with an effervescent personality reminiscent of Bernadette Peters is as interested in winning Micah's heart as she is his soul. During one of many rescues, she inadvertently reveals herself to the disaster-prone man as the guardian angel who has grown up with him since his childhood accident.

As Death stalks Micah, it is a race against time for the two



something in the neighborhood of a comedy.

ADAM McDANIEL

zany spirits who want to lay claim to his soul.

How to Succeed in Heaven Without Really Dying is a story rich with all the elements of a masterpiece. From prologue to epilogue, author Adam McDaniel grips the reader's attention.

Horror-Scopes

by Atilla the Hunney

Winter 2003

Aries (March 21-April 19)

Take care of your physical needs this month, especially your back. Don't let those New Year's resolutions go to waste. Get down on the floor and do those exercises that will strengthen the muscles you've neglected so long. Take vitamins.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

The sun is in its eleventh year cycle of super activity, flares that blossom millions of miles high. Nothing is as it seems, and you must muddle your way through this month. You are the center of the storm. Hold on to the calmness that sustains.

Gemini (May 21-June 20)

Your dual nature causes you to misunderstand and turn against those who love you. Admit and accept your dark side: snobishness, sarcasm, and mockery destroy. These traits are large parts of your character. Weed them out.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

The home-maker, nest builder part of your nature is at work this month. You love the mess of tile and mortar, carpet and padding, bricks and wood. But remember you must finish one venture before starting another.

Leo (July 23-August 22)

The tendency to save the victim has you in trouble again, and it's a hard lesson to learn that not everyone can be rescued. All you may earn in the end is hatred and disrespect. Rescue yourself for a change.

Virgo (August 23-Sept. 22)

You are the rock of Gibraltar this month for your family and friends. Your attention to detail drives everyone crazy, but all those old records hold the information that's needed. Take time out for some self-congratulation.

Sometimes only one sentence applies. Take that one sentence and use it.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

Banish fear! Those folks who take risks are the ones who save others even if they lose their own lives. It's the high and difficult road but it's the one to take.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

Your nature is for magic and intrigue. How you love to confound and confuse, but sometimes you end up hurting yourself more than anyone else. Step back and take a good look. The picture is not always pretty. Get a grip.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Bad habits lead to addictions; addictions lead to total destruction. Hard lessons that you have to keep learning over and over again. Give up that habit before it becomes too ingrained. Try exercise; it won't kill you.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

When will you learn that lies and alibis are taking you down the wrong road? The last time you turned against your own, you almost didn't make it. Try for a career in some hum-drum job and be surprised how far you can go.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Take your clues from the universe. There are many things out there that will bend in your favor if you are just aware and do the hard work that's required of you. Art and writing are hard work, talent that is developed.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Be patient, be silent, be loving, even if you don't say a word. The energy of the spheres is conspiring for you this month. Get into the right mood and stay there. Vitamins and healthy food do more than you realize.

"Letting go a little improves life. Letting go a lot brings happiness and joy. -Jim McGregor

Questions? Artist Aliyah Jones

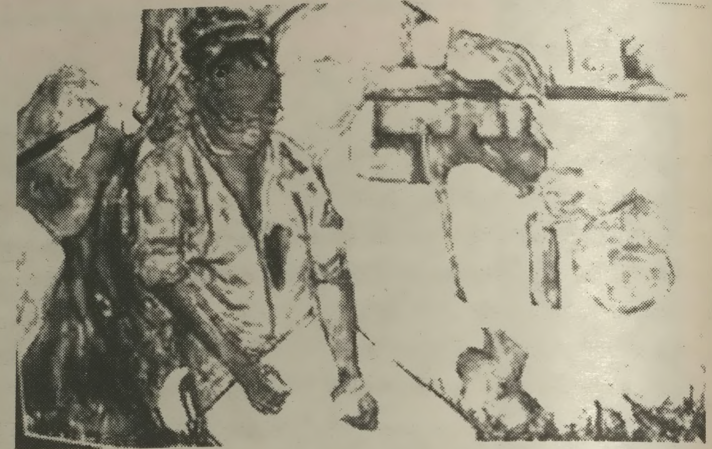
Alyiah Jones has been a part of YFA since its creation in the Summer of 2002. Recently she received an honorable mention in the High School Art Exhibition at the Lowndes/Valdosta Arts Center. She is 16 years old and a student at Valdosta High School.

Who is your favorite artist and why? Norman Rockwell. I like his style of painting and the way he portrays people in everyday life.

Who has inspired you to create art? My two sisters, my parents, religion, and society.

What is your favorite movie? Too many to mention.

How have the arts affected you? Music, visual arts and drama have been a large part of my upbringing. The arts keep my mind open to many different ways of thinking.



A reproduction of Alyiah's art, recently shown in the L/VAC Exhibit.

Self Promotion

Valdosta provides a clean slate for the beginning artist, a home, a place we are proud to live in by guiding it with our own art, ideas, and sounds. Valdosta is surrounded by well-known music scenes including Athens, Georgia, Gainesville, Orlando, Jacksonville, and Tallahassee, Florida. With other artists, the Valdosta arts and music community can become a motivating force in the nation. Self-Promotion is the only way to get the word out about your music in the beginning of your career.

