



Martin Brinkley

AN OBOE MEMOIR

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

May 25, 2023



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May 25, 2023 • George Watts Hill Alumni Center • Chapel Hill, NC

2023 SOCIETY AWARD

with a Tribute by Eliza Brinkley

Musical Performances by

Martin Brinkley with Linda Gordon Wartski and Keisuke Wakao

2022 SOCIETY BOOK AWARD

2023 WILLIAM S. POWELL AWARD

*Videos of the celebration in Chapel Hill on May 25, 2023
can be found on the Society's website: www.ncsociety.org.*



ABOVE: The original cup is in the North Carolina Collection at UNC-Chapel Hill's Wilson Library.

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS

Number 64

Lynn Roundtree, Editor

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Introduction

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

P. O. Box 20632 • Raleigh, North Carolina 27619 • Telephone: 919-230-1524
www.ncsociety.org

Chartered on 11 September 1975 as a private nonprofit corporation under provisions of Chapter 55A of the General Statutes of North Carolina, the North Caroliniana Society is dedicated to the promotion of increased knowledge and appreciation of North Carolina's heritage through the encouragement of scholarly research and writing in and teaching of state and local history and literature; publication of documentary materials, including the numbered, limited-edition *North Caroliniana Society Imprints* (see a list included in this publication) and *North Caroliniana Society Keepsakes*; sponsorship of professional and lay conferences, seminars, lectures, and exhibitions; commemoration of historic events, including sponsorship of markers and plaques; and through assistance to the North Carolina Collection of UNC-Chapel Hill and other cultural organizations with kindred objectives. The Society's motto is "Substance, Not Show."

Founded by H.G. Jones and incorporated by Jones, William S. Powell, and Louis M. Connor Jr., who soon were joined by a distinguished group of North Carolinians, the Society was limited to a hundred members for the first decade. It elects from time to time additional individuals meeting its strict criterion of "adjudged performance" in service to their state's culture — i.e., those who have demonstrated a continuing interest in and support of the historical, literary, and cultural heritage of North Carolina. Presently, the Society has 255 members.

The Society, a tax-exempt organization under provisions of Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, expects continued service from its members, and for its programs it depends upon the contributions, bequests, and devises of its members and friends.

In addition to its continued support of the North Carolina Collection at UNC-Chapel Hill, the Society administers a fund, given in 1987 by the Research Triangle Foundation in honor of its retiring board chairman and the Society's longtime president, from which to date more than 400 Archie K. Davis Fellowships have been awarded for research in North Carolina's historical and cultural resources. N.C. History Day and the *North Carolina Historical Review*, both administered through the N.C. Department of Natural and Cultural Resources, receive continued support from the Society.

In 2016, committed to supporting our state's K-12 teachers, the Society and the Carolina K-12 Fund of Carolina Public Humanities developed the

continued

William Friday Teacher Education Initiative, with the goal of equally educating and appreciating our state's hard working educators through free, high-quality professional development events.

The Society also sponsors the North Caroliniana Book Award, recognizing a book that best captures the essence of North Carolina; the William Stevens Powell Award to a student who, during the student's career at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, has done the most to develop an interest in, and understanding of, the history and traditions of the nation's oldest state university; and the H.G. Jones North Carolina History Prizes for winners in the N.C. History Day competition, an affiliate of the National History Day program.

A highlight of the Society's year is the presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award to an individual or organization for long and distinguished service in the encouragement, production, enhancement, promotion, and preservation of North Carolina's heritage.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, MAY 25, 2023

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President's Report: Annual Meeting of the Membership

James W. Clark Jr., President

You members and friends of the North Caroliniana Society strongly responded to my appeal last January for your support. This show of economic generosity has been matched by a very strong demonstration of your human capital: volunteerism, committee service and leadership, plus proficiency and imagination in elected office. I salute you sincerely.

Our membership is growing as planned, our motto of "Substance, Not Show" has again been tried and found true, and our educational outreach across the state is stronger than at any time in our almost fifty-year history.

We operate as a public charity. We work strategically with specific collaborators: the North Carolina Office of Archives and History, the North Carolina Collection in Wilson Library here at UNC-Chapel Hill, and Carolina K-12 of the University's Carolina Public Humanities program. We provide financial and other support for a variety of programs and projects, present awards and fellowships, and celebrate the National History Day energies of students, parents, and dedicated teachers across this state. Our collective experience of our heritage and our democratic way of life grows stronger in this focused expression of our mission.

This afternoon and evening we honor Martin Brinkley, who now serves as Dean of the UNC Law School. He formerly served as the Society's Secretary and Treasurer. You already know him by his labor and his model citizenship during these recent, unusual years. You have seen his impressive biography in the invitation for today's events.

I conclude this brief report by mentioning two special aspects of Dean Brinkley's role in our lives. He is an accomplished musician and a deep scholar of ancient cultures and the rule of law. The program that he has planned is a reflection of his achievements. Martin Brinkley is also the person who several years ago nominated Copie Cain to become the first Executive Director of our Society. She was selected and is now, for the first time, able to enjoy the results of her very considerable labor in putting this meeting and the Society's day-to-day affairs in order. Dean Brinkley recently said to me that he considers his nomination of her for this job as his best service to our Society.

We move forward in his shadow. I thank him and all of you.

Martin Brinkley

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD 2023



Martin Brinkley

Martin H. Brinkley is Dean and the William Rand Kenan, Jr. Distinguished Professor at the University of North Carolina School of Law.

A native North Carolinian, Brinkley received an A.B. degree *summa cum laude* in Classics from Harvard University and studied at the University of Cologne's Institute for Ancient Studies before attending UNC Law School, where he was Executive Articles Editor of the *North Carolina Law Review*. He clerked for Chief Judge Sam J. Ervin, III of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit and practiced law for 22 years in Raleigh.

Mr. Brinkley became the 14th Dean of UNC Law in July 2015. He is the first person to lead the Law School directly from practice in its 175-year history. During his deanship, the school's rising *US News & World Report* rankings have placed it among the top eight public university law schools in the country. UNC Law completed a successful \$75 million capital campaign on 30 June 2022.

Brinkley was reappointed to a second term as Dean on 1 July 2021. He teaches courses in Property, Business Associations, and Legal History (the latter with William Rand Kenan Jr. Professor of Law Emeritus, Kenan Distinguished Professor and North Caroliniana Society member John V. Orth). Dean Brinkley's research interests relate to the roles played by law and lawyers in educational and charitable institutions and the development of professional and personal identity in younger lawyers.

Dean Brinkley has long been committed to the legal profession, his church, and the civic life of North Carolina. He has served on the boards of, or acted as pro bono legal counsel to, various nonprofit institutions. He has been Senior Warden, Junior Warden, Clerk, and a member of the Vestry of Christ Episcopal Church in Raleigh. He currently serves as Chancellor of the Episcopal Diocese of North Carolina.

Martin Brinkley is an elected member of the American Law Institute and an Honorary Master of the Bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. In 2011-12, he served as President of the 17,000-member North Carolina Bar Association. In 2017, he received the Association's H. Brent McKnight Renaissance Lawyer Award, which recognizes "those North Carolina attorneys whose trustworthiness, respectful and courteous treatment of all people, enthusiasm for intellectual achievement and commitment to excellence in work, and service to the profession and community during a multi-faceted, accomplished life, inspire others."

When not deaning, Dean Brinkley is a devoted pianist and oboist.

ABOUT THE AWARD

A highlight of the Society's year is the presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award for long and distinguished service in the encouragement, production, enhancement, promotion, and preservation of North Carolina's heritage.

An Oboe Memoir

Martin Brinkley

AFTERNOON SESSION IN CHAPEL HILL, NC

OF TAKING ONESELF AS AUTHOR AND SUBJECT

Having sampled a few exemplars of the genre, I have concluded that the thing that, for the reader, makes a memoir worth enduring is the author's willingness to embrace Mark Twain's maxim: "I am a great and sublime fool. But then I am God's fool, and all His works must be contemplated with respect."

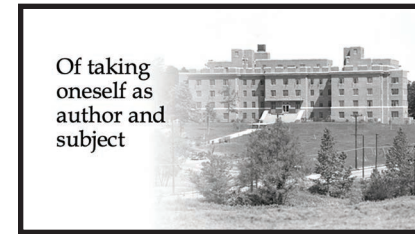
In what follows, when my status as a fool, whether great and sublime or, as my family would probably say, tiresome, is revealed in all its audaciousness, I beg you not to be too quick to applaud. I am a sensitive plant, and whatever you think of this talk, you do not want me to run away before playing for my supper.

It has only recently become clear to me that my passion for music and my fascination with moving air were baked together, like the four-and-twenty blackbirds, in the pie that was "little Marty," when he arrived at the civilized hour of 9:42 AM, on Tuesday, September 20, 1966, at the old Rex Hospital, corner of Saint Mary's Street and Wade Avenue, Raleigh, North Carolina. This storied event took place less than a mile from my present address, 2900 Fairview Road. I tell well-meaning people who call me unflattering names, such as "Dean" or "Professor," that they must make allowances for the fact that I have not gotten very far in life.

When I was very young, I dwelt in a state of unconscious valence between two worlds: first, a world of wind; second, a world of sound coursing through time. The first world is elemental; the second, a creation which, though not exclusive to *homo sapiens*, humans have called music. A pervious membrane separates these two worlds.

