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Hatteras ISLAND

seems to drift, unmoored, in the Atlantic, although it's tethered to Nags Head by the bridge that spans Oregon Inlet. Thanks to our National Park Service, the vast majority of this fifty-mile long island is preserved in perpetuity for every human being to enjoy, something the original inhabitants of the region would have approved of, for they used resources reverentially, knowing that no man owns the land, that we are all here at the pleasure of Nature herself. A smattering of villages dot this barrier island, beginning with the contiguous triad of Rodanthe, Waves and Salvo, and then moving ever south to Avon, Frisco, Buxton and Hatteras. At Buxton, near Cape Point, where two temperamentally opposite currents collide, stands the island's signature landmark, the tallest lighthouse in the country. But the real giant of this island is housed in a single-story building sheathed in T-111 siding that faces Route 12 in Frisco. *continued on page 14*

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COVER IMAGE: Photo illustration by Doug Dobey from a photograph by Charles G McGuigan

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BRIEFS

Dot's Back Inn To Be Featured Again On Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives (Triple D Nation)



Left: Guy Fieri with members of his production crew across the street from Dot's Back Inn.

Right: Jimmy Tsamouras with a members of Guy Fieri's production crew just after the shoot.

THE DAY BEFORE DOT'S BACK INN

celebrated its 29th year as a neighborhood cantina and destination diner, Guy Fieri of Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives (Triple D Nation) arrived with a crew of gaffers, grips, production managers and directors who set up shop in the enclosed patio outside the popular Bellevue restaurant. This was Guy's second visit to Dot's Back Inn.

During his first year as host of the popular Food Network program, Guy featured Dot's Back Inn. This was back in December of 2008, less than a year after Jimmy and Daniella Tsamouras purchased Dot's from its founder, Cookie Gianini, who worked there as a hostess for years even after she had sold it.

One of the members of the production crew, just as they were wrapping things up, told me a bit about what inspired Guy's second visit to Dot's earlier this month. "It's kind of like where are they now?" he said. "What's changed since the last time we were here? 'You're one of the first restaurants I visited, you're one of my pals.'"

And across the street, Jimmy and Guy did look like pals, like old friends, both restaurateurs, having spent a good majority of their working lives in the heat of a kitchen, creating culinary masterpieces to satisfy every palate. Guy also visited Demi's Mediterranean Kitchen just across MacArthur

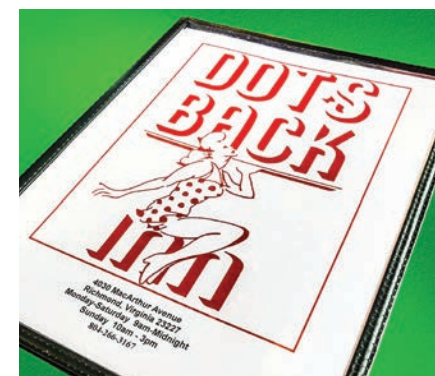


Avenue, another restaurant owned by Daniella and Jimmy Tsamouras.

Back in 2013, shortly before Dot's added the enclosed patio, Jimmy mentioned that first visit from Guy Fieri and his subsequent appearance on Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives. "That let the world know about us," Jimmy. "Dot's has become more of a Richmond name rather than just a North Side name. Dot's Back Inn is a little treasure hidden in the middle of a great neighborhood and the people here cherish it. They love to have their own little unique places that they can go to. And Dot's Back Inn is one of those neighborhood places."

That, along with quality, service and variety, has always remained the same.

According to the member of the production crew I spoke with, the new episode of D,D and D that will again feature Dot's Back Inn could be in production for as long as six months before airtime.



It's worth reading two recent postings on Facebook; the first made by the current owner, the other by the former owner of this Richmond mainstay.

"Happy 29th Birthday to Dot's Back Inn. Thank you Cookie Giannini for trusting me. It's been a hard and fun time. Thank you to all of the Dot's patrons and employees that have made this Richmond institution!"

"Happy 29th Anniversary to Dot's Back Inn. It had been a neighborhood beer joint before I opened September 5, 1990. Now Jimmy Tsamouras has grown it into a Diner, Dives & Drive-Ins twice-visited, National Treasure. Go by today and cheer 29 years!"

Dot's Back Inn
Sunday, 10am-3pm; Monday-Saturday, 9am-12am
4030 MacArthur Avenue
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BRIEFS



Glen Allen Day Fair at Meadow Farm.

Glen Allen Day Parade and Fair

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS now, Glen Allen Day has been ushering in autumn. This year's even will be held Saturday, October 5 at the Meadow Farm Museum and Crump Park in Henrico County. It's a day-long celebration of family fun and entertainment. And plenty of food.

It all begins at eight in the morning with a 5K run for people of all ages at Glen Allen High School. An hour and a half later the Glen Allen Day Parade begins at Mountain Road and John Cussons Drive, and continues west on Mountain, then enters Crump Park before coming to an end at RF&P Park.

