

THE

# ANTENNA



September, 2007

FREE

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

EDITOR AND CREATIVE DIRECTOR: DANIEL BRENNAN

WRITERS: JENN BELL, JESSICA LUCAS, CONOR MCGUIGAN, AMY MCKIERNAN, SARA SUTTER, DAVID ZARKO, AND JOHN "FUD" ZAVACKI

COVER: "BIRD DIG" ARTWORK BY BRIAN LANGAN

PHOTOS: JASON RIEDMILLER, JOEL SHEAKOSKI, RYAN WARD, AND ZAK ZAVADA

ILLUSTRATIONS: JASON CORDARO, KRISTIN FIALKO, SETH ROBINSON, AND KRISTEN LEONARD

LAYOUT: DANIEL BRENNAN

CALENDAR DESIGN: BILL ORNER



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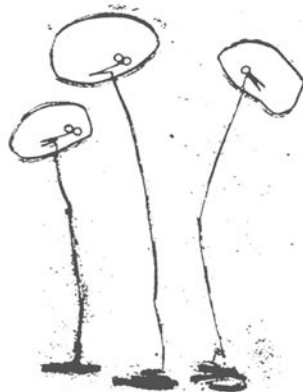
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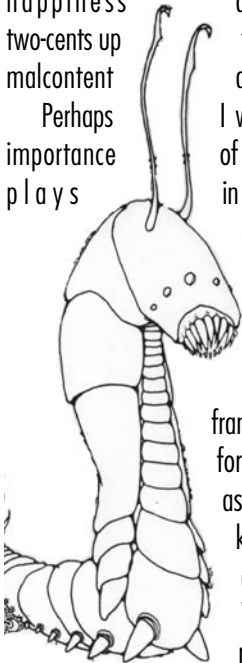
# High Voltage

September is here. The weather is changing. Fall is fast approaching (my favorite time of year), and

my mood elevates steadily as the turn of the foliage, crisp autumn evenings, apple harvests and Halloween approach with each setting sun. However, contentment will hardly help me to produce effective and thought provoking journalism, so I am going to have to remind myself of irritating things in order to write candidly about important social concerns—i.e. screaming children outside my window, Shorten Homes commercials, people who order food whilst on their phones, a glitch that ruins an otherwise promising pinball game. Okay, I think I'm there. I will try, as hard as it may be, to keep my happiness

two-cents up  
malcontent

Perhaps  
importance  
plays



at bay, while I offer my to the gods of art-house and societal unrest.

I will attempt to restate the of the role the creative class in the continued citywide redevelopment effort.

Now, before you turn the page in disgust bleating a random expletive and begin frantically scanning the pages for something fresh and new, ask yourself if you truly know how the community at large views their city. What happens when you mention "revitalization" or

"the arts" to your friends and family? Does it incite discussion, dismissive eye rolls, or perhaps a rant that would put Michael Richards' stand-up diatribe to shame? There is, I believe, an explanation for why many Scranton residents adhere to the age-old tradition of bashing the city. I'm going to attempt to explain the inexplicable: why many locals are unwilling to accept a new paradigm and just why Scranton's underground arts culture can help sway their opinions...maybe.

As anyone who was born and raised in Scranton knows, as well as anyone who has lived within its boundaries, locals have often taken a liking to verbally deriding their city, casting aspersions left and right, without considering how their actions might negatively affect the community or local economy. In fact, there are those who wear their dissatisfaction with the government and the city like a badge of honor. People will complain about everything from potholes to politics, and, too be honest, they were for years justified in doing so, due simply to the fact that nothing else would bind the community together like a good-old bitch session about the dismal state of affairs in Scranton. I know—I was one of the miserable masses throwing stones and contributing nothing but continued gloom and griping. Not a particularly proud tradition, but it is one that has persevered despite the progress that has been made.

Now, I'm not going to stand on this prodigious soapbox and extol the virtues of blissful, reticent ignorance; I think we need to gripe and complain. Where would we be without the naysayers? Allow me to quote the fictitious mayor of New York in

Ghostbusters II: "Being miserable and treating other people like dirt is every New Yorker's God-given right!" Replace New Yorker with Scrantonian, and this is a principle that I wholeheartedly believe in. Misery, as they say, loves company, which is why many Scranton natives revel in the idea that they live in a community of complainers and haters. Scrantonians seem to possess a peculiar quality that enables them to appreciate just how miserable they are compared to the rest of the world, which if you take a good look, is infinitely more downtrodden than we could ever hope to be.

I, however, have strayed outside the beaten path. After observing similar patterns of behavior in other like-minded people, I've turned my anger and frustration into fuel for my creative endeavors. The emerging creative class in Scranton is full of individuals who no longer consider Scranton a lost cause, but a place of opportunity, a place where art and artists can thrive and help create a new identity for the city. Scranton has experienced growth and economic development, but the most significant advance the city has made is the acceptance of a growing number of these creative types into the community.

These artists, however, should expect to be met with an air of skepticism, seeing as how they threaten an indefatigable faith, held by many indigenous Scrantonians, in the city to fail to meet expectations. Though, without that negative attitude, Scranton would not be Scranton, and the artists, who thrive on cynicism and dissatisfaction, would have little fodder to create anything impressionable. (That is just my opinion, of course, but frankly, since I cannot know your opinion without actually speaking to you, I'm going to continue as if my opinion were the only one that mattered and you were simply an insignificant peon in my imaginary kingdom of discontent.)

I am a firm believer in the notion that the residents of any city in this country put way too much stock

in government, and if the city has failed to meet expectations, the citizens have simply failed to act appropriately. Again, my opinions seem determined to run rampant all over the page; however, who can deny that so many of us create our own misery and thrive on conflict? Creative types mitigate their anger by making art; most people take their anger out on other people. Personally, I'd prefer a poem, a song, a painting, or anything other than another senseless rant about potholes, parking, or politics. Personally, I can tune them all out, but art makes an impression, whether good or bad. Artists possess the ability to make a statement without any irritating banter, and their artwork can be infinitely more effective for promoting positive change.

The creative underground has acted and continues to act as a rejuvenating elixir (like the red potion in *Zelda*), and venues like Test Pattern have kindled local intrigue for the arts. I have received emails from people as far away as Baltimore expressing their interest in the local arts scene, asking how they can contribute. Therein lies the most important quality possessed by every artist in terms of development: the ability to create a buzz and generate intrigue. The more support they get, the more buzz they will create. These are young creative thinkers and entrepreneurs who can spread the word that something exciting is happening in this city. So, my closing words will be for those miserable masses who would downplay anything positive about Scranton: Try venturing outside of your haze of disgruntled dissatisfaction and truly look at what your city has to offer.

