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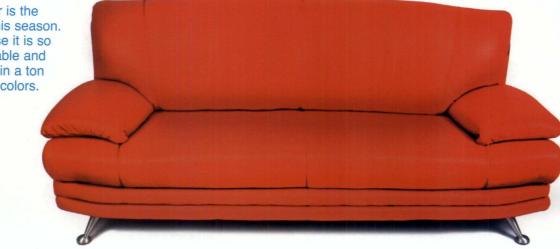
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NEW YORK CALLING

ve been wanting to do this since I started publishing in the 1970s. It has fascinated me that New York City has always had so many North Carolinians in its leading elite over the past century. These native-born Tar Heels, unlike any other successful New Yorkers I know of, do not deny or obscure where they come from. North Carolinians in NYC even wear their origins right on their sleeves as a badge of honor.

Carolina Ballet is seeking New Yorkers from North Carolina for their newly established New York City Ballet Society (see this month's SOS).

This issue we introduce wine writer extraordinaire Barbara Ensrud who will share her vast knowledge of the secrets of the grape each issue as part of our Gourmet section. Her first column lets you know who she is and how she gained her reputation as a nationally known chronicler of the



North Carolina Society of New York, 1930

Cade Metz, Raleigh native and writer/ editor for *PC Magazine* in Manhattan, and Blanche Williamson, a Raleigh girl who spent 16 years with *People* magazine as a photo editor, teamed up to bring you an array of personalities who can make it anywhere because they have definitely made it in New York, New York.

And note the tie-ins to the New York piece throughout the magazine: Louis St. Lewis takes on Gotham; Moreton Neal reports from the James Beard dinner that honored her former husband Bill Neal in the Big Apple (see *Metro's* August issue); style editor Molly Fulghum-Heintz adds a New York touch to her fall fashion preview; and the Byzantine and intoxicating subject of the nectar of the gods.

Gourmet team member Moreton Neal partakes of the eclectic and funky (and wineoriented) Enoteca Vin now enjoying great success in Raleigh's burgeoning Glenwood South district; Carroll Leggett recognizes the culinary merits of convenience store grub-with an eastern NC touch; Art Taylor plays through with another cornucopia of new books and book news, Philip van Vleck spotlights one of the coolest and most successful music 'zines; Index is fun as usual: and Frances Smith has once again created the most complete and useful guide to what's going on

from the Triangle to the coast as the first hints of autumn freshen the summer doldrums.

And then there is the castle, the one in Chatham County discovered by the ever-inveterate Design editor Diane Lea. This sudden surprise on the rural landscape is enchanting indeed.

Remember to subscribe. See you in October.

-Bernie Reeves, Editor & Publisher

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Correspondence

EXACTLY THE RIGHT INFORMATION CRABTREE, NORTH HILLS PROJECTS

I've been a frequent reader of your magazine but never had the chance to communicate with you before. This time, I need to do this.

The latest issue of Metro (August 2003) was definitely one of the most outstanding ones. Your magazine has kept a very good level of information and tries to satisfy many people, but I can testify from my own experience that the latest issue does justice to the name Metro. In particular, I loved the article "INNOVATIVE DESIGN WITH PEOPLE IN MIND." This is EXACTLY the kind of information your readers should be aware of. The revitalization of Raleigh's downtown is a great move, but it needs support from equally nice projects outside the core. The residents of Raleigh are ready for more urbanized areas, and one stroll at Glenwood South should testify just that.

The New North Hills and Crabtree Promenade are going to add (hopefully) some much needed city feel. Don't get me wrong, I do not desire to see Raleigh turning into a concrete jungle, but I feel that we can combine urbanization and natural beauty in a way that Raleigh won't turn into another New York, or Los Angeles, although these two cities have their own strengths. The two major projects discussed in the article could offer this area the momentum it needs, along with many opportunities for shopping and entertainment.

Since it is the local press that could boost these efforts, I would like to recommend a series of similar articles (you did a nice one on downtown Raleigh, several months ago), covering other on-going and proposed projects, such as Hillsborough Street revitalization, Glenwood South (this may get two issues by itself-deserves lots of photos) and other entertainment districts, existing, proposed and on-going downtown residential projects, Cameron Village, New Urbanist communities around the Triangle, as well as visions of people who can share their views of how Raleigh can become a cosmopolitan city, without overwhelming itself. In addition, you may cover the ongoing efforts in Durham and Chapel Hill, as far as their centers are concerned.

Please continue to provide us with the same quality coverage you have always provided. Your magazine is a great source of information and deserves a place on everyone's desk. I know I can't wait every month to pick up a copy. I hardly miss an issue.

Ernest Pecounis Raleigh

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OTHER CHAPEL HILL READING CHOICES

In your recent "Twilight in Chapel Hill" article you note the centennial of George Orwell's birth. However, I take issue when you say his "Down and Out in Paris and London" was a "seminal book on poverty and struggle in the Capitalist West". I believe that, by the publication date of 1933, he was a late-comer to this "struggle".

I am surprised you did not cite Pulitzer prize winner Upton Sinclair's more effective work, especially "The Jungle", written in 1906 - 27 years before Orwell's book. In fact, Sinclair had written six books exposing social and political evils by 1927. Moreover, Orwell had a long tradition of reformist writing in 19th century England to draw on, e.g., Dickens, Kingsley, Disraeli, Gaskell, etc.

James L. Dicke Raleigh

BERNIE REEVES OUTDID HIMSELF

The primary reason we subscribe to Metro Magazine is Bernie's "My Usual Charming Self." In August's issue (2003), he simply outdid himself. We have read and reread his first two columns several times. We marvel at his terrific writing and being able to accurately summarize the situation.

Very powerful! We stand in awe. Keep it up!

Lew & Pauli Larkin Via the Internet



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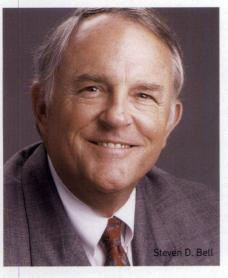
"What better way to write about North Carolinians in New York than assign the story to a North Carolinian in New York? Cade Metz from Raleigh is a writer and editor for PC Magazine in Manhattan who relished the challenge to seek out and interview the illustrious achievers from the Tar Heel state who have made it big in the Big Apple. He discovers their North Carolina roots are deep and strong despite the distractions of the high life in the world's most exciting city. Raleigh girl and New York photographer, Blanche Williamson brings Cade's profiles to life. And special thanks to Metro fashion editor Molly Fulghum-Heintz, a Raleigh girl herself, for introducing Cade to us and for her fortitude in helping to arrange the photo profile of the new generation of young Tar Heels set to make a name for themselves in the very near future. Feature starts on page 18.



Creative employee incentives

STEVE BELL BRINGS NOVEL CONCEPT BACK HOME

Raleigh-born Steve Bell has added Falls Village shopping Center in Raleigh to his 27-year-old Greensboro-based real estate leasing and management firm, bringing with him a creative employee incentive



program he crafted within his \$1.6 billion property portfolio stretching across the Southeast and Texas.

Under the plan, Steven D. Bell & Company ties a portion of each bonus paid to certain of the firm's 500 employees to amounts they spend at designated company properties close to their offices. Says Bell: "Our employees might as well spend some money in our centers and it gives them a chance to meet our retailers, who appreciate the business, as do the property owners we represent."

Bell, a graduate of Needham Broughton High School in Raleigh and UNC-Chapel Hill, is the son of retired Raleigh oral surgeon Durant Bell and wife Laura who now reside in Washington, NC.

America's 2003

best places

MSN RATES RALEIGH BEST PLACE TO LIVE

MSN rated 331 metropolitan areas in categories that are especially relevant to Americans today, including cost of living, crime rate, education, home prices and weather. After all the results were calculated, a few remarkable cities emerged as America's Best Places to Live in 2003. Number one was Raleigh, North Carolina!

Here are MSN's reason's for making Raleigh their top choice:

"Raleigh has the warmth and charm of a small southern town, while still being large enough to provide all the amenities of big-city living. Raleigh's scores are above average in nearly every category. The city has the second-best health score in the nation, thanks to great air quality and affordable health care. The citizens of Raleigh are a smart bunch—91 percent of its 312,000 residents have graduated from high school, and nearly 19 percent have a four-year college degree. A healthy economy and a low cost of living cement Raleigh's ranking as America's Best Place to Live."

Other 2003 winners in order of rank are: 2) Denver, CO; 3) San Diego, CA; 4) Punta Gorde, FL; 5) Tucson, AZ; 6) Nassau-Suffolk, NY; 7) Madison, WI; 8) Danbury, CT; 9) Columbia, MD; and 10) Providence, RI.

Dr. Lawrence Einhorn is recipient

ENDOWMENT FUNDS RESEARCH TO CURE TESTICULAR CANCER

Lance Armstrong had it and so did 28-yearold Benson Campbell of Nashville, TN, whose mother is from Raleigh. Both were treated successfully by Dr. Lawrence Einhorn of the Indiana University Cancer Center, so the Campbell family and friends are undertaking an endowment to fund Dr. Einhorn's continuing research into the causes and cure of metastatic testicular cancer, the most common malignancy affecting young American men between 15 and 35.

While Armstrong and young Benson Campbell are now clear of the disease, there is a five percent chance of a "late-life relapse" so the impetus to move forward to a final cure is pressing and the need to warn young people of the symptoms remains a high priority. That is the purpose of the Benson Walker Campbell, IV endowment that will specifically allocate funds to Dr. Einhorn's continuing research. The endowment drive has raised \$20,000 toward its goal of \$250,000.

You can learn more and help by calling 615-828-6500 or logging on to www.teambenson.com.

Vying for classical station of the year

WCPE IN TOP FIVE FOR NAB CLASSICAL RADIO AWARDS

Radio station WCPE, 89.7 FM, is among five finalists for "Classical Station of the Year" in the 2003 Marconi Radio Awards from the National Association of Broadcasters.

The nomination comes as WCPE celebrates its 25th year of broadcasting classical music to central North Carolina and southern Virginia.

A member-supported, noncommercial radio station with a mission to bring classical music to everyone, WCPE is based in Raleigh and also serves the Sandhills region of North Carolina on 88.3 FM. The station is heard worldwide through satellite and Internet technologies and a number of radio stations and cable TV systems distribute WCPE's musical programming throughout North America.

Winners in each category will be announced on October 2 at the NAB Marconi Radio Awards Dinner & Show at the Pennsylvania Convention Center in Philadelphia. The annual dinner and show, radio's premier awards program, will feature comedian Steve Harvey as emcee. Established in 1989 and named after inventor and Nobel Prize winner, Guglielmo Marconi, the Marconi Awards are given to radio stations and on-air personalities.

Carolina Ballet on its toes in big cities

WEISS' FIREBIRD TO PLAY KENNEDY CENTER; CAROLINA BALLET SOCIETY FORMED IN NYC

Ricky Weiss has created choreography for six ballets since forming the now internationally recognized Carolina Ballet in Raleigh in 1998 to great critical praise, including a review in the German Frankfurter *Allgemeine Zeitung* when his company appeared in Hungary last year. The publication stated, "This is choreography Europe needs to see."

Now the Washington Ballet will present Weiss' *Firebird*, October 2-5, at the Ken-



nedy Center for the Performing Arts, using the complete production including costumes by Dave Heuvel and scenery by Jeff A. R. Jones. Weiss will travel to Washington to audition dancers, taking with him Carolina Ballet's ballet mistress Debra

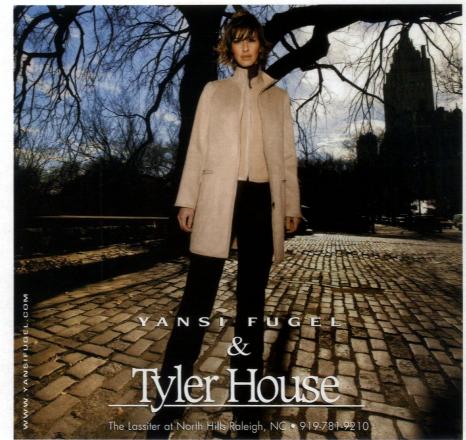
Lilyan Vigo in Ricky Weiss' *Firebird*

Austin and dancers Dameon Nagel, Alain Molina, and Lilyan Vigo to rehearse the Washington company.

NEW YORK CITY SOCIETY SUPPORTS CAROLINA BALLET

The New York connection to North Carolina continues (see feature this issue) with the establishment of the National Society for Carolina Ballet, an organization of individuals from New York City and across the country with the purpose to help support Carolina Ballet. Honorary Co-Chairs of the Society are William and Ida

continued on page 94



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By Cade Metz

JAMES BUCHANAN DUKE WAS BORN in 1856 on a farm in Orange County, North Carolina. When his father, Washington, returned from the war in 1865, the farm was stripped of everything but an old stash of dried leaf tobacco. In a log shed next to their home, the nine-year-old helped pack the tobacco into cloth bags, and his father carried it across the eastern end of the state, looking for buyers.

> y 1872, the family was producing 125,000 pounds of tobacco a year, and after another decade, James B. Duke held the reins of a company that sold nearly 2 million cigarettes in a single day. The company had outgrown its Durham headquarters. In October 1884, Duke opened a second factory in New York City, already the capital of American business, and moved his offices north. From Manhattan, he would transform the firm into one of the largest trusts the world will ever see, controlling most of the American tobacco market and much of the international trade for nearly 20 years. Trusts and tobacco have since gone out of style, but at the turn of the 19th century, the farm boy from Orange County was a big city businessman second only to Morgan and Rockefeller.

Restless North Carolinians have followed Duke's lead ever since, leaving home and chasing their ambitions to New York. In 1901, William Sydney Porter, the son of a self-taught physician from Greensboro, rode a train into Manhattan after borrowing \$200 from a magazine editor. By the end of the decade, publishing under the pen name "O. Henry," he became the most famous short story

writer in America. Asheville native Thomas Wolfe arrived in the city 23 years later, taking a job in the English department at New York University. He wrote *Look Homeward Angel*, one of the classic 20thcentury novels, in a cluttered loft apartment on East 8th Street in Greenwich Village.

During the Depression, Joseph Mitchell of Iona, North Carolina, began a 60-year career at *The New* *Yorker*, the grande dame of American magazines. In the early 1950s, after his wartime radio broadcasts made him a household name, Greensboro's Edward R. Murrow pioneered the art of television news at the CBS studios on Manhattan's West Side. Charles Kuralt, a young reporter from Wilmington, walked into those same studios in 1957, and by the late 1970s, he was a staple of American weekends, anchoring the television news magazine "Sunday Morning." In 1960, journalist Tom Wicker of Hamlet, N.C. joined *The New York Times*, where he remained for 31 years, and in the mid-60s, at the height of the Vietnam War, Zebulon's Clifton Daniel took over as the paper's managing editor.

The history of such northern migration is long and varied—in 1975, North Carolina even sent a pitcher named Catfish to the New York Yankees but over the past 10 years, Tar Heels have scaled the New York heights like never before. "I don't know of a time when North Carolinians have been as prominent, been such an important aspect of this city's life, as they are today," says Charlie Rose, the Henderson native whose nightly PBS talk show airs from the Bloomberg offices on Park Avenue.

North Carolinians oversee two of the city's largest banking institutions, and another runs Wall Street's leading hedge fund. A 10th-generation Tar Heel just won a fourth Tony Award as a Broadway costume designer, and a Winston-Salem native holds the coveted spot as chief theater critic of *The New York Times.* Other Carolina expatriates litter the

continued on page 20

Photography by Blanche Williamson

(additional photography by Beth Schneckenburger)

Dick Jenrette

IN 1959, DICK JENRETTE PASSED UP THE CHANCE to meet Greta Garbo. The world's most famous recluse kept an account at the venerable New York bank Brown Brothers Harriman, which had hired Jenrette out of Harvard Business School in 1957. A few months after Brown Brothers put him in charge of the account, he arranged to meet Ms. Garbo for lunch at the bank's offices in lower Manhattan.

"Brown Brothers was famous for its lunches," he says. "We always served a glass of sherry in an oak-paneled room." Then, just days before Ms. Garbo's arrival, Jenrette told his superiors he would soon be leaving the bank, intent on starting a new investment firm with two Harvard classmates. The lunch fell to someone else.

The sacrifice was worthwhile. The two Harvard classmates were Bill Donaldson and Dan Lufkin. No one had started a

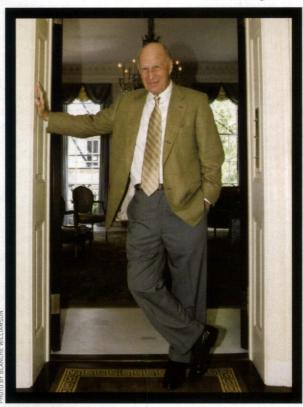
new investment firm on Wall Street since the Depression, but the firm of Donaldson, Lufkin, and Jenrette survived to become, in 1970, the first brokerage house to sell its own shares to the public. Fifteen years later, Dick Jenrette oversaw DLJ's sale to Equitable, the 125-year-old New York insurance company, and after taking over as Equitable CEO in 1991, he led the company's great turnaround, from net losses of \$898 million that year to profits of \$350 million in 1995.

Richard Hampton Jenrette was born on April 5, 1929, in Raleigh, North Carolina. He grew up at 2611 Fairview Road, 10 houses down from Oberlin Road, and each morning, from the age of six, he would walk the mile to

Glenwood Avenue and the Hayes Barton School, the old Myrtle Underwood school. In his early teens, he organized a neighborhood sports team called the Hayes Barton Bears, archrivals of the Budleigh Eagles. They played baseball on a pebble-strewn field known affectionately as "Rock Diamond." Basketball games were played in the backyard of US Senator Willis Smith.

His next door neighbor was Charlie Park, whose uncle owned the *Raleigh Times*, and in the ninth grade, Jenrette suggested they lobby for summer jobs on the sports desk. They were soon hired by the managing editor, Jesse Helms. Jenrette also worked for *The News and Observer*, wrote for the Needham Broughton High School paper, *The High Times*, and majored in journalism at the University of North Carolina. But newspapers were never his ambition. After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from UNC, he followed his father into the insurance business, taking a job in Raleigh with New England Life.

He might have seen out his career selling life insurance, but in 1953, the National Guard called him to active duty. After basic training, as two-thirds of his regiment left for the war in Korea, he was tapped for the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps. He trained in the arts of surveillance and interrogation at Fort Hollenberg in Baltimore—"I even got a trench coat,"



he says—but he was most impressed by the people he met in the Corp, Ivy League graduates with the sort of worldly experience he'd never had. On his return to Raleigh, he applied to Harvard. "I decided I didn't want to spend my life selling insurance," he says, "little knowing that 30 years later I'd head one of America's largest insurance companies."

He would gain every bit of the experience he craved. As he went from success to success with DLJ and Equitable, he became an avid collector of 19th-century art and antiques and one of the great advocates of historic homes, restoring residences across the United States and beyond. In addition to a Manhattan townhouse on East 93rd Street, he keeps homes on the Hudson River in upstate New York, on

the battery in Charleston, on an antebellum plantation in Millford, South Carolina, on an old Indian trading path in Hillsborough, North Carolina, and on the island of St. Croix in the Caribbean. In 2000, he published a memoir called *Adventures with Old Houses*. His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales, wrote its foreword.

Jenrette was chairman of the Classical American Homes Preservation Trust, director of the Duke Endowment, and a trustee with the Rockefeller Foundation. He received honorary degrees from UNC, Hamilton, the Citadel and the College of Charleston. In 1993, he accepted the American Assembly's Service to Democracy Award and Dwight D. Eisenhower Medal. In 1996, he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the President of France. All that's missing from his resumé is lunch with Greta Garbo. Manhattan acting world, the New York Philharmonic, the American Ballet Theater, the Metropolitan Opera. Then there's Charlie Rose himself, giving America a glimpse of the most beguiling personalities from across New York and beyond.

One evening in 1898, fourteen years after he first moved to Manhattan, James B. Duke joined four New York friends in the living room of the Honorable George Gordon Battle, a city attorney. All five of them—including Battle, Judge Janius Parker, and two of Duke's business associates, George Garland Allen and W.W. Fuller hailed from North Carolina. That night, they formed an official society of Tar Heel expatriates, drawing up a constitution and inviting Judge August Van Wyck, who challenged Teddy Roosevelt for the New York governorship that year, to serve as the group's president.

Over the last hundred years, as similar societies fell by the wayside, including those representing Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia, the North Carolina Society of New York never wanted for members. It's the oldest surviving state society in the city.

In Duke's day, the society's annual dinner dance packed the ballroom of the old Astor Hotel, and in recent years, organizers have

turned people away from the black-tie event, now held at the Union League Club on Park Avenue. In 1997, when *The New York Times* ran an obituary for the society's longtime father figure,

James B. Duke

encountered when first arriving in the city: "There were so many Tar Heels in New York, he discovered, it was possible to have a full down-home social life without leaving Manhattan." And that was during the Depression.

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Since 1947, due largely to the influence of Hayes, whom *The Times* called "Mr. North Carolina of New York," the society has used its December dinner dance to honor leading Tar Heels, people "who have made a substantial contribution to the welfare, health, and prestige of North Carolina and the nation through their service, their business or their profession, or in the arts and sciences." In most cases, it reaches back home for honorees. It chose John Motley Morehead that inaugural year, former governor Luther Hodges in 1969, Dean Smith in 1982. But, with the recent renaissance of North Carolinians in the New York, the society needn't look further than the city itself.

For much of 1990s, Dick Jenrette, who grew up on Raleigh's Fairview Road, ran the venerable New York insurance company Equitable Life and its many Wall Street subsidiaries, including DLJ, the investment firm he founded in late 50s. In 1998, Salisbury-native Julian Robertson, head of the multi-billion dollar hedge fund Tiger Management, donated \$25 million dollars to Manhattan's Lincoln Center. The arts complex renamed its outdoor plaza after his wife, Josie.

Bill Harrison of Rocky Mount, who played basketball under Dean Smith at Chapel Hill, recently took over as CEO at the financial behemoth JP Morgan Chase, headquartered at 47th Street and Park Avenue. John Mack, the Charlotte-born CEO of international investment bank Credit Suisse First Boston, oversees New York's bid for the 2012 Olympics and chairs the board at New York University Hospital, Manhattan's leading medical center. Along with brother Zack, Raleigh native Louis Bacon runs Moore Capital, the most successful hedge fund business since the heyday of Julian Robertson.

When Charlie Rose speaks of North Carolina's prominent New Yorkers, these are people he mentions. He underplays his own role. "They are generals," he says. "I am only a private." But Rose heads a long list of North Carolinians who give just as much to the city by turning the wheels of New York art and entertainment.

William Ivey Long, who once lived in a dressing room at the Raleigh Little Theatre, holds Tony awards from three different decades, designing costumes for Broadway shows including *Hairspray, The Producers, Chicago*, and *Cabaret*. When a Broadway show opens, its future often rests with the words of Winston-Salem's Ben Brantley, chief theater critic for *The New York Times*. Victor Barbee, raised on a farm in Louisburg, dances with the American Ballet Theater. Jennifer Welsh-Babidge, from Aulander, sings soprano for the Met. Chapel Hill's Dawn Hannay plays viola for the New York Philharmonic.

They come to New York seeking something they can't find at home. In most cases, it's the work they're looking for. "The myth is true," says Michael Wilson, a Winston-Salem native who just made his Broadway directorial debut with *Enchanted April.* "If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere." Designer Alexander Julian, a Chapel Hill native, came to the city simply because it's the capital of the American fashion industry. Actress Lauren Kennedy, from Raleigh, came to sing on Broadway. James Forbes, a minister from the little eastern town of Burgaw, came to teach at Union Theological Seminary, a divinity school unlike any other.

Some come for the conspicuous consumption New York is so famous for. "My loves are shopping and eating, and I just happen to work on Wall Street," says Lee Hennessee, a Raleigh native who recently bought an East River penthouse with her Wall Street earnings. Others come for that intangible rush of energy they feel on the streets of the city. "I start to smile as soon as I get off the train at Grand Central Station," says Ben Brantley. "You can feel the charge, and suddenly, your tempo picks up and your radar switches on and you're a different kind of person."

New York is also a tolerant city, a place that embraces almost anyone. "New York is for freaks," Brantley says. "It's where all the unpopular people from high school go." You can come to New York and completely reinvent yourself. "People come looking, not just for career opportunities, but for personal freedom," explains Dick Jenrette. "It's a means of getting away from your family, making a break, declaring your independence."

Many leave North Carolina, never to return. "I've been there, done that," says Manhattan film critic Godfrey Cheshire, a Raleigh native. Ben Brantley and Marc Johnson, a New York actor from Elizabeth City, North Carolina, feel the same. Thomas Wolfe's most famous words were "you can't go home again."

But, as their careers peak, just as many feel their childhood memories pulling them back to the state. "You work and work and work in New York, and you're so fierce and focused about it," explains William Ivey Long. "And then you say 'Wait a minute. I'm not from here. What am I doing here?" The most successful costume designer on Broadway spends half his time on the family farm in Seaboard, North Carolina.

Even if they remain in the city, most of these New Yorkers keep an emotional attachment to North Carolina. Eli Evans, a writer and philanthropist from Durham, carried a vial of Carolina dirt into the delivery room when his son was born at New York University Hospital. Alexander Julian calls his home "Chapel Hill North." Marc Johnson, despite wanting out of North Carolina from an early age, still has at least one soft spot for the state. He often has that craving for real North Carolina barbecue, the one cuisine New York restaurants have yet to master. Now and again, he'll call a crowd of Carolinians to his Brooklyn apartment and pull his own pork. "If you want the 'cue," he says. "You've got to make it yourself."