And then the real fun begins on the sprawling grounds of Meadow Farm. There will be scores of booths and food of every description, along with entertainment for kids and adults alike.

The Glen Allen Ruritan Club will cook and sell pork barbecue, hot dogs and hamburgers, the proceeds of which will benefit the Glen Allen community. Along the Food Court you'll also be able to sample corn dogs, French fries and cotton candy from Clay Springs Ruritan Club; sausages, steak sandwiches and more from Glen Allen Super Market; kettle corn and hot dogs from Jim's Famous Hot Dogs; and ice cold treats from Bruster's Real Ice Cream.



Throughout the day Miss Sheri the Clown will make her rounds. There will also be face painting, airbrush tattoos, laser tag, a game truck, a live petting zoo and interpretative live demonstration of blacksmithing, farming and more.

There will also be musical entertainment on two stages, including sets by School of Rock, Mountain Highway Band, The Company Store Band, and Glen Allen's Got Talent.

The event is sponsored by Glen Allen Ruritan Club in association with Henrico County Recreation and Parks. **NJ**

For more information visit glenallden-day.org/glen-allen-day

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MUSIC

Richmond Folk Festival Our Region's Premier Event



Mississippi Delta bluesman James "Super Chikan" Johnson is among more than 30 acts that will perform at this year's Folk Festival.

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held October 11 through 13, featuring more than 30 different performing groups on seven live music stages. It is three days of sheer joy on the banks of the James River along Brown's Island and the American Civil War Center at Tredegar. Although it's free to the public, everyone attending should donate as much as they're able to the bucket brigades that wander through the grounds. Along with continuous music and dance performances, there is also the Virginia Folklife demonstration area, children's activities, a folk arts marketplace, regional and ethnic foods, and much more.

For the first three year's of its life, the Folk Festival was part the National Council for the Traditional Arts' National Folk Festival. Since then, the city has taken it over. Now in its fifteenth year, the Festival attracts tens of thousands from Richmond, and from across the country. Last year, more than 200,000 people attended the event.

For more information visit richmond-folkfestival.org

Master Fiddler Dennis Elliott at Stir Crazy



Dennis Elliott, master of the fiddle, will be performing at Stir Crazy Café from 6 pm till 9 pm on September 19 as part of the coffee shop's Third Thursday Music Night series.

Dennis, who was born in Louisiana and immersed in Cajun music, and developed a love for bluegrass and old-time music, is a true virtuoso, and not just on the fiddle. He moves easily among the strings from fiddle to mandolin and banjo to guitar. He's won the Virginia State Fiddling Championship three

times, and the Virginia State Mandolin and Banjo Championship three times. Along with many other awards.

Through his long musical career, Dennis has played with or been in warm-up bands for Bill Monroe, Brenda Lee, David Allen Coe, Earl Scruggs, Ernest Tubb, Hank Williams, Jr., Mac Wiseman, Merle Haggard, Patty Loveless, Ricky Skaggs Tammy Wynette, Vassar Clements and many others.

Stir Crazy Café, 4015 MacArthur Ave, Richmond, VA 23227. (804) 864-0264

Concert Ballet of Virginia Presents Its 44th Season




Scott Boyer, artistic director of the Concert Ballet of Virginia.

The Concert Ballet of Virginia, the state's oldest continually operating ballet company, celebrates its 44th anniversary year of providing unique dance opportunities for Virginians. Through performances of works from its repertory of more than 260 dance pieces, The Concert Ballet offers dance scholarships for aspiring dancers and performers, and makes dance programs available to community organizations.

"Nutcracker" workshops and tryouts will be held September 14, 21 and 22 at The Concert Ballet Headquarters in Ashland.

This year's lineup includes the Fall Repertory Gala at 2:30 pm on October 6 at The Woman's Club Theatre at 211 East Franklin Street. This performance includes popular works from The Concert Ballet's enormous repertory.

The Concert Ballet's full-length version of "The Nutcracker," hailed as "one of the best renditions in Virginia," combines beautiful scenery and bright, colorful costumes, and exhilarating performances. Performances of this holiday classic can be seen at Monacan High School Theater and at Atlee High School Theater in Hanover.

The Winter Repertory Gala will be held 2:30 pm February 24 at The Woman's Club Theatre. The Spring Repertory Gala will be held 2:30 pm May 17 at the same venue. 

For details, please call 804-798-0945, or e-mail us at concertballetofvirginia@yahoo.com

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Glen Allen Day



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BOOK REVIEW

The Power of Courage and Love

by FRAN WITHROW

OCCASIONALLY I have had the pleasure of reading one of Leonard Pitts, Jr.'s newspaper columns, always finding his writing thought-provoking and compelling. So when I discovered he was a novelist as well, I had to read his latest offering.