**Dan Brennan**  
**Editor**

***Dan wants your letters and money for The Antenna, so contact him...please. You may email him at [tumblingcucumbers@gmail.com](mailto:tumblingcucumbers@gmail.com).***

# FLUID ART

Imagine the voice of a legendary, heroic archer. Reverberations of ancient times and virtues roar forth from his rippling chest. Perhaps he is part beast...

I have no idea what the voice of a legendary, heroic archer sounds like, however, the SW!MS—local to Scranton at Prison Jazz Records, psych-pop-rockers, virtual archers, visual inundators—are the next best thing. The SW!MS are a strip of light in a dark room of a past that never existed. They're a pool of blood on Gramma's periwinkle sofa. Or, they're Zelda playing Penelope's harp high on LSD.

The SW!MS are playing all around town and approaching their fifth album, *ItemLord*, in 2008. They create a whole experience for their audience and community via catchy tunes, colorful videos, extraordinary promotional materials, and any other artwork

Brian Langan,  
dream-



*photo courtesy of Joel Sheakoski*

-catcher extraordinaire, and the guys put forth. "I try to make music that makes people happy. We put on a fun live show where people can dance and participate in ridiculous activities, so, even if they don't care for the music, they can at least have some fun looking at what's going on around them."

The SW!MS have a keen sense of what's going on around them in Scranton and speak highly of it as a home, a hub, and an inspiration. For Brian, the local artistic community has been a great source of motivation. "Seeing Scranton's culture grow a lot since I started playing music keeps me motivated. Living here makes me happy and positive, which is important for my crafting." Perhaps Scranton, a familiar place and small enough city to retain a relaxing pace, works well to ground the SW!MS amidst their fantastic pilgrimages and cornucopic visions.

Despite the passion the SW!MS hold for Scranton's art scene, they warn to keep tide levels in check lest the scene drowns the city, or as Brian so sagely stated, "Just because you can string a bow doesn't make you an ace archer." Furthermore,

"It's obvious to Scrantonians that there are an impressive number of great acts in this city. Some are incredible, but we need to be careful. People are starting to get the mentality that every new band and every new artist from Scranton is just as amazing as the last." Perhaps Brian worries that with so much zealotry for the growing art community, the more outstanding acts and the standards of the general audience will be washed away. If we see that the community's enthusiasm overcompensates for bad form, we

need to have the confidence in our city and work to compete and critique as well as create.

Not entirely pessimistic about the flood, the SW!MS also see the promise of rainbows in the artistic multitudes. "The good part is that so many people are equipping guitars and pencils and that just increases the chance that some really great stuff is being conjured." Brian and the SW!MS trust in Scranton's loads of talent, in their talent, and that all will be recognized for all eternity.

**Sara Sutter**

***The SW!MS will be playing on Sep. 14th at Crash Mansion, NYC and on September 22nd at Cafe Metropolis, Wilkes-Barre. Also, for stimulation of many senses and upcoming shows, check them out on MySpace or <http://prisonjazz.com>.***



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# You Have To Listen To Pay

Far be it from me to pass judgment on anyone. I am a bon-fide ass, and I know it. However, I do have my areas of expertise, one of which, in my estimation (and probably ONLY mine), is writing songs. Oooo, I have written some STINKERS, boy! I can still smell some of the tunes I wrote when I was fifteen! But I think I've written my share of damned good Rock-N-Rollers, too.

There is a slew of young bands that are blasting onto the scene, both locally and on the world circuit. Some of them are fan-freaking-tastic, others, not so much. Here's why I think the good ones are good and the bad ones never stood a chance: it all boils down to homework. When I was an up-and-comer, I listened voraciously to everything I could get my hands on—The Beatles, Blackfoot, Julian Bream, Christopher Parkening, W.A.S.P., The Damned, The Chieftains, The Sweet, Queen, Warren Zevon, the list is endless. Even though at the time I was simply trying to satisfy a relentless urge to hear everything ever recorded, in retrospect, it was the beginning of my education.

My next homework lesson was cover bands. Yeah, yeah, cover bands get a bad rap. They have been called names like “whores” and “sellouts” by the hipster original crowd (and ONLY the most effete and generally least talented of them, too), and people tend to think they lack the talent to write their own stuff. Well, as an alumni of the cover band crowd, let me tell you, for a big chunk of the time I was playing other peoples music, I COULDN'T write my own! Want to know how I learned? By PLAYING OTHER PEOPLES MUSIC!!

The problem with a lot of the younger bands today, and part of the reason so many of the more popular young acts sound so much alike, is that they never actually put in the time and paid the dues

that are crucial to being a decent song writer. There are some with a God given gift for it, yes, but even they have sources they delve into for inspiration. There is no reason to believe that if you go back to the well you can't draw fresh water. I'm not here to discourage any young songwriters or to laud my superiority over those who jump in feet first, but it seems to me that if you do the prerequisite toiling in the beginning, you can spare yourself the release of music you'll eventually either be ashamed of or, at the very least, never want to listen to again yourself.

So, to any and all who think I might have an inkling of what I'm talking about, here, I have some advice for you. Go to a record store (Embassy Vinyl is one I recommend fervently) and go through the bins. Don't look for names or songs you know, buy something because of the cover art. Might be a stinker, might be something you never dreamed could be so amazing in a million years. After you pick out a few



*Photo by Jason Riedmiller*



random albums, go up to the man at the counter (Embassy's RJ is a veritable musical encyclopedia for the record. Oh! A pun!), ask him for some recommendations—something new, old, weird, or something from a genre you never thought you'd have an interest in—and pick one or two from each.

Take your purchases home and DO YOUR HOMEWORK! Listen to them all the way through, turning them over when side one plays out, if you are truly hip. Then, step two in your assignment, learn a few of the songs that truly catch your ear. Play them just for jollies or introduce them to your group as a one-off cover tune. I promise, the more you play them, the less they will sound like Rory Gallagher or The Outlaws and more like your own band. You can't have a style until you've absorbed as many others as is humanly possible.

Take my advice, young bloods; there ain't nothing

new under the sun except you. So do as Uncle Fuddy recommends, actually, DEMANDS, and expand your horizons. If all you can see is what's shown to you, you will never know what you can find if you actively seek something else out. I am only passing this guarded information along for one reason. I, myself, like to hear amazing new music, so get off your asses and get yourself schooled. Besides, according to my lifelong friend and Punk Rock Goddess, Bertha Christ, every second Friday is "Make an Emo kid cry day," and dudes, she's the braud for the job.

Rock on. I mean it. Uncle Fuddy only wants what's best for his younguns.

**John "Fud" Zavacki**

***Fud will be recording new music in the near future. He says it will be good, and I believe him. Look for it at Embassy Vinyl!***

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# *Business* or **PLEASURE** ?

