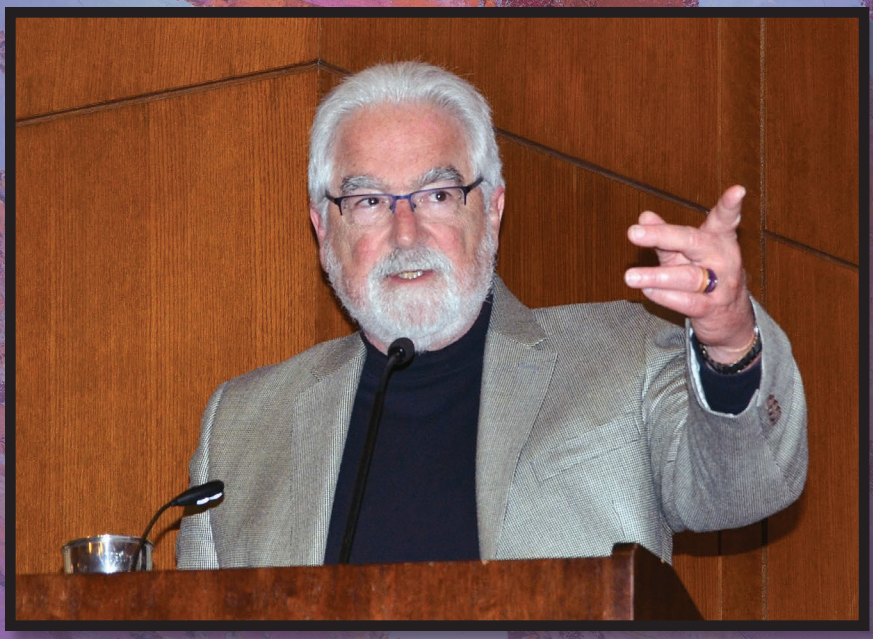

A Place to Dig

HERB JACKSON

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

Chapel Hill, North Carolina • 6 May 2015

A Place to Dig

HERB JACKSON

Together with Tributes to Herb Jackson
on the Occasion of His Acceptance
of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2015

6 May 2015

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514-8890

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS
Number 54
Jeffrey J. Crow, Editor

Wilson Library • Campus Box 3930 • Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514-8890
www.ncsociety.org

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Introduction

THE NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

Wilson Library • Campus Box 3930 • Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514-8890
Telephone (919) 962-1172 • Fax (919) 962-4452
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, literature, and culture; publication of documentary materials, including the numbered, limited-edition North Caroliniana Society Imprints 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 is administered by an entirely volunteer staff and a motto of "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. 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. Its IRS number is 56-1119848. 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 more than 300 Archie K. Davis Fellowships have been awarded for research in North Carolina's historical and cultural resources. 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 senior student who has contributed most to an understanding of the history and traditions of The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; and the H.G. Jones North Carolina History Prizes for winners in the National History Day competition.

continued

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 Caroliniana. Starting with Paul Green, the Society has recognized Albert Coates, Sam J. Ervin Jr., Sam Ragan, Gertrude S. Carraway, John Fries Blair, William and Ida Friday, William S. Powell, Mary and James Semans, David Stick, William M. Cochrane, Emma Neal Morrison, Burke Davis, Lawrence F. London, Frank H. Kenan, Charles Kuralt, Archie K. Davis, H.G. Jones, J. Carlyle Sitterson, Leroy T. Walker, Hugh M. Morton, John L. Sanders, Doris Betts, Reynolds Price, Richard H. Jenrette, Wilma Dykeman, Frank Borden Hanes Sr., Maxine Swalin, Elizabeth Vann Moore, W. Trent Ragland Jr., W. Dallas Herring, John Hope Franklin, Betty Ray McCain, Joseph F. Steelman, William B. Aycock, Fred Chappell, Henry E. and Shirley T. Frye, Robert W. and Jessie Rae Scott, James E. Holshouser Jr., Bland Simpson, Lindsay C. Warren Jr., Lee Smith, Thomas W. Lambeth, Myrick Howard, Herb Jackson, and, on its sesquicentennial, the North Carolina Collection.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 2015

- James W. Clark Jr., *President*
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- *Secretary-Treasurer emeritus:* H. G. Jones