I was slow to figure out that wind and music had made common cause to get the better of me. But on entering the middle part of middle age, a few years after becoming dean of the Law School here in Chapel Hill, I discovered that Euterpe, the muse of music, and Aeolus, the the wind god who blew Odysseus off course, were in league with one another to give me what Homer called τὰ τοῦ νόστου ἄλγεα — "nostalgia" — a longed for homecoming.

I believe every child comes into this world possessed of an inner music placed there by God. Each child's inner music is unique. With luck, the encounters that God's child has with sounds external to himself vibrate in sympathy with this inner music, even as neighboring strings of a fine violin or cello vibrate in sympathy with each other, though only one feels the scrape of the bow. Whether this latent music



Slides from An Oboe Memoir presentation can be found on pages 7 - 18.

TOP LEFT: "Old" Rex Hospital, Wade Avenue and St. Mary's Street, Raleigh, NC.

takes wing beyond our inner selves depends on whether our spirit is nourished and encouraged by elders who treat us with love and dignity. I have been blessed with many people in my life who allowed me to discover my inner music and whose presence triggered vibrations that have continued to this day.

OF MY AFFAIR WITH THE WIND

High wind days are rare in Wake County, but when they came in the early 1970s, borne by summer storm or autumn gale knifing inland from the coast, I relished them, running in the yard with outstretched arms, an improvised cape trailing from my shoulders, convinced that I need only capture the right gust to take flight and sail off to glory.

Sometimes I dreamt of sailing a clipper ship like the *Flying Cloud*. Long before the Panama Canal, she left New York, rounded Cape Horn, and glided into San Francisco Bay in 89 days, 8 hours. I built these tall ships for myself, with spare shoeboxes for hulls, chopsticks for masts, Q-tip swabs taped together for yardarms, and cut-up pieces from spare cleaning rags for sails. I launched them in the Seaboard Railroad pond behind my grandparents' house, the one the steam engines drew water from.

I was determined, one way or another, to fly. When my father took flying lessons and bought first a Piper Cub and later a single engine Cessna, I enjoyed the occasional trip. But that kind of flying, I felt, was a mere mechanical fight against nature. What I wanted was the soaring of the albatross, breasting fierce currents of pure wind in the high southern latitudes, following the great ships with motionless

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wings for scores of miles. The balsa wood gliders my father let me buy at Billy Arthurs's hobby shop in Chapel Hill's University Mall were subjects of endless experimentation in spite of their flimsy construction. But their graceful arcs were a sugar high. I wanted my own wings.

The cover of an old book of rhymes depicts Mother Goose grasping a set of leather reins, mounted on the back of a white Embden gander. This, I felt, would have been an ideal solution. But despite having raised many geese at our home in rural northern Wake County, when the adjective "rural" could be accurately applied to any part of Wake County, and even having won a ribbon or two at the State Fair — witness my favorite photograph of my mother, holding one of my Toulouse females circa 1979 — my budding powers of legal analysis forced me to confront the bitter reality that I was unlikely to find a gander capable of sustaining my weight within a modest radius.

Another solution presented itself. I do not know when I first saw Julie Andrews, wearing a black flowered boater, close-tailored coat and high-button shoes, float serenely down over the treetops of London and alight on the cobblestones outside Number 17 Cherry Tree Lane. I think it happened at the old Colony Theater in Raleigh's Five Points, where my mother took me to see a replay of Walt Disney's Technicolor wonder, *Mary Poppins*. The thing that held me in thrall was not the "spoonful of sugar" and other magical scenes, so much as Mary's parrot-headed umbrella.

From that day I have always coveted a stout umbrella. I feel sure that somewhere, in a library far away, a future UNC-Chapel Hill economics professor is laboring over a PhD dissertation explaining why it was that, for a period of three or four years in the 1970s, the umbrella manufacturing industry enjoyed a surge in sales volume. For me, those years were a long series of experiments that led to the destruction of many umbrellas, of ever increasing sizes, as I endeavored to



work out an aerodynamic calculation of how high a hill, how fresh a breeze, how fast a running start, and how much canvas it would take to lift me up to what the Prince of Denmark called "this most excellent canopy, the air, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire."¹

What I did not know then is that I would find a substitute that would yoke my desire to fly on the air with my equally primal passion for sound moving through time. To understand how this happened, you need to know something about my family and a few other people.

OF MY GRANDMOTHER

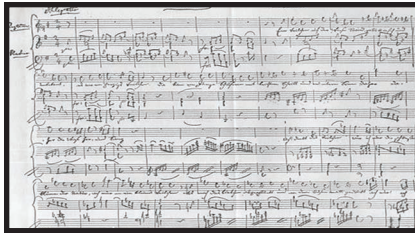
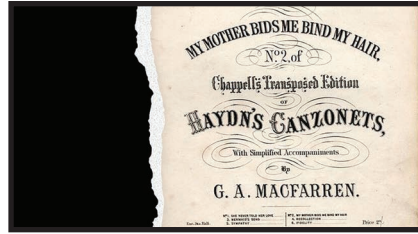
Music, like many other things, tends to run in families. In this regard, chance spun the wheel in my favor. I was born into a musical family on my mother's side. My maternal grandmother, Mabel Margaret Martin, born in September 1914 a few weeks after the beginning of the "war to end all wars," was given a Mason & Hamlin baby grand piano by her father in about 1930. It was one of those mellow, dark-toned instruments from the golden age of American piano making. Mabel became a voice major at Meredith College in the mid-1930s and went on to graduate study at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore.

My grandmother was the first person to draw me into music. We would sit together on the bench of the Mason & Hamlin, the tapestry cushion of which she had needlepointed. She played piano pieces and sang to her own accompaniment. From my earliest memory, I was allowed to "play" along in the high register of the keyboard, improvising an obbligato that to my ears was beautiful and delicate; to hers, probably dissonant and jarring. I can conjure my grandmother's voice even now, singing this song:

*I chanced upon a big brown bear,
A gruff old bear was he.
He basked content within his lair;
I looked at him, he looked at me,
And all he said was "Woof!" Ah me!*

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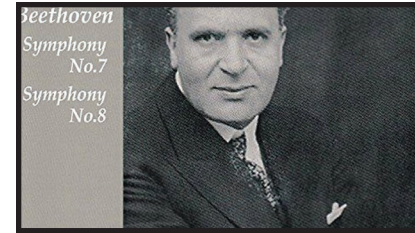
¹ Shakespeare, *Hamlet* Act II sc. 2.



*I doubted his sublime intent,
And did not stay for proof,
My heels in flight were swiftly bent,
For I'm inclined to keep aloof
When big brown bear says "Woof!"
Oh my, oh my! Oh my! Oh my!
When big brown bear says "Woof!"*

There were also many classical songs: Haydn's 1794 canzonetta "My mother bids me bind my hair." Mozart's setting of Goethe's *Das Veilchen*, the Sweet Violet. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from Handel's *Messiah*. At age 13, my grandmother took me on a two-week European tour in which we visited opera houses. I will never forget a performance of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* in the Rococo grandeur of the Bavarian State Opera in Munich.

My love of classical music did not spring, at least not right away, from learning the piano, on which I began lessons at around age 5 or 6. My piano teachers wanted me to play soul destroying works such as "Hannah from Montana" and "The Tune of the Tuna Fish" from the John W. Schaum Piano Course. This was a problem. It was a problem because I was hell bent on playing Bach, being dead sure that the survival of Western civilization depended on my doing so. Mere technique building without some kind of redeeming artistic merit was plebeian and, therefore, intolerable. I pressed the matter by telling my piano teachers everything I had learned about J.S. Bach from the World Book Encyclopedia. This knowledge was the ill-gotten gain of my appropriation of nearly every volume of that magisterial authority from a family bookcase. I proceeded to drop each one surreptitiously into the crevice between my bed frame and the wall, allowing for late night consultations with the aid of a flashlight feloniously obtained from a kitchen drawer. It's a wonder



my sisters and brother are even literate, so hoggish was I with our home's basic reading materials.

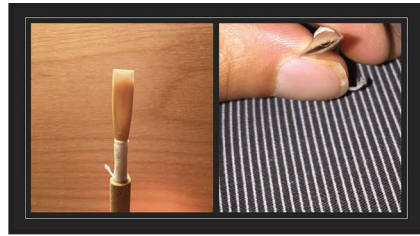
The gap between my musical ambitions and piano realities was bridged to some extent by a 78 RPM LP record player given to me by my parents. With that record player came a disk called "The King's Trumpet." It was a narrated history of the trumpet that concluded with the first piece of classical music that took my heart prisoner and threw away the key: the third movement of the Haydn Trumpet Concerto in E flat Major. From there it was but a step to the handful of classical LPs that lived inside my parent's cabinet stereo. I spent hours in my bedroom conducting Mozart's Piano Concerto in d minor, K. 466, on a recording from the late 1940s with the Salzburg Mozarteum and the pianist Fritz Weidlich; the Beethoven Seventh, in a 1953 recording with Bruno Walter and the Columbia Symphony; and the classical recording that captivated America, Van Cliburn's immortal, 1958 Grammy-winning Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 with Kiril Kondrashin conducting the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra on the RCA Red Seal "Living Stereo" series.

OF RUTH MOCK

In 1976, when I was in the fifth grade, my public elementary school had a band. There were about fifteen of us: flutes, clarinets, trumpets, a trombone, some drums. I played the lone alto saxophone, a Selmer school model. We met in a room with cement block walls and a grimy, linoleum-tiled floor recently vacated by the industrial arts class.