Reaching the top of that Manhattan ladder, many expatriates look down and realize that North Carolina made them who they are. Some even give back to the state. Each summer, William Ivey Long designs costumes and sets for *The Lost Colony* on Roanoke Island. Julian Robertson funds a host of North Carolina scholarships. Dick Jenrette awards an annual teaching fellowship at his alma mater, Raleigh's Broughton High School.

By 1919, James B. Duke had spent 13 years living on the "Millionaire's Row" of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, first at the corner of 82nd Street, across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and later four blocks south, in a mansion of his own design. But he returned to North Carolina that year and a bought a home in the Myers Park section of Charlotte, focusing his business efforts on a new Carolina-based power company. Five years later, at the age of 68, he founded a university in Durham.

Reba White Williams

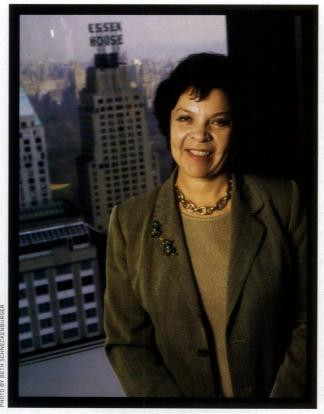
AFTER GRADUATING FROM HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL in 1970, one of only 30 women in her class, Reba White Williams applied for a job at the Wall Street management firm Mitchell Hutchins. Impressed with her résumé, the firm's director of research, Jack Rivkin, phoned to set up an interview, but only because he failed to realize she was a woman. "Mitchell Hutchins employed only male analysts at the time," she says. "And those were the days before a country singer made my name famous."

When she picked up the phone, Rivkin had little choice but to carry through with the interview and Williams made the most of a slim opportunity. The firm soon hired her as a securities analyst. Over the next three decades, she would not only carve out a successful career on Wall Street, but also work her way into the upper echelons of the New York art world. She and her husband, Dave Williams, took over the \$5 million

management firm Alliance Capital in 1977 and turned it into a multi-billion dollar operation, all the while building the world's largest private collection of American, British and Mexican prints. She wrote a regular column for the Wall Street monthly *Institutional Investor* and served as president of the New York City Art Commission.

Reba White Williams first developed her ambitious streak while she was still a teenager growing up in Lillington, North Carolina, the little town on the banks of the Cape Fear River. Her mother's family of Scotch Presbyterians had lived in Lillington for generations, but Williams wanted out of Harnett County, insisting on a transfer to boarding school. "I had wonderful teachers in Lillington," she says, "but I chief of staff. In 1968, the day after McKinsey hired its first female analysts, recruiting all three from Harvard Business School, Williams sent Harvard an application.

She met Dave Williams at Mitchell Hutchins, and they were married in 1975. When Dave moved to Alliance Capital, the firm frowned on the idea of a woman working in the same office as her husband, so Reba helped rejuvenate the firm from



needed a broader curriculum." Though her parents disliked the idea, she soon enrolled at St. Mary's in downtown Raleigh.

After studying English at Duke University, where she shared a dormitory with Elizabeth Dole, she again defied her parents' wishes and boarded a train for New York, carrying no more than \$500. Her father said she'd never be able to support herself in the city. "He told me I wouldn't get a penny from him as long as I lived in New York," Williams remembers. "I was supposed to call him for a plane ticket when I decided to move back home." But soon after arriving in Manhattan, she was hired as a corporate librarian at the Wall Street firm McKinsey and Company, where she spent nine years rising through the ranks, eventually becoming the assistant to the home, without pay, even as she was freelancing for other brokerage firms and writing for *Institutional Investor*. Soon, she was officially hired as an executive. "Reba was instrumental in the firm's international expansion," her husband says, "helping us create investment management business in places like Japan, South Africa and India."

Reba was also the inspiration behind their print collection. "Most people on Wall Street think about nothing but Wall Street," she says. "Early on, I told Dave we needed another interest." By 2001, they owned more than 5000 prints, including works from disparate artists including Thomas Hart Benton, Frida Kahlo, Andy Warhol and Lucien Freud. As the collection grew, Williams started taking

art history classes at Manhattan's Hunter College, eventually completing both masters and doctorate degrees. By the mid-'90s, she was serving on the New York City Art Commission and Governor George Pataki's New York State Council for the Arts.

You can't help but marvel at the multi-faceted career of Reba White Williams. In 1999, she ran for New York City Council. She wrote a first novel after retiring from Alliance and recently started a second. But her accomplishments are even more impressive when you consider the opposition she faced along the way. Thirty years after she first arrived in New York, her father was still expecting her to make that phone call and ask for a plane ticket home.

Ben Brantley

hen Ben Brantley first moved to New York in 1977, just out of Swarthmore College, he interviewed for a reporting job at the fashion newspaper *Women's Wear Daily.* At one point, John Fairchild, the paper's publisher in those days, threw him the sort of highflying question you so often hear during job interviews. If you could have any job in New York, Fairchild asked, what would it be? "I immediately said, 'theater critic for *The New York Times*," Brantley remembers, "but it wasn't something I ever thought would happen."

Almost as soon I could read, I'd find my way into the stacks and go through old copies of *Theatre World*.

It happened in 1993, and three years later he went one better, taking over from Vincent Camby as the paper's chief theater critic. You could call Brantley the most influential arts critic in the country. The fate of a movie, book or CD never rests with one person's opinion, but, very often, Brantley's words can make or break the multi-million-dollar shows staged on Broadway. "He carries as much clout as every other New York and national theater critic combined," says Amy Jacobs, a Tony voter and general manager of the Broadway musical *Mamma Mia*!

Brantley hails from Winston-Salem, North Carolina, but his parents grew up closer to the coast. His father is from Zebulon, just east of Raleigh, and his mother was raised in Wake Forest, a few miles north. The two met at the old Wake Forest College and eventually followed the school to Winston-Salem, his father heading the school's news bureau for many years before moving on to the president's office.

Brantley's childhood playground was the Wake Forest library, where he first felt the pull of Broadway theatre. "Almost as soon I could read, I'd find my way into the stacks and go through old copies of *Theatre World*," he says. "My heroes were Lunt and Fontanne." He kept a poster of the New York skyline on his bedroom wall. If the drama department needed a child for the student play, he was the first to volunteer. Then, at 15 he saw his first Broadway show, the original production of Stephen Sondheim's *Follies*, and a critic was born. "Even then," he admits, "I had a problem with the book."

The only irony is that Brantley didn't seek out his job at the *Times*. When the paper hired him, he'd never worked as a theater reviewer. John Fairchild gave him that reporter's job at *Women's Wear Daily*, and after a two-year stint in France as the paper's Paris bureau chief, he wrote features for Tina Brown at *Vanity Fair* and *The New Yorker*. All the while, he was moonlighting as a movie reviewer for *Elle*—as a child, he spent many more hours in the Wake Forest library reading about the age of silent film—and his editor at the magazine happened to be Alex Witchel, the wife of Frank Rich, then the *Times*' chief theatre critic. When the *Times* needed a new second-string critic in '93, Brantley got the job—not because he asked for it, but because Witchel recommended him.

As the *Times* chief critic, he has a free ticket to every notable show in New York, from celebrated Broadway productions like John Water's *Hairspray* and the recent revival of Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* to the more daring productions off-Broadway. Twice a year, he crosses the Atlantic to review the latest shows on the London stage. And in 2001, he edited *The New York Times Book of Broadway*, a look back at the greatest plays of the last century. If your childhood heroes were Lunt and Fontanne, it's the sort of job you dream about.



Godfrey Cheshire

IN 1998, GODFREY CHESHIRE WAS ELECTED CHAIRMAN of the New York Film Critics Circle, the organization whose annual movie awards represent the oldest surviving rival to the Oscars. John Huston, the Oscar-winning director of *The Maltese Falcon* and *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, once called his Film Critics award "the greatest honor that anyone in my profession can receive."

Prior to the awards ceremony that December, Cheshire tracked down a forgotten collection of audio recordings from ceremonies past. As he welcomed the likes of Martin Scorsese, Terrance Malick, and Steven Spielberg to the black-tie event, held in the dining room atop the World Trade Center, he played them a treasure trove of acceptance speeches from the golden age of film: John Ford receiving the 1935 Best Director award for *The Informer*, Alfred Hitchcock calling from London

when he won for *The Lady Vanishes* in 1938, Orson Welles collecting the 1941 Best Picture trophy for *Citizen Kane*. "There I was listening to Hitchcock with Scorsese," he says. "It was a dream come true, a culmination of my life's study."

The Raleigh native started his career as film critic and arts editor for The Spectator, the weekly Triangle newspaper that flourished in the 1980s and early '90s, and would go on to write about cinema for the New York Press, The Village Voice, Newsweek and The New York Times. He reported from the Cannes Film Festival for Variety, covered the rise of Iranian cinema for Film Comment, and traveled to Beijing for a story on the making of the modern classic, Farewell My Concubine.

The great-great-grandson of Joseph Blount Cheshire III, North Carolina's Episcopal bishop in the early 1900s,

bishop in the early 1900s, Godfrey Cheshire grew up on Raleigh's Wake Drive, just behind the Carolina Country Club. He was a childhood friend of those Wall Street success stories, Zack and Louis Bacon. After 10 years in Raleigh public schools, he transferred to Virginia Episcopal School in Lynchburg, where he first wrote about film, occasionally dropping movie reviews into his weekly column for the school newspaper.

In the late 1970s, after studying radio, television and motion pictures at the University of North Carolina and opping up movie culture in London and Paris on a post-

college trip to Europe, he returned to Raleigh with dreams of becoming a professional critic. As luck would have it, he soon met Bernie Reeves. Reeves, now editor and publisher of *Metro*, was just about to launch *The Spectator*. "We were a perfect match," Cheshire quips. "I had no experience, and he had no money."

He spent 13 years with the paper, reviewing movies but also reporting on the celebrated Southern rock and roll scene that

> blossomed through the late '70s and '80s. Then, in 1991, seeking a bigger stage, he left the Triangle for an apartment in New York's West Village. Within days, he was hired as the chief movie critic for *New York Press*, a Spectator-like weekly that caters to the residents of downtown Manhattan. This, in turn, led to regular assignments for *Variety, Film Comment* and other national publications.

> In 1992, *Film Comment* asked him to cover an Iranian Film Festival at New York's Lincoln Center, and he soon developed a particular expertise in Iran's postrevolutionary cinema, making four separate trips to the country in five years. Recently, he signed a contract with the London publisher Faber and Faber to write a book on the subject. But his time in the Middle East has also inspired a project that could soon turn his career upside down.

While in Iran, Cheshire learned of an early 20th-century American expatriate named

Howard Baskerville, whose role in a failed revolution against the Shah in 1906 would make him an Iranian national hero. "He's their Lawrence of Arabia," Cheshire says. "They were still paying tribute to him while holding American hostages in 1979." After leaving *New York Press* in 2001, he turned Baskerville's story into a screenplay and now hopes to produce a film. It's a story that has particular resonance amid current conflict in the Middle East. You never know. We may see Godfrey Cheshire on the other side of that New York awards ceremony.

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Eli Evans

NOT LONG AFTER MOVING TO MANHATTAN IN THE LATE 1960S, Eli Evans found his way into New York City folklore: He had lunch with Willie Morris. Morris, well into his quixotic reign as editor-in-chief of *Harper's Magazine*, was already famous for his lingering midtown lunches with the likes of William Styron, Arthur Miller, and Norman Mailer, a who's who of the city's cultural elite.

Sitting with Morris at a tiny French restaurant on Madison Avenue, Evans started telling stories about growing up Jewish in the very Southern town of Durham, North Carolina. As the hours passed, he described his family's long history in the state, from the day in 1904 when his grandparents bought a dry-

goods store in Dover to his father's six terms as mayor of Durham in the 1950s and early '60s. "It was one of those legendary Willie Morris meals," Evans says, "where you start out at lunch and wind up at dinner." The Mississippi-born Morris was so enthralled he immediately hired Evans to write a series of articles for Harper's on the lives of Jewish Southerners and would soon sign him to a book contract with the fledgling Harper's Magazine Press.

Willie Morris resigned from Harper's before Evans put pen to paper, but Atheneum quickly purchased his contract—"I think they got me for two linebackers and some cash," he says—and his seminal history of Jews in the South, The Provincials, was published in the fall of 1973. He would go on to publish two other books on the same theme: Judah P. Benjamin, a biography of the Confederacy's Jewish

secretary of state, and *The Lonely Days Were Sundays*, a collection of essays. When *Lonely Days* debuted, Israeli diplomat and historian Abba Eban said, "the Jews of the South have found their poet laureate."

As flattering as they are, Eban's words only begin to describe the exploits of Eli Evans. After picking up an English degree from UNC and a law degree from Yale, he spent several years in politics, both in North Carolina and in Washington. He was part of Richardson Pryor's 1964 gubernatorial campaign, worked hand-in-hand with former governor Terry Sanford to compile a 1967 study on the future of state government, and served on the White House Staff for two years as a speech writer for President Lyndon Johnson. "When they beefed up the Office of Education," he says, "I wrote the first draft of Johnson's speech."

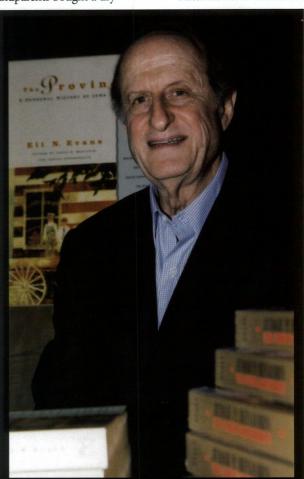
After his move to Manhattan, even as he was building one

career as a book writer, he built another as a philanthropist. Working on the Sanford study, a project funded by the Ford and Carnegie Foundations, Evans realized he could do more good from outside the world of politics. "I suddenly saw foundations as places where you could really make things happen, really get ideas into the American mainstream." He moved to New York, not to find a publisher but to take a job with the Carnegie Foundation, and a decade later, he became the first president of the Revson Foundation, the charitable organization started by Charles Revson, the founder of Revlon. The Foundation has made grants of more than \$127 million involving urban affairs, Jewish causes, education and medical research.

Eli Evans likes to talk about his "dual identities." He's a writer who heads a foundation. He's a Southerner from a

Jewish family. But he's also a wonderful mix of New Yorker and North Carolinian. Almost 35 years have passed since he moved to Manhattan, but when he sees a scrap of trash on the sidewalk, he still bends down to clean it up. When his son Joshua was born at New York University hospital, he carried a vial of Chapel Hill dirt into the delivery room, so the boy would "know his roots." He patterned his *Provincials* narrative, one of the great North Carolina histories, after *The City Game*, Pete Axhelm's look at New York City basketball. Eli Evans is a beguiling individual, the sort of person who used to lunch with Willie Morris.

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lames Forbes

n the spring of 1996, Baylor University compiled a list of the 12 most effective preachers in the English-speaking world. Based on interviews with nearly 350 seminary professors and editors at popular religious periodicals, the list showed up in *Newsweek*, along with a three-page feature about the 12 and their secrets of the trade. Of the three preachers *Newsweek* called "obvious choices," two were from North Carolina. One was Billy Graham. The other was James Forbes, the senior minister at Manhattan's Riverside Church, the interdenominational parish founded in 1927 by John D. Rockefeller Jr.

James Forbes comes from a long line of eastern North Carolina ministers. In 1935, the year Forbes was born, his father was pastor of a Pentecostal church in the little town of Burgaw, about 25 miles north of Wilmington. Two years later, the family made a brief stop in Goldsboro, but Forbes spent most of his childhood in Raleigh, where his father became a

Pentecostal bishop, overseeing the Providence Holy Church at the corner of Bloodworth Street and Bledsoe Avenue.

After graduating from the old Washington High School on Fayetteville Street, Forbes took up chemistry at Howard University, intent on making the leap to medical school. "I had a particular fascination with my high school science teacher," he says, "and I figured she'd be very impressed if I were a doctor." But, by the end of his junior year, his plans had changed. "I had a religious experience," he explains. "It convinced me that, just as my father and grandfather were preachers, God wanted me to be a preacher too, not a medical man. I would still do healing, but it would be of the spiritual kind."

A year later, after completing his chemistry degree, he applied to the Divinity School at Duke University in Durham. He was not accepted. "I received a letter saying, 'We regret to inform you that we do not accept colored students at the present time, and we do not anticipate doing so in the foreseeable future," he remembers. So he applied to a divinity school of even greater standing, the Union Theological Seminary in Upper Manhattan. Union conferred his Master of Divinity degree in the spring of 1962.

Newsweek credits Forbes with inspiring a gradual co-mingling of black Christian traditions with white, calling him the "leading crossover figure" among American preachers. When named senior minister of Riverside Church in 1989, he became the first African American to oversee its famously interracial congregation. But he sought such integration from his earliest days as a preacher. The summer he graduated from Union, he joined a National Council of Churches program

> that put black preachers in white churches and white preachers in black churches, accepting a position at the Olin D. Binkley Baptist Church in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. One of his parishioners was the new basketball coach at the University of North Carolina, Dean Smith.

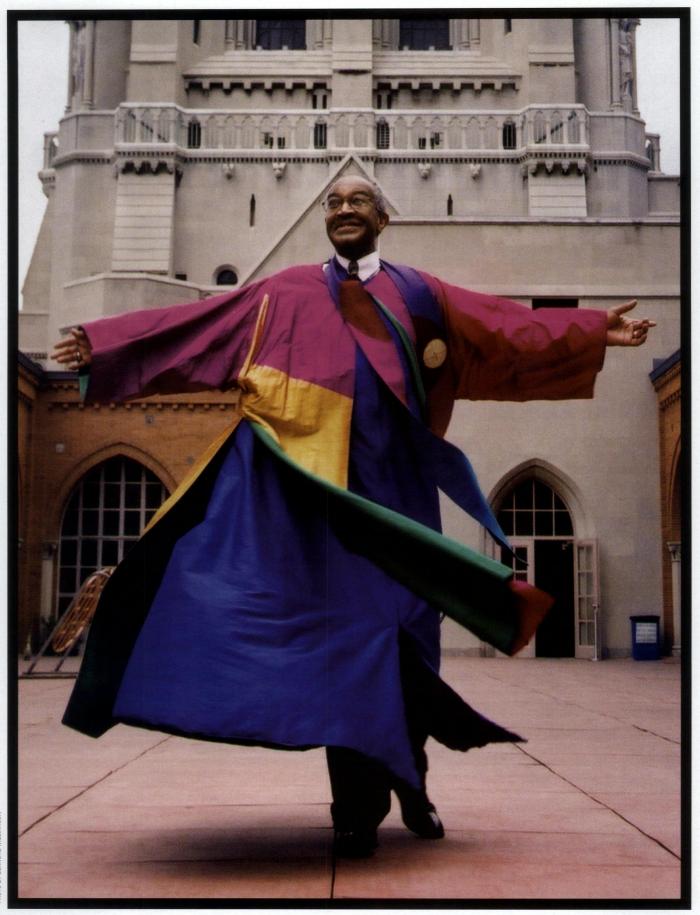
Following stints at Pentecostal churches in Wilmington and later Richmond, Virginia, Forbes returned to Upper Manhattan and the Union Theological Seminary,

where for 13 years he taught homiletics, the art of preaching. Moving from Union to Riverside Church was a natural transition. The two sit on opposite sides of Claremont Avenue, just north of 120th Street. But they also share a liberal approach to Christianity. Not only is Riverside interracial, it was built specifically to unite disparate denominations.

In explaining the talents of the 12 preachers short-listed by Baylor University, *Newsweek* describes one of Forbes's most famous sermons. During his early days at Union, he took to the pulpit with a pair of tuning forks. Holding them up for all to see, he showed off his gift for the pregnant pause. (Even during everyday conversation, in classic North Carolina style, James Forbes seems to pause after every word.) He then struck one of the forks against the pulpit. As it sang, he slowly touched it to the other. The two forks, singing together, were a metaphor for the ideal relationship between his parishioners and their God. But the image could also illustrate the work of James Forbes. He unites black and white, Pentecostal and Baptist, North Carolina and New York.

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...God wanted me to be a preacher too, not a medical man. I would still do healing, but it would be of the spiritual kind.



ee Hennessee

FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS, NORTH CAROLINIANS have been at the very heart of Wall Street's hedge fund industry, that high-stakes financial playground where money managers bet on everything from stocks and bonds to currencies and commodities. As Raleigh native and Wall Street veteran Dick Jenrette says, "A single North Carolina family spawned two of the most successful hedge fund businesses ever built."

Salisbury-native Julian Robertson ran Tiger Management, which controlled assets of \$22 billion in the mid-1990s. Louis Bacon, the Raleigh-born stepson of Robertson's sister Blanche, oversees Moore Capital, the \$9.4 billion firm sitting atop today's market.

But a North Carolinian also heads the first and most prominent hedge fund consultancy, advising individuals who invest in funds like Robertson's and Bacon's. Lee Hennessee, who grew up on Raleigh's St. Mary's Street, just around the corner from Bacon, started the Hennessee Hedge Fund

Advisory Group in 1987 as a division of E.F. Hutton, later moving it to Shearson Lehman, Republic National Bank, and the investment firm Weiss, Peck and Greer.

Then, in 1997, along with her husband, Charles Gradante, she transformed the operation into a stand-alone company, the Hennessee Group LLC. Today, when a leading news organization needs a hedge fund expert, whether it's *The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal,* CNN, or CNBC, it turns to Grandante and Hennessee.

Hennessee's parents, William and Mary Frances, met in the mid-1940s at a North Carolina debutante party. William was from Salisbury, a contemporary of both Julian Robertson and Elizabeth Dole. Mary Frances lived in Raleigh, where her father, Grover Dillon, and his <image>

brother C.A., ran the massive Dillon Supply Company just off Morgan Street. After they married in 1948, William went to work for Dillon Supply and soon moved his family, including daughter Lee, to his wife's childhood home at 1918 St. Mary's Street.

Like her mother, Lee Hennessee spent a year at Raleigh's Needham Broughton High School before transferring to the St. Mary's boarding school a few blocks away. Like her grandmother Hennessee, she graduated from the Randolph Macon Women's College in Lynchburg, Virginia. But, soon after, she made a clean break from family custom.

Returning to Raleigh after college, she asked for a job with

Dillon Supply. Though the company always hired the men of the family, even the in-laws, she was refused. "They told me that, if I was a good girl, they'd appoint me to the board when I turned 30," she says. "I'd get a healthy salary, and I wouldn't have to show up for meetings because everyone else would vote for me." That summer, much to her family's chagrin, she packed her bags for Boston.

Hennessee had grown up hearing stories about Elizabeth Dole—for 55 years, Dole's mother ran a Salisbury book club with grandmother Hennessee—and her plan was to complete

> her masters at the Harvard School of Education, where Dole studied in the late 1950s. But, after a few unhappy months in Boston, she gravitated, like so many other ambitious souls, to New York.

> Though she arrived in the city without even the prospect of a job, she knew she had a gift for selling. "The one year I sold Girl Scout cookies, I sold more than anyone in Wake County," she says. "I sold more shoes than anyone when I worked at Pappagallo." In New York, a Pappagallo-sized commission wasn't nearly enough to live on, so she walked down Wall Street and applied to the leading brokerage firms. Within weeks, she was selling IRAs and mutual funds for Thomson McKinnon Securities.

After 11 years with Thompson, Lee Hennessee moved to E.F. Hutton and founded her hedge fund practice.

Since then, she has risen, in more ways than one, to the top of an exclusive Manhattan community. From her office on 42nd Street, she has a panoramic view of the city, including both the East River and the Hudson. In 1998, *The New York Times* ran a story about her penthouse on Sutton Place at the edge of the East River, overlooking Roosevelt Island. But, like so many North Carolina expatriates, she longs for the comforts of home. She recently opened a new hedge fund business in Raleigh, and if she can sell the idea to her husband, a native New Yorker, she may even move back to the Old North State. "I have one plot at a cemetery in Salisbury," she says, "and another in Raleigh at Oakwood."

William Ivey Long

IF YOU LOOKED BACK OVER THE PAST 15 YEARS AND MADE A LIST of Broadway's most popular musicals, it would read a lot like William Ivey Long's résumé. His credits as a costume designer include the sleek, black leotards worn by Ann Reinking and Bebe Neuwirth in the recent revival of *Chicago*, the canary yellow dress at the heart of *Contact*, and the candy-colored gowns and boas stretched across Harvey Fierstein in *Hairspray*.

In June, the epic kitsch of Long's *Hairspray* costumes won him a fourth Tony Award. The first came in 1982 for his work on the original Broadway production of *Nine*, a show that starred Durham native Anita Morris. Two others followed in 1992 and 2001, for *Crazy For You* and *The Producers*. "It's scary how successful he is," says Michael Wilson, the Winston-Salem native who recently made his Broadway directorial debut with

Enchanted April. Long is the end product of a North Carolina family that dates back to the 17th century. After fighting with

century. After fighting with Bacon's Rebellion at Jamestown in 1676, his ninth-great-grandfather, Arthur Long, settled in Seaboard, North Carolina, just below the Virginia border, and the family has been there ever since. "I'm about as North Carolinian as you can get," Long says, "if you leave out the Croatoan Indians."

