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Brandon McEachern Manager



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# Letter from the editor

### When a city's growing like ours, it's changing all the time.

When we launched WALTER a year and a half ago, some people asked if I was worried I was going to "run out of ideas." Run out of ideas? The question confounded me. What filled our pages wasn't made up by me. What filled our pages was happening all around us. We were merely reflecting the bounty of a city on fire – with creative energy, entrepreneurial zeal, academic brilliance, community-minded generosity.

Not only is all of that still the case, it's even more true than it was when we began.

Today, the white board on the wall at WALTER HQ – the one that's filled to bursting with stories we can't wait to tell – is getting back-logged. Because new stuff keeps happening, new people keep coming, and there are fresh tales to add.

We didn't know in the fall that a chef from Asheville would move here, helping to create a white-hot new restaurant with a fascinating back story – then Drew Maykuth and three partners opened the Stanbury. We didn't know then that a Raleigh middle schooler with a penchant for pink would become the best young female golfer in the state – then Emilia Migliaccio did just that.

We're also constantly learning new things about the subjects we thought we knew all about. I didn't know that some of the red-tailed hawks we see in our treetops are used to hunt. And then I heard about our community of falconers. I didn't know that those Moon & Lola pendants everyone's wearing and that my daughters put on their Christmas lists were merely the tip of a multi-million-dollar jewelry empire created by one Raleigh woman alone. And then I met Kelly Shatat.

The many stories that beg to be told still simmer away. Artist Jason Craighead has been newsworthy for years; now that he's on the cusp of a career that may well blow past our Raleigh boundaries, that's only more true.



We live in a place with an outsized population of doers. They've done a lot, they're doing a lot, and still, things are changing, ideas are percolating. None of us really knows what the future holds. And so the story well is a deep one. We're lucky to have a cup to dip.

Liza Roberts, Editor & General Manager

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LIZA ROBERTS Editor & General Manager

Art Director JESMA REYNOLDS

Contributing Writers TONY AVENT, JODI BARNES, ZACH CLAYTON, TODD COHEN, TRACY DAVIS, SAMANTHA THOMPSON HATEM, SCOTT HULER, ERNEST DOLLAR, KAITLYN GOALEN, ANDREW KENNEY, DEAN McCORD, SETTLE MONROE, CC PARKER, EMMA POWELL, CHARLES UPCHURCH

Contributing Photographers CHRIS FOWLER, LISSA GOTWALS, JULI LEONARD, MISSY MCLAMB, REBEKAH PEPPLER, NICK PIRONIO, GEOFF WOOD

Contributing Illustrator LAURA FRANKSTONE, IPPY PATTERSON

Editorial Assistant EMMA POWELL

FELICIA GRESSETTE Publisher

Advertising Vice Presidents JIM McCLURE, GARY SMITH

Advertising Director JENNIFER DEMERATH Jennifer.Demerath@Waltermagazine.com

Advertising Account Executives CATHERINE FALLIS Catherine.Fallis@Waltermagazine.com MARTHA HEATH Martha.Heath@Waltermagazine.com

Advertising Design and Production MATT LONG DAVID BAUCOM, ANTHONY DAVIS, LAUREN EARLEY, DENISE FERGUSON, KATE HARVELL, LAURA PITTMAN, LANE SINGLETARY, MALLIE UMPHREY

Circulation BILL MCBERKOWITZ, WENDY REEVES

Administration CINDY HINKLE

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# Contributors

### DEAN McCORD

Dean McCord, who writes about the new restaurant Stanbury for *At the Table* this month, is a Raleigh resident, a health care attorney, a father of four, and an avid home cook and eater. He is active in a number of local and national organizations, including the University of Mississippi's Southern Foodways Alliance. He was the creator of the popular local food blog *VarmintBites*, and regularly writes a column for WALTER, *Varmint Bites Back*.



#### CHRIS FOWLER

Chris Fowler, who photographed Stanbury restaurant and its four founders for *At the Table*, is a photographer, folklorist, and curator based in Hillsborough. In 2011 he was awarded a Lewis Hine Documentary Fellowship from the Center for Documentary Studies at Duke University. Follow his work at chrisfowlerphoto.com.





### LISSA GOTWALS

Lissa Gotwals, who photographed artist Jason Craighead for this month's Artist's Spotlight, is a freelance photographer from Durham whose work is often published in *Garden & Gun* and *Our State*. Her previous work for WALTER includes photographing actress and director Lauren Kennedy, the restaurant Bida Manda, and the home and art collection of Brooks Bell and Jesse Lipson.

### GEOFF WOOD

Geoff Wood, who took our cover photo this month and shot the other birds and falconers that illustrate our *Raleighites* piece, is a commercial and editorial photographer in Raleigh. For previous issues of WALTER, he has photographed Porsche restorers, historic homes, folks with unusual hobbies, and stylish dressers.

#### ANDREW KENNEY

This month, Andrew Kenney took to the woods to learn falconry first-hand for *Raleighites*, and walked the fairways with high school golf phenom Emilia Migliaccio for *Sporting*. *The News* & *Observer* reporter has also written about a local champion skateboarder and teenage rowers for our pages.



### TODD COHEN

Todd Cohen, who has reported on the charitable world for 21 years, interviews Eagle Scout Larkin Andreaus for this month's *Givers*. The former business editor at *The News & Observer* was founding editor and publisher of the *Philantbropy Journal*. Today he runs Philanthropy North Carolina, philnc.org, which he also founded.





KIMBERLY AUSTIN PHOTOGRAPHY

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# Raleigh now



On Feb. 8, one of Raleigh's most delicious and peculiar traditions turns 10.

The Krispy Kreme Challenge – a singular celebration of physical fitness, gluttony, and fundraising – will bring more than 8,000 runners from all over the country to the streets of downtown Raleigh. They'll run 2.5 miles from the N.C. State Memorial Belltower to the historic Krispy Kreme donut shop at the corner of Peace and Person streets, gobble a dozen donuts, then run back.

Of course, the donuts are the draw. More than 90,000 of the chain's original glazed treats will be ready to fuel these runners. Needless to say, they'll be prepared.

One of them is Margaret Leak, a KKC veteran, an N.C. State junior, and a Park Scholar. You could say she's got an unfair advantage as a member of State's cross country and track teams, but throw in a wacky costume and 2,400 calories of sugar and fat, and all bets are off. Leak agreed to share her experience of the whole zany thing:

My running buddy, Emma D'Antoni, and I challenged ourselves to complete the Krispy Kreme Challenge while attached to each other.

"We could dress as (the absurd conjoined cartoon character) CatDog!" I suggested. "There's no way we won't win the costume contest running connected."

After finding the perfect materials and a sewing machine, I realized late the night before the race that I didn't actually know how to use a sewing machine, so I decided to sew it all by hand. The morning of the race, when we put on the costume (no simple feat) we found out that being attached came at a price, especially in the bathroom. One can imagine the



# KRISPY challenge

looks we got going into the same stall before the race.

As we stood at the starting line, people around us were surprised to hear that such small girls had signed up as "challengers" instead of "casual" runners. For those who don't know, the race's casual runners do not challenge themselves to eat all of the doughnuts, nor to run under the challenge time of one hour. Instead, they're there to experience the fun, maybe taste a few doughnuts along the way. Not for us: We thought that we could handle the challenge, even conquer the challenge! Little did we know, the doughnut part was much harder than we anticipated.

But first, the running. As one can imagine, it is difficult to run attached. We had to develop a communication system to know which side we would take to pass people – without taking them out. We giggled all the way down to the Krispy Kreme.

That's where the real challenge began. We had been running every day for months, but we had not practiced eating 12 cold doughnuts.

We weren't worried, because we had all sorts of

strategies to try: squish them into three giant doughnuts, pour water on them to let the glaze run off, or let them disintegrate and then drink them down. None of it helped. When we hit doughnut No. 9, we had both had enough. We gagged. We almost threw up. When we looked at the time, we realized we wouldn't be able to finish in less than an hour, effectively completing the challenge. So we gave up on the remaining donuts, and ran back.

We felt gross, but proud of our costume, proud of our effort, and determined to never eat a doughnut again. Despite that vow, we both plan on taking on the challenge again, and we don't plan on quitting until we have completed it in less than an hour. The Krispy Kreme Challenge is also a serious fundraiser. In the past decade, the race has raised \$374,000 for the NC Children's Hospital, which is also this year's beneficiary.

For more information about the Krispy Kreme Challenge, go to krispykremechallenge.com.

# Raleigh now

LOVE HURTS, THE POETS SAY. SO DO HANGOVERS. Every year on the day after Valentine's Day, Raleigh's Love Hangover concert provides a balm for both, putting musicians from different bands into one-night-only acoustic duos to sing songs of love in many forms.

The event got its start 15 years ago, when a group of musicians spent an evening playing Prince covers at Raleigh's now-defunct Stingray Lounge. It was so much fun a consensus was reached: "We must do this kind of thing again."

Under the helm of Richard Alwyn, they did, and the Love Hangover was born. This year's show on Feb. 15 at Kings Barcade on West Martin Street will mark the Love Hangover's 15th birthday, qualifying the event as a hormonal adolescent in its own right.

And just like a teenager, it's growing. When Alwyn moved to Brooklyn, he started one there. And thanks to other Raleigh expats determined to share the love, the Love Hangover now happens in Chicago, Ann Arbor, and Kansas City, too. That's a lot of love and angst.

For this year's Raleigh show, longtime organizer Caroline Mamoulides, a musician and frequent participant, began to build the roster of performers before the new year. Participants are free to pick their own duet partner, or follow Mamoulides's suggestions, which tend toward pairings of Love Hangover veterans with "new blood."

"I think it's great to get the newer artists out there," she says, especially in front of such a happy, appreciative crowd.

The Love Hangover's only true rule: The duos must perform actual duets. Like love, a true duet requires sharing – a trading-off of

lead and harmony vocals, so that both performers carry the song at different times and in different ways. Performers are allowed to choose songs that aren't specifically written as a duet if they perform them that way – requiring a little ingenuity. That's where artistic chemistry and the willingness to take some risk comes into play.

Only the performers know the songs they'll cover, so the show is full of surprises and, sometimes, moments that transcend all expectation. Mamoulides recalls the 2002 show, held at Humble Pie, when Lynn Blakey (of Tres Chicas) and



Chip Robinson (Backsliders) covered Stephen Sondheim's *Send in the Clowns.* "It was the saddest, most poignant, most beautiful thing ever."

The duos and harmonies don't all trend to the sad, though, because they take their lead from the emotion they celebrate. That means there's room in the songs and in the show for a study in contrasts: the laughs as well as tragedy, the bitter and the sweet. "*Leather and Lace*," Mamoulides says. "Yeah, I covered that." – *Tracy Davis* 

For more information, go to thelovehangover.com. Tickets are available at the door, and at kingsbarcade.com.

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-Dr. James Stevens, MD, CAQSM and Staff



# Raleigh now



### LES MIS

**R**aleigh native Lauren Kennedy will reprise one of her best-loved Broadway roles when she takes the stage of Memorial Auditorium to play Fantine in *Les Miserables* Feb. 11-23. The N.C. Theatre and Broadway Series South production will also star her daughter, Riley Campbell (pictured above), as Cosette. Although it's the fourth-grader's professional debut, the young performer is no stranger to the stage. Her parents have run the popular *Hot Summer Nights* theatre series (now the year-round Theatre Raleigh) for several years, and Riley's father, Tony award nominee Alan Campbell, begins a starring run in *Mamma Mial* on Broadway this month.

For tickets, go to ticketmaster.com.



### FOUR SEASONS

n this chilly part of the year, it's nice to be reminded of the other three seasons we are lucky enough to enjoy in North Carolina. Carolina Ballet artistic director Robert Weiss says he's "thrilled to bring one of the greatest works in the classical canon" to the stage with Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. A little bit of spring and summer – even fall – sounds like just the ticket. Performances at Memorial Auditorium take place Feb. 13- March 2.

For tickets, go to carolinaballet.com.



### TAKE IT EASY

One of These Nights - Feb. 28, actually - why not Take It to the Limit: Go see the Eagles at PNC Arena. It's a great way to celebrate this Funky New Year. Even if you're feeling a bit Desperado, the show won't be Wasted Time; it's sure to give you a Peaceful Easy Feeling. But if you miss it, you're out of luck: the show is one of the final North American dates on the History of the Eagles Tour. So once they're gone, they're really Already Gone. You'll Get Over It.

For tickets, go to ticketmaster.com.



### CAROLINE, OR CHANGE

Tony Kushner's musical *Caroline, or Change*, with music by Jeanine Tesori, takes the stage at Raleigh Little Theatre Feb. 14-March 2. It's the story of an African-American maid played by Lora Tatum (pictured above) who works for a Jewish family in 1963 Louisiana.

For tickets, go to raleighlittletheatre.org



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# Raleigh now



### **CIRCUS CIRCUS**

The circus is coming to town, and when it does, you don't want to miss the enchanting sight of the Barnum & Bailey train unloading its cargo of elephants, horses, and other performing animals. As they have for many years, the circus's beastly passengers will disembark at the intersection of Hillsborough Street and Blue Ridge Road, stroll down Blue Ridge to Carter-Finley Stadium, and enter PNC Arena to start rehearsing for the Greatest Show on Earth. The exact timing of the train's arrival (typically it's an evening affair), won't be known until the week before the circus, which is Feb. 19-23. Up-to-date information on the Animal Walk, as it's called, will be posted on the PNC Arena Facebook page.

For more information on Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's Built to Amaze! Show and for tickets, go to ringling.com



### A LOT OF LEGO

If a Lego bomb were to go off at the Raleigh Convention Center, this is what it would look like. Raleigh is the first stop on the LEGO KidsFest tour, Feb. 28-March 2. In addition to acres covered with colorful bricks, the event will feature building competitions and a model museum.

Admission is \$10. For more information, go to legokidsfest.com/raleigh/

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### **SWEET HOME**

nspire your inner handyman/interior decorator/master gardener at the ACS Spring Home Show at the Raleigh Convention Center Feb. 14-16. Exhibitors ranging from interior designers to local landscapers will be on hand to get your home improvement plans in gear.

For more information, go to acshomeshow.com.



### ...VROOM

The North Carolina International Auto Expo is back for the 27th year at the NC State Fairgrounds Feb. 13-16. In addition to a classic car display and a chance to meet Spiderman, visitors have the chance to see the latest models from carmakers like Lexus, Kia, Mini-Cooper, Toyota, Cadillac and Ford.

For more information, go to ncautoexpo.com

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# Style

# SHAVE and a hair cut

PETE PHIPPS IS TELLING ME ABOUT THE FLAG IN the back of Arrow, his new Cameron Village barber shop.

"Came back from Afghanistan with me," he says of Old Glory, hanging among assorted photographs, magazine covers, souvenirs, and mementos of an American life.

In a V-neck sweater and buttondown shirt, his closely cropped hair squared away as neatly as one might expect from a former Army captain, Phipps, 31, exudes the confidence and decorum of the West Point man he is.

"Can I get you a beer?"

Part bar and part grooming parlor, Arrow is continuing a neighborhood legacy, offering affordable

haircuts and hot shaves in a space where barbering has been a tradition since 1966. The old walls have found their voice again.

There are three customers in Arrow – one in a barber chair, one at the front coun-

ter reading the paper, and me. I'm the only one without a beer, and Phipps remedies that with a Fat Tire Winter Ale.

"I could have just put a cash register on the counter," said Phipps, "but I figured if I made it into a bar, then I've created an atmosphere where people want to hang out."