I cannot explain where I am today without talking about Test Pattern. Every time someone asks how I got the commission I am currently working on, my first response is luck. Then, I go back to August 2004: I was working in a fine jewelry store. I had a studio in my parents' basement, and all I wanted to do was make little enamel pendants with weird wire drawings on them. From my retail experience, I knew what these little guys would sell for, and I had figured out how many I needed to sell to keep a roof over my head and whiskey in my bloodstream. I was just sort of waiting until I cared about health insurance and apartments and getting on with my post art school life. I had watched all my friends get 9-5 jobs, figure out what business casual was, and lament how they had to get back into their art. I just didn't want to do that.

I remember one night I was on my way into the bog—cause there I was definitely going to figure out what business casual was—and I glanced across the street. The guy with the puppets was in an empty storefront with a push broom. Was this part of a new act? I had come across Conor McGuigan on rooftops, on the street with his record player, and his bit on "Wordster" made him a genius in my eyes. One day when he and his record player were playing outside the bog, an older gentleman pointed out that the space across the street was for rent. A few phone calls later, and Conor had the keys. It would be a place for Conor to stage his plays and for friends to show art.

After two months of friends and family cleaning

and scraping and painting, Test Pattern hung its first show. Michael Coolbaugh and Jay Cordaro filled the walls with their work, and pieces were hung on top of the now notorious and covered shelves and no one minded. Conor played records and snapped pictures and managed to greet everybody who had come out. We drank wine from 6 oz McDonald's cups that Conor's dad had donated. Someone once commented on the hilarity of driving by and seeing a whole crowd of people drinking from tiny cups. It didn't matter. The \$10 reading lamps, rigged to the fluorescent fixtures to provide lighting for the artwork fell into the background (as did the cords that connected all of them). What wasn't in the background was the gutted TV asking for donations. Placed on the bar where jug wine was the house libation and Jack McGuigan tended, the TV tipped its antenna to the gallery's name, but by replacing the screen with whatever he wanted, Conor took over our viewing pleasure.

Conor stopped me at The Bog one night and asked if I wanted to hang some work with my friend Jason in January. Then I remembered that all I wanted to do was make tiny pendants that hang on people's necks. Can I have a double? Before I left school I had taken my pendant obsession and made a larger version on squares. The finished product looked like a tile that could hang on walls, and I thought I would do that for fun—to have a show, to have a goal, to think about as I was fitting cranky women with diamonds. Come January, Jason and I were the fourth show. The week before the opening we




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***September marks three years of plays, art, music, and parties. The list of people who helped make Test Pattern happen has grown, and the list of people who express themselves within continues to grow.***

were in and out of the gallery. I've always loved being in galleries when the show was in transition, but at this particular one, I felt like I was part of something bigger, and at the same time, something very intimate, something that a small group of people were making happen. The next night I drove myself to the gallery thinking, if I crash they will find me with the crock-pot of bourbon cocktail weenies (we had a hot dog theme) all over me.

The trolley came around and dropped people off and Conor ran down to the AFA gallery (at this point I had no idea what AFA was) to tell people to come down, and they did; people were lovely and complimentary. I calmed down and met many people who I call my friends today. Then Conor came up to me with a red marker and said his parents wanted to buy one of my tiles. Seriously? And then he drew a dot on the label—my first dot, which was also Test Pattern's first dot. Then everybody started buying, and Conor didn't stop moving. Jason sold some, and I sold some. It was first hand experience for all of us as to how the whole artist gallery thing worked. My pendant obsession seemed to find a way to do what I wanted it to—buy me drinks. Conor's space had given them (me) the opportunity. Cheers to that.

Plays in the basement, political rallies, and poetry readings now had a place and an audience. Acoustic sets upstairs, rock shows in the basement, and dance parties both impromptu and planned. The window at

the front, along with the stage that had been scraped and refinished, became a place to recite poems, lay back and relax, or post your signs. The basement transformed into a theater with a season of plays that were utterly brilliant, completely ridiculous, and superbly Conor. The space also gave many more visual artists the opportunity to show and sell their work.

During this time, the First Friday gallery walk was beginning to take on new life, and Test Pattern was the place to end up at. The crowd ran the age spectrum, and there was always plenty of wine and opinions. Test Pattern started to support itself and Conor left his barista position to have day time gallery hours and more time for what was turning out to be a business, a business without heat, but a business—another fact that seemed a slight inconvenience, but I always thought it meant you didn't need a coat rack.

At the end of 2005, Conor wanted to pursue other ideas. He organized a retrospective, and all the visual artists got to strut their strokes together. New Year's Eve would be the last party of Conor's Test Pattern. A giant sign hung in the front window naming everyone who had made it all happen. The doors were shut for only a month, and Test pattern was reopened by a group of seven; I was one of them. We all wanted the space to continue and thought the group was a way of dividing the work load and financial stuff. With seven visual artists on board, the main focus, we boarded up the shelves and called Conor to find out exactly how he had rigged up those reading lamps. He also passed down the TV donation box, and a coat of white paint later, our group was learning how much fun creative minds were when they got together.

All the activities continued, with the drawing socials becoming a weekly event and the poetry readings gathering more and more steam. Rock shows moved upstairs, as did most performances. My studio

was in the basement, and the red room—Conor’s apartment for a minute—was turned into a lounge. Conor had established the space as having the edgiest art around, and we kept up with that, adding a few professors and out-of-towners to the mix. However, a year after the first reincarnation, three of us left to pursue other ideas and five more came on, including the return of Conor. The basement received a makeover that has turned it into a truly unique performance venue hosting rock shows, acoustic evenings and plays. The fine art continues, and this little rag grew from “Ya know what we should do?” to become a force of it’s own.

The impact of Test Pattern is only starting to be seen. As I push forward with my work, I can’t talk about where I am without mentioning the community I stumbled into. I try to not think about where I would be today if I hadn’t had that opportunity, that push to hang something on a wall. Test Pattern gave

an entire community a space to show each other more than our choice of beer. September marks three years of plays, art, music, and parties. The list of people who helped make Test Pattern happen has grown, and the list of people who express themselves within continues to grow. A handful of artists have the priceless experience of running a venue, and I can’t help thinking of the younger cats I know we’re affecting. Then I remember Conor in that empty storefront with a push broom and an idea, and I thank you, sir, for sharing that idea.

**Jenn Bell**

***Visit [www.JennBell.com](http://www.JennBell.com) to learn more about Jenn and her art things. Jenn is an active artist within the city and she continues to sell her art through local galleries and businesses.***



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"If you can make your instrument talk and have something to say, you need to be heard." That's the attitude that Patrick Harper and Dolores Hippler have about their company PocoNotes and the Scranton music scene. "For us, it's all about respect," says Dolores, "we want to focus on the idea that live music is best appreciated in an environment where it's about listening to the artist perform," a refreshing thought in sharp contrast with the current situation in the music industry today, where it's mostly about what will sell and who can sell the most the quickest. "We look at the live music experience as an opportunity for artistic expression to happen," says Pat of the driving philosophy behind their company, "for the audience to experience something that didn't happen last night and won't happen exactly the same way tomorrow night."