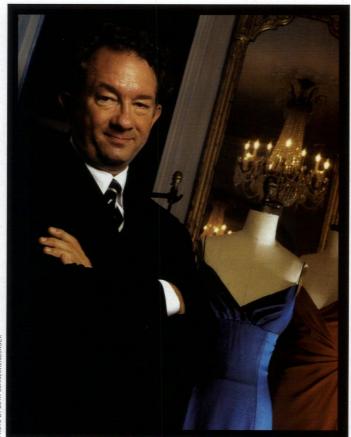
His father, the youngest of 11 children, left Seaboard in the 1930s to study at the University of North Carolina and soon fell in with the state's fledgling theatre community. Long grew up, quite literally, on the stage. For the first three years of his life, while his father worked as technical

director at the Raleigh Little Theatre, he lived in a dressing room just off stage left. "If I put one foot outside my front door, I'd be on the stage," he remembers. "My father would be there building scenery, and I'd play with the sawdust."

When his father returned to UNC, working with the school's repertory company, the Carolina PlayMakers, and teaching in the department of dramatic art, Long passed many an hour at the feet of Irene Smart Rains, the PlayMakers' costume designer, fashioning doll-sized costumes from her extra scraps of fabric. Each summer, he left Chapel Hill for Manteo, joining the cast and crew of *The Lost Colony*. With his father

handling tech direction and his mother starring as Queen Elizabeth, little William played one of the colony's ill-fated children.

After high school, he took a detour outside the theater world, studying American history at the College of William and Mary and later architectural history in the graduate program at UNC. But, during this return to Chapel Hill, as he fell



back into friendships with Irene Smart Rains and other PlayMakers, his childhood memories resurfaced, and he soon abandoned those architectural studies, enrolling in the celebrated Yale Drama School to study costume and set design. His first Broadway show was *The 1940s Radio Hour*, an expanded version of a summer cabaret he worked on at Yale. His second was *Nine*.

In much the same way they planted the seeds of his success on Broadway, Long's childhood memories would eventually pull him back to the simpler pleasures of the North Carolina stage. When he returned to Manteo for the 50th anniversary of *The Lost Colony* in 1987, he was so captivated by the production—"I was totally

blown away," he likes to say—that he soon agreed to take over as costume designer. Within five years, he was overseeing the sets as well.

No one straddles the divide between New York and North Carolina quite like William Ivey Long. He splits his time between a brownstone in Chelsea on the west side of Manhattan and a farm house on the family property in Seaboard. He's friends with Wendy Wasserstein, and he belongs to the Order of the Long Leaf Pine. "He does *The Lost Colony* and he does *Hairspray*," says Michael Wilson. "What more do you want?"

Marc Johnson

n the fall of 1998, just five years after his first New York acting job, Marc Johnson landed an audition with Woody Allen. As he walked into the filmmaker's Park Avenue offices and sat down in the waiting room, he witnessed one of those rapid-fire casting calls Woody Allen is so famous for. Actor after actor walked into Allen's personal screening room for a one-on-one audition and, almost instantly, walked out. "It seemed like they were going through the curtains, turning around, and coming straight back the other way," Johnson says.

Johnson, a native of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, was the last actor called, and as he parted the curtains to the screening room, there was Woody Allen, standing inches from the doorway. "We were practically nose to nose," Johnson remem-

bers. After reading a few short lines of dialogue, he assumed the audition was over, but Allen wanted more information, asking if it was true that he played the drums. Johnson said he'd been a drummer since his school days, and before he knew it, they were deep into conversation about Woody Allen's other great passion, jazz.

As the audition stretched to record lengths, Johnson grew more and more comfortable with the filmmaker, and suddenly spit out a question that

was obviously weighing on his mind. "Woody," he said, "why is it that your movies never include a black character unless he's serving drinks or shining shoes?" Johnson insisted that, after years of playing New York jazz clubs, Allen must know plenty of African Americans who could inspire more nuanced characters. Allen agreed with him, saying he'd done exactly that with his latest script. "Well, I'm not serving any drinks," Johnson replied, and as he walked out, he knew he'd gotten the part. That fall, he worked alongside Sean Penn, Uma Thurman, and Samantha Morton in Woody Allen's *Sweet and Lowdown*.

Marc Johnson traces his acting career back to an Elizabeth City drama teacher named Betty Dunn. She had such belief in his talent that, the year he graduated from high school, she paid his way into a summer acting program at the North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem. The following year, he won a scholarship to the school and soon enrolled as a college student.

In 1993, a week before his School of the Arts graduation, he flew to New York for a series of school-sponsored auditions, including a tryout with Joseph Papp's Public Theater, famous since the 1950s for performing Shakespeare in Central Park. Hours after he returned to Winston, the Public called his apartment, saying they'd love to see a second reading. "I had no money. I had no way of getting back to New York. I hadn't packed the apartment I was moving out of. I hadn't even graduated yet," Johnson says, "But I told them I'd be there."

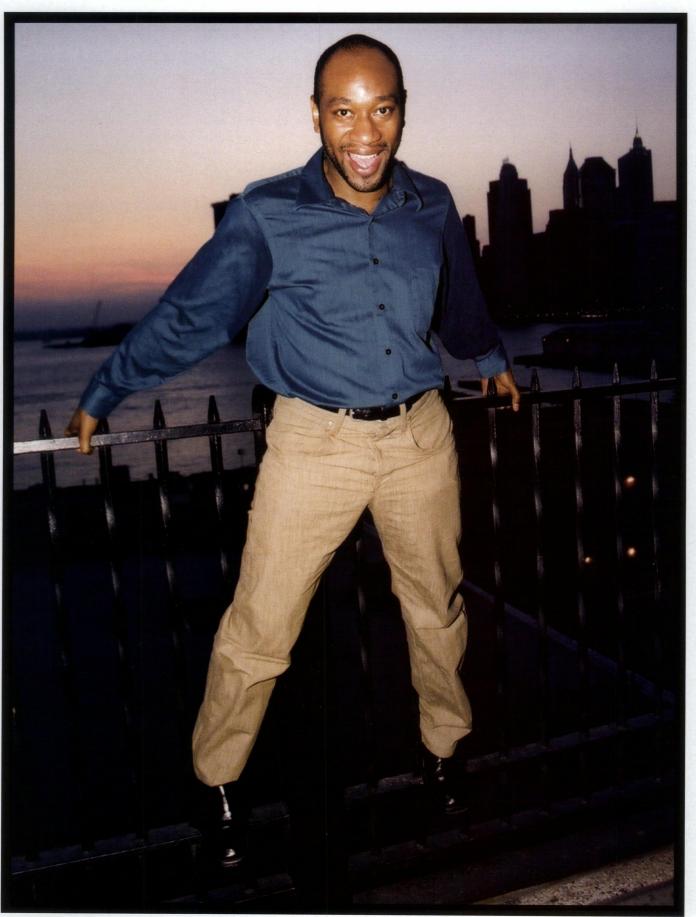
The School of the Arts bought his ticket to Manhattan, and he won a role in the Public's new production of *Measure*

Woody... why is it that your movies never include a black character unless he's serving drinks or shining shoes? *for Measure.* Four days later, after yet another return to Winston for graduation, he was standing on a New York rehearsal stage, eating morning bagels with Kevin Kline.

Over the next decade, Johnson's credits would include feature films, theater and New York's leading television shows. He played a college professor in the recent Kirk and Michael Douglas film *It Runs in the Family*. He did a trio of Shakespeare plays with The Acting Company, the 9th Avenue theatre founded by actor and producer John Houseman.

He landed guest roles in *The Sopranos, Law & Order, Third Watch*, and *100 Centre Street*. Three years after *Sweet and Lowdown*, Woody Allen cast him in a short film about New York and September 11.

Set during the Depression, *Sweet and Lowdown* concerns a fictional jazz guitarist named Emmet Ray, played by Sean Penn. Early in the movie, when Ray performs at a roadside jazz club in Chicago, his audience includes a group of tuxedoed musicians. Minutes later, during one of the film's funnier scenes, the group drives Ray across town for a private jam session. Omer, the one who gleefully taps away at the drums that night, is played by Marc Johnson. He doesn't serve any drinks. When we first see him on screen, someone else is serving drinks to him.



hen Alexander Julian left Chapel Hill for Manhattan at the age of 26, his goal was to win a Coty Award before his 30th birthday. He met that deadline with two years to spare and would go on to win the Oscar of the fashion industry four more times, becoming the youngest designer inducted into the Coty Hall of Fame. But his proudest moment came in 1991, when he answered the telephone during a business trip to London. Dean Smith was on the line, and he wanted to known if Julian would design new uniforms for the Carolina basketball team. "It was like God calling," Julian says, "asking you to make new halos for the archangels."

Alexander Julian's father, Maurice, graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1938. In 1942, he opened

the Franklin Street mainstay, Julian's Men's Shop. Born six years later, Alexander remembers little of his childhood save the endless afternoons he spent playing in the shop with his sister Missy. "We played with swatch books instead of building blocks," he says. "We built castles out of Scottish cashmere and English tweed." By his early teens, he was helping customers match ties and jackets. Before leaving high school, he was running the store on his own.

Though his father insisted he study medicine at Carolina, Julian, class of 1969, was determined to be a clothier. Just after turning 21, while his parents were away on vacation, he opened his own boutique on the other side of Franklin Street, borrowing several thousand dollars from his father's line of credit. He called the shop Alexander's Ambition.

He was disinherited for three days—"that was a record," he says—and years would pass before his father fully accepted his career in the clothing business. When Alexander won his second Coty Award, Maurice suggested he go to law school. But his talent was obvious from the very beginning. He started selling his own designs in the new shop and was soon persuading other stores to sell them as well. "Through my father, I already knew the owners and buyers of the best men's stores in the country," he explains, "and I'd pitch them my ideas when we all went to New York during the buying season."

During one New York visit, he took an afternoon walk up Madison Avenue with Bob Pollack, who was already selling a few Julian specials from a men's shop in West Hartford, Connecticut. As they crossed 37th Street, Pollack gave him the sort of advice that changes lives, insisting he was talented enough to close his Chapel Hill store and become a full-time designer. The next season, Julian rolled out his first complete collection of men's wear. Within the year, after catching the eye of a Bloomingdale's VP, it was on sale at 60th Street and

It was like God calling... asking you to make new halos for the archangels." Lexington Avenue.

Over the next 30 years, he would build a truly eclectic design house. In 1981, he branched out from men's couture into the ready-towear market, introducing Colours by Alexander Julian. Before dressing the Tar Heels in argyle, he fashioned uniforms for the Charlotte Hornets and NASCAR drivers Mario and Michael Andretti. In 1992, he served as costume designer for *The Player*, Robert Altman's film about

the cruelties of Hollywood. Two years later, he introduced his own line of furniture.

Julian spent a decade living in New York City, and since the widespread success of Colours, he's made his home in Fairfield County, Connecticut, a short train ride from his trio of Manhattan showrooms. But there's little doubt where his heart lies, At his Connecticut farmhouse, known as "Chapel Hill North," a UNC flag flies from the roof and there's always North Carolina barbecue in the freezer. Not a day passes without several phone calls to his sister, who still runs the old Julian's Men's Shop. And he's always on hand when God says the halos need a little polishing.



Lauren Kennedy

IF YOU OPEN UP LAUREN KENNEDY'S DEBUT CD, a collection of theater-inspired songs from Broadway composer Jason Robert Brown, you'll find a short note from Trevor Nunn, the British director best known in America for staging *Cats* and *Les Miserables*. "As a director of musical theatre, you yearn to find that seemingly impossible conjunction of an extraordinary voice with acting talent of the very highest order," Nunn writes. "You want the songs themselves to be inhabited, sung through character, thought and felt in dramatic as well as musical detail." You want a performer, he goes on to say, like Lauren Kennedy.

The Raleigh native first worked with Nunn at the age of 19 when he cast her in the American premiere of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Sunset Boulevard*. After Sunset's nine-month run in Los Angeles, he brought her east for the show's New York opening, and at 20, just three years out of Raleigh's Needham Broughton High School, she shared a Broadway stage with Glenn Close.

In those days, Kennedy sang with the ensemble, but she

would soon make the leap to leading lady. In 2001, Nunn cast her as Nellie Forbush in his revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *South Pacific* at the Royal National Theatre in London. This spring, she played Fantine during the stretch run of *Les Miz*, her first starring role on Broadway.

Lauren Kennedy caught the theater bug from her parents, K.D. and Sara, high school sweethearts from Wilson, North Carolina, who migrated to Raleigh in the mid-1960s. "In one of my earliest memories," Kennedy says, "I'm sitting in the front row of the Raleigh Little Theatre, watching them sing on stage." Soon, she and her sister Katherine were auditioning for the North <image>

Carolina Theatre, landing children's roles in musicals including *Annie*, *Gypsy* and *Cinderella*. By her teenage years, she was taking the stage as Eva Peron in Lloyd Webber's *Evita* and Florence Vassey in the Cold War musical *Chess*, receiving star billing at Raleigh's Memorial Auditorium.

More than a training ground, the North Carolina Theatre gave Kennedy a tantalizing peak into that exclusive world behind the Broadway footlights. Many of her early Raleigh shows were directed by Terrence Mann, the North Carolina School of the Arts graduate who became one of Broadway's biggest names during the '80s and '90s, starring in *Cats, Les Miz* and Disney's *Beauty and the Beast.* At 15, when Kennedy first saw *Les Miz*, during one of her family's annual theaterfilled New York vacations, Mann took her backstage to meet the cast. "If there was any doubt about my becoming an actor," she says, "that was the end of it."

After graduating from Broughton, she enrolled at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, but her stay was shortlived. During her sophomore year she sang for a visiting Broadway agent, and the following summer he called her to

> New York for a pair of auditions. Two were all she needed. One was for *Miss Saigon*, the other for *Sunset Boulevard*.

Sunset was a springboard in more ways than one. Working on the show, she met her future husband, Alan Campbell, who starred opposite Glenn Close's Norma Desmond as the down-onhis-luck screenwriter Joe Gillis. But her part in the ensemble also provided a direct route to the meatier roles that would put her name in lights. Having understudied the role of Betty Schaeffer on Broadway, she made it her own when Sunset toured the country. After another Broadway stint in the 1997 musical Side Show and a starring role in The Rhythm Club at Arlington, Virginia's Signature Theatre, she landed

the lead in the Chicago premiere of Jason Robert Brown's *The Last Five Years*. This, in turn, led to her first solo CD.

Kennedy reached a new peak with her Nellie Forbush at Royal National Theatre. "Kennedy's Nellie glistens and gleams," reads Benedict Nightingale's review in the *Times of London*. "She ends up making you feel that, yes, love can conquer prejudice." Trevor Nunn writes of the "tear-stained thousands whom she so deeply moved and richly entertained." But there was something even more gratifying about her return to Broadway in *Les Miz* this past spring, a twist of fate that brought her life full circle. As Fantine, she starred opposite the original Javert: Terrence Mann.

METROMAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 2003

Michael Wilson

ENCHANTED APRIL, ONE OF THE YEAR'S LONGEST-RUNNING BROADWAY PLAYS, owes much of its success to a pair of Morehead scholars. Michael Cumpsty, a Morehead from South Africa, UNC class of 1983, plays the role of Mellersh Wilton, the stodgy English solicitor who follows his wife and her newfound friends from the gloom of 1920s London to the sunny paradise of a castle on the Italian Rivera. He nearly steals the show when, during the comic centerpiece of the second act, he tumbles on stage wearing nothing but a towel.

But the real creative force behind the play, the man who orchestrated its original production at the Hartford Stage in Connecticut and engineered its move to Broadway, is director Michael Wilson, the Winston-Salem native who won the Morehead four years after Cumpsty. Following his stint as an assistant on the 1992 Broadway musical The Who's Tommy and his trio of credits Off-Broadway, Enchanted April marks Michael Wilson's full directorial debut on the Great White Way. In June, it was nominated for a Tony Award as Best Play.

Wilson's parents grew up just outside Winston-Salem, his father in the little railroad town of Spencer a few miles south, his mother in Yadkinville at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. In the late 1940s, a man from Spencer ran the concessions at Chapel Hill's Kenan Stadium, and Wilson's father was one of the Spencer boys who would pile into a truck on fall weekends, ride east and sell peanuts during UNC football games. "Those were the days of 'Choo Choo' Charlie Justice," Wilson says. "My father grew up with an intense love for Carolina, and I was born straight into that." There was little doubt that, after leaving R.J. Reynolds High School, Wilson would enroll at UNC. The Morehead was a bonus.

He gravitated to the

Carolina Playmakers, UNC's 60-year-old theater company, in much the same way. In the fourth grade, after learning of the so-called Lost Colony, the English settlement that disappeared from Roanoke Island in 1590, he developed a fascination with the famous play about the colony. "I was so intrigued by the idea that someone had taken this piece of history," Wilson says, "and turned it into theater." The Lost Colony was written by Pulitzer Prize winner Paul Green of Harnett County, one of the early Carolina Playmakers.

When he followed Green into the Playmakers, working with Michael Cumpsty for the first time, Wilson became the company's jack-of-all-trades. He wrote. He acted. He chipped in with the production team. He even interned at the com-

pany's business offices. Then, at the end of his four years, he followed the path of another early PlayMaker, Thomas Wolfe, enrolling at Harvard to study literature and writing plays.

By the end of the summer, he was lured back into hands-on theatre work by Robert Brustein, the artistic director of the American Repertory in Cambridge, MA, whose books of theatre philosophy were so inspiring during his undergraduate days. For three years, he was the company's house manager. This, in turn, led to a more creative role at the Alley Theatre in

Houston, Texas, assisting artist director and former PlayMaker Greg Boyd. Within months, he'd written a new stage version of Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol, which ran for 10 years at the Alley, and directed his first play, Jerry Sterner's Other People's Money.

In 1994, he showed up in Manhattan with a small safety net of Christmas Carol royalties. After landing that first New York job with Tommy, he went on to direct Tony-award winner Elizabeth Ashley at the WPA Theatre in Chelsea, then Broadway and Hollywood veteran Lois Smith at the American Place Theatre on West 37th Street. By 1998, he was named artistic director of the Hartford Stage, where he first produced Matthew Barber's Enchanted April.

For the new Broadway production, Wilson surrounds Cumpsty, his fellow Morehead, with an ensemble cast of rare quality, including Jayne Atkinson, who won a Tony nomination and an Outer Critics Circle Award for her role, Elizabeth Ashley, in her second Michael Wilson play, and Michael Hayden, another recent Tony nominee. Together, they put on a master class in the lost art of romantic comedy. "It is oldfashioned in the most vine-ripened way, harking back to the kind of theater that once made Broadway a civilized place," John Simon writes of Enchanted April in his New York Magazine review, "cannily directed by Michael Wilson and delectably acted by all." Old John Motley Morehead would be proud.



Charlie Rose

harlie Rose was once a New York banker. When he first came to the city more than 30 years ago carrying a law degree from Duke University, he took a job with Bankers Trust working in mergers and acquisitions. But he was never comfortable on Wall Street. "I felt more at home with journalists and writers than I ever did with bankers or lawyers or insurance people," he says. His wife at the time, North Carolina native Mary Rose Taylor, was a researcher with *CBS Reports* and *60 Minutes*, and he was soon inspired to try his hand at television, seeking freelance work at local stations in Manhattan.

While putting together a story on President Lyndon Johnson, he hoped to land an interview with Bill Moyers,

the PBS television journalist who once worked as Johnson's press secretary. "Being me," Rose says, "I called more than once." The calls were not returned. But days later, by sheer coincidence, his wife was seated next to Moyers at a city luncheon, and the two quickly realized their connection, Moyers giving assurances he would answer Rose's calls.

When Charlie Rose finally met the celebrated newsman, he landed more than an interview. On the spot, Moyers offered him a job. Within two years, Rose received a Peabody Award as the executive producer of USA: People and Politics, the weekly PBS series on the political campaigns of 1976.

From there, he would become one of the most recognizable faces in television news. For the last decade, his nightly interview show, *Charlie Rose*, has aired on PBS affiliates across the country, and since January of 1999, he's been a correspondent with the weekly CBS news magazine *60 Minutes II*.

Rose was born in Henderson, North Carolina, five days into 1942. Two years later, his father was drafted into the Army and joined American forces in Europe, fighting in France and Germany and the Battle of the Bulge. While he was away, Rose and his mother moved to Warren Plains, a tiny town 20 miles northeast where her family owned the town's country store.

When Rose's father returned from the war, he bought the store and soon purchased a second in Henderson. As he ran one, his wife handled the other. "It's a real Southern thing," Rose says. "Just as Jimmy and Rosalyn Carter ran a peanut business together, mother and dad ran our two stores." For 12 years, Rose lived above the store in Warren Plains, sharing a room with his grandmother.

Then, in 1954, his father sold the Warren Plains business and moved the family back to Henderson. Rose played on the basketball team at Henderson High and, according to local legend, was scouted by UNC coach Frank McGuire. "I was in Chapel Hill to play for Henderson one night and McGuire was there," Rose remembers. "But I was not a very good ball player, and by that time, he ran a one-way train bringing players from New York."

Rose always wanted to ride in the other direction, from Carolina to New York. There was a railroad line outside his

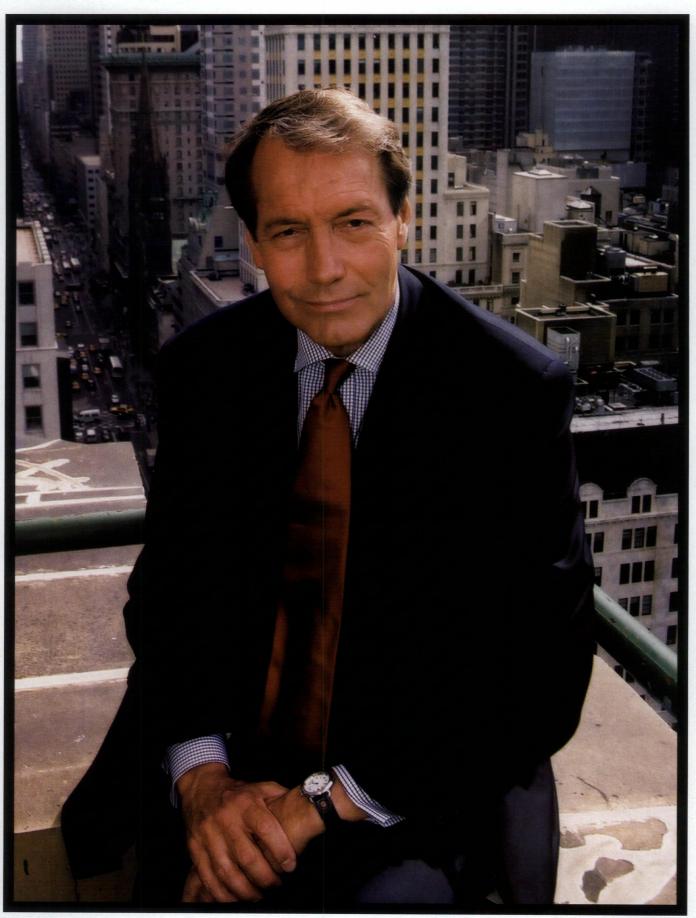
New York was where things were happening. It had a magic for me... For reasons unknown, I was a Yankee fan. My earliest hero was Mickey Mantle. window in Warren Plains, and he would watch the trains rolling north. "New York was where things were happening. It had a magic for me," he explains. "For reasons unknown, I was a Yankee fan. My earliest hero was Mickey Mantle." After spending his undergraduate years at Duke, not UNC, and staying on for law school, he finally took one of those trains, soon landing in the offices of Bill Moyers.

He was Moyers' "aide de camp" for two years and then moved to Washington, DC, serving as a news correspondent with NBC. After co-hosting the daily talk show *AM/Chicago* in the Windy City, he hopped to Dallas, where he hosted the first *Charlie Rose Show*,

conducting one-on-one interviews much as he does today. An early guest was fashion designer and Chapel Hill native Alexander Julian. By 1981, he was back in Washington, anchoring *Nightwatch*, the first late-night news broadcast from CBS.

In 1987, he won an Emmy Award for his *Nightwatch* interview with Charles Manson, and a second followed in 1992 for a Discovery Channel special, *One on One With Roger Payne*. By then, he was back in New York starting work on the show that would make him a household name.

When asked about the beginnings of his career, Rose says he was lucky—lucky that Mary Rose happened to meet Bill Moyers, lucky that Moyers offered him a job. "There's a certain X factor to success," he says. But his success owes more to diligence and a raw knack for journalism than to luck. Charlie Rose was born to be a television host, not a banker.



Frances Schultz

IN NEW YORK, MORE THAN ANY OTHER PLACE, YOU CAN KNOW SOMEONE simply by walking through a front door. Space is at a premium in the city—one and a half million people live in Manhattan, an island that's 12 miles long and three miles wide—and even the largest apartments are small by ordinary standards. When you walk through a front door, a good part of that person's life is right there in front of you.

Tarboro native Frances Schultz lives in an apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side. When you walk through her front door, you see an end table covered with Eiffel Towers and a magazine rack holding the latest gossip from London. You see the names Plato, Thackeray and Thoreau on one bookshelf, Halston, Hepburn and Chanel on another. You see a listener's guide to Wagner and a seemingly endless collection of cookbooks.

A table is set with painters' palettes doubling for placemats, each with fork, knife and napkin pushed through its thumbhole. There's modern art and classical sculpture, candelabras and bird cages, ceramic rabbits and gilded mirrors, track lighting and red-striped wallpaper. The bedroom reminds you of 17th-century Europe, the study of 1950s North Carolina. And, somehow, from the very moment you walk in, all this ties neatly together into one, perfect package.

When people talk about Frances Schultz, they invariably call her the "Southern Martha Stewart." She's written about design, culture, style, food and entertaining for Richmond's *Style Weekly* and the Atlanta-based *Veranda*.

She's authored two books along the same lines, *Atlanta at Home* and *Atlanta at Table*. She's appeared on *The Today Show* and The Discovery Channel's *Christopher Lowell Show*. And, for the last three years, she's hosted *Southern Living Presents*, the centerpiece of the cable television network Turner South.