There appeared in this uninspiring room, out of nowhere, a human treasure, conveyed thither by a red Volkswagen Beetle. Ruth Mock was a pretty woman with

continued



short dark hair and fingers that sheathed an electric current. When she snapped, the meter was crisp with high expectation. Our spines stiffened and our ten-year-old brains sprang to starter's orders. Earning one of her rare smiles put a spring in your step and set you to practicing harder.

One day, near the end of the year, a small, unassuming black leather case appeared on Mrs. Mock's battered desk. "Today I am going to show you my instrument," she said. She opened the case to reveal a royal purple velvet-lined interior, with something written in gold embroidery in a foreign tongue on the inside lid. Nestled there, like a scepter on a tapestry cushion, was a delicate, gleaming, black wooden pipe, cut into two slender sections positively bristling with intricate silver keywork. A shorter bell slept snugly in a niche all to itself. Here, I judged, was a rarefied aristocrat — a queen of woodwinds.

Then, from a much smaller leather case that fit in her palm, she drew out two thin tubes lipped with cork. Tied to the tubes with colored thread was a double-sided blade of thin wood, folded over against itself and cut, that I recognized as a diminutive version of the broad one clamped to the plastic mouthpiece of my sax. Mrs. Mock placed one of these between her lips and handed the other to a flute player to pass around. She then removed the glistening silver and black pieces from their velvet tombs and screwed them into a single pipe. Talking past the colorful tube that dangled on her lip the way Lauren Bacall dangled a casual cigarette, she announced: "*This* is an oboe. *That* is an oboe reed. The oboe is *my* instrument."

Next, a blinding epiphany: Mrs. Mock plunged the reed cork into a nearly invisible opening in the oboe's top joint, as the demonstration reed made its rounds of the music stands. I watched as her lips curled into something between pursing and a half-smile. Two-thirds of the reed disappeared into her mouth. A moment later that grimy band room was transformed into a banqueting hall at Versailles. All around was a sound at once sinuous and sensual, ethereal and gripping, noble and inaccessible. It darkened in the instrument's lower register, pulling the listener down into a fathomless alpine lake. Up in the second and third octaves above middle C, it glittered and soared without losing a millimeter of depth.

I heard that sweet, piercing sound, and in an instant decided that nothing else would ever be good enough for me again.

OF MY FIRST EFFORTS WITH THE OBOE

My ever-supportive parents bought me a Selmer Signet oboe from Burrage Music Company, then the main Raleigh music store. That instrument remained my companion for well over a decade, through the Raleigh Youth Symphony, All-State orchestras, high school, and college orchestras. I began to explore the problem of how to obtain decent reeds, the bane of every oboist's existence.

Young oboe players rarely make any real progress without lessons. I begged for them. My long-suffering mother, again through means I cannot remember, arranged a lesson with a member of the oboe section in the North Carolina Symphony. I was over the moon, thinking this the beginning of a straightforward path to Herbert von Karajan practically begging me to join the oboe section of the Berlin Philharmonic. I was going to work on serious classical music with a master player from the top orchestra in the state. I had had the Selmer Signet long enough to teach myself basic fingerings and to play "at" works that inspired me, even if they were beyond my technical capabilities. My inspiration was drawn from the recordings of famous oboe players I was very occasionally able to purchase from the Record Bar at Crabtree Valley Mall. I tried to imitate their tone quality and virtuosity. I remember one record of concerti by Albinoni, Cimarosa, Marcello, and Corelli by the French oboist Pierre Pierlot with I Solisti Veuertz, one of the first historical performance groups. There was another of the Mozart Concerto with Han de Vries and the Prague Chamber Orchestra which I have kept to this day.

I had taught myself the first movement of the Mozart Concerto, probably the most famous solo work for the oboe. I was 12 years old. I loved the Mozart Concerto. My effort to play the piece for my new teacher met with a reception I will never forget. The teacher said: "Never begin an audition with that piece. You are not remotely ready for it." I was crushed. I had just been told that my enthusiasm and hard work were a gross mistake, all wasted. Such a masterwork was off limits to a mere beginner, no matter how enthusiastic. I wanted to learn the oboe because I thought it was the world's most beautiful instrument. But as the lesson went on I heard nothing about beauty. I was willing to work hard to master technique. What I was not willing to do was to suffer bitter humiliation at the hands of a person who, as far as I could tell, knew nothing that really mattered about what this teacher professed to teach.

continued



I left the lesson half in rage and half fighting back tears, got in my mother's car, and announced that I was never going back.

In fairness, that teacher was behaving rationally so far as my technique was concerned. As yet I did not know how to form a good embouchure — the

cushioned chamber created by the lips, jaws, and mouth cavity to optimize the delivery of air to the reed and achieving its maximum vibration. Every note on the oboe has a certain acoustic, determined by the design of the instrument, the narrowness of the bore, the type of wood used, and how far down the bore the air must travel to reach the tone holes. Great oboists spend their lives learning to match their embouchures and physiognomy to the acoustics of particular notes, while creating a seamless line. Moreover, I did not know how to support my wind.

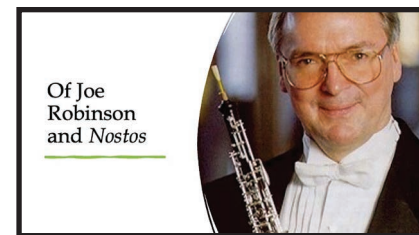
Yet I could not work with a teacher who had no interest in helping me develop my voice as an oboe player, as opposed to turning me into an air-and-embouchure machine. This experience later led me to a conclusion. I believe young people must be made to feel that simply by being themselves, they are bringing incalculable gifts to the profession, art, or skill they have chosen. This kind of teaching sees failures as gateways to proficiency, and harnesses mistakes to pleasure and satisfaction. I am fortunate to have had the benefit of this kind of oboe teaching later in my life.

This is also my philosophy of teaching law students. I am an oddity among deans around the country, in that I have chosen to teach a full load of courses in addition to my administrative work. To the greatest degree I can, I banish my students' anxiety, distress, and need to be in competition with each other. I make a practice of taking all of the 80 or so students in my largest course, an introduction to corporate law, to lunch in small groups of two or three. We have these lunches every day after class. Once my exams are graded at the end of the semester, I congratulate the "As" while asking the "Cs" to meet me for a conversation. I tell the latter group that nothing has changed in my confidence in them and their abilities. The world is simply waiting to discover their gifts and put them to good use. I say this because experience has taught me that it is true. "C" students often make the best lawyers. I beg my "Cs" not to hesitate to call on me for help, references, or anything else they may need, in law school or later in their careers. I feel these things are the least I can do in return for the privilege of spending a semester with them.

Once I had rejected that first oboe teacher, I became an autodidact. Touching the hot stove once was enough. I had learned the lesson that allowing other people access to what I loved was risky. Far better to pursue my passion alone, by playing, by listening to recordings, by reading. So for the next ten years or so, the oboe became my private preserve. As fiercely as I loved it, it was also a source of shame. I kept on playing and winning first chair in every school, all-state, community, and college orchestra I tried out for. But success was confusing. I felt that my lack of training

made me a fraud. I only sounded good because I was a good mimic, not because I really knew what I was doing. The wand had claimed the wizard, but there was no Hogwarts for me.

After college, I gave up the oboe. My reasons were part logic, part emotion. I had never had a good instrument, never learned to make my own reeds. I was never a legitimate oboe player, just an imposter. Law school, marriage, family, and career would soon consume me. I thought it best to end my affair with the oboe and bury it, along with my youth, forever.



OF JOE ROBINSON AND NOSTOS

I cannot remember a time when I did not know about Joseph Robinson. He won the New York Philharmonic's principal oboe chair while teaching at the North Carolina School of the Arts, almost exactly at the time I started playing. This event caused a sensation in North Carolina, where Joe's status as a native son of the town of Lenoir and its nationally famed band program made it a great press story. I remember how I lionized Joe when I watched Zubin Mehta conduct the New York Philharmonic on PBS's *Great Performances* series in the late 1970s and early 1980s. I dreamed of meeting him, making up for the certainty that I never would by practicing harder after seeing him perform.

Joe seemed both accessible and remote. Like me, he was a North Carolinian from a small town. He looked like someone I might have known growing up. He had attended a fine liberal arts college — Davidson — and majored in English. Later, when I practiced law with more Davidson graduates than any one human should have to put up with, it was suggested to me that if only I had gone to Davidson instead of Exeter and Harvard, the law firm might have made something of me. I have occasionally said that my oboe studies with Joe were simply an effort to acquire a Davidson education before it was too late.

Despite our similarities, Joe had made it on his own to the biggest of the big leagues: the most exposed, prima donna oboe chair in the nation. He played the instrument with a beguiling, creamy richness of tone that I tried to emulate on my Selmer with a store-bought reed — not knowing that this was impossible. He made me feel that instead of excelling at sports or shooting guns, one could play the oboe and still be a man.

Joe Robinson was a kind of Mount Rushmore figure for me. I dreamed of meeting him — fearing at the same time that if I did, I'd be humiliated. I knew about his summer oboe camp in Little Switzerland, North Carolina. But I didn't dare apply. As an autodidact who had rejected formal training, I thought I wouldn't

continued



Sam Brinkley, being congratulated by his sisters in May 2023, on receiving his double degrees from Oberlin College (B.A., Religious Studies) and Oberlin Conservatory of Music (B.M., Cello Performance).

be accepted into the club. Despite this, I learned everything about Joe that I could. Other kids worshipped the Bee Gees and Pink Floyd. I worshipped Joseph Robinson.

