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November 2007
Vol. 11 No. 3
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PREVIEW

An Unforgettable Night of Jazz from: **The Pat Metheny Trio**

The most influential jazz guitarist of the past 30 years, Pat Metheny possesses "the most recognizable sound in post-bebop jazz guitar," according to Time Magazine and he will be gracing the stage at Brevard College's Porter Center for the Performing Arts on Sunday, November 4th at 7:30 PM.

Metheny has won 16 Grammy Awards and countless polls as "Best Jazz Guitarist" over the years and has played with such jazz legends as Ornette Coleman and Sonny Rollins and pop stars like Joni Mitchell and David Bowie.

Metheny is joined for this performance by the phenomenal bassist Christian McBride and drummer Antonio Sanchez. The three have been working on an album that is scheduled to release in January of '08.



Pat Metheny, photo by Jimmy Katz

If you go

Tickets to this incredible show may be purchased for \$40 from the Porter Center Box Office: 828-884-8330.

An Evening with Author Robert Morgan & Friends

Come spend an evening listening to music and stories with international author, Robert Morgan. As part of his 13 city book tour, Morgan will be reading from his new book, BOONE, a biography of America's Daniel Boone. The real story is more complicated than the fiction, stranger, and far more interesting. Morgan, recipient of the 2007 Award for Literature from the American Academy of Arts & Letters, grew up in Green River in Henderson County. He will be joined by storyteller, Karen-Eve Bayne performing short stories & poetry from his books and musicians Gary Ballard & Friends.

Books will be available at the venue prior to the show. Morgan will also be signing books at Mountain Lore Bookstore November 9, 3-4 PM, 408 N. Main Street, Hendersonville NC. The performance is free and is a fundraiser for the Green River Community Association and Library. For more information on this event, call 828 388 0247.

If you go

Robert Morgan reads from "Boone" a biography of Daniel Boone, November 9, 7:15 PM at Grace Lutheran Church, 1245 Sixth Avenue West, in Hendersonville, NC.

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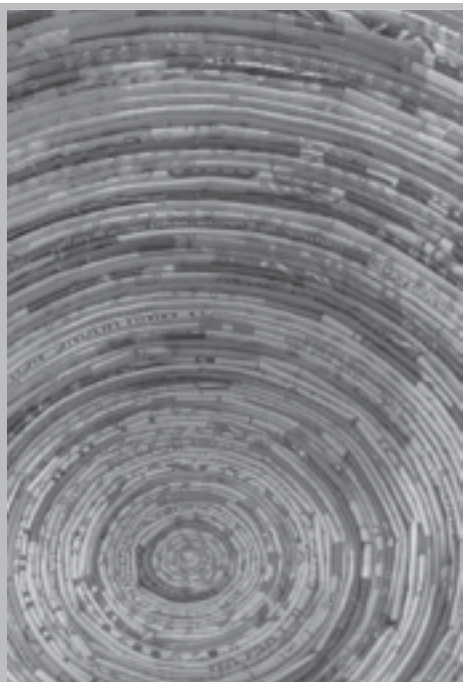
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COVER STORY

SIDNEY LUMET:

Still Going Strong at 83

For the best film reviews in WNC, see our expanded Rapid River movie section starting on page 21.

BY CHIP KAUFMANN



Director Sidney Lumet and actor Albert Finney working together in "Before the Devil Knows You're Dead."

2007 marks the 50th anniversary of the feature film debut of one of America's most accomplished directors. He is still going strong at 83, having just completed a powerful new film that will be screened at the Asheville Film Festival. The director is Sidney Lumet and the new film is *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead*, which stars Philip Seymour Hoffman, Ethan Hawke, Marisa Tomei, and Albert Finney.

12 Angry Men, a seminal courtroom drama about a deadlocked jury, was Lumet's 1957 film debut and it set the pattern for most of his films to come—serious, issue-oriented stories highlighted by strong, intense performances. He has always been known as an actor's director and has guided 17 different actors to Oscar-nominated performances with four of them taking home the top prize: Ingrid Bergman in *Murder On The Orient Express*; Faye Dunaway, Peter Finch, and Beatrice Straight for *Network*.

Sidney Lumet was born in Philadelphia in 1924, the son of Yiddish performers, and first acted on stage at the age of 4. He was one of the original Dead End Kids on Broadway and made his first film as an actor in 1939. But it was behind the camera that was his true calling, and starting in 1950 he began directing in the new medium of television. He made his stage directing debut in 1955, with the movie *12 Angry Men* following two years later.

The 1960s and 70s were good years for Lumet. His socially conscious performance-driven films such as *The Pawnbroker*, *Fail Safe*, *Serpico*, and especially *Network* (which won 4 Oscars) were critical and commercial successes. *Murder on the Orient Express*, based on the popular Agatha Christie mystery, showed that he could also handle more escapist entertainment as well.

Lumet's fortunes changed during the 1980s when his type of film went out of fashion. Movies such as *Prince of The City*, *The Verdict*, and *Running On Empty* were as good as ever but only *The Verdict* did top box office and that was because it starred Paul Newman. In Hollywood where "you're only as good as your last picture," Lumet was no longer a bankable director. That and his increasing age marked his return to TV until recently.

His latest effort, *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead*, which Lumet describes as a modern day melodrama, is based on an original screenplay by newcomer Kelly Masterson that was submitted to the filmmaker. It shows that he has lost none of his skills as a cinematic storyteller or as an actor's director. I'm sure that Philip Seymour Hoffman and Ethan Hawke relished the opportunity to work with Lumet for the first time, while old pro Albert Finney (*Murder on the Orient Express*) was happy to be back under his direction. The twisting tale of a

jewelry store robbery gone horribly wrong is as intense as any story Lumet has ever done, with yet another set of powerful performances. If you appreciate downbeat contemporary dramas with fascinating but flawed characters, then this film is a must-see. Anticipating keen interest in this film, the festival arranged for it to have not one, but two screenings. It's still advised you purchase tickets early.

If you go

Before the Devil Knows You're Dead, Directed by Sidney Lumet. Saturday: November 10 at 9:15 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. Fine Arts Theatre: Lower Auditorium.

Open Letter to the Asheville Film Festival Program Directors

The 5th Annual Asheville Film Festival is fortunate to be able to screen a new film by an American cinematic legend. Sidney Lumet has made over 40 films during his 50-year career and it would have been a terrific idea to show some of his other great films as well.

Perhaps in future festivals, the AFF can feature a retrospective of a well-known film director's career each year, just as they did with Ken Russell two years ago. Such a retrospective would be a welcome addition to the proceedings that would draw crowds, increase publicity, and enhance the Festival's reputation.

'Film Festival' continued on pg 25

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NEW EXHIBITS

From Concept to Creation a Product Design exhibit

The Appalachian State University Industrial Design program invites you to "from Concept to Creation," a Product Design exhibit at The Center for Craft, Creativity & Design in Hendersonville, NC.

The purpose of this show is to highlight the creative process that all Industrial Designers experience as they conceptualize, sketch, render and fabricate their designs.

During the "ideation phase," thoughts are transferred directly from the brain and "given life" on a piece of paper (as a concept). Original concept sketches and 3 dimensional (3-D) renderings (marker or computer aided) are all part of the 2 dimensional (2-D) design phase: the end result of this work germinates in a 3-D "expression" or object (example: an I-Pod or a chair). Featuring the designs of Appalachian State

University Students, Faculty and Alumni, this exhibit illustrates the journey that ideas take, exploring the "head to the hand" connection as objects move from conception to reality.

If you go

The Center for Craft, Creativity & Design
Exhibit Schedule: November 6, 2007
– January 25, 2008

Saturday, November 10, 2007
Gallery Talk, 4:00-5:00 PM /
Public Reception: 5:00-7:00 PM

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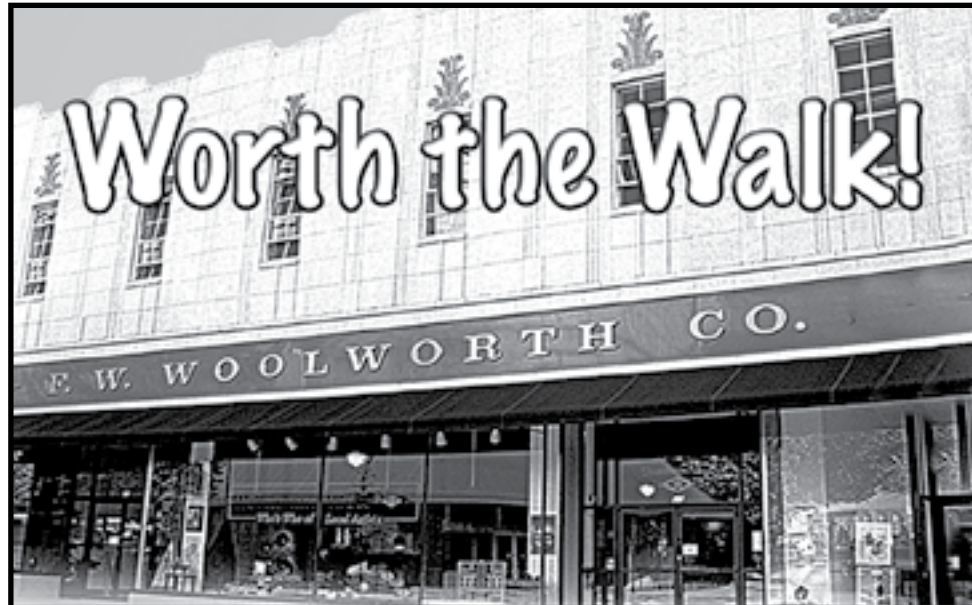
Beginning on November 10th and ending on December 18th we will invite the public to see the displayed ornaments in a special section of TAAS-Gallery. Votes will be \$1.00 each and there is no limit on how many times one can vote. 100% of vote proceeds go to Hospice of McDowell County.



Awards Ceremony December 18th

Immediately following the judges conclusion, we will hold the awards ceremony starting at 6:00 PM in the Fine Art Gallery. Come out and enjoy the program that will include a story teller, live music and presentation to Hospice of McDowell County.

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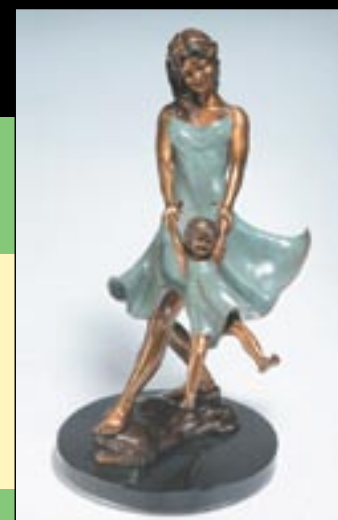
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FINE ART

Paintings by Felix Berroa at the new Spotlight Gallery

Through November, Grovewood Gallery in Asheville is featuring oil and acrylic paintings by award-winning artist, Felix Berroa, in their newly opened Spotlight Gallery. Felix, a Dominican Republic native, draws heavily

on his Spanish heritage when picturing his surreal, almost doll-like characters in abstract surroundings. His paintings are characterized by his use of brilliant color and stylized forms.

Inspired by folk tales, myths and religion, his major themes are those of one's journey through life, its impact on the individual, and one's ultimate destination. Felix predominately depicts women and children in his paintings because he considers them to be the most beautiful and tender beings and the givers and receivers of life.

Madonna and Child, acrylic and oil on canvas, 48" x 48"

If you go

Grovewood Gallery is located at 111 Grovewood Rd. in Asheville. For more information, visit Grovewood.com or call 253-7651.



Flora, Fauna & Landscape Photographic Exhibit

BY SUSANNA EUSTON

The Asheville Region of the Carolinas' Nature Photographers Association (CNPA) is pleased to present its 3rd Annual Autumn Member Juried Exhibit, November 19 through December 31, 2007.

The exhibit will be presented at Pack Place in Asheville, NC. It covers the Southern Appalachians' rich variety of breathtaking



Whitewater Falls
by Courtland White

landscapes, spectacular flora, and fascinating wildlife captured through the lenses of some of the region's most talented nature photographers. The photographs are for sale.

The Carolinas' Nature Photographers Association was founded in 1992 as a non-profit organization to promote nature photography in the Carolinas; to help conserve and preserve diverse natural ecosystems in the Carolinas; and, to educate others

interested in nature photography.

An additional goal of the CNPA-Asheville Region is to develop a community that will celebrate the beauty of nature through photography and promote an appreciation of nature within our region. This is accomplished through monthly meetings, regularly scheduled photography outings, educational seminars, workshops, and exhibits of members' work. For more information visit the CNPA-Asheville website at www.cnpa-asheville.org.



Craggy Summer Garden by Les Saucier

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Teapot by Kaaren Stoner

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PERSPECTIVE

I'm a Veteran and I'm Quietly Proud of My Service

I am brother to millions of men and women, from the French and Indian War to the War on Terror, who stepped forward to answer the call of duty. A call heard by many but answered by few. A call answered by Americans of every race, color and creed, Americans who believe in their country, Americans who are willing to risk their very lives not only to protect their fellow citizens, but also to protect the ideas of liberty that make us the United States of America. These seemingly ordinary people want little more than the honor of serving with and standing beside those who also answered the call.

Veterans are not hesitant to stand at attention at the playing of the National Anthem, because they've looked over the ramparts and seen the bombs bursting in air. They feel in their very souls the rush of all the blood ever spilled to keep that flag there. And they cry when that flag is burned or otherwise desecrated.

Veterans salute the flag from wheelchairs, with prosthetic limbs and from hospital beds because they know that every drop of blood they spilled was a drop of freedom to fertilize the very essence of their country. They know when they salute the flag that every man and woman that shed blood for this country is saluting them back. And that it is the greatest honor to give and receive that salute. And they cry when a flag passing in a parade is met with glazed eyes or apathy.

Veterans, American warriors, are the life blood of this country. It is from their willingness and determination and courage that the foundations of a free people grew and, that documents like the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights and the Constitution were born. Two hundred thirty-one years later, it is their willingness and determination and courage that continue to keep us a free people. Keeping us free is a duty for which veterans are rightfully proud. And they cry when Americans make comments against this country and forget the sacrifices that are necessary to keep their country free.

The Oath:

I, (full name), do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office in which I am about to enter. So help me God.

Not all veterans see combat. Most don't. Whether or not they see combat is irrelevant. The fact that these young men and women stepped forward and raised their right hands is proof enough of their willingness, determination and courage. This makes them special, even if they

times of recognition our chests tighten with memories of the sights and sounds and smells of battle and with our silent grief for those who have fallen. These are not times of celebration, but rather times for quiet remembering.

Many veterans have Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. They watch, on TV or movies, stories about poor veterans who suffer from PTSD and how they got it from battle trauma, as if it were a virus to which civilians were inoculated. Do veterans suffer from it? Yes. Do they get it from the trauma of battle? Yes. But veterans don't see it as something they became infected with—they believe they earned it—by facing down the enemies of this country.

They earn it every day by keeping alive, in their hearts, the faces of the dead, the enemies, the battles, the horror, the pain, the anguish and the triumph. They earn it every day by remembering the places, the adrenaline, the fear, the jubilation of victory and of course when their eyes close, they remember the feel of a dead friend's bloody hand in a leech-filled, no-name rice paddy or on the beaches of Iwo Jima or Normandy or Inchon or at the Chosin Reservoir or a wadi in Iraq or perhaps on a rock outcropping in the Hindu Kush. But they do remember, lest those who didn't answer the call, forget.

When veterans get out of the military, they just want to do what ordinary people do. They get married or divorced, get jobs, start businesses and build homes. Some fall on hard times, they go to jail, they become homeless. But they all just want to be normal. They

BY LONNIE DARR

don't want to put a flag up in their front yards and have you salute them every time you pass.

Veterans hate to ask for help and this often prevents them from seeking the help they need to cope with their memories. They have trouble making friends. They dislike crowds. They try to sit in a corner at a restaurant. They find simple everyday tasks difficult, even though earthquakes and plane crashes are a piece of cake. They may stare without emotion at the victim of a car accident and then start crying at a TV commercial. They often sit and stare at the horizon, a familiar act, this looking far away, as if listening to a whisper from the past.

The foundation of who we are as Americans began with veterans. Young men and women, who left the safety and warmth of their homes, placed themselves in harm's way that they might protect and defend their homes, their country and their flag. They were required to work with other people of all shapes, sizes and colors — they learned discipline and honor and pride, courtesy and respect and teamwork. And they learned that self respect begins with responsibility and that responsibility is born of self-sacrifice.

These young veterans left the service and became part of the civilian population. It is from these trained and honorable people, these unassuming men and women, that the United States of America, still stands with a moral and honorable core.

My hope, for those of you who think of the word "veteran" only once a year on November 11, is that you would take a quiet, peaceful moment to look around at the beautiful country you're in and begin to understand the price veterans have paid for your quiet, peaceful moment.

I am a veteran and I am quietly proud of my service.



SSgt Lonnie Darr at Khe Sanh, Vietnam, 1967.

don't acknowledge it.

Veterans rarely seek recognition and are embarrassed and occasionally break into tears when they get it. They often wear a mark of their service. These caps, pins, patches or shirts are not for identification by the general public, but rather to identify themselves to other veterans. For me this recognition usually comes in the form of "Semper Fi," "Hey, Marine," a salute or a nod of respect. If a veteran wants more recognition, he or she goes to a Native American powwow, or waits till Memorial Day or Veterans Day, or in my case, the Marine Corps Birthday — that special day, November 10th, when Jarheads crawl out of the woodwork all over the planet to call each other, just to say "Semper Fi". At these

Veterans who need help can contact the VA Medical Center at 1100 Tunnel Road in Asheville. Call: (828) 298-7911.

The vet center for this area is the Veterans Center in Greenville, S.C. It does not require any paperwork and accepts walk-ins. Call (864) 271-2711.

Lonnie Darr is a Marine veteran of Vietnam. His photography and digital art expresses his love of nature and preserves the remembrances of American veterans. You can reach him by email at semperfi@sempermc.com or through his website at www.3corpsimages.com.

FINE ART

7th Annual Weaverville Art Safari

BY ADA DUDENHOEFFER

The Weaverville Art Safari is a map guided driving tour of artists studios. A biannual event now in its 7th season, the Safari takes place on November 3-4 from 10am-6pm each day.

Safari goers may choose from a list of over 40 destination studios both in the town of Weaverville and tucked away in the countryside communities of Weaverville, Barnardsville, and Alexander. It is an opportunity to meet professional artists, purchase work directly from the makers and learn the details of their creative processes.

The impressive list of art and craft studios on the tour includes a wide range of options including potteries, glass studios, wood shops, metal shops, and painters abodes. In addition to the studio destinations, galleries and shops such as Miya and Preservation Hall are Safari stops where a selection of artists' work can be seen.

The opening event for the Safari is a festive meet-and-greet/silent auction known as, The Weaverville Art Safari Preview Party. This fall the preview party takes place November 2 from 7-9pm at the Reems Creek Golf Club in Weaverville. It is a semi-formal affair which features a cash bar, heavy hors d'oeuvres, and a silent auction of work by members of the Safari. Tickets are \$10 at the door.

The Weaverville Art Safari is produced twice annually by an informal cooperative association of artists. It offers an intimate glimpse into the life and work of Appalachian artists in the Mountains of Western North Carolina. It is a fun weekend adventure into the coves and over the mountain sides north of Asheville, as well as an opportunity to appreciate the art and crafts produced there.

Specific details including printable maps and information about the participating artists are available at www.weavervilleartsafari.com. The weekend of the event, maps and detailed directions can be found at the information tent located on Main Street in Weaverville.

If you go

The 7th Annual Weaverville Art Safari
November 3-4, 10 a.m. – 6 p.m. each day.



Susan Hutchinson
Wrought iron and
fused glass formed
into elegant home
furnishings.



Howard Atwood
Hollow log birdhouses
trimmed with black walnut
slices, acorns, curly willow,
dry flowers & barnwood.



Tom Hoxie
Tom designs and
handcrafts fine
furniture in his
Weaverville studio.

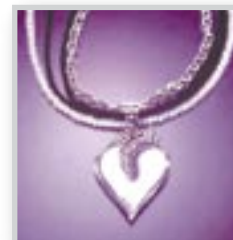


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Carolyn Boyd
Reduction-fired stoneware pottery for
everyday use in the home and garden.

Suzanne
Q. Evon
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with colored
gemstones
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BILTMORE VILLAGE

Local Expressionist Painters in Biltmore Village

BY SARAH MEAD

Two modern expressionists, Margaret Katz Nodine and August Hoerr, who have both been influenced by the European Expressionists, are being featured in Biltmore Village at Bella Vista Art Gallery.

Expressionism is not a style but rather a de-emphasis on depicting the world as we observe it, and instead focusing on how the subject makes the artist feel and respond. Expressionists portray these feelings by distorting, exaggerating and embellishing their subjects. They differ notably from Realists who try to capture a true representation of their subjects. In addition, Expressionists should not be confused with impressionists who distill a spontaneous fleeting subject down to it's simple essence or impression. The focus of Expressionists is how the subject makes the artist feel, whereas Realists and Impressionists are trying to depict something that everyone might see or feel.

Margaret Nodine's neighbors and acquaintances in Leicester and surrounding Buncombe County, where

Expressionists should not be confused with impressionists who distill a spontaneous fleeting subject down to it's simple essence or impression.

she moved 7 years ago from Atlanta, serve as the Norman Rockwell centerpieces of her paintings. The big difference between Margaret and Norman is how she borrows the Austrian Expressionist Egon Schiele's notion of charged angular distortion in place of idealized beauty to portray the subjects of her fascination. Norman Rockwell portrayed the idealized images of salt-of-the-earth people who we would recognize if we met them after seeing his portraits of them; Margaret Nodine portrays the hidden inner personal relationships that she experiences as she gets to know those human beings. The distortion is such that she is almost shocked if her subjects actually recognize their own portraits.