Free beer doesn't hurt business. But beyond the complimentary beverage and the pithy slogan – "shorter hair guaranteed" – there's a vibe in this humble enterprise that tugs at your sleeve. The interior, designed and built by Raleigh Architecture Co. and personalized by Phipps, is a modern expression of your grandfather's basement, blending clean-cut nosIt was precisely that undercurrent of cool that Phipps hoped to tap into when the Cleveland native decided to put

talgia with the youthful verve of Raleigh's creative zeitgeist.

down roots here. After his military career he landed a job with a Triangle pharmaceutical company, moving to Raleigh sight unseen. During that time, a simple revelation sparked an idea. His five-year hitch in the Army was over, and for the first time

since high school, there were no free haircuts.

"My only choices were the national chains or the expensive salons," he said. "I felt like there was a real opportunity for an old-style neighborhood barber shop with great customer service."

Phipps had become enamored with Raleigh and admired the new class of independent merchants who were shaping the city's future and building a quality of life that attracted even more like-minded souls. He was, he decided, one of them.

"On paper, Raleigh is a city," he said, "but if you treat it like a town and get to know each other, it's sk to you."

amazing what it gives back to you."

It was coincidence – or perhaps not – that the old Professional Barber Shop space on Woodburn Avenue in Cameron Village became available as Phipps was scouting locations for Arrow. The space now sports an updated vintage style, which Phipps uses to showcase products from other local brands, including Lumina apparel, jewelry by Zass Designs and White Whale cocktail mixers, each with a story of its own. He even got Tasty Beverage, a Five Points purveyor, involved in his beer program.



"On paper, Raleigh is a city," he said, "but if you treat it like a town and get to know each other, it's amazing what it gives back to you."



As I sit down in one of the three swanky barber chairs to get my tonsorial touch-up from the delightful Michelle Hoffman, one of Arrow's five full-time stylists, Phipps finishes a thought. "Recently I looked around the shop – in one chair was a woman getting a cut, in another was a young man drinking a beer and getting a straight razor shave, and in the other was a gentleman who has been coming here for 50 years," he said. "That's exactly what I wanted this place to be."

I ask him again about the flag. He turns to look at it.

"I was with an embedded transition team training local army and police units out in rural areas – it flew over our operating base there."

After his discharge, he and two Army buddies rode bicycles from Maine to San Francisco, taking the flag along. Fiftyone days, raising awareness for the Wounded Warrior Project. "The best time of my life," said Phipps.

Great story. This place is full of them.





from left: Joseph Jeffers, Drew Maykuth, Andrew Shepherd, Will Jeffers

# THE STANBURY FOUR



### by DEAN McCORD

### photographs by CHRIS FOWLER

THE SUN POURS INTO A QUIET, NEARLY EMPTY SPACE ON NORTH BLOUNT Street on a November afternoon as four men in their 30s sit around a table reflecting on how they managed to launch the hottest restaurant in Raleigh in a decade – the hottest one not owned by Ashley Christensen, anyway.

The immediate success of Stanbury, the ambitious new restaurant that opened in September in the space of the former Market restaurant, should surprise no one. Fantastic food, unpretentious surroundings, and a unique Raleigh vibe make for a potent combination. With a recent four-star review from *The News & Observer's* Greg Cox, Stanbury is constantly packed, already boasting a cast of regulars. It's all the result of three college classmates joining forces with a local bartender/chef. It's about jumping at an opportunity at just the right time, and restaurant's embracing a neighborhood – and the neighborhood's hugging it right back.





DRESS DOWN, DRESS UP The funky decor boasts an eclectic mix of found objects. A scrap metal Yoda stencil welcomes guests on the covered patio.

Stanbury's popularity can certainly be tied to its food, but a lot of the restaurant's charm comes from its simplicity. The décor is cinder-block quirky. A stuffed bobcat, a stencil of Yoda, and vintage photos all play a role. John T. Edge, executive director of the Southern Foodways Alliance, compares the woodwork over the kitchen to a Swedish sauna, "but with a 'Where's Waldo'" element – tiny figurines hide in the carpentry. Dress down, dress up – Stanbury is a funky, welcoming place – but call a week ahead if you want a reservation.

The menu, which changes daily, is mostly small plates (generous ones) and a handful of larger, traditional-sized entrees. The chef is not afraid of offal. Sweetbreads and pig's head are on offer, but the menu is also accessible, with options like tagliatelle, seared striped bass, and "an absolutely flawless grilled rib-eye," in Cox's words.

The food is not fussy. It's honest, skilled cooking by Drew Maykuth, a chef who has learned the ropes the hard way.

"I was trying to find the right balance between rough and refined," Maykuth says. "Where people could feel comfortable, yet get a great meal. I always thought this concept was solid, but still, when we opened the door, we wondered if we would get a customer."

Getting customers has not been a problem. Getting a reservation is another matter. "It's remarkable that someone has come here from out of town and hit it out of the park," says local food writer Jill Warren Lucas.
The Stanbury four are working so hard, they may be the last to know about their home run. "We're acting like chickens with our heads cut off, we're so busy," says partner Will Jeffers. "But we don't really see what we've done as a big success; we're so close to it, we don't really see it."

They're close to their work, and they're close to each another.

Maykuth, 33, has known partners Will Jeffers, 31, the group's visionary, and Jeffers' younger brother Joseph, 30, whom they all call "the glue," since the three were classmates at Warren Wilson College in Asheville. The Jeffers brothers had no restaurant experience before Stanbury, and Maykuth had never opened a place of his own. So 31-year-old Andrew Shepherd became the fourth member of the team, adding culinary and beverage expertise.

#### New horizons

It all started when Maykuth realized he was tired. After four years cooking at Asheville's acclaimed restaurant The Admiral, he knew it was time to move on. He had started cooking at 15 in a small town in Ohio and worked odd jobs in various kitchens after college, including a three-month stint on a yacht in Guatemala. He traveled through Venezuela, and eventually followed a girl to a commune of some sort in Nashville where he learned to forage for chanterelle mushrooms.

One of his customers was chef Sean Brock, then heading up the restaurant at the deluxe Nashville hotel The Hermitage and just starting to make a name for himself. Brock invited Maykuth to join his culinary team – and changed his life in the process. Maykuth began to truly focus on food, learning new techniques, and refining his skills.

When Brock left Nashville, Maykuth moved to Asheville and became assistant chef at a cinder block dive bar called The Admiral. Then he and co-chef Elliott Moss turned the place into the city's unlikeliest, hottest restaurant: A nondescript space with a magic touch for farm-to-fork food.

About four years on, Maykuth realized he was ready to make another move. The wanderlust of his youth was kicking in. "The excitement and energy was starting to fizzle out," Maykuth says. And his old college buddy Will Jeffers knew exactly what Maykuth needed to do: move to Raleigh.

#### Big vision

Will Jeffers, 31, is not easily ignored. Everything







LOCAL SOURCE Drew Maykuth unloads beef from Green Button Farm in Bahama, N.C. It will be used that evening in a featured marrow dish. Line cook

Marco Shaw bustles past.

about him is big. He has a linebacker's build and aspirations to match. He takes on big projects, mostly in construction (until now). But his voice is quiet. When Will Jeffers talks, you listen.

When he told his former college classmate to come to Raleigh, Maykuth listened. Though he had no job waiting for him here, not even a line cook position, Maykuth was willing to take the leap, even tiling bathrooms and doing odd jobs to get by, because Will Jeffers had a plan Maykuth believed in. A big plan.

That plan crystallized after a near-death experience. On a day no different than any other on the farm near Asheville where he worked, growing food to sell to Maykuth and the Admiral, Will had flipped his large tractor. His injuries nearly killed him, leaving him home-bound and out of work for nearly a year. He passed the time with lots of physical therapy and his own form of mental health: watching the Food Network. Incessantly. He realized that he wanted to return to his hometown of Raleigh and somehow, some way, get into the food business. He didn't know how, and he had no culinary experience. But he knew someone who did: Maykuth.

The what, when, and the where came together in Raleigh as the two ate brunch at Market one Sunday in March 2013,

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#### IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Will Jeffers makes a quick call before customers arrive. Mason jars shelved in the Stanbury kitchen hold spices; a vintage tin serves a dutiful reminder. which happened to be the final brunch Market chef Chad McIntyre served before closing his restaurant.

McIntyre knew of Maykuth and his time at The Admiral, so he asked, casually, if he wanted to buy the restaurant. Maykuth did not need much convincing. That night, Will Jeffers and Maykuth agreed with McIntyre on the terms to buy the establishment that would become Stanbury. Then Will called his younger brother, Joseph, who was doing scrap metal salvage work on the waterways around Wilmington, to tell him of their plans. The next day, Joseph gave his two weeks notice. His days of salvage work were over.

#### Details, expertise

Joseph Jeffers will grab your attention. Red hair. Red beard. A flurry of activity, an eye for detail. The way Stanbury looks is his work. "Joe is our Martha Stewart," Maykuth says. "None of us have owned a restaurant before, and we need someone like him."

No one expected that Joseph would name the restaurant, too. During his final days in the scrap-metal salvage business, Joseph Jeffers was walking through a junkyard, which was sorted into piles of different types of detritus. With his keen eye, Joseph noticed something unusual: partially buried under a heap of gun parts – rifle barrels and stocks, magazines and trigger guards – was a glimmer of rectangular green: a street sign. It read "STANBURY RD." He knew he had the name of the restaurant.

Stanbury's fourth partner, Andrew Shepherd, did not go to Warren Wilson. He is not from Raleigh and is not related to the Jeffers brothers. His story is a bit more traditional. A culinary school graduate, Shepherd was one of the partners who opened Foundation, Raleigh's first craft cocktail bar, five years ago. Like the other members of the Stanbury team, Shepherd had gotten antsy. He wanted to cook again.

For the past couple of years, as a frequent customer of Escazu Artisan Chocolate, Shepherd had admired the space next door, Market Restaurant. He thought he could see himself cooking in that space. But the timing hadn't been right. Then he saw a sign on the window announcing the opening of Stanbury and its tentative menu. He walked in and introduced himself to Maykuth.

Stanbury's fourth partner, the one with the necessary knowledge of food and beverages, had arrived.

#### Putting it all together

The Jeffers brothers and Maykuth did much of the renovation themselves last summer. Maykuth's handyman skills, Will Jeffers' time in construction, and Joseph Jeffers' design and metalworking skills all played a role. Maykuth and Shepherd worked on the food and beverages.

It was starting to come together, but they still didn't know how the community, the neighborhood, would accept Stanbury. Or if it would accept them.

So instead of waiting for the neighborhood to come to them, they reached out to the neighborhood. As the restaurant was taking shape, the four hosted a goat roast, sending email invitations to as



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#### GOING WITH IT

Joseph Jeffers and bartender Justin Murphy mix drinks. The street sign that inspired the name of the restaurant, photographed as it was found in a scrap heap of gun parts. many people as they could in the surrounding Mordecai area. More than 300 people showed up.

It was a good indicator, but they were still uncertain as the official opening date approached. "Seriously, when we opened the door on that day in early September, we really wondered if we would ever get a customer," Will Jeffers says.

His concerns were quickly allayed. They came, and they're still coming. With Maykuth in the kitchen, Joseph Jeffers at the bar, and Shepherd in both, Will Jeffers is making the trains run on time. It's all working.

Lekita Essa is one regular who's grateful that's the case. She lives blocks away and eats at Stanbury at least once a week. "This neighborhood is growing, and it's great to see a restaurant that focuses on local sourcing open up," she says. Not only does Stanbury believe in using ingredients from local growers and purveyors, they believe in helping out other food producers in their neighborhood. The artisan chocolate from nextdoor neighbor Escazu features in Stanbury desserts, and guests typically receive a small tile of it with their checks.

It's a sweet and fitting capstone to a local gamble that has hit a local jackpot. Like most lottery winners, the four men holding the winning ticket are still letting it sink in. "It's surreal," Shepherd says. "I ask myself, 'Wait, I own a restaurant?'"

For Stanbury's Krispy Kreme bread pudding recipe, go to p.112

## Drink



### Stanbury's "Rosemaria"

"I needed a fall/winter cocktail, and didn't want to go the obvious whiskey route," says Stanbury's Andrew Shepherd. "Apples, ginger, and rosemary go so well with one another, so why not some aged tequila, too?" The unexpected garnish of a sprig of rosemary, like an orange peel, "isn't meant to be eaten," he says. It's "just for smelling while drinking."

#### ROSEMARIA

1 1/2 ounce reposado (aged) tequila

3/4 ounce lime juice

1/2 ounce apple-cinnamon syrup (recipe follows)

Splash spicy ginger ale/ginger beer

Sprig of rosemary

Shake everything except for the ginger ale/beer in a cocktail shaker for about five seconds.

Strain into a 10- to 12-ounce collins glass or tumbler full of ice.

Top with ginger ale/beer.

Garnish with rosemary.

#### APPLE-CINNAMON SYRUP

1 cup unfiltered apple juice

1/2 cup sugar

2 cinnamon sticks

Bring all ingredients to a boil, let simmer for one minute, allow to come to room temperature, then strain.

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#### A NOTCH ON THE SILVERADO TRAIL

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photograph by Chris Fowler

## Essential ingredient



ROOT VEGETABLES ARE SOME OF THE BEST COOKING muses round. Unlike tomatoes or strawberries, which are beautiful and require minimal effort in the pursuit of something delicious, turnips, rutabagas and their kin force us to get creative.

This is partly due to the season. We rely on them most in the dead of winter. Beyond that, roots are tough by nature, with rough exteriors that require a leap of faith and some effort on the cook's part to coax out their subtle flavors.

The reigning monarch of our region's roots has to be the sweet potato. North Carolina is a leader in the production of this spud, and N.C. State has even pioneered the development

# ROOTS

of new varietals (including the now-famous Covington). Recently, I came across one new to me: Called the Batus, this sweet potato's defining characteristic is its ugliness. Small and sunken with four bulging veins running lengthwise along its body, it elevates the already sorry plight of root vegetables.

I bought a few, along with some turnips and rutabagas, from the State Farmer's Market, but started to seriously question my decision when I got home. As I peeled the sweet potatoes' skins, there was no trace of deep orange, only off-white flesh.

As is often the case with difficult things, the Batus proved its worth in the oven. Slicked with some salt and fat, the sugar-rich slices caramelized and deepened, such that each piece tasted like butterscotch with *terroir*.

I could have polished off the entire tray straight from the oven, but instead I mixed them with the other roots and stuffed them in hand pies.

I typically make these pies on the weekend and freeze them, then warm one up for a satisfying and quick lunch during the week. To freeze them: Place unbaked pies on a sheet tray in the freezer for one hour. Then transfer them to a gallon-size freezer bag and return to the freezer. To bake frozen pies, set them on a baking sheet and cook at 375 degrees for 50 minutes.

#### Three Root & Lamb Hand Pies

#### Makes 6

#### For the filling:

8 ounces (two medium) rutabaga, peeled and sliced into wedges

- 8 ounces (one large) turnip, peeled and sliced into wedges
- 8 ounces (one medium) sweet potato, such as Batus
- 3 tablespoons unsalted butter, melted
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 teaspoon fresh thyme leaves
- Salt and freshly ground pepper
- 3 cardamom pods
- 1 star anise pods
- 1/2 pound ground lamb

photograph by Rebekah Peppler

#### » Essential

1 red onion, diced

- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
- 1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> cup chicken broth
- 1/2 cup sherry

#### For the pastry:

Ice water

1 teaspoon salt

1 egg

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. In a large bowl, combine the rutabaga, turnip and sweet potato wedges, butter, olive oil and thyme. Season well with salt and pepper, and toss to coat the vegetables. Transfer to a baking sheet and cook until fork tender, about 30 minutes.

Effortless Elegance...

In a skillet, toast the cardamom and star anise. Break upon the cardamom pods and place the seeds and the star anise in a mortar and pestle. Grind finely and set aside.

In a large skillet over medium heat, add the lamb and cook until no longer pink, about eight minutes. Transfer to a bowl. Add the red onion and cook until softened, about four minutes. Add the garlic and cook for one more minute. Transfer the onion mixture to the bowl with the lamb. Add the reserved spices, the mustard and cinnamon. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

When the vegetables are done roasting, transfer them to a blender or a food processor and add the broth and sherry. Pulse until smooth, then add the root vegetable puree to the lamb mixture. Combine well and set aside.