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

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD RECIPIENTS

1978 — Paul Green
1979 — Albert Coates
1980 — Sam J. Ervin Jr.
1981 — Sam Ragan
1982 — Gertrude Sprague Carraway
1983 — John Fries Blair
1984 — William C. & Ida H. Friday
1985 — William S. Powell
1986 — Mary D.B.T. & James H. Semans
1987 — David Stick
1988 — William McWhorter Cochrane
1989 — Emma Neal Morrison
1990 — Burke Davis
1991 — Lawrence F. London
1992 — Frank Hawkins Kenan
1993 — Charles Kuralt
1994 — H.G. Jones
1994 — Archie K. Davis
1994 — North Carolina Collection
1995 — J. Carlyle Sitterson
1995 — LeRoy T. Walker
1996 — Hugh MacRae Morton
1997 — John L. Sanders
1998 — Doris Waugh Betts
1999 — Reynolds Price
2000 — Richard H. Jenrette
2001 — Wilma Dykeman
2002 — Frank Borden Hanes Sr.
2003 — Maxine Swalin
2004 — Elizabeth Vann Moore
2004 — W. Trent Ragland Jr.
2005 — W. Dallas Herring
2005 — John Hope Franklin
2006 — Betty Ray McCain
2006 — Joseph F. Steelman

continued

2007 — William B. Aycock
2007 — Fred Chappell
2008 — Henry E. & Shirley T. Frye
2008 — Robert & Jessie Rae Scott
2009 — James E. Holshouser Jr.
2010 — Bland Simpson
2011 — Lindsay C. Warren Jr.
2012 — Lee Smith
2013 — Thomas W. Lambeth
2014 — Myrick Howard
2015 — Herb Jackson

NORTH CAROLINIANA IMPRINTS, NUMBERS 1-54 (1978-2015)

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

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

Photos by Jerry Cotten

FIRST ROW: *Herb Jackson receiving the North Caroliniana Society Award from President James W. Clark Jr.*
SECOND ROW: *Boyd Webb, Willis P. Whichard, H. G. Jones, and Tom Terrell; Lew Powell, Dannye Romine Powell, and Michael Hill*
THIRD ROW: *Martin H. Brinkley; James W. Clark Jr.*

Introductory Remarks by Martin Brinkley

At this point in our program, it is traditional to say something about the North Caroliniana Society. So I will say two sentences: Our passion is North Carolina and our motto is "Substance, not Show." This means that we do rather than talk about doing, and we seek service rather than publicity. For example, we did not seek publicity for this event because we wanted it to be held in the presence of Herb Jackson's family and close friends.

Not all of you heard Herb's remarks this afternoon, but there's no need to ask for copies. They, along with the full proceedings of this meeting, will be published later this year in our *North Carolina Imprints* series, a complimentary copy of which will go to you in the mail. For that reason, in choosing our speakers, we try to think of persons who have unique perspectives on our award recipient and who can put into the public record (for that is what the *Imprints* will do) some aspects of the recipient's life that may otherwise go unrecorded. For Herb Jackson, that is a challenge, but we are up to it.

We have today four friends of Herb—each of whom is going to reveal to us the real Herb Jackson.

Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: *John Lambert*

JOHN W. LAMBERT, RALEIGH

John W. Lambert has been a dear friend of Herb Jackson's since he and Herb met at Needham B. Broughton High School. He is deeply knowledgeable about classical music, especially the field of opera.

Since 1977 John has written music reviews and articles published, variously, by the *News and Observer, Leader, Spectator, Fanfare, Fi, Independent*, and *CVNC.org*. He is a member of the Music Critics Association of North America

continued

and the Association for Recorded Sound Collections. He was educated at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, attended graduate school at North Carolina State University, and served in the U.S. Navy and reserves for a total of twenty-six years. His "day jobs" were largely in private-sector and government purchasing. He retired as a business officer with the North Carolina Department of Health and Human Services in 2010 and as *CVNC*'s executive editor in 2012. Since 2013 he has worked as a volunteer for *ClassicalVoiceAmerica.org*, an online arts journal for the U.S. and Canada.

Please welcome John Lambert.

Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: *Roger Manley*

ROGER MANLEY, DURHAM

Roger Manley was a student of Herb Jackson's at Davidson College. He received a Watson travel grant to make photographs in Australia, and after surviving amazing adventures in the bush, he has gone on to pursue expertise in Outsider and Folk Art. He co-wrote and co-directed the film *Mana—Beyond Belief.* He also founded the "Meta Museum Conference" that meets every other year on the old campus of Black Mountain College. Currently he is director of the Gregg Art Museum at North Carolina State University.