**"From General to Specific"
by August Hoerr**

Margaret's edgy charged scene in "Impasse" is a story with multiple strings pulling at your brain. The hulking passive male and the stony fisted, tight-jawed female with weary bags beneath her eyes just beg us to intrude into their moment with questions and opinions. This transforming moment when a relationship teeters on the precipice makes the viewer swallow hard with empathy. Margaret masterfully drops the details into the recipe that comes together to draw the viewer into the drama. It's a piece that bears the test of time, where the hope, and failure, of a relationship are dangled like shining options in front of us. When we are old and have



**"On the Town"
by Margaret Katz Nodine**

come to peace with the demons of our relationship we can still look at this piece and remember the moments when it could have ended.

On the other hand the two gangly woman relaxing in a booth in Margaret's piece "On the Town" fill us with a sense of almost anonymous familiarity and comfort. Two friends, probably lovers, who are watching us watch them. Like lionesses languishing on the shores of a weekend, in a bar perhaps, soaking in the ambiance and feeling good just to be next to each other as they breathe in the same air. Their calm transfixed stares talk to their presence in the moment.

August Hoerr zooms his lens in closer than Margaret, and focuses on individuals rather than relationships. He draws up close and quietly to his subjects, listening to them breathe, talking gently with them about their dreams and their drives. Listening like a doctor to them exhale and inhale until

he hears the echo in their souls. What he paints for us is the light that he sees within them and what he produces is a likeness not just of their external appearance but of their essence as well.

August Hoerr was influenced by the Russian expressionist Chaim Soutine, whose thick impasto brush strokes became a recognizable characteristic of French art in the 1920's. August's brush strokes while emotional in appearance are layered onto the canvas in a sophisticated and controlled storm of expression. Another influence on Hoerr was the

German, via Britain, expressionist Frank Auerbach whose images of friends and familiar people are not portraits but rather distortions of reality that aim to capture the core of the "human presence". Like Auerbach, Hoerr reworks his pieces laying down multiple layers of paint which build, in some of his pieces, to an unexpected depth and thickness that give



"Impasse" by Margaret Katz Nodine

them a very three dimensional appearance when viewed up close.

August's piece "From General to Specific" snatches your eyes from across the room with it's bright floral colors against an even lighter background. The uncontrolled locks of hair and deep eyes of his subject which are so clear from across the room break down into flashes of intense colors built up from thick layers, and crevices, as the viewer draws

What August Hoerr paints for us is the light that he sees within his subject.

up next to the canvas. Set in it's floating frame the image of the young woman shines outward with a light from deep within her persona.

The European expressionist's bold and exciting rebellion from the mainstream representative images of their day resonates through both August Hoerr and Margaret Katz Nodine. Both artists speak of writing an essay about their subjects not with words but with their brush or palette knife.

THE ARTFUL HOME

Renew a Guest Room in Time for the Holidays

Marble Techniques and More

BY ROXANE CLEMENT

You've impulsively invited your cousin for Thanksgiving and you're looking forward to cooking together, but your guest room is in serious need of sprucing up. Here's one way to transform that drab space into a room where anyone would feel welcome.

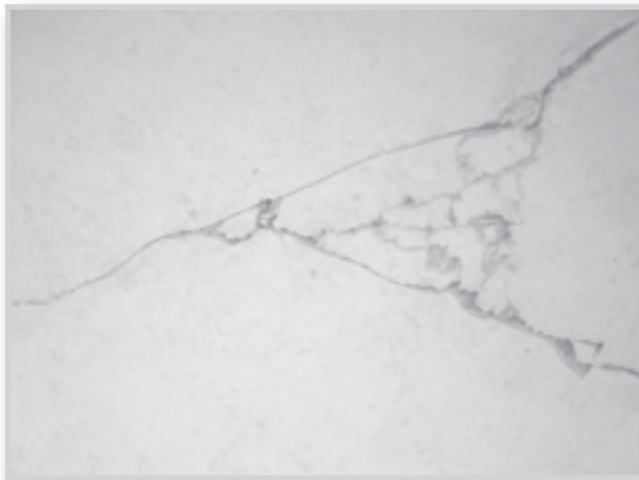
You can create an elegant, cohesive look by painting your mis-matched, garage sale bedside tables and dressers the same color and painting their tops with a Carrara marble faux finish. Allow at least five days to complete this project, because you will want each step to cure before applying the next. Each step should only take a few minutes.

- 1) Prime furniture with a pigmented shellac to prevent any bleed-through. Paint pieces with a good semi-gloss paint in a color that will add some real personality to the room.



Clean the tips of the bristles frequently with a damp rag while working with a softening brush.

- 2) Base coat the tops of your furniture (including the edges of the wood) with an off-white semi-gloss paint.
- 3) Mix a pale grey glaze using acrylic artist's paint and a 1:1 mixture of glaze and water. Using a damp sea sponge, sponge the entire surface with the glaze, then lightly flick a softening brush over the glaze in every direction. This step should just give a subtle impression of color and texture.
- 4) Once this dries, add black acrylic paint to the original glaze mixture,



Tabletop painted in faux marble technique. Notice the network of fine veins with varying thicknesses.

"Create an elegant, cohesive look... with a Carrara marble faux finish."

and, using a small chisel brush, paint a network of fine veins over the surface, twisting and manipulating the brush to vary the thickness of the veining. These "veins" are like faults running through stone, so they will be straight and jagged, not curving.

- 5) Remember to carry the veins down the edge of the surface as well. Where they cross, envision stones shattering in that area and paint in smaller stones.
- 6) Using your softening brush, flick the bristles lightly over the veins in one direction to give them definition. Allow this step to dry at least 24 hours.
- 7) Using a foam roller, apply 3 or 4 coats of acrylic gloss varnish, lightly sanding each coat with wet 600 grit silicone sandpaper.
- 8) To smooth and toughen the finish even more, apply a good car polish such as Turtle Wax and buff it off.

Marble techniques can take a bit of practice, so if you're not happy with the look of yours, place a lamp strategically on top of one problem area and a box of tissues over another--and when your guests leave, wet sand and base coat it again and start over. If you want to add more subtlety to the veining, keep a clean, damp sea sponge in one hand while you

paint the veins and use the sponge to break up the veins to make them look more "stony."

If your guest room furniture hails from Ikea, its modern look may not go well with marble. Here's a quick fix for such rooms. Mark off and paint an area of the wall the width of the bed behind the headboard, carrying the color up and over 2 or 3 feet of the ceiling -- to create "canopy" of color. If you're feeling creative, mix 2 glazes, one with a bit of white paint and one with a bit of black, and paint alternate stripes a few inches apart along the painted ceiling and down the painted wall to create the impression of folds of fabric.

Now that you've got your guest room finished, you've got plenty of time to imagine everyone gathered happily around the dining room table...hmmmm, wouldn't the dining room be so much more inviting with a new look?

"If you're not happy with the look... when your guests leave, wet sand and base coat it again and start over."

Next Issue: Add Drama to Your Dining Room



**Professional Decorative Painter
Roxane Clement of Asheville.**

Decorative painter Roxane Clement spent ten years in Raleigh, NC as a theatre set painter and lighting designer. She graduated with distinction from the prestigious Decorative Restoration Program of the City and Guilds of London Institute at A-B Tech and taught Decorative Painting there for two years.

She has worked on numerous restoration projects in Asheville including the Smith-McDowell House, the Biltmore Estate, and the A-B Tech library. Her decorative painting business specializes in stone effects and wood graining. Contact her at Rmclement2001@aol.com

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MUSIC

SPINNING DISKS – NOVEMBER CD REVIEWS BY JAMES CASSARA

Be it given one star of five if it's mentioned in this column rest assured it is worth hearing. Be sure to support any of our fine independent record shops and tell them Rapid River sent you!

John Fogerty
Revival

First, a brief history lesson: Shortly after the highly acclaimed 2004 release of *Déjà Vu All Over Again*, Fogerty's fifth solo album, the former CCR front man parted ways with his long time home at DreamWorks; given that artists frequently switch labels the move seemed at the time of relative unimportance.

At that same time Fantasy Records, who still held the rights to Fogerty's Creedence material, was sold to Concord Records, a label more amenable to the artist and his history. Concord sought to make amends with Fogerty, quickly signed him to the label, and Fogerty seemed to suddenly rediscover his glorious past.

After decades of refusing to perform CCR songs he began not just playing them in concert but even released a compilation blending his Creedence hits with solo material. It was a welcome return for all involved – so welcome that Fogerty continues to push this re-acceptance of Creedence on his latest effort. Its very title, of course, echoes CCR – and Fogerty goes out of his way to stoke those comparisons by writing "Creedence Song."

So while it's possible to oversell this return to the fold as a massive shift in sound and aesthetic, in truth it's an imperceptible change, at least in terms of pure sound. Fogerty may have shunned Creedence, but only in terms of songs: he never ran away from the sound. So, anybody expecting *Revival* to be a big change in direction might well be disappointed; it has a similar feel to many of his other records – a relaxed vibe that cajoles, teases, but never quite grabs.

Even if the acceptance of Creedence hasn't made much of a difference in terms of sound, it does have an effect on Fogerty as a writer, as he attempts to recapture the vibe of his '60s stuff, tapping into the charged political vibe of "Fortunate Son" and "Who'll Stop the Rain" in particular. *Revival* spills over with topical songs, both metaphorical ("Gunslinger") and overly literal ("Long Dark Night") in which Fogerty takes easy aim at those running our fair land.

Sometimes his missives lack grace – impassioned though it is, the name-calling in "Long Dark Night" is clumsy

and obvious – but there's a real fire to his writing here, turning this disc into a missive as immediate, effective, and telling as Neil Young's *Living with War*. Like that album, it does feel like the work of an old pro, in how the music is lived-in and simple. And like that album much of *Revival* seems a bit forced, as if Fogerty is longing for an era he knows will never come again.

This is hardly a new wrinkle; Fogerty has always been nostalgic. In his younger days he romanticized America's past, creating a world that likely didn't exist, but his visions were all the more alluring because of their fantasy. Perhaps it was inevitable that as he aged, he'd turn to romanticizing his own past, yet it's still odd to hear him embracing the "Summer of Love" when he never, ever was part of the scene in San Francisco; knowing this, it kind of gives away the artifice behind his creation.

Still, artifice can be a crucial part of art, and Fogerty is an uncannily sharp musician in how he can mold the past to fit his own world. It's a balancing act and even if the world-weariness drags down some of the rest of the album, this is nevertheless his strongest collection in years, standing proudly against *Centerfield* as one of his best. Which may be the reason that Fogerty and his new label are playing the Creedence card so hard: it will hook listeners into an album they'll love even before hearing. ★★★1/2

Super Furry Animals
Hey Venus!

Some five years ago this Welsh trio began exploring a wide sonic world, eventually drifting far out into orbit with albums like *Rings Around the World* and *Phantom Power*, albums so ambitious and packed with quirky energy that they brought the band attention from the respectable press. As accomplished as those albums were, they found SFA losing their divine gift of suggesting that anything could happen, the very thing that made their first four albums so divine.

While they didn't get as overstuffed and lethargic as Flaming Lips did when they turned

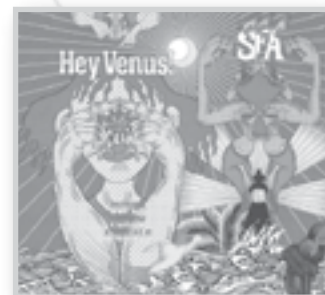
all serious – an impish sense of humor always pulsed underneath their music – Super Furry Animals did turn a bit ponderous, which made the relative levity of *Love Kraft* welcome even if the album was uneven. Still that warm, hazy record in no way suggested the full-fledged return to pop power that is *Hey Venus!* by far the tightest record SFA has released since *Radiator*.

Boasting no song over five minutes and four clocking in under three, this is a concise, song-oriented record, which is somewhat ironic since it reportedly began its life as something as a concept album. The narrative was ditched during the recording as the group culled together 11 songs that hold together as an intensely colorful, insanely catchy pop album. Such a claim may suggest that this is the return of the frenzied rush earlier records, which isn't exactly true; after a flurry of hooks at the outset – "Run-Away," "Show Your Hand," and even the cleverly tossed-off opener, "The Gateway Song," all hold their own with "God! Show Me Magic" and "Herman Loves Pauline" – the record settles into softer territory, trading on the lush Beach Boys, Bacharach, and ELO of their turn-of-the-century records.

But if those albums were as much about the texture as about the tune, here the focus is solely on the song, with each of the 11 tracks standing on its own yet working together to create an addictive 37-minute shimmering gem. And just because this is disciplined in a way that Super Furry Animals haven't been in years doesn't mean they've ceased to progress; they've rarely had songs as lazily soulful as the closing "Let the Wolves Howl at the Moon" or "The Gift That Keeps Giving" with its electric sitars, and "Baby Ate My Eightball" threads their electronic fascinations into a lean rocker, the kinds of subtle innovations that prove they can still surprise as they enter their second decade. That reclaimed sense of unpredictability is as easy to embrace as the simple pop pleasures of *Hey Venus!* as a whole. ★★★1/2

Mark Knopfler
Kill To Get Crimson

Given that *Kill to Get Crimson* follows Knopfler's yearlong collaboration with Emmylou Harris



'CD's' continued
on next pg.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

Michelle Malone Plays the Town Pump

BY JAMES CASSARA

Michelle Malone is hardly a stranger to this area having-over the past decade and a half-played virtually every venue in Western North Carolina. The life long resident of Atlanta was first introduced to music by her mother, a pop singer turned gospel vocalist who frequently took her daughters out on the road.

While attending Agnes Scott College, Malone befriended future Indigo Girls' Amy Ray and Emily Saliers, who in turn encouraged Malone to pursue a career in music. She soon quit school and honed her skills in local clubs, most notably Eddie's Attic, before issuing her debut album *New Experience* in 1988. Forming the band *Drag the River*, she returned two years later with *Relentless*, followed in 1992 by the solo *For You Not Them*. That disc received considerable radio play, anchoring Malone's reputation as both an accomplished and assertive songwriter and fiercely independent

artist. After completing 1993's seasonal jazz-inspired effort *A Swingin' Christmas in the Attic*, Malone-always keen on balancing her solo and band work-formed another group, *Band de Soleil*.

The resulting effort, *Redemption Dream*, was her most successful release yet. Still, in typical Malone fashion, she then again went solo, resurfacing three years later with *Beneath the Devil Moon*. *Homegrown* followed in 1999, and in mid-2000 Malone issued *Lucky to Be Live*, her first in concert album. *Strange Bird, Vol. 3* and *Hello Out There* followed in short order, summing up an intensively productive period for the artist. In 2003 Malone and



The Low-Down Georgia Revue signed on with Amy Ray's Daemon label to promote *Stompin' Ground*, affording Malone a higher profile and more committed promotion.

Still, the artist has never lost sight of the joys in performing solo. She is currently touring in support of her critically acclaimed ninth album, *Sugarfoot*, which has been named Best Americana Album of 2006 by Indie Acoustic Music Project.

In keeping with her rough and tumble attitude, Malone averages over 200 days a year on the road, sharing stages and tours with artists from ZZ Top to Joan Jett, the Indigo Girls and Chris Whitley. Though her releases, including

Sugarfoot, have earned her critical acclaim on many "Best Of" lists, she is known for her live set, where she can make the biggest venues seem as cozy as a camp fire, and an intimate venue feel like the center of the universe. *Sugarfoot* comes as close to capturing her raw spontaneity and grand, dirty, low-down power as anything to date.

As her followers will attest, any Malone show is a treat; rare is the performer who so completely immerses themselves into an on stage persona. The free wheeling anything except mediocrity goes approach has served the artist, as well as her audience, for nearly fifteen years.

If you go

Who, when, what: Southern singer/songwriter Michelle Malone will perform at Town Pump on Saturday, November 3. Show time is 9:30 PM.

'CD's' continued

— inaugurated by the album *All the Roadrunning* and cemented by a tour documented as a live CD/DVD, it might be reasonable to presume that it bears a slightly heavier folk influence, as if Emmylou had rubbed off on the guitarist. And that's true to a certain extent: "Heart Full of Holes" has an old-time country fair lilt to its middle section and "Secondary Waltz" is a simple, low-key two-step jewel driven by accordion and Wurliitzer.

Conversely "The Fish and the Bird" is a spare allegory that recalls old folk tunes, as does the stately grace of "Madame Geneva's." Also, "Let It All Go" (the song that bears the lyric that lends the album the title) is a minor key dirge that could be seen as a winding folk tune, but it harkens back to the evocative mood pieces that often consumed large sections of a Dire Straits album; that's hardly the only time either Knopfler's old band or his solo works are brought to mind here.

Despite the folk trappings, most of *Kill to Get Crimson* resembles nothing so much as another low-key — nearly to the point of listless — album from an artist

seemingly consumed with setting aside his reputation as a guitar God. It's a disc that resides comfortably in his mellow Americana niche, where country, blues, and rock gently blend into a sound that resembles no particular style but evokes plenty of past sounds.

Knopfler rides this soft groove as easily as he ever has, maybe even a little easier than usual, but the big difference here is although mood is key (as has always been the case with his solo work) the emphasis is not on guitar; it's on the song. Thing is, the mood tends to trump

the sound unless the album is heard closely, which is something Knopfler's dedicated cult will surely do, but for the less dedicated this comes woefully close to being background music. Beautiful, evocative, mournful, but background nonetheless. ★★★

Tim Krekel Orchestra Soul Season

When you think about it rock and roll is really pretty simple: three chords and a beat. I mean, what could be easier? Still, as any honest musician will attest, it is easy to play badly and exceedingly hard to play well. Thank goodness for

someone like Tim Krekel, who not only understands the duality of rock and roll — the ying and yang of heart versus hips, but embraces it. Krekel's latest effort, *Soul Season*, is enough to demonstrate to even the deafest ears what it is to play rock and roll properly.

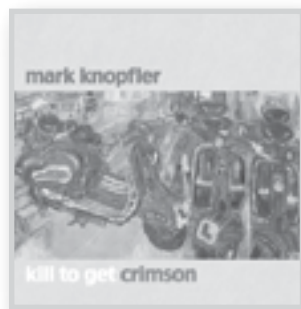
It is all here: the perfectly distorted guitars — not too dirty or too clean; the elusive beat, poised between straight and swing; and the simple but never simplistic lyrics. This is a prime example of the music that has fueled joyous, drunken Friday nights in bars from Bangor to the Bay Area; the music that makes the pain of punching a clock disappear for a few hours and the sound that helps to at least temporarily mend the broken heart. In that regards rock and roll is not Blues, Country, Hip-Hop, or Jazz. It isn't even Rock — if it doesn't roll, it doesn't swing, and it really doesn't mean a thing.

Tim Krekel plays a sort of pure roadhouse rock that brings to mind everyone from The Flaming Groovies to Arthur Lee. In songs such as "I Won't Leave You Alone," "I Can't Help Myself," "Love One Another," "Hello Baby," "I Just Can't Cry Anymore," and "I Love Everybody" offer a graduate lesson in the possible permutations of the rock and roll shuffle — fans of Exile On Main Street era

Stones would be suitably impressed.

Few singer/songwriters could write a song with the hook "They buried Wilson Pickett in my backyard" ("Wilson Pickett") and make it work. Fewer still could conjure up exactly the right Muscle Shoals guitar tone to go with it. The consistency of the songwriting on this disc is a marvel; not a weak link in the bunch which, given that Krekel has written songs for every one from Rick Nelson to Lonnie Mack to Jerry Reed through Canned Heat by way of Jason & the Scorchers, BJ Thomas, and Kim Ritchey should come as no surprise.

Still Krekel remains the classic "local boy made good". He rarely plies his trade far from his Louisville, Kentucky home and is virtually unknown outside a small circle of music insiders. It would be easy to bemoan the fact that talents like these are unrecognized by the world at large. But if it means that for a couple of bucks and/or the price of a few beers, locals can get world-class entertainment on a regular basis, is that so bad? You may not get to see Krekel in a concert hall near you, but you owe it to yourself to get the record and remind yourself what made you fall in love with rock and roll in the first place. ★★★





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Friday, Nov 2 at 7pm: Alan Gratz, author of "Samurai Shortstop", presents his new young adult novel, "Something Rotten". Gratz gives Hamlet a new twist.

Saturday, Nov 3 at 2pm: Booksigning with KG MacGregor, author of "Out of Love" and Ruth Perkinson, author of "Piper's Someday". Both novels feature lesbian heroines.

Saturday, Nov 3 at 7pm: UNCA professor Katherine Min will present "Secondhand World". Publisher's Weekly calls this novel "[A] haunting debut. Swirling, textured, beautifully detailed."

Friday, Nov 9 at 4pm: Meet actor and director Robbie Benson as he signs copies of his book "Who Stole the Funny: A Novel of Hollywood".

Saturday, Nov 10 at 2pm: Meet columnist, Chuck Hall a.k.a. The Culture Artist as he signs copies of "Green Circles: A Sustainable Journey from the Cradle to the Grave".

Saturday, Nov 10 at 7pm: Quinn Dalton, author of "Stories from the Afterlife", "Sometimes tragic, often funny, and always well-crafted."

Sunday, Nov 11 at 1pm: Storyteller Lynn Salsi will sign her book "Voices from the North Carolina Mountains: Appalachian Oral Histories". Salsi specializes in the histories and beginnings of cities.

Friday, Nov 16 at 7pm: Malaprop's has the privilege of hosting the host of NPR's news quiz show "Wait Wait. Don't Tell Me!" 'Square' Peter Sagal will be discussing and signing his book, "The Book of Vice: Very Naughty Things (and How to Do Them)".

Sunday, Nov 25 at 3pm: Joseph Bathanti signs his book "The High Heart". The beautiful linked stories in this award-winning collection bring us an ensemble of characters, headed by the young Fritz Sweeny and his volatile and eccentric parents, all of them caught in a weir of desperation, frustration, hilarity, confusion, and deep affection.

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BOOKS

True Daughter of Wolfe

REVIEW BY H. BYRON BALLARD

Thomas Wolfe: When Do the Atrocities Begin?

Written by Joanne Marshall Mauldin

I did my graduate work in Dallas, under the direction of a man named Paul Baker, who was somewhat famous in theatrical circles for his innovations and creativity. By the time I got to him, he was old and tottery but he had, to his credit, directed a landmark theatre production of Thomas Wolfe's novel *Of Time and the River*, adapted by playwright Eugene McKinney. Mr. Baker fancied he knew a lot about Wolfe and when I presented a project in one of his classes, he couldn't remember my name but he did say I was a "true daughter" of Wolfe. The piece I did for him was a character study of myself as an Asheville native, a creature from a particular place and a particular time.