Pat and Dolores first conceived of PocoNotes in late 2001. "We had the desire to do something that we felt would make the world a better place for some time, particularly after the events of Sept. 11, 2001. I happened to work at the World Trade Center," says Pat. "We've been known to say that the idea for PocoNotes was conceived in the stairwell of Tower 2 of the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001, as Pat was making his way out of the building...for the last time," said Dolores; however, it took them a little while to decide exactly what it was they could do to improve the world. Both Dolores and Pat are big live music fans, but they felt that the current state of live music is not what it used to be back when they were kids in the 60's. "People of our generation have stopped going out to concerts for a variety of reasons," said Dolores, "several of which I was reminded of at a concert that we attended just this

# Musicians for Musicians

past weekend. While the vibe was, generally, a good one, it's the excesses—crowds, substances, ticket prices—that have people deciding that television re-runs are a far less intimidating option."

Their "epiphany" as Dolores put it, happened at the Moscow County Fair as they huddled under a tent with a large group of people all trying to get out of the rain and listening to artist Richie Havens. "When that artist performed an a cappella version of Pink Floyd's "On the Turning Away," we knew that our mission was to bring good music and good people together in an environment where each received the respect due them," so they set out to change the world by producing music events that retained the good-vibes of live music, but let the excesses, especially in ticket pricing, fall by the wayside.

In February of 2006, six months after Hurricane Katrina had ravaged the Gulf Coast, Pat and Dolores saw their first opportunity to make a difference. "We hired two bands from New Orleans...one with a record deal and one without. Flew the band that didn't have a record deal to Scranton, put them up in the Hilton for a few days, had them perform at the baseball game, the Courthouse Square, the Mall and at the Mellow Theater in Scranton," explained Pat. The performance on July 15, 2006 at the Mellow Theater was a benefit concert, "From NOLA to NEPA," and the two bands were The Subdudes, a nationally known New Orleans band, and The Storyville Stompers Brass Band, who actually played and marched through downtown Scranton all the way to The Bog where they played another full set that night. "We made some lifetime friends in The Storyville Stompers Brass Band," said Dolores, and thus, their first go

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around was a success.

Following the benefit concert, Pat and Dolores hosted another big event this summer with Oteil and the Peacemakers, featuring Oteil Burbridge, the bass player from The Allman Brothers Band, along with Hot Tuna, and now they are working on small, intimate concerts with a series called "Hear 'Em at The Hideout," which will feature musicians and instructors that pass through Fur Peace Ranch, a musicians retreat. "It's in the same vein as a "listening room," says Dolores, "it'll be an opportunity for our friends and neighbors in and around the area to hear (the

***"This company embodies the very way we lead our every day of lives, with integrity, compassion, generosity, hope, courage, strength, and on occasion, Advil!"***

operative word) these awesome musicians in a 200-seat venue at an incredibly reasonable ticket price." Dolores says that the idea for this particular project came mostly from their own want to hear music close to home, as they live in Lake Ariel where the concerts are being produced.

However, like most musicians, Dolores and Pat had, and still have, day jobs that they have to keep to live. "PocoNotes is something that we do in addition to having full-time jobs, so that means every night, every weekend all our vacation days are spent trying to make music happen in northeastern Pennsylvania," says Pat of their busy schedule. "There are just two of us doing everything, and it

can truly be overwhelming sometimes. While we've learned how to do twelve things at a time, we're still struggling with doing [them] while being in four different places at once," explains Dolores. They cite their jobs in the corporate world as being an asset to PocoNotes, and not only financially. "We're not in the music industry, and we've never produced concerts before...but we've 'done stuff,'" explain Pat and Dolores. "Hey, you can't have worked in Corporate America for the past four decades and not accomplished a thing or two. We're just learning to use the same skills to perform different tasks."

Still, Pat and Dolores cite one major problem as they begin this small company: communication. "There are many struggles...one is knowing how to get the information out to everyone," said Dolores. "We realize that not every show is going to appeal to everyone. We just want to know that we've given everyone a chance to make that decision though." Pat seconded her response, "when people come up to us after one of our events, they are truly affected by the experience. There are many repeat attendees at our events, but we're focused on artists with whom the public at large might not be familiar. So, we have to get people to understand that if we bring in an artist of whom they have not heard, they can trust that we'll expose them to something of top quality." And it is quality and reputation that Pat and Dolores seemed to be the most focused on when it comes to the PocoNotes name. "This company embodies the very way we lead our every day of lives, with integrity, compassion, generosity, hope, courage, strength, and on occasion, Advil! We're pretty proud of that; it's what we're giving back," says Dolores. PocoNotes also wants to give back to musicians in the Scranton area where they firmly believe the scene is growing in the right direction. "There's an abundance of excellent local talent and too few venues to showcase them all," says Dolores. "We