Roger, please tell us about the real Herb Jackson.

Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: *Laura Foxx*

DR. LAURA R. FOXX, CHARLOTTE

Dr. Laura Foxx is a friend and colleague of Herb Jackson's. As a gift officer at Davidson College during "A Quiet Resolve: The Campaign for Davidson," her collaboration with the Art faculty yielded a successful fund-raising drive for the construction of the internationally acclaimed Katherine and Tom Belk Visual

Arts Center, the first building specifically designed for the study and exhibition of visual arts at the college.

Continuing her work in philanthropy, Dr. Foxx joined NationsBank as the first president of its foundation and later executive director of its successor, the Bank of America Foundation. She later served as the advancement officer for the University of North Carolina Office of the President. She currently resides in Charlotte and serves as a corporate officer at Carolinas HealthCare System.

Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: *Shaw Smith*

DR. C. SHAW SMITH JR., DAVIDSON

Dr. Shaw Smith worked with Herb Jackson as a friend and colleague teaching art history at Davidson College, where he currently serves as chair of the Art Department.

Dr. Smith was a Morehead Scholar at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and was Joseph Sloane's last doctoral candidate in Art History at that institution. Dr. Smith is a man of many talents. In addition to a distinguished career as a splendid teacher and Delacroix expert, giving lectures in many parts of the world, he also served as an assistant equipment manager for the Carolina Panthers from the time of their inception.

Please welcome Dr. Smith.

Our passion is North Carolina and our motto is "Substance, not Show." This means that we do rather than talk about doing, and we seek service rather than publicity.








Photos by Jerry Cotten

FIRST ROW: *Herb Jackson* SECOND ROW: *Dana Martin Davis, Herb Jackson, and Laura Foxx; U.S. Secretary of Transportation Anthony Foxx and Willis P. Whichard*
THIRD ROW: *Ed Lilly, Nancy Cobb Lilly, and Anna R. Hayes; Lee Hansley, Betty Ray McCain, and Barbara Parramore*
FOURTH ROW: *Ann Goodnight, Marion Church, Leah Goodnight, and Melissa Peden; Ed Yoder, Anne McClendon, Bill McClendon, and Jim Peacock*

A Place to Dig by Herb Jackson

If you live long enough as an artist, and if you keep a photographic record of your work, you can see the seeds of your later work in your early work. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, it doesn't work the other way around because every young artist, or writer, painter, whatever, would love to get from A to Z without the troublesome B, C, D, E, F, and so forth. The result of short cuts would be disastrous because your mature work would not be mature.

What I am going to do is take you on a magical mystery tour of my life as a painter in just a moment, but I wanted to set the context first.

I love to dig, and I was lucky enough to grow up in rural Raleigh, that is, we weren't in the city limits yet. So stretching out behind my family's house was a wilderness of creeks and fields and forests in which I spent most of my time. I love the natural surfaces: tree bark, stones, anything textural, and, in addition, there was a mud bank that I was convinced was the opening into a lost civilization. In fact it was a dump. So these wonderful shards that I was digging up were really trash, but to me they were treasures. As each new piece of plate or pottery would come up, I would think I had made a great discovery.

In about the second or third grade, we had an art teacher come to class. In those days there was not a constant art teacher but just someone who went around like a circuit-rider preacher. And on this particular day, this woman told us to cover our paper with colored crayons in any random way we wanted. Just in a sense to scribble. Then when we completed that part of the task, we were asked to cover the rest of the total paper with a black crayon. Some of you, I imagine, did this same experiment.

Next we were given something sharp, probably a paper clip, and told to begin scratching out through the black whatever image we wanted to draw. Amazingly, these random colors would come popping up through the black, very much like my mud bank shards years before. All the other kids in the class enjoyed doing this lesson, but that was probably the last time they did it. For weeks, indeed months, I did it every day. My family was wondering, what's happening to all these black crayons? But I continued to find it magical. And the key there was intuition and discovery. I never knew what was going to pop up to the surface.

My family didn't have art books. My aunt who was a devout Baptist in Williamsburg, Virginia, had art books because of the religious imagery, and when we would visit her, I would get to see art books. But what I did have at home was a stamp collection because my uncle was internationally famous, a stamp

continued

collector with volumes, I really mean volumes, of stamps. Some of his collections is at the Smithsonian now that he's gone. He started me collecting stamps, and I was absolutely fascinated with the images, particularly the more exotic ones like Madagascar or Liberia. And these stamps were in a sense my first paintings besides those art books that I told you about. Stamp collecting also instilled in me a desire to travel, which I have never shed.