I want to pass that title on to Joanne Marshall Mauldin, an independent Wolfe scholar who has created a shattering account of Wolfe's final two years, placing him firmly in the bosom of the place that would inspire the title of his posthumous novel *You Can't Go Home Again*.

In *Thomas Wolfe: When Do the Atrocities Begin?*, Mauldin has chosen to take a relatively brief period from the life of this neglected giant of American letters and to give voice to voiceless characters who were drawn from Wolfe's childhood in Asheville. She explores his relationships, his writings, even his finances, to bring us a highly nuanced portrait of Thomas Clayton Wolfe, alternately beloved and despised native son.

Mauldin does an amazing thing with this book--she brings to life a man we only know from legend, if we know him at all. It is as though she has taken an enormous straw man, a scarecrow from the field, and given him flesh and bone and blood. The story of his homecoming has become the stuff of myth and boast, but Mauldin excavates her sources to discover the grounding of the story which culminates in a famous (at least in Wolfe circles) photograph of Wolfe, sitting at his mother's feet, looking weary and ragged.

We feel the frustration and pain and guilt of those last years (Wolfe died in 1938) and begin to understand the love/hate relationship with his editor Maxwell Perkins. We experience the squeeze of fortune as Wolfe returns home, too tired to deal with his fame. We feel Mauldin's love and patience when it comes to this too-big literary figure. (A figure who is due a renaissance, if you ask me. It's time to reissue all those mammoth works, to return him to his place in American letters.)

I think only two other women have known Wolfe so well--his mother Julia and the designer Aline Bernstein, to whom he dedicated *Look Homeward, Angel* and who was his lover and support for several years. "I want to tell you also that, no matter what else you did, or what anguish, madness, or despair I knew, that that woman who came to my room day after day for years was beyond every comparison, the greatest, loveliest, and most beautiful woman I have ever known. And I also want to tell you that I now know I loved that woman with my life, that she is mixed into my blood, and that I shall love her forever." (In a letter to Bernstein, quoted in *My Other Loneliness: Letters of Thomas Wolfe and Aline Bernstein*.)

Thomas Wolfe: When Do the Atrocities Begin? is published in hardcover by the University of Tennessee Press (order it from local bookstores) and it beats the hell out of me why UNC Press (Wolfe was a graduate of the school) or Harvard (whose library contains the bulk of the Wolfe papers) didn't do it. There must be a story there that we don't know. Hardly surprising. When it comes to the life and work of Thomas Wolfe, there are a lot of stories we don't know. Or stories we thought we knew but found out we didn't.

Wolfe's novel *Look Homeward, Angel* caused a furor when it was published in 1929. He had created characters who were thinly disguised caricatures of his neighbors and family. The outrage was palpable and the drive to discover exactly which character was which person was intense. And, as with all small-town scandals, there came a time when people claimed to be characters they weren't because notoriety becomes fame, given the veil of time.

My grandfather was a barber and his chief remembrance of Wolfe was that he always needed a haircut, though my grandmother spoke reverently of Julia Westall Wolfe's financial acumen and good family connections. My mother was taught by one of Wolfe's relatives and was caught reading *Look Homeward, Angel* after it was banned from her school.

Wolfe and I share a distrust and dislike of our hometown, a need to travel, a desire for home. Asheville is a tricky place to call home, even today. It is a strange mix of the cosmopolitan and the rural, where an uneasy truce between native and outsider is often broken, both sides anxious to lay claim to this old place.

And family is both a blessing and curse in this place.

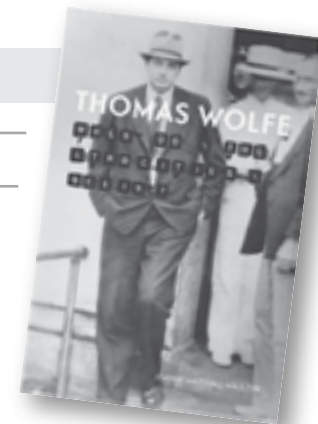
Mauldin catches this in her vivid description of Wolfe's homecoming. "Meanwhile, Wolfe's southern sojourn was becoming even more hectic. Old friends, recent acquaintances, and, of course, his numerous relatives continued...to pursue him at his cabin retreat."

From what happened following the great writer's strange death, Mauldin again paints a creepy portrait of the suffocating family that inspired the Gants of *Look Homeward, Angel*. "If Wolfe found his tribe an affront while he was alive, now unimpeded, they would take their peccadilloes and shows-on-the-road to hawk his wares, his name."

The Epilogue may be my favorite part of the whole book. Mauldin has so much knowledge, so much information that it feels as though she simply can't stop writing. My only regret is that the publisher didn't give her a two-book contract so that the sheer magnitude of information might have been easier for the reader to digest. So much, too much! And yet I loved it all, stopping my reading to ponder something that came like a bolt from the past. What? Who? Fascinating. For those willing to dig deeper into Wolfe's world, I also recommend Mauldin's earlier and equally well-researched and well-written *The People and Places of Thomas Wolfe's Look Homeward, Angel*.

Mauldin evidently shares one of my literary dreams--what would *Of Time and the River* have been like if editor Maxwell Perkins had not pillaged and re-tooled it to make it more "marketable" as he had done previously with *Look Homeward, Angel*? *Of Time and the River* (which was ripped from a much larger work called *The October Fair*) has always been my favorite work and I hope the original opus can be resurrected in the same way as *O Lost: A Story of the Buried Life* (the source material for *Look Homeward, Angel*) was a few years ago. That would be worth a summer of reading and re-reading.

I do love Wolfe and I love the richness and depth of Mauldin's book. It's



'Wolfe' continued on pg. 19

BOOKS

BOOK EDITOR
MARCIANNE MILLER

WAR VETERANS: Past, Present And Future

Achilles in Vietnam: Combat Trauma and the Undoing of Character

Written by Jonathan Shay, M.D. Ph.D.

As a former archaeologist, I'm keenly aware that the more people change over time, the more they stay the same. So I was intrigued by psychiatrist Jonathan Shay's book and its promise of ancient insight to modern problems. Dr. Shay has had tremendous success helping Vietnam vets in Boston with severe post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) by analyzing and applying the descriptions of battle stress he found within the verses of the Greek epic, the *Iliad*.

Two months ago, Dr. Shay was honored with a MacArthur Foundation "genius" award, which means his groundbreaking work may soon spread to other cities in the country and perhaps be used to help vets returning from Iraq and Afghanistan.

Shay's thesis is simple: What is now called PTSD is nothing new. Twenty-seven centuries ago, the blind poet Homer described the mental suffering of battle traumatized soldiers — which is nearly identical to what many Vietnam vets endure. In addition, Homer identifies the specific stressors that triggered the soldiers' suffering. If we can identify the triggers, Shay's thesis goes, we can avoid them, and lessen the occurrence of debilitating mental suffering in soldiers of the future.

The *Iliad* is the oldest example of literature in the Greek language. Like the Bible for Christians, the *Iliad* was venerated by Greeks; they could quote verses by heart, and recitation of it was a familiar aspect of theatre, especially since honoring warriors was an essential part of any public gathering. The epic poem consists of more than 14,000 lines of poetry, traditionally divided into 24 books. It would take about 14 hours to read it out loud.

The *Iliad* is not the story of the entire ten years of the Trojan War, just the few weeks of the final siege of Troy. It takes place on battlefields outside the walls of the city of Troy where the Greeks have their permanent encampment

Some of the most gory and violent battle scenes ever written occur in the *Iliad*, detailed blow-by-blow tales of bloody combat between the Greek and Trojan warriors, usually one-on-one fights to the death. The men are killed by spear, sword or rock (and even back then, there were equipment failures as swords sometimes broke before they hit their mark).

The warriors die quickly, sometimes conveniently whisked away by chariot or a sympathetic deity. There's no poetic account of the agony of dying from infection or other miserably slow deaths that typify all battlegrounds. Though the victors claim armor as rightful loot, the bodies of the dead were allowed to be retrieved by the families and comrades. Unlike Vietnam where the threat of death was often 24 hours a day, the ancient warriors fought during the day and grieved and rested at night.

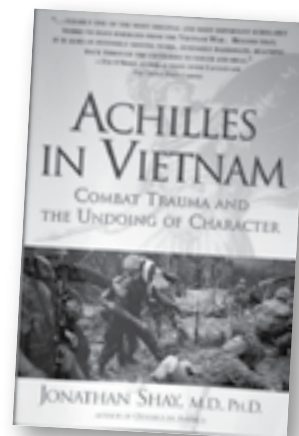
The ancient soldiers were devoutly religious, praying to their deities (who were always intervening in the affairs of humans), offering sacrifices, giving them praise in victory and hurling curses in defeat. There were certain advantages to polytheistic beliefs. If a soldier felt abandoned by Athena, for example (the deities were notoriously fickle, which is why they could be blamed for anything), he would just petition another deity with whom he could curry more favor. Compare this to Vietnam vets. They

had only one God and when they felt abandoned by God in the wake of the war's tragedies, they had nowhere to turn. They saw their abandonment as total and permanent.

The *Iliad* has a huge cast of characters, human and supernatural, mostly men, with a few women here and there. For the purposes of comparison with modern-day PTSD, a few characters are most relevant. Achilles is the bravest Greek champion, leader of the Myrmidons. Patroclus is Achilles' beloved comrade in arms, possibly his foster brother. Agamemnon is supreme commander of the Greeks,



On the left, Agamemnon's heralds take the slave girl Briseis away from Achilles (center) who sits in his tent, wrapped in anger and grief, while friends sympathize. From an Attic red-figure cup (c480 BCE).



"Learn the psychological damage that war does and work to prevent war. 'There is no contradiction between hating war and honoring the soldier.'"

— JONATHAN SHAY, M.D. PH.D.

the King of Mycenae, and brother of Menelaus,

Helen's abandoned husband. Hector is the Trojan champion, firstborn of King Priam's 50 sons, and brother of Paris, who kidnapped Helen.

As the first line of the *Iliad* announces, the poem will be the story of the "wrath of Achilles."

Sing, goddess, the rage of Achilles the son of Peleus, the destructive rage that sent countless pains on the Achaeans

Achilles had been the paragon of Greek warrior virtue — compassionate to all combatants, solicitous of his men's needs, fiercely loyal to his commander. He goes out of his way to ransom his conquests rather than kill them, he graciously allows the Trojans to gather their fallen bodies. More than anyone, Achilles lives by the Greek concept of *themis*, or "what is right."

Then two distinct things happen to Achilles and the noble man he once was is destroyed. These are the same two things, Dr. Shay posits, that occurred to Vietnam vets who suffer life-long PTSD. Achilles is betrayed by his commander. Then his closest friend is killed.

To propitiate Apollo, who has sent a plague to decimate the Greek troops, Agamemnon agrees to return the daughter of Apollo's priest whom he had captured.

Then he orders Achilles to give him the slave girl Briseis, whom Achilles has won fair and square as spoils of battle. Achilles is outraged. Agamemnon's demand is a terrible injustice, a violation of *themis*. It's as if an Army general demanded a lieutenant hand over his Medal of Honor. Demoralized, Achilles refuses to fight any

more. Nothing will dissuade him and his men support him by staying out of battle themselves. As Shay points out, "Moral strength of an army is impaired by every injustice, whether it personally touches an individual soldier or not."

In Vietnam, soldiers often felt that their moral code had been violated, sometimes by commanding officers, but more likely by politicians, and the administration. Their *themis* or sense of "what's right" was betrayed, with no possibility of setting things right. For many, the greatest betrayal of all, was "not being able to finish the fight." For them, mental recovery was near-impossible. As Shay writes, "Veterans can usually recover from horror, fear and grief once they return to civilian life, so long as 'what's right' has not been violated."

Achilles stays out of the *Iliad* for many verses while the battles rage without him. He loans his friend Patroclus his armor. Patroclus goes into battle and is killed by Hector, the Trojan champion.

When Achilles learns of Patroclus' death, he goes "berserk." He loses all soldierly restraint. Feeling dead himself, he has no fear of battle. He charges into insane combat, offering no mercy even to boy warriors, slashing like a killing machine. He attacks Hector and kills him. Adding horrific insult to Hector's position as a respected warrior, Achilles repulses everyone by defiling Hector's corpse and

dragging it back to the Greek camp. Only after King Priam sneaks into camp and begs Achilles to give up his son's body does he do so, allowing Hector's remains to be thrown on the funeral pyre.

Achilles behavior was not dissimilar to what many Vietnam vets felt at the loss of a comrade. They too felt dead themselves,

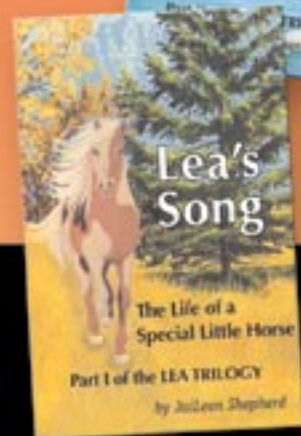
'Achilles' continued on pg 20



Hector and Achilles face one another in their final combat. At right, Apollo is turning away, abandoning Achilles. From an Attic red-figure cup (c480 BCE).

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BOOKS

BOOK REVIEW BY
MARCJANNE MILLER

Soldier on the Porch Written by Sharon Wildwind

It's 1973 at the sprawling Pisgah Mountain VA Hospital in Asheville (which is a dead ringer for the real VA Hospital on Tunnel Road). An explosion rips apart an old abandoned building that everyone assumed was unoccupied. When hospital security guard Avivah Rosen investigates, she discovers two bodies. One is Zeb Blackenship, a 90-something patient from the geriatric ward who seems to have sneaked out for a cigarette and a little star-gazing. The identity of the other body nearly sends Avivah into a post-traumatic stress event — it's none other than her despised Military Police commander in Vietnam — Major Henry Campos. The man had made life hell for her in Vietnam as a female military police officer — and then there was the night he drove her off base, handed her a rifle, and told her that hiding in the barracks was a group of enraged black soldiers who were threatening to kill other soldiers. What happened that night became a secret Avivah hoped she'd never have to reveal.

Meanwhile Avivah's friend Elizabeth "Pepper" Pepperhawk, a Vietnam nurse having more trouble adjusting to civilian life than she'll admit, runs into admin problems when she arrives at work with the smell of liquor on her breath. It doesn't matter that Pepper was called in on her day off — rules are rules — and she's going to lose her job unless she submits to an experimental team building program with other problem employees.

Avivah and Pepper live in a housing complex on isolated acreage in the nearby mountains with their Vietnam buddy, ex-Green Beret and full-time student, Benny Kirkpatrick. Living in another house is the mother of two young boys, who is holding a flame for her MIA husband. The living situation provides much-needed camaraderie for the band of misfits, where they are constantly forced to interact with one another and keep their demons at bay.

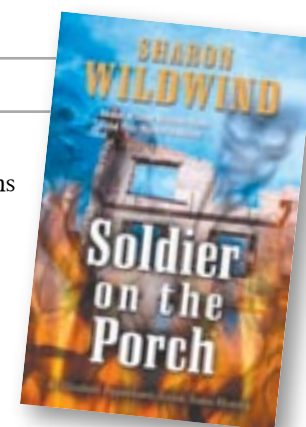
Avivah learns that she's the sole survivor of that night in Vietnam — four other former military cops have already been murdered at different locations across the country. For her own protection, she's forced into FBI custody. But Avivah knows she can't do any good by hiding out, so with the help of a crusading small town journalist, she sets out to find the murderer and prevent him from counting her as victim #5. Her journey is beset with dangerous detours and a growing cast of characters, from Pepper's sexy FBI boyfriend Darby, to VA miscreants, Vietnam Vet groupies, night-time snipers and old men with long memories. Above everything, like a shifting cloud, lurk the memories of Vietnam.

Soldier on the Porch is the third entry in the proposed five-volume series featuring Elizabeth Pepperhawk and Avivah Rosen. Author Sharon Wildwind is a former Vietnam nurse, who spent time in Asheville after she left the Army. Her mysteries are intriguing, can't-put-

'em-down historical gems (set in the 1970s post-Vietnam era), peopled by fascinating and realistic characters. No other author I

know of is writing about what the female vets went through when they came home from Vietnam. How, perhaps more so than the men, women vets kept their post-traumatic stress hidden and only rarely sought help or got it. Don't think, though, that Wildwind's characters are ridden with angst and despair. No, they're real women trying to revive their souls and that means they laugh and get goofy, snub their noses at authority, worry about paying the mortgage, and aim to prove the past won't get the best of them by trying to fall in love.

If you like books by Vicki Lane you might like Sharon Wildwind's books. They're not as full of mountain lore, but they have similarities: a core group of characters who live in close proximity, outsiders who enter and cause problems, and mysteries from both today and the past that need solving. Soldier on the Porch is published by small press Five Star so you can order the book from your favorite bookstore or fine it online. .



Farm-Boy Warriors

BOOK REVIEW BY
H. BYRON BALLARD

The Day of Battle: the War in Sicily and Italy 1943-1944

Volume Two of the Liberation Trilogy, written by Rick Atkinson

I read the first book in Rick Atkinson's *Liberation Trilogy*, the Pulitzer Prize-winning *An Army at Dawn*, when it was published in 2002 and could barely wait for this next installment.

The wait was worth it. *The Day of Battle: The War in Sicily and Italy 1943-1944* (Volume Two) is as riveting as *An Army at Dawn* and takes us further afield and deeper into the strategies and personalities of the campaigns.

When I was in school--many, many years ago--we didn't study World War II because (as my teacher Mr. Keller said) our dads could tell us all about it. And tell they did--or at least mine did. He was a country boy with Madison County roots and he seemed to relish his experiences in the war.

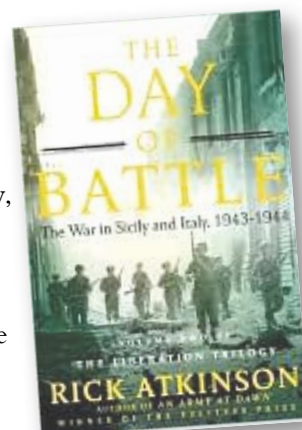
He told us he spent the first part of the war chasing Rommel across north Africa and regaled us with tales of Italy and the liberation of Rome in 1944. He brought back all sorts of mementoes--I remember an ash tray made of lava from Vesuvius, a tiny statue of Romulus and Remus and the she-wolf, and a ghastly photo of Mussolini hanging from a lamppost. He told amazing stories that I loved to hear, and reading Atkinson's first book verified some of those stories for me and made it all seem real again.

We give a lot of lip service to "the Greatest Generation," and the last

decade has seen the coming of a memorial on the Mall in Washington, DC, as well as Ken Burns recently-aired documentary series on World War II. In spite of our fathers' best efforts, we don't have a clear idea of what was happening to these young men and women in the southern European theatre of this "last good war." Atkinson's incredible labors in producing this history give us a feeling for what the war was like in the "soft underbelly" of Europe and how horrific the situation really was.

The 191st Tank Battalion backed its Shermans into a semi-circle to fire on three fronts ... Dead men lay on a gravel bar...as if sunning themselves. A young major in the 179th Infantry told his men,

'Warriors' continued on next pg.



BOOKS

BOOK REVIEW BY
MARCIANNE MILLER

Afghanistan: A Russian Soldier's Story

Text and photographs by Vladislav Tamarov

A few months ago a package arrived for me and inside was a copy of *Afghanistan: A Russian Soldier's Story*. It had been sent to me by an old friend in California whom I hadn't heard from in ages. I was puzzled. "Why did you send me this book?" I asked him,

"You'll see," he said.

I didn't want to "see." I don't like to read war memoirs and what did I care about a war fought 30-some years ago that I barely remembered? Weeks went by. At last, I figured if the book was important enough for my friend to spend time wrapping and sending it to me, the least I could do was read it.

I opened the book to the first page and knew immediately I couldn't put it down until I reached the end. Three hours whizzed by. It helps that the book is only 183 pages and full of photographs — often a page consists of nothing more than an image and a short, powerfully worded caption. Those near-empty pages were easy to turn but weighty on the mind, sweeping me into a chronicle that claimed boundaries of time and place, but really was the timeless story of all young warriors everywhere.

Vladislav Tamarov was a naïve 19-year-old college student in Leningrad in April 1984, when he was drafted by the Soviet Army to fulfill his "honorable duty" to his country. He didn't know where Afghanistan was. All he knew from news reports was that Soviet soldiers were being sent there to "plant trees and build schools and hospitals." No one had figured out yet why zinc-lined coffins were being buried without ceremony in

cemeteries all over the country.

Soon Tamarov would lose his innocence. Without any choice in the matter, he was assigned to an elite mine sweeping unit. His dangerous job, in a country by now littered with mines, was to find and detonate them before they could kill the soldiers coming behind him. The trick was to not get blown up first. One by one his comrades in the unit were killed — by mines, sniper fire or ambush, by the failures of defective equipment or the bungling of crass superiors.

Just like American Vietnam vets, the Russian grunts had no time to grieve. The bodies of dead comrades were helicoptered out — and those who remained alive were immediately thrust back into the business of guerilla warfare, watching every step they took, twisting in alarm at every shadow, clenching at the slightest sound.

Tamarov kept a detailed journal of his 261 days in Afghanistan, in a small notebook with cramped notations, recording every mine search, every Afghan soldier he killed, every friend he lost. He took photographs of himself and his comrades in the stark, lunar landscape of Afghanistan. From his simple black and white pictures, similar to the work of Walker Evans, the teenagers stare back with the eyes of ancient men, fulfilling their "honorable duty" in what they had come to know was a war without honor.

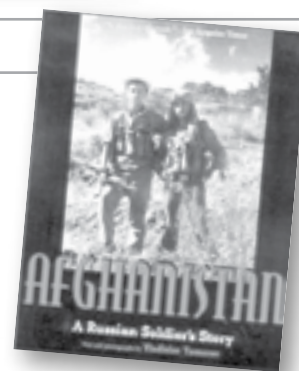
The so-called Soviet-Afghan war was a 9-year struggle, 1979 to 1989, in which the ill-prepared Soviet army invaded its neighbor to support the Marxist People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan (PDPA) against the largely Islamic fundamentalist

Mujahideen insurgents.