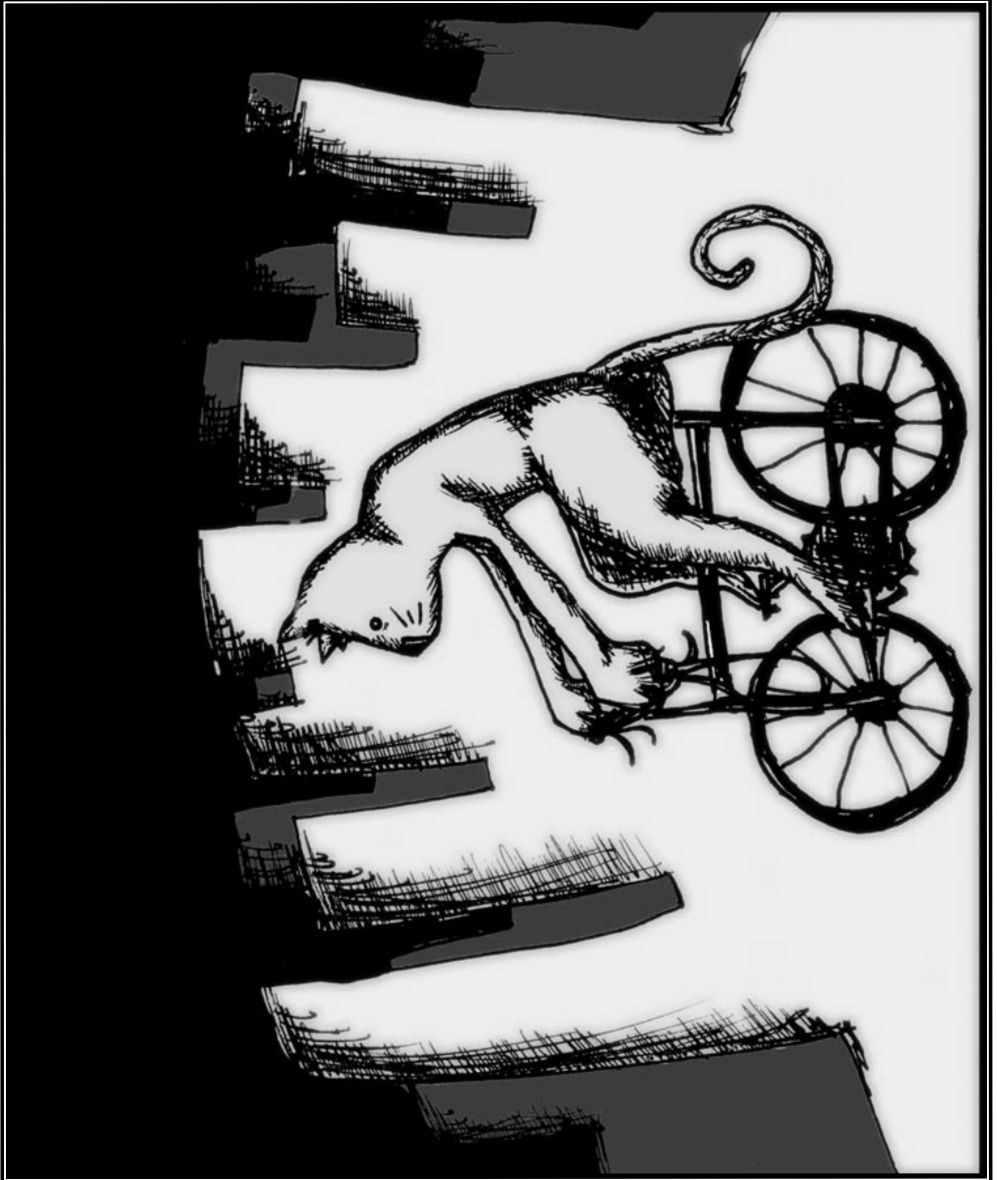




Illustration by Kristin Fialko

<http://porcelynivy.deviantart.com>

K R I S T E N L E O N A R D

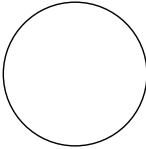


# september

## test pattern

334 adams ave.scranton, pa  
www.myspace.com/testpatternart

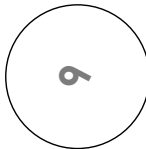
**s**



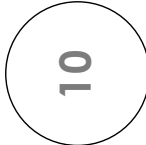
**2**

music!  
the a-sides  
brown recluse sings  
the swifns  
8pm

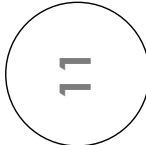
**9**



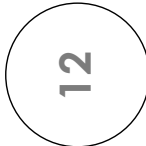
**10**



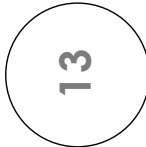
**11**



**12**



**13**



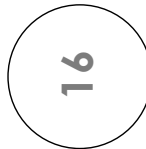
**14**

music!  
tigers jaw  
ilad  
tim williams  
8pm

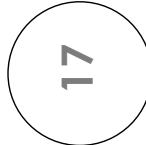
**15**

music!  
WKCV  
keystone  
college radio  
DANCE PARTY!  
9pm

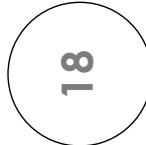
**16**



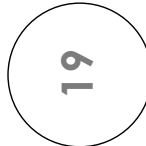
**17**



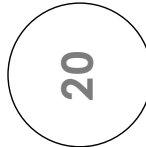
**18**



**19**



**20**



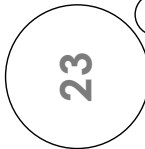
**21**

music!  
dr. horsemachine  
& the moneynotes  
cd release thing  
8pm

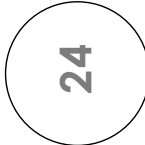
**22**

music!  
strand of oaks  
micah blue smaldone  
chiss sulheiland  
7pm (Upstairs)  
MOVIE NIGHT!  
10pm

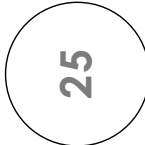
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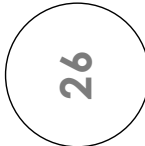
**24**



**25**



**26**



**27**



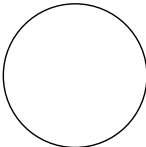
**28**

open  
mic  
poetry  
8:30pm  
no cover

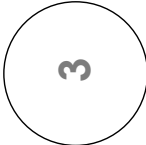
**29**

music!  
canadian invasion  
the minor white  
8pm

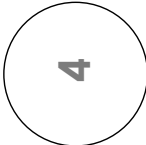
**m**



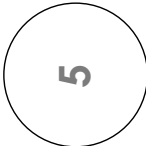
**3**



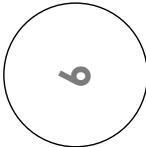
**4**



**5**



**6**



**7**

FIRST FRIDAY!  
thirdoversary  
TEST PATTERN 3RD  
ANNIVERSARY ART SHOW!  
FEAT. ART FROM  
PAVEMENT  
OWNERS

**8**

music!  
capt. we're sinking  
three man cannon  
livingston  
8pm

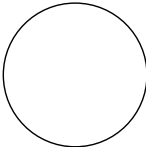
**s**

**1**  
music!  
the doses  
bad liquor pond  
herain uk  
8pm

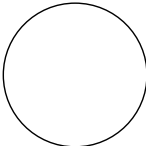
**f**

all  
shows are  
all ages  
&  
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unless noted

**t**



**w**





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absolutely want to help local artists and we'd love for them to understand that we can't do anything FOR them WITHOUT them."

Pat and Dolores really want to be a part of the bustling music scene and are confident that they have something to offer. "We'd like to be part of the reason that people make music in the Scranton area, part of the reason that people earn money making music in the Scranton area and part of the reason that people don't have to leave the Scranton area to hear or to be heard," said Pat. More specifically, PocoNotes wants to use their money to send one local musician per year to the musician's retreat, Fur Peace Ranch. This year they have selected Pat Flynn who is currently with Music for Models and The Underground Saints. "He's an incredible musician and an even better human being. We think very highly of him and are pretty pleased that he kind of likes us, too," said Dolores.

A little over a year after their first event, Pat and Dolores are forging ahead no matter what obstacles

stand in their way, and they are still focused on their initial goal of simply making the world a better place with music. They cannot, however, accomplish all their dreams for PocoNotes with just the two of them, explained Dolores. "We can do this in NEPA, so whether you're an artist, a booking agent, a music lover or a skeptic, take a chance on us. Have a cup of coffee with us and find out what we're all about for yourself. You might just decide you like us."