Like Lee Hennessee, the Raleigh native who made her name on Wall Street, Schultz is a member of the Colonial Dames, not just a daughter of the American Revolution, but the descendant of a revolutionary officer. Her family settled in Tarboro in the 18th century, and she belongs to the last of five generations to attend the St. Mary's School in Raleigh. "Mind you, some of them were good and some of them were bad," she says. "We had a few valedictorians, but we also had a few who were expelled for things like beer bottles in their laundry bags."

After graduating from St. Mary's, she enrolled in the foreign affairs program at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. "I've always had travel in my blood," she explains. Her New York apartment is littered with the tiny sketch books she carries through Europe, making line-perfect drawings of her favorite

locales: Monet's lily pond, Mont St. Michel, the coast of Capri. But, during her senior year at UVA, she took a course on magazine writing and decided to be a journalist.

The month she graduated, she sold a story to *Modern Bride.* "I threw an idea over the transom," she says. "I wrote a query letter, and they said OK." She soon moved to Richmond, and after working briefly in the sales department at Richmond *Lifestyle*, she was hired as a writer and editor at *Style Weekly*. Following a move to Atlanta, she landed at *Veranda*.

While in Georgia, she developed a second career as a public speaker, and one weekend during a leadership retreat in Aruba, she found herself on the same bill as Peggy Kennedy, editor of *House Beautiful*. Hearing Schultz

speak, Kennedy told her she was a natural for television. "She made some phone calls," Schultz says. "And pretty soon I was doing *The Today Show* and *Christopher Lowell*," By 2000, she was a regular on *Southern Living Presents*.

That same year, she moved to New York, working as *Veranda's* Manhattan-based correspondent. Even while selling freelance stories to city glossies such as *Quest* and *Town and Country*, she continues to host her Turner South show and recently completed a book with Christopher Lowell, due out in 2004. You get the impression that, with Frances Schultz living in the capital of American media, we'll soon see even more of that Tarboro charm. The Northern Martha Stewart is preoccupied.



Randy Wray

RANDY WRAY HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SCULPTOR AS WELL AS A PAINTER, but for many years he kept his sculptures hidden from the public eye. "They were just for me," he says. He describes these sculptures as "three-dimensional Rorschach tests." Made from disparate materials such as ceramics, tooth picks, papiermâché, lobster claws, and popsicle sticks, they look, at first, like nothing you've ever seen, but then they appear to take on familiar shapes, slowly reminding you of a sea creature you once saw at the aquarium or a plant in your neighbor's backyard.

By the mid-1990s, while the sculptures were still in hiding at his Brooklyn studio, he was inspired to use them as a jumping off point for a new series of abstract paintings. "I realized that, as a painter, I could use my sculptures as a source of imagery that no one else had access to," he explains. Later that year, when the canvases were exhibited at an art gallery in downtown Manhattan, he was approached by Malcolm

Morley, the London-born painter who rose to fame in the 1960s. "You're doing exactly what Salvador Dali always advised me to do," Morley told him, "to find an object no one has ever seen and paint it."

Twenty-first century Surrealist Randy Wray was born in Reidsville, North Carolina. He grew up playfully drawing, painting, sculpting, and even knotting macramé, but he didn't entertain thoughts of becoming a professional artist until his senior year of high school, when he won a scholarship to the North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem. "I was only there for a year, but the school informed everything I did from then on," he says. "It made me think I could move to New York and become a legitimate artist."

Following this seminal year in Winston-Salem, he moved on to the College of Art at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, where

he received his bachelor of fine arts degree. Then, in 1990, he embarked on a summer residency at the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture in Maine, where he studied under painter Ross Bleckner. In the fall, he finally made that move to New York, renting a \$700-a-month loft in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and taking a job as Bleckner's studio assistant.

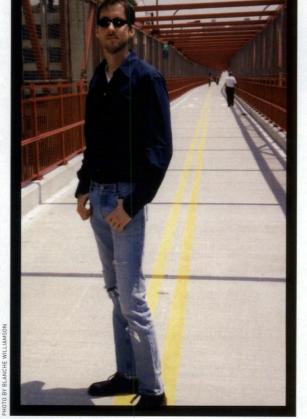
By Wray's own admission, the job never had his complete attention. "All I wanted to do was make my own art," he says. He also spent a few months in a low-paying position at a Manhattan gallery, but he quickly built up the nerve to work on his own art full time. "I realized I could make almost as much money just being an artist as I could working some crappy job," he explains. "The only difference was that the money I got from selling art was so unsteady." He started exhibiting his paintings at makeshift shows around Williamsburg and was eventually noticed by Bill Arning, the curator of the West Village gallery White Columns. In 1993, the

> gallery gave Wray his first singleartist show.

Since then, his work has been exhibited across New York and beyond. In Manhattan, he's presented one-person shows at galleries such as Kagan Martos, Jack Tilton and Feature Inc. The Derek Eller Gallery in Chelsea put on two Randy Wray shows in the space of two years. He's also exhibited at the Christopher Grimes Gallery in Santa Monica, California, the Galeria Camargo Vilaca in São Paulo, Brazil, and the Kunstraeume auf Zeit in Linz, Austria. In April 2002, he received the John Simon Guggenheim Fellowship-the arts, humanities and sciences grant that, since its inception in 1925, has been awarded to such names as Ansel Adams, Aaron Copland, Vladimir Nabokov, Linus Pauling and Eudora Welty.

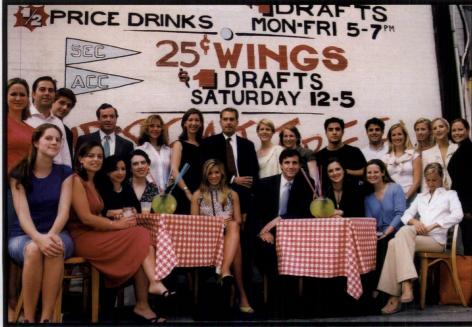
By the late 1990s, the sort of sculpture-based painting that so impressed Malcolm Morley had

become a hallmark of the Randy Wray style. Then, after a few years of exhibiting only the paintings, he finally decided it was time to lift the veil on the sculptures that inspired them. In the spring of this year, with his first major show back in North Carolina, he exhibited paintings and sculptures side by side. At the Witherspoon Gallery in Greensboro, just 40 miles south of his hometown, he gave the public a window into his creative process, showing, at least in part, how his three-dimensional Rorschach tests give rise to the equally-mesmerizing images he puts on canvas. Somewhere, Dali is smiling.



The Tradition Continues

Young North Carolinians in Manhattan



Young North Carolinians in New York

(alphabetical): Frances Bailey, Kinsey Banzet, Kimry Blackwelder, Alex Bragg, Archer Covington, Molly Fulghum Heintz, Hobby Holmes, Blair McClure Husain, Jonathon Kaufman, Tate Lambeth, Liz Mann, Annie Mason, Darden Matthews, Quinton Maynard, Sara Brandon McClure, Heidi McKinney, Taylor Waldo Metz, Fielding Muir, Kate Newsom, Tracie Northan, Anna Starling Schweigman, Kate Skvarla, Will Snyder, Sasha Stallard, Cheshire Webb

Not pictured: Bill Bateman, Hal Berry, Elizabeth Dempsey, Fred Graham, Elizabeth Kimzey, Laura Kirkman, John Maddison, Caroline Moore

New York's James Beard House Honors Chapel Hill's Bill Neal, the Godfather of Southern Cuisine

On July 17 foodies from all over the country trekked to New York's James Beard House for a grand dinner honoring the late Chapel Hill chef and cookbook writer Bill Neal, who died in 1991.

Ben and Karen Barker of Durham's Magnolia Grill, Bill Smith of Chapel Hill's Crook's Corner, Robert Stehling of Charleston's Hominy Grill and John Currance of Oxford Mississippi's City Grocery (the latter two former proteges of Neal at Crook's) cooked up their versions of some of Neal's best- loved recipes.

Raleigh *Metro Magazine* columnist Moreton Neal, co-founder of La Residence, Neal's first restaurant, gave opening remarks. *New York Times* editor R.W. Apple joined her at the podium with reminiscences of "the godfather of Southern cuisine." Apple's article on the occasion appeared later in the *Times*. He quoted Moreton's column for *Metro* describing Mr. Neal as "a trendsetter, a driven perfectionist, a seductive charmer and the possessor of a legendary temper." Apple added, "He was the first Southerner who applied an academic rigor to cooking. He rekindled our respect for the cooking of our own forebears. And he gave Southern cooking a strong national platform."

Neal's books include *Southern Cooking*, *Good Old Grits*, and *Biscuits*, *Spoonbread and Sweet Potato Pie*, the latter recently reissued in paperback by UNC Press.

North Carolinians present for the occasion included Bill and Moreton's children, Elliott, Madeline, Matt and his wife Sheila Neal, Gene Hamer, Mimi and James Fountain, Hal Crowther, Lee Smith, Mrs. Harriet (D.G.) Martin, Harvey Gunter,



From left to right: Karen Barker, Ben Barker, John Currance, Bill Smith, Robert Stehling.

Patricia Owens, Ann Stuart and Randall Roden, and Drake and Erin Maynard.

Tar Heels are no strangers to James Beard's former home and cooking school in Greenwich Village. The Beard Foundation supports the culinary arts by giving exposure to the best cooking talent in the U.S. Other Triangle chefs who have been invited to cook at the House are Scott Howell of Nana's in Durham, Bryan Stapleton of the Carolina Inn and Bret Jennings of Elaine's, both in Chapel Hill.







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by Molly Fulgham Heintz





Tasty Looks for Fall A DELICIOUS DESSERT OF COLORFUL FASHION

magine a chocolate soufflé with raspberry puree and whipped cream, and you have an idea of the colors that dominate women's fall fashion: beautiful brown velvets and tweeds, berry-colored satins, and soft wools in winter white. After the whimsical colors and patterns served up for spring, this season's choices are a rich dessert.

American designers went many different directions for fall, but each one stayed true to his or her signature style. The result was very successful, if radically different, looks across the board. Ralph Lauren once again evoked his landed gentry ideal to create a collection based on riding (mostly horses, some motorcycles), almost all in brown. The story is in the texture with many fabrics and skins worked into the mix. Lauren excelled at stovepipe pants-an important fall sil-











MARC JACOBS





RALPH LAUREN



















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PRADA

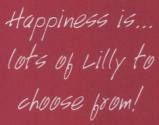




MARC JACOBS

houette-and dramatic gowns for evening. Carolina Herrera's super-feminine collection is sophisticated and sleek. If Alfred Hitchcock were still making movies, he would dress his leading ladies in Herrera. Simple pencil skirts paired with blouses are tied together perfectly with a satin ribbon belt; satin trench coats and jackets in cerulean blue and raspberry red are arresting yet somehow demure. Always on the money, Marc Jacobs has been hinting at a mod look for several seasons, and this time around he is mod-er than ever, with mini







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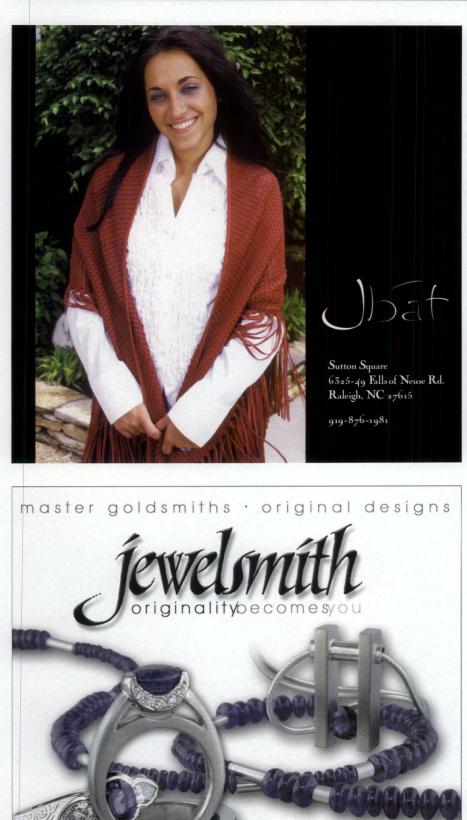
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jumpers, geometric patterns and bold color pairings: an electric cornflower blue paired with a Crayola orange. White Go-Go boots, opaque tights and a thick fringe of bangs complete the all out '60s look.

An ocean away in Milan, Miuccia Prada presents an intriguing collection with an Arts and Crafts vibe that features colorful William Morris-style fabrics. Prada set the tone for the season's accessories with lots of alligator pieces and-a nostalgic surpriselady-like gloves in bright leather. The Italian house of MaxMara parallels Ralph Lauren's country feeling and displays gorgeous coats in large-scale plaids. In Paris, the mood is glamorous Gothic: Balenciaga shows leggings with an armor-like top, and Lanvin creates a mini-dress made of metallic scales.



Ex-pat Brit Alexander McQueen always goes a little "goth," and this time he produces a collection with the architectural feeling of armor: a sleeveless dress looks as if it

could stand up by itself, while a lovely quilted coat gives the illusion of being padded for a much heavier top layer to come.

In short, this is a season of something for everyone. For the trendy, key looks are feminine blouses, the enduring mini, leggings and tight thin-legged pants, boots in all lengths (including over the knee), and pieces in the color of your favorite dessert.

COUTURE FOR THE BOYS

Every man, large and small, should have a button-down shirt that fits. But how many do? Off the rack shirts come in a finite number of sizes that are based on templates, and unless he gets lucky and happens to be a perfect sample size, a man will have a shirt with a collar that is slightly too tight, or arms that are slightly too long or a shirttail that hangs down to his knees. If I were a man and had to wear the same thing everyday (the horror!), I would darn well make sure that it fit well. Recently, the trend website dailycandy.com featured Listerougeparis.com, a French company that offers custom-made shirts on-line. A customer

4

erwin square









MAX MARA

chooses from an array of collar styles (French, Venetian...), cuff styles (round, Milanese...), and fabrics (poplin, twill, Oxford cloth...), sends in his measurements, and then receives a "test" shirt in the mail. Most shirts cost in the \$160 to \$340 range, but as any woman will tell you, this is a small price to pay for a couture garment, that is made just for you. (For Type A's, Liste Rouge also makes custom boxers!) Remember guys, if you don't look good, we (your significant others) don't look good.

IN OTHER NEWS...

If you just came off the beach, you may not have heard that Sephora has arrived at

BALENCIAGA

Crabtree Valley Raleigh. After a long run in Chapel Hill, the European beauty emporium has moved east. With fun makeup lines like Stila and Benefit, sought after skincare lines such as N.V. Perricone, and every fragrance or hair product one could ever conceive of needing, the new Sephora is sure to do brisk business. When you're in the mood to sample and don't want the high-pressure "beauty counter encounter," this is the place to commune peacefully with other beauty-philes.

LAVIN

When I came back to Raleigh recently, I made a beeline to Target to check out the new Isaac Mizrahi line (no Target in Manhattan yet). Mizrahi, in addition to being a

In Raleigh, we checked in with a couple of our favorite boutique owners and asked for their top fall picks.

LISA DISBROW OF SCOUT AND MOLLY'S: "This fall I love all of the ribbons and bows! Lots of little ribbon detail on feminine shirts and beautifully tailored pants. I love that this fall there seems to be more flirty tops and great jackets to pair with a pair of designer jeans and heels... it's nice to be dressed up in jeans and to not have to wear a dress to be dressy."

JULIE JENNINGS OF UNIQUITIES: "For fall, it is all about being girly. A must have color is any shade of pink paired with a mini skirt. Jackets and sexy suits are back in a strong way coupled with lingerie inspired underpinnings. Even denim has gone a more feminine direction. From Seven to Citizens of Humanity there are new straight leg silhouettes. Pair it with a sexy print blouse from Diane Von Furstenberg or a fun polka dot top from Tocca, and you have your new fall look."

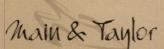


not your grandmother's shoes

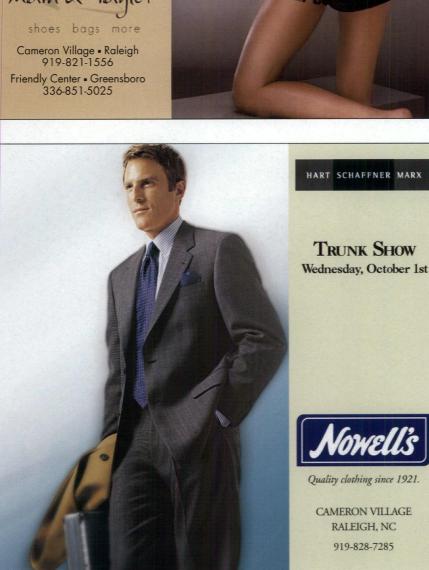


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FRANCESCOBIASIA



NecKisses

hilarious TV personality and actor, is a great designer, and I thought that if anyone could make a \$30 sweater work, it would be him. After looking through some selections in the Raleigh store, I think there is still some room for improvement; the styling is good, but it doesn't quite work with the inexpensive fabrics. The new collection is a work-in-progress, and even if the line is not uniformly excellent yet, there are a few strong pieces to be had at scandalously low Target prices. More impressive is the new Liz Lange maternity line at Target. For mod moms-to-be who don't want to spend too much on clothes during those fleeting maternity months, the hip new collection may seem like a gift from above.

P.S. For the "Up and Coming North Carolinians in New York" shot following Cade Metz's feature in this issue, I was impressed by how many North Carolina girls are in the fashion industry in NYC. Kinsey Banzet is at Hugo Boss, Laura Kirkman (not pictured) is at Ralph Lauren, and Sara McClure is an editor at Harper's Bazaar, to name a few. If I'm not cropped out of the picture, you'll be able to see your MetroStyle editor wearing a piece from an amazing new jewelry line called NecKisses by a young designer named Lexi Beerman. Each multi-strand necklace is made from semi-precious stones, pearls or crystal and has its own "personality" (my pearl and blue crystal necklace is "Wedding Bell Blues"). In the \$200 range, the entire collection of necklaces may be viewed and ordered at www.neckisses.com.

STYLE NOTEBOOK

edited by Becki Williams

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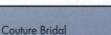
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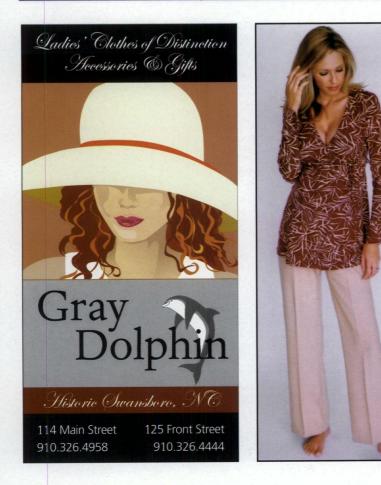
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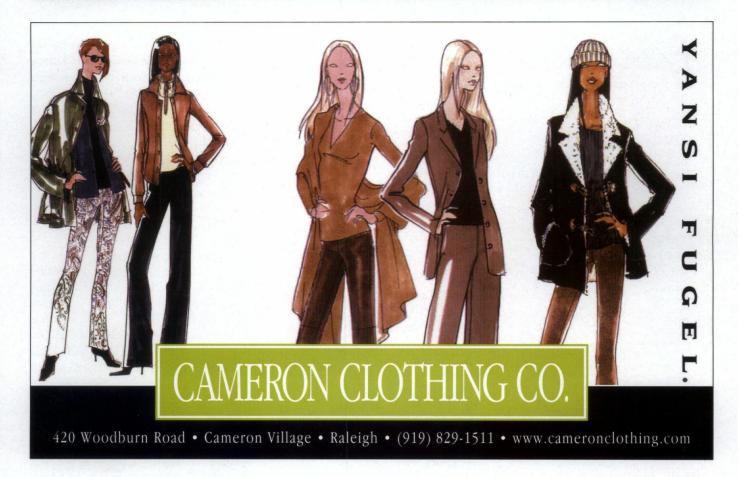


ENCHANTING MOMENTS

For the modern bridesmaid, black lace over whisper satin strapless top with satin rib-

bon at waist coupled with black Parisian crepe trumpet line skirt, sweep train. Or switch it around black Parisian crepe top with satin ribbon at waist coupled with black lace over whisper satin tea length skirt with back slit. Satin top and skirt are available with any





lace over any satin color. All by Lazaro. See the entire Lazaro Bridesmaids Collection at Enchanting Moments, Fuquay-Varina, NC call 919-552-6393.

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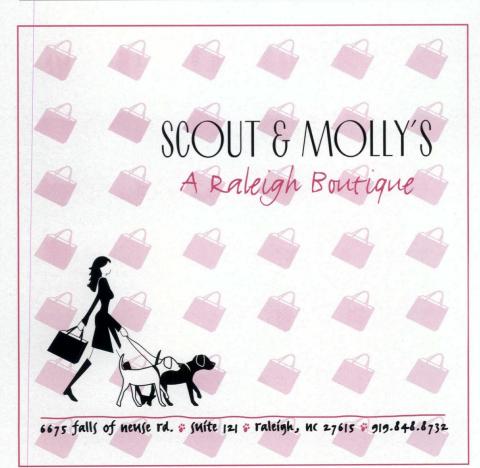
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spinel (a sizzling red-orange) or go for fun color combinations (like ruby and black diamond or blue-green tourmaline with rich gold sections).

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On model: Olian georgette top and Olian em-





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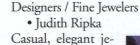
D

broidered jean, Posh Pregnancy, Raleigh, 919-881-0256.

SRI SHOE WAREHOUSE

Buckle up! The Helene by Bronx is sure to kick start your wardrobe. This white leather high-shafted boot with multiple buckles and a stiletto heel is one of many hot shoes for

fall at SRI Shoe Warehouse, Raleigh, 919-872-2800.



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welry designs for everyday. Pictured is sterling silver and pave diamond hearts accented with 18k yellow gold. Suspended from woven leather necklace with



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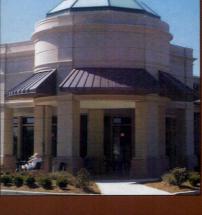
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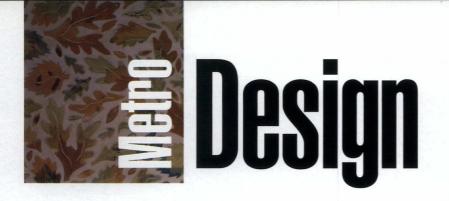
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DONCASTER.



by Diane Lea



Chatham County Castle STYLE AND ENCHANTMENT WITH A TAR HEEL TOUCH

TAKE A SUNDAY DRIVE through the Chatham County countryside along the recently widened Highway 64. You'll enjoy the view and maybe a stop at a country store with wares including a tasty complement of exotic coffees. Just off the main highway, east of Pittsboro, a narrow lane winds through a shady stand of hardwood forest, and voila! like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz, you come upon an enchanting castle.

t is, to say the least, a striking vision. A successful amalgam of several of our most treasured architectural styles—Greek Revival, Queen Anne,

maybe a little Steamboat Gothic—the castle integrates design elements both old and new. The cream-colored structure is decoratively accented with deep blue window sashes and set upon a terra cotta foundation. It

is graced by a columned wrap-around porch, two turrets (one octagonal), a gazebo, curved windowed walls, twotiered projecting porches and decorative bracketing beneath every eave, with some Eastlake exuberance apparent in the detailing of the roof gables. The castle is enhanced by the beautifully laid stonework in its descending flowerbeds, wide stairways, curving walkways and, finally, in a grand expanse of rear terrace, set about with tables and a



plaster hot tub shaped as a quatrefoil.

The castle in point is the home of the Jessee family: Karen, a designer and colorist; David, a photographer and craftsman; and Josephine, a delightful sprite who,

judging from her clever clothing ensembles and the samples of her art on the refrigerator, has inherited her parents' talent for creating a highly refined personal aesthetic.

The house is the creation of Karen and David and their builder Runyon Woods of BRW Design and Construction in Chapel Hill. Landscape artist Michael Layne, garden designers Michelle De Rose and Diane Kibbe, and horticulturist Katherine Ward contributed equally to the overall success of the home, as did the designers and numerous craftsmen who worked on the construction of the castle. At present, Lynn Gaito

tends the gardens and adds to their evolving design.

"David and I met in a studio taught by noted sculptor Martine Vaugelle, while I was living in the home I had renovated and remodeled in Orange County," says Karen. "When we decided to get married, we started considering what elements to incorporate into a house we would build together." The search was both scholarly and far-flung, taking in the commentary of modern philosophers and trips to locales including the Hudson River Valley to view the elegant Queen Anne childhood home of Franklin Roosevelt. The Jessees' design also owes much to several architecturally and historically distinguished North Carolina residences. From Buckner Hill in Duplin County came an elaborate seven-piece crown molding, and from the Blaydes House in New Bern came the dramatic roof details as well as the



concept of presenting the house on the diagonal when approached.

Karen Jessee, an ardent preservationist, worked several years for the Raleigh-based statewide preservation organization Preservation North Carolina (PNC). Through her association she learned about her adopted state's architectural precedents. "David and I designed the front of the house to says David. "Maybe four times the fun, but also a bit of a challenge."

Finding that field was made somewhat easier by David's experience as a real estate appraiser. "I knew some areas to look where we might find the perfect setting," says David, "but when we first saw this property with its rolling hillside overlook-

ing a clear pond and fringed by dark green mixed hardwoods and pines, we knew we had found what we'd been looking for."