The latter was backed by many sources, including the U.S., and one of the most famous rebel leaders was a rich Saudi-born fanatic named Osama bin Laden. It's estimated that 1 million Afghans were killed, 5 million fled to Pakistan and Iran, and 2 million were displaced within the country. Over 800,000 Soviet men saw combat in Afghanistan. 14,000 died. Mine warfare was used extensively by both sides, killing an estimated 25,000 Afghans. When the Soviets departed, scattered throughout the countryside were an estimated 10-15 million land mines. Years later Russia admitted that the war in Afghanistan had been "a mistake."

Back home in Leningrad, without benefit of psychological counseling or appreciation for his service from neighbors and friends, with the enforced silence about what really was going on in Afghanistan, Tamarov suffered terrifying symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder. He was to learn only years later after meeting Vietnam vets in the U.S. that what he went through was not abnormal for soldiers in the kind of combat he had endured. He wasn't crazy — he'd survived.

Tamarov started exhibiting his photos in art shows, in time bringing about much needed recognition to the Soviet veterans. Eventually he wrote of his experiences and



published his photos in the first edition of his book, which came out in 1992, titled *Afghanistan: Soviet Vietnam*. It became an underground bestseller, especially among U.S. soldiers and their families. The second edition was reprinted by Ten Speed Press in 2001 with the new title.

Weeks later, I still think about young Vladislav Tamarov. I keep his book on top of the TV set as a silent companion to the news.

"I'm going to tell people about the book you sent me," I told my friend. "The one about the Russian soldier in Afghanistan."

"Now you know why I sent it," he said."

**For my friend Victor
from Mexico City,
with whom I have had
numerous conversations
concerning immigration,
legal and otherwise.**

*Dead babies are buried in
my mind*

*along with bags of gold,
broken emperors,
and swollen tongues.*

*Tongues swollen with
suppressed screams,
emperors broken during
their destinies,
gold in bags it was never
meant to fill,
and babies, dead from
neglect of humanity...*

*Technochtitlan.
North America.*

*(What I want to know is,
where is your blood in all
of this?)*

© MariJo Moore 2007
From the forthcoming book of
poetry "Poets Inhale The Darkness
Artists Breathe". To be released
Summer 2008

MariJo Moore (Cherokee/Irish/Dutch) is
an author/poet/anthologist/editor/pub-
lisher and resides in the mountains of
western NC. www.marijomore.com

'Wolfe' continued from pg 16

a good introduction to those who don't yet know Wolfe and there's new information for those who do. The photographs are especially welcome and bring a visual dimension to the sea of words that is Thomas Wolfe.

He was an enigma, a good son who wrote a colorful version of the truth, who was looking for answers in drink and food and lust and, above all, words. His fame is our fame and his loss, our loss. I think writer George McCoy may have said it best, in his *Asheville Citizen* piece on Wolfe's death in 1938 (quoted in Mauldin's book): "Peace to his ashes and sorrow for his going".

'Warriors' continued from pg 18

*'Tonight you're not fighting for your
country, you're fighting for your ass.
Because they're behind us.'*

Names from my father's sagas came back to me--Salerno and Anzio and Cassino. The fighting was sometimes hopeless and always ferocious, as the Allied troops clawed their way out of Africa, through Sicily and onto the toe of Italy's boot. Villages were leveled and the German propaganda machine mocked the achingly slow passage toward Rome.

Atkinson is excruciatingly honest in his portrayal of a deeply controversial figure: Lt. General Mark Clark. My dad hated Patton, hated the Red Cross, but

he trusted Clark, always spoke highly of him. It was interesting to read what others thought of this man, whose planning and decisions were challenged at the time and still continue to be questioned.

Atkinson has created a fascinating inter-active website where readers can share their family's experiences of the war: www.liberationtrilogy.com. This is an invaluable service. I wish my dad could have recorded his own memories of that time, when a poor boy from the Blue Ridge mountains drank French champagne, met Bedouin tribesmen and learned the trade that would support his family for the rest of his life. In spite of the lethal work of battle, it was a time when farm boys were warriors and world travelers and heroes.

H. Byron Ballard is a writer, gardener and bookseller who makes her home in the historic West End of Asheville. Look for her blog "The Village Witch" at www.citizen-times.com.

BOOKS

The Genetic Strand: Exploring a Family History Through DNA

Edward Ball, author of *Slaves in the Family* (1999) and *Peninsula of Lies* (2005) will present and sign his new book, *The Genetic Strand: Exploring a Family History Through DNA*, a suspenseful memoir of his family lineage.

No one has ever investigated the history of Southern-based families with the distinctive style and narrative skill that Ball has.



If you go

Malaprop's Bookstore and Café
Monday, November 12, 2007 at 7:00
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early for a good seat.

'Achilles' continued

they went "berserk." "Don't get sad, get even" was the motto, often encouraged by commanders who wanted their troops so enraged they would fight insanely without fear. Such soldiers took revenge as if doing so would revive their lost comrade. The more enemy combatants they killed, the more pieces of their blown up friend they could put back together.

When such men came home to civilian life they returned, as was the Vietnam policy, one by one, cut off from men they had just fought for their lives with. There were no ticker tape parades. At American Legion or VFW posts, the WWII and Korean vets sometimes castigated the Vietnam vets for "losing"

About 750,000 heavy combat veterans from Vietnam are alive today. About 250,000 suffer mental damage.

their war. Vets were often punished by a nation weary of war by refusing to allow the vets to talk about what happened to them. The result was thousands of men who came back so damaged from serving their country that they've been rendered "unfit to be its citizens."

After Patroclus is killed, funeral games are held in his honor. Achilles and the other men weep openly, competing with one another to burn off their grief,



The largest communal recognition of the U.S. veterans in the WNC area takes place in Hendersonville every year at the Apple Festival. For many vets, it's the first time they've ever received public thanks for their service.

giving voice to their sadness with songs and praise of Patroclus bravery. For generations, Greeks would honor their soldiers by reciting the *Iliad*, linking their honored soldiers to the mythic ones of the past. (It's interesting to note that the Israeli Army, "which is well known for its fighting spirit...does not encourage or value the berserk state....and places a high social value on grief for dead comrades.")

If nothing else, the ancient soldiers had help from their community to heal. Not unlike the way many Native American tribes insist that returning warriors go through purification rites to purge the war madness out of them. Isolated, shushed up, feeling they were outcasts even from other veterans, many Vietnam vets had no community healing whatsoever. For them not only did they

develop PTSD, but it got worse as they got older, as is now being witnessed among the Vietnam vet population.

The number one practical solution to PTSD that Dr. Shay offers is to retire the rotation policy of Vietnam. Veterans should return, not isolated, but as a unit. In this way communalization of the returning soldier can be encouraged.

Dr. Shay argues throughout book, "Healing from trauma depends upon communalization of the trauma — being able safely to tell the story to someone who is listening and who can be trusted to retell it truthfully for others in the community. "Before we do anything — we should *listen*."

Veterans who need help can contact the VA Medical Center at 1100 Tunnel Road in Asheville. Call: (828) 298-7911.

The vet center for this area is the Veterans Center in Greenville, S.C. It does not require any paperwork and accepts walk-ins. Call (864) 271-2711.

Marcianne Miller is an Asheville-based writer and critic. Contact her at marci@aquamystique.com

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Books into Movies

"The book was better." I hear this complaint many times upon exiting the movie theatre. "Of course, the book was better," I want to holler, "It was a book!"

Many people think books and movies are two sides of the same coin but nothing could be further from the truth — they're related, but completely different media — with different kinds of pleasures.

A book is a solitary pleasure, and you control how and when you'll enjoy it. It's an extendable pleasure, too — you curl up in a comfy space for hours, over a period of days, or weeks. The words of a good writer inspire you to make up a movie in your head.

A movie is designed to be a communal experience, and is often seen, not with friends, but in the company of strangers. The experience lasts for only two hours usually, and

it occurs on somebody else's schedule in a place not of your own choosing. Most significantly, you see imagery created by someone else.

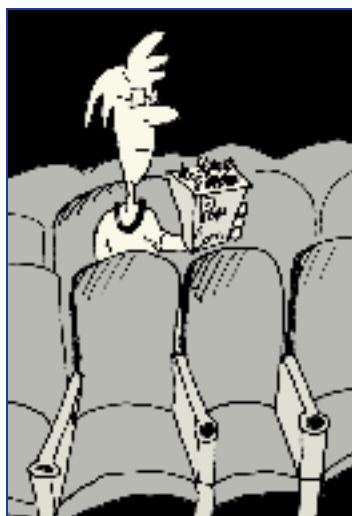
I'm fascinated by the choices filmmakers have to make when distilling a 500-page book into 120 minutes of film time — which parts of the book do they feel are essential to keep? Which were expendable, and which could be merged, such as melding three book characters into one movie character? It's an intense exercise in learning how



to set storytelling priorities.

There are many promising movies based on good books opening in the next few months. Read now — and enjoy the movies more later.

Marcianne Miller is Rapid River's film critic.



Good movies make you care,
make you believe in possibilities again.
— Pauline Kael

GO SEE A MOVIE November Movies with MARCIANNE MILLER

For the latest reviews, theater info
and movie show times, visit
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"Across the Universe" is a
magical mystery tour inspired
by Beatles songs.

In the end,
"All You Need is Love."



- ★★★★★-Fantastic
- ★★★★-Pretty darn good
- ★★★-Has some good points
- ★★-The previews lied
- ★-Only if you must
- ☹-Forget entirely

Across the Universe



Short Take: Astonishingly creative tour de force. See it on the big screen as many times as you can.

Jude (Jim Sturgess, *Crossing Over*) is a boy who looks like Paul McCartney. He sails across the sea from Liverpool, England, and falls in love with Lucy (Evan Rachel Wood, *Thirteen*), who looks like the All-American cheerleader. He loses girl. He finds girl again.

Meanwhile their world explodes. It's the Sixties. The Vietnam War either takes lives or changes them. Families are ripped apart. Cops beat unarmed citizens. Protest marches, civil rights rallies. Marijuana, acid, flipping out, flop-houses, tie dye, love beads. JFK, RFK, Martin Luther King, Jr. Chronicling both the flower children's dreams and the upheaval of society were the prescient bards of the era — the Beatles.

Across the Universe takes 34 Beatles classics and turns them into a tapestry of interweaving stories. The movie is, at heart, a musical and most magical journey through the Sixties, from "I Want to Hold Your Hand," through "Let It Be," "I Am the Walrus," and "Revolution," all the way to the end, "All You Need is Love," in a rooftop farewell concert. It is also, simply, a universal tale of love and longing that has nothing whatsoever to do with time and everything to do with the timelessness of love.

Jude and Lucy live in a rambling Greenwich Village apartment that becomes a magnet for drop-in visitors of all types. Like Forrest Gump, Jude and Lucy cross paths with some of the most significant icons of the decade — most of whom are brought to life by singers

making their feature film acting debuts. The characters don't sing their signature songs — they sing Beatles songs in their signature styles — the result is an awesome soundtrack that will inspire a new appreciation for the Beatles oeuvre.

Most notable is singer Dana Fuchs. As Sadie she gives a vibrant unforgettable homage to Janis Joplin, especially in her furious duet of "Don't Let Me Down," with Martin Luther as guitarist Jimi Hendrix. Bono has channeled Timothy "LSD" Leary; Eddie Izzard (TV's *The Riches*) is every psychedelic snake oil salesman of the era; and Joe Cocker is having entirely too much fun playing three cameo roles as Bum, Pimp, and Mad Hippie. Salma Hayak (*Frida*) also appears, digitally cloned into five sexy dancing nurses in a VA hospital.

Playing key secondary roles are two fine young performers. Lucy's carefree brother Max is played by Joe Anderson (*Becoming Jane*). His transformation from goofy college kid to terrified grunt to PTSD survivor ("Happiness Is a Warm Gun") encapsulates the journey of thousands of Vietnam vets. Prudence, like her character in the song, "Prudence," sneaks through the apartment's bathroom window to get out of the rain. She's played by relative newcomer T.V. Carpio (*She Hate Me*), whose version of *I Want to Hold Your Hand*, sung to another woman who is oblivious to her affections, will break your heart.

Across the Universe is no ordinary movie. And you can't enjoy it — or critique it — from the usual film critic standards. Critiquing a movie is an intellectual process, a system of analysis, of comparisons. But a movie like *Across the Universe*, which operates on deep, almost unconscious, levels of both visual imagery and kinetic energy, defies judgment by intellectual means. You have to respond on an emotional level to this movie. And with such a complex piece of art as this film is, you're likely to get some parts of it, and not get others. That unpredictability makes some people uncomfortable — so goes my explanation of why so many people are panning a movie that I see as brilliant.

For me, *Across the Universe* is the

most astonishingly artistic movie made by an American filmmaker in recent memory. Julie Taymor — yes, it's a woman, that rare creature in Hollywood who made this movie — isn't a product of film school. Her background is theatre, choreography, puppets and masks. She's the theatrical genius who turned *The Lion King* into a Broadway sensation and made a few idiosyncratic films, including *Titus* (1999) and *Frida* (2002). Her influences are Sri Lanka and India where she lived for a while, and studies in mime, mythology and folklore. She doesn't see herself as the isolated lone wolf grieving over lost machismo like so many American directors. She's the village shaman. Her tools are magic and the acceptance of mystery. Her movie is the fire around which tribal dancers whirl.

I've been stunned to hear the reasons some people give to avoid seeing this movie. They're dismissing it as "the hippie movie." (Well, there are hippies in it, sure — you couldn't go anywhere in the U.S. in the Sixties and not see some hippies.) Or "that anti-war movie." (Well, all movies with war in them are anti-war movies, so, yeah, sure, it's an anti-war movie.) I've even heard people say, "Oh, I didn't live through the Sixties so I wouldn't understand this movie." (Hmmm, nobody lived in the 1880s either, yet everyone seems able to understand Westerns.)

There's perhaps something else at play. I think that people who didn't live through the Sixties are slightly jealous of those who did, and a movie that is, on one level, so rich in Sixties imagery, triggers those feelings of resentment. There's an easy solution to this quandary: Grab a few baby boomers and see *Across the Universe* with them. Baby boomers love to talk about the Sixties, so plan time for fun conversations before and after. They might tell you why they think *Across the Universe* is so relevant to audiences of all ages — why what we as a country went through back then is uncannily similar to what we're going through right now.

Rated PG-13 for some drug content, nudity, sexuality, violence and language.

The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford. ★★★★★

Short Take: A hypnotic elegy to the myths men live and die by.

It's set in Missouri in the 1880s but shot in Alberta, Canada, last year. It's about an American legend, outlaw Jesse James, but written and directed by a New Zealander. Men who ride horses, rob banks and make widows also ramble hypnotically like Irish poets and are so in touch with their feelings you'd think they had intimacy counseling. Advertised as a Western, it's really an eerie morality play about an introspective psychopath who is murdered by a young man who wanted fame more than friendship.



Brad Pitt is brilliant as introspective psychopath Jesse James in *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*.

Brad Pitt plays 34-year old Jesse James, happily married husband, father of two adorable kids. He's killed 17 people, mostly though not entirely, while robbing banks or trains. He always wears pistols underneath his fashionable dapper coats. Though he's wanted by every lawman west of the Mississippi, he's eluded capture by being uncannily vigilant. He regularly moves his family out of their houses in the middle of the night, while his gang members are caught in their beds. He suffers health problems that wear him down, particularly in the long lonely rides he takes through the snowy

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FILM REVIEWS

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Midwest countryside looking for former gang members who might betray him for the reward money. Always best to kill a potential snitch first, he thinks, then wonder about it later.

If you've dismissed Brad Pitt as a Hollywood boy-toy and the mere mention of *Ocean's Eleven*, *Twelve* and *Thirteen* make you feel sorry that Angelina Jolie is scraping the bottom of the gene barrel — well, you'll have to think again. Pitt is in top form as Jesse James — charming, mercurial, slithery as a snake and as quick to strike. "Brilliant" would be a mild description of his performance.

Alas, I can't say the same for Casey Affleck (*Gone Baby Gone*) who plays Robert "Bob" Ford, the immature hanger-on who shoots Jesse James in the back and then lives a miserable life repenting it. In Affleck's defense, his is a thankless role — a wimp who does a dastardly deed and then stays on the pity pot for a decade before somebody kills him. The problem is that Affleck doesn't match the mythic angst the role presented and that Pitt so clearly grasped for himself.

There's a host of other wonderful actors to dilute annoyance from Affleck. Especially memorable is Sam Rockwell (*Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*) who plays Charley Ford, a man torn between affection for his younger brother and loyalty for the legend he once followed. Also notable is our very own native son, Paul Schneider (*Lars and the Real Girl*), who plays flirty womanizer, Dick Liddil. He gives the featured role distinctive energy and empathy, and old-fashioned mountain man good looks as well. We're going to continue to see great things from this talented and appealing young actor.

Based on a novel by Ron Hanson, *Jesse James* was written and directed by Andrew Dominick, whose only other credit was a little known but highly praised Australian movie, *Chopper*, starring Eric Bana as an autobiography-writing criminal. How Dominick learned to make such a big, beautiful, powerful movie as his second movie has got to be one of the great mysteries of cinema history.

Don't postpone seeing this movie until it comes out on DVD. You owe it to yourself — and the movie's magnificent scenery and exquisite historical details in costumes and sets, to see it on the big screen. Caveat: The movie is almost 3 hours long, worth every minute, but be advised.

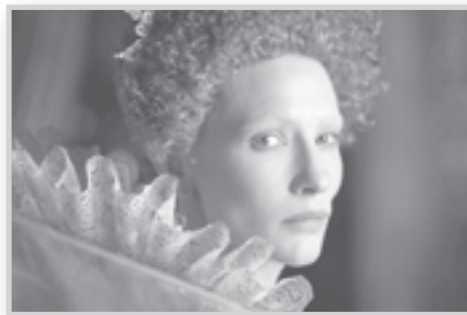
Rated R for some strong violence and brief sexual references.

Elizabeth: The Golden Age

★★★★★

Short Take: A feast for costume-starved eyes and Anglophiles. Clive Owen looks good, too.

I was flabbergasted to learn that some people, mostly younger men, found the soap opera aspects of this movie so ponderous they were bored to tears in between the scenes of torture and beheading and the wiping out of the Armada in the stormy seas off the southern coast of England. I guess that's the reason that the movie's been bashed by most critics. I, however, loved every minute of this sumptuous, overwrought, historically inaccurate *Faerie Queene*, directed by Pakistan-born Shekhar Kapur (*Four Feathers*, *Elizabeth*).



The jewels, the costumes and Clive Owen in leather--no wonder Queen Elizabeth I is having a good time in Elizabeth: The Golden Age.

Cate Blanchett (the first *Elizabeth*, and last year's *Notes on a Scandal*) doesn't look anything like the 52-year old spinster queen who faced down the Spanish Armada, but she captures the monarch's desperate bravery and makes you proud the underdogs eventually won. Clive Owen (*Shoot 'Em Up*) plays a believable Walter Raleigh, soldier, courtier, explorer and developer of North Carolina property. Abbie Cornish (*Somersault*) is Bess, the lady-in-waiting who did indeed secretly marry Raleigh, but long after the time frame of the movie. In a small but significant part, Samantha Morton (*In America*) transforms herself into the doomed Mary Queen of Scots — when will this brilliant actress get the recognition she deserves and become a huge star? Orchestrating everything in the background is the ever-faithful Sir Francis Walsingham (Geoffrey Rush, *Pirates of the Caribbean*), whose machinations, alas, fail to save Mary's head or keep the Spaniards moored in Spain.

The sets, the jewels, the wigs, the costumes, the palace intrigues, the murderous conspiracies, the crane shots of castles and cathedrals, the horse rides in the countryside, ah, the whole mythic silliness of it all — I can't wait to see it again.

PG-13 for violence, some sexuality and nudity.

Michael Clayton

★★★★1/2

Short Take: The worst title in cinema history doesn't ruin a taut thriller with fine character studies, reminiscent of an old-fashioned Hollywood mystery.

George Clooney (*Syriana*) plays Michael Clayton, the "fixer" for a high-powered Manhattan law firm. He's the specialist that other attorneys call on to finesse sticky situations before they erupt into public relations nightmares. His rolodex is huge, his manner unruffled, and befitting his world-weary gaze, he's never surprised at the messes people get themselves in to. "I'm not a miracle worker," he insists. "I'm a janitor." He ought to know. He's hurtling toward disasters that even he can't fix. Soon he'll learn that he can no longer rely on his motto, "The truth can be adjusted."

The firm's super-star attorney Arthur Edens (brilliantly played by Tom Wilkinson, *Separate Lies*) is suffering a nervous breakdown — or the emergence of his conscience — that threatens the firm's livelihood. He's been heading the law firm's billion-dollar enterprise, defending a nefarious chemical manufacturer, against a massive class action lawsuit. But Edens has found proof that the company distributed a fertilizer that they knew was dangerous and that it did, indeed, as the plaintiffs claim, poison well water and sicken hundreds of farming community people. He threatens to do battle against his former client. Clayton's job is to get Edens medicated and muzzled before he can do any more harm.

Meanwhile the chemical company attorney, Karen Crowder (Tilda Swinton, *The Chronicles of Narnia*), takes preemptive action — Edens meets an untimely death that careens Clayton into a desperate search for the elusive truth. On a snowy hill in the company of three horses, Clayton gets his wakeup call. He can't ignore it and we in the audience can't forget it.

Tony Gilroy, who wrote the *Bourne* movies, wrote *Michael Clayton* and makes his directorial debut. In lesser hands, his device of moving the story forward by flashing back would have been disconcerting. But it works perfectly to energize what would otherwise have been an ordinary story if told in straight time.

With so many positives, why didn't I give this film a full five stars? Blame it on my dislike of weak villains. Though Tilda Swinton does a terrific job with her character, her character is a problem — she's a neurotic ice queen, brilliant but pathetically insecure. Her weakness makes her an easily victimized opponent, not worthy of a foe as devious and complex as Michael Clayton.