- Get together a quality press kit, including a demo, any reviews you have received, current list of performing dates, a band bio, and any other information.
- Valdosta State University brings in people from all around the world. Pick up the *Spectator* and attend campus events and pass out flyers. Also feel free to use the many cork boards sprawled across campus.
- If a venue won't allow you to rent, get a permit for the park. See how below.
- Don't be inhibited. Let everyone know how awesome you are.
- Some people will buy merchandise before they buy your CD. But that is okay, because they will be promoting your band. Go to microcosmpublishing.com or stickerguy.com to get great rates on vinyl stickers, patches, one inch buttons and tee shirts. Or learn how to screen print and do it yourself!
- Send your CD to e-zines like splendidezine.com and paper zines like *Teen Inc.*, *Broken Pencil* and *Maximum Rock n' Roll* to get your CD publicized and our local scene noticed across the world.
- Send your CD to college radio stations in Valdosta. We are lucky to have V91. Call them and try to get in touch with DJ's.
- Perfect your package. Have style with your flyers, CD's, and merchandise.
- Set up a Web site and trade links with your favorite bands and labels.
- Experiment and create new sounds; let what surrounds you inspire. Don't follow manufactured national trends.
- Real musicians don't aspire to be rock stars; they strive for an artistic goal and an appreciative audience. If your main goal is to be on MTV, to have a record contract with Universal Records, and in heavy rotation on corporate radio stations, be prepared to sell your soul to some disgustingly charismatic guy with a comb-over pony tail duo, wearing a suit and wing-tipped shoes.
- Be proud of where you come from. Promote yourself along with Valdosta. Work on your hometown scene like you would your music.

Youth For Arts is hosting a showcase of aspiring artists at this year's Azalea Festival on March 15. There are many ways for you to get involved.

Performance: If you are a solo musician, part of a band, musical group, or dancing troupe, you may be able to perform throughout the day. Even if you aren't a scheduled performer, you can take part in Open Mic Sessions.

Marketplace: Be a part of the D.I.Y (do it yourself) marketplace, and sell your crafts and wares. Non-profit and student organizations can also set up shop.

Exhibition: If you are a visual artist, you can display your work at our exhibition.

Workshops: Take part in one of our ongoing workshops during the day or share your knowledge and teach.

Call 253-9125 or e-mail maria@youthforarts.org for more info.

Contribute to Spiral Bound!

E-mail your writing, art and ideas to
spiralbound@youthforarts.org

Organizing A Show in the Park

Drexel park provides a free resource for artists who want to expose their talents to the public.

- If you are under 21, find an adult to be the responsible party and source of contact. He or she should be with you when you get the permit.
- Go to the Parks and Recreation Office in the City Hall building on 216 E. Central Avenue. You must reserve the park a month in advance.
- Get musicians together, the more the merrier.
- Promote your show by contacting radio stations, making flyers, and contacting local press. Always highlight that it is free. Go to other events and popular venues to distribute flyers.
- Provide free water.
- Think of ways to make your show stand out from the rest. Play a game of kickball between sets or duck-duck-goose. It sounds lame, but it is a lot more fun than having an audience of too-cool spectators.
- Work with your friends and get as many people involved at all levels of organization.

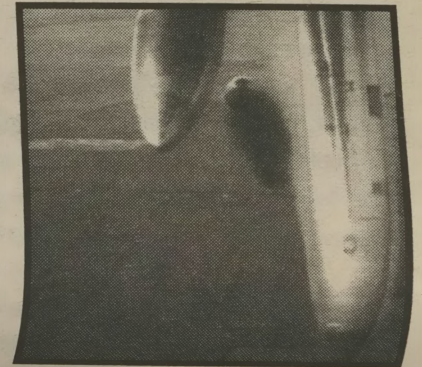
El-P: Fantastic Damage (Definitive Jux, 2002)

Bizarre. Ferocious. Paranoid. Difficult. Unnerving.

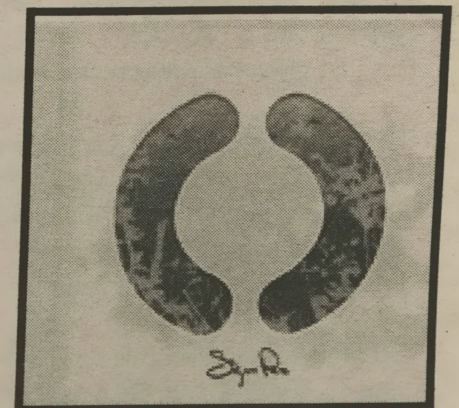
Fantastic Damage aims to be all of the above destroys each target. *Fantastic Damage* is all rusted edge, an album with endless layers of texture stacked and driven with relentless energy. El-P is like no other producer working in rap today. *Fantastic Damage* is not in an easy listening experience. There are times when the listener is simply dumbfounded by the cyclonic production. From the opening every other beat seems devised as an ambush. The lyrics are always cryptic and often impenetrable, drawing equal influence from classic militant rap and the dystopic literature of George Orwell and Phillip K. Dick. All that might be a moot point if El-P didn't have the ability to condense it all into killer grooves every now and then, something he does with impeccable timing throughout. *Fantastic Damage* is comprised of sixteen tracks and lasts well over an hour, but it never stops being interesting. It is the first rap album I can honestly say I've been able to embrace without inhibition. *Fantastic Damage* is not only the best album I've heard this year, it is a masterpiece of modern music, one whose ripples will be seen years from now.

**Godspeed You! Black Emperor: Yanqui U.X.O.** (Kranky, 2002)

After my initial excitement upon hearing that one of the most fascinating bands in music today had enlisted Steve Albini to record their fourth release, I began to wonder if it was really such a good idea. Engineering genius that he is, Albini carefully maintains reputation as underground rock's biggest ass, and Godspeed, for all their sincerity, really do take themselves way too seriously. The combination has the potential to go off as well as milk and vinegar. That the album was delayed several months while band reworked Albini's original recording was further cause for alarm. As it turns out, *Yanqui U.X.O.* is a disappointment in almost every way. On the surface everything looks the same. The pieces are long, meandering, moody and feature multiple crescendos, but this album has neither the graceful intensity of the debut *F#A#(Infinity)*, the stark punch of the *Slow Riot for New Zero Kanada EP*, or the cyclical grandeur of 2000's *Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas to Heaven*. At the end of *Yanqui U.X.O.* one can hardly justify the 75 minutes spent listening to it. The album goes by like a whole lot of sometimes quiet, sometimes loud nothing. Because of the re-recording, it's hard to know who to pin the lion's share of the blame on, and Godspeed themselves certainly cannot be without fault, but I'm going with Albini. He's always been the kind of sound engineer more interested in arranging 30 mics around a drum kit than looking for a cool sample to sneak into the mix. The approach worked beautifully for the Pixies, Nirvana, PJ Harvey, the Dirty Three, etc., but removing the found recordings and electronic tomfoolery that, though oft criticized, were actually vital in giving Godspeed's spaced-out bombast context, does the band no favors. Hopefully, this album will teach the band to recognize what they do best.