With landscape artist and friend Michael Layne, David Jessee sited the house so that it appears to cascade down the hillside toward the pond. The siting was also important to the floor plan, which was developed to

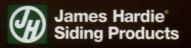
"David and I designed the front of the house to reflect the architecture of those grand Neo-Classical homes that face the railroad tracks in many North Carolina small towns."

reflect the architecture of those grand Neo-Classical homes that face the railroad tracks in many North Carolina small towns," says Karen. However, unlike those early owners whose best front was facing the tracks, Karen and David were building their home in a field with views on all sides. "We needed a façade on every elevation," allow for an easy flow and views to the out-of-doors from every room. When a sketch on a dinner napkin had evolved into a set of working drawings, Karen sent the plans to her friend Robert Griffin, whose award-winning residential designs have been featured in popular magazines like *Southern Living* and *Southern Accents* as well as



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in professional publications. Robert, a former PNC board member, called Karen and walked her through some key revisions to the house plans. "Robert really taught us a very important lesson about honesty in architecture," says Karen. "We had this wonderful curved window wall that was an integral feature of the library. Above it, in the master suite, we had divided that same curved window wall with a partition. Robert said, 'When I see a great feature like that from the outside, I want to be able to come in and find it on the inside.' We eliminated the partition and that wall is now one of the best things about the master bath."

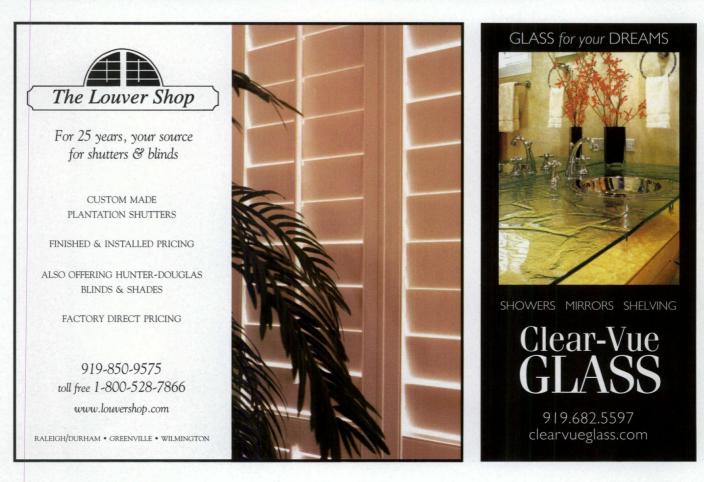
However, it is in the kitchen, one of the most distinctive spaces in the house, that Griffin's suggestions combined with the Jessees' own design inspiration. They enlisted the skill of Aventine, a Chapel Hill firm specializing in fine cabinetry and custom woodworking, to create a workable, yet architecturally appropriate room. "Our living room is really the equivalent of the reception hall of times past," says Karen, "a place where the public world of guests finds welcome in the private home." And the kitchen is very visible from the living room, so the Jessees differentiated it from the more formal space by stepping it down a level. Griffin added enclosed cabinets to frame the stairs down to the kitchen, a traditional element in Victorian homes that also provides much needed storage for dishes and glassware.

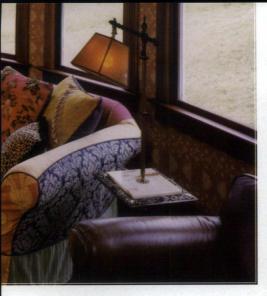


Fifteen different fabrics create the luxurious patchwork on the

library's Jan piquet sofa.

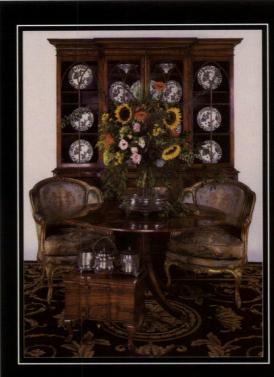
"...when we first saw this property with its rolling hillside overlooking a clear pond and fringed by dark green mixed hardwoods and pines, we knew we had found what we'd been looking for."





Karen Jessee designed the kitchen island constructed by BRW. "The style is a knockoff of the perfect elements in the Smallbone kitchens one sees in the design magazines," says Karen. Made of sassafras and teak and with a maple top to withstand cutting, the island features a dramatically curved countertop and various sized drawers. It is a worthy centerpiece for the kitchen that the Jessees believe is the heart of their home. Flanked by two granite-topped counters with Kohler ceramic apron sinks-like those found in French farmhouse kitchens-the island is complemented by a handcrafted hutch built by Aventine's Andy Riddle. The hutch's warm tones of cherry and maple blend perfectly with the lacewood and walnut cabinets Griffin suggested to integrate the kitchen and the living room.

Tile, in all shapes, colors and glazes, is used throughout the Jessee home. Rectangular sage and fuchsia tiles from Ann Sacks define the fireplace wall in the center of the living room. Their color and glossy finish complement the bold contemporary painting by Patricia Nix that hangs above them and provides an accent for the room's pale lime and yellow



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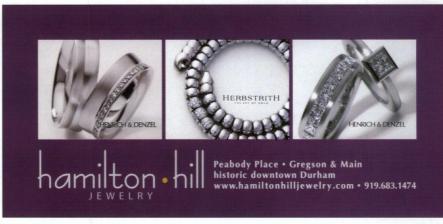
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walls that carry into the adjoining sunroom. The floor of the sunroom is composed of subtly patterned, neutral-toned marble tiles that provide the perfect foil for the soft pinks and greens of the frothy drapes framing the room's windows and French doors. Karen bought the entire lot of tiles after seeing the sample board. It was a one-of-a-kind selection and she knew they would use it somewhere in the house.

Our next stop in this adventurous house is the library, which Karen aptly describes as inspired by Edith Wharton's *Age of Innocence*. The room features a massive floor-to-ceiling bookcase by Aventine, intricately patterned wallpaper and ruched shades reminiscent of details from an elaborate ball gown. As usual, there is a bit of fun in the luxurious patch-

METRODESIGN

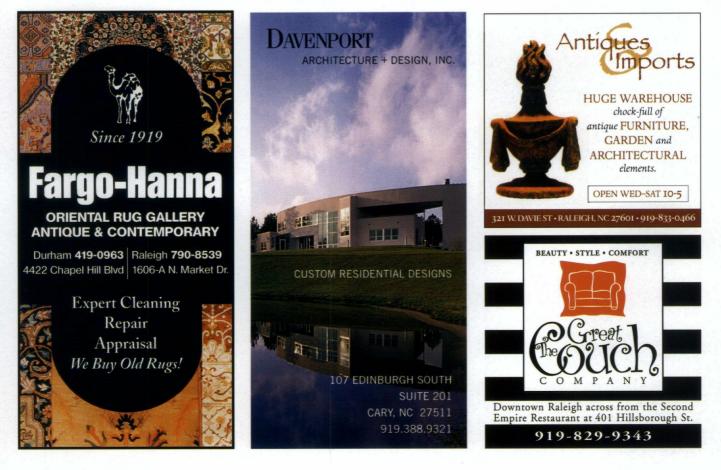
work on the Jan Piquet sofa, where 15 different fabrics provide the ultimate in handcrafted design.

At last it is time to ascend the staircase with its remarkable handwrought balustrade, a product of Enrique Vega's Apex Ironworks and apprentice metal worker David Jessee. The balustrade features a dragonfly's progress and tadpoles swim among sensuous metal ripples. The home's upper level is completely devoted to the master suite, a spacious room arranged as a true boudoir with comfortable seating and doors flung open to a sleeping porch. The periwinkle blue and gilded wallpaper is a serene backdrop for a magnificent bedroom set of circa 1850 Italian furniture. "We bought this set in about 15 minutes," says David. "It was one of our first trips to look for things

for the house, and we had a brief wait for our plane. We dropped into a dress shop in Laguna Beach, California, and Karen saw the armoire of the set used as a prop for clothing." After ascertaining that there were other pieces that matched the armoire. Karen and David arranged to buy the

entire suite and have it shipped back to North Carolina. The bedstead, dresser and vanity have found their places in the bedroom/sitting room, but the mirrored armoire with its perfectly matched woods became the centerpiece of the home's exceptional master bath.

"We had the cabinet for the wash basins made to match the style of the





METRO**DESIGN**

armoire and used ribbon and crotch mahogany for the woods," says David. Though the furniture and the curved window wall are remarkable elements of the bath, it is the Ann Sacks art tile cut like autumn leaves that commands center stage in the couple's bath. The matte-finished tiles form a path and wind their way past a claw-footed tub by Kallista to the walk-in shower with a rainshower head. Like Dorothy's yellowbrick road, the path is an experience all its own. "Our lighting designer, Stan Pomerantz, has lights in the capitals of the columns outside the windows," says David. "When the lights are on at night, this room glows."

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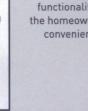
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Tel: 919.929.7897 www.designspec.org onument to a Century of Flight, a mammoth installation by East Carolina University artists Hanna Jubran and Jodi Hollnagel, was erected in August at the Aycock Brown Welcome Center in Kitty Hawk, seven miles north of the Wright Brothers National Memorial in Kill Devil Hills. It will be dedicated on September 27. Three years in the making, the monument features a 120-foot ellipse bordered by 14 stainless steel pylons in the shape of airplane wings, some ascending higher than others, symbolizing humanity's reach into space. For more information, call 252-328-1421. For more about the monument, visit www.icarusinternational.com.

ilmington's First Annual Art in the Gardens Tour, exhibiting 11 public and private gardens in fall splendor, enhanced by art and music, will be open October 3-5. The view on the right is from the garden of Pam and Rick Kingston, 1320 Lovingston Lane. Another exquisite garden contains sculpture by world-famous stone sculptor, Simon Verity, who will be present for the tour. Sponsored by the Arboretum of New Hanover County Cooperative Extension Center, this event will coincide with Wilmington's 25th Annual Riverfest, providing entertainment all weekend. For information or tickets, call 910-452-6393 ext. 211 or visit http://www.respondtoday.com. All proceeds will benefit the Arboretum.



Part Program has just opened in the Outer Banks History Center in Manteo. The exhibition features 21 original paintings from NASA's permanent art collection including the one shown at left, titled *Mach 2 Dawn* by William Phillips. The paintings showcase the history of flight, documenting America's major accomplishments in aeronautics and space exploration since 1962 and highlighting innovative research that has pushed the limits of technology. This official First Flight Centennial event will hang in the History Center until December 31, 2003. For more information call 252-473-2655.



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A Prayer for Owen Meany a play for the stage after the novel by John Irving adapted by Simon Bent October 15 - November 9, 2003

Hobson's Choice by Harold Brighouse November 26 - December 21, 2003

King Lear by William Shakespeare January 14 - February 8, 2004

The Subject Was Roses by Frank Gilroy February 25 - March 21, 2004

> Luminosity by Nick Stafford April 7 - May 2, 2004

Deanne Lorette and Kenneth P. Strong Photos by Jon Gardiner

Preview

SEPTEMBER HERALDS AUTUMN EVENTS

IN THE MUSEUMS

Defining Moments: Two Centuries of Photography, photos dating from the 1840s to present; Events: curator Barbara Matilsky talks on new acquisitions, Sept 10; Family Fun: What does the picture show?, Sept 14; Discussion on art of collecting photography, Sept 14; Closing celebration for "Collecting Photography: A Community Dialogue," Sept 25; Ackland Art Museum, Chapel Hill. Call 919-966-5736 or visit www.ackland.org.

Titanic: The Artifact Exhibit, view artifacts recovered from the Titanic; NC Museum of Natural Sciences, Raleigh; through Jan. 4. Call 919-733-7450.

Spanish Story Time, reading of a nature story and presentation

of a live animal by a native Spanish speaker; NC Museum of Natural Sciences, Raleigh; Sept. 4 & 6. Call 919-733-7450.

Three Stripped Gears, old-time fiddle, guitar, and banjo; NC Museum of History, Raleigh; Sept. 14. Call 919-725-0200 or visit www.ncmuseumof history.org.

Koz'ma Prutkov: A View of St. Petersburg; Duke University Museum of Art, Durham; exhibit opening, Sept. 18. Call 919-684-5135 or visit www.duke.edu/duma. Captain's Cocktail Party,

hors d'oeuvres, champagne, live Gaelic music, and a tour of the Titanic exhibit; NC Museum of Natural Sciences; Sept. 19. Call 919-733-7450, pre-registration required.

From Sea to Shining Sea; Cameron Art Museum, Wilmington; opening, Sept. 19. Call 910-395-5999 or visit

A Community of Artists, The Collection of the Provincetown Art Association and Museum; Cameron Art Museum, Wilmington; Sept. 19-Jan. 18. Call 910-395-5999 or visit

www.cameronartmusum.com. Golden Glory: The First Fifty

Years of the ACC, lecture and book signing; NC Museum of History, Raleligh; Sept. 21. Call



Fleurs, Toulouse, France, oil painting by New Bern artist Janet Francoeur, on view at NC Crafts Gallery, Carrboro

919-725-0200 or visit www.ncmuseu mofhistory.org. **Build a Boat in a**

Day, boat building skills class of the NC Maritime Museum or a team of two; NC Maritime Museum, Beaufort; September 21. Registration required call 252-728-7317.

Christmas in September, make Victorian ornaments for yourself and the museum's Christ-

mas tree using historically accurate techniques; NC Museum of History, Raleigh; Sept. 27. Call 919-725-0200 or visit www.ncmu seumofhistory.org.

GALLERIES, EXHIBITIONS AND ART TOURS

Pottery Exhibition of the only permanent collection of Latin Art in NC; Green Tara Gallery, Chapel Hill; ongoing. Call 919-932-6400 or visit www.greentara.com.

Travels Abroad, ink and watercolor paintings by New Bern artist Yvonne Johnston; Carolina Creations gallery, 317-A Pollock St., New Bern; thru Sept. 30. Call 252-633-4369 or visit www.caroli nacreations.com.

Autumn Hues, new mixed media works by Nancy Tuttle May; Sept. 1-30. Nancy Tuttle May Studio, Durham. Call 919-688-8852.



COURTESY OF GALLEF

Red and Blue Labels, oil on canvas, by Laura Lacambra Shubert, on view at the Cosmopolitan restaurant in Cary.

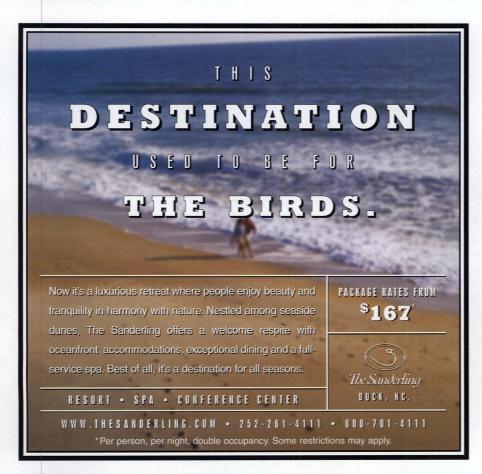
Landscapes Revisited, new works by New Bern artist Janet Francoeur; NC Crafts Gallery, Carrboro; Sept. 1-30. Call 252-633-4369 or visit www.carolinacr eations.com.

Recent works by Laura Lacambra Shubert, Floridabased artist creates large, bold canvases in oils; presented by Gallery C in The Cosmopolitan, a new Triangle restaurant; McGregor Village, Cary, thru Oct. 31. Call 919-828-3165 or visit www.galleryc.net.

New works on canvas and paper by Tony Griffin, classically trained landscape painter from Western North Carolina; Gallery C, Raleigh; Sept. 5-Oct. 8 (reception Sept. 5). Call 919-828-3165 or visit www.galleryc.net.

Various Exhibitions; artspace, Raleigh:

• New works by Keith Norval & Anna Podris, Sept. 5-27





Saturday, October 11, 2003 Cardinal Club 150 Fayetteville Street Mall, Raleigh 7:00-11:00 PM • Lauren Adams, regional emerging artist-inresidence, Sept. 5-27

• *Skin*, an installation by Ce Scott, Sept. 27-Nov. 15

• Outreach program murals from the Salvation Army + Girls' Club, ongoing. Call 919-821-2787 or visit www.artspacenc.org.



Skin, an installation by Ce Scott, utilizing cinnamon, Vaseline, ivory soap, ocean water, fire, and leather, goes on view in late September at Artspace, Raleigh

Infrared Photos of Portsmouth Village,

infrared film photo exhibit by Jan Eason, NC Maritime Museum, Beaufort; Sept. 6-Oct. 26. Call 252-728-7317 or visit www.ncmmfriend.org.

Colors of a Better World, exhibition and opportunity to meet well-known American pop artist Peter Max; Wentworth Gallery, South-Point Mall, Durham; Sept. 6. Call 919-806-5781.

New paintings by Paul Minnis and Millie Voorhees; Little Art Gallery and Craft Collection, Raleigh; Sept. 6-30 (with opening reception Sept. 6). Call 919-890-4111.

Opening exhibit, William Moselely paintings and pastels; Arts Council Gallery, Edenton; Sept.12. Call 252-482-8005.

New works by George C. Hemingway, Victoria Josephson, and Kate Worm; ArtSource Fine Art & Framing, Raleigh; Sept. 25-Oct. 25 (opening reception Sept. 25). Call 919-833-0013 or visit www.artsource-raleigh.com.

The Female Form; and Snoopy and other dogs (and some cats); Animation & Fine Art Galleries, Chapel Hill; Sept. 30-Nov. 22. Call 919-968-8008 or visit www.animationand fineart.com



Watermelon on Pink Drape, oil on canvas, by Kate Worm will be on view in a collection of new works at ArtSource, Raleigh

ON STAGE & SCREEN

Settling Sophia presented by New World Stage. A quiet rural town has a spirit peering into it from the heavens, contemplating existence; West End Theater, ArtsCenter, Carrboro; Sept. 4-7 & 11-13. Call 919-929-2787 or visit www.artscenter.com. *Funny Girl* presented by The NC Theatre; Memorial Auditorium, BTI Center for the Performing Arts, Raleigh; Sept. 5-7 & 9-14. Call 919-831-6950 or 919-834-4000 or visit www.nctheatre.com.

Slam It! hosted by the North Carolina Playwrights Alliance, NC's first play slam where the audience calls the shots, Transactors Improv. Co.; ArtsCenter, Carrboro; Sept 6. Call 919-929-2787 or visit www.artscenter.com.

Dearly Departed, presented by the Opera House Theatre Company; Thalian Hall, Wilmington; Sept. 10-14 & 19-21. Call 800-523-2820 or 910-343-3664 or visit www.operahousetheatre.net.

Bloody Mary and The Virgin Queen, humorous musical farce based on the relationship between Queen Elizabeth I and her half-sister, Mary Tudor; Roanoke Island Festival Park, The Film Theatre, Manteo; Sept. 10 & 17. Call 252-475-1500 or visit www.roanokeisland.com.

Ballet Festival, breathtaking new works accompanied either by grand piano or Duke University's Ciompi Quartet; A.J. Fletcher Theater, BTI Center for the Performing Arts, Raleigh; Sept. 11-18. Call 919-719-0900 or visit www.carolinaballet.com.

Kusun Ensemble, extraordinary ensemble of musicians and dancers with a new brand of music and dance called Nokoko that fuses bass guitar and lead guitar with jazz and traditional Ghanaian rhythms; ArtsCenter, Carrboro; Sept. 12. Call 919-929-2787 or visit www.artscenter.com.

Oh, Figaro! National Theatre of the Deaf perform a rollicking take on the ageless battle of the sexes comedy using American Sign Language (ASL) and the spoken word; S.Rudolph Alexander Performing Arts Series, Wright Auditorium, ECU; Sept. 12. Call 252-328-4766 or visit www.ecu.edu/ecuarts.



OURTESY OF THE ARTSCENT

High rhythm and high leaping characterize the performance of the Kusun Ensemble, on stage at the ArtsCenter, Carrboro

Dames at Sea, high-energy musical full of comedy, tap dancing and torch songs; Raleigh Little Theatre, Raleigh; Sept. 12-Oct.5. Call 919-821-3111 or visit raleighlittletheatre.org.

Good Ol' Girls; The NC Theatre in partnership with Center



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METROPREVIEW

Stage Performing Arts Series; Stewart Theatre, NCSU; Sept. 18, 19 & 20. Call 919-515-1100 or visit www.nctheatre.com/ goodolgirls.html.

Hosanna! He Comes, presented by the Emmrich Theatre; Rocky Hock Playhouse, Edenton; Sept. 18. Call 252-482-4621.

Short and long-form improvisational theater, based on audience suggestion; Transactors Improv Co; ArtsCenter, Carrboro; Sept. 19. Call 919-929-9756 or visit www.Transactors.org.

The Faraway Nearby; Theatre in the Park, Raleigh; Sept. 19-20 & 25-28, Oct. 2-5. Call 919-831-6058 or visit www.theatreinthe park.com.

Jack and the Beanstalk, Rags to Riches performance of a funfilled, faithful retelling of an old classic. Jack trades his mother's cow for some magic beans and soon finds himself at the giant's castle; ArtsCenter, Carrboro; Sept. 20. Call 919-929-2787 or visit www.artscenter.com.

Manding Jata, West African dancers and musicians profile the cultural legacy of the Manding Empire, whose central city was the magnificent Timbuktu. With drums and xylophones, exciting dance and brilliant costumes, Manding Jata immerses the audience in the complex beauty of the largest empire in African History; School Show Series; The ArtsCenter, Carrboro; Sept. 24. Call 919-929-2787 or visit www.artscenterlive.org.



African dancers bring the Manding Empire to life in a School Show production at the ArtsCenter, Carrboro

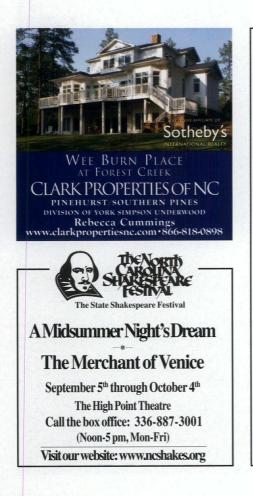
The Dance on Widow's Row,

four widows in a small North Carolina town, made insurance-rich by the deaths of their 12 husbands, throw a soiree in the hope of attracting a new Mr. Right; Thalian Hall, Wilmington; Sept. 24-28. Call 910-343-3664 or 800-523-2820 or visit www.thalianhall.com.

Measure For Measure by William Shakespeare & hosted by UNC's Department of English; ArtsCenter, Carrboro; Sept. 25-27. Call 919-929-2787 or visit www.artscenter.com.

Break! The Urban Funk Spectacular; Carolina Theatre, Durham; Sept. 26. Call 919-560-3040 or visit www.carolina theatre.org.

All the King's Men, presented by Burning Coal Theatre; BTI Center for the Performing Arts, Raleigh; October 2-Nov. 2. Call 919-388-0066 or visit www.burningcoal.org.





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CLASSICAL CONCERTS

The American West, William Henry Curry conducts the NC Symphony performance of Old West classics; Kenan Auditorium, UNC-Wilmington; Sept. 12. Call 910-962-3500 or 800-732-3643 or visit www.ncsymphony.org.

Pianist William Wolfram, guest artist at NC Symphony's first classical concert of the season, featuring Alastair Willis, guest conductor; Sept. 19 & 20; Meymandi Concert Hall, BTI Center for the Performing Arts, Raleigh, Sept. 19 & 20; Pinecrest High School, Southern Pines; Sept. 18. Call 919-733-2750 or visit www.ncsymphony.org.

Sights & Sounds on Sundays, Raleigh Chamber Music Guild featuring "Seraphim Musica" with Elaine Funaro on harpsichord, Belinda Swanson on Baroque violin and Stephanie Vial on Baroque cello; NC Museum of Art, Raleigh; Sept. 21. Call 919-821-2030 or visit www.rcmg.org.

Fall Pops Pair, Durham Symphony Orchestra with guests: Hillside High School Jazz Band; Oval Park, Durham; 5 p.m., Sept. 21. Family Pops, Main Street at Southpoint; 3 p.m., Sept. 28. Call 919-560-3030.

Pianist William Wolfram performs for NC Symphony's season opener

James Ehnes, violin program with NC Symphony; A.J. Fletcher Theater, BTI Center for the Performing Arts, Raleigh; Sept. 23. Call 919-733-2750 or visit www.ncsymphony.org.

Nnenna Freelon, jazz's next great diva with conductor William Henry Curry; Sept. 26-28; Meymandi Concert Hall, BTI Center for the Performing Arts, Raleigh. Sept. 26-28. Call 919-733-2750 or visit www.ncsymphony.org.



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METROPREVIEW



Raleigh Chamber Music Guild presents Elaine Funaro performing on harpsichord in "Seraphim Musica" at the NC Museum of Art

Bach n' Rach with the Symphony, a showcase for the Wilmington Symphony Orchestra, with J.S. Bach's Suite No. 3 and Sergei Rachmaninov's Symphony No. 2; Kenan Auditorium, UNC-W, Wilmington; Sept. 27. Call 910-962-3500 or 800-732-3643 or visit www.wilmingtonsymphony.org.

POP MUSIC

Thursdays on the Terrace, Pura Fe Locklear and Willie Lowry, Lumbee and Tuscorora music, Sept 4; Osai, Ghanaian drumming, Sept 11; The Branchettes, Sept 18; Vision, black spirituals, Sept 25; John Motley Morehead II Lounge or Educational Foundation Terrace, James M. Johnston Center for Undergraduate Excellence, Chapel Hill. Call 919-966-5110 or visit www.johnston center.unc.edu.

Eddie from Ohio, folk quartet from Northern VA; The ArtsCenter, Carrboro; Sept. 4. Call 919-929-2787 or visit www.artscenterlive.org.

