

Editorial COMMENTARY

by Tom Starland, Editor and Publisher

It's Back to School Time

For some folks it's getting rid of the kids hanging around all day. For others it's sending them off to college. And, for another group it's gearing up for new exhibits at college and university gallery spaces.

That's one of the reasons our issues slim down during the Summer, most colleges and universities don't present exhibits during the Summer and a lot of arts organizations - guilds and arts council take vacations from presenting exhibits. Some we just don't hear from because they're dreaming of being on vacation and lose track of time and deadlines.

It's all good - we still have plenty to tell you about and I enjoy the slower pace. But come September - it will be raining exhibits like it was a hurricane headed for the Carolina coast (knock on wood).

Lake City, SC, Update

Other than pointing out how the folks left running things in Lake City, SC, can't manage the website for the Jones-Carter Gallery - after the purge of Hannah Davis, I haven't done my recap of the 2016 ArtFields event, but it's coming. I wanted to wait until my anger passed and it's taking a little longer than I thought. But I'll be thinking hard about what I want to say in the next two weeks - then I'll write it all down.

Down Time

By the time you are reading this I hope to be somewhere on I-75 headed North to the water state of Michigan for a long overdue vacation or in this case, reunions. Reunions with members of both sides of my family and a sort of high school reunion. Things are going so well in my hometown area that

they have closed down the entire school district I'm a product of, so if you're not a fan of my style of writing - those folks who gave me my learnin' have paid the price. Of course most of them have passed on now, but their legacy is being wiped out.

Saginaw, the city where I was born, was once a lumber town and then a manufacturing town on the auto parts assembly chain leading down to Detroit. They made steering gears and engine blocks and various other auto parts in Saginaw, but not so much any more - at least not as much as they used to make them. I'm sure I'll be getting lots of stares as we pull up in our Honda. It might not be long before just as many cars are manufactured in South Carolina as are still being made in Michigan. We're making more planes than Michigan leaders dream about at night.

Michigan is no longer the manufacturing giant it once was. I left in 1974 just as the downhill slide started. But Michigan is still a recreational wonderland and with time many states will be begging to tap into its water resources. Even so, Saginaw is right next to Flint - where the people running the state poisoned everyone for over a year to save a few bucks on drinking water - but Saginaw is not that bad off. Folks who want to give tax cuts usually take money from public services to afford it.

We're hoping the kids don't burn the house down while we're gone. Unfortunately my computer and e-mail will be traveling with me, so don't hold it back until the deadline - I'll be processing some every day. My Grandfather on my Mother's side of the family was a dairy farmer - I now know what his life was like. He may have had to milk the cows every day, twice a day, but he didn't have to deal with e-mail, Facebook or Twitter. The only good thing is I don't have to take the cows with me to travel anywhere.

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info@carolinaarts.com

Trey Finney



Mindful Moment

Oil on Panel

24 x 24 inches


THE SYLVAN GALLERY
171 King St. • Charleston • SC • 29401

For additional information
843•722•2172
www.thesylvangallery.com