Make the pastry: Preheat the oven to 400 degrees. Combine the flour and salt in a large bowl. Cut the butter into the flour with a pastry blender or in a food processor until no piece of butter is larger than a

pea. Add six tablespoons of ice water to the flour mixture, using your hands to bring the mixture together. Continue to add ice water by the tablespoon until the mixture holds together in a ball. Refrigerate the dough for at least 30 minutes.

Roll out the dough on a floured surface to 1/8-inch thickness. Cut out circles with a diameter of 7½ inches, then gather up the remaining dough and roll out again to get more circles. Repeat until you have six circles. In a small bowl, beat the egg well.

Place <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> cup of lamb filling in the bottom third of each circle, and brush the outline of the circles with egg. Fold the circles in half to form a crescent around the dough and press down on the edges to seal (you can crimp with a fork if you'd like).

Place the pies on a parchment-paper-lined baking sheet and bake for 15 minutes. Then lower the heat to 350 degrees and bake for an additional 20 minutes. Serve warm.



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# On the verge JASON CRAIGHEAD

by LIZA ROBERTS

photographs by LISSA GOTWALS





HIS SOUL ON THE WALL Jason Craighead and *End of the Rainbow*, from his latest body of work.



ABSTRACTION Craighead's work is known for its energy and expressiveness.

JASON CRAIGHEAD IS ONE OF RALEIGH'S MOST PROMINENT ARTISTS BUT calls what he makes "work," not art. Painting is "making work." Brushstrokes are "mark-making." This member of the Raleigh Arts Commission, a former gallery owner now represented himself by galleries in New York and Atlanta, decries consumer culture and mass media, fills his unheated studio with hip-hop, and shares it with six other artists and two skateboard ramps.

When asked to describe his art – the giant canvases, the kinetic shapes that chase each other across scribbled ground, the brief and jagged appearance of color, the unexpected words that emerge in a small, faint, penciled hand – when asked what it all means, how he does it, and why, it's not easy for him to answer.

"They're pieces of a bigger story, a straight self-discussion...it's all communication," he says, standing among a number of works in various stages. "I never felt like I made anything for anyone else." He wears ripped, splattered jeans, a fraying sweater. His hair is a mass of graying corkscrews; his fingers twirl a small beard. "I want the work to always resonate with a man who really feels something... It's my own personal truth."

That's what appeals to his New York dealer, Cheryl Hazan, whose prominent gallery also sells works by the famous British guerrilla artist Banksy and Haitian-American expressionist Jean Michel Basquiat. "You feel the artist in his work," she says of Craighead's canvases, which she included in a 2012 show. "When he paints, he paints with who he is." Hazan compares Craighead to giants like Robert Motherwell and Willem deKooning. "I love the work," she says of Craighead's abstract canvases, "and so do other artists...He does have the potential to be a star."

It's because people like Hazan and Atlanta dealer Thomas Deans have given Craighead, 42, their stamp of approval – and because his increasingly complex work is finding an audience among collectors around the world – that his career looks ready to take off in an even bigger way. These days his larger canvases command prices in the neighborhood of \$10,000, and that number's headed north.

Craighead himself is filled with words to describe his art, but qualifies them. Follows up a conversation with further explanation, emailed poems, with links to rap songs. "Please listen carefully and you will get it," he says. " 'It' is that thing that every single human is looking for and 'it' is our true 'self'." It's fair to say that his work reflects his concerns and epiphanies – renewal, honor, integrity, purpose, and love are recurrent themes – and, increasingly, they display his take on the modern world, too. It's his "soul on the wall," he'll tell you, so no wonder it's hard to put into words. Maybe if he could tell you, he wouldn't have to paint it. "It's all about visual solutions."

His art may represent his soul, and it is certainly abstract, but his canvases are accessible. Thanks to the mechanics and balance of composition, the spare finesse of color, and an undeniable energy that ricochets across the surface, Craighead's paintings have presence, and they have beauty. He's not unaware. "This is my most successful composition," he says, pointing at *In the Wings of the Butterfly*. He believes it effectively balances negative space with electric painting and drawing.

But visual pleasantry is not his goal. "I don't like beauty," he said in a recent documentary about his work by Patrick Shanahan, a Raleigh filmmaker who works in a studio down the hall from Craighead's. "I think color is candy...it's a way to make something saleable. I want my work to be known for its quality of emotion. I'm a human being with a lot of emotions. Not a product-maker."





THE PROCESS Craighead layers drawing and painting in most of his canvases, which go through many iterations.

His integrity as an artist is increasingly evident, says Kelly McChesney, who represents Craighead and shows his work at her Flanders Gallery in Raleigh's warehouse district. "He's started intentionally holding back on using color, and holding back on certain things that would immediately catch people's eye," she says. "What I'm most intrigued about is that he's moving from being just a painter to being an artist. From creating something that's just visual and decorative to incorporating questions and ideas."

One way Craighead does that is with the subtle inclusion of handwritten words, tucked, almost hidden, in his vigorous line work. Words and phrases like "particular silence," "process of growth," "learn," "mysterious union," "I am only here to have it all," "hero," and "believed."

"It tells me something is felt," Craighead says. He describes telling a story with one of his canvases, of viewers "reading" the canvas from left to right, of the "journey" he's taking them on, leading their eyes from place to place, delivering them home.

The result is "incredible raw energy harnessed in such a restrained manner," says Lisa Madigan, a hotel owner and interior designer who lives in Orange, Australia, and is one of his newest collectors. Madigan discovered Craighead's work online. "I see so much friction and balance," she says via email from her town 150 miles from Sydney. "It has resonated so intensely with me that I find it hard not to use my facial expression and hands to describe it!"

#### Making work

When you walk in to the place where Craighead makes his work – a chilly, 5,000-squarefoot length of industrial warehouse off Boylan Bridge, across the train tracks from Central Prison – you notice several drop cloths on the floor, spattered with paint and dusty with footprints. You hear the percussive beat and rhyme of the music in the background – Tre Hardson's low-key *Liberation*, on this particular day. You meet the other artists who share the space when they skateboard past his doorway, down the several-hundred-foot hallway to the thrown-up studios where they make their own art.

All of these elements are important. The drop cloths, for one, are not what they seem. As Craighead walks over them in his sneakers, he says they're actually canvases on their way to becoming paintings, being primed with feet and accidental spills. When he primes them with actual primer later, puts them on the wall and begins to do his "mark-making," they'll no longer be the mythic stark white "blank canvas" an artist might rightly fear. They'll already be on their way. Already have life and shape. In this way, he's creating "the freedom to participate in the life of something that's already there." New York gallerist Hazan thinks it's a key element: "I love it that he works on the floor, that you can see his body in the work, his footprints and handprints."

The music he listens to is not background noise. For Craighead, it is vital. "Music, music, music," he says, "it's all about music." He puts it on first thing when he arrives each day: "Good, conscious hip-hop that talks about life." He cites the song *Nuthin But a Hero* by tabi Bonney, with its orchestral musicality and the lyrical imagery of an everyman making his mark on the world, as inspiration. So too Tre Hardson's *10bit*, with its upbeat, searching, "something to live for" refrain.



And the fellow artists in the warehouse he transformed into a shared studio with his and their bare hands – he relies on them, too. For feedback, friendship, and community. His partner in the studio, Dave Green, is one. The two have been friends since they were in their early teens and have made art together and worked together in various capacities for years. "You create enough energy, it helps inspire everybody," he says. "And you get to share it with the community, which is part of an artist's responsibility."

They share with and help each other, too. Another artist in the shared space is Shanahan, the filmmaker; together the whole group participates in community events like the recent Boylan Heights ArtWalk.

All of this conspires to create an environment Craighead says he's lucky to have. A place where he can "just make work. Just make work."

#### Getting here

Craighead wasn't always so well-situated. The road he took from art school to rising star here did not occur overnight. "I've struggled," he says.

Not at first. The Tennessee native (who mostly grew up in Florida) was "always drawing" as a child, and had a "wonderful mother who allowed that to happen." His grandmother fed his young imagination with adventures in the outdoors. Craighead says he "always knew art had to be part of his life."

But after two years in community college and a year in Florida State University's art program, he'd had enough. After digesting "the basics" of drawing, composition, and color theory, Craighead says he made a decision: Rather than be graded on art by others, "maybe one needs to pay really close attention to one's self and find out...what matters." Only by listening to himself and expressing his individual voice, Craighead decided, would be making real art. Not that the education wasn't valuable. He quotes one of his heroes, the artist Jean Michel Basqui-



#### MESSAGE, MEDIUM

The dangling dollar signs and gold-painted TV (featuring a static-filled silhouette of the artist), are part of his latest work, meant to decry modern obsessions. In a recent show at Flanders, it stood in the middle of the gallery; his paintings hung on the walls. He continues to paint and draw canvases like this one, right, in progress on his studio wall.

at: "Believe it or not, I can actually draw."

After moving to Raleigh in 1997, his work was informed by the vertical growth of downtown he saw taking place around him – the cranes putting up buildings like the RBC Plaza building (now PNC Plaza), for instance. Then, in 2003, his career took a bit of a detour when he ran Glance, a downtown art gallery, with a partner, Bob Doster. An early warehouse-district success, Glance required 80-hour workweeks, leaving Craighead exhausted and with little time to make his own art. He left in 2006 to "start fresh again."

Since then, his work has changed. Where he believes some of his earlier canvases have "a rigid quality to them," they are now more "loose and free," as well as being more autobiographical. They're also immediately recognizable: "The language, my hand, my literal physical language is evident," he says, describing one of his new works.

He muses on the different way he treats paper and canvas. On paper, he's likely to stop working sooner. To leave well enough alone. On canvas, "I have to have the guts to stop." His process is long. "I stand still for hours at a time. I might sip a beer. These things are very concentrated. Very thought about." He taps his head with a finger. "They might be composed fits."

His latest work takes on what he sees as a media-driven myth of perfection we're all meant to attain. "We are supposed to be this, and look like that. It's something we're immersed in." He says he once grew dreadlocks so people would stop telling him he was pretty. He wears the same frayed sweater in the studio that he wears to meet for coffee at Helios two weeks later. He might not have changed his sweater, but the sausage curls that cover his head are shorn – his first hair cut in a year. He believes truth lies in individuality. "It's about putting your heart and your ass behind something that means something to you." The works inspired by these thoughts are "by far the most cohesive, coherent thing I have done."

Hazan thinks these new pieces – many of which incorporate a red, white, and blue banner-like ribbon (like *End* of the Rainbow, on pages 46-47 here) and assembled objects like televisions, mirrors, and dangling dollar signs (previous page) – are surprisingly political, and may have the power to get him noticed.

Craighead hopes so. To follow up a conversation about

their intent, he sends the following words: "...in a society based on competition and ego it can be difficult to see through the static-filled, misguided 'information' the system insists we all know and follow, we find ourselves trapped in some fierce hurry to be better or more...always under judgment..." He wishes more people realized that "all together, we are simply human...to what reward are we racing to, fighting each other for...money is a ghost, and its value is based on how hard we will chase it...be careful..."

There's no question the business of being a working artist confounds him, on some level: "You pour yourself into something, and then you got to sell it to pay the bills. Suddenly it has value. What is value?"

Someone like Judy Broadhurst, who owns Broadhurst Gallery in Southern Pines, isn't confused on that score. She represents Craigheads work because she believes its value is evident. "It is bold," she says. "It is interesting and daring and it communicates immediately."

Craighead insists it's the process, not the result, that drives him forward. "I discover so much in the process," he says. "Art is meant to be a journey of discovery."



## Hear



# LABELS need not apply

IT'S FITTING THAT EVEN KAREN STRITTMATTER Galvin can't quite characterize New Music Raleigh's most recent performance, *All Souls*. A one-woman opera? A cinematic drama? It was, after all, partly her brainchild.

But not knowing what to call it is just another quirky trait of NMR, the nonprofit she and her husband Shawn Galvin, 37, created in 2009 to fill a gap they saw in Raleigh's music scene: Nobody was performing the works of living composers.

After five seasons and nearly 15 shows, the two continue to surprise audiences with their eclectic mix of ambitious performances, whether they're putting a classical music spin on sheet music by alt-rocker Beck, or commissioning an opera like *All Souls*.

"If you go to the North Carolina Symphony, you know what you are going to get...the greatest interest of New Mu-

sic Raleigh is that it is a different experience each time they perform," says Timothy Myers, North Carolina Opera's conductor and artistic director, who collaborated with the Galvins on *All Souls*. "Simply the diversity of interesting things that they're presenting is a reason to be involved."

"We try to craft each show like it's a gallery opening," says Shawn Galvin, a freelance percussionist who frequently plays with the North Carolina and Pittsburgh symphonies. "We're really trying to create a unique experience."

Their shows have a "pop-up" quality. They're almost always held in different venues – the Contemporary Art Museum, Kings Barcade or Burning Coal Theatre. There's always a revolving cast of musicians; depending on the show, it could be the frontman for the band Old Ceremony or a viola player for the North Carolina Symphony. And NMR fans never know what they're going to get, even after they sit down and read the program. It is an opera or a drama? Alt-pop or classical? Even the audiences help keep performances fresh. One show might attract hipsters; the next, open-minded opera fans.

All of it combined make New Music Raleigh concerts im-

possible to replicate, and even trickier to promote.

"It definitely keeps people guessing," says Shawn Galvin. "If you loved the show, we hope you'll like the next one, because it's going to be completely different. We're trying to bring back the surprise element of music."

And they do it all on a shoestring budget, supported through donations and grants, but often the Galvins dig into their own pockets to fund a project. It's a testament to how much they believe in and love what they're doing.

The two had the idea as far back as college in Pittsburgh, where both were studying music. (Karen at Carnegie Mellon University and Shawn at Duquesne University)

They both grew up in Pittsburgh and met as teenagers involved in youth orchestra. He went on to become a percussionist in the U.S. Navy band. She became a freelance musician, playing in anything from the Clay Aiken Christmas tour to the Washington National Opera. In 2007, they moved to Raleigh and switched roles. She landed a job as assistant concert master playing violin in the North Carolina Symphony, while he took on freelance jobs. Once they got settled, they began exploring Raleigh's music scene and nurturing this modern classical music idea, which was happening in other cities.

Karen Galvin, 32, says their unique performance art works in Raleigh, which supports a wide variety of music. "People here are excited to experience something new and be a part of the future of art and creativity and music," she says.

With each show, NMR's fanbase grows; among them, people like the opera's Myers. Two years ago, they teamed up with Canadian soprano Ashleigh Semkiw and Duke University composer John Supko on what would become *All Souls*, a one-woman opera backed by a chamber orchestra, including Karen Galvin on violin and Shawn Galvin on percussion. "We wanted it to be edgy and progressive and blended and styled between indie music and classical," Myers says.

The result was an emotionally charged drama, written by Supko as a nine-movement performance based on the Dutch novel *All Souls' Day*, and delivered to a standing-room-only crowd at CAM in late November. "*All Souls* had the biggest budget, the biggest production, the most planning," said Karen Galvin. "Five minutes into it, I realized, oh my gosh, this is amazingly beautiful modern art. It was just one of those rare experiences."

Myers says *All Souls* has boosted NMR's credibility beyond Raleigh, since it premiered in Washington, D.C. Its *Song Reader* production in May was also a hit. Beck released the *Song Reader* 



from top: All Souls composer John Supko congratulates N.C. Opera's Timothy Myers. Myers conducts as soprano Ashleigh Semkiw sings during the performance at CAM Raleigh.

album in 2012 as sheet music, with the hope that fans would interpret it as they wished. Some took a pop-music approach. Another group performed it all with cellos. The Galvins, of course, wanted to hear it as classical music. So they recruited composer Brett William Dietz to arrange the 20 songs. They asked Old Ceremony frontman Django Haskins to provide vocals, and they backed him with a five-member band, including both Galvins. "Fans of Beck were clamoring to hear this," Shawn Galvin said.