**Sigur Ros: ()** (Fatcat/PIAS/MCA, 2002)

That Sigur Ros almost makes the same mistakes as Godspeed and still winds up with a really good album, proves what a marvelous band they are. Perhaps not the kind of proof I was looking for, but proof nonetheless. Sigur Ros's second album, *Aegætis Byrjun* (the first available outside their native Iceland), was released in 2000 and is still the best of the young decade. That *()* does not equal the emotional sweep of its predecessor can be excused, because it does not attempt to do so. *()* is, in all ways, a far moodier set of songs. Part of the reason is because Sigur Ros has been playing the songs live for over two years by the time they got down to recording them, and were admittedly sick of the material by then. Still, the band's unique formula elevates everything. Jon Thor Birgisson possesses the most stunning voice rock music has ever heard, like a cross between Thom Yorke, a choir girl and a whale, and every song that he graces becomes something greater than the sum of its parts. On *()*, Birgisson uses his voice entirely as an instrument. There are no lyrics, only a set of eleven syllables repeated, shuffled and warped, over 70 minutes, but it's not like anyone had any idea what he saying before, unless you speak Icelandic, of course. Musically, *()* is structured like any one track from *Aegætis Byrjun*. It starts off slow, with Birgisson's voice and the undeniably gorgeous melodies being the only hooks provided on the first three tracks (none of them have names). Track four speeds things up just a bit, with deliberate drums reminiscent of "Bium Bium Bambalo" from their *Ny Batteri EP* and Birgisson's trademark bowed guitar. The track, known from set-lists as "Njosnavelin" is the most uplifting moment on the album. After thirty seconds of silence things get dark. Track five and six features crescendos so subtle you might need a good pair of headphones and some mind-altering substances to notice them. Track seven ("Death") is 13 minutes long and features multiple peaks and valleys, all leading into the final track, a 12 minute masterpiece that concludes with five minutes riffage beneath which Birgisson's voice is transformed into a protracted death scream. It's a hair-raising moment, showing that the band may be more versatile than previously imagined. *()* may not be as immediately powerful as *Aegætis Byrjun*, but that doesn't mean you should expect anything less than greatness from Sigur Ros in the future.



Calling All the Idle

Hey you...yes, you.

The one who accidentally picked up
this paper mistaking it for the *TV Guide*.

Well I hate to disappoint you but...

This isn't IT!

Don't worry. I understand that you're still having
trouble reading this piece, for one of two reasons that is.

One: You haven't read anything outside of your "in class" school work.
You know how the teacher sometimes makes you read aloud, just to make
sure you still can. So you need some practice; hey, they don't teach you the
ABC's in kindergarten for nothing.

So just give it a moment; it will all come back to you.

Wait...Don't put me down, I know you can quickly become lethargic
(which means unresponsive) to just words on paper or anything without
pictures and/or sound.

I still have to give you reason number two for your trouble reading this piece.
Which is: your vision has become rather poor because of the numerous hours
of television you consume each day, which I'm sure is over ten
or better yet the endless hours you and your buddy, whose asleep right beside
you; covered in Cheetos and drool, spend playing several game systems.

Now don't get me wrong I'm no one to judge.

I too have fallen in that category at some time or another.

That is all the more reason why I can pitch a little advice.

I'm just trying to help

You see at some time in our lives we are oblivious

(not knowing) to certain things.

There's a whole world out there we haven't seen.

Simply because we rarely "get out and do something".

So listen, I know this is a lot for you to take in at once.

I'm sure your pulse is beating a hundred miles an hour.

You're dripping in sweat, your eyes are turning bloodshot red,

and your head and brain hurt very badly because of how hard you've had to
concentrate on sounding out each individual syllable in order to read all this.

But just give me a few more moments of your time.

This wonderful piece does indeed have a purpose.

Its purpose is to encourage people, especially youth,

To, simply put, **DO SOMETHING.**

To simply move is an art form.

I'm positively sure everyone has a talent they can put to use.

So I leave you with this...whether you write, sing, dance, draw, participate in
sports, theater, martial arts, comedy, etc, get out and do it.

And when you do so, do it well!

—Rafiah A. Jenkins



Jessie Pearce • Dysenae • Acrylic

Bella +
Lunatic

There is a method to our madness, and we like it.
Issue #1 of Bella Lunatic available now and issue #2 coming in early spring.
Contact info : Jessie Pearce, without_known_sanity@yahoo.com

Print is power. Publish.

Spiral Bound is created by Youth For Arts (YFA). YFA is a group working to combat boredom in Valdosta by creating activities for people under the age of 25. *Spiral Bound* is a project serving the public by offering a forum for discussion and expression. We are a resource for the community and will be only as good as the contributions made. If you enjoy *Spiral Bound* or would like to see it improve, please send in your work or suggestions. We encourage everyone to create and communicate.

Our e-mail address is spiralbound@youthforarts.org.

You can visit the *Spiral Bound* website at
www.youthforarts.org/spiralbound

Editor—Maria Arambula, maria@youthforarts.org.