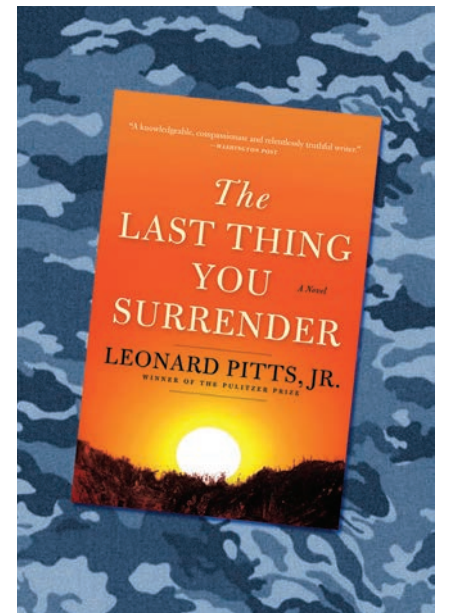
"The Last Thing You Surrender" is a spellbinding, gritty book, and you will find yourself captivated and engrossed from the first to the last page.

Pitts' novel is set in the World War II era and centers around three very different characters whose stories intertwine in ways they never expected. The intersection of their lives and that of other equally well-drawn characters will alter all of them forever.

George is a 19-year old white Marine whose life is saved by an African American, Gordy, during the bombing of Pearl Harbor. In the process of saving George's life, Gordy loses his own. Riddled with guilt, George returns home and meets with Gordy's widow, Thelma, who lives with her grandfather and older brother Luther. Luther hates white people: when he was nine years old and Thelma three, they watched as their parents were lynched in the front yard of their home. Unexpectedly, Thelma and George forge a connection based on their shared heartache, despite Luther's objections.

George returns to service and ends up a prisoner of war in a Japanese camp, where conditions are abominable. Back home, Thelma finds a job in a shipyard, stands up for an abused white woman, and pays a heavy price for doing so. Luther joins the army and becomes a member of the 761st Tank Battalion only so that George's father will attempt to prosecute the men who murdered Luther's parents. Each person eventually realizes that hate—and love—can transcend the color of one's skin.

Pitts does a masterful job of meshing the stories of these characters, unflinchingly describing the racism faced by people like Luther and Thelma, while also relating how people like



Thelma's white friend Flora Lee look past color to see the person inside. Pitts is dead-on in his ability to portray the thoughts and feelings of both his black and white protagonists, pulling the reader into each one's thinking with finesse. And while some issues are resolved by the end of the book, challenges remain. Where humanity is concerned, there is always more work to be done.

While this well-researched book addresses the horrors of war, racism, hatred, revenge, and the ultimate in human cruelty, it is also the story of how a person can rise above seemingly impossible odds to stand up for what is right. It is about the power of courage and love to initiate change. It addresses what connects us: our common desire for peace, dignity, fairness and equality. It ponders how one should respond when those things seem out of reach. What is the last thing you surrender when hope seems gone, when injustice appears everywhere, when the world has turned upside down? Pitts' book explores these questions with a deft hand. **NB**

The Last Thing You Surrender

By Leonard Pitts, Jr.

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Hatteras Island

ALWAYS A NATIVE LAND

ON A SATURDAY MORNING IN LATE AUGUST, the traffic was backed up from the Causeway to the Bypass, or North Croatan Highway, as they call it on the maps. Once on the Bypass, the traffic clipped along steadily until we reached the 9-milepost around Kill Devil Hills when everything came to a grinding halt. From there on down to Whalebone Junction, we inched, we crept, we crawled, making three or four miles an hour. But as soon as Route 158 became Route 12, the cars thinned out, many heading over to Roanoke Island to the right, many others heading to the beach road to the left. Straight ahead, our way, there were few cars, and the dense development gave way to old maritime forests and the brown sign that announced Cape Hatteras National Seashore, bearing images of the two iconic lighthouses that cap this national treasure—the striped one on Bodie Island, the candy cane-striped one on Hatteras Island. To the left we could see, far in the distance, some of the last houses along Old Nags Head Road, and to our right there were dense salt marshes of needlerush and salt grass, of cordgrass and sawgrass, glowing green and yellow in the silver light of that overcast day. All windows were down and the air was scented with salt and sea decay, rising from those marshlands that are the nurseries of all marine life in our part of the ocean world. Just beyond the Bodie Island light we began a gentle ascent that leveled out and ribboned through vast salt marshes, straddling land and water, and then the rapid ascent began to roller coaster heights overlooking Oregon Inlet, one of the most treacherous inlets on the East Coast. Only the most skilled charter boat captains can negotiate these waters that they call Hell's Gate. Shoals form overnight and the current is swift as a raging river. Even on days when there is no wind, it is a white knuckle passage. When we reached the other side where the old Coast Guard Station sits high and dry, surrounded by shifting sands that displaced the water years ago, everything changed in an instant. Magically.