If you missed *All Souls*, there's talk of more performances in other cities; maybe even a recording. "We're excited about the potential of what we can do with it," Karen Galvin says.

Otherwise, NMR is back in brainstorming season, she said. A club show at Kings or a quartet performance? "It's one of the hallmarks of New Music Raleigh," she said. "You never know what you're going to get."

For more information, go to newmusicraleigh.org



# HARNESSED INSTINCT



#### by ANDREW KENNEY

photographs by GEOFF WOOD

THE HAWK TENSES ON BILL DAVIS'S GLOVE, EYES FOCUSED AND brown-feathered wings wrapped tight around her body, and launches into flight. Her wings rear up, flashing the bird's white underside, and her red tail feathers flare as she pulls herself through the air, quieter than a breeze except for the tingling bells tied near her feet. She trails two leather straps behind her, but she's totally untethered as she disappears into trees thick with dying leaves. Davis can only trust that she'll return. This is falconry.



Falconer Bill Davis with his red-tailed hawk, Sandy.



It's a rarified sport and a failsafe topic of conversation, I have recently learned. Those who hunt with birds are always ready to talk about it, and those who don't are eager to know more. From the uninitiated, incredulity comes first. Most people don't realize that regular men and women are able to legally capture and turn wild birds of prey into free-flying hunting partners. And they do, right here in Raleigh.

Next comes intense curiosity. Before I went out with a falcon for the first time this fall, I giddily told everyone I knew, and fielded plenty of questions. Everyone's interested because, basically, falconry sounds really cool. And it is. It's also distinctly specialized: There are fewer than 100 falconers, or *austringers*, as they're sometimes called when they fly hawks, in the North Carolina Falconers' Guild. On any given day, you might find Raleigh's few hunters flying in the game lands around Falls Lake or Lake Jordan, birds aloft and jingling with tiny bells, masters awaiting their return with leather-gloved hands.

The falconers' goal, like the ancient hunters and European nobility who have gone before them for thousands of years, is to send a fine bird of prey out to capture small animals and return with them. The hunter helps to scare those critters up so his airborne partner can swoop down and capture one with deadly talons.

All this I learned in a \$35 state-sponsored workshop in October. But learning about this sport in the classroom is one thing. Experiencing it first-hand is another.

"You wait 'til you start seeing her hunt," Davis says as he takes Sandy, a red-tailed hawk, from a wooden box in the trunk of his Ford Taurus in the woods near Falls Lake one chilly morning. She's small with her wings folded – about the size of a man's upper arm – and instantly alert, seeming to blink in the morning light as her eyes flick across the scene.

Sandy's a young but mature bird, weighing in a bit over two pounds. The feathers on her back are mottled shades of brown, her chest and the underside of her wings patterned white. She's tensed and beautiful.



Davis, who lives in Cary, is 75. He's been a falconer for 28 years. He got a late start but is now among the state guild's most experienced hunters.

He and his friend James Caldwell, also a retiree, fly their birds about as often as most of us go to work. "Any day's fine," Davis tells me when I call to schedule a hunt with him. Even so, he says the excitement can get to him. As the bird perches on his thick leather glove, he tells me he couldn't sleep the night before.

I lose sight of the hawk as soon as she flaps into the forest. Davis and Caldwell seem sure she's waiting for us, so they pick their way into the pines after her.

Davis heads first toward an old graveyard hidden just off the park road, where he's sure he can scare up some varmint for the bird. He pokes through the graves with a big wooden stick then leans over the chain-link fence to shake the bushes.

"Heygirl! Heygirl!" he shouts to Sandy. (I assume she is watching us from somewhere above.) Nothing moves. We head down the wooded hill, Davis and Caldwell taking separate paths through wide spaces between tall pines and maple.

Davis wears a faded denim jacket and a large, wooden cross necklace, Caldwell a thick cotton zip-up, both with hunters' fluorescent orange ball caps. Davis's reads "Pheasants Forever." He roves ahead, rustling foliage and shouting up to the bird in the canopy to make sure she is nearby. "We do a lot of cheerleading," he says, grabbing a wood vine to shake.

In falconry, unlike some other forms of hunting, it's OK to make a racket.

I hear Sandy in the canopy as we walk – she's quiet, but her bells give her away as she rustles on a branch or flies to a new perch.

Occasionally, Davis calls back, "Where is she, James?" He's a good hunter, but his hearing's going, and his childhood polio's come back, hampering his movement. Davis is past the age when he can do this alone, even with falconry's slow pace, Caldwell says.

#### Secret society?

Before this day in the woods, I thought falconry was outlandish, maybe even

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TEAMWORK James Caldwell scans the treetops and follows the sound of the bells on Sandy's feet as she flies through the forest.



mythical. If it existed, I figured, it was practiced by an elite and wealthy secret society. Where I came up with that idea I don't know – but I realized it was wrong when I walked into the Bullfrog Classroom in the basement level of the N.C. Wildlife Resources Commission building for a falconry "apprentices' workshop."

It was the Saturday before my outing with the two hunters. I'd told the guild that I wanted to write about falconry, and they were skeptical. There's a lot to learn, the treasurer told me, and they'd seen plenty of misinformation printed. At the workshop, we students were warned: Falconry is not a half-hearted affair.

There were about a dozen of us – myself and three teenage kids, their parents, some college-aged guys and two middle-aged brothers, along with a contingent of veteran hunters from the North Carolina Falconers' Guild.

I found myself nodding along as the guild members reverently described the hunting partnership – a walk through fields and woods, a bird's shadow loyally following your own. Some parts sounded scarier than marriage.

"You're taking on the responsibility of a bird," said Richard Shores, the treasurer. "It's your hunting partner for a long time. A bird might live 20 years."

Before we could hunt, we were told, we'd need a birdhouse built that could resist a crafty aerial killing machine, and we'd have to convince a veteran falconer to give up precious hunting days to teach us the sport, as required by state law.

Then, after a hundred-question exam and some paperwork, we would be eligible to have our own bird of prey.

As I discovered via Google, sites like RaptorsForSale.com can get a red-tailed hawk shipped to RDU in a dog crate in a few days. Or one can do it the old-fashioned way, as Tammy Rundle, a representative of the state Wildlife Resources Commission, suggested.

"If you want to go out and have the full-fledged falconer experience," she said, "you really should catch your first bird ... I've seen it done, and there's nothing like it."

Nobody was willing to talk much about how they snare birds – they want to protect the animals from amateurs – but it involves trapping devices that don't harm the raptor.

I chatted up some of my classmates during our caravan lunch trip to Cook-Out. Some, the college guys in particular, said they were just learning the system and wouldn't get a bird for years.

Others were ready to dive in - like siblings, 14 and 11. They'd been obsessed with birds for a while, especially since they read *My Side of the Mountain*, a Newberry-award winning book about a boy and his peregrine falcon. They'd finally convinced their mother to let them try falconry. She seemed fully



aware of what she was getting herself into.

"I'm the one with the driver's license," she said.

The two middle-aged brothers told me they wanted to get back to the hunt they loved as kids. They remember the day a man came to visit their neighborhood on the edge of Mexico City. He brought his bird and they were instantly taken in – but they hadn't flown in 20 years, not since they came to the States.

It struck me how ordinary these people were. April, one of the guild members, said she was a senior tax analyst at a bank in Charlotte. Bill Davis, who gave a speech that day, is retired from Kentucky Fried Chicken and Kerr Drug. It's a costly but manageable hobby to start – maybe \$1,000 for all the equipment. But the real cost, everyone said, is time: days traveling to trap a bird, hours with the raptor on a tether, countless early mornings to get the animal out in the wild, where it wants to be.

#### Still hunting

Sandy certainly seems to want to be in the wild this afternoon, even though the hunting is not going so well. "There's no one at home," Caldwell says, looking over another empty squirrel's nest.

An hour into the hunt we haven't walked very far, but the two men have found plenty to see, from deer tracks to the flights of crows that scatter around Sandy.

"That's an ancient war going on," Caldwell says as the crows squabble.

Sometimes the two men seem to have adopted the raptor's traits – its patience and eyesight, especially. They watch the woods with a darting gaze, scanning for prey as the hawk peers down from the canopy.

It's an odd sensation, knowing that a mysterious animal is waiting above us, anticipating our movements and watching our cues. One doesn't really train a hawk or a falcon, they tell me – what you teach it instead is that you're a worthwhile partner. In fact, many falconers prefer to catch birds from nature because they already know how to hunt. Davis captured Sandy near Sanford.

The raptors stay wild at heart – you can return a hawk to the wilderness long after its capture, they say. Caldwell released one of his Harris hawks back to Arizona this year. He's worried that he won't be able to keep up with his birds as he ages. It was hard on him to watch the hawk fly off to join its kind – but the birds are never sentimental for their humans, according to my guides.

"Not a bit," Davis says.

Still, we humans can't help getting attached, Davis says. We usually don't see these birds of prey but from a distance. They're terrified of us, and perhaps we of them, but in falconry, they enter our world of cars and tethers and houses. They let us see them.

Davis and Caldwell don't end up catching anything this day. Even though they're sure that Davis and I were right behind a hare as we thrashed through a thicket, with Sandy watching from above – still, no varmint. The guys can't believe it.

We end our hunt roadside. Davis calls to his bird, and she roosts in a tree's crook. Then he casts a lure – a bright red little bag on a rope, which the hawk associates with food – and San-

One doesn't really train a hawk or a falcon, I've been told – what you teach it instead is that you're a worthwhile partner. dy dives down, raising her wings up to shield the lure as she lands. It's a little funny to me, how different the bird looks

on the ground, all its feathers rolled up. When Davis pulls a piece of meat out, Sandy runs around him in what seems to me like needy excitement. And as they walk back, the bird resting on Davis' arm, I can't help but think there's something more to this relationship than food.

Back at the cars, Caldwell pulls his own bird from her box so we can photograph her on the side of the road. As he shoots, two women jog by, then stop, then stare, then pull out phones for pictures. Next comes a man with a Bluetooth earpiece who begins to record a video of the guys, crouching, asking questions excitedly. A car stops, and another woman joins us. And then I look up and see no fewer than 20 small children marching down the road.

This, I think, is turning into a circus. Yet the kids and their guardians walk toward us as quiet as anything and line up to watch the birds. By the time I leave, Davis has the kids gathered around the back of his car. He's cheerfully holding court, sitting in the open hatchback trunk with Sandy on his falconer's glove, the kids watching agape, the bird staring cautiously back.







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## Givers



Larkin Andreaus is that rare 15-year-old who knows who he is, where he comes from, and where he's headed. And he has made it his mission to bridge those divides between past, present and future – not just personally, but for his community.

A longtime Boy Scout, Andreaus decided that for his Eagle Scout service project (a requirement to achieve Scouting's top rank) he would to build a bridge to replace a decaying structure on the grounds of the North Carolina Museum of Art. He used wood that would endure for generations and made creative use of the old materials. In the process, he also honored his family's Eagle Scout legacy.

## LARKIN ANDREAUS Building bridges

The idea for the project came to the Enloe High School freshman through fond memories of hiking on the museum grounds. He knew the boardwalk of its Lowes Park Pavilion was deteriorating and asked permission to rebuild it. The museum asked that he build a replacement to endure the elements and the years, and Andreaus decided that he also wanted to make good use of the old wood at the same time.

Andreaus's first move was to borrow \$5,000 from his father, Raleigh dentist Steven B. Andreaus, to buy enough Brazilian hardwood lumber, known as ipe, to replace the 81-footlong boardwalk. This ipe can withstand the elements for up to 80 years, Andreaus says, and is also harvested in a way that makes room for new trees without clear cutting the rainforest it comes from.

He then enlisted more than two dozen volunteers from his Scout troop, school, and neighborhood, and in a 12-hour blitz in November 2012, the group dismantled the museum's old boardwalk and built the new one.

Museum official Dan Gottlieb calls the new boardwalk "museum-quality."

Then, Larkin took the old lumber and screws he and his team collected from the old boardwalk, and turned it into to 100 bluebird houses. He's selling them for \$50 each to generate the revenue he needs to repay his father's loan.

Andreaus, who estimates he has spent at least 800 hours on the project, will not get his Eagle Scout award until he repays the loan.

"I've learned not to procrastinate," he says. "And I've learned a lot about working with others."

Larkin's schedule leaves little time for procrastination. He rises daily about 6 a.m., attends classes from 7:20 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., then heads to Pullen Aquatic Center for up to two hours of swim practice in the winter for the Enloe varsity team (he runs cross country in the fall). Homework lasts about an hour after that; then he has dinner with his parents. On Wednesday evenings, he goes to meetings of Troop 100 of the Scouts at Edenton Street Methodist Church. And some Monday evenings, depending on how much homework he has, he is tutored so he can be a better writer. Then he reads before going to bed about 9:30 or 10.

Larkin, who lives in the Glenwood Brooklyn neighborhood, attended Wylie Elementary School and Exploris Middle School. His father is president of Five Points Center for Aesthetic Dentistry. His mother, Kim Hale Andreaus, is an instructor and field coordinator in the Department of Social Work at N.C. State University.

#### Why did you get involved in scouting?

My father and both grandfathers were Eagle Scouts, and I wanted to carry on that legacy. I always liked working outdoors. That was one of the big reasons I joined.

#### What did your grandfathers do?

My dad's father was from Austria. He grew up in Illinois, became an Eagle Scout and fought in World War II. He was assistant to the publisher of the Smithfield Herald. My mom's father grew up in Miami. He went to West Point, fought in the Vietnam War and became a colonel in the Army.

#### What have you learned from scouting?

I learned about leadership and helping community. To be an effective leader, you have to be able to command people without coming across as a bad person, and lead by example, not being afraid to get dirty, so you're equal with others.

### You are the representative in Troop 100 for Order of the Arrow, an honor society that requires members to go through an ordeal. What was that like?

It's all day, no talking, doing service projects. You sleep outdoors with nobody around you, and they provide no tents or sleeping bags. You have to build your own shelter. I did that in September 2012 at Camp Durant.

#### How did you plan your bridge project?

I looked for some trails that needed a bridge at the Museum of Art. I spoke with Dan Gottlieb, director of museum planning and design, and he brought up the idea of rebuilding the boardwalk. I met with the artist of the original pavilion, Mike Cindric (project manager at Design Dimension) to discuss my ideas. He provided me with tips from when it was originally built. I learned a lot about the blueprints of the

ay evee is tue going l've been to a gallery opening at my dad's office. I've been to an Audubon Society meeting. I've gone to my church, Church of the Good Shepherd. I'm using email lists of parents and

boardwalk, and what I would need to take it down and put

of the Good Shepherd. I'm using email lists of parents and friends. (Larkin can be reached at larkinandreaus@gmail.com.)

#### What are your plans for college and career?

I'd like to go to UNC Chapel Hill and study in medical school, hopefully to become a dentist. My dad's always made it sound really fun, and I want to be able to help people. I help at his free clinic. I hand him the tools. It's amazing how happy people are after they receive care.

#### What do you do for fun?

I play with my friends. We hang out a lot. Starting high school and coming from a small school like Exploris, it's been really neat to make a lot of friends. Exploris was nice, but by the end of eighth grade, I was ready for a change. You knew all the people well, and some of them a little too well.

#### What are your favorite movies?

I like comedies and action movies. I really like Clint Eastwood

movies. They're really well written. I like the spaghetti westerns.

#### What do you like to read?

Really fast-paced books. I just finished the Alex Rider series. I really like *The Chronicles of Narnia*.

#### What's your favorite TV show?

Arrested Development. My uncle – Tony Hale, my mom's younger brother and also my godfather – plays Buster.