Staff—Jessie Pearce, Katie Zager, No, Andrew Morris

Guest Designer—Pedro Helena

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Snail Mail:

110 West Force Street

Valdosta, GA

31601-3982



Circa 1987, Jacksonville, Florida

Photograph by John Hodges of Tallahassee, Florida. John's work has been published in several literary magazines.

FIG

By Robert Ferrigno

It's time to set the record straight. You know the official version. Now hear the real thing, from the source itself. Trust me. They don't call me the Tree of Knowledge for nothing.

From the moment I sprang out of the soil, I said to God, This is a bad idea. Why plant a Tree of Knowledge and then forbid its fruit? The surest way to make a human do something, I said, is to tell him not to. That goes for both sexes. I'm an invitation to trouble. I'm an open door marked Party in Progress; Do Not Enter. I'm a cookie jar with the lid off, winking at the kid when the parents are out of the house. There's no way they're going to be able to avoid me, I said. One bite and it's over. They'll go dashing for those fig leaves and soon it'll be loincloths, then togas, then three-piece suits, and let's go to the mall. It's all over, the grand experiment. The being made in Your Image.

He looked at me gravely and said, I know.

I could not follow his reasoning. But before I could ask, poof, He was gone. I was going to suggest he post a sentry of angels around me. They seemed pretty bored anyway, just hovering around. I mean, how many times can they fire up those glow-in-the-dark swords?

Then along comes the human female. She stares at me. Appraising. Wondering. Ordi-

narily I might have found that rude except that I was staring right at her.

I could see she wanted to reach out and touch one of my branches, pluck a ripe fresh fruit. But she drew back her hand and put her finger in her mouth instead. She stood pondering.

Up slinks the serpent. I know he's charming, I know he can charm a stone into dancing, but I don't trust him. He suggests she try my fruit. It won't harm her. Just once, he says. She reaches out and tugs a fig.

By the way, let's abolish another fallacy right here. I'm a fig tree, not an apple tree. There were no apple trees in the Garden of Eden. I don't care what those Renaissance painters tell you, I'm the tree. Fig. Which comes in handy, because the first thing she does, after swallowing, is tug off some of my leaves and start the world's first fashion trend.

You know the rest of the story. God comes back from his evening walk. Gets upset. Like I hadn't warned him. Thunder, lightning, a curse on thee and on thy offspring, all the days of your life. A flaming eviction notice, and the bored angels suddenly become bouncers. The serpent slithers away.

Finally, when all is quiet again in the Garden, the storm clouds scatter. God sighs a breath of relief. He turns to me and says, Finally got the kids out of my hair! I thought they'd never leave!



Gumby's Escape

Poem and Art by Daniel S. Irwin

Gumby scratched his slopie head,
As he remarked to Pokie near.
Sure, you're a horse, and you don't care,
But I gotta get outta here.

These stories are driving me crazy,
How much more can I take?
I'm so goody-goody,
I could crawl in a kiln and bake.

Pokie, I need a vacation.
A Caribbean cruise!
Lots of loose clay women!
That's the life I choose.

So Gumby dove into a pirate book
Only to discover its cost.
For he'd lost an eye and one leg was
wood,
And soon from his ship, he was tossed.

He floundered in a small lifeboat,
Not a drop to drink,
And wondered if sharks ate clay,
As his craft began to sink.

This ain't what I had in mind, he cried,
As he shed tear after tear.
Where's all those slope-headed women
And those kegs and kegs of beer?

Who will save poor Gumby,
Now that his end has neared?
Not I, said little Pokie,
That clay boy is weird.

Daniel S. Irwin, once artist/now writer (both a matter of opinion) who works as a medic at a maximum security prison...as his creditors expect to be paid and he's got to eat.

Thank You for Enjoying the Cone of Silence

by McCord Clayton

They say I'm a terrorist. Shredding the fabric of civilization. That's not how I see it. You decide.

I got the device a month ago and started using it right away, cleverly, undetected. It works over a wide area, fifty feet, I'd say, even though the catalogue advertisement promised a range of only twenty. It nullifies all cell phone signals within that radius.

I started in the bookstore coffee shop, where I go most mornings to drink tea and write in my journal, keeping a record that needs to be kept. They sit nearby and put their cell phones on the tables, beside their muffins, and wait hopefully. When their phones ring—a sound as jarring as a plate dropped in the kitchen—they don't pick them up right away, to be sure everyone has a chance to see they are receiving important calls. Then they yell, "Hello," into the phone, as if it weren't an electronic device at all, but a tin can on a string. For about half of them, being on the phones excites their ambulatory cortex, and they get up and pace around the tables, waving their arms while they yell into the device.

If the phone hasn't rung by the time they're half finished with their muffins (and this is no casual observation, but the result of notes painstakingly taken over several weeks), they call someone. "Hey," they invariably say. "I'm at the bookstore. What's going on?" It's obvious they left this person only moments before because catching up doesn't cover much subject matter. They're usually able to drag out the banalities, though, for two or three minutes. You know those two or three minutes, the ones when the dentist's drill is whirring.

The first time I used the device, the effect was transporting. The catalogue had said it would cancel cell-phone signals, creating a cone of silence within its operating radius, but the practical effect was more substantial, less ethereal, more like firing a gun. The roaming phone bore I targeted broke his careless stride and jerked his shoulder as if he'd been struck. "Hello (anxious) ...Hello (louder) ...Can you hear me? (desperate)." He shook the phone in front of his chest and redialed the number, jamming the buttons deliberately, the instrument energetically beeping each number in response, as if to say, "Hey, take it easy, pal. I'm not the problem here."

Nothing. He looked around the room, his face blank, uncomprehending, then slapped the phone against his palm—another impressive display of the stunted evolutionary state of his understanding of electronics—and tried again....Nothing. He slumped into his chair, thumped the phone on the table, and ate his muffin, watching the phone sullenly, waiting for its resurrection.