One day forty years later, about three years into my deanship, while having lunch downstairs at the Carolina Club here on the campus, a friend, D.G. Martin, approached me. “I heard you used to play the oboe,” he said. “You need to meet my friend Joe Robinson. I’m about to interview him on my show,

North Carolina Bookwatch. He’s just written a memoir.”

A thrill surged through me. Joe had remained well beyond my reach. I had heard of his retirement from the New York Philharmonic some years before. I knew he had moved to the state of Washington, there never to be seen again. “I would love that,” I gushed. An email introduction from D.G. followed. I went home and immediately ordered a copy of Joe’s new book, *Long Winded: An Oboist’s Incredible Journey to the New York Philharmonic*.

D.G.’s introduction pulled up the dam and unleashed a torrent. An abiding longing for a reunion the oboe had been waiting with me for three decades, a gaping vortex of oboe need. I drank in *Long Winded* in one gulp, over about 24 hours. I emailed Joe with an explosion of enthusiasm and questions. Joe replied immediately to the effect that that it was a writer’s dream to have a reader who took the book so seriously.

A lunch was arranged. I wanted our cellist son Sam, who would be entering Oberlin Conservatory that fall — he just graduated this past Monday — to meet my childhood idol. Joe and his violinist wife Mary Kay joined Sam and me at the Carolina Club for a lively discussion of the musical life. There was irony in their meeting Sam just before he headed off to Oberlin. As Joe’s book recounts, he himself had tried unsuccessfully to transfer from Davidson to Oberlin at age 19. Despite this, while in the New York Philharmonic, Joe chaired a committee of visitors to review the Oberlin Conservatory and became a leading candidate for its deanship. At least one of us had the good sense not to become a dean!

Joe’s and my relationship was based on several points of similarity.

First, as I have said, we both grew up in small town North Carolina, in similar homes with businessman fathers and civically engaged mothers — homes in which, while music was appreciated, no one thought it was a practical way to live. Our families were supportive of our musical journeys but could not fully relate to our inner fire and passion. We both were conformists and misfits at the same time. Being different came at a cost.

Second, neither of us had formal oboe instruction until relatively late in our

development. I could have had the instruction, but I rejected the teacher I was offered. Joe also had no oboe teacher for many years, but the Lenoir High School band program, practically a conservatory on its own, was a powerful substitute.

Where we were different was in the matter of setup. Where I was lucky to have a band-quality Selmer Signet, local philanthropic support for the Lenoir band program gave Joe access to superb Loree oboes sold by the nation’s foremost woodwind instrument dealer, Hans Moennig in Philadelphia. Joe had “magic” oboe reeds made by John Mack, later principal oboe of the Cleveland Orchestra and one of the great oboe pedagogues of the 20th century. As a teenager Joe opened a long distance friendship with Mack bearing some resemblance to my later friendship with Joe himself. My reeds, on the other hand, were store bought. I was on my own to a greater degree than he.

Sometime shortly after our Carolina Club lunch, Joe emailed to invite me to their home a few miles from the law school. I arrived at 5:30 p.m. after a busy day, sat down at the island in the Robinsons’ kitchen, and was offered a Coke.

Joe said: “Hey, I’ve just bought two new oboes. Let me show them to you.” He bounded out of the room and returned with a grenadilla wood Yamaha instrument, from the top of which a reed already protruded. With one hand, he gave me the horn. “Here, try this,” he said. “You don’t mind playing on a reed that’s been in my mouth, do you?”

I had not held an oboe in 30 years. The feeling was strange, momentarily unfamiliar but, in the next instant, electric. The wand had returned to the wizard after a long absence. I placed the reed in my mouth and my lips formed a rudimentary embouchure. I blew. My fingers pulled out strands of ancient muscle memory — the kind of memory only deep emotion emblazons on the unconscious. I played a rough D Major scale. Then an extraordinary thing happened. My fingers, unbidden, picked out the opening bars of the Mozart Oboe Quartet, K. 370. Joe beamed. “You remember it! I like how you attack the reed!”

I proceeded to play some snatches of scales, random notes, doodles — dredging up fingerings, trying to make the reed vibrate. I thought it sounded pretty awful, but Joe and Mary Kay seemed to feel differently. “That sounds pretty good,” said Mary Kay. Joe was wild with enthusiasm. “It’s just not supposed to work this way,” he said. “You shouldn’t be able to play at all. You simply *must* play the oboe again.”

That was my *nostos* — my homecoming — to the oboe.

I had been surprised to learn from Joe’s memoir that, like me, he had been essentially self-taught, a musician who bucked the traces of years of conservatory training for a liberal arts college. His conservatory consisted of a few sun-drenched weeks spent at the conclusion of a Fulbright fellowship, studying intensively in Nice with Marcel Tabuteau, the great French oboist who had taught a whole generation of leading American players at the Curtis Institute of Music between the 1920s and 1950s.

Such unconventionality comes at a price. Musicians who suffer under the lash of Curtis or Juilliard do not easily accept players not formed under the same discipline.

continued



Of Keisuke Wakao
and Discovering
the Air

Joe has stories of unprofessional treatment inflicted on him by leading players in other great American orchestras. It is interesting to compare his moonshot to the New York Philharmonic with my own virtually unheard-of journey to the deanship of a major American law school, after two

decades as practitioner of no real distinction and with no academic background. For those who take a conventional path, embracing a maverick as a peer risks acknowledging the limitations of one's own choices.

OF KEISUKE WAKAO AND DISCOVERING THE AIR

Joe Robinson's most famous student is Keisuke Wakao, since 1990 Assistant Principal Oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Principal Oboe of the Boston Pops. Joe introduced me to Keisuke. I have had the privilege of studying with them both.

Keisuke has taught me many things. Chief among them is how to make healthy air my friend. For a person whose native language is not English, he possesses an extraordinary capacity for describing in metaphor what good oboe playing is. Keisuke once told me in a lesson: "Imagine you are sitting on the moon playing the oboe, looking out at the earth, and trying to wrap your sound all around it." The free, healthy air is the place of integrity and wholeness. Wrong notes and finger mistakes are of no importance if the air behind them is healthy. When they happen in a lesson with Keisuke, it is as if I am one of my own "C" students hearing a voice of encouragement that something good is around the corner.

I have learned from Joe and Keisuke that an oboist must develop an intimate relationship with his own body and how it can best deliver healthy air to the reed. The air stream must be constantly nourished and renourished, causing the reed to vibrate and the oboe's conical bore to transform the vibrations into that sweet, piercing sound I first loved in Ruth Mock's band room. The richer the air supply, the more technical problems fade away. Supplying the reed with air is like activating the torch underneath a hot air balloon. Intelligent, informed use of the air permits a good player to "sculpt the tone," as Joe calls it. "Whatever you do, keep blowing," he often admonished me. "Focus the air behind your nose and make it feel like you're blowing off the front of your face. Don't ever let the air get stuck in your throat. Place the notes on the wind and blow the seams between the notes."

Every oboist is tempted to find the perfect voice. That temptation, like one of Odysseus's Sirens, beguiles while threatening to wreck the ship. The oboist must be satisfied with finding fulfillment in the myriad colors of the sound and its expressive possibilities. Otherwise, the risks are too great. The reed is delicate and short-lived, a moth to a flame. The solos in the literature are naked and exposed. There is a tension in the line unmatched by any other instrument. Oboe playing has

been called the "bungee jumping"² of the orchestra. One must counteract these pressures by calming the mind. Using healthy air, says Keisuke, needs to be like going to sleep. We cannot, like Icarus, fly too close to the sun. If I can do 85% of the things I need to do to play the oboe well, to use Keisuke's words, "Take it."

The theologian Martin Laird has written: "We are built to commune with God, and we will all meet death."³ The performer brings the moving musical line to life in a finite time continuum reflecting human life's temporal limitation. Every sound is born hastening to the inexorable death that waits at the end of the bow or the drawing of the next breath. The listener is reminded, if only subconsciously, that death is just around the corner. Music is always moving to the paradox of silence, which is at once the death of earthly sound and the possibility of a perfect music. Joe Robinson's teacher, Marcel Tabuteau, on being asked what performances of in his storied career he was most proud, said: "There were a few good notes. And they are still ringing!"

If we accept that music is the movement of sound across time, we might conclude that music is only a horizontal experience. Consider, however, the interplay of melody with a foundation and inner voices — which is the vertical experience of music. This we call harmony. Sitting with my grandmother at the piano, watching and hearing both the horizontal and the vertical, moving across time, permeated my young brain and spirit.

The oboe is there to sing, to cast its spell of pathos and joy, embracing one another across a canvas of sound, marking a door into a new world of emotion and evoking life's ambiguous journey.

To return, in middle age, to the buried longings of one's youth is a palindrome of self discovery. Re-experiencing the unutterable ecstasies of emotion that run across the oboe's tone palette is/has been to meet once again the Me of long ago — frightened, ashamed, passionate, driven, capable of deep depression and overwhelming exaltation. My journey towards a more abundant life has meant confronting the pain of this long ago Martin, along with his surpassing joys. It has been to realize, finally, that I am not so much a lawyer and a dean, as an artist and a teacher. This has been a very good thing.

Immense fulfillment comes from rediscovering a sweet bird of one's youth in middle age. For more than 30 years the oboe's ember had smoldered deep within, buried even as an ember smothered deep in an ash heap holds the promise of new flame. In my 50s my *nostos* to the oboe fanned the ember to life, and music's hearth blazed for me once again. I have learned how — even without an umbrella — to fly.