**Jessica Lucas**

***Jess Lucas hails from Colorado. She is a freelance writer, with a passion for music, who now resides in Scranton.***

***To learn more about PocoNotes, check out their website at [www.poconotes.com](http://www.poconotes.com) or on MySpace at [www.myspace.com/poconotes](http://www.myspace.com/poconotes).***



***Photo courtesy of PocoNotes***

# ANTENNA

THE

**NEWS  
EVENTS  
ARTWORK  
ARTICLES  
IDEAS**

[www.prunejuice.net/antenna](http://www.prunejuice.net/antenna)

**Kristen Fialko** was born & raised in Waverly, PA and graduated from Abington Heights High School in 2003. Since then she has been living in Baltimore, Maryland where she is attending MICA (Maryland Institute College of Art). She will be graduating this December with her BFA in painting and plans to pursue her fine art and illustration career starting possibly with graduate school for her MFA.

Kristin has shown her artwork in galleries in Philadelphia and Baltimore and has been commissioned for book illustrations, t-shirt designs, and album artwork for bands. Currently, she illustrated a book entitled Portions, by Washington D.C. political/ narrative writer, Sincere Kirabo. It will be available on Amazon.com in mid-October. Also, Kristin will be a featured artist in the Taiwanese art & culture magazine XFUNS for the September/October issue.



# To Make Art Happen

**B**ut, you may say, we asked you to speak about feminism and art—what has that got to do with Scranton? I will try to explain.

In the August issue of *Antenna*, Jenn Bell writes, “...I did something that made me smile. I made a list of the women who are and have been making art happen in Scranton.” First, allow me to thank Ms. Bell for gathering the names of great women in our city. This list celebrates Scranton as a place that welcomes and excites the work of talented women artists. Yet, as I consider the list, I wonder, would any of these women describe themselves or their works of art as “feminist”? Do the women in our city understand themselves as part of a movement that calls for change within society? What does it mean to be a woman who makes art happen?

At the conclusion of her article, Bell adds, “I also apologize for missing anyone.” As a feminist, I feel the weight of this apology. Although Ms. Bell directs her words to the women of Scranton, I imagine the brush strokes and compositions of so many women artists missing from our museums and bookshelves and record collections. In fact, artists have been missing from the pages of publications throughout history because they had names like Anastasia or Jennifer or Sara or Andrea. As Virginia Woolf realized in 1929, “A woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction.” In her abandonment of the soap box, Jenn Bell sheds light on a tradition that continues to take shape thanks to the work of artists, authors, and activists who have had the courage to ask, “Where are the women? Why are they missing?”

Briefly, I return to the springtime. In April of this year, *The New York Times* and *The Washington*

*Post* commented on the opening of the Brooklyn Museum’s Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art. The name of the center raised the eyebrows of art critics and journalists. These writers wondered, “Can we make room in a tradition of great artists for collections of feminist work?” Roberta Smith of *The New York Times* wrote, “Feminist art is a shorthand phrase that everyone uses, but institutionalizing such an amorphous, subjective qualifier should make us all reconsider.” Yet, *The Washington Post* seemed more comfortable with this phrase. The *Post* interviewed historians Norma Broude and Mary D. Garrard, who defined feminist art “as works that present a female perspective by offering alternatives to stereotypes, challenging gender inequities or hierarchies of value, or simply by putting issues of gender and power into play.” Finally, Peter Schjeldahl of *The New Yorker* entered the discussion with his thoughts on the tension between aesthetic value and political movement. He wrote, “The market selects art that people like to look at, whatever it may be about. This is bound to exasperate partisans of any particular aboutness, whose goal is not case-by-case approbation but blanketing justice. The conflict cannot be resolved, because the terms on the two sides—politics versus taste, virtue versus pleasure, aggrieved conviction versus disposable wealth—sail past each other.” In light of Jenn Bell’s list of women who make art happen, I thought it might be time for Scranton to join the conversation on feminism, women, movement, and art.

When I think about feminist art, I find myself most interested in the lives of women artists. Obviously, not all women identify as feminist, including many listed by Bell. Feminism refers to a



***Some may feel that public agendas limit individual success, but, rather than assume that the phrase feminist art might garner a lukewarm reception in Scranton, I want to know more about the women who make art happen here.***



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historical and political movement that seeks an end to sexist oppression (borrowed from bell hooks). Also, some artists may argue that we should not mix the business of social change with the pleasure of great artwork. Some may feel that public agendas

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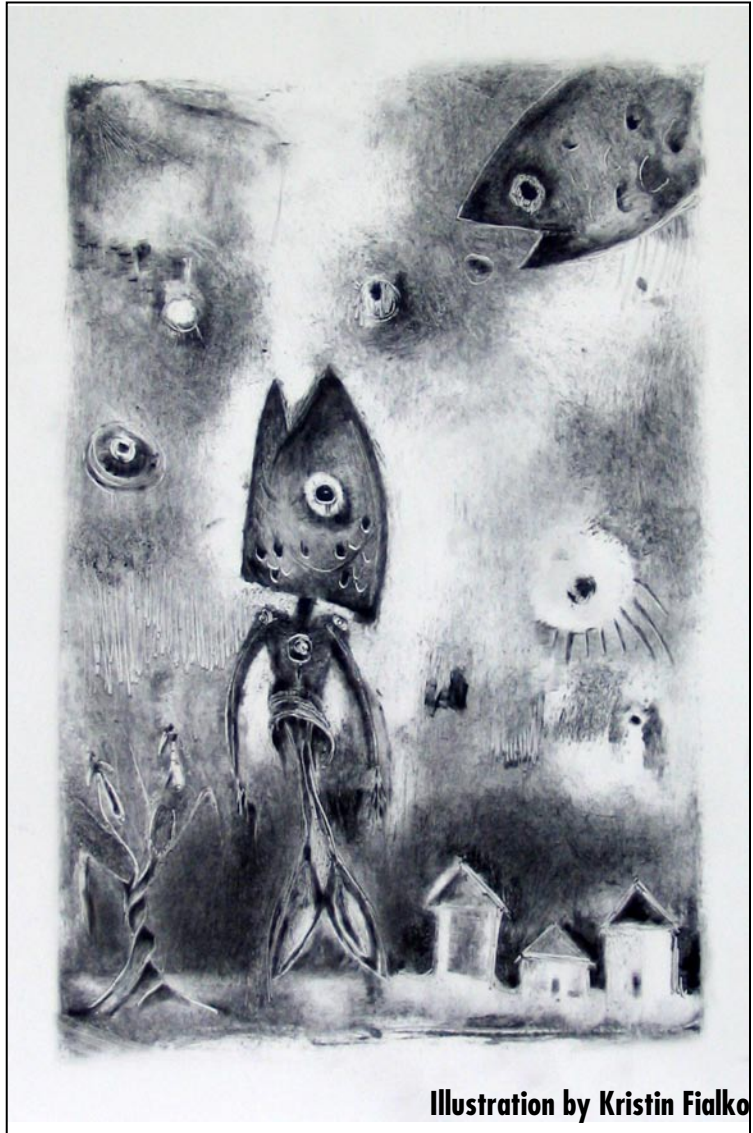
limit individual success, but, rather than assume that the phrase feminist art might garner a lukewarm reception in Scranton, I want to know more about the women who make art happen here. What do you think? Do women make art happen in our city because they envision different worlds for themselves or their children? Do women artists struggle with the decision to showcase private thoughts in public forums? Women artists, do you feel that working within a social movement stifles or arouses your creativity? Do you understand your work as feminist? Where do you write? Where do you paint? Does your kitchen table or windowsill also serve as a place for art/work? Where do you gather your thoughts? Do you write at a local coffee shop or in a nearby park? What's your favorite corner of the city?

