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MODERN



Hello! We're so glad you're here, thanks for picking up our catalog.

This Mississippi Modern Catalog (MM Catalog) is a printed resource to be used to engage artists and communities in fresh and invigorating ways.

Powered by Mississippi Modern, Inc. and sponsored by Sewanee: The University of the South, the main elements of this MM Catalog follow:

We strive to tell stories of artists and their work, give continuous reports, and highlight words from trailblazers in the sphere of community engagement and art.

The MM Catalog is an applied resource that gives insight and versatile direction for artists and organizers looking to bring about change.

In the end, this MM Catalog is a designated place for active support. Use local directories to find out more about your community, where the power lies in our state, and to even locate a market or gallery. You can use the space provided to comment and take notes on whatever interests you.

This MM Catalog is by no means a silver bullet. It is just one way to begin organizing the resources we have, understanding how they work, and learning how to use them. Adaptations for your own community are encouraged, and we are confident that projects operate the best when done in partnership, whether that partnership lies next door or the next state over.

Best,  
Krista Shows  
Editor

*Mississippi Modern is dedicated to empowering and facilitating the art, artists, and cultural dialogue rooted in Mississippi. We strive to work collectively, networking and collaborating with individuals and art communities, locally and internationally, to provide structure and opportunity for growth in the plans and actions of creative participants who push, sustain, and support the arts. Mississippi Modern fulfills its mission by fostering a dynamic online community, issuing art related publications, providing artists with accessible resources and access to the general public, and by facilitating cultural events and projects.*

# Projects, Partners, and Sponsors

Mississippi Modern, Inc. strives to work off of collaboration and support; our projects, partners, and sponsors represent important initiatives in art and in the state. Each one has spearheaded a movement to help you organize, create, and gain support.

## Mississippi Heard

Cross-cultural documentary project connecting Mississippi and Russia with text, photography, audio recordings, and video

**-The Fulbright Program**

**-Sewanee: The University of the South**

*Special Thanks to: John McCardell, Shelley MacLaren, Elizabeth Skomp, Mark Preslar, Jeffrey Thompson, Andrea Mansker, Parker Oliver, Laurie Saxton, Joel Ericson, Marina Bezrukova, Jan DeLozier, Kathryn Wilgus, Michelle Howell, Sarah Flowers, Hope Johnson, Emily Keamy-Minor, Ashley Schneider, Mac Watson, & Scott Allen*

## Tessellate

Open source mural project that offers starter information for making pure geometric designs

**-Figment Interactive Arts Festival**

*Special Thanks to: Jonathan Webb*

## Mississippi Modern Micro-Fest

Music festival featuring local and visiting bands to encourage cross-fertilization among artists and communities

**-Visit MS / Year of the**

**Creative Economy**

**-Cotton District Apartments**

**-City of Starkville**

**-Ardenland**

**-Mitchell Distributing**

**-S. O. Terec**

**-A Plus Signs & Creative**

**-Whatshappen.in**

**-Socially In**

**-Gypster Veil**

*Special Thanks to: Dan Camp, Mary Margaret Miller-White, Matt Lanke, Lorrin Webb, Austin Grove, Rachel Buchanan, & Chase Neal*

## Art Showcases

Art shows encouraging cross-fertilization among artists and hosting contemporary art in professional spaces

**-Mississippi Museum of Art**

**-Ohr O'Keefe Museum of Art**

**-Walter Anderson**

**Museum of Art**

**-Whole Foods**

**-Lazy Magnolia Brewing**

**Company**

*Special Thanks to: Julian Rankin & Nathan Lytle*

## Team Mississippi Modern

2014 Season

As we know it, America's first and only art focused cyclo-cross team. They compete while representing Mississippi artists

**-Fondren Cellars**

**-Greater Jackson Arts Council**

**-Electric Dagger Tattoo**

**-Pro Gold Lubricant**

**-The Bike Crossing**

**-Jeaux's Boys**

**-A Plus Signs & Creative**

*Special Thanks to: Odiri Dafe*



Hanna and Katya Begin Day 35

Photo By Ashley Schneider

MISSI  
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HEARD

Hanna Miller

# Project Overview

Mississippi Heard is cross-cultural project comparing Mississippi and Russia. These two seemingly unrelated places share realities based in economic disparity, literary tradition, and identity reconstruction in light of a scarring past. Primarily, though, these faraway places – like many – are oversimplified into stereotypes.

Mississippi Heard began as a month-long train ride across Russia during which interviews were recorded and photographs were taken. Project creator and director Hanna Miller (Jackson, MS) asked questions about perceptions of America and how Russians define themselves within their own pre-existing stereotypes. Colleague Stephen Barton (New York City, NY) photographed people and their spaces. Miller and Barton hoped to afford people opportunity to speak for themselves during yet another heated moment in international relations between the US and Russia. They also wanted to share some complexities they had encountered during their nine months as English Teaching Assistants with the Fulbright Program.

In an effort to gain a fuller understanding and to grapple with the intricacies of her home, Miller decided to walk across Mississippi and gather stories and perceptions from Americans about Russia – and to more deeply consider her own origin. Colleague, interviewer, and photographer Katya Korableva joined her, and together, they learned what Mississippians think of Russia, of themselves, and of their own mislabels. In Mississippi, they found a similar urgency as in Russia to set the story straight.

At its root, Mississippi Heard is an action-oriented project that took place as a deliberate movement across vast spaces to interact with people living in and developing those spaces. In its production, Mississippi Heard combines text, photography, video, and audio to retell stories that were gathered. Here, you will find photographs from Barton and Korableva as well as journal entries from Miller. This is an excerpt from *Reflecting on Mississippi Heard: A Cross-Cultural Endeavor*, a complete collection of journal entries and photographs from 30 days across Russia and six weeks across Mississippi.

Mississippi Heard is also featured as an art exhibit and series of podcasts. For more information, visit [www.ms-modern.com/MississippiHeard](http://www.ms-modern.com/MississippiHeard)  
or  
[www.Facebook.com/MississippiHeard](https://www.facebook.com/MississippiHeard)  
or email  
[mississippiheard@gmail.com](mailto:mississippiheard@gmail.com)

*Special thanks to creative consultant Grace Greenwell, who assisted in project design and intention.*



# Reflecting on Mississippi Heard: A Cross-Cultural Endeavor

Review by Ashley Schneider, New York City, NY

Leaving our origins helps us to return; reflecting on our origins affords new perspective. Mississippian Hanna Miller found reflection first by riding the train across Russia with colleague Stephen Barton and then by walking 450 miles across Mississippi with Katya Korableva. Mississippi Heard developed into a work of art that envelops the artists; that is a social experiment predicated on deliberate action, trust, and process; that is a poised political apparatus and that at once opposes popular media and unites two distinctly opposing places.

As a spectator of Mississippi Heard, and with my own unanswered questions of home and abroad, I joined Miller and Barton on an island in Siberia, and then again, I joined Miller and Korableva for a few days during their walk.

During the walk, I was struck by what the project had developed into since Siberia: an appreciation for the unique present, for place, and for short-lived but resounding human interaction. By giving agency to otherwise muted voices, Mississippi Heard delves into hyper-local, hyper-personal realities that transcend the present place and people – and that ring with a global vibrancy. It is as if the closer Miller, Barton, and Korableva get to the issues at hand, the better versed they become in global realities.

Mississippi Heard: A Cross-Cultural Endeavor examines the specifics of a region and those who shape it. It reaches into the human being and finds the pieces that are both unique and universal. Ultimately, the project challenges and nurtures the evolution of perception – despite economy, present, or past.



Platzkart

Photo By Stephen Barton

**June 2, 2014. Day 2.**

**Somewhere between Moscow and Ekaterinburg, Russia.**

A little after midnight, Steve and I boarded the first train of three that we will ride on this journey across Russia. Although we have each been here nine months, we don't know much beyond the small cities where we've lived. Our small cities – where we've grown wild but encased like hydroponic weeds. Last night, we said goodbye to our friends in Moscow, stepped away from their comfort and smiles and again braced ourselves for the haphazard that we will ride and bridle to Vladivostok.

I was a nervous (and still am) about our seating situation. We are in platzkart, the cheapest option for train travel and the one that is most open to all everyone all the time; in platzkart, there are no walls.

Each train car in platzkart is lined with bunk beds and small tables. The bottom bunk either disassembles into a table and chairs or doubles as a bench, depending on which side of the train car your seat is located. Under the bottom bunk and above the top one, there is room for storage.

Steve and I have a bunk that sits parallel to another bunk. There is a table in between our stations. A man and woman – Alexander and Natalya, respectively – are our neighbors and presumably married, although I don't notice either of them wearing a wedding ring.

We shared greetings last night. I watched Natalya make Alexander's bed and saw Alexander help Natalya into the top bunk. I threw the sheets on my bed, negligent. Alexander and Natalya scolded me, showed me how to do it right. I pretended to be learning something. They know we are foreign.

This morning, over thyme tea and cheese and boiled eggs, Steve and I found out that Alexander and Natalya are representatives for a cosmetics company called LR. They did so well with their jobs this past year that they were invited to Moscow to a big party to celebrate, and they're on the train now riding home from that event.

Alexander and Natalya showed us pictures and videos from the celebration: balloons falling from the ceiling, plates bulging with food, confetti, screens with headshots of people who matter, fancy and free red cars – Dmitri and Vova. Dmitri and Vova were two salespeople who were friends with Alexander and Natalya, and seeing their photograph presented opportunity for an introduction to these jovially drunk middle-aged men sitting across the aisle.