Rated R for language including some sexual dialogue.

Things We Lost in the Fire

★★★★

Short Take: Excruciatingly realistic portraits of grief and recovery.

This is another movie that's doomed at the box office because it's not escapist fare. Heartbreaking, because it captures in piercing detail the stages of grief — and recovery — that people go through after the death of a loved one. Audrey (Halle Berry, *X-Men: The Last Stand*) and Steven (David Duchovny, *X-Files*) are a happy, wealthy couple with two young children.

A dark cloud in their lives is Steven's best friend, former attorney and current heroin addict, Jerry Sunborne (Benicio Del Toro, *21 Grams*), with whom Steven remains steadfastly loyal. When Steven is tragically murdered, both Audrey's and Jerry's worlds fall apart. Audrey asks Jerry to move into her garage apartment to help her and the children cope. He does — and the proximity to the happiness that Steven had possessed both increases Jerry's pain and inspires him to get clean.

Don't expect paint-by-number warm fuzzies in this movie. It's way too classy for



Halle Berry and Benicio Del Toro help one another cope in the touching drama, Things We Lost in the Fire.

Hallmark moments. And don't think that Benicio Del Toro is going to prove how sexy he is. Same thing for Halle Berry. The actors appeared in this movie, not to look good, but because the movie allowed them the chance to prove how good they can be if given well-written parts.

How this movie ever got made is one of its big mysteries. It's directed by a woman, a Danish director named Susanne Bier, in her first Hollywood production and written by a heretofore unknown writer named Allan Loeb. Bier has two Hollywood productions in works and Loeb has five — so at least the good they did in this movie will have some payoff in future productions. *Things We Lost in the Fire* will probably be gone by the time you read this — see it when it comes out on DVD and be prepared to be awed.

Rated R for drug content and language.

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FILM REVIEWS

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In the Valley of Elah

1/2

Short take: Powerful murder mystery with tragic Iraq war connections.

In *The Valley of Elah* contains three of the best performances this year from Tommy Lee Jones (*A Prairie Home Companion*), Susan Sarandon (*Romance and Cigarettes*) and Charlize Theron (*Aeon Flux*).

Written and directed by Oscar-winning Paul Haggis (*Million Dollar Baby*, *Crash*), and inspired by a true story, *In the Valley of Elah* is the gut-wrenching tale of a fiercely patriotic career soldier (Jones), who gradually learns a terrible truth about the death of



"In The Valley of Elah" Susan Sarandon plays the mother of a young soldier killed after he comes home from Iraq.

his soldier son — the young man didn't die a death of honor on the battlefield serving his country. He was murdered by fellow soldiers home on leave as the twisted result of what they had done in Iraq. Jones must not only grieve the loss of his son, but also the death of his idealism. Susan Sarandon, in a few exquisite scenes, captures the heartbreak that every mother who's lost a child must feel. It's a powerful, poignant, fascinating movie and I hope you'll see it when it comes out on DVD.

The only thing wrong with the movie is the very last scene, in which filmmaker Haggis could not resist sending "a message" — which wasn't needed for pity's sake — we had, after all, seen the entire movie already up to this point. Worse, the scene was completely out of sync with the character that Tommy Lee Jones had so carefully constructed. Otherwise, *In the Valley of Elah* was flawless.

Rated R for violent and disturbing content, language and some sexuality/nudity.

Marcianne Miller is an Asheville-based writer and movie critic. Contact her at marci@aquamystique.com

Reviews by Rapid River Guest Critics

The Final Season

Short-Take: Fast-paced cheer-for-the-underdog story with high school baseball setting.

The Final Season has five major elements, a team, a boy, a coach, a community, and history. In 1991 the high school baseball team in small town Norway, Iowa, has 19 state championships under its belt. They seem headed for another winning season—until the school board decides to merge Norway High with one of the bigger schools in the area. Then the board fires the legendary coach that won them 12 of the 19 titles.

24-year-old untried coach Kent Stock (Sean Astin, *Lord of the Rings*) is brought in but few people believe he's got it in him to inspire the demoralized team and the town that needs something to cheer for. Adding to the coach's problems is new student Mitch Akers (Michael Angarano, *Sky High*), who has talent as a batter but doesn't realize that it takes more than one player to make a winning season.

As a member of the Asheville High School Marine JROTC, I found several themes in *The Final Season* that remind me of what I'm learning the Marine Corps is about: honor, courage, and



The coach and players learn the value of team work in *The Final Season*.

commitment. The Norway baseball players had the honor of being on a team with a big legacy. They had the courage to keep playing even when things looked bad. Last but not least, they developed the commitment to be exceptional. There

is something else that is big in this movie—discipline. Discipline really plays a big part in baseball because you need to focus and work and practice to be good.

If you are a fan of underdog football movies like *Rudy* (1993), *Remember the Titans* (2000), and *We Are Marshall*

(2006), and you've been waiting for a film about baseball—then this is for you.

Rated PG for language, thematic elements and some teen smoking.

Review by Zachary Maynard

Gone Baby Gone

Short Take: Mystery crime drama that starts good but goes bad, baby, bad at the end.

In 1997, at age 25, Ben Affleck shared Oscar-winning writing credit with fellow actor Matt Damon on their original screenplay *Good Will Hunting*. Ten years hence Affleck returns with *Gone Baby Gone* (adapted from the novel by



Amy Ryan turns in an unforgettable performance as an imperfect mother in *Gone Baby Gone*.

Mystic River author Dennis Lehane), co-scripted with newcomer Aaron Stockard--and ups his creative ante by making his directorial debut in the film as well. It's a daring effort but the result is an only passable mystery crime drama—with a cock-and-bull conclusion—intent on ironhanded audience manipulation.

Romantically involved Boston private detectives Patrick Kenzie (Casey Affleck, *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*) and Angie Gennaro (Michelle Monaghan, *The Heartbreak Kid*) are asked by the aunt and uncle of four-year-old Amanda McCready to augment the police investigation into the child's kidnapping. They believe the private detective duo can finesse cagey neighbors who don't ordinarily cooperate with police. A likable homegrown product with a baby face, Kenzie knows the downtrodden neighborhood well, but neither he nor Gennaro has ever investigated a kidnapping and they're

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TEEN REVIEWER:

The Game Plan

Short Take: A predictable tale that can't make it past the 50 yard line.

"The Rock" doesn't rock in *The Game Plan*. Is it because the movie is immature and gross, especially in the beginning? Or that the plot follows a predictable game plan? I have to admit, I was expecting more from a story written by women. Yes, it's a Disney movie, but couldn't the writers have been a smidgeon more original?

The Game Plan (starring Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson) is about a football star who thinks he has a perfect life—until he finds out he has an eight-year-old daughter. A feisty kid, Peyton



Film critic Sierra Bicking lives in Asheville.

Pass On "The Game Plan"

(Madison Pettis) has taken off on her own to find him, only to discover a big-headed jock living the party life of a bachelor. With the news of his fatherhood, "The Rock's" life fumbles—until he realizes that he truly does love his daughter even more than he loves football.

Oh, what a sweetheart.

One word really sums up this movie: lame. This sort of plot is so common that it's just plain boring. It's the same-o story where a self-absorbed guy is shocked to learn that he's a father but then gets won over by his

adorable child and changes his selfish ways. There was nothing original about it. Even worse, the characters were unrealistic, especially the daughter. In some scenes she acts knowledgeable beyond her years, but in others she appears excessively childish. The movie was also full of asinine humor, such as open-mouth chewing, lisping, a macho football player in ballet tights, etc. It was so juvenile, I doubt even tweens would like it. And while younger kids might like its slapstick, they might not understand some of its other thematic elements, such as death, and all the football references.

So if *The Game Plan* gets thrown at you, I suggest you pass.

Rated PG for some mild thematic elements.

FILM REVIEWS

Sundays with Hendersonville Film Society

BY CHIP KAUFMANN

The Hendersonville Film Society (HFS) is a non-profit organization dedicated to showing significant/rarely seen movies on Sunday afternoons. Join us in November as we close out 2007 with four “star” vehicles featuring a number of legendary performers and some bonus shorts.

November 4 The Searchers

The 12th collaboration between John Wayne and director John Ford resulted in this landmark psychological Western which features Wayne’s greatest performance. An ideal tribute as 2007 marks the 100th anniversary of John Wayne’s birth. With Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Natalie Wood.

Directed by John Ford.

In English 1956 USA Color 119 min.

November 11 A Foreign Field

Special presentation for Veteran’s Day! Three WWII vets return to Normandy to remember fallen comrades and look for a long lost love. Old rivalries reignite when two of the vets realize they are looking for the same woman. With Lauren Bacall, Leo McKern, Jeanne Moreau and Alec Guinness. Also: Honor Air 2006 short film.

Directed by Charles Sturridge. In English 1993 Great Britain Color 90 minutes.

November 18: The Whales of August.

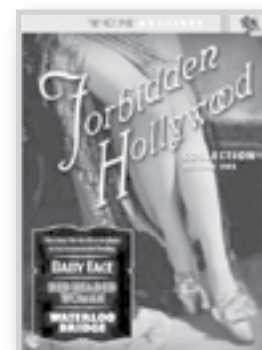
Screen legends Bette Davis and Lillian Gish portray two elderly sisters

living in a cottage on the coast of Maine who reflect back over their loves and lives. A story of survival, hope and triumph. With Vincent Price and Ann Sothorn. Bonus 1912 Lillian Gish short included.

Directed by Lindsay Anderson. In English 1987 USA Color 91 minutes.

November 25 Red-Headed Woman

HFS began the year with a selection from the “Forbidden Hollywood” series (Baby Face) and we’ll close out with one. Jean Harlow became a full-fledged star as a result of this incredibly racy 1932 melodrama about a secretary who sets her



sights on her married boss--and that’s only the beginning. With Chester Morris, Una Merkel and Charles Boyer. Also: an early Betty Boop cartoon.

Directed by Jack Conway. In English 1932 USA Black & White 79 minutes.

If you go

Hendersonville Film Society Screenings, Sundays at 2pm. Smoky Mountain Theatre in the Lake Pointe Landing Retirement Community. 333 Thompson Street, right behind the Epic Cinemas. Call Elaine Ciampi at (828) 697-7310. Open to all. Donations accepted.

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plunging into the case three days into it. With the clock ticking, the PIs navigate Amanda’s dingy, crime infested Boston neighborhood, and Kenzie grows more anxious about his ability to keep his promise to Amanda’s mother to find her missing daughter.

What’s troublesome about *Gone Baby Gone* is its feigned use of the audience’s natural sympathy for children to elicit emotions about child abduction and abuse. The preposterous final act—which concedes the real motives for Amanda’s kidnapping—offers up child abduction and abuse as red herrings that have no relevance to the storyline.

Surely one of the film’s most disappointing aspects is director Affleck’s inability to induce a star-making performance from his younger brother. The pubescent-looking Casey Affleck doesn’t command the camera, in spite of being surrounded by veteran actors like Ed Harris (as Detective Remy Bressant) and Morgan Freeman (as Police Captain Jack Doyle).

The singularly elevated acting performance is by Amy Ryan (TV’s *The Wire*) as the missing Amanda’s drugged out, criminally negligent, and profane mother Helene McCready. Ryan delivers an uncompromising performance of objectionable behavior, leaving you to marvel at the degree to which she dares you to maintain sorrow for her despairing character.

Rated R for violence, drug content and pervasive language.

REVIEW BY LOUIS BORAM

Rendition 1/2

Short take: Solid espionage thriller, with great performances.

Anwar El-Ibrahimi, (Omar Metwally, *Munich*) is a prosperous Egyptian chemical engineer working in the US on a green card, married to an American, Isabella (Reese Witherspoon, *Walk The Line*), and comfortably settled in suburban Chicago. En route home from overseas business, he’s seized by CIA agents who believe he has been in contact with a terrorist bomber. They drag him off into a shadowy, off-shore nightmare of torture and interrogation known as *extraordinary rendition*. Working frantically to find and rescue her husband, Isabella seeks the help of an old flame, Allan Smith (Peter Saarsgard, *Flightplan*), aide to a US Senator (Alan Arkin) who is, in turn, a political ally of the CIA official in charge of rendition, Corrine Whitman (Meryl Streep).

In sharp contrast to the cool, clean settings of official Washington are the desperate, and yet colorful slums of an unnamed North African country, where Anwar has been taken. Douglas Freeman (Jake Gyllenhaal, *Jarhead*), the sullen CIA station chief, is observing his first ‘coercive’ interrogation, which is carried out by police chief Abasi Fawal (in an excellent performance by Yigal Naor, *Munich*) as just another tiring job in the long work day. Gyllenhaal’s portrayal of Freeman’s gradual transition from indifference to indignation to crisis of conscience as he observes Fawal’s handiwork is superb. Suspense stays taut because we are kept in the dark about Anwar’s guilt or innocence throughout these scenes, which, be

advised, are harrowing.

An elaborate sub-plot connection to the main story concerns the police chief’s innocent, teen-age daughter. She is seduced into entanglement with the local jihadis, who may be harboring the fugitive bomb maker. South African director Gavin Hood (*Tsotsi*) employs flamboyant time line manipulation to pull the strands of the story together. It seemed gimmicky at first but served well to shock us with an abrupt realization that we already know the horror of an event which we have previously seen from another perspective.

Douglas Freeman’s decisions on how to deal with his disgust with rendition is the action that resolves the drama. The resolution, although weakened by a bit of moralizing about the abuse of power by government and the feel-good ending to what should be a tragic story, doesn’t spoil an otherwise timely perspective on the war on terror.

Rated R for torture/violence and language.

REVIEW BY JOHN M. ROSE

We Own the Night 1/2

Short Take: Crime thriller that comes without hollering distance of excellence. Phoenix and Mendes are hot. The car chase will be a classic.

Director James Gray returns with the two young male leads from his 2000 film, *The Yards*. Setting: the Brighton Beach/Coney Island section of Brooklyn in 1988. NYPD Chief of Detectives Burt Grusinsky (Robert Duvall, *The Apostle*) has two sons: Joe (Mark Wahlberg, *The Departed*), dedicated police Captain and the old man’s protégé; and Bobby (Joaquin Phoenix, *Walk The Line*), the wayward boy, who’s

distanced himself from the family.

Bobby is brooding and sultry. He conceals his roots from his party pals and the paternalistic old Russian who is now his patron. He lives the high life as the popular manager of a vast, overcrowded, end-of-the-disco-era nightclub, El Caribe. He’s all about loud music, drugs and booze and his sexy Puerto Rican girlfriend, Amada (Eva Mendes, *Hitch*).

Contemptuous of Bobby’s lifestyle, his father and brother nonetheless seek his help spying on his drug-dealing Russian customers. Bobby refuses, but the violent course of events forces him to cast his lot with the police and suffer its blood-soaked consequences.

Soundscapes, music, silence, moody interiors, great shots, fine acting, violence that fits the story without being gratuitous—it’s all well done. So what’s my beef? Two things. The insufficient time given to Eva Mendes and a weak plot contrivance. The character of Bobby’s girlfriend Amada promised but never delivered a role worthy of Eva Mendes. She’s more than wondrous eye candy and deserved more screen time. The story worked—up to the poorly devised plot point used to get Bobby into the shoot-out with the Russian baddies. When I’m thinking, “C’mon, y’all can do much better with this,” I know the filmmakers lost me.

See *We Own the Night* for its good points. Don’t feel guilty if you exit early. The film’s over when the smoke clears (literally) in the climactic scene.

Rated R for strong violence, drug material, language, some sexual content and brief nudity.

REVIEW BY JOHN M. ROSE

COVER STORY

Confessions of a Film Festival Screener

BY CHIP KAUFMANN

Before the culminating excitement of the parties and the awards presentations of the 3-day Asheville Film Festival, many hardworking volunteers perform important but not-so-glamorous hours of service. These are the unsung heroes of the film festival--the screeners who meet once a week and sit for hours watching films. It's their job to sift through the various entries and recommend movies that eventually will be shown at the festival. I ought to know--for I was one of them this year, just as I was at the first AFF back in 2003.

The process starts when films of different lengths and categories are submitted in the hopes of being chosen for a slot on the festival's schedule. Volunteers are divided into different groups to view the films in five categories: Features,

Shorts, Animation, Student Films and Documentaries. Volunteers then offer a room in their homes or office in which the group members can regularly meet to view the films--this becomes our screening room. All films have been submitted to the festival in DVD or DVD-R format, known as screeners. Most of them are final cuts ready to be shown in a theatre, but a few are "works in progress" --which means they will undergo final editing and scoring before they are actually shown in competition at the festival. For many people, being an early screener of film festival films can be a real eye-opening experience. Anyone interested in film can be a screener for the AFF, but don't think it's just having fun watching a lot of fascinating films. The job definitely is not always easy, or fun, and it takes effort.

For each film viewed, there's an evaluation form that has to be filled out. That's not too tough. The real challenge is sitting through an awful lot of dross in order to find a little gold. Most people don't realize how many films are actually made and in most cases just how bad they can be. In most cases it doesn't take long to tell that a film isn't festival-worthy, so you stop watching and then move on. Our group's cutoff time was 15 minutes and sometimes even those few minutes could be excruciating. Starting with ten volunteers, we lost members as early as

after the first night's screenings when they discovered that the viewing experience didn't turn out to be as much fun as they expected. After seven weeks of viewing, we were down to four.

Out of a total of 39 feature films watched by our group, only 10 were chosen to be included in the festival. Among those that made it in were *The List*, about a secret society in South Carolina that stars Malcolm MacDowell; *Murder Party*, which is a sophisticated spoof of slasher films that still delivers the goods; and my personal favorite, *Uranya* which is a Greek coming-of-age film set in 1969 right before the U.S. walked on the moon. It resembles the 1988 international hit *Cinema Paradiso*.

Despite the relaxed atmosphere of watching movies in the comfort of someone's home, screening films is a serious business and requires patience and diligence. Thanks to the dedication of small groups of people, you can rest assured that the Asheville Film Festival will showcase the best possible films in each category.



Chip Kaufmann is President of the Hendersonville Film Society, an historian of silent films, and hosts a program of classical music Thursday evenings on WCQS-FM.

Tess Harper

Oscar-nominated actress Tess Harper will receive the prestigious Career Achievement Award at the fifth annual Asheville Film Festival Spotlight Celebration Awards Ceremony on Saturday, November 10 at Diana Wortham Theatre.



Harper has appeared in over 70 films and TV movies. She was Oscar-nominated for her performance in 1983's *Crimes of the Heart*, directed by Bruce Beresford.

Three of Tess Harper's films will be screened at the Fine Arts Theatre in downtown Asheville. On Friday, November 9 there will be a screening of *Tender Mercies* followed by Q&A with Ms. Harper. A reception follows at Blue Spiral 1 next door. For more information on all Festival screenings and to purchase tickets, visit www.ashevillefilmfest.com or call (828) 259-5800.



Meet Tess Harper and director Tim Kirkman as they sign DVD copies of their

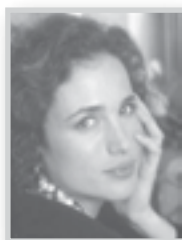
movie, *Loggerheads*, at Malaprop's Bookstore/Café, Saturday, November 10, 4:00 p.m.

Asheville Film Festival Special Events



Actor, writer, director, producer, composer, lyricist, professor and now novelist, Robby Benson is one of the judges of the 5th Annual Asheville Film Festival. His novel is a hilarious inside look at the makings of a TV sitcom: *Who Stole the Funny: A Novel of Hollywood*.

Meet him at his booksigning: Malaprop's Book/Café, Friday, November 9, 4:00 p.m.



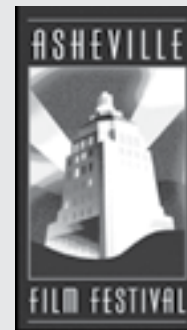
Andie MacDowell, model, actress and honorary chair for the Asheville Film Festival and filmmaker Robby Benson offer their insights about success in the movie industry in an up-close and personal Q&A session: Saturday, November 10, Noon-1 p.m. The Ritz - 2nd Floor, 44. S. Market St. Free to the public. Seating is limited and on a first come, first served basis.



Go to the Asheville Film Festival website for more information about the free educational workshops and other events:
www.ashevillefilmfest.com

5th Annual Asheville Film Festival

**Thursday through Sunday,
November 8-11, 2007**



Wipe off your spectacles and pick out your party shoes -- it's film festival time and downtown Asheville will be sparkling with all the stars and star-gazers in attendance.

Attendance expected: 8500+

Six Venues: Pack Place, Diana Wortham Theatre, Fine Arts Theatre, Asheville Community Theatre, 35 Below and The Ritz Building

Film Presentations: 93 Films, including 14 films shot or produced in Western North Carolina. In competition: 17 features, 22 documentaries, 18 shorts, 8 student films, 4 animated films.

Film Submissions: Over 400 films submitted from the United States and 13 Foreign Countries including films accepted from France, Canada, Belgium, Germany and Greece.

Judges: Actor Harry Anderson, filmmakers Robby Benson and Don Mancini, film critics, Felicia Feaster, Ken Hanke, Larry Toppman, and Sam Watson

Tickets: To order tickets visit www.ashevillefilmfest.com. Or visit the Pack Place Box Office at 2 S. Pack Square. Call (828) 257-4500.

- Individual Films: \$7 in Advance, \$8 at the Door
- Cinematic 6-Pack: \$39 for 6 screening times; Reel Deal - \$65 for 10 screening times.
- Premiere Night Gala & Reception featuring *The Savages* - \$40
- An Evening with Tess Harper - \$20
- Spotlight Celebration Awards Ceremony and Reception - \$75
- Closing Night Film and Reception featuring *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly* - \$20

Educational Events: 12 Free workshops and presentations open to the public.

**www.ashevillefilmfest.com
or phone (828) 259-5800**

FESTIVALS

FENCE Foothills Storytelling Festival Celebrates 7th Year

Put down the remote and step away from the television...it's time to rediscover the magic of storytelling.

Six nationally known storytellers will take the stage at the Foothills Equestrian Nature Center (FENCE) in Tryon, N.C. on Saturday, November 24 from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. for the new, expanded 7th Annual FENCE Foothills Storytelling Festival. Couples and families can round out their Thanksgiving holidays by enjoying a day of stories, music and refreshments, perfect for all ages. There is no admission charge. Free coffee, cider, popcorn and snacks will be provided, and guests are welcome to bring a brown bag lunch. Sandwiches will be available for purchase.