Bull Durham Blues Festival, presented by St. Joseph's Historic Foundation; Historic Durham Athletic Park, Durham; Sept. 5 & 6. Call 919-683-1709 or visit www.hayti.org/blues. Doug Hoekstra, Americana singer-songwriter; The ArtsCenter, Carrboro; September 19. Call 919-929-2787 or visit www.artscenterlive.org.

The Duke Jazz Ensemble, newly under the direction of John Brown with guest artist John Clayton, bass. Baldwin Auditorium, Duke; Oct. 3. Call 919-660-3300 or visit www.duke.edu/music/events/ calendar.html.

Bluegrass on the Square, an event to raise funds benefiting Special Olympics North Carolina's sports training and competition programs; Moore Square, Downtown Raleigh; Tir Na nOg, 218 S. Blount St.; The Pour House, 224 S. Blount St.; Oct. 5. Call 919-719-7662 or 800-843-6276 or visit www.sonc.net.

SPORTS & RECREATION

MCC Foundation Rodeo, Eastern

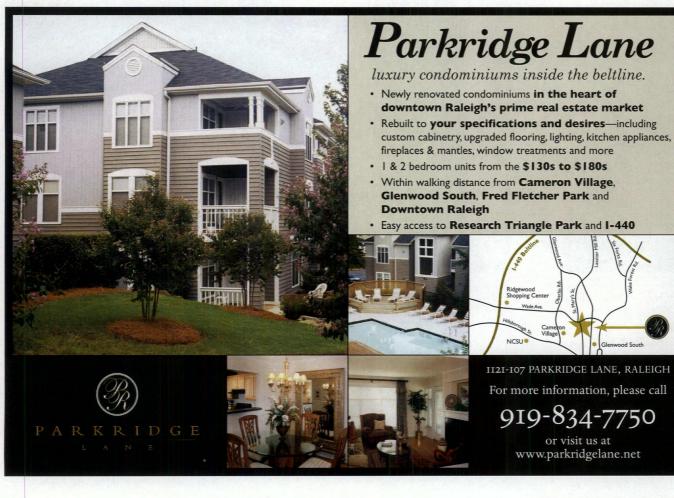
Agricultural Center, Williamston; Sept. 5. Call 252-792-5111 or visit www.sbmeac.com.

Deep River Canoe Tour, paddle the full length of Triangle Land Conservancy's Deep River Priority Area including Moore, Chatham and Lee Counties; Sept. 13 & 27. Call 919.833-3662 or visit www.tlc-nc.org.

Traditional Small Craft In-The-Water Meet, gathering of small wooden boat enthusiasts—races and social events—at the NC Maritime Museum's Watercraft Center, Beaufort; Sept. 13 &14. Call 252-728-7317.

Urban Challenge, a 5-hour high-tech scavenger hunt/city road race to benefit the National Prostate Cancer Coalition; Raleigh; Sept. 13. Call 602-308-4868 or visit www.urbanchallenge.com/raleigh.

Wrightsville Beach King Mackerel Tournament, with prizes in excess of \$100,000 to



benefit the UNCW Seahawks Club, Wrightsville Beach Lyons Club, and Artificial Reef Fun; Captain's meeting & Awards at Tex's Tackle; Wrightsville Beach. Sept. 18- 20. Call 910-799-6483 or visit www.wbkmt.com.

Sunnyside Open Horse Show; Eastern Agricultural Center, Williamston; Sept. 26. Call 252-792-5111 or visit www.sbmeac.com.

POTPOURRI

Southern Living Idea House, fully decorated custom home; Meadowmont Village, Chapel Hill; September. Call 919-929-8189.

Flatwoods Festival, bluegrass music, crafts, parade of antique cars, trucks, tractors and farm machinery, petting zoo, pony rides, antique tractor pull; Hussey Farm, Bennett; Sept. 5 & 6. Call 336-581-3677 or 800-316-3829.

Viewing of Mars, view Mars with astronomers from Morehead Planetarium; Ebenezer Beach, Jordan Lake; Sept. 6. Call 919-362-0586.

North Carolina Wildflowers, garden lecture with Dot Wilbur-Brooks; Visitor Center Auditorium, Tryon Palace; Sept. 13. Call 252-636-6606.

Shrimp Feast, at the American Legion—East Queen Street extended, Edenton; Sept. 13. Call 252-482-4057.

Let's Celebrate Hispanic Heritage Month, children are invited for bilingual stories of Latin American characters, piñata breaking; Cumberland Co. Libraries, Cliffdale Regional Branch; Sept. 15. Registration required. Call 910-864-3800.

America & the Southeast in Early Maps, from the Collection of Dr. David Davis, beautiful and historically significant maps; Rare Book Collection, Wilson Library, Chapel Hill; Sept. 15-Dec 31. Call 919-962-1143 or visit www.lib.unc.edu/rbc/ introduction.html.

Duke Homestead's Tobacco Harvest Festival and Mock Auction, Duke Homestead State Historic Site and Tobacco Museum, Durham; Sept. 20. Call 919-477-5498.

Storytelling Festival, sponsored by Wake County Public Libraries; Historic Oak View County Park, Wake Co; Sept. 20. 919-250-1013.

30th Annual CenterFest, arts, crafts, entertainment, food and fun; Five Points Plaza, Durham; Sept. 20 & 21. Call 919-560-2728 or visit www.centerfest.org.

Our thanks to Suzie Humphrey and Becki Williams for their assistance with Preview.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Please send events info & color images, stides or photos 6 weeks before publication date. Send to Frances A. Smith, Metro Magazine, 5012 Brookhaven Dr, Raleigh, NC 27612 or email: fsmith5@nc.rr.com.



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Artist-at-Large

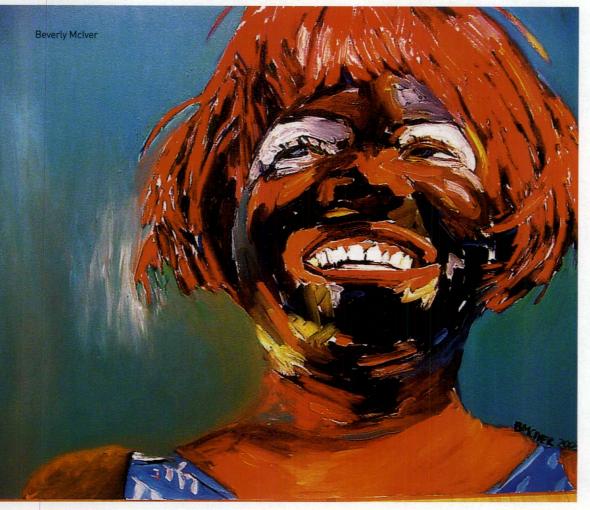
New York calling

NC ARTISTS TAKE BITE OUT OF BIG APPLE

B ack in the wild and wooly 1980s when paintings were big and hairdos even bigger, I was lucky enough to be invited to New York City for a couple of weeks by David McDermott & Peter McGogh, a pair New York City artists who live their lives very much as performance art. They dressed in the fashions of 1885, lived in an old Victorian 1800s townhouse over on Avenue C and painted in the style typical of the end of the 19th century.

One of their grandmothers was a Raleigh girl and the duo would take the train down for a visit now and then. We spent our afternoons drinking champagne in my old 1968 250SE Mercedes sedan and touring the attics of abandoned houses for old men's shirt collars and scraps of wallpaper. When I visited them in NYC, I was lucky enough to be trotted around and introduced to such notables as Julian Schnable, who created those amazing paintings with the broken plates, and the inimitable Andy Warhol, he of the silver wig, who had been my idol since childhood.

I was so nervous at the thought of meeting him that I felt faint and needed double olives in my martini to bolster my strength, But David McDermott simply said, "Think of Andy Warhol as someone's Grandmother and you will be fine." Indeed Warhol was very gentle and sweet natured, with a voice that just barely rose above a



whisper. "Where are you from?" Andy smiled over his vodka and ice. "North Carolina" I replied proudly and proceeded to inform him that one of his patrons had contacted my partner a few seasons earlier about the possibility of building a "Warhol Temple" dedicated to his artworks on a hilltop he owned just south of Chapel Hill. "Oh yes, I heard about that, whatever happened to that project?" he inquired. I explained that my partner thought the temple would be bad for neighborhood resale values and declined the offer. much to my protest and chagrin. Warhol and I had a good laugh over this strange connection between NC and NYC.

North Carolina Artists have always had their own connections

ARTIST-AT-LARGE

to the Big Apple, and the work of NC natives shines there with the best in the world from the Target Paintings of Kenneth Noland to the stark Black Lemons of Donald Sultan. Some artists choose not to migrate, like the Late George Bireline, whose first solo show in New York sold out immediately. But he found his solace and inspiration on the shady oak walks of Raleigh and his masterworks can still be purchased there at the Lee Hansley Gallery.

But one fact remains. For any artist, a good New York connection speaks of accomplishment and prestige, and it is wonderful to be able to state that many of the artists in our midst are getting the recognition they deserve.

Jane Filer is an artist recently blessed with a solo New York exhibition whose work has been growing stronger and more confident now for several years. Her otherworldly paintings are a joy to witness and it is certainly no surprise that the folks up North are taking notice.

After a long and successful stint at Raleigh's Gallery C, Jane is now represented by Tyndall Gallery where you can see the work of Beverly McIver, a local girl who has done so well that *Art in America* recently published rave reviews of her creations. The publication stated that "McIver has a much better technical and conceptual command of her art than many better-known New York based painters." Beverly is now represented in New York by the prestigious Kent Gallery. If only I had purchased her works back when instead of that horrible Enron stock! But that's the way it goes.



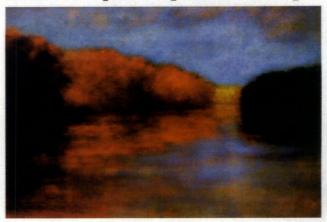
Just last month I commented on the cool minimal electrified paintings of Raleigh's Mia Yoon on display in Wilmington. Well, wouldn't you know it, Mia strutted her stuff right up to New York City on a single-minded mission to snag decent representation. After days of lugging her portfolio door to door without success in a



Jane Flier

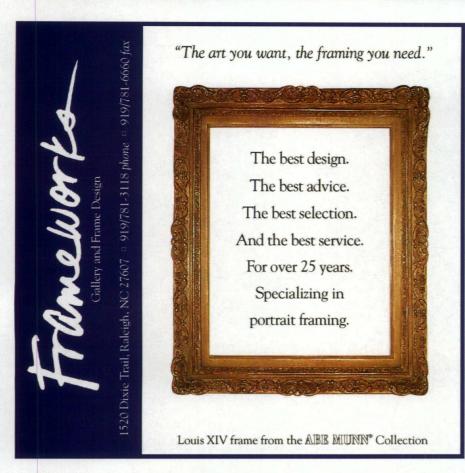
Kevin Fitzgerald ~ Amy Dixon

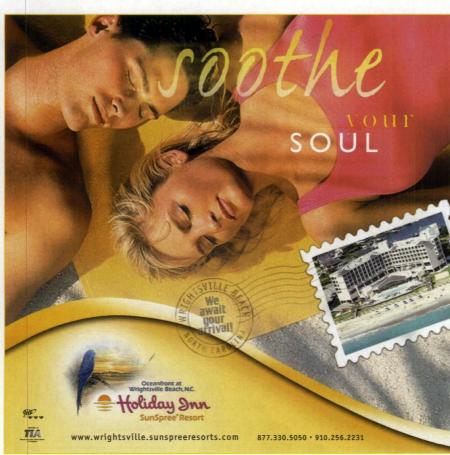
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John Rosenthal

horror story that most artists can empathize with, Mia breezed into Chelsea's posh SPIKE gallery, and was accepted on the spot just as they were taking down the soldout exhibition of diva Annie Lennox. Do North Carolina Artists rock or what?

The more you look for connections between NY and NC the more you find. Assemblage artist Amy Levine is a girl from the city living in NC who creates amazing three-dimensional cityscape tableaux that are offered by Gallery C. Photographer John Rosenthal lives in Chapel Hill but photographs and prints his images in the Big Apple. Somerhill Gallery is a great place to go pick up one of the stylized photos by NC's very own John Hall, a talented ex-model from itsy-bitsy Rural Hall just outside Winston-Salem, who has gone on to be one of the most in demand architectural photographers in the country. And David LaChapelle, a fellow NC School of the Arts expellee has turned the fashion photography world upside down with his vivid and hyper-glam images that have graced every magazine from Interview to Details to Rolling Stone etc. etc. etc. (I knew he was a genius when his senior project consisted of having a girl go-go dance while wearing a bikini made from cut up KFC chicken buckets!)

I'm certain that I have left out dozens of artists with NYC connections. These are simply the individuals that first come to mind. It would take an abacus to keep a true tally. In this age of UPS and fax, Fedex and high-speed modems, artists can finally call anyplace home and work in any locale they see fit. In that light we can truly consider ourselves lucky that so many artists are proud to have firm roots in North Carolina soil.

CONVENIENCE STORE GRUB

Detween you and me...

y friend John T. Edge—he goes by "John T"—is an endearing fellow with an incurable case of red-neck envy. He writes a monthly column for *The Oxford American*, a magazine that deals with things southern like literature, politics, food. John T. revels in writing about places common sense tells you to stay away

from and about taste treats such as pickled pig lips and slug burgers that he finds in out-of-the-way dives, uh, places.

I enjoy reading John T's columns because they make the sort of things that I tend to write about—butterbeans, corn meal dumplings and stuff—seem main-stream and, me, quite normal. John T is naturally curious. I guess that accounts for a lot of what he writes about. And when he gets on to something, he won't let go.

For example, John T got fascinated with possums. Then, by golly, he wanted to eat some possum. Not knowing where to get one, he ran an ad in the local paper offering \$25 to anyone who would show up at his door in Oxford, Mississippi, with a cleaned possum. He got no takers, thank goodness, so he upped the ante. But his doorbell still didn't ring. In Mississippi, I would say that is phenomenal.

When I heard about his plan, I dashed off an email telling him that genteel, wellbred southerners—which, suffering from red-neck envy, he would never admit he is—don't eat possum fresh from the woods. Possum dinners have to be premeditated. You have to catch'm, pen'm and clean'm out, as Papa always did, for weeks before you present the greasy delicacy to company on a platter surrounded by hot, baked sweet potatoes accompanied by collards and chowchow, thick cakes of corn bread and sweet tea.

Actually, my real fear, which I spared John T in the message, was that he would serve up to friends some local's old tomcat that an enterprising soul had showed up at his door with and passed off as possum to the townie. The rule where I grew up was that you didn't accept a cleaned possum unless the fellow giving it to you could show you the hide.

John T's latest culinary find is what he calls "convenience store grub" as sold at Buck's One Stop and Laundry in Calhoun City, Mississippi. Buck sells gas



and serves delicacies such as "prefabricated" pizza, fried pies, corn dogs, biscuits and sawmill gravy, and what John T described as "transcendent" three-layer caramel cake. I think "transcendent" was intended as a compliment.

"I now believe that if Southern cuisine is to survive," concluded John, "then the standard may be set by gathering spots like Buck's that reject romanticized notions of what Southern cookery should be, and accommodate, without apology, transcendent caramel cake and cardboard pizza."

I admire John T's enthusiasm but suspect he may have overstated his case just a tad. Regardless, he's on to something. I just regret that it was Buck's down in Mississippi that caused him to soar to such literary heights and not one of our Red Apples Down East. He would have been moved to poetry, I feel sure.

I started sneak-eating at Red Apples years ago when Mother went to live at the Baptist Retirement Home in Hamilton down in Martin County (Hugs to Paulette, Peggy, Pearl and dear Mary Randolph.)

I have to stop and tell you something about Mary Randolph. Mary helped care for Mother, and Mother adored her. When the ladies gathered to sing hymns, Mary always sang for them in her rich, remarkably deep voice.

Mother became desperately ill. "I believe if I could hear Mary sing just one song, I would get better," she told us from her hospital bed. That night Mary drove the 30 miles or so to Greenville and stood at Mother's bedside and sang. It was the tonic she needed. Mother moved to Winston-Salem and three years later when she died, we called Hamilton and asked Mary to sing "Amazing Grace" at her graveside.

"Mary," I said, as we were walking away, "Mother thought you had the most beautiful voice in the world." Mary, who is not small of frame, gave me a wonderful, wraparound hug and replied, "Honey, I don't really sing that pretty. Your Mother just *thought* I sang pretty because she loved me so much." I've thought about that. Love does exaggerate the virtues of those dear to us, but that's a good thing, I think.

Anyway, week after week my trips to Hamilton took me through Oak City, a crossroads punctuated by a Red Apple. Fact is, Red Apple combination filling stationgrocery store-snack bars have sprung up all across the East at every wide place in the road. To paraphrase a bit of scripture, wheresoever two or more of you are gathered together, there shall a Red Apple be also, it seems.

Regardless, folks line up for gas, odds and ends, and quick, hot food. The menu in Oak City is limited, unlike the Williamsburg Groaning Board in Woodville-Lewiston that I will tell you about directly, but that doesn't matter. It's the fried chicken gizzards, not the livers, wings or thick steak fries that cause my Ford, like an old mule going to the barn, to turn in at that station without my lifting a finger. Once a whiff of those deep-fried gizzards has wafted into the passenger compartment through an open vent, I couldn't rassle my Taurus back onto Highway 11 with all my strength.

Understand that I grew up severely gizzard deprived. Fried chicken was a once-a-

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

week, Sunday-dinner thing. Then an older brother, here unnamed, usually managed to get the sole gizzard by main force or design—licking his finger and slapping it on the gizzard so we would be repulsed and not even contest the tasty treat. The scolding he received seemed only to embolden him the next Sunday.

So walking into the store in Oak City and saying, "Let me have an order of gizzards," is not just another experience in convenience store grub for me. It is the fulfillment of a life-long dream—having all the gizzards I want and more—and not having to risk a poke in the eye for the pleasure. I am always awed to think that Mr. Perdue will go and kill a couple of dozen chickens just so I can have a bait of gizzards. Makes me think of the fellow from Up North who asked me about the difference between eastern barbecue and the other kind. I tried to make it simple. "Well, Down East," I said, "we cook the whole pig. In the Piedmont, they just cook the shoulders."

He looked at me with disbelief. "Isn"t that terribly wasteful?" he asked. I looked at him with disbelief. The man was serious. I didn't try to explain. "Yes, I suppose it is," I said quietly. "I suppose it is." I do appreciate Mr. Perdue's being so wasteful

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in my behalf.

The last time I bought gizzards in Oak City, I was on my way to the old Urquhart home place in Woodville-Lewiston for what I knew would be a delightful visit with Molly Urquhart and her husband Bill Mears. The 1850s vintage plantation house is one of the loveliest in the East, maintained by generations of the Urquhart family and now evidencing the devotion of Molly, who presides as graciously as any of her forbearers ever could have.

Oak City and Woodville-Lewiston are only a few miles apart. After stopping in Oak City, I reined in the Taurus for the rest of the trip so I could savor each gizzard, fin-

> ish off the last one and wipe the grease from my fingers before getting out of the car, shaking hands with my host and hugging my hostess. I prayed that two "curiously strong" Altoid mints would erase my tell-tale gizzard breath before I kissed her, European style, first on the right cheek and then on the left.

> I passed the breath test, I think, and the kisses marked the beginning of a short, but delightful overnight visit with Molly and Bill and a memorable convenience store grub experience the following day.

> That evening we sat on the wide front porch sipping drinks, chatting, listening to the cicadas and commenting on the size of the ancient magnolias as, oneby-one, cars made their way up the long drive and guests came up the steps to join us and Charles Durant of Emerald Isle and David Gammon of Raleigh, who had arrived earlier.

> At evening's end, mosquitoes chased me from the veranda to the parlor where Molly was holding court for Lynn White Blanchard of Raleigh and Chapel Hill and Margaret and Anna Burgwyn of Woodland, daughters of the late District Attorney Bill Burgwyn (my friend who could be a subject of a column all by himself) and granddaughters of legendary Superior Court Judge W. H. S. Burgwyn.

Saturday was a day for adventures. First was a visit right next door to Grace Episcopal Church (1854), a tiny jewel box, where Margaret Griffin, a spry lady of some years and one of the few remaining members of the church, met us to help Molly plan a special service for Sunday. David flipped the switch on the vintage Tracker organ, and when his fingers struck the keys, heavenly sounds came forth of Ms. Griffin's favorite song, *Jesus Tender Shepherd*, a bedtime hymn sung to her by her grandmother long ago.

We visited the grave of Frances Pugh, a generous woman who in 1845 contributed the money to construct another Episcopal church nearby, appropriately named St. Frances in her honor. We visited St. Frances, which is being restored as a result of the generosity of a local citizen, Elizabeth Widmer. What a treasure it will be for Woodville-Lewiston when completed. We must have a celebration.

Our next stop was the Red Apple—just for a cold drink. At least we thought just for a cold drink until we saw the wondrous array of what John T has dubbed "convenience store grub." Our faces were close to the glass. "That fried chicken looks great!" I exclaimed.

"Look at those huge steak fries," said Bill.

Homemade macaroni and cheese moist with lots of cheese, field peas, potato salad, cole slaw, rolls. This steam table had it all. All except gizzards, but I forgave them that. It was food just like our mommas cooked.

"Let's have a picnic," Molly exclaimed. We all agreed, but we couldn't decide on a menu. "Everyone just get what you want; and we'll eat on the porch at Woodbourne," Molly said exercising a bit of Down East diplomacy. Soon, loaded with Styrofoam, compartmentalized containers of convenience store grub, soft drinks and bottled water, we were on our way to Roxobel and the 1810 home of the late Thomas Norfleet that the heirs had kindly made arrangements for us to visit.

When we arrived, it was just too hot to spread our lunch on the porch, where any hint of a breeze would have been blocked by the massive boxwoods that crowded it, so we opted to make do amidst the airconditioned clutter of renovation work inside. I sat down in a side chair and pulled another up close in front of me as my table. We commented on how privileged we were to be picnicking in such historic surroundings.

A portrait of a gentleman in powdered wig and Federal attire looked down on me as I spread a napkin as a placemat, flipped up the top of my plastic container, and began to eat. He didn't appear offended by the appropriation of the space or such informality. Perhaps he had eaten fried chicken right here in this same room, I thought. Somehow, I felt a connection, though, in fact, he is Molly and David's relation, I think.

All was well; then we heard noises upstairs. We knew no one was there, and we speculated about the source. Perhaps a bird in the chimney. Perhaps a squirrel in the wall. Then I thought to myself, "Perhaps the ghost of the gentleman in the powered wig. He's smelled the convenience store grub—the fried chicken just like his momma fixed for him—and, by gosh, he's coming downstairs for a drumstick.

"Molly, hey Molly! Between you and me, I think it's about time to go home."



Gourmet

Nurtured by creativity, synergy and passion ENOTECA VIN IS A DREAM COME TRUE

ike countless other successful midaged professionals, Chrish Peel and Louis Cherry enjoyed fantasizing about their ideal restaurant. Chrish, who abandoned a career in law to become a wine merchant, and Louis, a well-known Raleigh architect, met at Chrish's Carolina Wine Company. They quickly bonded over a mutual love of burgundies. As the friendship developed, the two discovered they shared the same longing for a casual place to go for great wines and clean simple food, a home

away from home—something, in fact, like the wine bars commonly found in Italian neighborhoods called enotecas.

Enoteca Vin opened in 1999, the culmination of the dream of the two friends and a showcase for their individual talents. Louis designed the unfussy contemporary/rustic space in the old Creamery building in Raleigh's Glenwood South district; Chrish provided the wines. Together they chose a chef that reflected their concept of "clean" foods compatible with the expertly selected wine list. The restaurant, in spite of its slightly confusing name, was a smash from day one.

A recent visit to Vin's (a nickname that stuck) was a bit like stumbling onto a movie set. The casually appointed dining room might have been beamed down from Siena, Sonoma, or Soho. In the middle of the floor stood a beautiful blond in a chef's jacket. I glanced around the room expecting cameras to roll. It turned out this earthy version of Grace Kelly was not just play-

ing the part of a chef, she's the real thing. Ashley Christensen couldn't be more perfect for this stylishly cozy setting if she had been sent straight from central casting.

Ashley's wholesome good looks reflect Vin's visual aesthetic, and her no-nonsense culinary philosophy mirrors that of the owners as well as her mentors Andrea Reusing (Vin's first chef), now owner of Chapel Hill's Lantern, and Scott Howell of Nana's in Durham. "My cooking style is 'ingredient driven," she explained. "If you use wonderful ingredients, the challenge is not to corrupt them." To illustrate the point, her first selection for me was an argula salad, something I probably wouldn't have ordered for myself from a wine-oriented menu. Served with Crimson watermelon and Laurel Chenel goat cheese and dressed perfectly with Vin's house olive oil-lemon dressing, this salad was the quintessence of "clean" food.



Though I had appeared a day earlier than expected, Ashley couldn't have been more accommodating and hospitable. As we sat at the bar and talked, customers would drop by to chat and thank her, often with a hug. The place felt more like a party than a restaurant. "I learned to cook from my parents in Greensboro, both great cooks and gardeners. By the time I came to college here at NC State, I was giving dinner parties for 30." Asked about her social life since taking the reigns at Vin, she answered without a sign of regret, "This is it." Clearly Ashley's warmth and attention to detail contribute to the homey atmosphere at Vin's. "Cooking is definitely a calling for me, I love what I'm doing and feel very lucky to have work that I feel so passionate about."

Passionate is a word that describes Chrish and Louis as well. They positively exude zest for life. Though each had a fulfilling career before opening Vin, both felt something missing—a hangout, "some place attractive and accessible, a place to drop in and have a great dinner. We wanted to provide comfort and pleasure and dispense with impediments to that, such as being rushed out or having to dress up."