The device performed flawlessly. I placed it in my lap, between my legs, under my napkin. At first, I turned it on and left it on. The cell phones on the tables lay mute, in electronic comas, not able to be awakened by even the most passionate exhortation and massage. The silence was blissful, but boring. No moments of truth administered by my flick of the device's toggle switch. No cringing quarry. Their frustration was the low simmer of nothingness, not the bewildered anger of *phonus interruptus*.

So I began leaving the device off and waiting until the offenders were talking on their phones before going for the kill. I was a sportsman, too. I waited until they were looking at me, then met their gazes, smiled and cut them off in mid-call. To show the depth of my sportsmanship, I routinely passed up easy single shots and waited for doubles—two talking at once. If they were close to each other, they noticed their shared plight and huddled together while I watched them—the way a lion watches a wounded antelope—no hurry, no escape.

No doubt you have guessed by now that eventually even that sport lost its challenge for me. I longed for my prey to know I was their hunter. I took the device out from under my napkin and set it on the table. It was black, like the phones it neutered, and not much bigger. Its on-off toggle switch originally had been black, too, but I thought that too inconspicuous for a mechanism of such power and painted it red with fingernail polish. When I spotted a target, I flicked the red switch. For heightened amusement, I switched "on", made the kill, then switched "off", and waited while my victims redialed, waited while they savored their calls, thinking them safe, and then killed again. When they looked in my direction, with edgy gazes, I smiled. Most didn't notice me, and I began pointing at the device, at the red toggle switch, pointing and smiling while they whapped their phones on their palms.

Still they didn't see. So I brought in a small, decorously painted table-tent sign that said, "Thank you for enjoying the cone of silence."

I set the device next to it and pointed at the sign when I flicked the red toggle. They got it! They came at me, with their loud voices, their red faces, their clenched fists, and I thought of Martin Luther King, Jr., of Gandhi, as I sat smiling, not flinching, even as one ape lifted me and the chair around which my legs were locked and began carrying me toward the children's section, my dangling chair banging over others in its path. The bookstore manager intervened and asked me not to come back.

During the drive home from the bookstore, I realized the incident had been a message, a calling—the word for me to shake off my complacent smugness and use my gift to help others. The car in front of me was driving out of time with traffic—you know what I mean, slowing while others accelerated, spurting as they slowed, as if attached to the car in front of it by a rubber band. At a left-turn light, the driver didn't see the green arrow and sat motionless until the light turned yellow. I was about to honk my horn when a guy in a pickup truck went around the numbskull, swerving across traffic, shaking his fist at the oblivious driver and shrugging off the obscene gestures of the drivers he cut off. It wasn't the pickup's fault, of course: the immobile imbecile was on a cell phone.

From that moment, I spent most of my time in my car patrolling for cell-phone drivers. They were easy to spot: drifting, weaving. Occasionally, I was fooled by a driver eating a jelly donut and drinking coffee at the same time, or applying mascara, but usually I could sort the eaters and groomers from the talkers. Eaters tended to be erratic, jerking as their coffee spilled in their laps, and groomers had that unmistakable posture of neck craned to see themselves in the rear-view mirror.

My crusade was cut short when an oaf in a white van with a ladder on top ran me off the road and offered to insert my red toggle into an unreachable part of my anatomy. The police brought me here—for my protection, they said. They won't let me have my device, but I know they're sympathetic. I hear them laughing as they switch it on and off in the booking room when the drug dealers use their cell phones to make their one phone call. I won't be here long.

McCord Clayton submitted this essay to Snake Nation Review in March of 2000. Its message has even more relevance three years later.

Shawn Smith was a Sniper in Somalia

by Stacia J. N. Decker

Shawn Smith was a sniper in Somalia. When I knew him, though, he was a ringer at Urban Outfitters in Washington, DC, where I was a Manager-in-Training. When he concentrated, he stared straight ahead and his lips parted. When he smiled, his eyes squinted up and his crooked teeth showed. He smiled a lot. I never asked him how many people he'd killed because it was too sexual a question. I was curious as hell, but that's what made it uncool. To flat-out ask was too cheesy; it was like telling somebody you wanted to sleep with him.

Shawn had a tattoo of Felix the Cat wearing cherry reds and carrying a sniper's gun on the inside of his right wrist that he had done himself. His right arm was tiger-striped with black tattoos, his hands inked in dots and dashes; a half-finished Venus flytrap wound around one calf and a bit of green mohawk peeked out from under his hat. The preteen girls loved him. They felt brave for getting in his line, for giving him trouble. He gave it back. Once a customer complained he was taking too long because of all his talking.

"Oh, and what are we waiting on now?" he asked. "Could it be your credit card to process?"

Shawn never stopped talking. As you approached, he started telling you what he'd done the night before and, when you walked away, he was still talking. I'd walk away yelling, "I've gotta go! I've got work to do! I can't hear you!" as his voice disappeared under the overhead music. He talked while he rang; he talked while he sorted earrings; he talked while he folded hot pink baby-tees. He talked in front of the customers; he talked to the customers; he talked about the customers. If he had to, he yelled at customers:

"I had this lady today—ooh! Her card was declined, so I'm like, 'I'm sorry ma'am; your card was

declined.' She's all like, 'run it again.' "I already ran it twice before I even told her, but I'm like, okay. It gets declined again, so I'm like, 'I'm sorry ma'am' and then she gets all aggro on me! I'm trying to talk and she keeps trying to talk over me and, if there's one thing I can't stand, it's to be talked over. So I finally point right at her and say SHUT UP and she just stops. Her eyes were all bugged out, staring. And I'm like These people are waiting on you. She looks around and there's this big line behind her. I'm like, All these people are in a hurry, too. And they all have important places to be, too. So, do you have another form of payment? She's like, I'm sorry. I'm like, okay—the smile comes back out; she said she was sorry—so I'm like, okay, I'm sorry about that ma' am."

