

There are no foreign lands it is the traveler only who is foreign.

Robert Louis Stevenson



BIRD ON A WIRE

I often refer to the town that I grew up in as Little Appalachia.

With many of the same core characteristics and family values as Appalachia proper, our urban hillbilly town, perched on the fringe of two mammoth boroughs of NYC, is an often reminder that hillbilly runs deeper than sidewalks and blacktop. Generations are entrenched in the DNA of the Hatfield and McCoys. My own family, only one generation out of the poor Pennsylvania backwaters of the Little Conemaugh River and abandoned farm towns of Delhi, carry this legacy as well.

On a journey to understand family history, *Bird on a Wire* explores the backroads of America. It takes the path down a gravel road and travels off the grid searching for these forgotten Americans.











Bird on a Wire @ Virginia Mallon



















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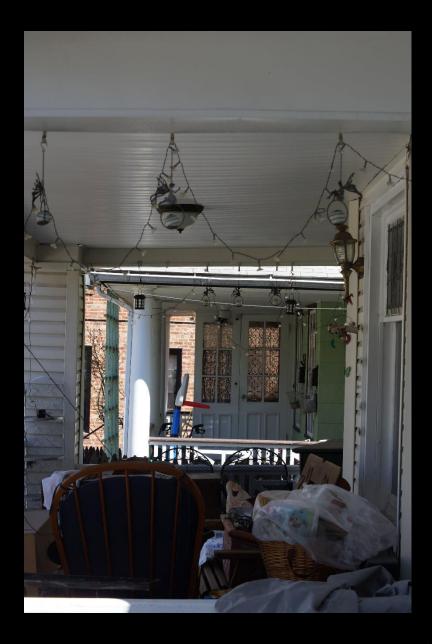


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