² Comment of Carter Brey, Principal Cellist of the New York Philharmonic, in "Why would anybody want to play the oboe?" 1997 broadcast of Great Performances Public Broadcasting Service, available on YouTube.

³ Martin Laird, *Into the Silent Land* 1 (2006).



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: • Keisuke Wakao, Ruth Mock, Joe Robinson, Martin Brinkley
 • Susan Brinkley, Martin Brinkley • Jo Ann Williford, Joe Mobley, Kay Wyche, Kathryn McKee
 • Mike Hill, Jeff Crow • Margot Christensen, Mike Hill, Rob Christensen • Lucy Kunstler, Caroline Stephenson
 • Norwood and Mary Lynn Bryan, Bob Anthony • Sherrill Brinkley, Dewey Brinkley

In Tribute to Martin Brinkley

Remarks by Eliza Brinkley
(Introduction by NCS
Secretary Patrick Wooten)

EVENING SESSION IN CHAPEL HILL, NC



Eliza Brinkley

Good evening.

Thank you, Patrick, for your introduction. As Patrick mentioned, my name is Eliza Brinkley, and I am grateful to be able to honor my Dad tonight by just briefly sharing a bit about him from a daughter's perspective.

As Patrick noted, I'm currently in seminary, preparing to become ordained one day, so I spend a good deal of time thinking about faith, specifically Christianity and how Christians live out their faith in the world. One of the Christian theologians that I've been the most influenced by is Thomas Merton, who was

continued

an American Trappist monk in the mid-twentieth century. One of the spiritual concepts Merton really pioneered was the idea that we each have two selves: we have our “small” self, and then we have our “big” self.

Our small self is the self that is, in a sense, more surface. It’s the self that is perhaps best represented by our résumés or our social media profiles. It’s the self that most of us, if we’re being honest, spend the majority of our time trying to build up because it’s the self that the **world** seems to care about: our appearance, our accomplishments, how we are special or stand apart from others. The “big” self, however, is the self that, in Merton’s view, **God** really cares about. It’s the self that is far more complicated than what is found on our LinkedIn profile or our bio on the company website. It’s not that our small selves don’t, in a lot of ways, *point* to our big selves, but in the end, they are only a small, narrow snapshot of who we are. Our big selves comprise the entirety of our complex nature — what our real passions are, how we live into our emotions, our relationships, and our faith, and yes — what our gifts and talents are — though not because of how they make us special, but rather because they are things we really, truly care about.

I’ve spent a lot of my life admiring my Dad for his academic, professional, musical, and other accomplishments. But as I’ve grown and seen him for who he is as a full human being, what I’ve come to cherish more about him is his *big self* — the person he really is on a deeper level, the people and things he really cares about — which are the real roots of anything he’s ever worked for. Much of what he values, which he in turn got from his own parents and grandparents, has been passed down to me and my siblings. It is because of my Dad that I have an appreciation for the spiritual and emotional power of music, a deep respect for social and educational institutions that serve the public good, a love for our state and our country, and, most important of all, an abiding love for and commitment to family and friends.

It is this last one that, as his daughter, has made the most impression on me. When you live in the same house with someone for over twenty years, you get to know the real fullness of who they are. I’ve watched my Dad go through the same seasons of life that we all experience — the smooth-sailing and the rough-going. But it’s clear to me that what’s never changed throughout all of it is his deep love for me, for my mother, and for my brother and sister. His love for us is evident in the same ways as they are for anyone who loves their family, in the way that he encourages us to do what fulfills us, in the big and small ways he shows up and supports each of us in our individual life journeys, and in his willingness to be vulnerable, even when it’s not easy.

So Dad, I want you to know how glad I am, how glad I think we all are, that you were born and that you’re alive to be the person in the world that God created you to be. Keep being yourself — your BIG self — and know that I love you very much.

Thank you.

Music for the North Caroliniana Society

Linda Gordon Wartski, *piano*
Martin Brinkley, *oboe & piano*

EVENING SESSION IN CHAPEL HILL, NC

Notes by Martin Brinkley

Linda Gordon Wartski, a graduate of the Manhattan School of Music, and I have experienced great joy in preparing this evening’s music for you.

Linda and I have been musical duo partners since we began meeting under the auspices of our church (Christ Episcopal Church, Raleigh) during the early months of the COVID-19 pandemic. We have worked together on many rewarding pieces in combinations ranging from oboe and piano, to English horn and piano, to piano for four-hands. Some of these have included my own arrangements of opera arias, mainly by George Frideric Händel, for oboe or English horn and continuo keyboard.

I hope that the notes below will enhance your enjoyment of the music we have selected for this meeting of the North Caroliniana Society.



Linda Wartski and Martin Brinkley

continued

Adagio and Allegro in A flat Major, Op. 70

Robert Schumann (1810-1846)

The German composer, pianist, and music critic Robert Schumann was one of the greatest composers of the Romantic era. To the consternation of his parents (but to the gratitude of the rest of the world, including one or two lawyers), Schumann abandoned the study of law as a young man to pursue a career as a virtuoso pianist. His teacher, Friedrich Wieck, had assured him that he could become the finest pianist in Europe, but a hand injury likely brought on by the onset of focal dystonia (probably not by Schumann's use of a mechanical device for finger strengthening, the traditional explanation) ended this dream. Schumann then focused his musical energies on composing.

In 1840, Schumann married Friedrich Wieck's daughter, Clara, after a long and acrimonious legal battle with Friedrich, who opposed the marriage. A lifelong partnership in music began. Clara was an established pianist and music prodigy. Clara and Robert developed and maintained a close relationship with Johannes Brahms, whose early works Robert Schumann championed.

Until 1840, Schumann wrote exclusively for the piano. Later he composed piano and orchestral works, as well as many Lieder (songs for voice and piano). He composed four symphonies, one opera, and other orchestral, choral, and chamber works. Schumann was known for infusing his music with characters through motifs as well as allusions to works of literature. These characters bled over into his editorial writing in the *New Journal for Music* (*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*), a Leipzig-based publication that he co-founded.

Schumann suffered from a mental disorder that first appeared in 1833 as a severe episode of melancholic depression. This recurred several times, alternating with phases of "exaltation" and delusional ideas of being poisoned or threatened with metallic items. Scholars have speculated that Schumann suffered from a combination of bipolar disorder and perhaps mercury poisoning, resulting in "manic" and "depressive" periods during which Schumann's compositional productivity waxed and waned. After attempting suicide by throwing himself into the Rhine River in 1854, Schumann was admitted at his own request to a mental hospital in Bonn. He died of pneumonia two years later at the age of 46 without recovering from his mental illness.

The Adagio and Allegro in A flat was originally written in 1849 for French horn and piano, though Schumann anticipated that it would be performed on other instruments, such as the violin or, in this case, the oboe. (The three Romances for oboe and piano, Op. 94, composed later in 1849, were likewise quickly arranged for the ubiquitous violin and are today performed on a variety of instruments.) The Adagio and Allegro reflects Schumann's struggles between conflicting emotions, beginning with an introspective Adagio, which expresses great emotion. This is followed by a fiery and passionate Allegro which, before concluding, is interrupted by a brief reminiscence of the Adagio.

Slavonic Dance in E minor, Op. 46, No. 2

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Slavonic Dance in F Major, Op. 46, No. 2

Just as Johannes Brahms had been mentored by Robert Schumann, so Brahms made arrangements to further the career of the Czech composer Antonín Dvořák, eight years his junior. Brahms urged his publisher, Fritz Simrock, to commission and publish Dvořák's works.

In 1869, Simrock published the first ten of Brahms's *Hungarian Dances*. These launched a vogue for folk tunes and "national" styles that grew to pervade European classical music in the later 19th century. The movement supplied many of the most familiar melodies and motifs we enjoy in the standard repertoire today. The *Hungarian Dances* remain among Brahms's most popular works. They were certainly the most profitable, having been written for the popular genre of middle- and upper-class amateurs performing as a piano duet in the home. (For further reflections on the importance of the piano duet in the pre-recording era, see "A Thought for the Evening," *below*.)

Antonin Dvořák wrote the *Slavonic Dances* in 1878 at Fritz Simrock's urging. Simrock requested a set of dances for piano duet and specified that they be based on the folk music of Dvořák's Bohemian homeland. The eight dances of Op. 46 do not quote Bohemian folksongs but evoke their spirit.

Soon after completing the original piano duets, Dvořák arranged the *Slavonic Dances* for full orchestra, resulting in one work presented in two different color palettes. The piano version shows brilliance in condensing Dvořák's varied coloristic and rhythmic skills into a limited format. The orchestral version lacks economy of scale, but makes up for it with a hefty dose of vibrant instrumentation and rhythmic verve.

In their orchestral form, the *Slavonic Dances* introduced Dvořák to the European concert scene. After their premiere in Dresden in 1878, renown for the composer grew dramatically. Dvořák, still in relative obscurity, initially received just 300 marks from Simrock — less than \$100 — for the work that exposed him to the public eye.

Although labeled under the catch-all description of "Slavonic" dances, seven of the eight sketches are Bohemian in origin. The second dance, performed first tonight, is native to Serbia. The overall flavor of the dances is vigorous, witty, and highly rhythmic.

continued

The Winter's Passed

Wayne Barlow (1912-1986)

Wayne Barlow, a native of Elyria, Ohio, was professor of music at the Eastman School of Music, where he became the first American to receive a doctoral degree in composition in 1937. He later studied with Arnold Schoenberg after the Austrian composer's removal from Vienna to California. Among Barlow's best-known works is *The Winter's Passed*, a short, beautiful tone painting depicting the transition from winter to spring. The piece was originally written for oboe and string orchestra in 1940 and later transcribed for oboe and piano.