I ask these questions because, based on Virginia Woolf's masterwork and Jenn Bell's list, we must be doing something right here. In Scranton, women make art happen. And yet, whether or not these women consider themselves feminist remains an unexplored topic. Perhaps these words might serve as a

kind of diving board for further dialogue. Women artists, what do you think?

**Amy McKiernan**

***Amy is a writer, activist, and feminist working with and counseling young women for the future. She also holds a Bachelor's in Philosophy.***



**Illustration by Kristin Fialko**



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*J.R.*

A black and white illustration of a character. The character has a round, white head with a cherry on top. Its body is a camera, and it has several tentacle-like limbs. The character is set against a large, dark, cloud-like shape.

**KRISTEN M LEONARD  
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A collage of black and white wedding photographs. The top left shows a bride and groom in formal attire. The top right shows a bride and groom walking away. The middle left shows a building, possibly a wedding venue. The bottom right shows a bride and groom laughing and holding a bouquet. The bottom left shows a bride and groom in a close embrace.

 **roblettieri**  
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**Maura Rose Calderone** loves to write, create visual art, and adventures in fashion. She’s currently learning to sew, so maybe she can make you something one day. Maura finds inspiration in: the concept of glamour; the beauty of decay; the ways of felines; the moon behind trees; and the deliciously elusive yet tangible presence of past eras. If she had to pick a theme song for her life, it would be “Hold On, Hold On” by Neko Case. She hopes that her life follows lines as serpentine as those of the Tassel House staircase. Her favorite word is ephemeral.

**S.A. McLaughlin**, known to her friends as Sabrina—or, for the purpose of restaurant or hotel reservations, also known as Molly Bloom—aims to incorporate storytelling into her poetry, as well as references to pop culture, film, literary icons, the cadences of everyday speech, and descriptions of the people and places of Northeastern Pennsylvania. She is a graduate of Wilkes University, class of ’04, and has nearly completed her MA in English Literature & Creative Writing at SUNY Binghamton. She is currently teaching English Composition at Luzerne County Community College.

**Henry Long** is a painter, poet, and photographer who hails from the suburbs of Wilkes-Barre, PA. An intense Catholic upbringing, a love of comic books, and loud doses of rock and roll all fuse together into a visual personal mythic expression. He has won awards and grants, including the Delaware Division of the Arts 2002 Individual Artistic Fellowship Grant as an Emerging Professional in Poetry. He continues to create along with his wife, Emma Etain Long, in Bellafonte, Delaware. His tenth chapbook of poems entitled *Goat Love*, is now available. Find him at [www.henrylong.com](http://www.henrylong.com).

---

## affixed

another formidable mammal  
is caught in your sharp scan

while you are far removed,  
and haughty as a hologram

filed away from the grotesquerie implicit in all,  
a sylph on a shelf

life is a corridor of images,  
fragile and digital

your face is tentacled,  
its smoothness is painful

it is all content,  
and never content

all your life defined and outlined  
by media decalomania

the unremitting LED relief  
in the spiritually empty static haze

**--Maura Rose Calderone**

## Sweet Gum

Hurt my back getting up off the toilet.

Wishing to hear the harmony, my brain  
finds rhythm, seeks connections, wants balance.  
The running of the air conditioner  
whirs into an alien chorus, like  
ancient orations in an unknown tongue.

I fine tune this conjurer radio.  
I, who have an Asteroid in his Earth,  
listen to foreign voicers coming forth  
in vibrations from electric machines.  
Concealed music is in the in-betweens.

I look for patterns in everyday things.

Yesterday, gazing up from underneath  
the Sweet Gum tree, firm against firmament,  
I interpreted the coded language  
betwixt leafage, monkey balls and branches.  
Translation: "*What can I do to help you?*"

"Heal my pain," I asked. "Help my lower  
back."

Woodpeckers came. A Northern Flicker. Geese.  
My wife and I rose and walked by the lake.  
She spoke of The Hanged Man. Perception. Change.  
"What's that?" she said. A juvenile bird,  
on the ground, thrashing about. Crying. Hurt.

We cupped our hands over its dying wind.  
A frightened call. Eye. A trembling wing.  
The bird gently squeezed my index finger,  
and held on. It relaxed into the grass,  
sang a small song, and curled into its end.

Nature speaks softly through signs and  
omens.

The ceiling fan chanted, "Begin again,  
begin again, begin again, begin..."  
The vacuum cleaner said, "Carpe diem!"  
The Frigidaire hummed Mozart's Requiem,  
and my back suddenly feels much better.

This on the day I at last quit my job.

**--Henry Long**

---

## blue stars turning gold

every time i look over  
at the woman sitting next to me,  
i can't quit looking at the enamel blue-star banner  
she's got pinned to her lapel,  
i can't help it, i fix on that single star  
and my adrenaline spikes a little,  
my pulse speeds up like a dancing racehorse,  
my heart muscle clenches like a fist,  
i keep imagining  
i'm seeing that blue star turn gold  
as i stare at it.

a few days ago they buried someone local,  
up in Jermyn,  
another twenty-year-old guy  
with a fiancée and a baby.

every time i pass a newsstand  
in any one of my towns  
i glance down at the local papers,  
making sure no one i know has been killed today,

the anxiety of these days,  
accumulating like heavy snow,  
no promise of any thaw,  
no guarantee of any spring to come.