"This is more than a kids' activity," says festival founder Carolie Bartol. "This is exactly what people mean when they say 'fun for all ages.' We often have more adults than children in the audience, and they're just as mesmerized as the younger set...sometimes even more so! This

year's especially exciting for us, as we've expanded our hours and the number of storytellers. We hope to keep growing each year."

The 2007 featured performers are Connie Regan-Blake, Bartol, Lance Smith, Wright Clarkson -The StoryGuy, Gwenda Ledbetter and Dan Dutterer's Poetic Justice.

Connie Regan-Blake

One of America's most celebrated storytellers, Regan-Blake has captivated the hearts and imaginations of audiences everywhere. Drawing on her Irish heritage, Southern roots, and sense of humor, Connie tells traditional Appalachia Mountain stories, heroic adventures, literary tales, ghost stories and personal experiences to enthusiastic audiences of adults, families, and children. Her programs are dynamic, entertaining and educational; she is also a sought-after workshop leader and keynote performer.

Connie has been invited to perform in 47 states and 16 foreign countries, including Uganda and Dubai earlier this year. Her work has been praised in such diverse media as ABC's *Good Morning America*, *New Age Magazine*, *School Library Journal*, and *National Public Radio's All Things Considered*. A co-founding member of the National Storytelling Association, she is recognized as a leader in bringing storytelling to the main stage of America and was recently honored with a Lifetime Achievement Award from the National Storytelling Network. For more info see her website www.storywindow.com.

Carolie Bartol

One evening about ten years ago, while working as an outdoor educator at Earthshine Mountain Lodge, Carolie Bartol asked an innocent question: "What's the entertainment for tonight?"

"Storytelling!" she was told.

"Great! Who's the teller?" she asked, assuming it would be experience storyteller and coworker Lance Smith.

"YOU are!" came the terrifying response.

With knees knocking and voice

THE 7TH ANNUAL
FENCE
FOOTHILLS
STORYTELLING
FESTIVAL

AT FENCE WITH:
CONNIE REGAN-BLAKE LANCE SMITH GWENDA LEDBETTER
WRIGHT CLARKSON POETIC JUSTICE CAROLIE BARTOL

Made possible by an endowment
from the Kirby Fund at the Polk
County Community Foundation

11:00-6:00
SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 24
TRYON, NC

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WWW.FENCE.ORG OR 828-859-9021 FOR MORE INFORMATION

tales, ghost stories, folklore, multi-cultural stories, tall tales or original yarns; Story Guy utilizes a highly interactive style to engage his audiences.

"Share a story, open a mind and touch a heart..." this is Wright's life-long mission and vision statement. Drawing upon his background and life experiences, Wright creates truly unique, interactive adventures. He often uses exotic musical instruments, unusual hand puppets and various costumes to leave audiences of all ages with the feeling they have "lived" one of his performances.

Gwenda Ledbetter

Asheville resident Gwenda Ledbetter has thrilled audiences with her stories since her days as *The Storylady* at Pack Memorial Library in the 1960s. A performer and workshop leader at the National Festival in Jonesborough, she was also a teller-in-residence in 2006 at the International Storytelling Center, and received the 2006 Oracle Award, joining Regan-Blake

in the Circle of Excellence. This will be Ledbetter's debut at the festival, and festival organizers are thrilled that she'll be performing at FENCE.

Dan Dutterer's Poetic Justice

Relocating to Asheville brought Dan Dutterer into the world of poetry and collaboration with The Poetry People. Another venture, Poetic Justice, emerged as an opportunity to offer performance poetry to children of all ages. Dutterer is now focused on educating and entertaining audiences in WNC, as well as up and down the Atlantic coast, by showing them what poetry has to offer through the magic of theatre and the high energy of live performance.

shaking, she told her first story in public that evening. Before the last echoes died out, she knew she'd found her new calling. A native of Tryon, Carolie currently lives with her husband in Sasebo, Japan. When she's not telling stories, Carolie spends her time as a graphic designer, book designer and typesetter. She's thrilled to be returning for her seventh year with the festival, and grateful to FENCE and to the Kirby Endowment at the Polk County Community Foundation for making the festival possible.

Lance Smith

Currently the Christian Education and Youth Director at the Congregational Church of Tryon, Lance Smith has been performing as a storyteller for 17 years, including multiple appearances at Super Saturday in Tryon. Smith uses mountain stories, music and games to bring natural as well as cultural lessons to life for audiences from 5 to 100.

Wright Clarkson, The StoryGuy

Based in Charlotte, Clarkson is a cultural educator, storyteller, musician, and performance artist. Whether it's fairy

If you go

For more information about the festival, please visit www.FENCE.org or call (828) 859-9021.

A special thank-you to the Kirby Endowment at the Polk County Community Foundation for providing funding for these free family events.

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ARTFUL LIVING

The Eroica

BY BILL WALZ



Bill Walz

I have been listening to Beethoven's 3rd Symphony, The Eroica. It was written in celebration of the fulfillment of myth, of the journey of the hero. In Beethoven's beginning 19th Century, the Ages of Reason and Enlightenment had just vanquished the dark myth of a world of decadent hereditary royalty and aristocratic political and social privilege built on the suffering of the common citizen.

The Romantic Age of birthing democracy was beginning and Beethoven wrote the sound track.

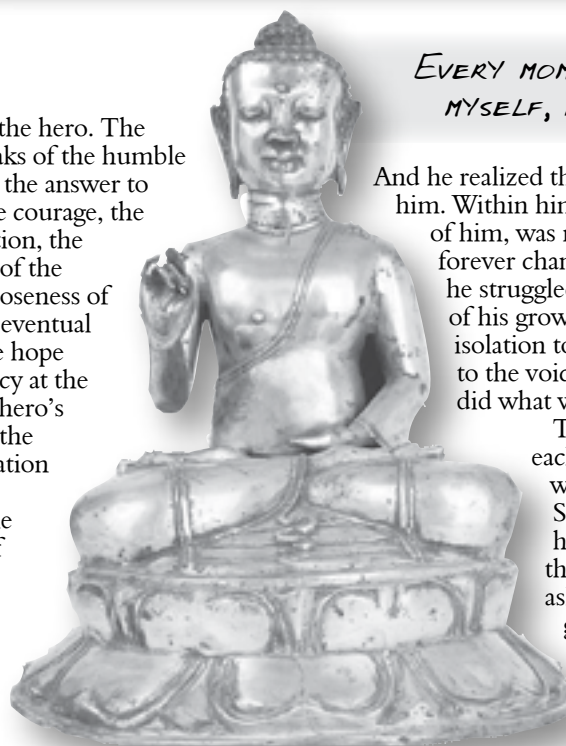
The Eroica was originally written in dedication to Napoleon, who before he crowned himself emperor, Beethoven and millions of others believed was the hero who would spread the ideals of The Revolution, "liberté, fraternité, égalité", across the European continent. Napoleon failed Beethoven, he was not a hero, just another face of power hungry ego. But the heroic ideal of The Eroica remained true in hundreds, thousands of less exalted figures than Napoleon, heroes of the democratic revolutions who lived, fought, sacrificed, triumphed, were sometimes defeated and triumphed again, to change the world. Among them was Beethoven.

The hero. Beethoven, who struggled with his growing deafness, with the isolating madness of his unequaled musical genius, who only knew he had to speak for God, because God spoke to him,

embodied the hero. The Eroica speaks of the humble beginning, the answer to the call, the courage, the determination, the dark night of the soul, the closeness of defeat, the eventual victory, the hope for normalcy at the end of the hero's quest, and the final realization

that there can be no returning to the simple pleasure of the company of fellow humans. A bridge has been crossed. An awakening has occurred. The hero is alone. A bodhisattva has been born.

Where are our heroes? In this beginning 21st Century, the darkness of a corrupt age of the barons of finance, capitalism and intellectual egotism is playing itself to its decadent historic conclusion. The unconsciousness of the materialist phase of the human egoic age has taken us into a stagnation and crisis as certain as the stagnation and crisis the royal aristocratic phase had suffered upon humanity in the years surrounding 1800. Beethoven cried out, "Where is our hero?"



EVERY MOMENT, THE HERO ASKS, NOT WHAT CAN I GET FOR MYSELF, BUT WHAT DOES THIS MOMENT NEED FROM ME?

And he realized the hero was within him. Within him, what was asked of him, was music that would forever change music. And he struggled past the panic of his growing deafness and isolation to turn his inner ear to the voice of God. And he did what was needed of him.

The hero is within each of us. Some will hear the call. Some will make history following the hero's journey, asking not what can I get for myself, but what is needed from me? This quiet stirring is in each of us.

History forces us to listen for it. History is now calling. Who will listen, even if, or perhaps because, their ability to participate in the mundane conversations of their fellow humans has been taken from them. Beethoven's physical deafness was only a poignant actualization of the soul's ear turning from the din of the insistent voices of the past, that dominate and deafen the present, to hear a call into the future, that insists instead to the hero, "Follow me toward truth, do what is needed."

A new age is needed, one that

recognizes the simple truth of the necessity of humanity evolving beyond the shadow always thrown by ego. This new age will see the expansion of human consciousness out of competitive separateness into the inevitability of what that ancient, yet prescient, philosophy Buddhism refers to as "interbeing", the realization of the interconnectedness and interdependence of all life. Who will be the ones to make this new age? Where are our heroes? They are here. They are our revolutionary musicians, artists, spiritual masters, ecologists and peacemakers. They are those who refuse to accept poverty and despair anywhere as acceptable, those who call for an entirely new level of "liberté, fraternité, égalité", that enfolds the entire planet. They are those who know all humanity is kin, not only with each other but with all life, and the planet itself. These will be the heroes of this new age. Are you ready to join them?

Bill Walz is a UNCA adjunct faculty member and a private-practice teacher of mindfulness, personal growth and consciousness. He holds a weekly meditation class, Mondays, 7pm at the Friends Meeting House, 227 Edgewood.

Info on classes and personal growth and healing instruction or phone consultations at (828) 258-3241, or e-mail at healing@billwalz.com. Visit www.billwalz.com

Online Health Resources

BY MAX HAMMONDS, MD

In this day of obsessive internet connectivity, the plethora of websites can be overwhelming. This is certainly true for health topics. It is good to know which websites give plainly written information, are not really advertisers trolling for customers, and are not for professionals only. I personally visited all the sites listed here. They are reputable, helpful, well-written, and easy to navigate.

GENERAL HEALTH

For women (all good):

healthywomen.org – newsletter format
4woman.gov – menu format
menopause.org – members only section and general public section with excellent information

For men (harder to find):

intelihealth.com – look in the Men's Health menu for prostate cancer.

prostatecancerfoundation.org (excellent newsletter information)

For kids:

bam.gov – cool comic book presentation of info for teens
dolesuperkids.com – interactive games to encourage kids to eat healthy, concentrates on 5 fruits and veggies a day.

For families:

kidshealth.org (outstanding info for parents, kids, teens; all age appropriate)

GENERAL INFORMATION LIBRARIES

familydoctor.org – Amer Acad of Fam. Phys. Easy reading, excellent coverage of everything
mayoclinic.com – Mayo Clinic; newsletter format; look for excellent library
healthfinder.gov – US Dept of Health and Human Services; newsletter with topics and library

WEIGHT-LOSS

mypyramidtracker.gov – lengthy food-intake questionnaire, info on intake of recommended nutrients and healthy weight loss recommendations

FITNESS

acefitness.org – excellent, free, illustrated exercise workouts for all body areas
mayoclinic.com – Healthy Lifestyle menu
presidentschallenge.org – workouts for all ages at all skill levels; cool menus for kids; gimmicky

EMOTIONAL HEALTH

nihm.nih.gov – excellent discussion of every mental health problem, at higher reading level
nmha.org – menu driven, written at general public reading level

QUIT SMOKING

lungusa.org – Amer Lung Assoc – find Freedom from Smoking menu, good 7 step program
smokefree.gov – National Cancer Institute; step-by-step guides plus live on-line counselors

SLEEP

sleepfoundation.org – excellent info for multiple situations plus referral centers

ALCOHOL

alcoholscreening.org – self-test for problem drinking; objectively written, direct
e-aa.org – on-line AA with all the parts, including on-line AA meetings
drugfree.org – excellent site for kids, teens, and families

Happy Hunting!

RESTAURANTS & WINE

Making a Splash at a Party - Plus, Nouveau Night!

BY MICHAEL PARKER

Last month, the North Carolina Museum of History opened an important new exhibit with a gala event for some 450 people. Now on display at the museum are John White's 400 year-old paintings and drawings of our east coast. It is only the second time that the British Museum has loaned out these illustrations, which were, four centuries ago, England's very first view of the New World.

(Governor Smith's daughter bore Virginia Dare, the first English child born in the New World. There was a winery east of Los Angeles called Virginia Dare, the oldest wine brand in America and the first sold after the repeal of Prohibition, which put the first commercial jingle for a wine on the radio.)

Anyway, the cocktail hour and the dinner went very well. It always amazes me when, even in modern times, so very many people can be successfully managed, served, and entertained at a single event.

A funny thing happened when someone lost his grip and sent a glass of red wine flying near North Carolina First Lady Mary Easley. It missed her, but it is a good reminder at the beginning of this year's party season, that if the Governor's wife can have a near-miss with an airborne glass of dress-wrecking wine, then none of us are safe.

It happened to my mother, who was minutes away from buying an abstract painting from a local artist, when the artist spilled her red on my mother's white pants, and actually chuckled. No apology. No sale. (We decided the pants would do for an abstract expression - think of the money we saved!)

It happened to Flo, whose trademark Dining Out for Life fundraising dress was an electric blue Chinese silk cheongsam, until red wine put it permanently in storage.

It happened to Heather, who was on her way out of the building when a clumsy, clueless woman dumped her red on Heather's white winter coat. When the spiller laughed it off, I told Heather to go back and scratch that lady a new one. It was a catfight at Nouveau Night!

It happened to me. The day after Rick's 40th birthday party, I discovered a red Ricky-tini stain on the back of my ultra-groovy Lindeberg shirt.

(Is this why, last December, First Lady Laura Bush and three other women wore the same red dress to a party? Was the clumsy Raleighan there? Has this man been flagged?)

Don't let this happen to you, ladies and groovy shirt-wearing gentlemen: dress-up season has begun, have a purse-sized bottle of Wine-Away wine stain remover (on sale now at your friendly local wine retailer) at the ready. It even got the day-old stain out of my groovy Lindeberg shirt. I have the large, \$10 bottle, and keep it in the car. If I am a host or volunteering at an event, the bottle is with me. Why should a guest have a good night blemished?

Nouveau Night 2007

Asheville's own see-and-be-seen season begins this month with the annual Nouveau Night. It happens on Thursday, November 15. Admission: \$40 in advance. (You can forget about at-the-door because it always sells out.) Buy advance tickets at the Asheville

Downtown Association Office (across from the Frog Bar), and at the big three wine shops: Weinhaus, Wine Market, and Wine Guy.

About Beaujolais Nouveau and this event: this is not an event for nose-in-the-air wine tasters. It is a fun, get-dressed wine and food event. They will also be pouring alternative reds, whites, and fizz. In fact, the sparkling wine bar is the most fun corner in the room, especially if Rachelle and Charley are doing the pouring. The food is a big deal, too. In fact, the food deserves to be the best reason to go. Local restaurants and caterers include:

Bistro 1896
Bouchon
Café on the Square
City Bakery
Ed Boudreaux's
Fiore's
La Caterina
Laughing Seed
Lobster Trap
Old Europe Bistro
Paris Festival
Picholine
Pomodoros
Santé Wine Bar
Savoy
Scully's
Southside Café
Sugo
Sweet Monkey
The Big Cheese
The Market Place
Ultimate Ice Cream
Vigné
Vincenzo's
World Coffee Café

Beaujolais wine has its legitimate place in wine culture, and hundreds of

bottles will pour at this event This is not a wine tasting, it is a wine drinking.

And, it will be a waste of time to go critical about easy-drinking Beaujolais. Actually, you should know a few differences. Nouveau is brand spanking new, it just finished fermenting, and not all of it is good. There are a few labels that will surprise you. Look for Joseph Drouhin at this event, it usually is the first to run out.

Because Nouveau is so new, it generally improves and can be at its peak at six months. Also, several California wineries and even some Italian versions are available. Look for labels that read "Gamay Nouveau" or "Novello."

The Georges Dubouef brand is also misunderstood. Some labels with that name also bear the name of a specific chateau, an indication that the wine is the product of an individual winery, and simply marketed under the Dubouef flag. These estate-bottled nouveaux are often quite good.

The region called Beaujolais is where the French grow gamay grapes. The region's wineries also make red wines that are not nouveau. Some can actually age, such as Beaujolais wine with the subtitle "Morgon" or "Brouilly," which are smaller sub-regions with the region of Beaujolais. So rather than bore your friendly local wine retailer and volunteer pourers with rubber-stamp anti-Beaujolais remarks, go at it instead with this little extra information and an open mind. You don't have to like any of it, you certainly don't have to like the prices, but you can learn that there is more to Nouveau than most people think.

TASTING EVENTS!

Our semi-blind seated tastings at the Merrimon Ave. shop include a sampling of wines from some great producers including the Pacific Northwest. The highly anticipated and touted 2005 vintage Burgundies are in and delicious. We will be scheduling a tasting of these "can't miss" classics. Call today for more information.

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LOCAL FLAVOR

Thanksgiving Reinterpreted

BY MACKENSY LUNSFORD

Because Marshmallows Are Best Left To S'Mores

Let me set things straight right off the bat, lest I be pegged as some sort of tradition-snubbing holiday hater. Thanksgiving is a lovely occasion, full of family, food and usually some pretty noteworthy football. Plus, any day that demands slowing down (turkey tryptophan-induced comas do make one sluggish) to ponder the many things for which we should all be thankful is a beautiful and necessary thing. That having been said, here's the rub: many Thanksgiving tables appear to have devolved into a smorgasbord of culinary train wrecks trotted out solely in the name of tradition.

Folks, there is no excuse for the way we have abused the sweet potato. Its moniker is self-explanatory--it really doesn't need any extra sweetener. My childhood Thanksgiving table provides a perfect example of yam injustice. For years in my family, the defenseless sweet potato was first pummeled into submission with brown sugar and oodles of pumpkin pie spice. In what could only be described as a misguided fit of inspiration, the helpless tuber was then rolled into little pecan-covered balls, dotted with cranberry jam, and studded with mini marshmallows. Stripped almost entirely of its true identity, the sweet potato was dubbed fit for consumption. True, I loved it to pieces as a kid, but I also found untold gustatory pleasures in Pop Tarts and eating Kool-Aid mix with a spoon.

Thanksgiving's culinary crimes didn't end there. This may cut some of you to the bone, but the green bean casserole is more outdated than acid-washed jeans. This whole seasonally inappropriate mess was concocted in the mid-50s by the matron of the Campbell's soup test kitchen, and has stubbornly stuck around ever since. Certainly, the dish had its place at my dear grandma Gladys' potluck Thanksgivings, where casseroles of all stripes – conveniently portable and microwaveable as they were – reigned supreme. Amidst the mini-marshmallow crowned sweet potato bake and bright orange fruit salads made with Cool Whip, canned orange segments, maraschino cherries and – you guessed it – marshmallows, the green bean casserole was king. That, however, was the 80s, and we've grown beyond canned vegetables



Asheville Chef Mackensy Lunsford

bound with cream of mushroom soup and topped with fried onions, haven't we?

What follows next is a disclosure of the most heretical sort: turkey has never been my favorite, either. It almost always turned out too dry, gravy be damned, and there was usually more than enough roasted off on Thanksgiving day to ensure that I would be forced to dine on disguised turkey remains for so long that I would consider feigning a tryptophan allergy. Somewhere along the way, God bless her, my very creative and adventurous mother had a culinary epiphany. Faced with a dinner for only three one year, she forewent the ubiquitous gargantuan turkey, thumbed her nose at tradition, and roasted up a smallish duck. It was a huge hit, and opened the door for years of impulsive creativity, unbound by the rules of

custom. Thanksgiving dinner had, essentially, gone outside the box.

Now we all gleefully roast root vegetables (including sweet potatoes) with little more than winter

herbs, salt, pepper and butter. We've been known to serve fresh fish as a main course, or steak with sauce Bearnaise, if the temptation should strike. The last time my parents decided to make turkey, they pounded some breasts flat, layered them with prosciutto, basil and fresh mozzarella, bound them into rolls with kitchen twine and threw them on the grill. Several Thanksgiving highballs later, dinner was served. We remember that more fondly than whole roasted turkey #10.

"What about tradition?" you may ask. Folks, if traditional food was really

that important to the history of Thanksgiving, we'd lace the turkey with lead birdshot for sake of authenticity and take to supping on cornmeal porridge and gnawing on boiled rabbit legs.

No, the value of Thanksgiving tradition lies in the coming together and interaction of families and friends. My personal tradition, for example, involves controlling the urge to throw a dinner roll at my sister's head after she's interrupted me for the nineteenth time. It's all about the love, not the stuffing.

I'm not suggesting that you toss out great aunt Myrtle's gizzard gravy recipe. It may simply be time to throw a few updated classics in the mix—all family traditions, after all, begin somewhere. With a fresh perspective, Thanksgiving dinner can be a new and exciting experience. Just please, put down the pumpkin pie spice and back away very slowly.

Alternative Thanksgiving Menu Ideas

1. Roasted pork loin with dried fig compote
2. Green beans with roasted garlic or caramelized onions, herbs and olive oil or butter
3. Oven roasted mushrooms with plenty of olive oil or butter, garlic and thyme
4. Wild rice pilaf with almonds and dried cranberries
5. Whole roasted salmon side with dill and lemon zest yogurt
6. Brussels sprouts with pancetta and brown butter
7. Mini sweet potato tartlets with fresh whipped cream

Voice of Experience

Don't mess with the turkey tradition unless you're sure that it won't be a traumatic experience for anyone!