#### Who are your heroes?

My dad. He's always been able to really help me. And my uncle. He worked really hard to become the actor he is.

#### What does philanthropy mean to you?

To give more than you receive, to really love others, and to not be self-centered.

#### What is your philosophy of life?

Because you only have one life, you should help others as much as you can and live it to its fullest.



by Ernest Dollar

director, City of Raleigh Museum

# Local history

ON DISPLAY IN THE CITY OF RALEIGH MUSEUM IS a piece of paper that holds the key to a 160-year-old mystery. Scrawled in black ink in elegant Victorian handwriting is a list of the property of onetime Raleigh resident Dr. James O. Watson, who died in his home here in 1852.

When the executors of his estate divided his material goods, such as hoes, mules, and spinning wheels, they also had to figure out what to do with the 50 people he held as slaves, listed only by their first names: Kitty, Clarry, Lewis, Judy, Cage, Robbin, Amanda, Gastin, Harry, Jim, and 40 others.

With the death of their master, these people faced one of the most abominable cruelties of slavery – their families were torn apart, divided like furniture among heirs. It meant that they lost their personal histories as well. One of the lesser-known evils of slavery is this: the massive, widespread theft of identity.

This single sheet of paper was rediscovered during an inventory of the museum's collection in 2012. Now, a century and a half later, researchers are using it – and cutting-edge science – to discover the final fate of these 50 black men, women, and children.

Any time a fact, image, or name can be associated with an enslaved person, it's a big deal. The identities of a great many Americans held as slaves are unknown. Over 250 years, an es-

### THE FIFTY NAMES A historical perspective on black history month

timated 500,000 Africans were shipped to mainland America. That population grew to four million on the eve of the Civil War. Names like those listed in Watson's document give researchers an invaluable starting point to reconstruct the identities of generations, reconstruct individual lives, and, more broadly, give hope to a growing number of African Americans searching for their lost roots.

Johnston County's Vandora Blount is one. "I was never interested in history," Blount says, but over the past 50 years, since she first helped her mother and cousin sift through boxes of old documents in the North Carolina State Archives, the search for her family's story has grown into a passion.

Looking over the Watson inventory in the museum recently, Blount grew increasingly excited to recognize a few names. Common names, perhaps, but the hope that one of them could be her long-lost ancestor was thrilling.

Blount's research into her own family has revealed that names were often repeated over many generations. Historians speculate this common practice was designed to keep the memory of ancestors alive. It was all they could do with only a first name to go by – because it wasn't until the end of the war and emancipation that enslaved people received freedom, opportunity – and a last name. This is what makes the 1870 census, the first after the war, so incredibly valuable. But tracing family connections further back into slavery is difficult, a point that many African American researchers refer to as "hitting the wall."

Blount has worked hard to break through this historic obstacle, and has made some enlightening discoveries. Using every record she could find – tax records, land deeds, and court documents – she has found a few family members living in Sampson County before the Civil War.

#### Digging deep

At the City of Raleigh Museum, we knew our own research into the lives of the 50 enslaved people named on Dr. Josiah O. Watson's property list would first rely on some understanding of Dr. Watson himself.



A short search revealed him to be a member of one of North Carolina's most illustrious families. A doctor in the War of 1812, he became a life-long friend of future president Andrew Jackson. He also served as a justice of the peace and represented Johnston County in North Carolina's House of Commons in 1828.

By 1850, Watson had amassed exceptional wealth. He owned several plantations in Johnston County, one that housed 170 enslaved people alone. He had 12 more people working as slaves at his Raleigh home, which he called Sherron.

Watson's heir, Orren Dodd, took possession of his "property" in 1853, but things were unsettled with Watson's son, John W. B. Watson. Watson sued Dodd and the case reached North Carolina's Supreme Court. Dodd won the case, left the state, and headed to Arkansas with slaves in tow. This is where the path gets harder to follow.

Census takers in 1860 found Dodd living in Rapps Barrens, Ark., with 35 slaves, raising the question: What happened to the other 15 people? Were they sold to pay for the journey? Did they stay in Raleigh? Did they perish on the long move west?

Comparing their names on Watson's estate list to the first census after the Civil War provides tantalizing evidence of their final fates.

One enslaved person in Watson's estate named Henderson, for instance, could be the same Henderson Watson listed on the 1870 census living in Smithfield. Cage, another man on the list, could be the same Cage Bryant who appears in LaGrange, Ark., and noted his birthplace as North Carolina. The coincidence of names suggests some of these people stayed with family and friends in North Carolina, while others started new lives out west.



These and many other questions – just like Vandora Blount's – remain unanswered. Watson's list is currently on display in the COR museum in hopes that a visitor may recognize a name and make a connection. Only with time and research from families in North Carolina and Arkansas can the final mysterious fate of these 50 people finally be solved. And only with the perseverance and tenacity of individuals like Blount will other family histories be made whole.

The advancement of science also provides an intriguing new tool to link descendant and ancestors. Besides the Internet's ability to share previously undiscovered archival material, genetic testing of DNA has given researchers a powerful tool to link families in present to those of the past. Armed with these tools, the task of restoring the dignity to those men and women who had it stolen in slavery begins.

For the living, who are seeking to solve a painful mystery in their own pasts, the search begins with these 50 names.  $\mathcal{I}$ 

For more information, go to raleighcitymuseum.org.

# Digital generation

# Lean local startups aren't worrying about the money

EIGHT YEARS AGO, A LITTLEknown Silicon Valley entrepreneur named Steve Blank wrote an obscure book called *The Four Steps to the Epiphany*. Blank, a veteran of eight startups, outlined a ground-breaking argument: Writing business plans and raising venture capital might actually hurt a startup's odds of success.

Cheaply printed and ridden with typos, the book's heretical contentions were easily dismissed by business school faculty and close-knit venture financiers. But Blank's treatise quickly became a cult favorite. Entrepreneurs whispered about it to one another, and Blank began using the book as the textbook for a University of California-Berkeley class on entrepreneurship. He evangelized a simple message. Startups were uncertain "visions" built on sets of not-yet-validated assumptions. Startup founders' initial objective should be to understand those assumptions, document them, and turn them into testable "true or false" hypotheses. Entrepreneurs should interact with prospective customers and test the hypotheses. And only then should they go chasing big money.

Today, some of the Triangle's most successful start-ups are following this model. Raleigh's Trinket, started in the Hillsborough Street coworking space HQ Raleigh (formerly HUB Raleigh), is one. The startup recently raised \$375,000 to build an open source repository for teachers to store their lesson plans – after the



founders had launched the product prototype and had more than 200 users.

"You can create a software application on Amazon Cloud with a credit card and basic coding skills," says founder Brian Marks. "The barriers to creating technology are so low that instead of telling customers about your idea, you put a product in front of them and get their real reaction."

Marks knew that the traditional approach of shutting himself up in an office to write a long, well-researched business plan could easily produce false assumptions. Most dangerously, that process would provide few opportunities to invalidate them. And he knew that if he raised big money to fund those assumptions, he'd face pressure to prove them right.

In a few "hit" cases, like Google or Facebook, when an entrepreneur truly has lightning in a bottle, this approach can make sense. In most cases, it leads to premature growth – and failure.

Take Webvan, a "dot com"-era company in pursuit of the online grocery market. A "dream team" of managers and a roster of highly credentialed investors, including Goldman Sachs, poured massive amounts of capital into Webvan - with almost zero customer feedback. Webvan signed contracts to build more than 20 distribution centers before serving its first customer. There wasn't a problem with Webvan's market. (FreshDirect, Peapod, and Amazon now profitably offer online grocery shopping and delivery to millions of customers.) The problem was that Webvan's assumptions about customer demand, customer needs, and distribution costs were poor guesses. Instead of testing those assumptions early on, Webvan's leadership spent all its energy and money preparing to grow, based on the business plan. Webvan paid the ultimate price: bankruptcy.

Blank's genius came from a simple insight. Like Webvan, most startups failed. The typical entrepreneur could save years and millions (or in Webvan's case, hundreds of millions) by testing the startup's ideas with the scientific method first.

Chris Heivly knows all about this. He is co-founder of The Startup Factory, a technology incubator in Durham's hip American Tobacco Campus. Applicants accepted into the program receive office space, access to mentors, and \$50,000 – enough capital to move through one or more learning cycles. Heivly, previously a co-founder of MapQuest, told me that "lean startup" thinking is the "basic methodology" for his program. Instead of pitching the "perfect" business plan in the hopes of winning a \$5-million check, applicants share models and prototypes of their business ideas. In attracting applicants, The Startup Factory touts its access to mentors as much as the investment money.

One of its recent successes, TabSprint, launched its product just one month into the program, with only \$50,000 of funding. TabSprint's technology allows customers at bars to use their mobile phones to order drinks and pay for them. Some 40 of the Triangle's nightspots – including Raleigh's Lonerider, Chapel Hill's Top of the Hill, and Durham's James Joyce Irish Pub – use the software. Instead of hunkering down for 18 months and building feature upon feature in secret, the founders gathered input from actual customers in real time on how to improve the product. "Continuous customer feedback kept us from tunnel vision. Our customers had hesitations about the first version of our product. We listened to feedback and observed the customers' problem, kept improving the product, and gradually this has taken off," says founder John Chipouras.

Chipouras and Marks are just two local entrepreneurs turning the traditional model on its head. As our local community of entrepreneurs continues to boom, the trend stands to ignite even more growth. It's fitting for a university cluster like ours that the most important currency of a startup is becoming recognized not as money, but as learning. Because raising lots of early money intensifies the pressure for quick growth, it may decrease learning, and increase the odds of startup failure. Entrepreneurs need enough cash to fund learning cycles, but not much more.

Gradually, Blank's logic has won over entrepreneurs and investors who have experienced the pain of premature scaling. It has also set forth a "capital lite" method of new business formation that appeals to entrepreneurs who can't access deep venture capital pockets. This quiet revolution has particularly profound implications for the Triangle, far removed from the venture capital hotspots of Silicon Valley, Boston, Austin, and New York. The "lean startup" movement offers Triangle entrepreneurs a way to bypass the timeconsuming, low-success-rate VC gauntlet and increase the success rate of startups. That, it turns out, may be even better than a few million bucks in venture capital.

Zach Clayton is CEO of Three Ships Media, a data-driven digital marketing agency. He is passionate about using Internet technology to disrupt old industries.

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## FUELING THE MUSIC Raleigh's Port Merch plays key <u>backstage role</u>

PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD THE JOKE ABOUT HOW BANDS ARE ACTUALLY IN THE T-shirt business? It's typically told by the musicians themselves – talented ones – and they're only half-joking.

Merchandise – "merch," in the biz – fills the gas tanks and pays a big chunk of the bills for every touring band. Merch is the music itself, be it on CD or vinyl, plus T-shirts, posters, stickers, whatever a band can cook up. Whether your live music plans involve a plush reserved seat in Memorial Auditorium or standing on Lincoln Theatre's concrete floor, you're destined to pass by the merch table.

Now going into its seventh year, Raleigh's homegrown Port Merchandise is the online version of that merch table, and its creator, Chip Taylor, is the friendly guy sitting (virtually) behind it. Port is a leader in the space, combining online sales with Raleigh-based hustle to make the merch world and through it, the live-music world – a better funded, more vibrant place. Clients include marquee talents like II Cale, Jason Isbell, and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, but what Taylor does is by definition a behind-the-scenes job. It's also an important one, and that's not lost on the artists Port serves. Bonnie Raitt, for one. During an encore at her recent Greensboro Coliseum show, Raitt sent Taylor an on-stage shout-out thanking him for his help with her merch and the release of her latest record, Slipstream. After the show, the two got a chance to meet in person for the first time.

It was a treat to meet Raitt, Taylor says, though he's not a picture-taking kind of guy and allows that he doesn't "do the schmoozing thing very well or very often." Instead, he says, "the majority of my time is spent bean counting and bookkeeping, Photoshopping, and basic HTML coding." But he likes that he's bean counting for artists, and when the schmoozing thing does come his way? "I'm always happy to find out that I work for such nice folks."

The operation outgrew its basement beginnings long ago, but Port's most basic function has been the same from day one: A fan orders from a Port client's online store, and Taylor's small but mighty staff ships it out the next morning. The crew shares "a dry sense of humor, good taste in music, and colorful vocabulary," which comes in handy when the hours get long. Occasionally the hours get both long and weird, because Port keeps bands stocked with merch when they're touring, too. That's usually as simple as shipping boxes to hotels in advance of a band's stay, or dropping the goods at a local venue. Other times, it's not.

"We take pride in being Johnny-on-the-spot for bands that need T-shirts in Poughkeepsie tomorrow night," Taylor says. That reputation invites some pretty tall orders. He recalls one client's insistence on using a traveling fan to pick up a bunch of T-shirts at Port's warehouse for delivery two states away when conventional delivery couldn't possibly get it



Celebrating 50 Years!





BIG NAMES, KEY ROLE Port Merch's clients include marquee talents like Bonnie Raitt, JJ Cale, and Preservation Hall Jazz Band.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS	PHONOGRAPH RECORDS	PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
FRAGILE	FRAGILE	FRAGILE
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there in time. The effort disintegrated into a version of *Cannonball Run*, involving lost directions, 3 a.m. phone calls, the attention (and ultimately the assistance) of the Raleigh Police Department, and finally, T-shirts handed off in a pouring predawn rain. Yes, the merch made it to the band, and they're all still pals.

#### Sailing in to Port

A native of Albemarle, Taylor, 43, has always had music in his life. After graduating from Appalachian State in 1993 intending to teach, he took a musical detour to start a band called Sticky. The band had a good four-year run, though Taylor kept his day job and didn't see it as a lifetime thing. With that out of his system, he married his longtime sweetheart Beth Neel, detoured to Chattanooga, then moved to Raleigh in 2003. Here, Taylor took a job with Raleigh-based artist management group Deep South Entertainment, and started another band on the side: The Port Huron Statement.

Fast forward to 2006, by which time Taylor had a daughter, a son on the way, and a two-part epiphany. First: He needed a more flexible work schedule. Second: Bands needed to be better at selling their stuff. There had to be, Taylor thought, a way to meet both needs, and he thought he knew how to do it. Enlisting a web
#### <u>» Gigs</u>

developer friend as his programming guru, he built an online store system that could be customized for each band. With only a handful of clients to start, he claimed his guest room as his office, his basement as a warehouse, and opened shop.

Today, Port's self-proclaimed "world headquarters" in a sedate West Raleigh office park is busy and full of music. You hear it and you see it, in all its physical forms. Towering shelves reach the ceiling, piled high with heaps of T-shirts and stacks of records. Screenprinted posters line the walls.

> 'We take pride in being Johnny-on-the-spot for bands that need T-shirts in Poughkeepsie tomorrow night.'

Port's clients are a talented and eclectic bunch, and they hang out together on the shelves in a fascinating (but, sadly, silent) merchandise jam. Gorgeous posters for bluegrass group The Black Lillies sit on a table not far from vinyl and shirts from Okkervill River and Over the Rhine. There are some trucker caps here, stickers over there. Merch for Girls Rock NC is squeezed in next to Styx.

If there's an organizational system in place, it sure is subtle. "Hmm," Taylor says, glancing around the stockroom. "A system? Yes. Our system is, if it doesn't sell well, we put it way up high." That, one presumes, explains those Loverboy bandanas in the rafters.

The system is his alone, and so is his time. He's in that carpool line for his kids when he needs to be, and he sees lots of really great shows. There's no office dress code. He likes that Port helps to float the livelihood boat for artists he respects and enjoys. And especially, Taylor says, he appreciates "that moment when I put the needle down on a great album and think, 'Wow, I had a small part in this.'"

For more information, go to portmerch.com.



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### WALTER profile



#### ALWAYS BEJEWELED

Moon & Lola founder Kelly Shatat at her desk, surrounded by white and pink, her favorite colors. She wears her own jewelry every day, like this multi-strand pearl necklace and the gold monogram pendant that is one of her brand's signature pieces.