The four of them – Alexander, Natalya, Dmitri, and Vova – were excited that we were American, and we were excited that they were nice. They immediately assumed their cosmetic business sales positions and saw my chipped fingernails. They got more excited because not only was I American – I was American and

not well kept: a second train-inspired opportunity for connection, and in only 20 minutes.

The four congregated around me and revealed the video camera once again. Natalya pulled her personal, extra-special nail polish remover from her purse. She described the products' bonuses to me and promised me that, if I would let her use the product on my nails, I would become a new girl (or woman, depending on your translation of *devyshka*). I agreed to be transformed. They turned on the video camera.

Just as I thought it would, the fingernail polish remover removed my fingernail polish. I nodded my head and smiled, but that was not enough. Wasn't I surprised? Pleased? Impressed? Didn't it exceed my expectations?

Steve politely remarked how great my nails looked now and urged an earnest appreciation and even seemed momentarily convinced that I was new. I took his lead, nodded. Said, "Wow," in a Russian accent and did my best to remember remarks of thrill and glamour that I had never really used before.

The camera rolled, and before I knew whether I'd played my role well, we heard an American speaking. A woman named Sidney from NYC stumbled by in a tank top and jean shorts. She held a teacup of vodka in her hand and was smiling too much. Vova especially liked her, turned to us, and pleaded for us to coax her over.

A new girl. I checked her nails. Could she be made newer?

Sidney sat with us, introduced us to her boyfriend, was the other side of the subpar translations Steve and I somewhat succeeded with, somewhat made up. Vova noticed Sidney's homemade cigarette supplies and lured her to the gangway where train cars connect. He wanted to smoke with her and to look at her and pretend he didn't understand the cognate "boyfriend." They went away for a while; although smoking on trains was banned recently. I eventually stopped paying attention and rummaged through my belongings for lotion to soothe my dried nail beds.

Now, nestled in my top bunk to get away from the noise and commotion, I look down at the people around me who I've so quickly bonded, laughed, moved with. The small community on the train is in transit and transient; people filter in and out, all on their way to or from, and no one is trying to hang on – aside from a quick try at convincing Steve and me to bring LR Cosmetics to America.

Alexander, Natalya, Dmitri, and Vova have unloaded. Steve is gone to fetch more boiled eggs. Winter is behind me but heavily; I am a new girl.



Bed and Breakfast

Photo By Katya Korableva

**October 21, 2014. Day 9.**  
**Houston, MS.**

Here, at the Bridges-Hall Manor Bed and Breakfast in Houston, MS, Katya and I nestle for the night to have a hard, short rest after a dozen miles, a dozen dead frogs, a pot of Turkish coffee, an aching foot hop dance at Witch Dance, and a Mexican supper. Halloween is coming; at the Mexican restaurant, there was a fog machine in the restroom, plastic spiders next to a candy dish, a hostess named H.

“Oh my God, y’all are from TV!” H had seen K and me on TV. The local news did a story on us, which we invited because publicity means sleep, food, interviews; an unintended outcome is ardor or anything impractical. After nervously eyeing us to see if we’d smile or show some sort of humanity, H walked over to our table and didn’t know why and didn’t know what to say.

H was younger than us. She had two children and a boyfriend. “I sent in my video to be on MTV’s Real World,” she told K and me. Opposed to reality TV and indignant, I didn’t know how to respond. H was earnest, excited. K was objective and wanted to ask questions. My chicken and rice congealed under the white, congealing cheese in front of me.

“They said they’re gonna call me.” Then, onto more personal matters: having a child is hard, work is hard, the boyfriend makes some things hard, H’s dreams at once energizing and muddling her are hard.

But, hold on. Too much information too soon. A quick check to see: were we tangle? In the Mississippi way that might be the way of other places, too, I can’t say, H put probed us for a connection. Who did we know? Who knew us? H and I had a mutual friend from high school. Good enough.

H referenced TV. “On TV, it said y’all are, like, walking across the state because you think Russia and Mississippi are, like, alike. Like, you know, people are the same. They really are.”

They really are.

K and I didn’t say anything. I smiled too much, K bared

her eyes too much. H told us what she wanted. She wanted to get out, to see things. She wanted more, and she sensed our excess.

H began to cry. I offered her a napkin. Her mascara smudged and deepened its decorative imprints, and then H felt dumb. “No,” I reassured her. “I have felt the same way, I am from a small place, too.” K focused, counted H’s tears.

We paid, H offered her autograph, we stood outside together taking photographs with the restaurant owner who dressed up in a gorilla costume to humorously welcome K and me. Another young woman turned into the parking lot and stepped out of her vehicle with a bright yellow plastic bag. H simultaneously blushed and beamed. She confided, “It’s a pregnancy test,” and took the bag and stuck it between her pants and lower back.

K and I walked back to the bed and breakfast. The air tonight is a little chilly, and I’ve already accepted that the humid, stupefying Mississippi I dreamt of while in Russia is fast fading. I’m nervous about this winter, about my body’s inability to cope with a clouded and blanketed droll, about never finding the more, especially seeing that I’m not the only one in search.

Tomorrow, K and I will have a tour of Houston. A woman will show us everything Houston is proud of, and we won’t see H again. Tomorrow, K and I will walk into another town, and we will be seen for our backpacks, our walking sticks, our curiosity – everything the TV said. Superficiality as our channel, we will plug into something that matters, or we will try.

H will stay here, she will want more and misfire and be unsure. This is sure. For the next 5 weeks, I will keep looking at road kill, keep feeling the pain of my own feet, keep never really get there, either – to the place where what I am combines with who I am becoming. In 5 weeks, I don’t know where I’ll be, and I recognize the sheer luck in being able to revel in this uncertainty, and I exhaustedly slump back into these too soft, impermanent pillows. I’m not re-adjusted to so much English language, “second nature,” and all that I chose to leave.



Lake Baikal

Photo By Stephen Barton

**June 15, 2014. Day 15.  
Olkhon Island, Russia.**

The island Olkhon in the middle of Lake Baikal right outside of the city Irkutsk in the middle of Siberia – the prayer poles, the clear and cold water, the dirt roads with cows all create a matter of fact mysticism that we more accept and than contemplate. Steve and I have joined four more, and together, we are a group that giggles, passes around and gnaws blocks of cheese, and tonight, cooked a meal, bathed in the Russian bathhouse (called the banya), joined a Russian bar-b-que (called a shashlik), and danced at a night club.

Lake Baikal is the largest freshwater lake in the world. Here, there are plants, animals, and fish that hide and have yet to be named or documented. On this island, tourism structures a temperamental economy that surges in the summers and falls short in the winters. It's difficult to plant crops here, and where we are staying, our huts perimeter a hardworking family that is ever mindful of the changing seasons.

The six of us are all friends, friends of friends, and new friends. At the scant grocery today, we bought bread, carrots, potatoes, peaches, and zucchini. We managed a feast over a hot plate and ate it at a picnic table. As we cooked, consumed, cooked more, the banya heated.

The banya is a warm, wooden, wet place for bathing and relaxing. There is no running hot water here, so if we want to shower, we must banya. Honoring tradition in an awkward but earnest way, the men asked the women to go first. The three of us entered, sat, scrubbed with soap and honey and lounged in humid air, sat on splintered seats. Again, in an awkward, earnest commitment to how it is, we hit each other with bundled birch leaves: a tradition to exfoliate the skin.

On our way into our beds – full stomachs, clean hair, heavy heads from too much wine – we met our neighbors inside our small cottage resort. They were from right off of the island, a small town. They invited us to their shashlik, which is meat skewers and vodka. We graciously, merrily accepted.

Graciously, merrily, we said goodnight to the shashlik, and the six of us found ourselves walking the dirt road to the town's center. There, we heard the transcendent scratch of electro-pop music, and we entered the town's club: a basement with concrete floors, tall bar stools, and a Mountain Dew cooler. We danced, drew a crowd, drew attention to ourselves. We were foreign, we didn't fit, and because we were together, we didn't care.

All of the years studying this vast country, the patiently drawing it in and analyzing it – it seemed like we had earned a pass to brazenly be. Being now, anyway, isn't what it was, and we are not a fair representation of anything but our own contradictions and confusions.

We danced til the club ran out of songs, and as we wiped sweat from our brows, we centered ourselves. Time to go back. Remembering where we were, we acknowledged the specifics here that are special to this place. "You know we aren't supposed to leave the property after midnight," Ashley said. "Anya said that any wanderers become vulnerable to the spirits."

Alone together on a gravel road under a swollen, thick moon, we traveled back to our beds. The banya, the shashlik, the club – those energies beat their last pulse, and we walked past a sleeping cow in the road. I picked up a rock that I still have and might keep even though we've been warned about carrying anything back with us; it's bad luck to steal away the spirits, even the hardest, tiniest ones.



Converge

Photo By Katya Korableva



**November 16, 2014. Day 35.**

**Perkinston, MS.**

K and I are sitting beside one another in a camper.

We are at an RV park. Mac and Ashley have joined the walk for a few days, and they've caught us at a place in the state where population thins and at a place in our journey where K and I are converging, our thoughts and actions no longer in friction but paralleling in curiosity; we are noticing the same things and asking the same questions.