**--Sabrina McLaughlin**

# THE BACK BACK... TO SCHOOL



O ne Saturday afternoon last year, I was riding my razor scooter down Mulberry Street. I avoided the usual collections of plastic cups and slop that tend to amass on a Friday night. I was halfway down the hill when I heard someone shout to me. "Faggot!" This outburst was followed by chuckles and guffaws of approval. Being that I was on a small scooter going downhill, I couldn't look to see who bellowed this expertly delivered jibe. I could, however, see peripherally a large, red wooden structure with several bodies lumped around it. It made sense now. I had passed this way many times and had similar experiences. I had somewhat expected an outburst such as this. The red apartment building with the garden of litter out front was an unfortunate gauntlet—a hazing for merely trying to go downtown. It would be foolish to take offense to this outburst, and I paid them no mind. You see, they were university students. More accurately, these were drunken university students. To find shock in their grunts and howls when I rode past them is as foolish as the shock from people in any Glenmaur-type development who discover a bear has entered "their" backyard. No, my alarm was not at the men who shouted to me, but at a realization I had shortly afterward.

I began relating my story to people I knew who would see the humor in it. As I did so, I began to ponder the make up of the student body of the University of Scranton. These drunken students on the porch were a constant entity, but who else goes to The U? I couldn't recall other college groups normally seen on campuses. I would walk up to the campus to hang fliers for various events, and I started looking at the students as a whole. It seemed a majority of the students were desperately trying to not stick out. It appeared to be the thirteenth grade but the popular cliques had eaten the remaining student body and swollen to an enormous size. I

could not find someone doing his or her own thing.

On weekends, Mulberry Street and the rest of the Hill Section become a scene from a Romero flick. Bodies amble and shuffle along, while consonants take a back seat to loud mumblings and shouts. This is college. Every city that has a school of higher education has some form of this scene. What about beyond this base group, though? Where are the misfits, the nerds, the skater punks, the hip-hop kids, the moody philosophers, the kids experimenting with being straight edge, the activists, and the writers? Where are the students that drink coffee and smoke cigarettes until four in the morning talking about music and movies they never knew existed in high school?

When I travel up onto the campus, it looks as if The U students gathered together in secret, and decided on a dress code for the school. For the girls, name brands rule supreme. Hollister and Abercrombie are flashed like membership cards. Pajama pants are worn to show that you have a don't-care attitude. (Though, the make-up and styled hair says different.) For the daring, a Hot Topic "old-school" tee-shirt can be found. The boys tend to keep it quiet and simple. The easier the dress code the easier it is to stay in line. I will admit I am not a fashion consultant, but I can spot a lack of individuality.

The radio stations have recently mirrored this lack of personality as well. Growing up in Scranton, I listened intently to VMFM and WUSR. This was my only chance to hear music on the radio that wasn't pure pop or classic rock; they were the only good stations in the local area. The music was varied, I could hear bands I liked, and I was often introduced to bands, old and new, that I couldn't find elsewhere. Now 99.5 and 91.7 have become just as tired and mundane as a corporate station, with a heavy reliance on computerized preset lists. I don't want to talk in extremes. There are still a few good deejays on these stations, but overall they have both become

***Where are the misfits, the nerds, the skater punks, the hip-hop kids, the moody philosophers, the kids experimenting with being straight edge, the activists, and the writers?***

part of my quick scan through the dial before I pop in another CD.

From what I can tell, Scranton should be a college town. Between The University of Scranton, Marywood University, and Lackawanna College, there are enough students to support several record stores, cafes, and bookstores, but somehow, Scranton looks as if students have never set foot here. To be downtown you would never feel a student presence. I believe the fault lies with the city and the schools, as well as the students. There seems to be some sort of invisible fence (perhaps the same kind that separates Wilkes-Barre from Scranton) keeping the University from invading the city. The students keep to themselves until a certain point when they feel brave enough to head right down Linden Street to Farley's, Tink's, or Flashback's. They don't tend to venture too far off this path. Perhaps it's just easier to stay in a straight line. That way, when you find yourself intoxicated, you can just turn around and go right back up the hill. One by one, the city has new businesses budding up, but the buying power of the students stays restricted to only a solid few places.

A fine example of this phenomenon is Aroma. Aroma was a coffeehouse, which opened up over a year ago on Mulberry Street right next to the Subway. To me, it seemed that this was a sure thing. Students walked by it every day. It was close

enough to campus, yet would help the students to get away from school for a short time. However, Aroma closed last year. Now, the closing could have been due to anything. What I found fascinating, though, was how empty the cafe would be on many nights. I frequented it often and found myself on numerous occasions one of only two or three customers in the entire place. Other nights, I would drive by and see barely anyone inside. I was dumbfounded. Aroma was open late. They offered food. Cafes and colleges go together. I couldn't figure it out. Many students frequent Northern Light, but The University of Scranton has enough students to support two cafes, don't they? Is it the safety of a sure thing? Are these students wary of trying untested waters? One thing is for sure. If the safety of a brand name is what lures the students to a business, then the new on campus Starbucks (Boo! Hiss!) will be one more road block against bringing this city and the University together.

So now I want to plead with the incoming freshman. Class of 2011, this is your chance. Don't buckle and pour yourself into the mold. You will be meeting hundreds of new people. If you find yourself in a group that excessively uses the words "sweet" and "bro," run away. If you are in a conversation and you lose count on how many times the person you're talking to says "like," they probably will not have too much say in the future. Explore the city. There are lots of sections to this city, and most students don't get to see them. Meet new people in places that aren't on campus. Shop at all the businesses that advertise in this magazine. Instead of buying a Dali print or "Starry Night" at the poster sale, buy cheap original art. Better yet, make your own. Overall, be yourself and do what you want to do.

The red apartment building on Mulberry Street has recently been torn down, and it is naive to think



that the type of student who yells faggot at people on scooters was magically erased with the razing of the house. Perhaps, though, the rubble lot is now symbolic of future students who want to build their class into a community with the city rather than a monochrome commune.

### **Conor McGuigan**

*Founder and current co-owner of Test Pattern, Conor is Scranton's home-grown thespian extraordinaire. Conor has performed in several Northeast Theatre productions including Almost Maine, The Woman in Black, and Bite the Puppet, which he both wrote and performed in. In his spare time, Conor DJ's and plays a mean pinball.*



**zak zavada**

Photography  
www.prunejuice.net  
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# DANI VERSUS THE PLANET



K. LEONARD

by Kristen Leonard



**“Man is least himself  
when he talks in his  
own person. Give him  
a mask, and he will tell  
you the truth.”**

**—Oscar Wilde**



***"Actual Perverts"***

***Illustration by Seth Robinson***

A man and a woman are shown drinking from a single beer bottle through a long, white, flexible straw. The man, on the left, has dark curly hair, wears sunglasses, a colorful patterned scarf, and a black Adidas t-shirt. The woman, on the right, has blonde hair and is wearing a black jacket and camouflage pants. They are standing in front of a brick wall with a green metal staircase in the background. The word "outrageous" is written in a white, cursive font across the top of the image, with a white line extending from the 'o' to form the straw.

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