



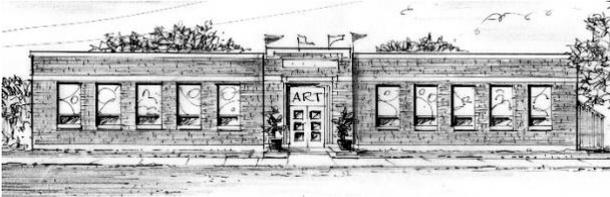
LONDON VISUAL ARTS GUILD

LONDON ARTS CENTER

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LONDON ARTS CENTER

Looking Forward

Contrary to popular belief there will be an end to the cursed Covid – 19 virus. Problem is we are not sure when. Looking on the bright side it has given LVAG more time to update the old Vo-Ag building into the ‘new’ London Arts Center.

We will soon have temporary occupancy, where we will be able to have classes and gallery shows open to the public. The Gallery Kitchenette, Art Cart and Classrooms are ready with the large multipurpose room as the final area to be addressed.

Under the capable leadership of Tony Reeder, our project manager, and his valuable assistant Steve Hume, the remodeling continues.

Liz Lassel, our president, has been working on grants and funding for various projects. Colleen Van Steen has been working like a robot painting and spackling while the other directors are working on education possibilities and events.

Issues with scheduling the final plumbing caused our first show, “The Kurt Lattimer Aspiring Artist Award”, to be rescheduled and is being shown, during the month of February, at ‘Relevant’, Jackie Call’s art gallery on Main Street. The opening reception was held at the Valley Farmhouse Bakery. The final two weeks of the show will be held at the London Arts Center. The entire show will also be held virtually March 1 thru 15. Following in the month of April will be the members show titled ‘Bits and Pieces’.

Our grand opening will be on hold until the Covid -19 restrictions have been lifted.

Sandy Fox

RESCHEDULED SHOW DATES 2021

Due to the Covid -19 and construction delays the London Art Center will be open on Saturdays from 10 am to 2 pm until further notice. For private viewing call Sandy at 937-207-7400.

KURT LATTIMER ASPIRING ARTIST AWARD

March 1 thru March 15

*MEMBERS SHOW

“Bits And Pieces”

April 1 thru May 2

COMMUNITY SHOW

‘Changing Horizons’

May 6 thru June 6

KAY MAJKA

“New Seasons / New Beginnings”

June 17 thru July 11

*MEMBERS SHOW

“Look At Us Now”

August 5 thru September 12

MIKE MUNDEN

“50 Years With A Camera”

September 16 thru October 24

“THE WRITTEN WORD WITH DIGITAL EXPRESSIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS”

November 4 thru November 21

*MEMBERS CHRISTMAS GIFT SALE

December 2 thru December 19

*Restricted to members only

WRITERS GROUP

LVAG has been in existence for well over ten years. A few years after the art group was formed it was discovered there was an interest in art created by the pencil or pen which gives access to both prose and poetry. Soon the forming of the LVAG Writers Group afforded the members an outlet for their written word.

The Writers Group met monthly on Friday. The COVID 19 virus halted the monthly meetings and the entire center has been closed nearly a year, due to the construction and the virus. The construction is 99.9% finished so we are basically ready to open on a moment's notice.

For the last few years, Lori has been our leader and we hope she will return and go on with the group when we are able to reopen this year. The group will attempt to return to the Friday meetings once a month.

The LVAG newsletter would be happy to consider contributions for print. If you have an idea or a piece to contribute let me know. I would like to have all contributions by the 7th of the month. Send all newsletter correspondence to Jim Donohoe, P. O. Box 252, London Ohio or donohojames7@gmail.com. Space is limited but larger pieces can be accommodated. Please send contact information with your submission. If you have any questions for our Vice President, Sandy call her at 937-207-7400.

The following story is an idea which began in 1953, is 12 pages in length and will be serialized in three sections, like the old newspaper serials of which Edgar Rice Burroughs "Tarzan" was serialized. Tarzan was eventually taken from the newsprint and became his first book. Send me your story or poem or even an opinion on angel. A few cuts have been made to condense the story. Now meet Angel.

ANGEL

By Jim Donohoe

A feeling of great relief came over me, followed by a cloud of apprehension as I turned into the path leading to the cabin that evening. The sun had dropped behind the trees which meant I had little light remaining, so it would be best to wait until morning to unload the box truck. That was my last trip. I would get inside, make a little fire and that would be it for the day. I had made the trip from Phoenix in good time that evening, in less than two hours, and I was worn out. I decided to unload the next day.

I purchased the right to buy the cabin almost three years before, in nineteen ninety-five when I began to suspect a problem at home. One of my coworkers

inherited the cabin and the adjacent property from a grandmother who held her in favor. It was almost landlocked for it was surrounded on three sides by Tonto National Forrest and the lane going back to the cabin was long and curved. When you were on the property you had the impression, you were in your own world.

I was familiar with the cabin and the twelve acres soon after Cindy inherited the property. Her and I both worked for the Arizona Republic as investigative reporters and, at times, worked together on certain projects of our own that happened to overlap. At the time I had begun creating a novel of which the main characters were a pair such as the two of us, working at a prominent newspaper. She suggested I use the property as a writing retreat, which I did. She eventually decided to sell the property and made me an offer I couldn't refuse.