Hatteras Island retains an ancient spirit, and the air is saltier and the foliage becomes tropical. Dunes are covered in sea oats and blanketed in colonies of these daisy-like flowers called gallardia, or, more aptly, fire wheels. The deeper south we get, the more live oaks we see, some of them ancient and strung with Spanish moss. And down here sabal palms grow in great profusion, dwarf palmettos with fanned fronds. There are also an abundance of prickly pear cactus and yucca.

For long stretches there is no evidence of human beings whatsoever, except our car and the asphalt beneath us. We pull into one of the parking lots and cross the dunes. The beach is wide and littered with shells and seaweed, and a driving wind comes out of the northeast and the ocean is as violent as if there were a nor'easter on the rise, the water brown and churning, and twelve foot waves that could snap a spinal column like a twig pound at the sand like hammers. When we get back to the car, it begins to rain and the wind pushes against our Honda-CRV as we head further south. We pass through the first three villages, and then travel through a long expanse of the National Seashore before hitting Avon.

The sky has cleared and the wind lets up. In the next stretch of public land, we check out the beach again. The wind is still whipping on the other side of the dunes and twelve foot waves slap the shore.

The house we had rented for the week was in Frisco,



just below Buxton, but check-in time isn't until six o'clock, so we head down to the village of Hatteras, and wander around a marina. By the time we get back to the car, the fresh seafood market we had seen on our way in, is closed, so we head back to one we had seen up near Frisco. While there we decide to get our temporary fishing licenses a package of squid, and bait, preferably bunker, for the crab pot I had strapped to the roof of our car.

This seafood market is set back from the road, and inside it is poorly lit. Behind the counter there's a man who is slow in his movements. His hand are thick, and he wears glasses. He weighs out three pounds of shrimp and bags them, then he takes my driver's license and my daughter's and he moves over to a computer. He taps at a key pad, striking one character at a time. He tells me my son, Charles, who forgot his wallet, will not be able to get a fishing license. Behind us is the only other patron. She is a petite woman with coal black hair and a tawny complexion and her features are chiseled. We smile at one another, and I ask if she'd like to get in front of us, and she says, "No," then looks down.

Five minutes pass. Then ten minutes, and the owner is still striking the keys at a painfully slow rate. The woman behind us leaves abruptly, and that's when I see all the references to the current president adorning the shop. There's a banner of Scripture over the counter. Hats for sale that bear the current president's name. My Charles studies me, then rolls his eyes. My daughter follows suit, and the owner still struggles with the keyboard.

Just then another woman enters the store, and I know who it is. I'd been staring at her likeness for almost ten minutes. In a photograph taped to the counter, this woman stands with the owner, who is her husband.

BY CHARLES MCGUIGAN

From behind the counter, the owner asks his wife if she had seen the woman who had left a moment ago. And the woman said this, “You mean that colored woman? She’s getting in her car.” Then the woman went outside and stopped the woman from leaving because the owner had just rung us up, handed over our fishing licenses, and handed me a bag containing the frozen squid and the stinking bunker. We would never enter that shop again.

We stop at a local market, pick potatoes, corn, a large onion, a lemon and a package of Johnsonville andouille sausage. The only other ingredient I need—Old Bay seasoning—is already packed among our things in the car.

We find our house in Frisco with little trouble. It’s on Snug Harbor Road and stands on twelve-foot stilts fronting a wide canal that empties into nearby Brigands Bay, a small arm of Pamlico Sound. After quickly checking out the lodgings and emptying the car, I unstrap the crab pot from the roof of the car, bait it with the rancid menhaden, just shy of being maggot-ridden, and drop it off the small dock where the water’s about five feet deep on a high tide. And then I return to the house. Catherine and Charles have already claimed their respective rooms and are lounging. A few hours later, close to nine, we feast on a Low Country Boil, and we can hear the wind whipping by the windows and a steady rain pattering the roof.

About midnight, with both kids sleeping, I step out on the deck. The rain has lifted and the clouds have thinned and because there is a new moon the stars are brilliant even behind the veil of thin clouds. I go down to the dock, and flood lights come on, activated, I’m guessing, by a motion detector. I pull in the crab pot and there are already five keepers, all Jimmies. I rebait with the remaining bunker, and drop the crab pot back into the water.

At sunrise I return to the dock with fishing gear, rod and reel, and squid. I strip out the squid, bait twin hook, and cast out. There is one strike after another, but they are small pinfish, which I throw back, one after another.

Across the canal there’s a vast savanna of spartina and other grasses. Throughout it there are old trees some white as driftwood, others, pines primarily, still green. Roosting on branches of these trees are eight great herons—snow white, large, long-legged, graceful in flight, with massive yellow beaks that strike fish like daggers. Every morning from then on, I see



them roost in this same grouping of trees, a sort of rookery, I suspect.

Catherine, who is training for a marathon, leaves the house at around ten for a five-mile run. Some mornings it will be nine miles, some days six. Charles is still sleeping and I let him at it until Catherine returns and then we eat breakfast, and are off for the day.