Louis designed the restaurant as one big space, the dining room adjoining the bar, which faces an open window to the kitchen. Clearly he loved the challenge of the space, the old creamery freezer. "I tried to create a conversation between old and new. The interaction provides visual tension and vitality." Another goal was to attract spontaneous drop-ins. "I wanted people to feel comfortable eating by themselves. You can watch the cooks from the bar seats and even interact with them. We have a dedicated clientele, many of whom come here several times a week on the way home from work."

Vin's extensive wine list is, of course, Chrish's territory. "I wanted to offer something different, not geared to the mass market—wines from wonderful small vineyards you may not have heard of. You won't find these in other restaurants in North Carolina." He echoed Ashley's cooking philosophy as he described his favorites: "I prefer clean wines from the southern Rhone area and Tuscany, places where winemakers start with great grapes and do as little as possible to mess them up." It was Chrish's idea to offer three different size glasses of each wine from the carefully selected by-the-glass list. This concept encourages tasting and allowed me the opportunity to try several amazing wines served in the smallest 1.5-ounce portion without fear of staggering out the door.

Similarly, the menu offers sampling portions for patrons who prefer to taste, not gorge. Among several "small plates," the cornmeal fried okra and chicken liver pâté were standouts, but the perfect pommes frites with vinegar mayonnaise knocked me out. Never in my life have I gotten so much pleasure over a plate of French fries.

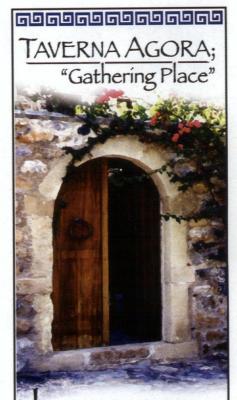
"Bowls" include soups as well as pasta and risotto. "Lump crabmeat with lemon capellini and tomato-tarragon broth" was a favorite, paired beautifully with Ashley's wine suggestion, Puligny "Folatieres." She commented that this dish embodies her style, "bright, clean, elegant and palate-opening."

For gourmands, "Cast-seared Hanger steak with local Crookneck squash-potato pavé, organic arugula and Bernier olive butter," or "Seared Ivory salmon with cool ginger Soba noodles, spicy Ping Tung eggplant and cucumber crème fraiche" (both divine with any of Chrish's beloved Burgundies) will fill you up as well as tickle every taste bud. But be sure and leave room for dessert—the voluptuously creamy "Roasted banana panna cotta with peanut butter sauce" is not to be missed.

By the time I showed up on the right evening for dinner with Louis and Chrish and several of their friends who spontaneously joined the group, I felt like I was coming home, or at least my idea of a perfect hangout. Vin's has it all: comfort and charm, elegance without pretense, terrific food and wine, and a warm welcome by people who truly care about what they are doing. Thanks to the creativity, synergy and passion of Chrish, Louis and Ashley, this idea is now a delightful reality at Enoteca Vin.

ENOTECA VIN Address: 410 Glenwood Avenue,

Rateigh Hours: Tues-Thurs. 5-11 p.m. Fri-Sat. 5-12 p.m. Sun. 11a.m. -2 p.m. and 5-11 p.m Telephone: 919-834-3070 Credit cards: Master card, Visa, American Express Smoking: on the patio only



n the local market of every Greek village there is an "Agora." A gathering place where locals go at the end of the day to enjoy good wine, eat wonderfully prepared, yet simple food, and relax with friends. Owner, Lou Moshakos, Corporate Chef, Pete Dalitsouris, and brother Ike Dalitsouris would like to invite you to Taverna Agora. From traditional, rustic surroundings, to fresh imported wine, cheeses, and olive oil from the farms of their families and friends in Greece, you are encouraged to relax, experience excellent Greek faire, and enjoy an evening with friends that is "Absolutely Greek."







A WINE ODYSSEY

t's curious sometimes where a major in English Lit will take you. As a fervent fan of the Romantic poets in college, little did I dream that one day I not only would know the wines John Keats referred to, but would taste them myself—the cool white wines and "blushful" rosés of Provence, the warm reds of Burgundy, the southern Rhône and Tuscany.

My eagerness to leave the warm South of my birth and youth propelled me to New York within months of college graduation, full of hope and anticipation for—what, I scarcely knew—life, I suppose, its wonders, adventure, dramas. It was, at any rate, closer to Europe.

I started in administration at a research institute in Manhattan, then, through a friend, went to work in the international section of a large public relations firm. Through another friend I finally went to work in my field of choice journalism—at *Time Inc*.

It was a dream job. The nine years I spent at *Time-Life Books* were like doing graduate work in the humanities. I learned a tremendous amount, working on books about the world's major cultures—ancient, traditional and modern—and other subjects as well: gardening, philosophy and psychology, anthropology, paleontology, archaeology and enology, the study of wine. My first project was a book about wine, working as text researcher with the author, Alec Waugh (Evelyn's brother, as courtly and gracious as his brother allegedly was not!)

I knew precious little about the subject at the time. Where I grew up, people drank bourbon and branch or beer, if they drank at all, and served sparkling burgundy at weddings. In New York I met wine experts, importers, began going to wine tastings, talking to winemakers. And I began to travel—to Europe, finally—France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Germany—all the great wine regions I had studied. Then to California, where an explosive young wine industry was gathering steam. As a result of the knowledge I gained, I was asked to help write two other books, *The New York Times Book of Wine* and *The Joys of Wine*, a handsome tome that celebrated wine as a beverage but also as an integral part of western culture.

When the Books Division decided to move to Virginia, I chose not to go. I wasn't ready to leave New York, and I wanted to write on my own. Friends advised against it—not a good idea to give up good, steady pay and excellent ben-

"Wine is nature's gift, nurtured into being with a little help from winemakers."

efits. It was risky, but I took the leap. The first months were tough—most of my queries to the leading magazines were rejected—a good thing perhaps, because they had nothing to do with what I knew most about.

I hadn't intended to write about wine necessarily, but magazines and newspapers were looking for people who knew something about it. My first break came through connectionsthey always do, it seems. People have been generous, and I have happened on occasion be in the right place at the right time. I was invited to lunch to meet a California vintner and his consultant, the legendary André Tchelistcheff. Andre, considered California's most distinguished winemaker, said to me: "Come to California, and I will show you where all the great cabernets grow." He invited me to come help with the harvest, to "see what it's like to pick grapes at dawn," and then stay on for the cattle roundup afterward. This was too good to pass up. I had been enamoured of the

American West since age 5 when I saw my first western movie.

The trip would cost a lot, a big chunk of the severance pay from Time-Life. But again, I took a leap and never looked back. It was a fabulous adventure, but more importantly, it launched my career in wine. While there, several major things happened: I landed an assignment from a top magazine to do a story on Napa Valley (a photographer friend knew I was on the spot and recommended me); I was offered the wine column for a Westchester newspaper; and I met M.F.K. Fisher, who became a dear friend and mentor.

Things happened quickly after that. Vogue editor Leo Lerman saw the Napa Valley article in Horizon and tracked me through Christmas holiday travels from New York to Arkansas to Los Angeles and Baja California to ask me to write a new monthly wine column for Vogue. Writing for Vogue opened other doors: an invitation to join the Wine Writers Circle of New York as well as attention from other editors and publishers. I wrote monthly for Vogue for three years. By then I was also writing the weekly wine column for the New York Daily News, which I did for 12 years. My first book, The Pocket Guide to Wine was published by Putnam, followed by The Pocket Guide to Cheese in 1982. Both books did pretty well; the wine guide, revised twice, sold well over 100,000 copies.

During the '80s and '90s I wrote for other national magazines—House & Garden, GQ, Travel & Leisure, Saveur, Cuisine, Metropolitan Home, Glamor, Food & Wine, Parade, The Wine Spectator, and became a regular contributor to the Leisure & Arts page of The Wall Street Journal. In the mid-'80s, an editor I had known at Time-Life called to see if I would do a wine book for MacMillan. This led to Wine with Food at Congden & Weed (a small publisher now defunct), later revised in paperback by Simon and Schuster. A California winemaker recommended me to publishers Stewart Tabori & Chang, who wanted to do an illustrated book on winegrowing regions of America. *American Vineyards* came out in 1988. The research for this book took me on a fascinating odyssey through America's emerging wine regions—the Northwest, Virginia, Texas, Missouri and the Deep South, as well as Canada and Mexico.

My agent suggested my next book another guide, this time to affordable wines from around the world. *Best Wine Buys* for \$10 appeared in 1991; it was revised as *Best Wine Buys for \$12 and Under* in 1995. There has been some talk of another revision. I have at least two other books I want to do, one of which is in the works, the other still in the pondering, plotting stage.

I've thought sometimes that I'd like to write about things other than wine, and I work at that when I can. But I realize that in some ways I already do. Wine is nature's gift, nurtured into being with a little help from winemakers; it figures in all aspects of human culture—history, literature, art, the sciences and religion. That, for me, is its fascination. Its sole reason for existing is to give pleasure, to taste good and complement food. And it is always changing, never

RED WINE ON MY MIND

It's STILL PLENTY WARM in these parts, but as the equinox looms I've got red wines on my mind, after a summer of dry rosés, crisp whites and a few chillable reds here and there. Some of you, of course, drink only red, including husky ones... and hang the steamy temperatures. I'm more into what I think of as transitional reds—not too heavy or tannic—but round and smooth, versatile with seasonal foods. Here are a few to look for, at prices ranging from \$10 to \$16.

Wild Horse Merlot 2000, Paso Robles, \$15, juicy flavors of currants and berries

Castle Rock Pinot Noir 2002, Russian River Valley, \$10-11, dark, surprisingly rich and tasty

Echelon Pinot Noir 2001, Central Coast, \$12, plummy fruit

RayLen Carolinius 2001, \$15, a Carolina-grown charmer; juicy and smooth

Dei Rosso di Montepulciano 2001, Tuscany, \$15, lively, with black cherry flavors, good balance

Château Arthus 2000, Côtes de Castillon, \$15, lush and appealing Bordeaux; great value

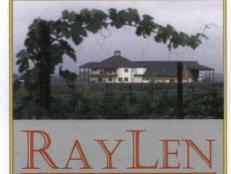
Dry Creek Vyd. Zinfandel 2000 Heritage Clone, Sonoma, \$16, full of berries and a touch of black pepper

Domaine Bouysse Corbières 2001, Languedoc, \$16, deep color, juicy berries, lush fruit and balance make it chillable









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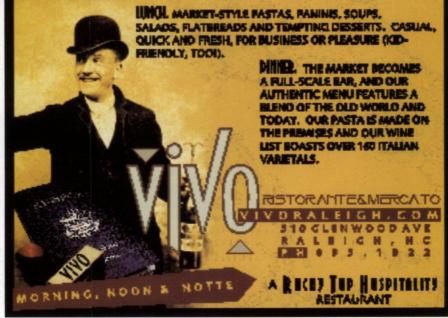
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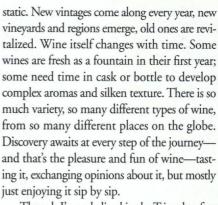




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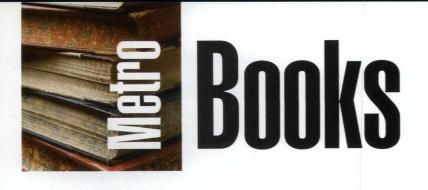
Though I've only lived in the Triangle a few years, I've seen a big jump in interest for wine in that short time. The enthusiasm for learning more about it bubbles up in the wine classes I teach at Duke, in the wine events, tastings and new wine shops that are flourishing hereabouts.

Every month in *Metro*, we'll explore the wine scene, focusing on a particular aspect of it: what's hot, best values, wines to cellar for future pleasure... and whatever else interests you about the subject. So let me hear from you.

Barbara Ensrud is on the web at http://www.bewinewise.com. Her mailing address is: WineWithFood, P.O. Box 51064, Durham, NC 27717-1064







NEW AND NOTEWORTHY

ust as we were gearing up to introduce you to some of this month's new releases, author signings and special events, a friend at the Cumberland County Public Library contacted us with a reminder that September is Library Card Sign-Up Month.

Sponsored by the American Library Association, the national campaign was launched in 1987 by then Secretary of Education William Bennett to encourage children to use their local libraries as chief sources of information, education and even recreation. The initiative was a gamble, of course, but the idea caught hold and thousands of public and school libraries across the US now get in on the act each year.

In addition to books and periodicals, today's libraries also offer audio and videotapes, computer access, monthly events and more. There's a lot to do at your library, so sign-up for your own library card this month!

And since they first brought it to our attention: If you want to signup for a library card in Fayetteville, the main branch of the Cumberland County Public Library is at 300 Maiden Lane and staff members can be reached by phone at 910-483-1580. When you sign up, tell them *Metro* sent you.

LUNCH AT THE PICCADILLY

Chief among this month's new releases is Clyde Edgerton's latest comic romp, Lunch at the Piccadilly (Algonquin), centered around Lil Olive, the newest resident at the Rosehaven Convalescence Home. To get an idea of the book's plot, one need only scan the chapter titles, beginning with "Old People in Cars" (Lil owns an '89 Olds that she's reluctant to give up) and ending with the four-chapter section "Come to Get My Aunt Out of Jail" (though the SC jail where Aunt Lil ultimately finds herself looks remarkably like her room at the rest home-a twist that underscores Edgerton's wryly sympathetic look at aging and the elderly). Edgerton, currently a professor of creative writing at UNC-Wilmington, will travel extensively through Eastern North Carolina for readings and signings. Among his September stops are: Durham's Regulator Bookshop on Friday evening, Sept. 12; McIntyre's Books in Fearrington Village on Saturday, Sept. 13, at 11 a.m. and then Quail Ridge Books in Raleigh later that evening; and the Weymouth Center for the Arts and Humanities in Southern Pines on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 28.

OTHER NEW RELEASES

September is awash in good books and interesting author events and several deserve at least a quick mention.

NC State University professor Elaine Orr delivers a memoir of life as an American girl born and reared in Nigeria: Gods of Noonday: A White Girl's African Life (University Press of Virginia); she'll give a reading on Thursday, Sept. 4, at Quail Ridge Books in Raleigh.

New Bern-based novelist Nicolas Sparks returns to characters of his phenomenally successful debut novel, *The Notebook*, with a follow-up set three decades later, *The Wedding* (Warner Books). He'll be signing copies of the new novel at the Cary Barnes and Noble on Friday, Sept. 12.

Canadian author Frances Itani will discuss her debut novel, *The Deafening* (Atlantic Monthly Press), at Quail Ridge on Friday, Sept. 19. Set in World War I, the novel centers on a young woman who lost her hearing to scarlet fever at age five, explores her romance with a young stretcher-bearer sent off to the front and then follows her as she trains her shell-shocked brother-in-law to "speak" again after he returns from the war unwilling to utter a word. The book arrives on the heels of very strong advance press.

Triangle-based mystery novelist Margaret Maron takes a break from her regular series characters with a "standalone" novel, *Last Lessons of Summer* (Mysterious Press). While introducing new characters, Maron hasn't strayed far from her roots. The book is set in NC's piedmont region and promises a suspenseful read. She'll be reading from the book at the Cary Barnes and Noble on Monday, Sept. 22, and at the County Bookshop in Southern Pines on Saturday, Sept. 27.

MORE OUTSIDE

Fall is arguably the most pleasant season outdoors in North Carolina, and several new publications are out just in time to indulge those pleasures-and particularly for those traveling west to watch the leaves earn their autumn hues. An updated edition of Guide to the Blue Ridge Parkway by Frank and Victoria Logue and Nicole Blouin (Menasha Ridge Press) offers a milepost-by-milepost guide to the famed roadway, surveys attractions both natural and man-made, and offers detailed information on hiking trails, picnic spots and camping facilities. From the same publisher (and one of the same writers) comes Waterfalls of the Blue Ridge: A Hiking Guide to the Cascades of the Blue Ridge Mountains by Nicole Blouin, Steve Bordonaro and Marilou Wier Bordonaro. The book features more than 100 waterfalls, offers historical commentary and ranks trail difficulty. With a slightly different slant, nature writer Ida Phillips Lynch, former director of communications for the NC Chapter of the Nature Conservancy, has penned North Carolina Afield: A Guide to Nature Conservancy Projects in North Carolina (John F. Blair, Publisher). A guidebook for hikers, birders and even those who prefer to



METROBOOKS

view nature through the window of their car, the book focuses on 92 of the state's "ecologically significant" areas, including state parks, wildlife refuges, preserves and more. Teeming with dramatic photographs of landscapes and wildlife, the book should please the armchair traveler as well. And if you're in that armchair, you can also tune in for...

BOOKWATCH ON UNC-TV

UNC-TV's latest Bookwatch series concludes in September with three local authors who've found success in diverse ways. Pamela Duncan, whose debut novel Moon Women kicked off a promising career, will talk about her sophomore book, Plant Life, on Sunday, Sept. 7. David Cecelski, who won the 72nd (and final) Mayflower Cup from the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association last year, will discuss his award-winning book The Waterman's Song: Slavery and Freedom in Maritime North Carolina on Sunday,

Sept. 14. And finishing out the series is soccer coach at UNC-CH Anson Dorrance on Sept. 21, with his book The Vision of a Champion.

GOOD OL' GIRLS (AND MORE) AT NC STATE

The 2003-2004 NCSU Center Stage Performing Arts Series opens on Thursday, Sept. 18, with a local favorite, the popular stage musical Good Ol' Girls. Based on the stories of Lee Smith and Jill McCorkle, the musical was originally adapted in 1999 by Paul Ferguson and features the songs of Matraca Berg and Marshall Chapman.

Presented in collaboration with North Carolina Theatre, the four-performance run at NC State (through Sept. 20) begins the regional tour of Good Ol' Girls, which features several cast members from the 1999 production. After NC State, the production continues to South Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky before returning to North Carolina in October.

For tickets to the NCSU performances, call 919-515-1100. (And for information on the October dates, just check next month's Metro.)

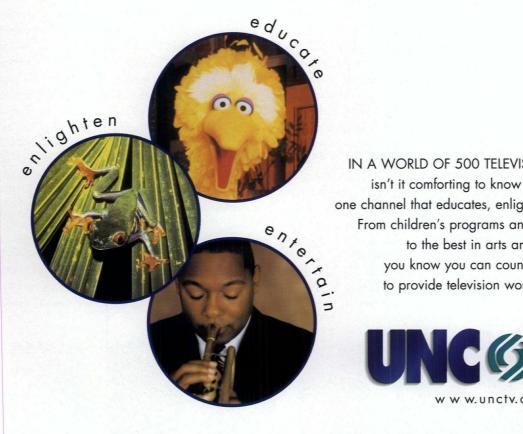
September also marks the start of NC State's Owen/Walters Reading Series. Nebula Award-winning science fiction author Michael Swanwick, author of Stations of the Tide, Jack Faust and Bones of the Earth, kicks off the series on Wednesday evening, Sept. 24, at 7:30 p.m. (venue to be determined; signs will be posted in Winston, Tompkins and Caldwell Halls).

SOUTHERN WRITERS SYMPOSIUM AT METHODIST COLLEGE

Finally (and with admitted self-interest), I want to call your attention to the 17th Southern Writers' Symposium, Sept. 19 & 20 at Methodist College in Fayetteville. The theme of this year's symposium is "Region," and it features scholars from across the South and throughout the nation.

Topics range from local color and marginalized characters in Southern Lit to definitions of a "Post-Southern South" and an intriguing session called "Dancing, Dying, Dining, Drive-Ins: Rites and Rituals of a Disappearing South." Whether your interest tends toward Charles Chesnutt or William Faulkner or toward more contemporary writers such as Kaye Gibbons, Lee Smith or Barbara Kingsolver, the conference will likely expand your horizons-and the region's boundaries as well. Featured speakers include well-respected southern culture expert John Shelton Reed and southern lit speaker Lucinda MacKethan. And as for the "admitted self-interest" above, I'm pleased to confess that I'll be presenting a paper called "Magical Realism and the Mississippi Delta," discussing Lewis Nordan's marvelous novel Wolf Whistle. MM

For more information, visit the Web site at www.methodist.edu/sws. I hope to see you there!



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A NEW REPUBLIK FOR ADVERTISING?

hen Robert Shaw West, David Smith and their partners launch into a presentation about their new advertising agency, "The Republik," potential clients immediately are hit with a different kind of message. "The Republik cannot be have a well-developed and functioning backbone," the slide reads.

In other words, The Republik promises clients to be held accountable if one of its branding, advertising, marketing campaigns fails to produce expected results. is unleashing what it believes is a disruptive technique on the ad agency industry. They want to reinvent the business. They want to be compensated by performance—the better the campaign for the client, the bigger the fees for The Republik.

"Ad agencies are now ranked



The Republik from left to right: Robert West, Eric Steele, Scott Pridgen, Brian Murray and David Smith

responsible for the loss or damage to your beliefs about ad agencies beyond this point," one slide says. The next one is a play off the ape-to-man evolution diagram, only this one focuses on ad agencies. The Republik is presented as man, upright.

"The world's first ad man to

"The hour draw nears when agencies must choose between one of two options—change or die," The Republik says. "They must either hold themselves accountable for the results of their work or be replaced by those that will."

In the days of the "new economy," The Republik team

among the lowest rated professions—like lawyers and usedcar salesmen," said West, the founder of The Republik, which recently moved into a remodeled shoe store in downtown Durham. "We want to change that."

Among the reasons for the low regard, West explained, are that agencies don't share in the pain if campaigns fail, short of being "fired." Agencies mark up and bill for every piece of work done, such as faxes, at several times the real cost of sending a document and are more focused on sucking as much money as possible out of a client than on truly partnering with them for success.

West and Smith then spelled out five reasons why The Republik delivers more value:

- The firm is small, nimble, and can respond quickly to clients' needs or opportunities. "It's very hard to move a battleship in the bathtub," West said.
- Clients get direct access to people working their account, not just the account exec. "No one person can know everything," West pointed out.
- 3. "The universe is the brand," West said. Clients get more than standard radio, TV, print and Internet advertising. Programs are designed to be 3-D, Smith explained. "We create work with a consistent look and feel across all media"—branding stores, accessories, advertising, music and products with a constant theme.
- The firm doesn't mark up everything done for the client. "We're not cheap," Smith said. "We're an idea company. We'd much rather



Raleigh Little Theatre

ADC

make money by helping clients surpass their marketing objectives."

5. Finally, we hold ourselves accountable for our work, West said.

Part of the accountability is performance-based compensation, Smith said. "We determine measures for success with the client." Those baselines are used to identify the amount of compensation—up to 50 percent—that The Republik puts at risk should a marketing program not achieve the agreedupon results.

At the same time, The Republik also sets what West called an "escalator" for success. If a program achieves more than expected, The Republik receives bonus compensation.

The strategy already is paying dividends. The Republik is winning clients (\$6 million in projected revenues this year) and media attention. Fast Company magazine recently recognized The Republik as a finalist for its "Fast Fifty" issue-companies identified as being among the most innovative. Among its clients are Great Outdoor Provision Company, Baseball America, Bald Head Island, Absolut Vodka, a wireless phone company in Miami, a major law

firm, and Gulf Shore Media, which publishes nearly 20 titles. The Republik also worked with Zoom Culture before the "dot com" entertainment company went under.

The Republik name, which has nothing to do with Communism and everything to do with 100 percent employee ownership and teamwork, goes to the heart of the group's mission. Everyone has a stake and stands to benefit from the firm's success. "This is an employee-owned and managed holding company," West explained.

The agency wants account executives (AEs) that work directly with clients, and its creative staff ("the creatives") to be on the same collective page. In a recent article, Smith described relations between the two as "Hillary and Rush" when a problem or need to make a change in a campaign occurs.

"If you're a creative, you'll argue it's because AE's are spineless, sycophantic, backstabbing, glad-handers with nary an ounce of taste, style or integrity," Smith maintains. "Then again, folks on the account side see creatives as whiny, manic, prima donnas sporting fragile little egos prone to shatter at the slightest hint of altering an idea." West launched The Republik in September of 2001 after the agency he worked for, West & Vaughn, merged with the Richard French Agency in Raleigh. West, who is a nephew of Bill West of the West & Vaughn ownership team, said he didn't want to be part of the new group and wanted to establish a new type of agency built on the principles he has incorporated into The Republik.

Smith, the creative director, joined The Republik last year after a stint with J. Walter Thompson. Both he and West had lived in New York and cited a desire to return to the South where they had lived before as a reason The Republik first opened in Chapel Hill.

Also signing on were Francis George, Troy Livingston, Brian Murray, Scott Pridgen and Eric Steele. Before joining The Republik, George, Murray and Pridgen worked with West at West & Vaughn and are the original founding partners.

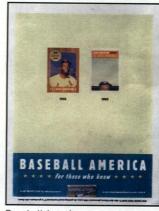
All have extensive agency backgrounds and have worked with some of the world's highest-profile clients, such as Pepsi, Bermuda Tourism, Smirnoff Ice, Aetna, RCA, Lifesavers and Frito-Lay.

The Republik already has made an acquisition—Rubberneck, which focuses on TV and film in Los Angeles—giving it access to high-quality entertainment production.

The bottom line for The Republik, West added, is not to win awards or receive press coverage for innovative advertising that might look great but doesn't move product.

"Our objectives," he stressed, "are always tied to the client's marketing objectives."

The Republik web site: www.therepublik.net.