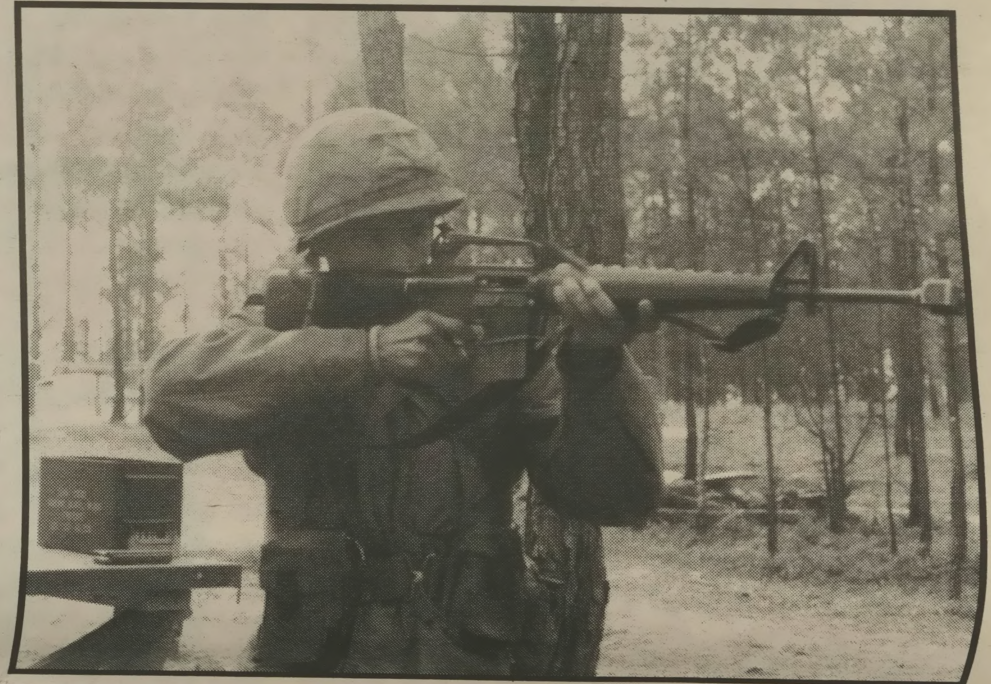
Once he yelled at the store manager and, after that, she was always trying to get him to go into management. He was making more than the other ringers, even though he wasn't a register aide, because he had so much job experience. I found out later he was 28. He was making \$7 an hour.

Shawn was awarded a Purple Heart when he was wounded pulling his spotter from a building as it was hit by a missile.

"I was blown up," he said.

We were walking through Northwest DC from Foggy Bottom to the Black Cat after I missed the last metro waiting for him to get his bike down to the platform one night after work; he was pointing out where he was arrested for skateboarding when he got onto the subject of his Pop's medals, which led sort of accidentally to his own.

Before that, though, near the metro, there had been an old man outside the George Washington University hospital, calling for help. He wanted to get to a bench on the sidewalk, and Shawn dropped his bike to walk him down. It took a long time; the man was not



Circa 1977, Fort Benning, Georgia
Snake Image Bank

very communicative, but Shawn kept at it. He was wearing an old suit jacket over a 7-11 uniform shirt and hacked-off cammie shorts, boots, a baseball cap with bits of green mohawk sticking out—covered in tattoos and leading this old man by the arm, letting him lean on him, while he kept asking the old man where he wanted to go and commiserating with him about his own bum knee. It was a real Kodak moment.

Once Shawn told me he only got the job at Urban because he was broke. Usually, when he was broke, he went on vacation.

"How can you vacation with no money?" I asked.

"Actually, it's pretty easy," he said.

He used to have a whole library, before he moved to DC, but he left it. When Shawn moved, he just left everything behind.

Shawn said his spotter "ended up not making it home." He never said "died" he never said, "killed." Maybe that's why I never asked

him how many people he'd killed. He just said his back was screwed up and he had several operations. He couldn't jump anymore—so he couldn't snipe. His new spotter took over the gun when he was transferred to infantry.

Maybe I never asked Shawn how many people he killed because I could imagine, in a picture-in-my-mind sort of way, him in cammies and gear, squinting through the scope of a rifle in a dusty foreign land. But I couldn't really conceive of it. I couldn't conceive of what it would be for this boy, kid, man beside me to look carefully through his sights, line up a person and silently, professionally, deliberately kill him—couldn't conceive of it as Shawn, in my imagination, watched through the scope as the person fell and Shawn went on picking off human being after human being after human being.

Dialogue With Majuba

Greeting Readers!

It is lunch time at the corner of Second Avenue and Magnolia Street at St. John Church's new building. There is a white wooden house in the next lot. It is the home of this month's special guest, Mrs. Louise Anderson Keaton Lane. She is a long time resident of Valdosta Westside. Her front door was locked so I went to the open back door and looked through the locked screen door.

Majuba: (Knocking) Mrs. Louise. Mrs. Louise, this is Majuba. Mrs. Louise, are you all right in there? Have you fallen down and hurt yourself? Mrs. Louise?

Mrs. Louise: (Opening a door inside of the house and speaking in a low gentle voice) No! I'll be with you in a minute.

Majuba: Yes ma'am. I'm not in a hurry. So, you just take your time. (sitting on the back door steps)

Mrs. Louise: (electric wheelchair stopping at the front door) Majuba come on in. My story will be on T.V. soon. Majuba! Majuba Where are you?

Majuba: At your back door. You stay on the front porch. I am coming around to you. (walking on to front porch)

Mrs. Louise: (smiling) Majuba, I'm glad to see you today.

Majuba: I thank you for the interview. It's time for the lunch-time traffic.