Easy Butternut Squash Gratin

This simple recipe is a great alternative to the sweet potato casserole. This amount will easily feed a family of eight.

Ingredients:

- 3 medium butternut squash
- 3 eggs
- 1 qt. heavy cream
- 1 tsp pepper
- 2 tsp salt
- 1 tsp curry powder
- 1 Tbs minced fresh thyme or 1 tsp dried

1. Preheat oven to 325°F.
2. Slice butternut squash very thinly.
3. Whisk together eggs, cream, salt, pepper and thyme.
4. Place sliced butternut in a greased deep casserole dish.
5. Add egg and cream mixture and agitate slightly to make sure everything is coated.
6. Place casserole dish uncovered in the oven and bake for about an hour. Ovens vary, especially during family gatherings when there are too many cooks opening and closing the oven door all day! Keep an eye on it. It's done when the squash is knife-tender, the liquid has dried up, and it's a beautiful golden brown on the top.



Have an idea for future articles for Local Flavor? Local foodies we must know about? Workshops or community food events? Contact Mackensy Lunsford at catalyst@charter.net.

Golden brown on top--butternut squash gratin ready for a hungry crowd.

Mackensy Lunsford is an award-winning food writer. With her husband Judd Lohof, she owns Café Azalea--which will not be serving turkey dinners with marshmallow-studded mashed sweet potatoes this month.



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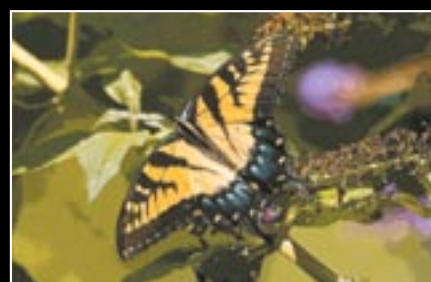
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PERFORMANCE

A Mass for Angels:

By BILLIE SUE THOMPSON

Asheville's Children's Chorus joins the Asheville Symphony Chorus for Rutter's Mass of the Children

The pure, angelic sound of a fine children's choir can be ethereal, other worldly, and heart-warming all in the same moment. It is this surreal quality that inspired the great British composer John Rutter to write his Mass of the Children. It premiered in Carnegie Hall, New York, in February 2003, and has since become regarded as one of his finest works.

Music lovers in Asheville will have the opportunity to experience this beautiful mass on November 3, 7:30 p.m., at Arden Presbyterian Church when the Asheville Symphony Chorus and the Asheville Symphony Children's Chorus, accompanied by orchestra, will join together to present this unusual piece of Rutter's work.

Though the mass is written with the children playing an integral role, the adult choir, along with soprano and bass soloists, interweave throughout all the movements, creating a musical experience not usually associated with a liturgical mass. Rutter designed the theme to portray "morning to evening/waking to sleeping," beginning with lines from a beautiful hymn written by Bishop Thomas Ken, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," (1674). After the haunting beauty of the Kyrie, the lively Gloria dances on Rutter's penchant for unequal rhythms. The five-part mass, termed a Missa Brevis because it omits the usual Credo, includes passages from William Blake's childlike poem "The Lamb" as well as verses by Lancelot Andrews and St. Patrick. Altogether, this work is not your typical mass, and is an unusually up-lifting musical experience.

The Asheville Symphony Chorus

will be conducted by founder/director Dewitt Tipton, a long known musical presence in Asheville. He chose this mass for this season's performance because he loves the interaction between the children's voices and the mixed choir. Tipton explained, "I was drawn to this piece because Rutter interpolated meaningful poetry and hymnody that is not usually a part of a traditional mass. I am especially moved by the children's singing of William Blake's "Little Lamb, who made thee?"

Tipton also chose the Mass of the Children because he welcomed the opportunity to work with another well-known Asheville musician and long time friend, Dr. Susan Hensley, Arts Education Supervisor for Buncombe County Schools. Dr. Hensley expressed her joy at having this opportunity for the children to sing with the Symphony Chorus: "Dewitt and I have discussed

for years the idea of joining the children's voices with ASC in a serious work. I am just so excited for the children to have this experience of singing

this beautiful music and playing such a key role in a work of this caliber." Dr. Hensley, who graduated from Mars Hill College and went on to earn her graduate degrees from LSU, has had extensive vocal training and works with choirs in several local churches. She formed the children's chorus in 1998.

The Asheville Symphony Chorus is an adjunct of the Asheville Symphony, and gives concerts both with the symphony as well as separate performances. Tipton has not only founded and directed the Symphony Chorus for 16 years, but has taught in four area colleges, served in numerous

churches both as director and organist, produced musical theatre productions for both SART and Mars Hill College, performs solo piano concerts, and is one of the finest accompanists in the Southeast. Tipton's musical degrees are from Mars Hill College and University of Illinois.

John Rutter, born in 1945, has become one of America's most loved classic composers, with compositions including choral, orchestral and instrumental works. He is perhaps best known for his Requiem and Gloria, which have been performed by choirs

all over the United States, Britain and countries. His setting of Psalm 150 was written for the Queen's Jubilee in 2002, and was performed at the Service of Thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

If you go

Asheville Symphony Chorus, Asheville Children's Chorus

Mass of the Children

7:30 p.m. November 3, 2007

Arden Presbyterian Church, 2215 Hendersonville Road, Arden, NC

TICKETS: \$15.

\$12, Students or party of 10 or more

Call Symphony Office (828) 254-7046 or contact any Chorus member

The five-part mass includes passages from William Blake's childlike poem "The Lamb" as well as verses by Lancelot Andrews and St. Patrick.

Asheville Choral Society Celebrates Winter and the Holiday Season

Saturday, December 8, 8 p.m. and Sunday, December 9, 4 p.m. The Asheville Choral Society, with Music Director Lenora Thom, celebrates winter and the Christmas season in the concert "Wolcum, Yole!" (Welcome, Yule!) at United Central Methodist Church in uptown Asheville. Contact: (828) 299-9063, or visit www.ashevillechoralsociety.net

Asheville Symphony Chorus
A Member of the Asheville Symphony Society

Dewitt Tipton, Director & Conductor
Steven Williams, Assistant Director

MASS OF THE CHILDREN
by John Rutter

Featuring
The Asheville Symphony Chorus
and
The Asheville Symphony Children's Chorus
directed by Susan Hensley

Saturday November 3, 2007
7:30 p.m., Arden Presbyterian Church

Tickets \$15, \$12, students or party of 10 or more
The Symphony Office 828-254-7046
or any chorus member.

ENTERTAINMENT

Building COMMUNITY Through CELEBRATION

BY SARA WIDENHOUSE

The 61st Annual Asheville Holiday Parade will be held downtown on Saturday, November 17th at 2:00. One hundred entries will creatively express the theme "Building Community through Celebration". Lead by Riverlink director Karen Cragnolin as honorary Grand Marshal, the lineup will feature collaborations and call for audience participation.

There will be 8 marching bands; Southern Concrete has created a transportation fund for the area high school bands. Hillcrest Hi Steppas are celebrating their 30th anniversary. Carver HS from Winston Salem will join the parade lineup for the first time, sponsored by Shine Entertainment. Earth Fare will team up with Meals on Wheels to handle a 28-foot Turkey balloon in a pilgrim hat. Greenlife Grocery is sponsoring the Chapel Hill based Paperhand Puppet Intervention, with giant puppets for 50 community volunteers to carry through the parade. Asheville Area Habitat for Humanity will build a miniature house on their float en route to be auctioned in December. Parade Program sponsors IWANNA are joining with Mission Children's Dental Program in a float featuring the toothfairy: "All IWANNA for Christmas is My Two Front Teeth". Ingles and Manna Food Bank are teaming up on a canned food drive, which will take place as part of their entry during the parade. Spectators are invited to fill the shopping carts with canned food to donate to the community.

Asheville's creative culture will be showcased. La Zoom's purple bus will host the Pritchard Park drum circle. Firecracker Jazz Band will return, playing aboard a float shaped like a 1907 gramophone, the Asheville Mardi Gras Paraders will "second line" right behind. Arts 2 People and Future of Traditions will create an undulating magic carpet float with belly dancers. Flat track roller

derby team Blue Ridge Rollergirls will return. Asheville on Bikes, winners of last years Best Use of Theme prize, will work with the Buncombe County Beekeepers Association: "BEElieve in CommUNITY", an entry featuring bees with kazoos riding bikes.

Sixteen schools will be represented. Marching school entries feature future astronauts, unicyclists, and jump ropers, School floats include a church scene, a Viking ship, and a marimba band. UNCA athletics and AB Tech will have entries this year. Dance schools will perform a variety acts from Hip Hop to Irish Step to Ballet to Clogging. JROTC, Cheerleaders, a Step Team, and two Youth Leagues will participate.

Many horses will be on parade. Express Personnel Services' World Champion Clydesdale team will pull a wagonload of kids and adults along the route. This eight-horse team travels the country and will perform in the Macy's parade in NYC on Thanksgiving. Smith McDowell Junior Historians will appear in period costume alongside their horse drawn carriage. Biltmore will provide a horse drawn surrey for Grand Marshal Karen Cragnolin. Llamas will participate for the first time. Poop Patrol Clowns will be "called to duty" two times in this year's lineup. Even Santa Claus has a brand-new One Horse Open Sleigh, and will be accompanied by US Postal workers, who will collect kids letters to Santa along the route.

The Asheville Holiday Parade is sponsored by the Asheville Merchants Corporation, who give back to the community year after year, and reflect the theme best of all. The City of Asheville co-sponsors this annual celebration. Through the services of many departments, the parade becomes reality.

For more information visit www.ashevillemarchants.com, or phone (828) 251-4147.

"Asheville, listen up! You have a first-rate, very, very high quality performing arts organization in your midst."

- ASHEVILLE'S TRANSCENDENT VOICES
PAGE 33

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PERFORMANCE

Asheville's Transcendent Voices

BY JOHN CLARK

To sing like this, in the company of other souls, and to make those consonants slip out so easily and in unison, and to make those chords so rich that they bring tears to your eyes. This is transcendence. This is the power that choral singing has that other music can only dream of. - GARRISON KEILLOR

It's a beautiful June afternoon in Charlotte, and I'm driving down Queens Road on the way to the grocery store. The only difference in my routine of some 26 years in this city is a major decision to make about moving to Asheville.

The Asheville Choral Society (ACS) has offered me the opportunity to become the new executive director, a brand new position for the 30 year-old group. I'm thinking . . . "do I want to be involved in a nonprofit choral organization in a small city?" Surely, the artistic quality of the group can't match the level I enjoy in Charlotte.

I put the CD of the ACS's May performance in my car's player—this will be the major factor in my decision. No suspense, for I began this new job and new life on August 6. The sounds from the CD player were simply amazing.

Asheville, listen up! You have a first-

rate, very, very high quality performing arts organization in your midst. I would put them up against the Atlanta Symphony Chorus any day. Whether you like serious choral music or not, you should at least know what's here and be proud of it.

Listen to long-time resident and member of the Chorus, Barbara Gordesky:

As a member of the Asheville Choral Society for over 12 years, I have been challenged to grow as a musician, because our director Lenora Thom demands excellence and our performances clearly show it. The feelings I experience in singing with this outstanding group are indescribable.

One could say the major reason I moved to Asheville is because of what Lenora Thom has accomplished. For over twenty years, she enjoyed a busy

and varied professional career in the New York City area, where she held positions as Music Director and Conductor of the New Jersey Choral Society and Orchestra, of the Kean (NJ) Chamber Symphony and of the Riverdale (NY) Chamber Orchestra. Lenora studied at Juilliard, the Hartt School of Music, Trinity College, Peabody Conservatory, and the Pierre Monteux School for Conductors.

Come hear for yourself. The Asheville Choral Society opens its 2007-2008 season with "Wolcum, Yole!" (Welcome, Yule!), a concert celebration of the winter and Christmas seasons on December 8 at 8 p.m. and December 9 at 4 p.m. The performances will be held at Central United Methodist Church located at 27 Church Street in downtown Asheville.

You can buy your ticket online at www.ashevillechoralsociety.org or why



Lenora Thom, music director of the Asheville Choral Society. Photo by Lynne Harty

not just call me at (828) 299-9063, buy your ticket, and get the real lowdown on, as Garrison Keillor might say, this 'transcendent' group of singers.

If you go

Asheville Choral Society "Wolcum, Yole!" (Welcome, Yule!). December 8 at 8 p.m. and December 9 at 4 p.m. Central United Methodist Church, 27 Church Street in downtown Asheville. Buy tickets online at www.ashevillechoralsociety.org or call (828) 299-9063

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STAGE PREVIEW

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Not HART

BY HILARY BORAM

Searing Character Study Is Revived With Humor and Layers of Secrets

Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* has been embroiled in both praise and criticism since it first opened on Broadway in October 1962. The original production won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award and the Tony. The Pulitzer Prize Committee also chose to honor it, but that committee was overseen by the Trustees of Columbia University, who pulled the play from consideration because of its profanity and sexual themes. No Pulitzer Prize was given for drama that year.

"Martha, in my mind you're buried in cement right up to the neck. No, up to the nose, it's much quieter."

— George

Who's Afraid? has four characters and three acts, each of which dramatizes an emotional game focused on hurting someone. Act One, "Fun and Games," opens in the home of George and Martha. Martha is the daughter of the president of the college where George teaches history. They have just left a party at her father's house and she has invited a young biology

professor and his wife, Nick and Honey, to after-party drinks. It's 2:00 in the morning and the game is "Humiliate the Host."

Martha viciously taunts George for his failings, pointing out that she expected him to become someone noteworthy, but he hasn't even become a full professor yet.

The two women drink heavily and Honey spends much of her time in the "upchuck." Nick, who married for money and spends his spare time seducing faculty wives as a career move, reveals to George the secret of his wife's hysterical pregnancy. George tops him with a bizarre story about

a boy who accidentally killed his mother. Later the boy is driving with his father and swerves to avoid a porcupine. The car hits a tree and the father dies. The story ends when the boy is put into an asylum.

Act Two is "Walpurgisnacht," which is the eve of May Day and a time when witches are said to ride to their appointed rounds. Most of the play's notorious profanity comes from Martha, who gives

"I swear to God, George, if you even existed, I'd divorce you."

— Martha

it full rein in this act. The game is "Get the Guests" and both George and Martha prove to be most adept at it. Honey is now thoroughly drunk and runs to the bathroom. Martha starts to seduce Nick in front of George, who ignores them by reading a book. Martha announces to George that she was just kissing one of their guests. "Which one?" George dryly asks, hinting at the homosexuality that may — or may not — play a role in the lives of both couples.

Act Three is "Exorcism" and the game is "Bringing Up Baby," wherein the true identity of the boy in George's tale looms like a monster over them. Is the boy really George himself? Or the son of George and Martha? Or just an imaginary weapon on the battleground of the marriage? The doorbell rings — it's George carrying snapdragons, "flowers for the dead." He announces to Martha that their son has died. Her reaction is not grief but fury, as though George is deliberately not playing

"To you, everybody's a flop! Your husband's a flop, I'm a flop..."

— Nick

by the rules of an old and familiar game.

As a young woman I saw the movie version of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton playing Martha and George. It gave me nightmares. I had always been uncomfortable with married people who spoke unkindly to each other, but the heights of venom that George and Martha reached was terrifying. Why would two people stay in such a toxic relationship?

I posed that question to Suzanne Tinsley, co-Director with Art O'Neill of the upcoming Haywood Arts Regional Theatre (HART) production of the play. The two directors see the play as a black comedy and wanted to "mine the gems of comedy in the play," while letting the "underlying affection between the couple show through. "George's wit, which he uses so destructively," Tinsley points out, "is also one of the things that attracted

Martha to him." Outsiders may ponder what keeps such a seemingly miserable couple together, but "Martha gets George," Tinsley explains. "She can keep up with him and he needs someone who can do that."

Tinsley and O'Neill did extensive analysis of the play's four characters, delving into many layers of psychological

"Hip, hop! Hip, hop! Hip, hop! Hip, hop!"

— Honey

possibilities to explain why they act the way they do. Such research helps the actors create characters of intense complexity, giving nuance to every line and gesture. Unlike most casts of HART productions, all the actors in the play come from Asheville: David Hopes (George), Mickey Hanley (Martha), Belve Marks (Nick) and Trinity Smith (Honey).

What would Edward Albee think, 45 years after his play debuted, if he attended HART's version of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

"Oh, he'd be very pleased," Tinsley says. "He'd see how we're staying true to what we think were his intentions. He'd tell us: 'At last — a community theatre finally got it.'"

Note: This play is for mature audiences only. "Martha's language is offensive." Director Suzanne Tinsley cautions "...talking like a sailor is the way she gets attention."

If you go

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Haywood Arts Regional Center Arts Regional Theatre

Friday & Saturday, November 2 & 3 at 7:30 p.m.,

Sunday, November 4 at 3:00 p.m.,

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, November 8, 9, & 10 at 7:30 p.m.,

Sunday, November 11 at 3:00 p.m.

Info: (828) 456-6322 (Monday-Saturday, 1-5) www.harttheatre.com

Theatre fan Hilary Boram is an Asheville writer.

Tim Kirkman & Tess Harper DVD Signing

Emmy nominated director Tim Kirkman and Academy Award nominated actress Tess Harper will appear at Malaprop's Bookstore/Cafe. Mr. Kirkman will sign copies of his first feature DEAR JESSE, which releases 10/30 on DVD. Mr. Kirkman and Ms. Harper will sign copies of LOGGERHEADS, which is screening at the Asheville Film Festival.

Dear Jesse

Equal parts road movie, political inquiry and personal diary, Tim Kirkman's DEAR JESSE is the gay filmmaker's "letter" to notoriously anti-gay senator Jesse Helms (R-NC).

Set against the backdrop of Helms' final senate campaign, the film features interviews with both Helms foes and fans including writers Lee Smith and Allan Gurganus; the state's first openly

gay mayor; two AIDS activist-mothers; and people in the street.

The film also features a brief interview with Matthew Shepard, the young gay man whose murder called the world's attention to hate crimes. DEAR JESSE received Emmy, Independent Spirit, Gotham and GLAAD Award nominations and was the winner of the Audience Award for Best Documentary at Frameline, the San Francisco Gay and Lesbian Film Festival, and was named Best Documentary of the Year (Runner-Up) by the Boston Society of Film Critics.

If you go

Saturday, November 10, 4:00 PM

Malaprop's Bookstore/Café

55 Haywood Street Asheville, NC

Tel: (828) 254-6734

STAGE PREVIEW

Holidays On Thin Ice

Funnyman Tom Chalmers brings his hilarious and sometimes harrowing one-man show, *Harm for the Holidays: An Autobiographical Anti-Hallmark Card*, to the stage just in time for Turkey Day.

Performed as part of North Carolina Stage Company's Catalyst Series, this comedic review of the calendar year chronicles one man's penchant for holiday disasters. All holidays. From Valentine's Day massacres to Halloween horrors to countless Christmas mishaps, Tom Chalmers usually spends his holidays wrapping bandages instead of wrapping presents. Part standup comedy

and part gross-out confessional, *Harm for the Holidays* shares his experience of what it is like to grow up in a family where you don't celebrate the holidays - you survive them.

Tom Chalmers is a veteran comedic actor who has performed in New York, Los Angeles, and now Asheville, NC. He has written for television, appeared briefly in a few feature films, and been seen in a number of national commercials. His short film, *Time of My Life*, was shown as part of last year's Asheville Film Festival.

Since coming to town, Tom Chalmers has performed in a number of plays including Steve Martin's *The*



Tom Chalmers

Underpants, *The Mystery of Irma Vep*, *neat: a bar play*, and even the opera *The Merry Widow*. Tom is perhaps best known for his portrayal of Crumpet in David Sedaris' *The Santaland Diaries* at ACT, a role he will revisit again later this year. One holiday at a time please.



If you go

Tickets and show times: Tickets are \$12. Call (828) 350-9090, or come to the NCSC box office at 15 Stage Lane, or visit www.ncstage.org. *Harm for the Holidays* runs November 15

- 17, and November 29 - December 1, 2007: Thursdays - Saturdays at 7:30pm. Reservations are highly recommended.

Location: North Carolina Stage Company performs in a 99-seat theatre in downtown Asheville, entrance is at 15 Stage Lane, off of Walnut St. one block off Haywood St., next to the Rankin Ave. parking garage.

"Southern Hospitality" – Another World Premiere at ACT

The Futrelle Sisters Conclude Their Hilarious Trilogy

BY ROXANE CLEMENT

Southern Hospitality, the final installment of the Futrelle Family trilogy, opens November 16 at Asheville Community Theatre for a two-week run. Fayro, Texas, the town that witnessed the endless non-wedding in *Dearly Beloved* (November 2005) and the Bethlehem-A-Palooza in *Christmas Belles* (November 2006) is once again the setting. This time the Futrelle sisters join forces to throw together the Fayro Days Festival to impress a mysterious V.I.P. — but of course nothing goes as planned, thanks to the usual array of hilarious obstacles including nasty relatives, the rivalry of Southern belles, untimely deaths and oh, let's not forget the Civil War.

After laughing my way through a reading of the previous two plays, I spoke with two-thirds of the writing team: Jessie Jones and Nicholas Hope.

All three writers (Jessie Jones, Nicholas Hope and Jamie Wooten) started their careers in theatre and have returned to their artistic roots with great success. In addition to the Futrelle Family trilogy, they co-authored *The Dixie Swim Club*, which had its premiere at the Playhouse of Wilson, NC this past September and will be produced by the Southern Appalachian Repertory Theatre (SART) in 2008.

They're all born below the Mason-Dixon line: Jones and Hope from Texas and Wooten from North Carolina — so they have a feel for the type of charm-bedeveled Southern humor bestowed only on its native children. Or, as they put it: "We have seen what happens when our families get together."

Jessie Jones, who directs their plays, has had several creative careers as writer (short stories, TV, and film) and character actress in TV and film as well as theatre. Nicholas Hope, a long-time casting director, won the Texas New Playwright's Festival for his first play, *A Friend of The Family*. He wrote for the TV series *For Your Love* and *Teacher's Pet*. Jamie Wooten started out as a song and dance man in variety shows and went on to produce many years of network television, including four seasons of *The Golden Girls*.