Mac is cooking black beans and rice. There are sliced avocados. Ashley is smiling and laughing. Punk music is playing. K and I are quiet, introspective and other. Outside, thunderstorms brew, and I am glad we aren't in the tent. A man named T owns this park, and he is letting us stay here for free. He picked us up today a couple of miles down the road; a bridge had blown out, and we were stuck.

T brought his daughter to meet us. She is younger than us, in college, full of life and honesty. T can't relate to his daughter's wonder and dreaming, but he sensed something like it in us.

K and I got down to business, turned on our recorders. As always, race came up, and we didn't prompt it. T expressed a concern over a loss of culture, of racial identity. His daughter, A, seemed less concerned.

"But, really," he said. "We are going to have to do something to preserve our race."

For one of the few instances during this walk, race was acknowledged as more than black and white. Hispanic was added as a category.

I thought back on our days in Vardaman, watching Hispanic men working in sweet potato fields, speaking with a Honduran woman about her experience as an immigrant. She married a white preacher, so some people trusted her; but he was Catholic, so not really.

K asked question after question, in a sincere effort to understand. I think that she feels a responsibility to make people think, to get them to place words around hard topics that convey vague feelings. She can get away with it, she is other and forgiven.

But, the distance gives her perspective that makes her closer to her home. We each press people. There is an urgency because we see how the places we can't have chosen are choosing to be in light of their pasts. And we don't understand the compulsion to pretend that then was better than now. It wasn't. It just was, and this just is, no huge difference. Past and present are close; one is foreign, and the other is trying to adapt.



Ms. Ann

Photo By Katya Korableva

**November 8, 2014. Day 27.**

**Lake Dixie Springs, MS.**

Last night was one of the only nights during all of this that I have felt comfortably at home. K and I were honored to have a supper fixed for us by a local restaurant owner who has written a cookbook, is a water paint artist, has been a leader in showing Portuguese Water Dogs, and who was married five times. Ann Carruth Jackson is a special lady, and at Lake Dixie Springs, she sets a welcoming, relaxed tone that all are drawn to and all come to.

Yesterday evening, we sat around the dinner table, football playing on the television, drinking wine.

K: So, do you have any stories?

A public defender was eating with us; K has figured out they have stories.

Nelson: Well, yeah, but I can't tell you any of em.

K: Just one? We love stories.

They bantered on. I didn't know it then, but could have guessed – Katya eventually got him to tell a story. This story was about a man in Hattiesburg who, in a car, chased down a young married couple who were walking downtown. The driver had had a mental break and ended up pinning the woman between his car and a drink machine. She lost her pregnancy due to the impact. K added this sad, heavy drama to her list of sad, heavy dramas from public defenders.

Ms. Ann asked me about our interviews, what information we had gathered. Was there anyone or anything missing? I admitted a lack of equal racial representation. Ms. Ann called her friend Artis.

Twenty minutes later, a small, energetic woman walked in the door.

Artis: Hello, everyone!

Ms. Ann: Artis, hello, come on in here, girl. Are you hungry?

Artis: Ms. Ann, no, I'm not. But, you know I always have room for your cookin.

Someone watching the TV turned up the volume.

Someone: Y'all be quiet! The Saints are about the score! Pour me some more wine!

K and I got comfortable. Ms. Ann pulled baked apples from the oven.

Artis: So, what are y'all doing in here tonight? How did y'all get Ms. Ann to cook?

Artis had settled in beside me, greeted everyone, and finally turned to me to talk.

Me: We're walkin across the state and interviewin people.

Artis: Ms. Ann said y'all need to talk to some people specifically?

K: Well, yes. We have spoken with a lot of white people and have even had the chance to speak with Hispanic people, but we have not yet had enough opportunity to speak with black people.

Artis: Okay, y'all need some black people's perspectives. I can do that.

Artis was black.

Artis: Like, who?

Me: Well, we don't really have any professions or anything specific we're looking for. We do try to meet political leaders in each county. And sometimes, we will meet people who have had experience in Russia or with Russians, and that helps.

Artis agreed to meet us tomorrow, and we continued to eat, to pretend to care about football, to accidentally pry and push and press record.

Right now, I'm thinking a lot about the racial divide in Mississippi and how it's on everyone's minds. Early in the walk, a lady named R remarked how, while her grandchildren don't seem to notice race and are comfortable with inter-racial relationships in high school, the KKK still has a presence and rallies in her town.

In Russia, anytime I mentioned Mississippi, people would usually reply with, "Oh, the Mississippi river!" and "Mississippi Burning?" When I mentioned racism in America, Russians would often explain to me that there is no racism in Russia; there are no black people, so there is no race.

When I was living with a host mom three years ago in St. Petersburg (studying in the program where I met K), I told Tatyana that I had met two helpful Armenian women in the post office. They had helped me navigate the ever-challenging system of international mail in a foreign language, and then they'd invited me to get my nails done at a small salon they owned. Tatyana grimaced and told me not to go. "Armenians," she hissed. "They take all of our jobs. They aren't well bred."

This morning, Ms. Ann is playing jazz music. I hear sausage popping in the pan. Solo, the Portuguese Water Dog, is taking up a massive amount of space by the fireplace. In some ways, Ms. Ann reminds me of Tatyana, her close eye for loving detail and her humor. I wonder if today I'll be surprised by anything Ms. Ann says, and who Artis will have us speak to, and how Mississippi will become more like Russia as it contradicts and overrides itself.



Train Ride Ends

Photo By Stephen Barton

**June 27, 2014. Day 27.**

**Somewhere between Khabarovsk and Vladivostok, Russia.**

Yesterday was our last full day and night on the train. All day, we ate tomatoes, cheese, and grapefruit. We drank kvas, a dark and fizzy drink made from fermented black bread. Before sleep, I lay in the top bunk, reading Ludmila Ulitskaya's Russian Jam, listening to another mediocre American indie band, getting sidetracked by memories of people's personalities and humor.

A man in Ekaterinburg stuck out in my mind, his disdain for his home, his envy for America. It made me sad to see someone unable to embrace the utterly beautiful, utterly devastating reality of too little resources and uneven spread. He reminded me of home, of me.

But now, I am anxiously stewing in the clothes I've sat still in for three days. The last leg of the journey, we knew, would take long. Steve writes applications for different things. Already, we are looking far ahead, we are preparing for something great, we are slipping back into America. In two days, we will be in New York, although right now we are closer to Los Angeles.

Our last hours yesterday were special. Before being lulled to sleep by Russian syntax and tangled thoughts of home and here, Steve and I had a lucky encounter. As I read and Steve wrote, we together were struck with our usual impulse for hot tea. I don't remember whether Steve asked if I wanted tea or not; I think he simply left to pour us each a hot cup of water, and I didn't notice until I'd added a tea bag and then drank it all.

"So, I've made friends with one of the train conductors," Steve matter of factly folded his hands, crossed his legs, and smirked. Every train car has at least one conductor, often female. They keep order and mysteriously disappear at odd hours for not enough sleep.

A young blonde woman passed by, checking bed sheets before the next stop. It was her. Steve spoke to her again, and soon, we were invited to sit in the lady's private bunk, small and cramped, and eat mint cookies with her. She let us interview her, and she told us about her daughter, who she missed on long trips like this. She was a single mother and lived with her mom in a small apartment, a common story. It seemed more somber because it was late at night, and we could hear passengers snoring.

And then a change of pace. The train stopped, and the conductor invited us to exit with her. It was late, but she was hungry. We had 15 minutes. We were going to find some food.

We walked quickly into the train station. "Any food here?" she asked a police officer. He thought for a moment – no. It was all closed. But across the street, there was a café, the officer suggested. The conductor checked her watch. We should have enough time, if we hurried a little.

We hopped through the train station exit; for the first time, I noticed the conductor was in a nightgown and house shoes. We lightly sprinted. The café was open, but they had just stopped serving food. Hmm. Quick decision: let's run around a bit and see if anything is open.

A disco bar here, a club there – nowhere to get a quick sandwich and leave. I looked over my shoulder back to the train. What if we were left? What would happen? I looked at the conductor. "Oh shoot, we really need to hurry," she said. Steve even began to feel pressed, and he never worries.

"Let's go back in the station and look," the conductor said and turned in her tracks, and her sprint became a gallop. But the officer said everything was closed, I thought. As she ran, the conductor, reached out to comfort us and then ran faster.

We went back inside, minutes ticking away. There, the conductor spotted one lone stand in the corner selling chips and soda. In a glass case, there were cold, old hamburgers. "I'll take one," she said breathless. "Me, too," said Steve.

I'm still not eating meat.

The officer was wrong. I should have known.

It took too long to pay, and I got anxious and considered leaving Steve so that at least one of us would have access to a passport and phone. I started fidgeting and feeling the all too familiar feeling of complete loss of control.

The train whistle blew. Steve and I dropped what we were doing and pounded through the door, down the platform. No cold burger. We hopped into the first open train car we saw. At first, we were terrified and shaken. And then, that quickly turned to beaming bright with pride. We got giddy.

But we'd left the conductor. Where was she?

Then, we were scolded – "This isn't your platzkart!" a different, older, mean conductor approached us, shaking his head.

To our surprise, our train conductor was behind us. "It's okay!" she sang. "They're with me, these are my Americans." In her nightgown and with two burgers in hand, our conductor led us far down to our train car. She handed Steve one of the metallic silver packages.