The circumstances that caused my move began nearly three years before. Things were beginning to change around home. Confrontations had been evident off and on for a while but began to increase for no apparent reason. I had been trying to understand the different attitudes to no avail. That is why I suggested therapy, which was reluctantly accepted. Appointments were made but after the first two I was the only participant.

One day I was ordered out of the house. I was given an official order to vacate and had twenty-four hours to leave. Considering the threat that accompanied the order I decided to leave for I had no time to dispute anything. Cindy and her husband suggested the apartment complex where they had once lived. I left, did the best I could to set my affairs in order and called Cindy. She and her husband knew I wanted the cabin and twelve acres, but on a right to purchase agreement. I didn't want to lose half of it to community property.

Three days later, I had transferred the necessary cash, signed the papers Cindy's husband had his lawyer prepare, which gave me three years to make an outright purchase and was heading to the Tonto National Forrest.

The sunrise and the odor of the forest was quite refreshing compared to the city and was giving me a new perspective on the little cabin. And the sounds were different. The only thing I heard the first day was that of a lonely woodpecker knocking on a tree somewhere deep within the mixture of pine and spruce trees.

After I placed what furniture I had in the cabin, I sat on my dilapidated porch, in a dilapidated chair, placed my feet on a dilapidated rail and viewed a portion of my twelve and a half acres of land. I could only see the front for most of the acreage was to the rear of the cabin. Solitude at last. No problem now, for I could not see the road because of the curve in the driveway. I was in my own

world, and once the divorce was final I would buy the property outright.

I knew I would be spending most of my summer and all my vacation working on the cabin securing it for the coming winter, but that was fine with me.

March weather wasn't cooperating yet, but we were about a thousand feet higher than the Valley of the Sun. April would be better for it would be warming.

The interior of the building was sound. The logs on three walls were six inches thick. The north wall was eight inches, probably because of the cold north wind of winter. The roof would be sufficient for a few years. Most of the porch was questionable and needed replaced.

My other projects for the summer included installing a propane furnace which would make the wood/coal burner a backup. The electric needed an immediate update. I could accomplish most of it on my own. I needed a septic system, for my bottom was too tender to take winter trips to the privy, but the forty-five by forty-five-foot cabin was conducive to some additional construction on the interior.

I could do most of the work myself and if the newspaper allowed me to work from the forest, I would save considerable drive time and money by only going into Phoenix to do investigation or drop off a story.

My first project was cleaning inside and out. Out included the yard which was a disaster. And I loved the porch, but it should be my first reconstruction for the chair could collapse which would put me on the floor, which could collapse and put me in the dirt under the floor. I needed to prioritize immediately.

As the summer passed, my trips to Globe increased and the trips to Phoenix decreased. Work on the cabin progressed as did the work for my job. Working in the forest and delivering to the newspaper or by fax was not as strenuous as I thought.

It was about the time I had the propane furnace and the generator installed that I first saw the dog. My schedule had become a habit and things were progressing well, when I noticed a dog at the east tree line about three hundred feet from the cabin.

The first time I spotted him I was sitting in my new chair that had come with the settee I purchased. He was standing at the tree line staring at me. I walked to the edge of the porch to get a better look, but he turned and trotted into the woods.

He was pure white and looked like the white German Shepherd I had when I was growing up. I named my childhood dog Silver for at times her fur looked silver depending upon how the sun hit it. I wondered if he was a stray. The closest house was over a mile away. I decided to keep an eye on him if he returned. He was larger than Silver who weighed ninety pounds, so I assumed it was a male and, from what I could see, he had no collar.

As March became April, the warm days were closer together and the daylight lasted longer, though the tall trees did cut my days a little shorter than when I was in the

valley. As the days lengthened and I spent more time outside I noticed the dog more often. I then began to wonder if I could entice him closer to the house by an offering of food.

I knew he was interested in me, for at times, he would lay by the tree line and watch me work, making no effort to come closer. So, the day I went to Globe to buy wood for the truck lean-to, I also purchased two bowls and a small bag of premium dog food.

I placed a bowl of the food and water at the tree line where he had been laying. I checked it every day to see if it had been touched. On the fourth day the food and water bowl were empty.

I refilled the bowls and continued checking the water and food. Soon they were empty on a daily basis, both food and water. He or something else had consumed the contents. That is when I began moving the bowls closer to the cabin every few days. He followed the bowls until eventually he was eating from them a few from the corner of the porch. Maybe I had myself a nice white German Shepherd again.

By the time May passed much of the strenuous work was done, the weather was warmer, I had a new porch floor and railing, was relaxing and using the porch more often, so I decided to feed the dog differently. I would only have the bowls out when I was on the porch. Time to see if I could get a good look at him.

I could tempt the dog and get some of my work done as I watched the morning mist clear from the forest. I kept up with my regular job, worked on the book and found I could relax at a moment's notice. Life was becoming easier.

Yes, it was time to see if the Silver look alike would accept me as either friend or foe.

To Be continued

There are times when the solace of the wild is not as it seems and when the unexpected arises it must be dealt with. And dogs that have lived in the wild do not always wish to be domesticated again. What is in store for the transplanted city dweller who chose to live amongst the wild ones?

You will find good things in store during the coming year at [London Visual Arts Guild – London Arts Center](#). And consider visiting a few of the many art guilds and groups in central Ohio this summer. Also subscribe to the Ohio Arts Council newsletter where you will find additional information concerning anything connected with Ohio art.

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Fascinating conversation is the art of telling people a little less than they want to know.