Norwegian Dance in E Major, Op. 35. No. 2

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Allegretto tranquillo e grazioso

The *Norwegian Dances*, Op. 35, of Norwegian composer Edvard Grieg were written in 1883, five years after Dvořák's *Slavonic Dances*, Op. 46.

Unlike the *Slavonic Dances*, Grieg based his compositions on tunes he found in Ludvig Mathias Lindeman's folk song collection *Mountain Melodies Old and New*. Like Brahms's *Hungarian Dances* and the *Slavonic Dances*, Grieg's *Norwegian Dances* were originally scored for piano duet to satisfy popular demand for *Hausmusik* — music to be played in middle-class homes, where the presence of a piano and good pianistic skills on the part of several family members were a given. They were later orchestrated by the Czech-born conductor Hans Sitt. It is in this guise that they are best known to later audiences.

Like all of Grieg's best music, the *Norwegian Dances* are filled with achingly beautiful tunes set to supple chromatic harmonies, joyously festive tunes above cheerful rhythms, and the occasional faux-frightening tunes with skittering harmonies. The insouciant opening of the second dance is nearly as well-known as the opening measures of Grieg's first *Peer Gynt Suite* or his *Holberg Suite*.

A Thought for the Evening

As Johannes Brahms's biographer Jan Swafford observed of his subject, the audience for which Schumann, Dvořák, and Grieg composed had great musical knowledge and sophistication. This declined in the early 20th century due to a threat they and the other great classical composers could never have foreseen: the phonograph.

Recordings have spread classical music among the masses, but they have hastened the deterioration of the audience. The presence of easily available music on radio, television, compact discs, and streaming services — ubiquitous but rarely intensely listened to — dilutes the kind of pleasure music lovers experienced in the second half of the 19th century.

In the era of electronic music, few people learn the musical literature in four-hand piano arrangements. Prior to the age of recordings, that is how many people learned it, through their fingers or by singing in choirs. They waited eagerly to hear the rare performances of familiar masterpieces. Music was by and large available only to those who took pains, who went out of their way for it. Inevitably that made music more precious.

We hope your experience of this evening's offering arouses some sense of the thrill of great music in live performance, in close proximity to the musicians, and with all of the inevitable, unedited human error and hopeful sincerity with which we bring you, our efforts.



Martin Brinkley and Linda Wartski



Martin Brinkley and Keisuke Wakao

continued

Keisuke Wakao, oboe Martin Brinkley, oboe

EVENING SESSION IN CHAPEL HILL, NC

"Voi che sapete" from Le nozze di Figaro
"La ci darem la mano" from Don Giovanni
(arranged as duets for two oboes)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

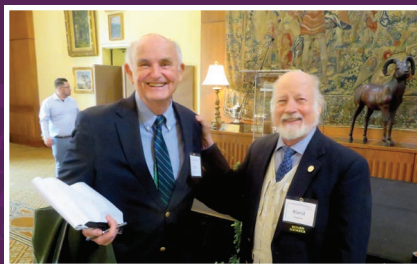
Keisuke Wakao

Keisuke Wakao was appointed assistant principal oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and principal oboe of the Boston Pops Orchestra in the fall of 1990. He was previously a member of the New World Symphony from its inaugural season in 1988. A native of Tokyo, Mr. Wakao performed with the New Japan Philharmonic under Seiji Ozawa in 1985 and made his concerto debut with the Tokyo Symphony Orchestra under Kazuyoshi Akiyama in the summer of 1989. He made his Tokyo recital debut in 1997 and performed with pianist Christoph Eschenbach in a recital at Sapporo's 1998 Pacific Music Festival.

Mr. Wakao received his performance diploma from the Manhattan School of Music, where he served on the faculty following his graduation in 1987. His teachers include former New York Philharmonic principal oboe Joseph Robinson at the Manhattan School, and former Boston Symphony Orchestra principals Alfred Genovese and Ralph Gombert at Tanglewood Music Center, where he was a TMC Fellow. A talented teacher himself, Mr. Wakao founded the annual Keisuke Wakao Oboe Camp in Tokyo in 1988, and is currently on the faculties of both the New England Conservatory and the Longy School of Music. He is also director of the Daikanyama Hillside Terrace Music Festival in Tokyo, founder of the Church of the Redeemer Concert Series in Chestnut Hill and the Ventfort Hall Summer Chamber Music Concert Series in Lenox (both in Massachusetts), and sponsor of the American-Japanese Cultural Concert Series, which featured performances with pianist Emmanuel Ax in 2010. He has several recordings available on the Denon label.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: • Fred Hobson, DG Martin • Martha Danek, T Butler, Edward Pickens • Mary Kay Robinson, Alice Cotten • Sherrill Brinkley, Joe Robinson, Leona Whichard • Jerry Cotten, Jason Tomberlin • Mary Stephens, Diana Johnson • Mary and Richard Hunter • Maria Estorino, Joyce Fitzpatrick, Martin Brinkley, Hugh Stevens



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: • Carol Brinkley, Eliza Brinkley

- Seth, Dora, Scott and Sierra Moore • Melanie Ferlito, Eliza Brinkley • Terry and Lynn Roberts
- John Orth, Katherine Nolan Orth • Pickett Guthrie, Martin Brinkley
- Tom Earnhardt, Bland Simpson • Susan and Fred Irons, Frances Bullock

Presentation of 2023 Society Award

James W. Clark Jr., President,
North Caroliniana Society

EVENING SESSION IN CHAPEL HILL, NC

Thank you, Martin. You are the North Caroliniana Society's maestro of elegant stewardship, and you serve the legal profession and the UNC School of Law with the same distinction. This goblet is a token of our very special admiration and gratitude

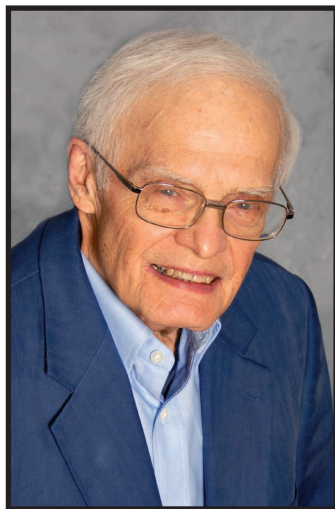


Jim Clark and Martin Brinkley

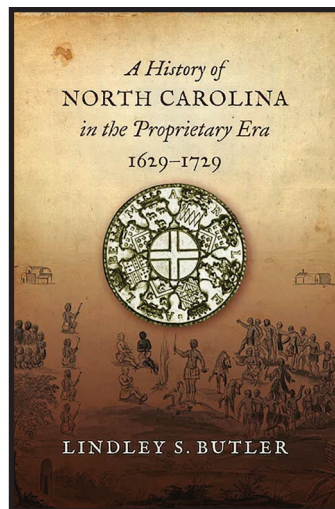
A History of North Carolina in the Proprietary Era, 1629-1729

by Lindley S. Butler

2022 NORTH CAROLINIANA
SOCIETY BOOK AWARD



Lindley S. Butler



*A History of North Carolina in the
Proprietary Era, 1629-1729*

About the Book

In this book, Lindley S. Butler traverses oft-noted but little understood events in the political and social establishment of the Carolina colony. In the wake of the English Civil Wars in the mid-seventeenth century, King Charles II granted charters to eight Lords Proprietors to establish civil structures, levy duties and taxes, and develop a vast tract of land along the southeastern Atlantic coast of North America. Butler argues that unlike the New England theocracies and Chesapeake plantocracy, the isolated colonial settlements of the Albemarle — the cradle of today's North Carolina — saw their power originate neither in the authority of the church nor in wealth extracted through slave labor, but rather in institutions that emphasized political, legal, and religious freedom for white male landholders. Despite this distinct pattern of economic, legal, and religious development, the colony could not avoid conflict among the diverse assemblage of Indigenous, European, and African peoples living there, all of whom contributed to the future of the state and nation that took shape in subsequent years.

Butler provides the first comprehensive history of the proprietary era in North Carolina since the nineteenth century, offering a substantial and accessible reappraisal of this key historical period.

About the Author

Born June 15, 1939 in Leaksville, North Carolina, Lindley knew from an early age that he wanted to be a historian. He studied North Carolina history at UNC-Chapel Hill, earning his PhD under Hugh Lefler and going on to publish numerous books and articles about the state. His explorations and advocacy for the history and culture of his home county of Rockingham led to preservation of the Wright Tavern, archaeological excavations along the Dan River and at his beloved home of 51 years, North Fork Farm, and the founding of the Museum and Archives of Rockingham County (MARC), among many other contributions.

Lindley was a devoted and inspiring teacher, reaching thousands of students over nearly 30 years as Historian-in-Residence at Rockingham Community College. His teaching was infectious, as he brought history to life and made it relevant today. His teaching career began as an intern at High Point High School, where he met his future wife, Lelia T Clinard, as a student in his class. He waited patiently for her to graduate from college, and they were married March 5, 1966, the beginning of a beautiful 56 years of marriage. Through her, he became a convinced member of the

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Religious Society of Friends (Quakers). T and Lindley were founding members of the Rockingham County Friends Meeting, where they worshiped and built community for more than 50 years.