The conductor proceeded to perform her train conductor duties: she checked tickets inside our train car, asked who needed what. Steve sat and waited to open his burger; he wanted to sit with her and eat.

We re-entered her cabin, alive and giddy. We had made it. And we were protected by the conductor, which felt safe and nice seeing as we were always getting everything wrong in this faraway place.

But the conductor wasn't as impressed or thrilled; this was normal for her, and she was tired. We sat to eat and chat more, but conversation fell short. She went to bed, and eventually, so did we, and my energy slowly smoothed to match the pace of the train.

I see her now, the morning after our folly, and don't want to say bye, not wanting any type of permanence. I don't want to stop moving. I feel like I've just begun.

"If you walk with me across Mississippi, you can be the photographer," I tell Steve. I know he thinks that would be fun, kind of wild.

But, I feel him shifting back into something more stable, more structured and part of a world we understand, where we don't have 15 minute windows of unknown outcomes in common places nor fearless leaders to defend us against our always-shame. Our bodies moved and moving, scenery slipping midday away, rug after rug from under our feet.

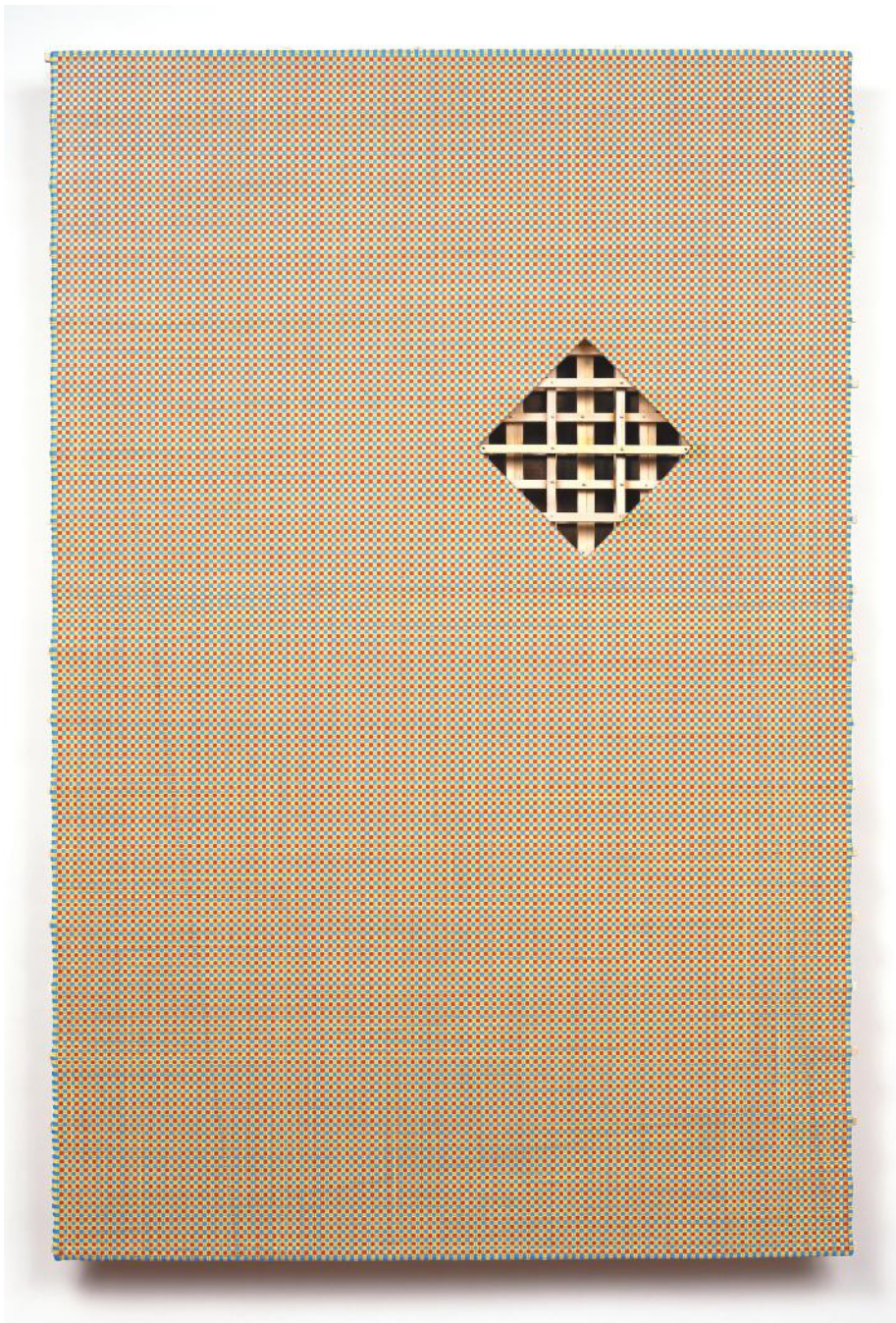


Photo Courtesy of Artist

# COUNTER POINTS IN TIME:

an interview with Mississippi native Ken Weathersby

Nathan Mullins



"178 (hLLL)" | 2010 | acrylic paint film with removed area over wood scaffold over linen | 36 x 24 inches



*Ken Weathersby is an artist from Mississippi who has been making paintings in New York for twenty five years. Mississippi Modern recently got the chance to talk with him about his process via email.*

**Mississippi Modern:** When I look at your paintings, I can't help but think of sound. I can almost hear your paintings. I think it has to do with the tightness of the grid with which you work creating a kind of visual buzz. That buzz carries with it a timbre that is specific to each painting. And when you decide to deviate from your grid, it's almost like a chord progression. Can you speak to this? Do you think in terms of sounds or vibrations when you create your paintings?

**Ken Weathersby:** I am primarily thinking in spatial and visual terms—the painting ideas come to me specifically as something to be seen, yet I do know what you mean about music. The retinal thing that happens with the grids can definitely seem like a kind of buzz or hum. The deviations from the grid that you mentioned come in a couple of different ways. One of those is the kind of deviation that emerges in the form of glitches in the pattern—when the paint runs or bleeds a bit, or when adjacent rows don't quite meet or overlap. It's not intentional, but I allow it and it is always a matter of deciding how much to interfere with that. Since most of what I do is done exercising as much control as I can, it's interesting for me to see what productively escapes that control, to find out when precision matters and when it doesn't. For me, calling those phenomena “glitches” comes from electronic music that uses glitches, incidental sounds, as elements of composition, like in the music of the band Oval. The other kind of deviation from the grid, I don't know if this is what you mean, but another deviation is the things that happen to break up or open or undermine the dominance of the visual, painted surfaces. Things like cutting into the

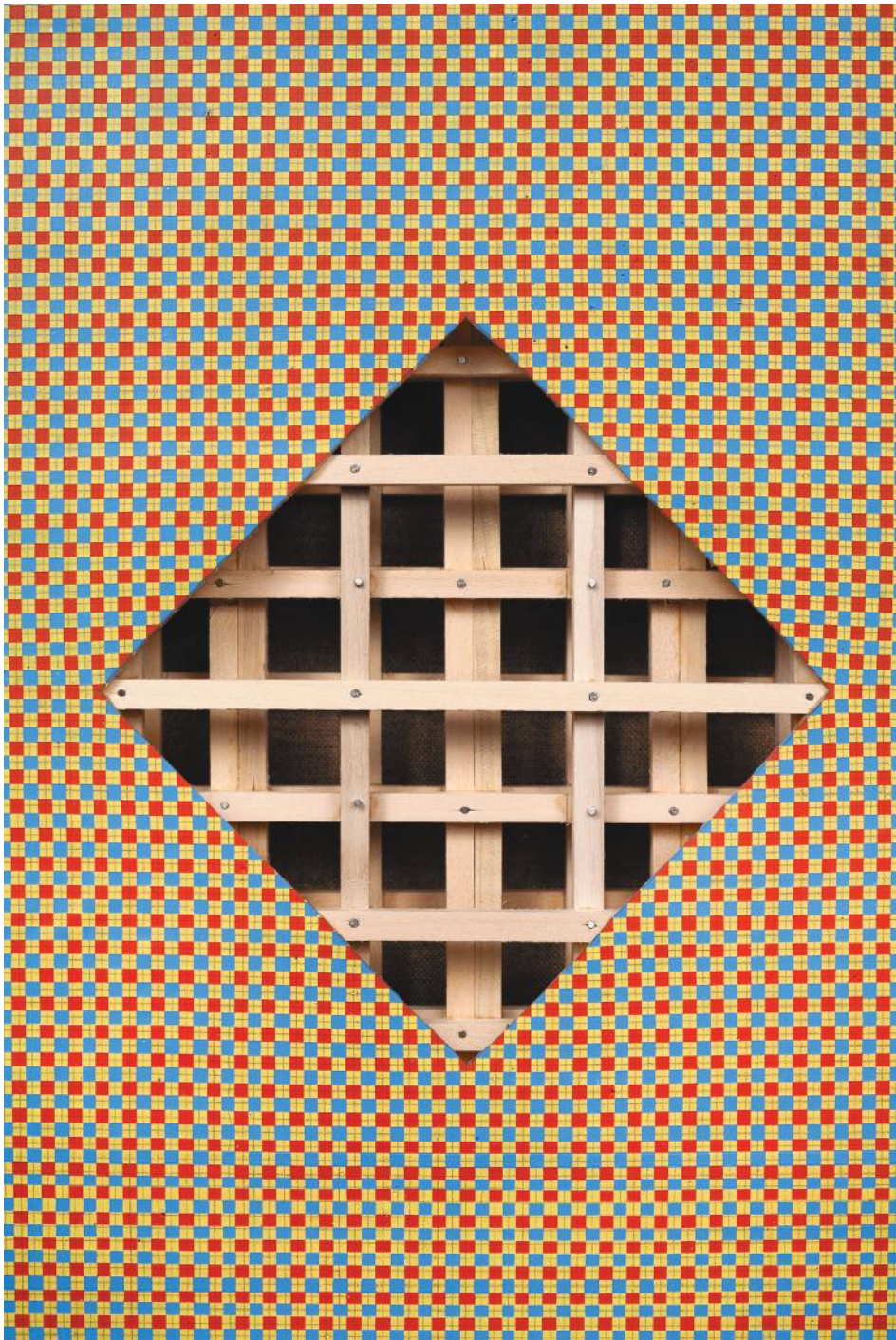
paint film or inverting it, or setting it next to or behind something more structural. If I was going to refer to that aspect in musical terms, I might talk about it as counterpoint rather than chord progressions. It is about opposing something with something else to create a standing relationship of difference (or dissonance).