## 



#### by LIZA ROBERTS

photographs by MISSY McLAMB

SEVEN YEARS AGO, RALEIGH NATIVE KELLY SHATAT WAS A PHARMACIST making necklaces for fun at her dining room table. Today she is the chief executive of Moon & Lola, her own multi-million-dollar company, selling jewelry in 10 countries and 46 states.

Thousands of pieces of fashionable, affordable jewels – like the signature gold monogrammed pendant she's wearing today – make their way from Shatat's bustling workshop in Apex to points around the globe each week.



FRIEND AND INSPIRATION Avis Wicher ("Moon") wearing a Moon & Lola necklace, with Shatat at the opening of downtown Raleigh's flagship store.

Their colorful, preppy, feminine style is on-trend and recognizable, inspiring cultish love in female fans that range (truly) from 12 to 80. Go to any middle school in the Triangle, and you'll see her pendants around tween necks; ditto their big sisters and moms in the carpool line. Sixty-something celebrity chef Paula Deen, 30-something actress Zoe Saldana, 20-year-old actress AnnaSophia Robb: They all wear the jewelry, which sells for \$40 to \$300 and comes in all kinds of shapes and styles, like swirly monograms, state-shaped charms, sparkly bows, quatrefoils, and signs of the zodiac.

They buy them at one of 1,000 stores nationwide, or online, or at Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, or the Home Shopping Network website. New York and California are among the company's biggest markets. The stand-alone Moon & Lola flagship store on Wilmington St. is part of Raleigh's hip downtown nexus, a magnet on First Fridays; Shatat has just opened another store of her own on King St. in Charleston. Here in Apex, the 40-something entrepreneur also sells her jewelry from a corner of the brick-walled, lofty space where she runs the business. It's also where her fleet of employees take in all the orders, assemble the jewelry, and send it all out.

The place is all shiny white lacquer furniture and bright pink accents. It hums with female energy. The unofficial employee uniform is clearly high heels, bright colors, and dangling earrings; the default attitude is gung-ho. "They drank the pink lemonade," Shatat jokes.

These 34 women (and one man) are full of energy because they're at the center of something electric; they're also enthusiastically devoted to their boss, whom they describe as generous and inspiring. They know just how hard she's worked and how much of herself she's put on the line in the process: Shatat has funded Moon & Lola and its explosive growth entirely on her own, without debt. Her pharmacist's salary paid for materials until she decided to do jewelry full time (not until 2010); for a while she even paid friends with jewelry for their help so she could keep up with demand. She has never taken on outside investors.

"I don't know when the girl sleeps," says Charlotte Harris, owner of Raleigh's popular Charlotte's gift shops, where Moon & Lola is the top seller. She was one of Shatat's first retailers and describes her as savvy and forward-looking. Harris cites Shatat's decision to hire an in-house graphic designer for her web site early on as a smart move; so, too, her devotion to quality, to classic design, and to customer service. "She's a very intelligent person," Harris says, "and this is a critical part of it: She is a very kind person. She really cares about other people. She's never been after making the most money possible. She wants to make people happy."

Because almost 85 percent of Moon & Lola's jewelry is personalized with a monogram or name, Shatat says she has a special opportunity to do just that. Her customers often become attached to their pieces, tweeting photos of themselves with their new jewelry (see Paula Deen), and sending Shatat effusive thanks. "It's really exciting to please people," she says. "To know that you made them so happy."

Running a finger over the gold-rubbed, swirling monogram on a ring in the workshop, she considers the popularity of these custom pieces. When she in-





A SENSATIONAL CULINARY JOURNEY TO LAOS

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troduced them a few years ago, acrylic was a new idea. She'd been making metal monogrammed jewelry for a while when she saw some cut acrylic pendants in colors and funky shapes, like green deer antlers. Why not make monogrammed pieces the same way?

She found a man who cut acrylic for boats and convinced him to make monograms for her. Her first ones were black, because retailers had been asking for black jewelry. Soon black seemed limited. "Once we introduced color, it blew up...It attracted people like candy."

Overnight, her mainstay monograms were not only rainbow-cheerful – she offers 30 shades – they were less than half the price of the silver and goldfilled versions. A trend was born, one that has attracted knock-offs. Shatat is not concerned: "We are the original acrylic monogram," she says. "It's why we're in Nordstrom and Neiman Marcus. It just means we need to keep upping our game... The goal is to constantly be growing. And I think I have the same goal as a person. You need to be getting better every day."

#### Early success

To Shatat's way of thinking, using unusual materials like acrylic to make jewelry is business as usual. One of her early successes – earrings made out of



#### TEAMWORK

Moon & Lola employees sit at a long table to put together hundreds of pieces of jewelry a day, above. The Apex headquarters, above right, is also a retail store.



embroidered fabric Indian patches – is still one of her favorites. But it was her very first piece back in 2004, another original combination, that got the ball rolling: pearls with ribbon.

At that point, making jewelry was just a creative outlet, a hobby she indulged in after long days as a pharmacist.

That's when her best friend Avis Wicher, an interior decorator in Greenville, asked her to bring some jewelry to a Junior League gift show, to help fill her booth. Shatat made a pile of pearl necklaces that tied in the back with lengths of interchangeable ribbon. She decided she needed a name, a logo, and a tag for the necklaces. "I don't do things half-way." Inspired by the lighthearted nicknames she and Wicher gave each other back in their undergraduate days at Georgia's Emmanuel College – Shatat was "Lola"; Wicher was "Moon" – Shatat had no trouble coming up with a brand for these jewels she'd made on a whim. Moon & Lola was born, even if Shatat didn't know yet just what that meant.

"You cannot imagine the people who came flocking to her pearls and ribbon, the stores who snatched her up, the crowds she had," Wicher recalls. Shatat ended up selling more than anyone else at the entire Junior League show. She left with orders for more from three retail stores – and with her head spinning. "And then it kind of snowballed from there."

She credits her time as a pharmacist for honing her



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"A TOUCH OF GIRLINESS" Shatat's 35 employees emobdy the brand's energy and aesthetic, above. The pearl-andribbon necklace that started it all, above right. Acrylic pendands like this North Carolina state map, right, are hot sellers.





attention to detail, which she's convinced is what made her jewelry stand out from the beginning. With those early pearl necklaces, she spent hours sealing the edges of each length of ribbon with a lighter so they wouldn't eventually fray. ("You can't imagine how many ribbons we burned," says Wicher, who helped her.) Today, Shatat makes two of each ordered acrylic nameplate pendant – floating, thin bits of script – because they can break when assembled into a necklace, and she doesn't want the order delayed.

She still approves every custom design because she doesn't want things "going out into the world that don't have the Moon & Lola aesthetic," she says, for instance, anything "gothic." She won't do bad words, or "anything that seems derogatory."

It's more than good taste, it's branding. "Branding is huge to me," she says. "It was never my dream to be a jewelry designer, it was my dream to have a brand." She describes hers as "clean lines, with a touch of girliness," she says. "A modern twist on traditional." It's a reflection of Shatat herself, she says. "I want us always to be fresh and clean and new and appealing." Wicher, or "Moon," says the brand simply stands for "happy."

And it is broader than jewelry. Moon & Lola has a growing beauty line, accessories like sunglasses and beaded handbags and has dipped into and out of clothing. Shatat says she'd like to launch stationery and "bring back" milk glass. "I want to be a lifestyle brand," she says. "I tell people: Don't put us in a box. We won't stay there."

#### Making it happen

So how do 35 young women in an Apex loft churn out 500-plus pieces of jewelry a day? They make it look easy. All orders come in through the web site on one end of the room, where the graphic designer and account managers also sit. Orders are brought over to the other side of the room, where assemblers gather the elements they need from a massive set of cubbies. At a long table in the middle of the room, they take these pieces – a chain, some jump rings, a monogram, and a clasp, for instance – put them together, and send it over to another desk, where it gets sent out.

Each of the monograms and other acrylic pieces is laser cut from 12- by 24foot sheets in a workshop nearby, while other elements, like filigree discs, cotton "pearls" and various charms, are made all over. Each order gets its own "baby sitter," ensuring it gets out accurately – with so many pieces personalized, this can be tricky – and on time.

"Customer service is key," Shatat says. "I built the business on customer service. It all comes down to the golden rule. It always pays off."

She says this, even though others haven't always treated her the same way. In fact, it was a major setback that galvanized her decision in 2010 to finally put pharmacology behind her to work full time on Moon & Lola. When a major customer declared bankruptcy, effectively bilking her out of \$32,000, "in that moment I made a decision," she says. "I have a highly competitive nature. They could have put me out of business." She realized just how much she cared. "I decided I wanted it to be all it could be, or I wanted to stop playing." She started putting everything into it: Traveling to market, making contacts. Calling every shop that carried the Elizabeth McKay clothing line, since most of her retailers seemed to carry that line. Hiring a Los Angeles publicist to get her jewels on the necks of starlets and into the fashion spreads of glossy magazines like *Lucky*, *InStyle*, and *O Magazine*.

It was right about then that the acrylic pieces started to fly off the shelves, and Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, and the Home Shopping Network came calling. Moon & Lola is 20 times bigger today than it was when she lost all of that money. "It changed everything," she says.

Her husband of 14 years, an engineer currently working in the Middle East, is "amazed" by her success, she says. "I think he thought I had a hobby."

A quote from Anais Nin is painted on a canvas in her office: "And the day came when the risk to remain tight in a bud was greater than the risk it took to bloom." She came upon it in 2010, right when she was licking her wounds and considering her options. "It's not my goal to be comfortable," she says today. "When I feel afraid, I remind myself of that."

As with many driven people, there's something deeper motivating her. When her grandmother died recently, Shatat was going through old family papers to prepare a eulogy and learned for the first time that her grandmother and greataunt had been promising singers as young women - so promising that a Nashville promoter had tried to take them on the road. Their father wouldn't let them go, and they never did become professional singers. Shatat says that her mother, too, had a creative opportunity of her own thwarted when she won an art contest as a student and was offered a university scholarship that family circumstances prevented her from accepting.

Shatat says it made her reflect: "Why am I so blessed?" She decided her opportunities are gifts, and she is fortunate to have them, and to be challenged by them. "I feel like I'm living out three generations of what was supposed to happen. I'm living all of our dream." NEW FASHION OVERSTOCK DESIGNER RESALE ACCESSORIES

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### Staycation



### OAKWOOD CEMETERY Segway-style

I ADMIT IT: I CHUCKLE AT SEGWAY TOURS. LINED UP like ducks. Helmeted. All leaning forward, slightly bow-legged, intent on their mission... and what is that mission?

And yet, there I was, on a Segway, zooming behind my father on a tour of Oakwood cemetery. Helmet, earphone, and all.

Intending another in-town outing with one of my children, I had bought Segway tickets through the coupon website LivingSocial. Unfortunately, I had neglected to read the small print. My nonrefundable tickets had to be used by someone 18 or older. At the time, my three children ranged from 4 to 10.

Plan B: Dad's birthday. I did not tell him our destination. I

asked him to pick me up at high noon on the designated day.

Tottering on a Segway was probably daunting, given his double knee replacement, but Dad was a great sport. The staff at Triangle Glides was thorough: We were suited up with helmets (with headphones), given a lesson on how to use them, and asked to demonstrate our ability. And we were given clear directives:

1. Listen to the guides' instructions

- 2. Stay in a single-file line
- 3. No racing.
- 4. Do NOT Reverse.

I'd been preschool room mom for all three of my children. This outing was starting to feel oddly familiar.

Starting at the City Market downtown, we hummed along, single file, navigating bumps in the sidewalk, as we made our way to Oakwood. At each intersection, one instructor would stop traffic, one guide led us across, and one guide brought up the rear... just like in preschool.

Naturally, we did what preschoolers do. Once we got our bearings, we started to double up and race. I was the youngest by at least 15 years and those "old guys" (it's always the guys) were racing to be first - my father included. We weren't even quite sure where we were going, but each of us wanted to get there first and be "the door holder."

This was not the instructors' "first rodeo," unsurprisingly. We were quickly rounded up and queued back in line. As we entered the Oakwood neighborhood, the official tour began.

What did I know about Oakwood Cemetery? We Raleigh natives grew up hearing the story of the Mordecai family's welltimed donation of two and half acres of farm land to establish a Confederate cemetery, which later became Oakwood Cemetery.

I also knew how that had come about. I knew that when the Civil War ended, Rock Quarry Cemetery, on Rock Quarry Road in Southeast Raleigh, had to figure out what to do with the many Confederate soldiers buried within its walls. The war's end had turned the site into Raleigh National Cemetery, and Confederate soldiers were no longer permitted in federal plots. In most cases, if a Confederate soldier remained in a federal cemetery, a prominent "Rebel" sign was placed on his grave.

As Robin Simonton, the director of Oakwood Cemetery, says:

"To the victors go the spoils and the cemeteries."

As the story goes, in 1867, Raleigh residents were told that they had to remove their dead Confederate soldiers immediately from what was now the federal cemetery, or the remains would be left on the street.

The women of Raleigh had anticipated this happening and had already raised money and scoured the area for an alternate Confederate resting place. When they settled on the Mordecai property, Mr. Mordecai refused payment, directing the women to use their money to turn his farm into a suitable resting place.

When the time came to relocate the buried Confederate soldiers, the Raleigh community rallied under the leadership of H.J. Brown (founder of Brown-Wynne funeral home). Some had to move their own buried husbands, sons, or neighbors, and transport them. In total, 494 bodies were moved to Oakwood in a matter of weeks, each escorted by the women to his new final resting place.

There are 1,400 Confederate soldiers now buried at Oakwood. Of these, 137 were brought from Gettysburg, and 107 came from Arlington when the National Cemetery Act of 1881 required their removal from that property.

Oakwood has since expanded to 102 gorgeous garden-style

continued on p. 113



### Hidden Raleigh



### HORSE TRACK ALLEY Somewhere in between

Do YOU EVER GET THE DESIRE, NOW AND AGAIN, to sneak off, to slip away somewhere clandestine? Don't you want to go down a back alley? An alley: an atmospheric cave of brick and concrete, populated by fire escapes and dumpsters. An interstitial space, neither here nor there, neither street nor yard, public nor private. A world of its own awaiting exploration, an alley is the adult version of the childhood crawlspace hideyhole, the adolescent exploration of steam tunnels or storm sewers. Except: bad news. Raleigh has lots of wonderful things, but it almost totally lacks alleys.

Urban ones, anyway. Look at any map. Raleigh has been a city of broad streets and private yards since its planning in 1792, and here in the mostly rural South, we never had the early 20th-century development explosion that made downtown land expensive and alleys necessary. Even what might be our downtown alleys – One Exchange Plaza and Market Square Plaza, off Fayetteville Street – have become little parks, already slated for redevelopment, no less.

In fact, though, Raleigh does have alleys: You just have to know where to look. Not your big-city, urban alleys, mind you - they're Southern alleys. Green alleys. Raleigh alleys. They abound in the Cameron Park neighborhood, built in the early 20th century north of Hillsborough and west of St. Mary's. Designed exclusively for upscale - and white - Raleighites, those homes needed back entries for carriages and motorcars (and the help who would not be welcome to come in the front). Many of these alleys remain, and they remain public. You can still find them bisecting blocks throughout that neighborhood, and in Boylan Heights and Glenwood/Brooklyn, too. They're fun to creep down, though despite their public status they even now can foster a feeling of transgression. They're not really shortcuts from anywhere to anywhere, and you peer into people's backyards and back windows. Which is fun, but not always perfectly comfortable.

But surely the most accessible of Raleigh's alleys is one with a less-nefarious past – and an actual street sign: Horse Track Alley, which runs south from Clark Avenue down to College Crest. College Crest is itself an alley, which runs behind Mitch's Tavern and the shops on the 2400 block of Hillsborough Street. College Crest Alley feels like what it is – broad parking lots and asphalt. But look north, up Horse Track, and you're transported.