Baseball America



Lipton Brisk Tea



Durham School of Boxing



Biscuitville



Evolution of Business



Co-founder maps the way from new home in Durham NO DEPRESSION RIDES WAVE OF ALTERNATIVE-COUNTRY

his month marks the eighth anniversary of the first issue of *No Depression* magazine, a music publication covering artists whose work falls within the somewhat elusive parameters of alternative-country music. Founded in Seattle in 1996 by veteran music journalists Grant Alden and Peter Blackstock, *No Depression* has become a major national voice, documenting a niche that includes a mighty group of musicians, including Steve Earle, Doc Watson, Rodney Crowell, Emmylou Harris, The Drive-By Truckers, Tift Merritt, Trailer Bride, Don Walser, Dixie Chicks and Kim Richey.

No Depression co-editor and co-founder Peter Blackstock is presently living and working in Durham. We recently sat down and talked about his college days, his time as a journalist in Seattle and the founding of *No Depression*.

"I grew up in Austin and went to college at the University of Texas and I definitely listened to music a lot, you know, on the radio, but I wasn't one of those kids who got totally into music and got in the band scene and stuff. I became especially interested in music in college. When you're going to the University of Texas in Austin, it's hard not to get interested in the music scene. I mean, it's all around you, and there are so many different kinds of bands.

"In retrospect," Blackstock continued, "I was really into the alt.rock bands in Austin, and there were all these other bands who were much more in line with the alternative-country music that I ended up doing later.

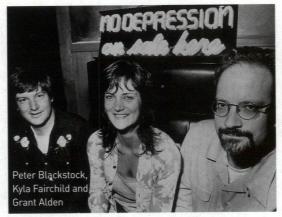
"It's funny how I wasn't as attuned to that stuff as I was to the alt.rock. Still, I feel like I got my alt.country background in Austin, because I did go listen to guys like Butch Hancock and Jimmy Dale Gilmore all the time. I remember Kelly Willis and others being around then, too."

Blackstock was working for the Austin

American-Statesman in high school and continued with the newspaper in college, first as a sports writer and later as a pop music writer.

"I never actually worked there full-time," he said. "I was always parlaying some sort of combination of copy editing and writing about music, but always freelance. The *Statesman* got as much as they could get out of me without actually hiring me. The Austin paper tends to do that a lot, because there are so many young people at UT."

Blackstock remained in Austin for a few years after graduating from UT. A vacation to Seattle in 1991 convinced him that he needed to move to the Pacific Northwest.



"There's no other city in the US where you can be standing in downtown looking at snow-capped mountains to the east and be right on the water," he explained. "I just fell in love with the place. The music scene was a bonus, though I wasn't into that heavy rock that was becoming so popular when I moved there. In fact, one of the things that led me to roots and country music was a reaction against grunge rock. I was interested in rock that was more melodic, more lyric-driven, rather than those hard rock bands that were all energy driven."

Within a month of arriving in Seattle, Blackstock was writing a weekly music column for The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, covering the club scene. By the end of his first year on Puget Sound he was also working parttime for the *P-I* as a copy editor.

Blackstock began covering the Seattle club scene—in the belly of the grunge rock beast, so to speak—at approximately the time that Pearl Jam released their first album, *Ten*, and Nirvana released *Nevermind*. It was a remarkable time in Seattle, and Blackstock is one of the writers who chronicled grunge rock as it went national. In fact, however, Blackstock was growing more interested in a style of music that was being loosely labeled as alternative country.

"I settled into my work really comfortably for three or four years and probably could still be doing that today, were it not for Grant Alden," Blackstock allowed. "He'd been the managing editor of a publication called *The Rocket*, a biweekly magazine that just covered music in Seattle. I'd written for Grant. He quit that job in '94. We kept in touch over the next year. He tried to start a folk art gallery that didn't really go anywhere.

"Sometime in the spring of '95

we started talking about this online discussion board I was into that was about alternative country music," he continued. "He said that he was getting into that music more now, having previously recounted the grunge wars in Seattle during his days at *The Rocket*."

Blackstock and Alden wanted to start their own magazine. They spent the summer of '95 sorting out their ideas and then, in the fall of '95, they took the plunge that many contemplate and few do.

"By the fall of '95 we put out our first issue," Blackstock said. "It started out as something of a lark. We were still working at other jobs, so we didn't pay ourselves for a year. We

PvV

paid our writers small fees, but we didn't take anything. The way we looked at this was that some businesses invest capital in their operation. Instead of investing capital, we invested our time. We never got in a position where we had to borrow money, which was how we wanted it. We didn't want anybody looking over our shoulders.

"The first issue of *No Depression* came out in Sept. of '95," he recalled. "It was 32 pages, printed on low-quality newsprint. The overall quality was really lo-fi. The second issue was 48 pages, the third issue was 64 pages and the fourth issue was 96 pages.

"We were pleasantly surprised

DISCOLOGY

Greg Trooper: *Floating* (Sugar Hill)

This is Trooper's debut album for Durham's Sugar Hill Records and it's a brilliant outing. Trooper is a tremendously gifted singer and a

writer of literate, memorable songs that most often walk the line between modern folk and rock. He's been cutting albums since 1986, bouncing from label to label, building a solid fan base despite working with labels that did him little good, publicity-wise. Sugar Hill will give

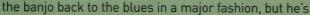
MAJOR BUZZ

Trooper the support he deserves and build his following. *Floating*

is comprised of a dozen great songs. There's no wrong place to dip into this album, though there are some tunes here that demand notice. The title track, for instance, is a deceptively laid-back number that takes a dark turn at its midpoint. "Hummingbird" is a very cool rock song, and "December Skies" is a melodic folk/rock masterpiece. "Muhammad Ali" is a thought-provoking look at The Champ. With four months left this year, *Floating* is my top modern folk album of 2003.

Otis Taylor: *Truth Is Not Fiction* (Telarc)

There isn't anyone playing the blues today who's done more to stimulate the genre in the last five years than has Taylor. Not only has he brought



The other group was country music fans sick of the Garth/ Shania country pop thing. They were turning to more traditional country music forms.

"A lot of our sales came from word-of-mouth," he added. "The discussion board I mentioned helped. The people involved in that became some of our charter subscribers, and a few of them started writing for us. We placed the magazine in record stores indie stores. It took longer to get into the chains. Once we'd established ourselves, however, the chains like Borders and Barnes & Noble were interested in carrying the magazine."

Asked about the current eco-

nomic health of *No Depression*, Blackstock noted: "We sell about 40 percent by subscription, 60 percent off the rack. We have a higher sell-through rate than most magazines [the ratio of magazines shipped to a retail outlet to magazines sold by the outlet]. We sell-through about 75 percent. We sell about 25,000 copies per issue.

"We went bi-monthly the second year," he said. "We figured we'd go bi-monthly but keep the magazine down around 64 pages. What happened, however, was that the magazine kept growing anyway. It got up to 128 pages per issue very quickly. Today, the magazine is usually

also writing some of the most compelling songs that blues fans have heard in eons. *Truth Is Not Fiction* is yet another offering from Taylor that's filled with haunting stories and dynamic acoustic arrangements. Both "House of the Crosses" and "Kitchen Towel" are exactly the sort of darkly evocative songs Taylor loves; stories so disturbing that it's as if Taylor is breaking some taboo by relating them. There's a demonic energy to this album that's absolutely mesmerizing, and it's just as urgent with a slow number like "Comb Your Brown Hair" as it is with riveting, wild-assed, tunes like "Be Your Frankenstein" and "Shakey's Gone." Taylor describes much of the material on *Truth Is Not Fiction* as trance blues, a very good descriptor. It's also some of the best acoustic music, blues or otherwise, being tracked today.

Lou Reed: NYC Man: The Collection (RCA)

This is an excellent two-CD compilation, pulling together the best tunes from all points in Lou Reed's career. Reed is one of the great rock songwriters of our time. His jour-



ney from The Velvet Underground through glam rock to his present iconic status is a personal walk on the wild side that would make a fine documentary film. The music he wrote on that journey is represented here by songs like "Heroin," "I'm Waiting for My Man," "Sweet Jane," "Pale Blue Eyes," "The Kids," "I'll Be Your Mirror," "Walk on the Wild Side," "Rock 'n Roll," "Sally Can't Dance" and "White Light/White Heat." This is a must-buy for Lou Reed fans.



by the response the first year," he

added. "We weren't terribly sur-

prised, however, because we

knew we'd found a niche. No

other magazine out there was

during its first year was nothing

short of exponential, confirming

Blackstock's hunch that they were

mining rich terrain. He believes

the magazine initially appealed to

two distinct groups of music

grunge rock, or never got into

grunge," he explained. "They

may have wanted their music to

be rock, but they were looking

for something more roots-based.

"One group was tired of

The growth of No Depression

doing what we did."

lovers:

about 144 pages. We've talked at times about going monthly, but we have a pretty good rhythm the way it works now. It's something that might be down the road, but not in the near future."

Eight years after their first issue was published, Blackstock and Alden, with partner Kyla Fairchild, have guided *No Depression* to its present status as one of the most respected music magazines in the US. The future looks no less promising.

"One of the good things about growing in frequency and page count was that it allowed us to open up, editorially," Blackstock said. "Some of our readers were a little discouraged by that. They would've rather seen us adhere to a narrow vision of what alt.country is, but we made a determination pretty early on that we were going to leave that pretty wide open, to leave room for, say, folkblues musicians, or Freddy Fender, or Flaco Jimenez. We still focus on country, but we will veer away from that occasionally. Grant and I have said that we've chosen to define alt.country by not defining it. Our approach is to avoid trying to pigeonhole the music."

For anyone interested in checking out No Depression magazine, you can get a quick fix via the Web: www.nodepression.com.



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Videocentric

Le Coup de Grâce. The Criterion Collection. 98 minutes.

This 1976 film by Volker Schlöndorff is based on the novel by Marguerite Yourcenar and is set during the Russian Civil War in the Baltic provinces. A group of German soldiers,



led by Prussian officers Erich von Lhomond and Konrad von Reval, are busy fighting the Bolsheviks. Their home base, Konrad's family estate, Kratovice, is also the home of his sister, Sophie (played by Schlöndorff's wife and collaborator, Margarethe von Trotta). Although ostensibly a war film, it is a faceless war, since the real plot revolves around the twisted rela-

tionship between Erich and Sophie. They profess their love for each other, but never consummate that love in any meaningful way. The suggestion that Erich is a homosexual may help explain the warped psychology of their bond. She offers him ample opportunity to consummate their relationship. He responds by either ignoring her or humiliating her. Sophie's mental state suffers and she declines into angry sexual promiscuity. She ultimately sides with the local Bolsheviks, which proves to be her undoing. The final scene—not to be revealed here—is both grim and thought provoking.

NYPD Blue: Season 01.

Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment. 6 Discs; 22 Episodes.

For devotees of this groundbreaking cop series, this multidisc set is a winning idea. This rough and tumble series

premiered in the fall of 1993 and upset some viewers with its mix of crude language, nudity, and grim plot lines. For others, however, NYPD Blue was a welcome approximation of the real world, something primetime television wasn't too good



at, back in the early '90s. David Caruso (Detective John Kelly) and Dennis Franz (Detective Andy Sipowicz) were the principals in season 01, and they were fabulous. This box set includes a 58-minute "The Making of Season One" documentary, as well as two featurettes, cast and crew bios, and script-to-screen comparisons.

SECRETS OF STATE



continued from page 17

Friday and James H. and Mary Biddle Semans.

An event to introduce the National Society in New York will be held on Monday, Sept. 15, at The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Hosts for the occasion are Stuart and Bill Buice and William Ivey Long.

Criteria for membership in the society require ties to North Carolina, demonstrated knowledge and interest in the arts or ballet in particular, proven interest in philanthropy, connections in the community and residence outside the Raleigh/Triangle region. Benefits include an annual spring meeting in Raleigh to see Carolina Ballet perform, invitations to attend other important arts related events in the Raleigh/Triangle area, the chance to observe the company class on stage, an opportunity to meet the dancers and dinner with Artistic Director Robert Weiss. Members will be listed in the company's program books and will have the opportunity for participation in specially arranged programs to experience great ballet.



The Jim "Catfish" Hunter Chapter of ALS, is gearing up for the Fourth Annual Walk to D'Feet ALS on Oct. 11 at Meredith College in Raleigh. The fundraiser will provide patient services and aid research to help find a cure for ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease). For information or to register, call 919-755-9001 or toll free 877-568-4347 or visit www.catfishchapter.org. ******* Restoration specialists have dismantled portions of North Carolina's oldest brick house, Hertford's 1730 Newbold-White House, to examine structural damage. The Perquimans County Restoration Association is asking for financial support to help cover costs of repair and restoration. For more information, call 252-426-7567. Raleigh Little Theatre will hold a costume sale in their amphitheater parking lot on Oct. 4. Period costumes, vintage clothing, theatrical props and some furniture will go for low prices. For more information, call 919-821-4579. The Board of Directors of the Carolina Equine Society Inc. has requested a partnership grant from the Golden Leaf Foundation and the NC Tobacco Trust Fund to import 40 thoroughbred mares into North Carolina.

This pilot program will introduce a new rotational crop and a new industry into the state. **A memorial** fund to honor UNC pioneering neuroscientist Dr. Pierre Morell has been established at UNC-Chapel Hill. Donations to the fund will support activities of the School of Medicine's neurobiology curriculum. North Carolina Arts Council has awarded more than \$4 million in grants for arts programs and projects in the state during 2003-04. Across North Carolina, 390 grants went to 289 organizations. **Tryon Palace** Historic Site and Gardens in New Bern is now open seven days a week. New hours of operation will be 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays through Saturdays and 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays. **Dean** Kristina M. Johnson of Duke University's Pratt School of Engineering has been appointed to the 12-member board of Science Foundation Ireland, the foundation has announced in Dublin. The board includes leaders from engineering and scientific research, business, academia and public service. **UNC-Chapel Hill** has established a new non-profit corporation, IntraHealth International Inc., dedicated to making improvements in international health issues. **...** Robert Lefkowitz, a Howard Hughes Medical Institute investigator at Duke University Medical Center, has been awarded the 500,000-euro (about \$560,000) Scientific Grand Prize of the Institut de France, that country's leading association of intellectual academies.

BINDEX

Percentage of North Carolina state troopers who say deserving officers aren't promoted: 72 percent

Percentage of troopers who believe that minorities on the force get preferential treatment in promotions: 59 percent

Cost for a year's membership in Save Our Students (SOS), a North Carolina service for parents that provides a bumper sticker with a 1-800 number to call if motorists see the teenager driving erratically: \$125

Number of teen fatalities on North Carolina highways in the last two years: 460

Average commute for North Carolina workers: 24 minutes

Percentage of North Carolinians who will receive less than a \$100 refund from President Bush's latest tax relief package: 52 percent

Percentage of tax relief package that will go to the top one percent of wage earners in North Carolina: 25 percent

Average tax refund this summer for top one percent of North Carolina wage earners: \$18,575

Percentage of murder victims statewide who were black: 40 percent

Percentage of murder victims in Greensboro who were black: 60 percent

Percentage of murderers in Greensboro who are black: 70 percent

Percentage of state population identified as "black or African-American": 21.7 percent

Percentage decrease in the statewide murder rate since 1993: 30 percent

Number of points above the national average scored on the federal writing test by North Carolina fourth-graders this year: 6 points

Number of points above average scored by state eighth-graders on the writing test: 5 points

Percentage of boaters who drink while they're on the water: 40 percent

On a two-man boat, chances of the passenger drowning versus the captain drowning: 50 percent

Number of boating deaths in North Carolina in 2002, marking a record low: 11



My Usual Charming Self

SAY A LITTLE PRAYER

played Middle C in the Episcopal day school bell choir. Every morning I attended chapel for morning service and read from the 1928 Book of Common Prayer. Nearly every week I attended Sunday School at my church. I had attendance pins down to the navel and carried the little cross, the church flag and later the big cross as an acolyte for the 11 o'clock service. I went to Young People's Service League (now EYC I think) on Sunday evenings, mostly to meet girls. The Episcopal Church exuded a comfortable confidence and a sense of enduring efficacy. The rectors were worldly and the parishioners tolerant.

For several summers my camping experience included two weeks at Vade Mecum, the Episcopal Church camp snuggled in the North Carolina foothills. Every evening after chapel and vespers we would sit on the hillside to watch the setting sun and sing, "Now the Day is Over." Little did I know that the day would be soon be over for all Episcopalians.

Like most of us, I rarely attended church after age 16 until my first child was born. I gravitated back to the church in 1979 and walked right into what can only be called a religious Bolshevik Revolution. The radical fanatics had slowly infiltrated the inner sanctum of church doctrine, beginning with a silly Marxist phase in the 1960s (the whole country was slightly psychotic back then so it went almost unnoticed) escalating to end game with the adoption of a new Book of Common Prayer in 1979. As I sailed the ship of my life to the secure moorings of the Church, the pier had been removed.

The Praver Book issue was a precursor to the radical deconstruction of texts now so trendy on campus. Granted, revising the Book of Common Prayer, the central document in Episcopal life, is hardly unprecedented and updating was probably necessary. But the 1979 Book imposed on the parishioners is a tract of sorts, hinting at the absurdity to come in the brave new politically correct world we live in today. Gender is big and is removed as much as possible, rendering God, an already metaphysical puzzle, even more puzzling by making Him a cross-dresser. But that niggling stuff wasn't the real reason I could never stand the new Book. It lost its grandeur, its beautiful and lilting poetry, its essence. And it was imposed on purpose by the clergy and bishops, some of whom formed an elite cabal of activists that stole the Church from its people.

From the first day the new Book was adopted, fissures appeared. Some church members broke away and formed their own unaffiliated parishes where they could read the old Book in peace. Some became Catholics. Others started up churches affiliated with African Episcopal churches, such as Angola and Rwanda. Rwanda?

It is due to the reaction of Rwanda and, of all places, Nigeria, to the election by the American Episcopal church of an openly homosexual bishop in New Hampshire that has the newly installed Archbishop of Canterbury Rowan Williams calling for a convocation. He has entreated the global Anglican Church to come together to prevent Schism, a word redolent with Medieval resonance. The very utterance of the S-word evokes centuries of conflict in Christianity, from the break between the Roman and Eastern Orthodox churches over doctrine and icon worship in the 10th century, the Great Schism of the Roman Catholic Church in the 14th century, to the universal and violent break in 1517 when Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses on the door of Wittenberg Cathedral in Germany. Luther opened the permanent fissure between the ancient Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Reformation and broke the grip of the Catholic priesthood that thrived financially on the power to commune with God on behalf of the common man. Luther's break gave power to the people, so to speak, and a permanent aversion to a priestly bureaucracy controlled by bishops and grandees of the Church.

The era of the Reformation, and later the Counter-Reformation, convulsed Europe and became the most important impetus for the settlement of America. Religious freedom from the Catholic Church and Catholic kings-and from the tyrannies of the dozens of Protestant sects against other sects that sprang up in the aftermath-was the hidden hand in the constant movement of peoples within America. And in Europe today the Catholic-Protestant wars continue with prejudice and contempt in everyday life a commonplace. The Protestant denominations and sects in the US today still fight it out over matters of doctrine and scripture, still practicing that elemental need to worship as they please.

ANGLICANS

The Church of England broke from Rome in a very different manner than the Protestant sects in Europe. As every school child used to know before the radical scholars evaporated history, Henry VIII wanted a divorce and the Pope in Rome wouldn't give it to him. So he broke away and established England's very own mirror image of the Catholic Church, but with a twist: The King of England replaced the Pope as the invincible and divinely anointed head of the Church in England. In effect, the newly formed Church of England threw out the baby but kept the bathwater of ritual, apostolic succession, and, most important to the current eruption in the Anglican faith, the hierarchy of Bishops.

The word *Episcopal* actually means "gov-ernance by Bishops." After Henry pillaged the Catholic holdings in England, he kept the basic structure of the bureaucracy inherited from Rome. And although he was the "defender of the faith," he had to rely on a church Primate to sanctify the rule of kings.

MY USUAL CHARMING SELF

He created the title of Archbishop of Canterbury for this purpose, who today is head of the Church of England, a state institution. The Archbishop and many of the lesser bishops serve in the House of Lords and RE, religious education, is required in British schools. (Interesting note here: Prince Charles can accede to the throne as a divorced man, but can't be Defender of the Faith—that's why he is making noises that he would "disestablish" the official Church of England).

In the US, those who remained or later joined the Church of England had a problem. After the official formation of America, the strictures of separation of church and state mandated that American Anglicans could not be members of a church that is the official state religion of another country. Thus in 1789 was formed the American Episcopal Protestant Church, a separate entity but still associated with the Church of England. But the Archbishop of Canterbury has no power to order around the American church. Instead the two churchly entities "commune" on ecclesiastical issues.

The same sort of process occurred during the imperial age when Great Britain controlled 25 percent of the world's people. The Church of England was established across the globe but the same American-style semiautonomous nature of these colonial churches with Canterbury evolved, especially as the Empire receded. So there is a world "communion" of Anglicans and Episcopalians with the Archbishop of Canterbury the titular potentate, but the individual national church organizations can act on their own, even though it is often frowned upon at Lambeth Palace, the London headquarters of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

MADE IN THE USA

The American Episcopalians have caused Lambeth Palace the most concern over the past 40 years. The irony that a church perceived to be upper class had taken on Bolshevik airs was so ridiculous on the surface that most US parishioners just sort of went along thinking it was just a phase connected to the convolutions in society during the era of Vietnam, the student movement and the various fringe politics that dominated the political landscape.

Today, however, as it does on campus, '60s radicalism remains part of the American Episcopal Church, as does chaos in its mission. Over the years, the left wing activists in the bishopric and priesthood kept calling for reform, most notably the rewriting of the Book of Common Prayer, the central document of the Church and the umbilical cord with England, and hauled off and consecrated a female bishop without proper communication with Lambeth Palace.

Conservative members broke away, some "going to Rome," some affiliating with other national Anglican churches, most notably African communions that kept their rituals and beliefs inherited from colonial days. Others just broke away without affiliation with any larger entity. Within the remaining official Church, many old parishioners stayed on and found themselves sitting in the same pew as arrivistes and Born-Agains who joined to announce their upward social status and found themselves free to impose their own practices onto what used to be a controlled and organized service.

As central ritual control was now in the hands of a tyrannical clique, a free-from lunacy gripped the congregations. Some parishes decided to dress up and act like Catholics with "smells and bells," ornate vestments, genuflection and sang the Ave Maria, a decidedly odd decision as the cult of Mary is avoided in Protestant churches of any sort. Other churches introduced the hootenanny style of worship, featuring guitars, drums, cymbals and a free-form service more appropriate for a high school bus trip. Still others took on an evangelical, foot-washing missionary style more like Four Square Gospelers than Episcopalians. But most genuine church members just sat there and took it. They loved their church and its modest rituals and they figured sanity would return.

That hope is now dashed with the election of Gene Robinson, an openly gay Bishop, in the wake of the homosexual sex scandals in the Roman Catholic Church in the US. Catholic priests were using their power of office to seduce little boys, the sort of corruption that set off the Protestant Reformation and suspicion of a priestly class. You would think this revelation would give pause to the Episcopal curia before they hauled off and sanctified homosexuality upon a 98 percent heterosexual congregation. But no, the American church leaders are so righteous in their own internal political agendas that the effect on parishioners did not enter their mind.

But that's not what is concerning the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has made clear his tolerance of homosexuals in the Church. What bothers him is not even the reality of a fissure with the American Episcopal communion. It's the break-up of the world church due to the shenanigans of the US priestly hierarchy. To put things in perspective, there are only about 2.3 million American Episcopalians. In Nigeria, for one example, there are 17 million and they are hopping mad that the US church is sanctifying homosexuality when their entire continent is ravaged by AIDS. The Nigerians and the rest of the worldwide church that has ties with Lambeth Palace are threatening to break away due to the unilateral actions of the US. Schism is now on the table.

Like most former Episcopalians, I am tolerant. I don't care if anyone is gay, but I do not think it proper for tolerance to be turned into a power play by a small minority to take over the institutions of society. This process is now rampant in America and the ordination of Bishop Robinson another example of the radical tail wagging the majority dog. This time the dog might bark back. And so ends the lesson.

NOTES FROM LA-LA LAND

There is some joy in the land. The Office of Civil Rights of the US Education Department has notified universities that students and teachers are allowed to speak freely without the Feds ruining their lives with harassment suits if they criticize or speak frankly about others. The news is, how did we get to this point anyway?

And more reason for hope in Tampa where Grandma's restaurant is defying Florida's new preposterous anti-smoking regulations by allowing customers to light up. Now several other eateries are following suit. Will the authorities open up with Tommy guns?

The Middle East is like a snow dome, the kind you buy for the kids to shake up and watch the flakes settle to the bottom. Over there it is shaken up constantly and the flakes fall back into the same place they have for 6000 years. Problem is the flakes are made of cordite and plastic explosives, and soon they will be radioactive.

As we scurry to help the benighted Liberians, why is it we allow Zimbabwe to sink into darkness as Robert Mugabe continues his tyranny against his own people, black and white?

Good reason to target Target as unpatriotic: the store's management turned a vetern's group down saying "you do not meet our area of giving. We only donate to arts, social actions, gay and lesbian causes, and education." Wait Wait...Don't Tell Me! Live in the Triangle! Meet the "Newsual Suspects" behind NPR's oddly informative news quiz.

Peter

Thursday, October 16 and Friday, October 17, 2003, at 7:30 p.m. Panelists: Roy Blount, Jr. , Charlie Pierce and Roxanne Roberts. The Carolina Theatre 309 West Morgan Street, Durham Tickets: \$40 and \$30 Available through the Carolina Theatre Box Office, 1-888-241-8162 or www.carolinatheatre.org

Check out Wait Wait ... Don't Tell Me! on npr.org.

Carl

Kasell

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