**MM:** Another reason I relate your work to the auditory is your fascination with the parts of the paintings, parts that have to be experienced over time. It's not as if the deviations from the grid are surface level movements. You actually cut into your canvases and create smaller canvases that fit into the holes you create. Some of your paintings have to be experienced in the round because you've given precise attention to both the front and the back of the canvas. You're clearly obsessed with the parts that make up the painting: the support system, the canvas itself, the insets, and the paint. There's so much attention one has to pay to the pieces that it's impossible to see it all at once. It becomes a temporal experience; the things evolve over time, similar to music. Can you talk about the parts, the thingness of the paintings, and their relationship to time?

**KW:** I like the idea of time in the work. The relationships in the paintings pose a kind of puzzle or problem for the viewer, so there is some time built in to looking at them, to working out what one is looking at, or is supposed to be looking at. This happens in different ways and on different levels. The cutting in or reversing or realignment of parts, whatever operation I'm performing on the basic given of a painted stretched canvas, is central. The reason I make the paintings in the first place is because of some initial strange thought, some kind of bothersome idea. For example, a recent idea was to have an abstract painting that was the embodiment of a wholeness and singleness of form

suggesting a presence. So it would be something with a concentric, unitary pattern, it would be human-scale and free-standing. Then at the same time I wanted to fracture that whole thing into a thousand pieces, but leave it still standing, fragmented, but poised and holding together. I wanted those two aspects together. So it was a kind of simple, dumb idea in a way, but an idea of a tenuous situation of things in opposition, whole and parts. But then it becomes a question of how that will happen, which entails a lot of visual decisions and a lot of physical working out of structural factors. There's a dialog between the parts: the retinal and visual, the structural and supporting elements, the flaws or glitches, the image presented and the gaps in that presentation. There is time in it that way too—time invested by me thinking this stuff through, though that kind of time may or may not be visible in the result.

**MM:** That attention to the actuality of the painting (these are really just stretcher bars, this is actually canvas, etc.) again reminds me of music in the sense that we don't ever expect music to be anything other than music. One can argue over whether or not a painting should be read for its literal content (the subject matter), but that's a hard thing to do with your work. I am forced to experience your painting as an actual painting that can't be read for characters or story because you often don't include subject matter in your work, and when you do, it's so enveloped in the formal qualities of the painting, that it almost ceases to exist as subject matter. The representational moments are seemingly playful little nods to art history that pop up with such scarcity that I can only assume they mean a great deal to you. What do you consider to be your subject matter? How do you choose the few representational elements that you include?



"178 (hLLL - detail)" | 2010 | acrylic paint film with removed area over wood scaffold over linen | 36 x 24 inches

**KW:** I don't think literal content on its own means anything in any art form, really. Every supposedly literal thing in art is embodied somehow, and the how is entirely involved with the what. So -- my subject matter is a poetry that uses the given parts of the language of painting, both with and against itself. My interpretations of what those parts are, and how they can be related or reshuffled, are where there is a chance for something interesting to happen. For a while now I've occasionally picked up images of figures to use in my paintings, most recently, images cut from art history books, often of classical sculpture. The main thing I'm looking for is how the figure will connect or contest with other aspects of the painting it is in. I consider the figures and their connotations material I can use on a par with the physical aspects like wooden stretcher bars or canvas, as another part of the given language and conventions of painting. I choose the particular collage figurative elements I do because they have directional gazes or other aspects that I can use, and because they have a certain humor or implications when put next to something else.

**MM:** You've been living and working in New York City for some time now, but you grew up here in Mississippi and got your bachelor's degree at Southern Miss. The muted tones and exposed wooden stretchers to me reflect an admiration and respect for craftsmanship and honesty, the kind of blue-collar values that can be found across Mississippi and the South. How have your experiences here in Mississippi shaped the work you make now? Did the education you received here impact your trajectory in a meaningful way?

**KW:** I admire good craft, but I don't particularly think of myself as being involved in that.

I don't mean what I do to be homage to craft, and I don't really know what I'm doing as a carpenter or woodworker, at least in the sense of being trained in that. I make up my own ways of putting things together, and find it a very engaging process. I do think a lot about how to make my pieces physically strong and stable and as simple as possible while giving me what I want visually. It's interesting that the handmade aspect evokes ideas of Mississippi and the South for you—I've had people come into my studio and tell me I am making a structure like something that was part of the house where they grew up in Japan, or that it is like a thing that people in Brazil traditionally make. The wooden lattices especially seem to inspire this response. They get a certain look of complexity because of the layering, but they are basically very simple. Through that simplicity they seem to touch on or be reminiscent of lots of different things, while still being rather particular. I did grow up on the Mississippi gulf coast and lived in Mississippi up until the time I left Hattiesburg to go to graduate school at Cranbrook (near Detroit), but I don't think the constructed aspect of my work is really connected to Mississippi. My education at USM did have a great impact, though. Jim Meade, Vernon Merrifield and Jerry Walden were my teachers and I got a solid introduction to modern design, color theory and other formal ideas from them. The physical structure of my paintings I think started from other sources. Years ago I had a spontaneous vision of one of my paintings making a gesture. In a kind of daydream I saw the painted canvas extend out from the wall and turn around to face the wall, turning its back to the viewer. It was a gesture of refusal, a refusal to be seen. That image

took some time to digest, but eventually I began to work with the idea. One implication that emerged was that when this happened, while the painting's face (the part made to be seen) became invisible, other parts (stretcher, unpainted canvas, staples) were suddenly things to be dealt with. A more basic and substantial insight was that paintings actually have parts in that way, that while normally just the painted image was assumed to be the whole thing, paintings actually have this array of parts that traditionally exist in a hierarchy, some of them invisibly supporting and serving that face. The wooden structures and lattices and all the unusual things my paintings do started with that thought.

**MM:** As a successful artist exhibiting in New York, what advice can you offer aspiring and emerging artists in Mississippi?

**KW:** I will accept being called a successful artist if we use the following definition: I am having a life that is very focused on art, and I am making the art I want to make. I am wary about dispensing general advice. People are different and have different goals, and maybe different definitions of success than mine. I would recommend doing the best work you can possibly do. Though it felt risky at the time, moving to New York twenty five years ago was a crucial decision for me. Maybe when those aspiring and emerging artists in Mississippi come to New York we can have a conversation about these things. I'd like that.

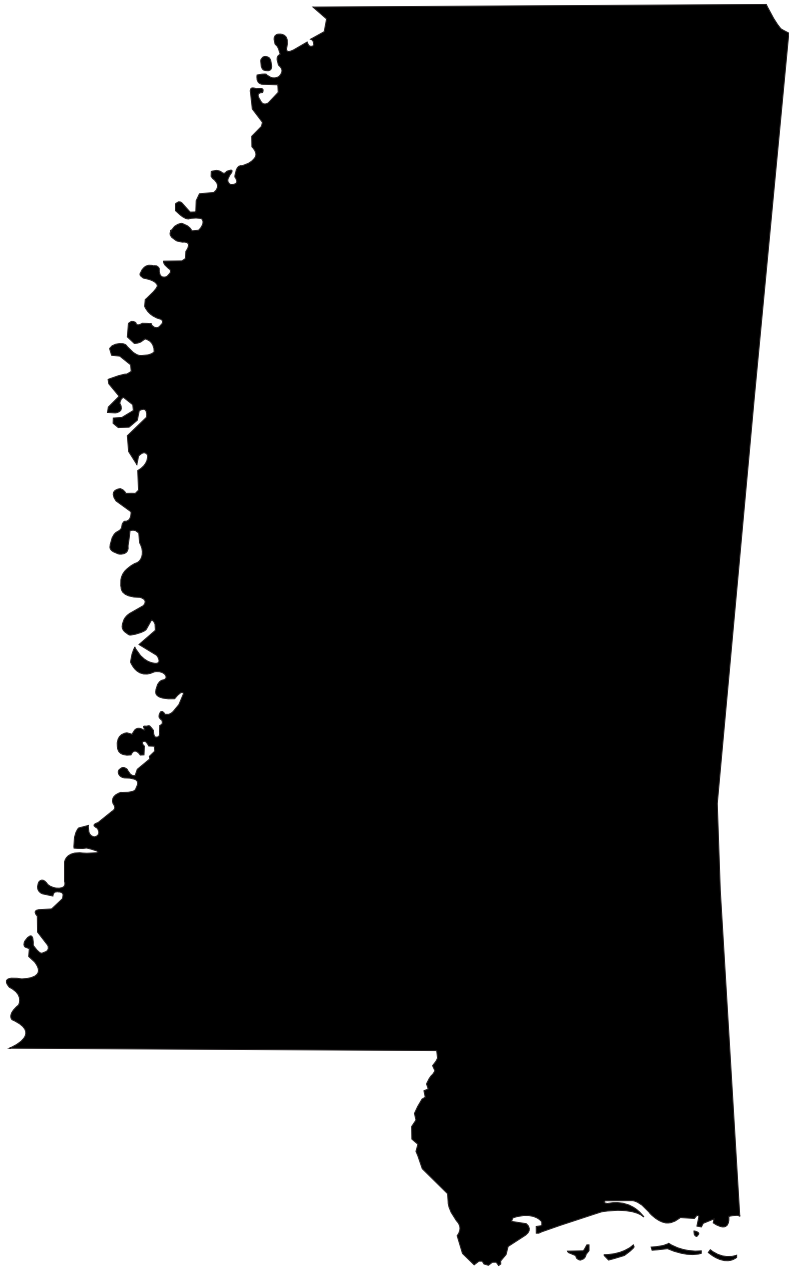
*To view more of Ken's work, visit:  
[kenweathersby.com](http://kenweathersby.com)*