Along Route 12 we notice several signs that are printed with messages that are ignorant at best. One features a bird that is shaped like a clenched fish with all but the medius finger retracted. It reads: “Hey! Audubon Identify This Bird!”

On the other side of the same sign is a circle with a diagonal slash running through it superimposed over the letters NPS (National Park Service).

We all shake our heads, and then start laughing uncontrollably.

“Who hates birds?” I ask.

“Some of them might be bad hombres,” says Charles, and we’re all laughing again.

Catherine points out that it’s the National Seashore that attracts tourists. And I nod, and say that

if it hadn’t been for the National Park here the land would have been developed into gated communities and no one except the superrich would be able to see the splendor of this island.

We see other similar signs along the way, just a few, really, and they are almost pathetic in their ignorance and their anger. Late that afternoon, we pull into a gravel parking lot. There’s a stand there called Hatteras Snowballs with this tagline: “The Best Balls on the Beach.”

Her concoctions are really the best on the beach. It’s not crushed ice, it’s shaved ice, more like Italian water ice, and it’s available in a mind-boggling assortment of flavors. You can get it plain or served on top of a scoop of ice cream. The combo’s incredible. Margie tells us she served in the US Navy for eight years, raised her children, and has traveled widely. During our last day on the island, Margie will take me, my son and my daughter on a boat ride from Frisco down to Hatteras. Margie proved to be a skilled navigator, constantly watching the depth finder and running with the proper channel markers.

Later that afternoon, down in the village of Hatteras, we stumble upon a small graveyard ringed in old live oaks, each draped with festoons of Spanish moss. We



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read the gravestones. The name of the realty company we rented through is on one of them, and there is another honoring the memory of a woman named Cordelia.

Just across Route 12 from the marinas, we enter a seafood market that is owned by a woman of Native American descent. She is very friendly and sells us several dozen chowder clams raked from the sand that morning, which will end up in Down East North Carolina clam chowder that evening.

A little something about the house we rent, which is called Hook, Wine and Sinkers. It could easily sleep eleven, and is octagonal, built, I'm guessing, sometime in the late sixties or early seventies, to resemble some of the old light stations like Thomas Shoal Light in the Maryland waters of the Chesapeake Bay. A deck wraps around two-thirds of the house, so views are almost panoramic. And there's another advantage to those eight sides—there is plenty of natural light in every single room.

After dinner, Charles watches a movie, Catherine draws in a sketch pad and I move out to the deck, and staring into the black water of the canal, I see ripple upon ripple punctuated by great splashes as schools of fish move in to feed—speckled trout and red drum. Rather than going down to the dock, I simply cast into the middle of the canal from the deck itself. I hook into a small puppy drum, which I release, and then a two-foot long eel, which I untangle from the rig before releasing it.

In the morning, the sky is absolutely cloudless, and there is no wind at all. When I get into the great room I see Catherine asleep on one of the built in couches that ring the hearth. I don't wake her up. Instead I take a bike ride through the little development along Brigands Bay and its canals. On my way back I encounter a woman who has just finished jogging. She is stand-

ing by a very old live oak which grows in median strip less than fifty yards from the house we rent.

We talk for a while. She and her family come here every year. They're from Alexandria, Virginia and she tells me they think of Hatteras Island as a second home. She rubs her hand along the coarse bark of the tree.

"You know about this tree?" she asks.

I shake my head.

"It's called the Cora tree," she says. She invites me to inspect a massive hole in the central bole of the tree, and then tells me this story.

During the early eighteenth century an unmarried woman with an infant began living in a crude shack in this area of Hatteras Island, which at the time was called Trent Woods. For the most part, other folks living here just let her be. But then there were suspicions about the woman, and a rumor mill started grinding away truth. A cow Cora touched went dry. A little boy who mocked Cora's baby got deathly ill. Fishermen stopped catching fish.

At about that time, the brig Susan G ran aground in Brigands Bay. Her captain was a New Englander named Eli Blood who hailed from Salem, Massachusetts. Blood heard of the woman and became convinced she was a witch. Locals soon joined. They captured Cora and her baby. Cora was bound and thrown into the water. She rose to the surface. They tested her for witchery in other ways.

They decided this single mother was indeed a witch, so they tied Cora, who held her baby in her arms, to a large live oak. They placed dried branches and tinder at its base. But before Blood was able to light the kindling, the baby turned into a cat and fled to the woods, and out of clear blue sky a bolt of lightning struck the tree and Cora was gone in a puff of smoke.

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When I get back to the house, Catherine is just rising, and I ask why she hadn't slept in her bedroom the night before.

"I got scared," she says. "All night I kept hearing this scratching sound."

When she says this a chill ripples down my spine.

We look behind the baseboard of her bed and find an empty potato chip bag that makes a rustling sound to the touch. Something the previous tenants left behind.