Experience taught them that most mainstream entertainment is not only aimed at the under-35 crowd, with few roles for mature women, but it isn't that funny either. As Jones comments, "How often can we watch cadavers being opened up?"

They started collaborating eight years ago and their process is a team effort from beginning to end. They

take months to outline the story, a lot of "blood, sweat and tears," but, as Jones puts it, "Once the blood dries and we've got the outline done, the writing moves along quickly." Even though Jones is officially the director, the collaborative process continues until opening night as they fine-tune the piece.

Their Futrelle Family trilogy chronicles the escapades of the inhabitants of an imaginary town in Texas. ("Fayro is any place you want it to be," the authors confess.) Each play was written to stand alone, so late-comers to the tale won't miss out on the laughs. The first two plays start with Miss Geneva Musgrave, the owner of the BooKoo BoKay florist shop, on the phone. Here she is talking to an Emergency Room nurse one minute into *Dearly Beloved*:

"I gotta know what's doin' with Flawney Jernigan. Any brain activity?... Not a lick, huh? Look, Earlene, I'm in a real pickle. I'm down to a half dozen wilted carnations so there is no way I can pull off a funeral 'til I get my shipment out of Houston Tuesday afternoon. Think you could give Flawney's family a little false hope? You know, keep 'em from pulling the plug for a couple days?...I appreciate it Earlene. You're a credit to your profession."

Will Miss Geneva open the show again in *Southern Hospitality*? "That's her job," the writers insist. And the job of the other twelve characters is to keep the



laughs coming so fast "people will check their woes and concerns at the door."

Jones, Hope and Wooten have now made Asheville, NC their home. Did they come here for new material? "We'll let Thomas Wolfe keep top billing as chronicler of Asheville eccentricities," they assure me.

Knowing this trio's bent toward social satire, I think it's very possible they're lulling us all into a false sense of security.

If you go

Southern Hospitality at Asheville Community Theatre.

November 16 to December 2, 2007
Fridays and Saturdays at 8:00 p.m.,
Sundays at 2:30 p.m.

Info: (828) 254-1320.
www.ashevilletheatre.org.

Roxane Clement is an Asheville artist and writer who has worked many years in theatres in North Carolina, Maryland and Europe.



Jones, Hope and Wooten

WHAT TO DO GUIDE™

How to place an event/classified listing with Rapid River Art Magazine

Any "free" event open to the public can be listed at no charge up to 30 words. For all other events there is a **\$9.95** charge up to 30 words and **10 cents** for each additional word.

160 word limit per event.

Sponsored listings (shown in boxes) can be purchased for **\$12 per column inch**.

Deadline is the 19th of each month. Payment must be made prior to printing.

Email Beth Gossett at: ads@rapidrivermagazine.com or mail to: 85 N. Main St, Canton, NC 28716. Or Call: (828) 646-0071 to place ad over the phone.

— DISCLAIMER —

Due to the overwhelming number of local event submissions we get for our "What to Do Guide" each month, we can no longer accept entries that do not specifically follow our publication's format. Non-paid event listings must be 30 words or less and both paid and non-paid listings must provide information in the following format: date, time, brief description of what your event is and any contact information. Any entries not following this format will not be considered for publication.

WANTED:

Advertising Sales Representatives

The Rapid River needs experienced sales personnel.

INTERESTED?

Call (828) 646-0071, or e-mail info@rapidrivermagazine.com

Area Artists Invited to Participate in Exhibit

Transylvania Community Arts Council Hosts "From the Heart" Transylvania Arts Council invites local and regional artists to participate in the exhibit "From the Heart."

This non-juried show is open to any visual artist who has work that fits within the theme. All mediums will be accepted for this exhibition.

"From the Heart" will be on view at the Transylvania Community Arts Center, January 14, 2008 through February 15, Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Artists who would like to exhibit their work in "From the Heart" must submit an application form upon delivery of their work.

Entries and applications must be delivered to the Arts Center on Tuesday, January 8 from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. To receive an application, call (828) 884-2787 or visit us at www.tcarts.org.

Summer and Smoke

November 1-3

Lees-McRae College will present Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke* November 1-3. Hayes Auditorium.

For more information call (828) 898-8721. Banner Elk.

The Glass Slipper

November 2-4

The Spotlights Youth Theatre proudly presents "The Glass Slipper" by Vera Morris at the Haywood Community College Auditorium.

The show time will be at 7 pm on Friday, November 2 and Saturday, November 3. The show on Sunday, November 4 will start at 3 pm.

The cost for admission is \$5 per adult and \$2 per student (K - 12). Tickets can be purchased at the door the day of the performance.

For more information please call the Old Armory Recreation Center at 456-9207.

Requiem by Maurice Duruflé

Thursday, November 1

As part of our All Saint's Day Communion service, this exquisite masterwork will be presented by the Concert Choir of First Baptist Church of Asheville at 7 p.m. 5 Oak Street (Charlotte St. & I-240). Admission is free. For more information, call (828) 252-4781 x315 or visit www.fbca.net/musicspecialevents.asp.

Swannanoa Valley Fine Arts League's Juried Fall Show

Friday, November 2

Opens November 2 with reception 7-9:00 p.m. at Black Mountain Center for the Arts, 225 W. State Street. Show lasts to November 26, Monday-Friday. 10-5:00, Saturday 1-4:00.

Chamber Music Concert

Sunday, November 4

The Asheville Chamber Players will present a chamber orchestra concert on Sunday, November 4 at 3 PM at St. Matthias Church facing South Charlotte St. across from the Public Works Building. The program will include the Overture to Rosamunde by

Performances by the Blue Ridge Ringers

The Blue Ridge Ringers is a community handbell ensemble in Hendersonville, NC, directed by Robert Currier. The group was founded in 1995 and is comprised of 15 ringers from 4 counties. They ring on five octaves of handbells and handchimes. For further information see <http://blueridgeringers.tripod.com>

Tuesday, November 20, 12-1

Transylvania County Public Library, Brown Bag Lunch

Monday, December 3, 7 p.m.

College Walk (Neely Rd, Brevard)

Friday, December 7, 8 p.m.

Polk County Community Chorus Concert, Plus Bells

Sunday, December 9, 3 p.m.

Polk County High School, Columbus, NC

Sunday, December 16, 4 p.m.

Christmas Concert, Bo Thomas Auditorium, Blue Ridge Community College (Donation requested to Benefit the Blue Ridge Educational Foundation)

Monday, December 17, 7 p.m.

Flat Rock Playhouse, \$10 adults, \$5 students.

To benefit the Flat Rock Playhouse YouTheatre

Friday, December 21, 3 p.m.

Celebrating Christmas Week at Kanuga Conference Center, Fireplace Lounge

Schubert, the Schumann Cello Concerto featuring Franklin Keel as soloist, and Bizet's Symphony in C. The 31-piece orchestra will

be conducted by Stephen Klein.

There is no charge for the concert, but a free will offering will be taken for the restoration of the beautiful and historic church. St. Matthias' Church is over 100 years old and is on the national historical register.

The church is located in Asheville just off South Charlotte Street at Max Street on the hill across from the Asheville Public Works Building (1 Dundee St.). Shuttle parking is available from the Public Works parking lot on South Charlotte St.

Sacred Space Concert Series - Mars Hill Chamber Singers

Thursday, November 15

Make space in your work week for Sacred Space, Thursdays at 12:05 pm. On November 15, First Baptist Church of Asheville presents the Mars Hill Chamber Singers, conducted by Dr. Joel Reed. Held in Crouch Chapel of First Baptist Church of Asheville, 5 Oak Street (Charlotte St. & I-

Free Workshops at FootRx

Running Workshop

Miriam Nelson, NPT COMT, will offer a free "Strength & flexibility" workshop for runners on November 17, 2007 from 11am-12pm at FootRx.

Free "Training" Workshop

As part of a "Day After Thanksgiving" sale, Foot Rx is offering a free Training workshop on Friday, November 23, 2007 at 2pm.

Elite Runner and FootRx Co-owner, Aaron Saft, will offer a free "Training" workshop speaking to runners of all abilities. Runners will learn how to improve race performance (5k, 8k, 10k, 13.1, Marathon) by using smart strategies Saft himself uses to win races of various distances. Saft just recently won the Bear, Springmaid Splash and Dupont Marathon. For more details, contact Foot Rx.

Foot Rx is located in Turtle Creek Shopping Center just south of the Blue Ridge Parkway on Highway 25 in South Asheville.

Contact: Scott Socha or Aaron Saft, Foot Rx Running Store Owners 828 277-5151, shop 828 277-5141, Fit-2Run tollfree, aaron@footrx.com email, scott@footrx.com email

AUGUST EVENTS ~ ANNOUNCEMENTS ~ CLASSIFIEDS

WHAT TO DO GUIDE™

November Events at the Weinhaus

November 14, 2007

The Hobnob Restaurant will team with the Weinhaus to present a five course meal featuring delectable continental cuisine and fine wines in a beautifully renovated Victorian house just off the square in Brevard.

Price is \$55 all inclusive. Time is 7:00 PM.

Reservations available at the Weinhaus, (828) 254-6453.

November 15, 2007

Don't miss the annual Asheville Downtown Association's Beaujolais Nouveau Night at the Haywood Park Hotel.

Featuring vintage wines as well as the newly released Beaujolais nouveau wine from France and the food from many of the city's finest restaurants, this is an festive occasion for all.

Price is \$40. The time is 7:00-9:00 PM. Tickets are available at the Downtown Association, the Weinhaus, The Wine Guy and the Asheville Wine Market.

"Enter the Mind of Moog" an interactive benefit for the Bob Moog Memorial Foundation

An interactive tour through the Moog legacy and an opportunity to witness the creative process of composing music while utilizing Moog equipment.

Thursday, November 15, 2007, from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m. at The Orange Peel, Asheville, NC (www.theorangepeel.net)

\$25 admission includes complimentary food and drinks

Why: To launch the foundation to the public and raise funds to preserve Bob's archives.

Bob Moog revolutionized modern music with his invention of the Moog synthesizer. Since it's introduction to popular music in 1967, Moog instruments have been an integral part of bands from The Beach Boys to MTV's 2007 best new artist Gym Class Heroes.

Attendees to the event will be able to see, touch, and hear the Moog legacy through six display modules. Three modules will guide the viewer through distinct eras of Bob's career with displays rich in historical photographs, enlightening narratives, original Moog instruments, and hand-selected audio recordings.

The remaining modules will be interactive instrument stations where attendees will experience the mind-blowing sonic capabilities of Moog instruments. With the help of "neurotransmitters," technically knowledgeable guides, guests will have a chance to play Moog Theremins, Moogerfoogers (effect pedals), and Moog synthesizers.

A diverse array of local musicians will perform individually on stage to separately record a portion of a song using different Moog equipment, resulting in a live recording, which will be played at the end of the show.

The foundation will host a post benefit "after show" beginning at 10:00 PM at the Orange Peel featuring the Asheville-based band Telepath. Admission for the after show will be \$10.

For more information contact Michelle Moog-Koussa, Executive Director of the Bob Moog Foundation at (828) 683-7261.

To purchase tickets visit www.theorangepeel.net, or call (828) 225-5851. To learn more about the foundation or to donate visit www.moogfoundation.org.

Malaprop's Bookstore/ Café November Events

Sunday, Nov. 4 at 3pm: Poetrio featuring Mark DeFoe, Marjorie Wentworth.

Monday, Nov. 5 at 7pm: Bridging Differences Bookclub with host Patti Digh will be discussing *When the Emperor Was Divine* by Julie Otsuka.

Thursday, Nov. 8 at 7pm: Enjoy a rare multi-media presentation by Shama and Crotalo Sesamo ambassadors of the Italian eco-village Damanhur, one of the oldest intentional communities in the world.

Tuesday, Nov. 13 at 3pm: Meet Lauch Magruder as he signs copies of his book, *Without Regard*.

Thursday, Nov. 15 at 5:30pm: Women on Words, poetry workshop for women. New members are welcome!

Saturday, Nov. 17 at 2pm: Meet Jean Anderson author of *A Love Affair with Southern Cooking*. Local caterer Laurey Masterton will accompany Jean with snacks!

Sunday, Nov. 18 at 3pm: Writers at Home with host Tommy Hays. This month's featured writers are Patti Digh and Neela Rao.

Wednesday, Nov. 21 at 6:30pm: Join us for a Blind Date with Poetry with host Sam Adams.

Saturday, Nov. 24 at 2pm: Meet local author James Cox for a book-signing of his novel *The Christmas Curmudgeon*!

Thursday, November 29 4 p.m. - Georgeann Eubanks signs her essential guide book *Literary Trails of the North Carolina Mountains* at 4pm.

7 p.m. - Signing his book *Circling Home*, John Lane will discuss the natural world within a one mile radius around his Spartanburg, SC home.

55 Haywood in Asheville (828) 254-6734 (800) 441-9829

Corgi Tales by Phil Hawkins



Callie & Cats

By Amy Downs



240). Admission is free. For more information, call (828) 252-4781 x315 or visit www.fbca.net/musicspecialevents.asp.

Bookclubs at Malaprop's

Tuesday, November 13

7pm - Malaprop's Bookclub,

with host Mary Park Ford, meets in the café to discuss *Half of a Yellow Sun* by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie.

Tuesday, November 20

7pm - Join host Caroline Green for Malaprop's Young Adult Bookclub. They will discuss *So*

You Want to Be a Wizard by Diane Duane.

Monday, November 26

7pm - What If? Malaprop's Speculative Fiction Bookclub, with host Rich Rennicks, meets to discuss *The Last Witchfinder* by James Morrow.

Human Rights

Sunday, November 18

Asheville Playback Theatre will be performing HUMAN RIGHTS "Stories That Uncover Our Hearts" at NC Stage Company, 15 Stage Ln. at 7 p.m. This is a benefit for the Centre for Playback. Admission is \$10 adults/\$5 students - Give what you can!

Playback Theatre companies on six continents will be standing together again to enact stories from diverse audiences on this potent theme. Bring YOUR story and see it "played back." To find out more, please go to www.globalplayback.org.

CLASSES ~ LECTURES ~ ARTS & CRAFTS ~ READINGS

NOTE WORTHY

The Grey Eagle presents Shannon Whitworth

By JAMES CASSARA

To those not yet familiar, Shannon Whitworth's voice is a startling thing: Deep and comforting, it blurs bluegrass lines and punctuates with jazz and classic country accents.

On stage, her warm chatter between songs is cordial and inviting, swinging the audience into the enviable role of Whitworth's confidant.

The meteoric rise the Biscuit Burners, of whom Whitworth was a founding member, introduced the WNC resident to bluegrass aficionados. Now solo, she aggressively hones her songwriting skills, relying on honest lyrics and focused instrumental lines. Her new album, *No Expectations*, features ten original songs dripping with Whitworth's quirky confidence and innate lyrical depth.

Whitworth currently lives here in the mountains outside of Brevard where she has spent the last ten years

focusing on indigenous, bluegrass and country music. After spending the last four years touring the United States with the Burners Whitworth made the perhaps inevitable move in forging out her own path. Take note that, in addition to this performance, Whitworth will also be performing at the Orange Peel on November 2, opening for The Biscuit Burners.

No Expectations features her strongest compositions yet, newly penned songs accompanied by an all-star cast of musicians. It is already being hailed as one of the finest and freshest Americana/country roots records of recent months. *Slate Magazine* proclaimed "great singing, great writing, and great picking makes Shannon's first solo project unforgettable."

Opening for Whitworth will be The Moon Shine Babies, a trio of music makers that "coax the muse out of late night festival campfires and celebrate



the spirit that gathers 'round them." Independent signer and songwriter Suzanne Schmitt, along with multi-instrumentalist and singer Jerry Trapp and creative percussionist Jim Trapp, form the core of the band. Their stated goal is "to bring a beauty to the music that comes straight from the soul."

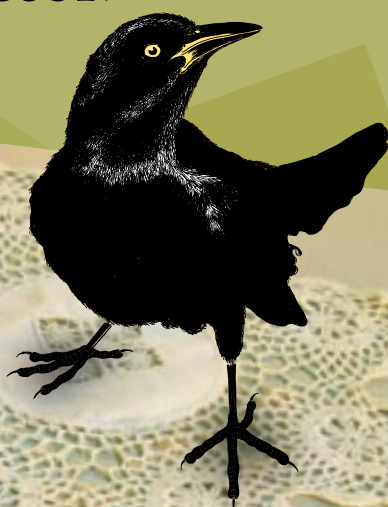
If you go

Former Biscuit Burner Shannon Whitworth, with supporting guests the Moon Shine Babies, at The Grey Eagle Friday, November 16 at 9 PM.

Ticket prices are \$8 in advance and \$10 at the door.

For more information call (828) 232-5800 or visit www.thegreyeagle.com

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The Steep Canyon Rangers Play The Orange Peel

The Steep Canyon Rangers have carved out a special spot in the world of bluegrass music, creating a sound that at once looks both forward and backward.

By JAMES CASSARA

First formed in the stairwells and kitchens of Chapel Hill, NC, the Rangers arrive from varied musical backgrounds. On stage and in the studio, Woody Platt, Mike Guggino, Charles Humphrey, Nicky Sanders, and Graham Sharp have perfected their ensemble approach using fierce dynamics and seamless harmonies.

The Rangers base their sound around a stunning catalogue of original songs, drawing on the sounds of early Bluegrass, Honky Tonk, and Blues. The quintet came together during the late '90s, when all of the members were still enrolled at the University of North Carolina.

The impetus for forming the band came from a call for Bluegrass entertainment for a weekly shindig hosted by the local Mellow Mushroom Restaurant. From such seemingly humble origins the group's rise can only be described as meteoric. Their 2001 debut, *Old Dreams and New Dreams*, was produced by Newgrass Revival's Curtis Burch. Its success, both commercial and critical, was quickly followed by Mr. Taylor's New Home.

Recorded in their hometown Chapel Hill studios-operated by local entrepreneur and music aficionado

Jerry Brown-the 2002 release features predominantly original material, with a pair of bluegrass standards thrown into the mix. The band, Elizabeth "Lizzie" Hamilton on fiddle, Charles Humphrey III on bass, guitarist Woody Platt, banjo player Graham Sharp, and mandolinist Mike Guggino, have supported both efforts with non stop regional and national touring.

They have appeared with such artists as Doc Watson, Jimmy Martin, Peter Rowan, Rhonda Vincent & the Rage, IIIrd Tyme Out, Donna the Buffalo, and Norman Blake. Festival appearances include the Doc Watson Festival, Bluegrass Under the Elm, the Eno River Festival, and the Brushy Mountain Jamboree, all in the band's home state; the Camp and Jam Bluegrass Festival sponsored by WDVX, and the Boxcar Pinion Bluegrass Festival, both in Tennessee; and the Rocky Mountain Bluegrass Festival in Colorado.

If you go

Steep Canyon Rangers with opening act Shannon Whitworth. Friday, November 2nd 9:00 p.m. (8:00 p.m. doors) \$14 advance/\$16 door. Ages 18+

FINE ART

Special Art Signing at Cackleberry Mountain in Hazelwood

BY DOREYL AMMONS CAIN

Award winning pastel artist, Doreyl Ammons Cain, will visit Cackleberry Mountain with her new limited edition art print of the pastel painting "Hazelwood Holidays." Available in sizes up to 14" X 19" down to 8 1/2" X 11," these museum quality, Giclee prints will be hand signed just for you during this special occasion.

Rich Colors Pastel Painting Workshop:

Get ready for another pastel art adventure at Nature's Home Preserve on Saturday, November 3rd from 2 PM til 5 PM. This workshop will be delving deeper into the mysteries of how color and shapes come together to create a master painting. The different ways to put colors in close relationships to create a particular mood or tone to your painting will be a big part of the experience.

No experience needed. All materials are furnished. Workshop fee- \$36 Call Doreyl Ammons Cain for more information at 828-293-2239.

About Doreyl Ammons Cain, Artist and Writer

Born and raised in the Blue Ridge Mountains of western North Carolina, Doreyl grew up drawing birds in the dirt of the mountain roads around her home. Receiving her first art award in third grade, Doreyl won the South Carolina State Art award for teenagers, a purchase prize at Furman University and an art scholarship to the University of South Carolina.

Later, in California, while achieving a Bachelor of Fine Arts and a Master of Arts degree in Biological/Medical Illustration, she garnered more awards, this time in science as well. She received awards in anatomy, physiology and microbiology, and "The Best in the West Illustration Award" three years in a row.

Her dreams became a reality as she worked in about every artistic venue--storyboarding for films, owning her own design & advertising agency (specializing in logo design) through which she won



"Hazelwood Holidays"
16" x 20" Pastel Painting
by Doreyl Ammons Cain

the Zellerbach Logo Design Award and other design awards.

During this time she exhibited her works of fine art in group and individual shows at the Smithsonian Institute, the Pentagon, Air Force Exhibitions in Washington DC and at traveling art exhibitions in museums and galleries throughout the country.

Since coming home to North Carolina, she cofounded Catch the Spirit of Appalachia, Inc., a

not-for-profit organization dedicated to honoring the heritage and creativity of all people (www.spiritofappalachia.org). She and her sister, Amy Garza, author and storyteller, have facilitated creativity workshops and performed (storytelling and spontaneous visual art) for millions of children and adults in schools and colleges. In 2005 she won a place in the Kennedy Promotions Best of North Carolina Artists & Artisans book series.

Illustrator of many books, Doreyl paints book covers for Ammons Communications and magazine covers for 'Fun Things to do in the Mountains.' Coauthor and illustrator of "Catch the Spirit of Creativity" and author of her own book called "Greatness in a Nutshell," Doreyl's book's help people explore their unique creativity and follow their dream. Today she and her husband, Jerry Cain, have designed a new line of art cards, limited Edition Giclee Art Prints and are creating a nature preserve called "Nature's Home" where Doreyl teaches pastel painting and biological illustration and Jerry raises Koi fish.

Visit www.PastelArt.SeatofYourPants.org for more information.

If you go

Art Signing at Cackleberry Mountain in Hazelwood, Saturday, November 10, from 2 PM til 4 PM,

Cackleberry Mountain is located at 460 Hazelwood Ave., Waynesville. Call 828-452-2432 for more information.

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