Lindley's love of the water began in his boyhood, spent on the banks of the Dan River, where he navigated up and down the waterway in his homemade kayak. He served as Scoutmaster for his sons' Boy Scout troop and earned the Distinguished Eagle Scout award. As historian for the recovery of Blackbeard's *Queen Anne's Revenge* shipwreck, he fulfilled a longtime dream of diving on a historic shipwreck off the North Carolina coast. He and T co-founded the Dan River Basin Association (DRBA), a nonprofit dedicated to preserving the watershed's natural and cultural resources in North Carolina and Virginia, which has established numerous parks, trails, and river accesses. He was instrumental in advocating for and establishing the Mayo River State Park, a crowning achievement in preservation and the impetus for his induction into the Order of the Longleaf Pine in 2021 by North Carolina Governor Roy Cooper.

Lindley Butler died at Friends Homes in Greensboro, NC, on April 12, 2022, just weeks after receiving advance copies of his final book from the University of North Carolina Press.

Presentation of 2022 Society Book Award

Michael R. Hill, Chairman,
Society Book Award Committee

AFTERNOON SESSION IN CHAPEL HILL, NC

It is my pleasure to present the twentieth annual North Caroliniana Book Award. I come to you on the behalf of fellow committee members Jeff Crow and Georgeann Eubanks. This year we are sharing the titles of our five finalists: Glenda Gilmore's *Romare Bearden in the Homeland of His Imagination*, Bill Whichard's *A Consequential Life: David Lowry Swain, Nineteenth-Century North Carolina, and Their University*, Randall Kenan's *Black Folk Could Fly: Selected Writings*, Philip Gerard's *North Carolina in the 1940s: The Decade of Transformation*, and the book we chose to honor, Lindley Butler's *A History of North Carolina in the Proprietary Era, 1629-1729*.

Our task was to select the title published last year which we expect will stand the test of time as a work of North Caroliniana. The Proprietary Era is one where historians fear to tread. Indeed, no writer has prepared a comprehensive work on the period since R.D.W.

Connor a century ago. The period is little understood and difficult to research.

This was truly Lindley Butler's life's work. He began writing about the subject in the 1960s, completing both his thesis and dissertation under Hugh Lefler in Chapel Hill's history department. Aside from a brief teaching stint at Louisburg College, he spent his career at Rockingham Community College in his native county. There he engaged in creating a local museum and archives and spent many days on his beloved Dan River.

Lindley was a particular friend of the North Carolina Office of Archives and History and supported and benefited from that agency's colonial records project. He engaged in the dives on the pirate Blackbeard's flagship, the *Queen Anne's Revenge*. He served as that project's official historian.

Writers differ about North Carolina's "Genesis Story." Virginia has Jamestown, Georgia has Oglethorpe, and South Carolina has the slavocracy based upon the deepwater port at Charleston. North Carolina has the story of the Roanoke Colony but, owing to its discontinuity, it is generally dismissed as the state's genesis. Lindley Butler argues that it is the story of the eight Lords Proprietors and the region known as the Albemarle that constitutes our beginning.

Several factors distinguish Lindley's book. He excels in telling the Native American story and, in lyrical fashion, that of the early explorers John Lederer and John Lawson and their descriptions of the colony's flora and fauna. One chapter that will be of special interest to readers will be the story of the failed Barbadian effort to establish a colony at Charles Town. Lindley pursued this tale doggedly and traveled to Barbados to plumb their archives.

Sad to say, Lindley died last April, but lived long enough to see the book published by the University of North Carolina Press. With us today is his wife, T, who I now invite to come up for the presentation of the award.



Mike Hill and T Butler

Seth Thomas Moore

2023 WILLIAM STEVENS POWELL AWARD

Seth Thomas Moore is a double major in History and Public Policy with a minor in Spanish at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He is from King, North Carolina and after graduation he plans to take a gap year before going to law school. At UNC-Chapel Hill, he is an editor for the Carolina Political Review, active in the campus ministry InterVarsity, a member of Phi Alpha Delta Pre-Law fraternity, and president of the University's chapter of the Christian Medical and Dental Association.

Seth Moore's paper is titled, "Anti-Confederate Sentiment in North Carolina: Why Methodist and Quaker Abolitionists Opposed the Confederacy." In it he explores the religious faction of opposition to the Confederacy in NC, but he takes the unique approach of examining these two prominent denominations together. While Moore demonstrates how these "disruptors" took different approaches to abolition and resistance to North Carolina's war effort, he also notes how both the Methodists and the Quakers drew the ire of the Confederate state. He is currently revising and resubmitting it to the UNC undergrad history journal.

— DR. ANTWAIN K. HUNTER,
UNC-CHAPEL HILL ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

ABOUT THE AWARD

The William Stevens Powell Award was established in 2002 by the North Caroliniana Society in honor of the Society's first president, long-time vice-president, and distinguished historian. The award recognizes a graduating senior in The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill who is judged to have contributed most to an understanding of the history and traditions of the first state university. The winner of the award receives an autographed copy of Professor Powell's book, *The First State University*, and his or her name is engraved on a silver plaque that is displayed in the North Carolina Collection's Reading Room in the Wilson Library.

Presentation of 2023 William S. Powell Award

James W. Clark Jr., President,
North Caroliniana Society

AFTERNOON SESSION IN CHAPEL HILL, NC

The Society's undergraduate award named for William S. Powell recognizes a student whose project is about either the history of the University or the state of North Carolina. Working under the direction of Dr. Antwain Hunter in History 398 at UNC-



Jim Clark and Seth Thomas Moore

Chapel Hill, Seth Thomas Moore wrote an essay about why Wesleyan Methodist and Quaker abolitionists in the Piedmont opposed the Confederacy.

Mr. Moore found that this "inner Civil War" was significantly based on the two Christian groups' combination of antislavery sentiments and pacifist principles. Wesleyan Methodists joined with Quakers to form a "foundation of principles in which conscientious objectors could base their beliefs and ultimately resist not only slavery but also Confederate conscription and the Confederacy itself."

At the Chancellor's Awards Program held at the University on April 25th, Seth Moore was presented with a cash prize and an autographed copy of Professor Powell's book, *The First State University*. A new engraved plaque honoring Mr. Moore and all previous winners of this award, first presented in 2002, will be housed in Wilson Library.

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD RECIPIENTS

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| 1978 — Paul Green | 2001 — Wilma Dykeman |
| 1979 — Albert Coates | 2002 — Frank Borden Hanes Sr. |
| 1980 — Sam J. Ervin Jr. | 2003 — Maxine Swalin |
| 1981 — Sam Ragan | 2004 — Elizabeth Vann Moore |
| 1982 — Gertrude Sprague Carraway | 2004 — W. Trent Ragland Jr. |
| 1983 — John Fries Blair | 2005 — W. Dallas Herring |
| 1984 — William C. & Ida H. Friday | 2005 — John Hope Franklin |
| 1985 — William S. Powell | 2006 — Betty Ray McCain |
| 1986 — Mary D.B.T. &
James H. Semans | 2006 — Joseph F. Steelman |
| 1987 — David Stick | 2007 — William B. Aycock |
| 1988 — William McWhorter
Cochrane | 2007 — Fred Chappell |
| 1989 — Emma Neal Morrison | 2008 — Henry E. & Shirley T. Frye |
| 1990 — Burke Davis | 2008 — Robert & Jessie Rae Scott |
| 1991 — Lawrence F. London | 2009 — James E. Holshouser Jr. |
| 1992 — Frank Hawkins Kenan | 2010 — Bland Simpson |
| 1993 — Charles Kuralt | 2011 — Lindsay C. Warren Jr. |
| 1994 — H.G. Jones | 2012 — Lee Smith |
| 1994 — Archie K. Davis | 2013 — Thomas W. Lambeth |
| 1994 — North Carolina Collection | 2014 — Myrick Howard |
| 1995 — J. Carlyle Sitterson | 2015 — Herb Jackson |
| 1995 — LeRoy T. Walker | 2016 — Willis P. Whichard |
| 1996 — Hugh MacRae Morton | 2017 — H. David Bruton |
| 1997 — John L. Sanders | 2018 — Catherine Ward Bishir |
| 1998 — Doris Waugh Betts | 2019 — Alice & Jerry Cotten |
| 1999 — Reynolds Price | 2020 — D.G. Martin |
| 2000 — Richard H. Jenrette | 2021 — Howard N. Lee |
| | 2022 — William Mangum |
| | 2023 — Martin Brinkley |