We ride our bikes along an off-road trail that threads its way through Salvo, Waves and Rodanthe, and then we head down to the Hatteras Lighthouse back in Buxton. We walk to the beach, fish for an hour or so, and then walk around the grounds of the lighthouse, and visit the museum there.

I get talking with one of the rangers, who, like my daughter, has a degree in environmental studies. She pulls out a pamphlet, and shows me a magnificent passage written by a man named Harold Ickes, who was Secretary of the Interior under FDR. He was one of the prime movers behind the establishment of Cape Hatteras National Seashore. Here's what he wrote eighty years ago:

"When we look up and down the ocean fronts of America, we find that everywhere they are passing behind the fences of private ownership. The people can no longer get to the ocean. When we have reached the point that a nation of 125 million people cannot set foot upon the thousands of miles of beaches that border the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, except by permission of those who monopolize the ocean front, then I say it is the prerogative and the duty of the Federal and State Governments to step in and acquire, not a swimming beach here and there, but solid blocks of ocean front hundreds of miles in length. Call this ocean front a national park, or a national seashore, or a state park or anything you please—I say that the people have a right to a fair share of it."

"He was on the money," I says.

The ranger smiles at my reaction. "He was a real American hero," she says.

One of the very last places we visit on the island is a simple structure called the Frisco Native American Museum. We spends hours here, looking at the exhibits, and listening to the caretakers. In some very important ways this is the omphalos of the entire island, a place that everyone should visit, be-



cause it puts everything into perspective, and encourages us to learn from the wisdom of those who truly understood the delicate relationship we have with the Earth. That no one owns it, or any part of it, and that we are here because Nature permits us to be.

This unassuming building on a barrier island off the coast of North Carolina houses one of the most impressive collections of Native art and artifacts any-

where in the country. It's on par with the Smithsonian's collection. And the story of its creation is another story for another time.

As we make our way back up Route 12 and pass through the successive villages on the island, my mind calls them by other names—Kinakeet, Chicamacomico, Croatoan.

I say the words out loud, and they ring with authenticity. **NS**



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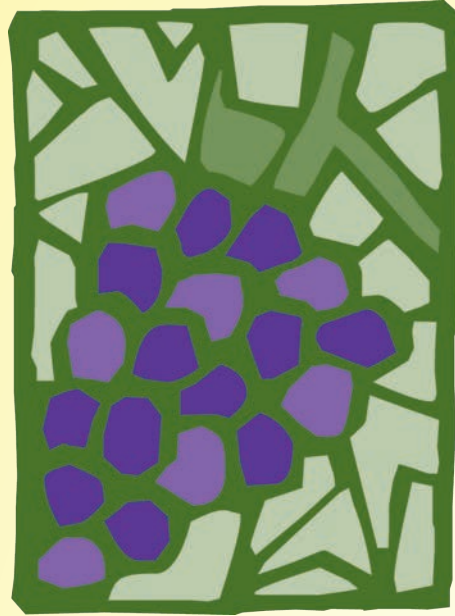


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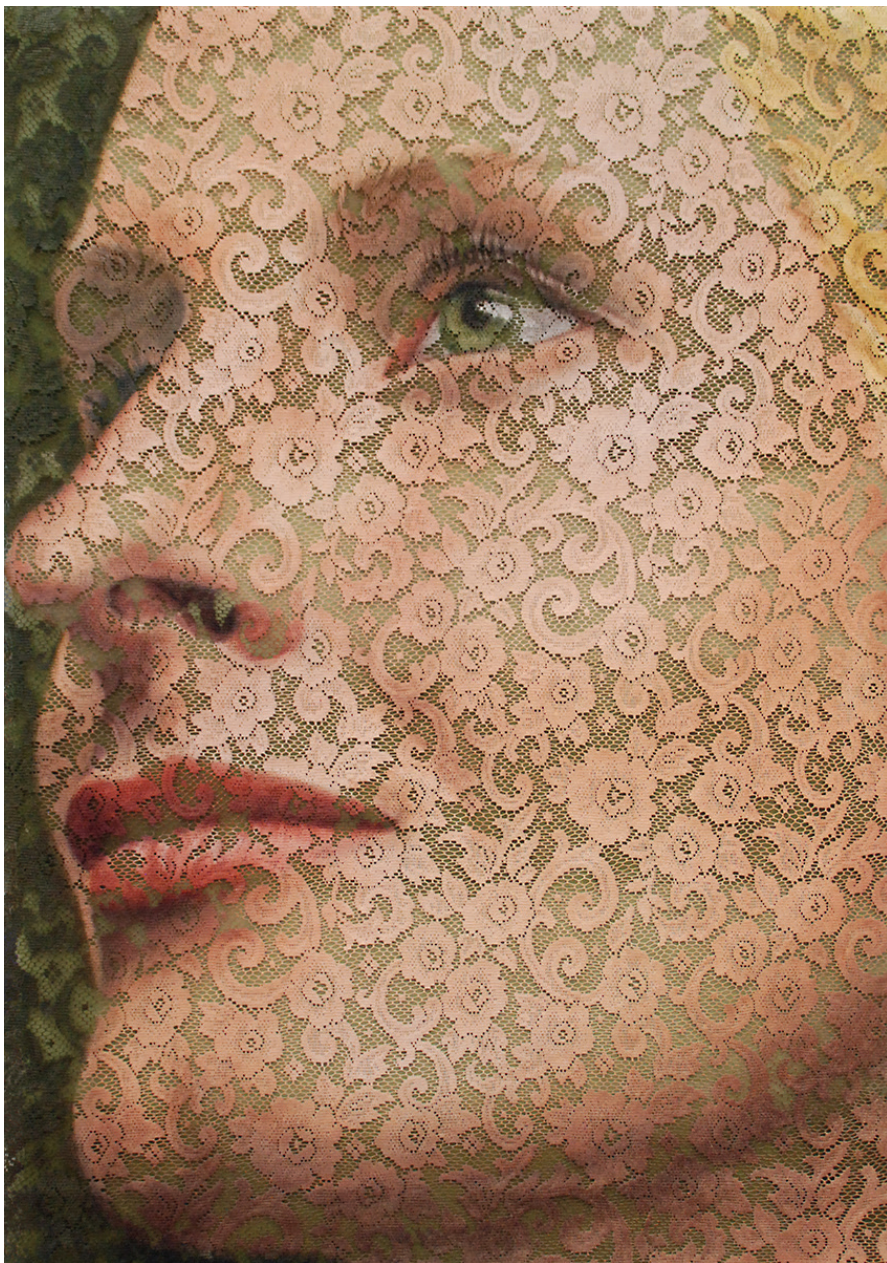
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Configuration Elizabeth Coffey Reverence 36x324 oil on gessoed lace and canvas.