If an urban alley resonates with childhood play in buildings and infrastructure, an alley like Horse Track resonates with pathways behind the garage and through the hedge. Horse Track goes, in fact, behind the garages of apartment houses on Horne and Chamberlain streets. Cracked asphalt, going to gravel on the edges as bamboo and grasses patiently dismantle the pavement; the gaping mouths of barely maintained garages; garbage and recycling bins; and the rolled and forgotten carpets, abandoned desks, and half-filled, rain-soaked boxes that identify the habitat of college students. No-parking signs of all indigenous towing services. Fences of many varieties – chain link, chicken wire, wooden stockade.



Horse Track Alley actually did once run along a horse track – when the State Fairgrounds stood at their second location, Horne was their eastern boundary, so the alley along its back fence took the name of the fairgrounds track. But that's almost a century ago now. Mature sassafras, willow oaks, and maples now arch over the alley, providing dappled shade the birds love. The only thing missing from Horse Track Alley now is a horse.

It's not a park, but it's not a street, either. And it's not someone's yard, but it's not quite public. It's somewhere in between. It's an alley.

Meet you there.



### Reflections



urtesy Jeff Monroe

## GRATITUDE and a neighbor

HER SMILE GROWS SLOWLY, ALMOST CREEPING ITS WAY TO FULLness as she remembers her life many years ago. She leans across the table, as if to let me in on a secret, recounting the days of juggling her job as an English professor at N.C. State University with mothering her two young children. At age 83, Marilyn Brandt, my next-door neighbor and friend, is living what she calls her "third act." She spends most of her time enjoying the slow, peaceful rhythm of this act's unfolding. And she nearly shines while speaking of days in the past.

In the four years that I have lived next door to Marilyn, I have gathered pieces of her story through conversations held over brown paper bags carried in from the car and mounds of leaves raked high in the front yard. But to hear the whole of it, listening to how each chapter links to the next and discovering themes woven throughout, is like uncovering a work of art. Marilyn has walked through the valleys carved out by the death of her young daughter to bone cancer and the recent passing of her husband. She has stood on mountaintops formed by joys like a long, fulfilling career and a deeply committed marriage. As she reflects on the mountains and the valleys, she also remembers and embraces a million little moments in between that kept her walking, that she held as gifts along the way. And now, looking back on all that life has handed her, she is noticeably settled and at peace. Marilyn's regrets are few and her contentment is great. What is it that has grounded my friend, that has given her such a genuine acceptance of all the brutal and beautiful events of her long life? She answers my question with three simple words: "I am thankful."

So much of our time simmers in preparation and waiting. The big beginnings and endings mark the years. But in between the grand events, many tiny moments fill the space. Marilyn now holds these moments, the seemingly mundane and common, as treasure. It is for the memories cloaked in ordinary that she gives thanks. The dark nights by the campfire playing solitaire after her children were tucked in their sleeping bags, the evening meals shared with her husband at the kitchen table, and even the satisfaction of fixing an old, broken clock. It is all joy to her now.

As I listen to Marilyn recount how the most precious and treasured memories of her life are the small moments peppered in between the big events, a simple thought grows in my mind. Could it be that while we wait, while we stand with bated breath for the arrival, the event, or the accomplishment, that precious moments pass unnoticed? While we want the big and the noteworthy, perhaps we are often given the small and the daily. These gifts may seem to be brushed with beige paint, but maybe beneath the bland are flecks of gold begging to be mined. It is when we hold them as treasure, when we cup them as fragile, that we remember to give thanks.

But in order to remember, we must first see. Often we are simply too busy to notice all of the gifts. It isn't gratitude that fills our thoughts. No, for there are lists to be made, calendars to be filled, and things to get done. All of the hustle erases the traces of thanks. The hurry masks those ordinary gifts waiting to be unwrapped in the now, with worry about the next thing ahead. And millions of moments waiting to be touched and seen, full of potential joy, slip right between our fingers while we clench the wheel at ten and two.

But what is the cure to all the hurry? What is powerful enough to drag our heels and ultimately pull us to a stop? What is it that can raise our eyes and lure us to notice? Whether the days bleed together into one long snooze or speed by like one big smear, ultimately gratitude wakes and slows us. It is thanksgiving that gives us eyes to find gold.

Sitting with Marilyn in her home office filled with photographs, scrapbooks and even schoolwork from her days at Fred Olds Elementary, I see that her deep gratitude has yielded a profound joy. Brené Brown writes in her book, *The Gifts* of *Imperfection*, "I never talk about gratitude and joy separately. In 12 years, I've never interviewed a single person who would describe their lives as joyful, who would describe themselves as joyous, who was not actively practicing gratitude." Joy grows from roots of gratitude. Fullness lives in the space of gratefulness. True contentment spills out of a cup overflowing with thanksgiving.

When practicing gratitude, I find gifts all around me: the morning sun shooting through the smudgy glass of my bedroom window, the bliss of my chocolate lab scratching his back in the fallen leaves of our backyard, how my 3-year-old chops his little feet and jumps out of his seat when he spies me at preschool. I see treasure waiting to be found: the long yawn and early morning lip smacks of my 5-year-old waking up for school, the quick snap of my husband's kiss on top of my head before he darts out the door, the braiding of lanky pine trees high above on my afternoon walk. I can hear myself in Marilyn's voice. "I am thankful."

I see in Marilyn the fruits of a thankful life. I hear her story, unique and universal, full of grief and blessing, and I sense the deep gratitude that is woven throughout every chapter. I witness how giving thanks, not only for the major events but also for the little moments, has woven together a life of fullness and joy. I have learned from my dear neighbor that real joy is never out of reach. It is never dependent on the next big thing. Joy is simply waiting to be found in the thanks given for all of our ordinary gifts.

by Tony Avent

### <u>Just one plant</u>

I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHEN OR why I became enamored with trilliums, but it was certainly at an early stage of my planthood...I mean, childhood. There always seemed to be something magical about these native spring ephemeral woodland perennials.

The published material I read as a child talked about their rarity and difficulty in cultivation, which I would later discover is mostly mythical. My first opportunity to encounter trillium in the wild was as a teen, when I accompanied the late Raleigh wildflower specialist Margaret Reid on her legendary, just-ahead-of-thebulldozer wildflower rescues. She was saving them from demolition because even by the early 1970s, patches of trilliums in the region were being replaced by malls and apartment buildings at an alarming rate. (Incidentally, Raleigh is only home to only two trillium species, the upland *Trillium catesbiae*, and the rarer, swamp-dwelling *Trillium pusillum*.)

So, what exactly are trilliums? Like hostas, trilliums are former members of the ginormous lily family. Recent DNA work sent trilliums, hostas, and many other members of the former lily family scurrying for a new clan. Even now, trilliums are being bounced around between several proposed new families, an ongoing DNA tug-ofwar.

Taxonomy aside, trilliums are named for their three leaves, which sit below a three-petal flower and atop a short stalk, usually less than one foot tall. They are spring ephemerals, meaning they emerge in spring, flower, set seed, and then go dormant before the dog days of summer arrive.

Trilliums are divided into two basic groups, the northern-growing, mostly pedicellate, green-leaved species and the southern-growing, mostly sessile, patterned-leaved species. Although these terms sound fancy, pedicellate only means there is a short stalk between the leaves and the flower, and in sessile trilliums, this stalk is missing. It's not unlike the difference between people who have a neck between their head and shoulders, and those football players whose heads appear to sit right on their shoulders.

The first Deep South trillium I grew was Trillium



*foetidissimum*, or Foetid Toadshade, shared with me by former orchid nurseryman Mark Rose, from a collection near Baton Rouge. I have since had the opportunity to study the diversity of *Trillium foetidissimum* throughout its entire range in Louisiana.

Prized for their foliage, *Trillium foetidissimum* and other sessile trilliums have beautifully camouflaged leaves that look like they were designed as props for the set of Duck Dynasty. Each leaf is pewtery-green, highlighted by muted purple spots and blotches. When the flowers finally open in late February, the petals are a lovely dark purple. In appearance, *Trillium foetidissimum* may appear similar to later-emerging I-40 Piedmont native, *Trillium cuneatum*.

I should mention the root of the name. *Trillium foetidissimum* is foetid. Indeed, if you stick your nose into the flower on a warm day, you can detect a distinctive wet dog smell, but trust me, it's not something that you'll otherwise notice.

In the garden, *Trillium foetidissimum* has proven to be one of the easiest and most prolific trillium species we grow. While most trillium species take seven years to flower from seed, *Trillium foetidissimum* will reliably flower for us in four years after the seed are sown. *Trillium foetidissimum* also clumps up very well in the garden, and after a few years, they are divisible, allowing you to share with friends or spread around the garden. But be sure to mark your trilliums with a tag or rock, so you don't oops...dig into the clump while it's dormant.

### ENOUGH

I want to write a love poem but we have Wallace Stevens' *Final Soliloquy*.

If I had a more fitting way to say I love you how would that change the shawl we've made, our lucky poverty, our god, imagination.

Or the fact we'll die likely one before the other, one left to live off the pabulum of memory, the other blind to the light of evening.

I'd rather make a dwelling without words. Here, now.





#### by JESMA REYNOLDS

#### photographs by NICK PIRONIO

A HOUSE ON FOUR LUSH NORTH RALEIGH ACRES has the presence of one built ages ago, when master builders and craftsmen devoted years of their lives to a singular project.

The homeowners, who built the French-inspired home a mere four years ago, would have it no other way. After 16 years in Raleigh, the couple was ready for the authentic house of their dreams.

They found the perfect property, then enlisted a local team – designer Jo Ewing, Williams Realty and Building Company, and interior designer Carson Clark – and described their vision. They admired elegant, well-built homes from the '20s and '30s as well as those they'd seen in Europe and wanted to achieve that same substance. They wanted attention to detail, and they wanted to use





the finest construction materials. Their new house also had to be warm and embracing, a comfortable place for the two of them and their children, two who are grown and one a teenager.

"Everybody in the project wanted it to be the best it could be," says project manager and owner Joel Williams. Two years of design and planning, then another two years of construction is what it took. That might seem unfathomable in today's age of *Extreme Home Makeover* and 24-hour builder blitzes that celebrate the ability to finish projects in ridiculously short amounts of time.

But this couple had time on their side. There were no hard

and fast deadlines, no urgency to complete. Their emphasis instead was on getting it done right. Williams credits the slew of talented contractors – "an exceptional group" – who collaborated to make sure the project was well thought-out and executed.

To walk through it today is to witness the realization of the homeowners' dream. The house looks like what it is: A timeless, thoughtfully-created home built to last. The feeling it evokes is unmistakably French. Clark and the couple looked to French architectural tradition to inspire paneling, ironwork, and other elements. The house also has the patina of age, thanks to the incorporation of several antique objects and architectural elements collected over the years, many of which served to influence the design of certain rooms.

A marble mantle found by the owners on trip to Paris and an antique *trumeau* mirror found by Clark set the tone for a paneled living room, a grand space that required three paint colors and a glaze for its seafoam walls.

Substantial oak doors from Tyecliffe Castle, a Palm Beach estate, were acquired at auction and used in several areas on the first floor. One with a Gothic arch now serves as the door for a red-lacquered, leopard-print-carpeted elevator. Beams from eastern North Carolina tobacco barns are used in the family room, taking away the need for crown moulding. Upstairs in the master bath, a pair of French *brasserie* panels above matching vanities bring their own elegance.

On the ground floor, a massive 18th-century vicarage door - complete with an oversized key that looks like something



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#### FORMAL VIGNETTES

Above Nestled in the corner of the living room is a custom banquette befitting a grand salon. Covered in linen velvet, the cord-wrapped back frame is a French upholstery detail. Paneled glazed seafoam walls frame the marble mantle and antique trumeau, both of which determined the spatial planning and aesthetics of the room.

*Opposite* A leaded glass window on the second floor landing frames a Juliet balcony. Antique flooring laid on the diagonal alleviated the need for thresholds between rooms.

*Right* In the master bath, a pair of French brasserie panels inspired the vanity design. The master bedroom is a sanctuary of calm and tranquility. The bed fits into a niche created by mirrored cases that lend useful storage.









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2





#### IT'S ALL IN THE DETAILS

Above The family room colors take their cue from the golden tobacco beams used in the ceiling. A saltwater aquarium is a looking glass into the kitchen.

*Left* An 18th-century vicarage door is the wine cellar's entrance.

*Right* A dramatic red lacquered elevator has leopard print carpet. The gothic door was purchased at an auction of Tyecliffe Castle, a Palm Beach estate.





straight from a fairy tale - serves as portal to a wine cellar and a notable wine collection. The homeowner is particularly enthusiastic about this feature, offering up the giant key to a visitor. After a few jiggles and twists, the lock releases. "What's behind the door is really secondary," he says.

On the main floor, designer Clark points out the kitchen and back hall's antique parefeuilles tile floors. Originally used as subroofing in France, the earthy terracotta hues of the tiles create a unique warmth.

The owners' love of natural elements is evident throughout the house. Stone of many kinds - from honey onyx to various marbles - is everywhere. "The movement and the way the light plays off of it...it's like artwork from God," the owner says.

Walls are Venetian plaster, a refined material with a polish and sheen of its own, requiring the time and expertise of skilled craftsmen to create. Marble dust is

mixed into liquid plaster, then applied in multiple thin layers. A vigorous burnishing gives a gleaming, polished look; wall corners are rounded.

Many of the rooms' floors are reclaimed oak, laid in a herringbone pattern in the more formal areas, and varying width in others. A custom iron work balustrade elevates the grand staircase into a work of art.

Details like these and fine craftmanship at every turn are evidence of the many hands that worked to realize the owners' dream.

Upon completion of the house, the homeowners invited everyone who'd helped in its creation and their families to see the finished project by hosting a barbecue.

With more than 50 guests in attendance, the homeowner stood to thank each worker individually, noting that person's distinct contribution. "It was a day of great joy and celebration," he says.





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### Sporting

## THE MAKING OF A STATE CHAMP Emilia Migliaccio is up to the task

by ANDREW KENNEY

photographs by NICK PIRONIO





It's silent on the fourth hole of MacGregor Downs in Cary. No wind, no birds, no golfers in sight – except Emilia Migliaccio.

The 14-year-old slips a pink fuzzy cover off the head of her club and lopes to the tee. She peers through a monocular rangefinder down the fairway, which drops for perhaps a hundred yards to a knobby knoll, punctured by the flag.

It's a straight shot, but the green seems like such an unforgiving target, with the land falling off behind it and a sand trap wrapping around its right side.

Migliaccio's up to the task. Her tournament wins qualify her as the best young female golfer in the state, and her coaches predict she may soon be one of the best young golfers in the country.



It's a new mantle, one she's just getting used to, the result of hard work. "I was working so hard the year before – I was struggling quite a bit," she says (though she had a stellar year). "This year, everything just came together."

She sets her ball and takes up position, cycling through a few half-swings and slow swings, looking from the tee to the distant flag a few times. Her mother watches, bundled up and quiet, having offered only a few gently prodding questions during this late-day practice.

Then Migliaccio brings the club way back, up above her right shoulder, and swings it down in a near-complete orbit, the club's head smacking the ball and continuing on through until it's up above her shoulders on the other side.

The ball flies up on a diagonal and above the tree line to disappear into a thinly clouded sky. Migliaccio peers after it, pink hat shading her lightly freckled, barely made-up face.

#### State champ

Now a freshman at Athens Drive High School, Migliaccio already has taken the 2013 state 4-A championship, high school's top division. Last month, the Carolinas Golf Association named Emilia Migliaccio one of its two 2013 N.C. Junior Players of the Year, alongside Will Blalock of Gastonia, citing her top 10 finishes in 16 of her 18 tournaments, including five wins and four second-place finishes.