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY BOOK AWARD RECIPIENTS

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2003 — Catherine W. Bishir and
Michael T. Southern for <i>A Guide to
the Historic Architecture of Piedmont
North Carolina</i> (University of North
Carolina Press, 2003). | 2010 — Robert R. Korstad and James L.
Leloudis for <i>To Right These Wrongs:
The North Carolina Fund and the
Battle to End Poverty and Inequality in
1960s America</i> (Chapel Hill: University
of North Carolina Press, 2010). |
| 2004 — Timothy B. Tyson for <i>Blood
Done Sign My Name: A True
Story</i> (Crown Publishers, 2004). | 2011 — David Silkenat for <i>Moments of
Despair: Suicide, Divorce, & Debt in
Civil War Era North Carolina</i> (Chapel
Hill: University of North Carolina
Press, 2011). |
| 2005 — Joe Mobley for <i>“War Governor
of the South”: North Carolina’s Zeb
Vance in the Confederacy</i> (University
Press of Florida, 2005). | 2012 — David S. Cecelski for <i>The Fire
of Freedom: Abraham Galloway &
the Slaves’ Civil War</i> (Chapel Hill:
University of North Carolina Press,
2012). |
| 2006 — William S. Powell for
<i>Encyclopedia of North Carolin</i>
(University of North Carolina Press,
2006). | 2013 — Sarah Caroline Thuesen
for <i>Greater than Equal: African
American Struggles for Schools and
Citizenship in North Carolina,
1919-1965</i> (Chapel Hill: University of
North Carolina Press, 2013). |
| 2007 — Karl E. Campbell for <i>Senator
Sam: Last of the Founding
Fathers</i> (University of North Carolina
Press, 2007). | 2014 — Jeffrey Reaser and Walt
Wolfram for <i>Talkin’ Tar Heel: How
Our Voices Tell the Story of North
Carolina</i> (Chapel Hill: University of
North Carolina Press, 2014). |
| 2008 — Anna Ragland Hayes for
<i>Without Precedent: The Life of Susie
Marshall Sharp</i> (University of North
Carolina Press, 2008). | 2015 — Jessica Bandel, Michael Hill,
and Mark Anderson Moore for <i>The
Old North State at War: The North
Carolina Civil War Atlas</i> (Raleigh:
North Carolina Department of
Natural and Cultural Resources,
2015). |
| 2009 — Mark L. Bradley for <i>Bluecoats
and Tar Heels: Soldiers and
Civilians in Reconstruction North
Carolina</i> (Lexington: University Press
of Kentucky, 2009). | |

continued

2016 — David Silkenat for *Driven From Home: North Carolina's Civil War Refugee Crisis* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2016)

2017 — Larry E. Tise and Jeffrey J. Crow for *New Voyages to Carolina: Reinterpreting North Carolina History* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2017)

2018 — Ansley Herring Wegner and Jeff Miles for *This Day In North Carolina* designed by Sheilah Barrett Carroll (Raleigh: North Carolina Department of Natural and Cultural Resources, 2018)

2019 — Howard Covington for *Fire and Stone: The Making of The University of North Carolina under Presidents Edward Kidder Graham and Harry Woodburn Chase* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill Library, 2019)

2020 — David Menconi for *Step It Up & Go: The Story of North Carolina Popular Music, from Blind Boy Fuller and Doc Watson to Nina Simone and Superchunk* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2020)

2021 — Bland Simpson for *North Carolina: Land of Water, Land of Sky* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2021)

2022 — Lindley S. Butler for *A History of North Carolina in the Proprietary Era, 1629-1729* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2022)

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY WILLIAM STEVENS POWELL AWARD RECIPIENTS

2002 — Eric David Johnson

2004 — Jonathan Slain

2008 — Eve Marie Carson

2011 — Frank O'Hale

2015 — Isaac Warshauer

2018 — Morgan Vickers

2019 — Jordan Kathryn Jenkins

2022 — Abby Wooten

2023 — Seth Thomas Moore

North Caroliniana Society Imprints Numbers 1-64 (1978-2023)

No. 1. *An Evening at Monticello: An Essay in Reflection* (1978) by Edwin M. Gill

No. 2. *The Paul Green I Know* (1978) by Elizabeth Lay Green

No. 3. *The Albert Coates I Know* (1979) by Gladys Hall Coates

No. 4. *The Sam Ervin I Know* (1980) by Jean Conyers Ervin

No. 5. *Sam Ragan* (1981) by Neil Morgan

No. 6. *Thomas Wolfe of North Carolina* (1982) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 7. *Gertrude Sprague Carraway* (1982) by Sam Ragan

No. 8. *John Fries Blair* (1983) by Margaret Blair McCuiston

No. 9. *William Clyde Friday and Ida Howell Friday* (1984) by Georgia Carroll Kyser and William Brantley Aycock

No. 10. *William S. Powell, Historian* (1985) by David Stick and William C. Friday

No. 11. *"Gallantry Unsurpassed"* (1985) edited by Archie K. Davis

No. 12. *Mary and Jim Semans, North Carolinians* (1986) by W. Kenneth Goodson

No. 13. *The High Water Mark* (1986) edited by Archie K. Davis

No. 14. *Raleigh and Quinn: The Explorer and His Boswell* (1987) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 15. *A Half Century in Coastal History* (1987) by David Stick

No. 16. *Thomas Wolfe at Eighty-seven* (1988) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 17. *A Third of a Century in Senate Cloakrooms* (1988) by William McWhorter Cochrane

No. 18. *The Emma Neal Morrison I Know* (1989) by Ida Howell Friday

No. 19. *Thomas Wolfe's Composition Books* (1990) edited by Alice R. Cotten

No. 20. *My Father, Burke Davis* (1990) by Angela Davis-Gardner

No. 21. *A Half Century with Rare Books* (1991) by Lawrence F. London

No. 22. *Frank H. Kenan: An Appreciation* (1992) edited by Archie K. Davis

No. 23. *Growing Up in North Carolina* by Charles Kuralt, and *The Uncommon Laureate* by Wallace H. Kuralt (1993)

No. 24. *Chancellors Extraordinary: J. Carlyle Sitterson and LeRoy T. Walker* (1995) by William C. Friday and Willis P. Whichard

No. 25. *Historical Consciousness in the Early Republic* (1995) edited by H.G. Jones

No. 26. *Sixty Years with a Camera* (1996) by Hugh M. Morton

No. 27. *William Gaston as a Public Man* (1997) by John L. Sanders

No. 28. *William P. Cumming and the Study of Cartography* (1998) edited by Robert Cumming

No. 29. *My Love Affair with Carolina* (1998) by Doris Waugh Betts

No. 30. *A Single but Huge Distinction* (1999) by Reynolds Price

continued

- No. 31.** *Richard Jenrette's Adventures in Historic Preservation* (2000) edited by H.G. Jones
- No. 32.** *Sketches in North Carolina USA 1872 to 1878* (2001) by Mortimer O. Heath; edited by H.G. Jones
- No. 33.** *Roots and Branches* (2001) by Wilma Dykeman
- No. 34.** *Glimmers in the Gloaming* (2002) by Frank Borden Hanes Sr.
- No. 35.** *Coming of Age in North Carolina's Fifth Century*, by Maxine Swalin and *The North Carolina Symphony*, by John L. Humber (2003)
- No. 36.** *Reflections* (2004) by W. Trent Ragland Jr.
- No. 37.** *Photographers in North Carolina: The First Century, 1842-1941* (2004) Essays by Stephen E. Massengill, H.G. Jones, Jesse R. Lankford
- No. 38.** *North Carolina Conundrum* (2005) by John Hope Franklin
- No. 39.** *Poetical Geography of North Carolina* (1887; 2006) by Needham Bryan Cobb
- No. 40.** *The Goodliest Land* (2006) by Betty Ray McCain
- No. 41.** *Hayes: The Plantation, Its People, and Their Papers* (2007) by John G. Zehmer Jr.
- No. 42.** *Center of the Universe* (2007) by Fred Chappell
- No. 43.** *William B. Aycock: Our Champion* (2007) by Judith W. Wegner
- No. 44.** *Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina* (2008) by William S. Price Jr.
- No. 45.** *Robert Scott and the Preservation of North Carolina History* (2009) by H.G. Jones
- No. 46.** *A Historic Occasion* (2009) by Shirley Taylor Frye and Henry E. Frye
- No. 47.** *Surprise of the Century* (2009) by James E. Holshouser Jr.
- No. 48.** *The Colonial Records of North Carolina* (2010) edited by William S. Price Jr.
- No. 49.** *The Grandfathers* (2010) by Bland Simpson
- No. 50.** *A Resumé of Two Historic Adventures* (2011) by Lindsay C. Warren Jr.
- No. 51.** *Faces and Places of My Heart* (2012) by Lee Smith
- No. 52.** *A Love Affair with an Entire State* (2013) by Thomas W. Lambeth
- No. 53.** *Why Historic Preservation Matters* (2014) by Myrick Howard
- No. 54.** *A Place to Dig* (2015) by Herb Jackson
- No. 55.** *David Lowry Swain and the University of North Carolina, 1835-1868* (2016) by Willis P. Whichard
- No. 56.** *A North Carolina Country Boy* (2017) by H. David Bruton
- No. 57.** *Religious Traditions of North Carolina: Histories, Tenets, and Leaders* (2018) edited by Glenn Jonas
- No. 58.** *Reborn Digital* (2018) by Catherine Ward Bishir
- No. 59.** *Camp Bryan and a Tale of Two Letters* (2019) by Jerry Cotten, and *Going Home Again: The Return of Thomas Wolfe* (2019) by Alice Cotten
- No. 60.** *Jim Crow in North Carolina: The Legislative Program from 1865 to 1920* (2020) by Richard Paschal
- No. 61.** *Inside UNC-TV's North Carolina Bookwatch* (2020) by D.G. Martin
- No. 62.** *My Life of Breaking Barriers, Building Bridges, and Making History* (2021) by Howard N. Lee
- No. 63.** *An Artist's Perspective* (2022) by William Mangum
- No. 64.** *An Oboe Memoir* (2023) by Martin Brinkley

The background of the entire page is a dark purple color. Overlaid on this background are several horizontal musical staves. Each staff contains various musical notes, including quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and bar lines. Some staves also feature dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'sf' (sforzando). The musical notation is rendered in a lighter shade of purple, creating a subtle, artistic pattern across the page.

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