Mrs. Louise: Yes, I know. The cars just speed up and down the paved road all day. Magnolia Street is not Interstate 75. I worry on school mornings about the little children waiting for their school bus. I wish the city would put a speed bump at Third Avenue and Magnolia Street like there are in other communities.

Majuba: Mrs. Louise, can we talk inside your home, please?

Mrs. Louise: Yes. you come on in. I don't know what I can tell you. But, we can talk for fifteen minutes. After that you have to go. I don't want to miss my stories talking to you.

Majuba: Let us begin by telling our readers where you were born?

Mrs. Louise: I was born in 1911 in Summerville, Georgia. After I was born, my family moved to College Park in Moultrie, Georgia. When I was around four or five years old, I went to school with my brother and sister. The school was a wooden building with three floors. There was no indoor plumbing. We had a water well and

outdoor toilets. In the wintertime we kept warm burning wood and coal in potbelly stoves and iron heaters. The house accidently burnt down. The grown folks worked together and built a better schoolhouse. (Smiling)

Majuba: Do you remember the names of any of your school teachers?

Mrs. Louise: Yes, I can remember one teacher. Her name was Mrs. Glenn. I can't remember her first name. She lived three houses from us. She was a kind lady and a smart dresser too.

Majuba: I know your grandparents had to be born during slavery time and they had to live through the Civil War. Do you remember any stories they shared with you about that time period?

Mrs. Louise: Yes, they did live through the Civil War. To tell you the truth I don't remember any of those old stories. I know they told us some. But I was too small to remember any of them. I do remember around 1918; my Daddy died. I was about eight years old and my Mother took the family to live in Fort Lauderdale. I went to public school there and graduated from Dillard High School. Back in those days high school only went to the eleventh grade.

Majuba: What did you do after graduating from high school?

Mrs. Louise: I worked in Fort Lauderdale until around 1933. We moved to Sanford, Florida. Mama and I opened a cafe and we had a good business too. I met and married a man from Valdosta, Georgia, and had two children.

Majuba: What year did you come to Valdosta?

Mrs. Louise: We came here in 1942. I came to Valdosta to help my husband take care of his Mother. I gave birth to two children in this house. They died years ago. My oldest child was Christensen and she died a few winters ago. One morning she got up and lit the gas heater to warm up the house. While she had her back to the heat, the hem of her nightgown caught on fire. Sometime I really miss her. My oldest son, John Anderson lives in Fort Pierce, Florida. This house was built by my in-laws and it has never been rented to anybody. My son and I are the last of the heirs of the property.

Majuba: Where did your children go to school in Valdosta?

Mrs. Louise: They all went to West Magnolia Street School. At that time Professor Lomax was the school principal.

Majuba: Do you remember Mrs. Maye White?

Mrs. Louise: Yes, Mrs. White was my dearest neighbor. She and her husband lived across the street in the Redbrick house. She built the first kindergarten here in Valdosta for our African American children. It was located at 810 West Magnolia Street and the public school was on the corner of Chandler Street.

Majuba: When you moved to the West Side what condition were the streets?

Mrs. Louise: There were no paved streets. They all were dirt roads. Back in those days, it seem like my house was much closer to the road. When it rained and cars passed my house, they splashed mud up on my front porch. Plus, there weren't as many cars on the road like there are today. When I first came to Valdosta there weren't many houses on this side of town for colored folks. We have come a long way and we still have a long way to go too.

Majuba: I hear you.

Mrs. Louise: Do you know where South Georgia Hospital is?

Majuba: Yes ma'am.

Mrs. Louise: Once that place was just a big field. We used to walk out there and pick blackberries and huckleberries.

Majuba: Where was the hospital located at that time?

Mrs. Louise: It was called the Griffen Hospital. It is the yellow brick building at the corner of Oak Street and Central Avenue. Do you know where I'm talking about?

Majuba: Yes ma'am. Could African-American doctors take their patients into Griffen Hospital?

Mrs. Louise: Not on their own. They had to have the okay of a white Griffen doctor. Plus, the sick person had to be working for somebody rich in the Country Club Road Area. In those days our doctors had offices in our neighborhoods. Now, they are all in north Valdosta. I wish they would open up offices around here again so folks don't have far to go to see a doctor. Those were the days Georgia State law enforced segregation. There were separate water fountains and bathrooms in public places. Separate waiting areas at the bus and train Stations. But, the Spanish, Asian, and folks from the Middle East were and still are treated a little different because they can blend in with the ruling class. I'll say it my way. If you're black just get back. Now, things are changing a little for the better. Majuba, I really do miss having a doctor on the block. (becoming sad)

Majuba: I feel for you. It should be a TV Movie of the Week.

Mrs. Louise: (smiling and giggling) You wondering what I was daydreaming about? Well, I'll tell you. I remember when the color television first came to Valdosta. I bought one on my account from Mathis Furniture Store. I always pay my bills and I never missed a payment. A few months had passed and a month ended on Wednesday. A salesman knocked at my door and demanded payment or he was going to take the TV out of my house. I stood on the porch and told him he wasn't going to do no such thing. Everybody in Valdosta knew that I always pay my bills on Fridays. The salesman became angry and kicked over a flower pot I had on two bricks. I was mad. So I picked up the bricks and told the man that I would bruise his head unless he got off my porch. (laughing and rubbing right knee)

Majuba: What did the man do?

Mrs. Louise: He turned and ran to his truck. While he unlocked the door, I threw the bricks at him and he got into the truck and drove away. He went back to the furniture store to call the police. He called me a crazy woman. Mr. Mathis stopped the salesman and fired him. Why? Because the Mathis family knew folks from our areas purchased more from their store than any other folks in Valdosta. At that time, many store owners took advantage of us. I stood my ground.

Majuba: Had you hit the salesman, they would've hung you upside down, put tar over your body and covered you with feathers. We African-American females and the white men have never lived by the Jim Crow Law. God said he was going to change things. I've lived long enough to see many of the changes. I pray that I am around to see more good things happen. I am not able to use most of the new things in stores today. But it makes me feel good to know that new things are being made while I am living.