"217 (kt)" | 2014 | paper, wood, glue | 25 x 19 x 9 inches



"217 (kt - detail / verso)" | 2014 | paper, wood, glue | 25 x 19 x 9 inches



# CAT ALOG

# All politics are local.

Especially local politics.

People who hold political office in the state are, in part, community organizers, cheerleaders, and cultural curators. Here's a list of elected positions and job descriptions. To get your art project off the ground, start small and go big. Begin with reaching out to your council person for support and awareness, and as your project grows, seek higher outlets for funding and county, state, and national recognition.

## CHAIN OF COMMAND

Each position is elected every four years.

### City Council / City Aldermen or Board of Supervisors

If you live in a city, you have a councilperson/alderman. If you live in the county, you have a supervisor. These people pass and repeal laws, oversee city/county departments, approve the city/county budget, influence daily affairs and the development of the entire city/county, and look to you for direction. These people meet regularly and invite you to join. Find their meeting schedule at your city hall.

*Don't know if you live in a city or in the county? Contact your local tax assessor and tell her/him your address.*

*They'll know.*

### Mayor

Every town has a mayor, and every mayor has an office, usually located in your city hall. The mayor contributes to developing legislation and is responsible for enacting decisions made in collaboration with other groups, such as the city council/board of supervisors. The mayor is responsible for promoting city beautification, arts, cultural affairs, parks and recreation activities, as well as for recruiting businesses and managing the city's budget. Mayors can also be found at city hall meetings with your council/supervisors.

### State Congress | House Representatives and Senate Members

There are 122 State House Representatives in Mississippi; there are 52 State Senators. Together, they are our State Congress. These people influence, create, repeal, and approve your state laws and rights. They also approve the state's budget. You can find a list of every congress member and who represents your county at [www.legislature.ms.gov](http://www.legislature.ms.gov). Under the tab "LEGISLA-

TORS," you have access to each person's political platforms, address, phone number, and email.

### Governor

There is one Governor for the state of Mississippi. The Governor has great control over the state budget, has the power to appoint important state officials, plays a considerable role in state legislation, and has the power to veto any bill. You cannot contact the Governor directly. You must contact the Governor's Office either by calling (601) 359-3100 or by filling out an online form at [www.governorphilbryant.com/](http://www.governorphilbryant.com/) contacts (this site changes as new governors are elected).

### Federal Congress | House Representatives and Senate Members

There are 4 Federal House Representatives in Mississippi; there are 2 Federal Senators. Together, they are our Federal Congress. This catalogue divides Mississippi by its four Federal Congressional Districts. These people influence, create, repeal, and approve your national laws and rights. Congress has the sole authority to enact legislation and to declare war, the right to confirm or reject many Presidential appointments, and substantial investigative powers. They greatly influence Mississippi's financial and legal realities and exercise considerable influence over our realities within a national context.

*You can find a list of every congress member and who represents your district at [www.contactingthecongress.org](http://www.contactingthecongress.org). Click on the state Mississippi, and you can find each member's office phone number in Washington, D.C. as well as a link to an online contact form.*



### **We chose federal congressional districts, not cultural regions.**

It is important to know where you and your organization fit into the political structure of the state if we are to make a lasting cultural infrastructure. It is important to know how resources are dispersed if we are to accurately address development and degradation. It is important to know how your district compares to the others and that, in some instances, cities and counties are split by congressional lines. If you see that your district is lacking in an area that matters to you, contact your representative and let her/him know, and use this guide to inspire ideas for creativity.

### **This matters to you -- even if you aren't in Mississippi.**

Besides Mississippi, this guide has been placed in Louisiana, Alabama, Tennessee, and Arkansas. While this guide focuses on initiatives and places in Mississippi, we hope it will act as a template for how to create or re-ignite an art focus anywhere by way of simply organizing information. Our approach is to organize a state based off of congressional districts. This is just one way to build a lasting cultural infrastructure across your home state and to can help you find ways to connect with other arts communities. This guide also lists powerful people, institutions, spaces, and projects in Mississippi where you can connect. Mississippi is small and accessible, and people want you to share with them.

### **We aren't lying.**

Our population numbers were collected from the 2014 Census Estimate (the most up to date source). Mississippi only has one city with a population over 100,000 -- Jackson. We have a small and geographically separated population. Some see this as a disadvantage; we see it as an advantage, because once we are efficiently organized, we can move faster, do more with less, and work more closely with our local governments and institutions to bring about cultural revitalization.

### **Think in context.**

When you are planning your events, showings, and concerts, keep in mind the population of the city.

When you are assessing the turn-out, remember:

100 people at a concert in Collins is FOUR PERCENT OF THE CITY'S POPULATION.


### **Don't hate us for missing you.**

We Mississippi Modern staff are working tirelessly to curate the only known up to date and comprehensive list of creative spaces in the state of Mississippi. This catalog is the first step towards making the next go round fuller and more engaging. You can help us help you by letting us know what we missed. Fill out the included postcard and mail it to us. For your own benefit, we have included blank spaces for you to add artists of note, events, and whatever else you'd like.

### **This isn't all.**

Please stay plugged into our social media outlets. There, you will find this cataloged information, be able to follow information as it expands and changes, and know where to find updated print versions of the catalog.

Welcome to modern Mississippi,

 **Greg Gandy**  
*President and Founder*



20,000+  
Columbus  
Horn Lake  
Olive Branch  
Oxford  
Southaven  
Starkville\*  
Tupelo