CONFIGURATION At Glave Kocen

This figurative group exhibit features Elisabeth Ladwig, Nils Westergard, Elizabeth Coffey, Christopher Peter, Rob Browning, Stanley Rayfield, and many more. This exhibit highlights many artist's regularly rendered figures in unique ways. The gallery will also be featuring Benjamin Frey, whose multimedia work is whimsical and profound at the same time. "Underneath, I build up layers of collaged antique book pages, sheet music, stenciled images, and paint, resulting in a background that interacts with my drawings and adds depth to the interpretation of the piece," says Benjamin. Through September 28. Glave Kocen Gallery, 1620 West Main Street, Richmond, VA 23220 (804) 358-1990

Recent Paintings by Charles B.R. McGuigan

New paintings by Charles Brandon Rapp McGuigan are now on display at Northside's favorite coffee shop and eatery—Stir Crazy Cafe. Many of these pieces were inspired by a recent trip to Hatteras Island, North Carolina. "My paintings are two-dimensional representations of how I see the world," says Charles. "Just as my songs reflect the way I hear the world." Through October. Stir Crazy Café, 4015 MacArthur Avenue, Richmond, VA 23227. (804) 864-0264 stircrazycaferva.com

Rob Ullman's Sidewalk Sale at Stir Crazy Café

BELLEVUE ILLUSTRATOR ROB

Ullman will host a sidewalk art sale at Stir Crazy Café on September 21 from 10am till 1 pm. The creator of many of the Flying Squirrels T-shirt designs and the FUNNVILLE logo will be exhibiting his comics, books, stickers, prints and original art.



28th Annual 43rd Street Festival of the Arts is on September 14th

The 43rd Street Festival of the Arts has become as much a harbinger of autumn as the first scarlet leaf of fall. For the past 27 years hundreds gather each year to view fine arts and crafts in this juried show. This year 80 regional artists and craftsmen will show and sell their work from 10am till 5pm on Saturday, September 14 on West 43rd Street in the Forest Hill neighborhood, one of the city's first streetcar suburbs.

But this Festival of the Arts is more than an art show. It is an event that helps some of the most vulnerable members of RVA community, and celebrates, along with visual arts, our region's rich musical and culinary talent as well. Plus there's plenty for kids to do, including chalk art where the tarmac of the streets become an enormous canvas, and the works created by these inspired young people are worthy of gallery placement.

This community effort benefits CARITAS, an organization that works to transform lives and restore dignity to those in need. Artisans donate work for a raffle and proceeds of the artist designed T-shirts for sale help raise