Majuba: How old are you?

Mrs. Louise: This year, I will be ninety-three years old and I am in a wheelchair and I am still here. Thank you, Lord. There isn't anything wrong with my mind. I still enjoy reading the newspapers and books too. You know what the best part is? I am still living at home and not in a nursing home. But I do need folks to help me out a little. I thank God for good neighbors and folks like you. I am truly blessed.

Majuba: I spoke to a retired African-American nurse who lives on south Fry Street. She will be celebrating one-hundred and two years on this

Earth. Plus, she still enjoys going fishing.

Mrs. Louise: I know her. She worked as a nurse at ICU recovery and out-patient hospital. It's the big white wooden house at the corner of Lake Road and South Street. It is the building across the street from Harrington. (becoming sad) Charle, my husband was a brick mason. He and his crew built the funeral home. They built Mclane Funeral Home and the first Blanton Meat Market too. Charle and his crew put up many brick buildings around town.



House on Adair Street, Circa 1994
Snake Image Bank

Majuba: I was told that your front porch should be part of the Westside History Book too.

Mrs. Louise: (giggling) Well, lots of folks did get married on the front porch. My daughter, Christensen, got married in this very living room. Bishop Donaldson's Church was founded in my living room. We started out as a prayer band with nine members. My husband (knocking on the sofa wooden frame) God bless the dead, Charle, was working for a fellow that had a large tent. He sold the tent to my husband for fifty dollars and we put it up on Second Avenue as our first church.

Majuba: As a parent, are there any differences in parenting today?

Mrs. Louise: Oh yes! When my children were coming up. We didn't have many modern conveniences. There wasn't a microwave oven and there wasn't the mall. Today, the young people

have too many luxuries until most of them are becoming lazy and disrespectful. The lawmakers in Atlanta, Georgia, and Washington D. C. need to take the so-called child abuse out of the family home so parents can raise their children. When a child disobeys the parent, that child needs a switching. Today, the children talk to their parents and teachers any kind of a way, "Hit me and I'll have you put in jail." Since they know the law they need to stay in school and become lawyers. Young folks, you can't do any good running in the streets. Today, we have too many children on their way to jail and prison.

Majuba: The Fall school year is over. Already, there is a large population of young people who have been kicked out of the public system or are under court order.

Mrs. Louise: Yesterday, I stopped two little children and asked, "Why was school out so early? And what school they went to?" They were in elementary school and had been kicked out for four months. Everytime I think about that scene I feel sad. Young people act right and stay in school. You are smarter than the child in the chair next to you. When a child shows out and acts up don't you become part of the negative behavior. When somebody says something you don't like just walk away. When you feel a teacher treats you unfairly, child, don't you jump in the teacher's face and be a bully. You just stand there and take it. Grown folks make mistakes too. Afterwards, you go tell a grown person and let them see about the problem. I don't want you taking a knife or a gun to school and getting yourself sent to prison. Young folks be sweet and kind to all.

Majuba: Mrs. Louise, I thank you for the interview. (hugging her)

Mrs. Louise: Majuba, I thank you for giving me a chance to speak my mind. (Hugging Majuba)

Majuba: I want to spotlight the South Side Performing Artist Workshop Members. Candace Waters, Ashley Eady, and Christy Yearby performed at the 2nd Annual Community Harvest Day Dinner. The public had a chance to see The South Side Performing Artist Workshop on December 12 at the Mildred M. Hunter Center. They will perform for the Mae Wisenbaker McMullen Memorial South Side Library Holiday affair too, free. A shout-out goes to the Gospel Travelers. They have a CD on the air waves, "Faith Of A Musterd Seed." People, support the arts. Readers, stay safe and healthy. Happy New Year.

Opportunities for Artists

13th Annual Valdosta-Lowndes County Festival

valdostafestival.com

March 5, 2003

Arts and Crafts Fair in Drexel Park.

Space is available for artists and craftspeople to sell and display.

Information is available at the website.

For more information, email festivalazalea@netscape.net or call 229-259-3424 for
application. Deadline March 1.

5th Annual Spring Into Art Exhibition & Candlelight Exhibit

valdostaarts.org

Open until May 30, 2003

Juried with \$2500 in prizes, \$40 entry for two pieces, two

dimensional work. Entries are also eligible for selection

for the Colson Calendar and juried into the Best of the
Spring Into Art Exhibit. Deadline March 10.

Includes Champagne and Candlelight Reception.

Call 229-247-ARTS (2787) for more information.

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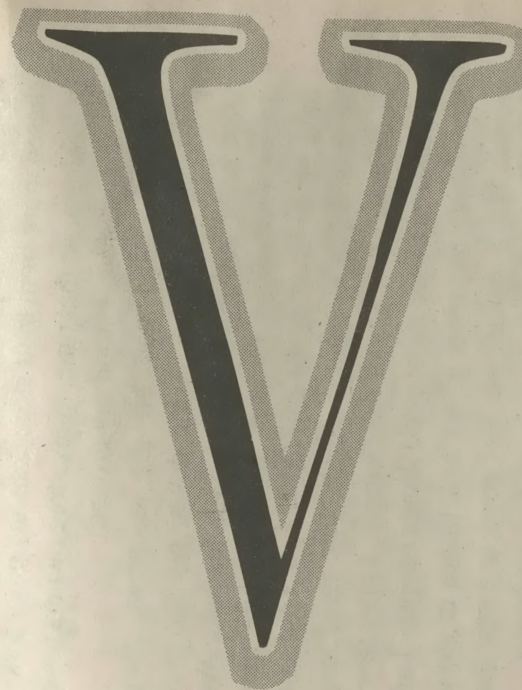
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Mississippi, 1974
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