15,000+  
Hernando

10,000+  
Corinth  
West Point



**University of Mississippi** | Oxford  
**Mississippi University for Women** | Columbus

**Blue Mountain College** | Blue Mountain  
**Rust College** | Holly Springs

\*City is in a county split by districts

**M** ART/MUSIC MUSEUM

**Gumtree Museum of Art**

gumtreemuseum.com  
211 W Main St. | Tupelo  
662.844.2787

**Kate Freeman Clark Art Gallery**

katefreemanclark.org  
300 E College Ave. | Holly Springs  
662.252.5300

**Howlin' Wolf Museum**

307 E Westbrook St. | West Point  
662.605.0770

**G** GALLERY

**DeSoto Arts Council**

desotoarts.com  
564 W Commerce St. | Hernando  
662.404.3361

**Ida B Wells Family Art Gallery**

220 N. Randolph St. | Holly Springs  
662.525.3232

**Louis Carr Art**

louis carrart.com  
166B CR303 | Lafayette Springs  
888.791.2563

**Madison Sherman Art**

madisonshermanart.com  
2751 Cedar Bluff Dr. | Nesbit  
901.651.4634

**The Painted Pigeon Gallery & Gifts**

9144 Pigeon Roost Rd. | Olive Branch

901.619.0261

**Oxford Treehouse Gallery**

oxfordtreehousegallery.com  
328 County Rd. 418 | Oxford

**The Powerhouse**

**Community Arts Gallery**  
oxfordarts.com  
413 S. 14th St. | Oxford

**Southside Gallery**

150 Courthouse Square | Oxford  
662.234.9090

**Frame Up- Basement Gallery**

125 Courthouse Square | Oxford  
662.234.6641

**Windham Gallery**

1003 S Lamar Blvd. | Oxford  
662.236.4281

**Ashley Studio Pottery**

ashleystudiopottery.com  
398 E Main St. Suite 106 | Tupelo  
662.523.7887

**Taylor Arts**

736 CR 303 | Taylor  
662.234.7958

**Caron Gallery**

128 W Main St. | Tupelo  
601.205.0351

**Br** BREWERY

**Oxford Brewing Company**

oxfordmsbrewing.com  
1613 Jackson Ave W. | Oxford  
662.299.5397

**S** PUBLIC SKATE PARK

**Propst Park**

24hrs  
2535 Main St. | Columbus

**Oxford Skatepark**

Dawn-Dusk  
Bramlett Blvd. | Oxford

**Tupelo Skatepark @ Ballard Park**

Dawn-Dusk  
655 Rutherford Rd. | Tupelo

**Wise Skatepark @ Marshall Park**

24hr  
132 Wood St. | West Point

**F** FARMERS MARKET

**Green Market**

greenmarket.corinth.net  
Corinth Depot | Corinth  
662.287.8300

**Corinth Farmers Market**

Shiloh Rd. | Corinth  
662.286.7755

**Corinth Farmers Mark #2**

Fulton Dr. | Corinth  
662.286.7756

**Bruce Farmers Market**

Public Square | Bruce  
662.983.2222

**Calhoun City Farmers Market**

East Side of Square | Calhoun City, MS  
38916  
662.628.6990





20,000+  
Clinton\*  
Greenville  
Jackson\*  
Ridgeland\*  
Vicksburg

15,000+  
Clarksdale  
Greenwood

10,000+  
Byram\*  
Canton\*  
Cleveland  
Grenada  
Indianola  
Yazoo City



**Alcorn State University** | Lorman  
**Delta State University** | Cleveland  
**Jackson State University** | Jackson

**Tougaloo College** | Jackson  
**Millsaps College** | Jackson  
**Mississippi College** | Clinton

**Mississippi Valley State University** | Itta Bena

\*City is in a county split by districts

**A ART WALK/GROUP**

**Keep Cleveland Boring**  
keepclevelandboring.com

**Midtown Arts District**  
madeinmidtownjxn.com

**Art in the Alley**

First Thursdays  
keepclevelandboring.com

Downtown | Cleveland

**Olde Towne Market**

visit clintonms.org for dates  
Downtown | Clinton

**M ART/MUSIC MUSEUM**

**Ethel Wright Mohammed Stichery Museum**

*Appointment Only*  
mamasdreamworld.com  
307 Central St. | Belzoni  
662.247.3633

**Delta Blues Museum**  
deltabluesmuseum.org  
1 Blues Alley | Clarksdale  
662.627.6820

**Greenwood Blues and Heritage Museum and Gallery**  
222 Howard St. | Greenwood  
662.451.7800

**Robert Johnson Blues Museum**  
218 E Marion Ave. | Crystal Springs  
601.647.1821

**Rock & Blues Museum**

blues2rock.com  
113 E 2nd St. | Clarksdale  
901.605.8662

**BB King Museum**  
bbkingmuseum.org  
400 2nd St. | Indianola  
662.887.9539

**Cottonlandia: Museum of the Mississippi Delta**  
museumofthemississippidelta.com/  
1608 Highway 82 W | Greenwood  
662.453.0925

**Grammy Museum [Opening Soon]**  
grammymuseum.org  
Cleveland  
662.641.1494

**G GALLERY**

**Cathead**  
cathead.biz  
252 Delta Ave. | Clarksdale  
662.624.5992

**Hambone Gallery**  
Stanstreet.com  
111 East Second St. | Clarksdale  
662.403.8810

**The Gordon Gallery**  
bradleygordon.com  
233 Delta Ave. | Clarksdale  
662.624.4005

**Lambfish Art Gallery**  
lambfishart.com  
114 Third St. | Clarksdale

662.313.1809  
**Delta Arts Alliance**  
deltaartsalliance.org  
104 S Court St. | Cleveland  
662.843.3344

**Studio 230**  
studio230ms.com  
110 B South Court St. | Cleveland  
662.402.0379

**Fielding L Wright Art Center**  
1003 W Sunflower Rd. | Cleveland  
662.846.4720

**Wyatt Waters Gallery**  
wyattwaters.com  
307 Jefferson St. | Clinton  
601.925.8115

**E.E. Bass Cultural Arts Center**  
greenville-arts-council.com  
323 S Main St. | Greenville  
662.332.2246

**Gallery Point Leflore**  
214 Howard St. | Greenwood  
662.455.0040

**Turnrow Gallery**  
304 Howard St. | Greenwood  
662.455.0040

**John-Richard**  
306 Eastman Rd. | Greenwood  
662.453.5809

**Gallery One**  
1100 John R. Lynch St. Suite 4 | Jackson  
601.979.9250

**Pearl River Glass Studio**  
pearlriverglass.com





20,000+  
Jackson\*  
Madison\*  
Brandon  
Meridian  
Pearl  
Ridgeland\*  
Starkville\*

15,000+  
Natchez

10,000+  
Brookhaven  
Byram\*  
Canton\*  
McComb



Mississippi State University | Starkville  
Belhaven University | Jackson  
Wesley Biblical Seminary | Jackson

\*City is in a county split by districts

**A** ART WALK/GROUP

**Fondren Arts District**  
**Fondren's First Thursday**  
Fondren Arts District | Jackson  
**Third Thursday**  
Mississippi Museum of Art | Jackson

**M** ART/MUSIC MUSEUM

**Mississippi Museum of Art**  
msmuseumart.org  
380 S Lamar St. | Jackson  
601.960.1515  
**Meridian Museum of Art**  
meridianmuseum.org  
628 25th Ave. | Meridian  
**MUSIC MUSEUMS**  
**Jimmy Rodgers Museum**  
www.jimmierodgers.com  
1725 Jimmie Rodgers Dr. | Meridian  
601.485.1808

**G** GALLERY

**Greater Jackson Arts Council**  
jacksonartscouncil.org  
201 E Pascagoula St. | Jackson  
601.960.1557  
**Brown's Fine Art & Framing**  
brownsofineart.com  
630 Fondren Place | Jackson  
601.982.4844  
**Municipal Art Gallery**

839 N State St. | Jackson  
601.960.1582  
**Fischer Galleries**  
fischergalleries.com  
3100 North State St. | Jackson  
601.291.9115