But Migliaccio's talent wasn't always obvious. Chase Duncan, one of her coaches, says he knew she was good, but didn't see her as a star player for months after he took her on for private lessons a couple years ago.

"No, no, I didn't," says Duncan, 29, a former N.C. State



University golfer. "She did not stand out to me as a prodigy or anything. Nothing stood out," except that "she was a great kid. She had really good guidance from her mom. She paid attention, she listened well."

Migliaccio and her younger sister started young. Both got their first clubs about eight years ago, when they were 6 and 4 years old, respectively.

That wasn't unusual in their family, which is practically founded on golf. The girls' mother, Ul-

rika Migliaccio, left Sweden, where she was on the national team, to play college golf in Arizona. Golf is the default family activity when Emilia's grandparents and uncles visit. Her father has made a hobby of it, too.

Early on, Ulrika Migliaccio thought she saw something in her elder daughter's swing.

"Even in her early life, she hit it far and just had that pop

to the ball," Ulrika recalls. "You either have it or you don't. This game, if you don't love it, it's not for you."

But Emilia Migliaccio wasn't herded into the sport, her family says. Instead, she played steadily and diligently, fitting

in rounds and events between soccer practices.

'Golf is my favorite sport in the entire world, so why not play it for the rest of my life and make a living out of it?'

By the time she was wrapping up middle school, she faced a choice between the two sports. And golf, with its frustrating, addicting allure, had taken root.

"I just chose golf, because

of so many reasons," she says. "It's the individual sport, and you're the best because you score well."

That decision was the beginning of a tremendous and unexpected ascent. Soon she was hitting record scores. Winning huge events. Catapulting through the ranks.

But when Chase Duncan took her on, that was all in the future. What he saw wasn't necessarily great promise but a



flaw he wanted to fix: Her swing had a drift of about 12 degrees to the right.

They practiced for hours each week, rehearsing swings in slow motion, filming her in action and then talking about the ball's flight. The student learned to analyze herself.

The coach was learning about his student, too. It wasn't until last summer that Duncan realized Migliaccio's caliber. He was unfamiliar with junior girls' golf, and hadn't considered her scores remarkable – until he checked out the competition.

"I saw, this girl – she's 13, and she just beat 20 girls that are getting scholarships to play Division I golf," he said. And as she entered more events, he said, Emilia "kept winning and winning and winning."

#### Follow through

The ball is gone so long I think I've lost it. I barely catch its white gleam as it drops past the horizon, toward the green – and straight into the sand trap.

Migliaccio and her mother confer for a second. This part is hardest for many players: the deviation from perfection. Golfers can find themselves racked by the cruel, elusive temptation of the ideal line, and the knowledge that their own bodies and minds often are the obstacles. "Mathematically, it's simple," Duncan says of the game's physics. "Except when you have a human, susceptible to error, who has fears: Don't hit the trap, the rough ... it's difficult to play to your best, when, mentally, you're almost too invested in your result," Duncan says.

Nevertheless, Migliaccio's almost immune to that pressure, he says. She can leave the game on the course and go enjoy a Taylor Swift concert. ("We're best friends. We Skype," she jokes.)

Still, the young golfer hit a low point in October, halfway through a state championship round at Pinehurst. Shots weren't falling. Emilia trailed.

"Her front nine was pretty bad, for her," says Dave Snyder, coach of her high school team, a coffee-fueled man whose nickname is "The Bulldog."

"As a coach, I had to go out and tell her: Relax, calm down. Once she did that she just burned it up, smoked the back nine and won."

Maybe that lesson sunk in. Back on the MacGregor course, Migliaccio looks put-off after the ball hits the bunker – but then she returns to the tee to retrace the club's path.

"I felt my angle was wrong there," she says. "I felt in my swing I didn't finish my follow-through. It's OK. It happens."

A few minutes later, down in the sand trap, she again



runs her routine. She can't even see the hole – she's aiming at the flag when she pops the ball up.

A little trail of dust follows it out of the bunker, and it flies a few yards before landing gently just feet from the flag, barely even rolling.

Now she's smiling again. A gentle putt, and she has made par. She's happy with that one, she says. She'll keep this routine up year-round, honing in on a better and better score. With goals like hers, it's a necessity.

"I definitely want to play golf professionally," she says. "I plan to work a little harder each day to reach my goal. The only thing I can do is keep grinding every day and strive to reach my full potential."

### Describe one activity, ritual, person or thing that makes your day feel complete, and tell us why.

I know it sounds cheesy, but the only way my day is fully complete is when I practice or play golf. These last few days I've had drivers ed, and I've had to study for finals, so I've just not had the time to practice and it gets a little frustrating at times.

#### Do you get bored?

I get bored when it's the weekend and I come home from a long day of golf, but it's only 4 p.m. Normally I would go over to a friend's house or study if I have a big test coming up. But if my friends aren't home or I don't need to study, that's when I get bored. I usually just listen to music and catch up on my TV shows. It's somewhat boring, but at the same time it's nice because I don't get relaxation time that often...(music) helps me get into my own world and relax.

#### Besides golf, what else would you like to do with your life?

I would also love to be a motivational speaker when I get older, and motivate the youth on being the best and becoming successful. Not just in America but everywhere. There should be no reason for someone to make an excuse of why they couldn't be successful in something. I do take a speech elective where each person gives different types of speeches, one being motivational, and I just fell in love with it.

#### What is the highest meaning, or the best part, of sporting?

The best part of sporting is becoming friends with people that have the same goals and interests as you. I know, with golf, not many people understand the game and how hard you must work. Then you meet people who work hard like you and practice every day. It's nice to know "you're not alone," and there are people like you too. I remember my first time I was on the Carolina golf team, which was last summer. All the girls on the team were the sweetest, funniest people I ever met. It really showed me how great the game of golf is and how close of friends you can become with people.

#### How do you keep yourself focused? What distracts you?

I keep myself focused on everything, whether it's school or golf, by always picturing and thinking about my goals up ahead. I picture myself making the winning putt at the U.S. Open; that makes me practice harder. I picture myself getting an "A" on my math final (which is my hardest subject) and I study more. I definitely have those times where I procrastinate and I'm on my phone, but I've done a better job of turning my phone off when I'm studying and practicing golf so I don't get distracted.

#### What is your favorite color?

I'm an extreme girly-girl when it comes to my favorite color, which is pink. Always has been. My room, bed, clothes, golf hats, golf bag, driver shaft, earrings, bows are all pink. So if someone sees me, especially on the golf course, they can definitely pick out that my favorite color is pink. I love the color because it's such a bright, happy color and no one can ever go wrong with wearing a little pink.



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## <u>The Whirl</u>











#### ARTSPACE GALA

Artspace held its annual Collector's Gala Nov. 23 in its building on East Davie Street. It provides studio space to more than 30 professional artists. The event featured live and silent art auctions.

#### SUBMISSIONS For the whirl

Please let us know if you have pictures from your event for possible inclusion.

CONTACT Liza.Roberts@Waltermagazine.com

Please include "The Whirl" in the subject line.





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## The Whirl







Mr. and Mrs. Travis Woodie, Dr. Lance Landvater, Dr. and Mrs. Don Detweiler

**REX GALA** More than 600 guests attended Rex Hospital's annual gala Nov. 9 at the Raleigh Convention Center.



Martyn Easton, Laura Easton, Tina Burriss, Cindy Park,

Gary Park, Steve Burriss







Kendall Harris, David Johnson, George Sharp \_\_\_\_\_ John Mills, Tom Bradshaw, Robert M Mary Mac Bradshaw

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LOCAL FLAVOR A group of Raleigh entrepreneurs and friends gathered for cocktails at Furbish Studio Dec. 4. Folks from White Whale mixers, Humdinger Juice, Capital Club 16 and Furbish all raised a seasonal glass.

Micah Johnson, Liz Fabry

ila Marino,

eah Dorsey,





Keila Marino with chihuaha Izzie Hilton



Ann Dowdy, Taylor Meadows







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The V





MCCONNELL GOLF McConnell Golf celebrated its 10th anniversary with a President's Ball for 200 at Raleigh Country Club Dec. 7.





Bonnie Truelove, Michael Stephenson, Mary Stephenson



**GRAND OPENING** Quickly growing Needlepoint. com celebrated its new location on Hillsborough Street with a party in November.



hel





Sarah Yarborough, Victor Lytvinenko

BIDA MANDA NEW YEARS EVE Laotian restaurant Bida Manda held a fundraising dinner for Support Circles for Homeless Families at its Moore Square location on New Year's Eve.



Easterly, Allison Johnston, Nick Schultz, Vansana Nolintha





Macauley(Support Circles)





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Get the inside story by watching Walter Editor Liza Roberts with Anchor Anna Laurel on ABC11 Eyewitness News at 4 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 27th.

at 4:00PM



### at the TABLE

# Stanbury's Krispy Kreme bread pudding

Taking the "love thy neighbor" approach to heart, Stanbury chef Drew Maykuth has incorporated Krispy Kreme donuts (made fresh and hot a few blocks south) into a bread pudding.

"It's essentially a crème brûlée base, wrapped around donuts," Maykuth says. "Our customers love it, and it's very simple."

#### **KRISPY KREME BREAD PUDDING** serves 12

18 glazed Krispy Kreme donuts 2 cups heavy whipping cream 5 egg yolks 1/2 cup sugar 1/4 teaspoon salt

Preheat oven to 350°F.

Chop each donut into eight to 12 pieces and put in a buttered 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Bring cream to boil and set aside. Whisk sugar and salt with egg yolks until the sugar is fully incorporated and the eggs take on a light yellow color.

Very slowly pour the hot cream into egg mixture, a little at a time, stirring constantly, so as not to cook the eggs.

Pour the mixture through a strainer, and pour the strained mixture over donuts.

Toss the donuts to incorporate the custard mix, cover with foil and bake at 350 degrees. Remove the foil after 20 minutes, then continue baking another 15 to 20 minutes until the top has browned a bit and the pudding has set. When the pudding is lightly shaken, it should move together, and all liquid should be gone. Remove the pudding from the oven and cool for at least 30 minutes.

Stanbury often serves the bread pudding with coffee ice cream, whipped cream, and something crunchy, like chopped, chocolate-covered espresso beans. Seasonal berries are also a good complement.



#### continued from p. 83

acres and now has 22,000 permanent residents.

This may sound creepy, but I feel right at home at Oakwood.

When I was growing up, it was completely normal to be gathered at the dinner table and have my mother say, "I stopped by to visit grandmother today." Meaning, "I stopped by Oakwood Cemetery to say hello to your great-grandmother who died 30 years ago." Sometimes she'd drop flowers from her garden, other times she'd just drop by for a quick visit. At dinner those evenings, she would report her visit, as well as the friends she saw visiting their own deceased "family."

Perhaps her affection for Oakwood explains my father's regrettable birthday gift to Mom one year of two Oakwood plots. It was a dark day in our house.

These days, Mom has even more "family" to visit. My grandparents have now joined my great-grandparents, though my grandfather doesn't know it, as he was originally buried in Kinston (long story). Mother didn't want him alone, so she had him exhumed and brought to Raleigh. Poor guy will spend eternity at his mother-in-law's feet.

We tease our parents about this craziness, and yet there I was in Oakwood, helmeted, and on a Segway, soaking it all in.

The guides led us throughout the cemetery, stopping at various spots along the way. I remember as a child hearing my mother say that a Cherokee woman was buried there who had been shunned for her marriage to a white man (A. G. Bauer, the well-known architect of the Governor's Mansion). She died of a broken heart. Upon her death, he built for her a miniature Temple of Diana with a photo of her inside it. He killed himself the next year.

We also visited Berrien "Red" Upshaw, Margaret Mitchell's first husband, a real life Rhett Butler, killed in a bar room brawl. We saw Elizabeth Edwards' very simple headstone, which rests close to the massive sculpture at her son Wade's grave. Lizzie Bunker, who was a daughter of one of P.T. Barnam's famous Siamese twins, is there. (Side note: Those twins toured the world, and when retired, remained cojoined and settled in Mount. Airy, married sisters, and collectively had 21 children. Stop and think about that for a minute...)

And if you're looking for ghosts, there is the legend of the Ratcliffe Angel. The legend says that if you go at midnight and shine your flashlight on her face, she will stare right back at you. If she likes you, she'll flutter her wings.... Boo! I took my daughter and some of her friends – in full Halloween costumes – at dusk to view the Ratcliffe Angel.

Last stop, the grave of Karl Hudson Sr., founder and managing partner of Hudson-Belk department stores. Our guide told the group that Mr. Hudson searched the Raleigh area on horseback looking for the ideal location for Raleigh's first store. His grandson, our next-door neighbor, confirmed this. This was a relief, as I had sort of wondered if our guides made up trivia as they rode along.

Many of the names on the headstones may not be celebrities but are still familiar. Some are the same (perhaps the very same?) that you see scrawled on the brown packages of pressed items awaiting pickup at nearby Rollins Cleaners on Peace Street.

As our group toured the grounds, Dad and I agreed: We felt as if we were at a family reunion. Lots of people milled throughout the garden. Children laughed as they chased through the headstones. The maintenance staff buzzed throughout.

As we were leaving, Dad pulled alongside me, nodding in a particular direction of the cemetery. "Your mother and I are over there," he said as casually as if he were pointing out their new condo. And then our group hummed away.

Triangle Glides Segway Tours can be found at triangleglides.com.

If you are able to zip off without your guide noticing, park your Segway at the **Person Street Pharmacy** and enjoy Raleigh's sole surviving Fountain and Grill. If you notice that the chicken salad is being served from an ancient Tupperware container, don't be scared. It just means that it really is home made. Next, I'd suggest you glide over to **Escazu Chocolates**, tucked away on Blount Street, for a handmade confection.

#### Also worth noting:

Flashlight tours are offered every First Friday for a \$5 donation. Go to info@historicoakwood.com or call 919.832.6077.

And if you're in the mood for a thrill, Burning Coal Theater offers an evening Tour of Oakwood each May. I dare you!

#### » Staycation

### made in RALEIGH



"I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING that was locally organized and gave back to the community," says Raleigh graphic designer Ladye Jane Vickers. The result is the Deck of Oaks, a set of playing cards created to raise money for three local nonprofit organizations.

Each card features the work of a different Raleigh artist, including Bob Rankin, Sarah Powers, Pete Sack, and Shaun Richards. Each artist either selected or was assigned a particular playing card to design, then created and donated the work. They used all kinds of techniques: spray paint, pen and ink, pastels, photography, typography, and collage.

The cards are true to both Raleigh and

the artists who created them. Matt Tomasulo's six of diamonds, for instance, showcases his popular Walk Raleigh signs. A monkey merged with the Raleigh skyline is graphic designer Shane Smith's four of clubs. Mixed media artist Megan Sullivan's 10 of hearts features an acorn surrounded by 10 hearts.

"I told everyone they could do whatever they wanted," says Vickers, 36, who shares her unique name with several female relatives. The former curator of the City of Raleigh Museum, she has traveled the world with her job at Broadreach, a Raleigh-based educational program, and with a Kenya-based nongovernmental organization. She tapped into her network of friends and associates here to get the cards launched because she says she wanted to do something for her own community.

She put up her own money and asked Busy Bee Cafe and Trophy Brewing Co. to join her. Together they paid to print the decks, which sell for \$15. Every penny goes to one of three local charities, chosen by the buyer: Second Chance Pet Adoptions, where Vickers adopted her own cat; Helping Hand Mission, a nonreligious agency that fights poverty; or Toxic Free NC, which fights pesticide pollution in North Carolina.

Vickers says she was "shocked" that she was able to raise more than \$3,000 in the first day selling the decks at the Boylan Heights Art Walk in December. They are now available at Tasty Beverage Co. on West Davie Street and at Oak City Cycling on Franklin Street, which Vickers credits for helping her sell through her first print run of 300 decks.

For more information visit www.facebook.com/ deckofoaks or email lajavic@gmail.com



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