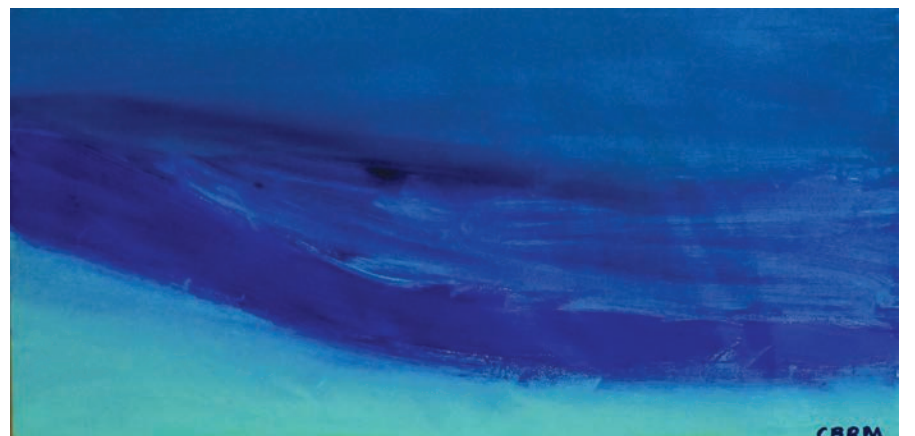
money for this worthy organization. Though the show is free to the public, donations can be made at each of the four entrances to the show. Over the past 27 years more than \$100,000 has been raised and given back to the community by supporting CARITAS.

Many of the artisans have exhibited their work at the festival since its inception. However, new artists come on board each year. This year's juried outdoor show will include paintings, prints, pottery, sculpture, jewelry, glasswork, and much more. Original works of art will be available for purchase, and exhibitors will be on hand to discuss their work.

As in past years the lineup of musicians is extraordinary. The Atkinsons from 10am till 11am; Tin Can Fish Band from 11:30am till 12:30 pm, Susan Greenbaum from 1pm-2pm, Bluz Catz from 2:30 pm till 3:30pm, and Janet Martin from 4pm till 5pm.

43rd Street Festival of the Arts
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Ocean of Emotion by Charles B.R. McGuigan on display at Stir Crazy.



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From street art to fine art, the 28th annual **43rd Street Festival of the Arts** has something for everyone. Limited to 80 artisans, it is a juried show of fine crafts and art featuring local and regional artisans. This RVA neighborhood festival showcases a unique selection of contemporary art, fantastic local musicians, and great food. It is a fundraiser for CARITAS. Free and open to the public.

BAND LINEUP 10am till 11am: The Atkinsons 11:30am till 12:30pm: Tin Can Fish Band
1:00pm till 2:00pm: Susan Greenbaum 2:30pm till 3:30pm: Bluz Catz 4pm till 5pm: Janet Martin



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ART

Matt Lively at HOBNOB, Inside and Out



Beecycle, mural by Matt Lively on the northern exterior wall of HOBNOB.

WORKS BY THE peerless painter and muralist, Matt Lively, will be on display inside and outside of HOBNOB, one of the Northside's most popular restaurants.

It was back in May that Matt worked his wonders on the northern elevation of the restaurant on Hermitage Road in Lakeside. Kristin Thoroman, co-owner of HOBNOB, explains how she and her husband contracted Matt to do the mural Beecycles on the façade of their restaurant.

"The project came about this spring after Matt came in for dinner at HOBNOB," she says. "We've always loved his work, and he loved our trout dip. We had a few discussions about the vision for the mural. In addition to the Beecycles, we wanted a nod to our specific spot in the Lakeside neighborhood, so Matt incorporated a rainbow of zinnias, which are now in full bloom in front of the restaurant."

Matt began the mural on Sunday, May 26, and, working with the fury of a god, had it completed in five days. "Richmond Time Lapse captured the entire process on film, so we still have the opportunity to share the transformation of the building," says Kristin. "The process was incredibly exciting. We had so many people stop by to watch Matt work and once the Beecycles

started going up, we had plenty of honking horns, thumbs up, and shouts of affirmation. Since then, we've had countless people stop to take a photo with the mural. One dad told me that his young daughter sees the mural every day on the way to school and she just loves it. It seems to be a real landmark in the community now and we are so glad to be a part of the creative culture in the Lakeside neighborhood."

It's also inspired at least one other Lakeside business owner to follow suite. Jonathan Axelle is considering commissioning a mural to be painted on one of the exterior walls of Axelle Auto Service on Lakeside Avenue.

And now, in a partnership with Glave Kocen Gallery, HOBNOB will be featuring Matt Lively's artwork in an indoor exhibit. The show will be on display from September 21 through November 23.

Make sure to drop by for the opening of the exhibit from 1pm till 3pm on September 21. You'll be able to purchase Matt's art and sample some of the great food HOBNOB is known for.

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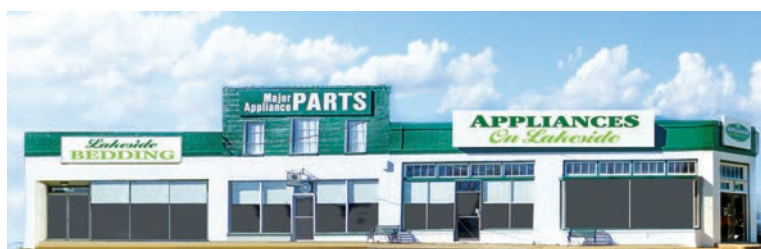


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