**Fondren Art Gallery & Custom Framing**  
fondrenartgallery.com  
3030 N. State St. | Jackson  
601.981.9222

**The Wolfe Studio**  
thewolfestudio.com  
4308 Old Canton Rd. | Jackson  
601.212.6635

**Light and Glass Studio**  
lightandglass.net  
523 Commerce St. | Jackson  
601.942.7285

**Spirit House Glass**  
spirithouseglass.com  
2906 North State St. | Jackson  
601.212.6635

**Sneaky Beans**  
2914 N State St. | Jackson  
601.487.6349

**One Blue Wall Gallery**  
obwgallery.com  
2906 N State St. | Jackson  
601.713.1224

**Richard McKey**  
richardmckey.com  
3242 N State St. | Jackson  
601.573.1060

**Japonica Gallery**  
japonicagallery.com  
119 N. 6th St. | McComb  
601.249.3335

**Gulf-South Art Gallery**  
228 5th Ave. | McComb  
601.684.9470

**Black History Gallery**  
819 Wall St. | McComb  
601.684.1130

**Lucas Road Art & Jewelry**  
2211 5th St. #105 | Meridian  
601.483.0028

**Art & Soul**  
artandsoulms.com  
2209 5th St. | Meridian  
601.917.4417

**Art Connection**  
3813 8th St. | Meridian  
601.453.5433

**Arts Natchez Gallery**  
artsnatchez.com  
425 Main St. | Natchez  
601.442.0043

**Conner Burns Studio**  
connerburns.com  
209 Franklin St. | Natchez  
601.446.6334

**Rolland Golden Gallery**  
rollandgoldengallery.com  
419 Main St. | Natchez  
601.304.5500

**Natchez Clay**  
natchezclay.com  
101 Clifton Ave. | Natchez

601.660.2375

**Echoes Gallery**

107 N. Pearl St. | Natchez

601.445.2345

**Brodeur Gallery**

107 N. Commerce St. | Natchez

508.579.3571

**M. Schon Gallery**

mschon.com

415 Main St. | Natchez

601.304.3684

**Natchez Fine Framing & Art Gallery**

518 Main St. | Natchez

601.446.9345

**Stone Gallery**

804 Washington St. | Natchez

601.897.0315

Appointment Only

**Mississippi Craft Center**

mcraft.org

950 Rice Rd. | Ridgeland

601.856.7546

**View Gallery**

viewgalleryart.com

1107 Highland Colony Pkwy #105 | Ridge-land

601.856.2001

**Millet Studio & Gallery**

www.markmillet.com

167f Moore St. | Ridgeland

601.856.5901

**G. Williams Gallery**

gwilliamsgallery.com

207 W Jackson St. | Ridgeland

601.605.8000

**Ka Pottery Studio**

Appointment Only

kapottterystudio.com

506 Shirley Sanford Rd. | Seminary

601.722.4948

**Greater Starkville Development Part-nership (GSDP) – Art gallery**

starkville.org

200 E Main St. | Starkville

662.323.3322

**Natchez Brewing Company**

www.natchezbrew.com

413 Franklin St. | Natchez

**Sweetgum Brewing Company**

www.sweetgumbrewing.com

Starkville



**Natchez Farmers Market**

199 St. Catherine St. | Natchez

601.442.4648

**Amite County Farmers Market**

Cotton Gin in Liberty | Liberty

225.235.8279

**Krickets Market**

2849 Hwy 49 | Collins

601.765.8064

**Mississippi Farmers Market**

msfarmersmarket.com

929 High St. | Jackson

601.354.6573

**Earth's Bounty Farmers Market**

meridianmainstreet.com

2120 A 5th St. | Meridian

601.693.7480

Debbie Delshad

**Meridian Area Farmers Market**

Front St. | Meridian

601.644.3698

**Brookhaven Farmer's Market**

Downtown @ Railroad Park | Brookhaven

601.835.3460

**Livingston Farmers Market**

Hwy 463 & Hwy 22 | Madison

601.707.7789

**Choctaw Farmers Market**

Blackjack Rd. | Choctaw

601.656.2070

**Neshoba County Farmers Market**

Highway 16 East | Philadelphia

601.656.4602

**Noxubee County Farmers Market**

16295 Highway 45 | Macon

662.726.9929 | 662.549.1721

**Starkville Community Market**

visitstarkville.org/market

Jackson & Lampkin St. | Starkville

662.323.3322

**Magnolia Farmers Market**

Downtown @ Railroad | Magnolia

601.341.5340

**McComb Farmers Market**

212 Railroad Blvd. | McComb

601.684.8599

**Scott County Farmers Market**

403 Hill St. | Forest

**Tylertown Farmers Market**

co.walthall.ms.us/farmers-market.html

116 South Railroad Ave. | Tylertown

410.693.7701

**Woodville Farmers Market**

Courthouse Square | Woodville

601.888.7690



20,000+	15,000+	10,000+
Biloxi	Gautier	Bay St. Louis
Gulfport	Laurel	Diamondhead
Hattiesburg	Long Beach	Moss Point
Pascagoula	Ocean Springs	Petal
		Picayune



**University of Southern Mississippi** | Hattiesburg  
**William Carey University** | Hattiesburg  
**Southeastern Baptist College** | Laurel

**A ART WALK/GROUP**

**Art Can Change Everything**

artcanchangeeverything.com

**First Fridays**

Historic Downtown | Biloxi

**Second Saturdays**

Downtown | Bay St. Louis

**Live @ Five**

**Every Friday in April and October**

Downtown | Hattiesburg

**First Saturday Art Market**

Downtown | Ocean Springs

**M ART/MUSIC MUSEUM**

**Lauren Rogers Museum of Art**

Irma.org

565 N 5th Ave. | Laurel

601.649.6374

**Ohr-O'Keefe Museum of Art**

georgeohr.org

386 Beach Blvd. | Biloxi

228.374.5547

**Walter Anderson Museum of Art**

walterandersonmuseum.org

510 Washington Ave. | Ocean Springs

228.872.3164

**Alice Moseley Folk Art and Antique Museum**

alicemoseley.com

1928 Depot Way #2 | Bay St. Louis

228.467.9223

**G GALLERY**

**Gallery 220**

220 Main St. | Bay St. Louis

228.466.6347

**Alternate Reality-Artists Gallery**

441 Main St. | Bay St. Louis

228-343-1480

**The Bonner Collection**

thebonnercollection.com

108 S Beach Blvd. | Bay St. Louis

228.467.9333

**Bay Arts Center**

bayartscenter.com

833 Highway 90 | Bay St. Louis

228.467.2110

**Clay Creations**

220 Main St. | Bay St. Louis

228.466.6347

**Gemini Gallery**

264 Washington St. | Bay St. Louis

228.216.1692

Lori Gordon Katrina Collection

220 Main St. | Bay St. Louis

228.342.0877

**Maggie May's**

126 Main St. | Bay St. Louis

228.463.1670

**Dusti Bonge Art Foundation**

dustibonge.org

132 Rue Magnolia | Biloxi

228.432.7660

**Prima Donna**

134 Rue Magnolia | Biloxi

228.365.4939

**Mississippi Craft Center-  
Fine Art Gallery**

mcrafts.org

128 Rue Magnolia | Biloxi

228.207.0357

**Negrotto's Gallery**

negrottogallery.com

2645 Executive Place | Biloxi

228.388.8822

**Gallery 782 Co-Art**

gallery782.org

782 Water St. | Biloxi

228.436.7782

**The Side Porch Gallery & Gifts**

953 A Howard Ave. | Biloxi

228.374.9504

**Artwistic Revolution**

319 2nd St. | Columbia

**Magnolia Framing & Art Gallery**

2002 Highway 90 | Gautier

228.497.2211

**Gulfport Galleria of Fine Art**

gulfportgalleria.com

1401 23rd Ave. | Gulfport

228.868.0705

**Bella Blue Art Studio and Gallery**

2200 20th St. | Gulfport

228.822.2008

**Landers Fine Art & Framing**

1228 E Pass Rd. | Gulfport

228.604.2035

**Oddfellows Gallery**



oddfellowsgallery.com  
119 East Front St. | Hattiesburg  
601.544.5777

**South Mississippi Art Association**

southmsart.org  
P.O. Box 15713 | Hattiesburg  
601-584-1000

**A Gallery**

134 E Front St. | Hattiesburg  
601.584.6785

**Hattiesburg Arts Council**

hattiesburgartscouncil.org  
723 N Main St. | Hattiesburg  
601.583.6005

**Art\*cetera**

6628 U.S. 98 | Hattiesburg  
601.602.2853

**Artworks Gallery**

405 Short 7th Ave. | Laurel  
601.425.3749

**Caboose Art Gallery**

608 W Railroad St. | Long Beach  
228.865.1056

**Shearwater Pottery**

shearwaterpottery.com  
102 Shearwater Dr. | Ocean Springs  
228.875.7320

**The Art House**

921 Cash Alley | Ocean Springs  
228.875.9285

**Ocean Springs Art Association**

ceanspringsartassociation.org  
921 Cash Alley | Ocean Springs  
228.875.9285

**Moran's Art Studio**

moransart.com  
1210 Bienville Blvd. | Ocean Springs  
228.818.8290

**Realizations**

walterandersonart.com  
1000 Washington Ave. | Ocean Springs  
228.875.0503

**Theresa's Gallery**

1016 Government St. | Ocean Springs  
228.875.0304

**Local Color Gallery**

1151 Robinson Ave. | Ocean Springs  
228.875.7558

**Sekul's Pottery & Gallery**

http://sekulsart.com/  
1316 Government St. | Ocean Springs  
228.369.3637

**The Pink Rooster Gallery**

pinkrooster.net

622 Washington Ave. | Ocean Springs  
228.665.5222

**Backwater Studio**

backwaterstudio.com  
700 Tabor St. | Waveland  
228.254.0284

**Br BREWERY**

**Crooked Letter Brewing Company**

Tour: Sat. | 1pm-3pm  
crookedletterbrewing.com  
1805 Government St. | Ocean Springs  
228.238.1414

**Chandeleur Brewing Company**

chandeleurbrew.com  
2711 14th St. | Gulfport  
228.701.9985

**Lazy Magnolia Brewing Company**

Tour: Thurs - Fri 4pm, 5pm, & 6pm Sat.  
11am, 12pm, 1pm, 2pm, 3pm, & 4pm  
lazymagnolia.com  
7030 Roscoe-Turner Rd. | Kiln  
228.467.2727

**Mississippi Brewing Company**

mississippibrewing.com  
13247 Seaway Rd. | Gulfport  
228.323.1336

**Southern Prohibition  
Brewing Company**

Tour: Friday 4-6pm  
soprobrewing.com  
301 Mobile St. | Hattiesburg

**S PUBLIC  
SKATE PARK**

**Pascagoula Skatepark  
@ I.G. Levy Memorial Park**  
7am-8:30pm  
3900 Chicot St. | Pascagoula

**Petal Skatepark**

7am-7pm  
Hillcrest Loop | Petal

**F FARMERS  
MARKET**

**East Jerusalem Farmer's Market**

paffpetal.com  
1009 Rebecca St. | Hattiesburg  
601.582.0909 | 601.606.8785

**Downtown Hattiesburg  
Farmers Market**

hattiesburgfarmersmarket.com  
Town Square Park | Hattiesburg

601.527.6141

**Forrest County Farmers Market**

Corinne St. | Hattiesburg  
601.583.9954 | 601.545.6083

**Greene Co. Farmers Market**

Hwy 63 N | Leaksville  
601.394.8763

**Our New Farmers Market**

628 Hwy 90 | Waveland  
228.860.8620

**Charles R. Hedgewood Biloxi Farmers  
Market**

biloxi.ms.us/pr  
Howard Ave. | Biloxi  
228.435.6281

**D'Iberville Farmers Market**

10383 Automall Pwy. | D'Iberville  
228.392.9734

**Gulfport Harbor Market**

1070 23rd Ave. | Gulfport  
228.257.2496

**City of Gulfport Farmers Market**

1300 21st Ave. | Gulfport  
228.860.4444

**Long Beach Farmers Market**

realfoodgulfcoast.org  
126 Jeff Davis Ave. | Long Beach  
228.234.8732

**The Pass Market**

War Memorial Park | Pass Christian  
228.297.3040

**Ocean Springs Fresh Market**

oceanspringsfreshmarket.com  
1000 Washington Ave. | Ocean Springs  
228.257.2496

**Jackson County Farmers Market**

Jackson County Fairgrounds | Pascagoula  
228.762.6043

**Pascagoula Farmer's Market**

Victory Lot - Pascagoula St. | Pascagoula  
228.938.6639

**Downtown Laurel Farmers Market**

Front & Oak St. | Laurel  
601.433.3255

**Pearl River Market**

229 Second St. | Columbia  
601.736.1170

**Stone County Farmers Market**

735 Hall St. | Wiggins  
601.928.5286