At a certain point I started, when I was twelve, to establish a studio in the basement of our house, and I didn't really know what to do. I started making oil paintings on what was called canvas board. They were awful. I apologize to anyone here who happens to own one. Again, they were the necessary A heading for Z, so I painted what you might expect. I painted people, dancers, still lives, and landscapes because that's what I thought an artist was supposed to do.

In an effort to discover what made a good painting, I finally started going to the North Carolina Museum of Art on a regular basis. Bless my parents, they took me there when I was younger, but when I reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, I started going on a weekly basis. The North Carolina Museum of Art was in a building in downtown Raleigh, the Old Highway Building. Four floors. Once the guards got over their suspicion of me because weekday visitors were not too frequent except for me, they became my friends; they would follow me around. Of course, they were supposed to do that anyway, but they were interested in what I was doing. I diagramed every exhibited piece in the North Carolina Museum of Art and then somewhat pretentiously rated it from 1 to 10.

My desire was to understand why was a painting—more painting than sculpture although I like sculpture—but why was a painting in a museum. I thought if I could figure that out, maybe I could figure out how to make a painting that might be worthy of going into a museum.

Over time I came to understand that my emotional response was to the first floor and the fourth floor. The first floor was blessed to have the Kress Collection, which you can still see, of course, out at the beautiful North Carolina Museum of Art on Blue Ridge Road. I responded particularly to the Pre-Renaissance, High-Byzantine flat iconic paintings with the gold backgrounds and the various saints being tortured. On the fourth floor was a very limited but for me very important collection of Abstract Expressionism. They had a wonderful Franz Kline. They had a Robert Motherwell and various other pieces, but the thing to me was the freedom of the *gesture*. I didn't really know a lot about Abstract Expressionism at that time, but I felt somewhat set free by drawing and diagraming these paintings.

Later I came to understand that my work, my mature work, is really a synthesis of the iconic flatness on the first floor and the gestural painting on the fourth floor. I am not an abstract expressionist in the sense that I'm not an action painter. I'm actually very deliberate. I work about one square inch at a time. But I wanted to capture the energy of the *gesture*. And so I'm going to take you there now and you will see, if you follow along, again the seeds of the later work in the early work.

II

This is the first painting I have retained from my career, if you will. I was sixteen years old, and I think what you can see here is my interest in the textures that I was finding out in the woods. This piece is called *Rock Strata* [1] from 1961. It's a small painting. It's got some technical problems in terms of preservation because I didn't know what I was doing, but it's highly textured, and you'll see as I move along that my interest in texture will continue.

The Loneliness of Being Born [2] from 1965 is an oil. And lo and behold, it's an oil like I was doing in third grade in crayon. So I made the entire painting in various colors of oil and then covered it all in black, which is a bit fearful, and then began scratching it out. And what I also discovered is that over time, since it doesn't happen in one day with the scratching out, as the black oil dries you get different kinds of line quality. So I could get thinner lines than I did a week or two before.

When I attended graduate school at Chapel Hill, I was at a place in my life where I was confused in a sense about where my art was going to go, and I made the mistake, I suppose it was unavoidable, of intellectualizing rather than following my intuition, which had been my greatest guide. And so I—because in graduate school you're forced to discuss and to justify everything, which is one of my main problems with graduate school—came up with the idea that I wanted to work with organic images against hard edges. So bodies against stripes is the way I pursued it. When you see an image on the screen, it represents often 50 to 100 others in the series. So I did an entire series of these bodies on stripes [3], but the main thing I was interested in was soft against hard, organic against hard edge, and what that kind of spark would do.

One day I was painting this tondo [4], partly as a challenge because painters are told that the tondo is the hardest form. It is circular with no corners, and I was painting a nude. You can see her breast here; you can see the thighs there. But I came home, and I told my wife Laura something strange happened today: The nude turned into a cloud and I don't know what's going to happen. But it was a wonderful thing because it took me back to intuition and away from intellectualizing everything. I thought if the nude turns into a cloud, I am going to paint clouds. So what followed was a series that many people call the "Cloud Paintings." Again, they aren't literal in the sense of specific clouds, but they are again about soft against hard edge. This one's called *Ocracoke* [5].

Then I decided I wanted to introduce stricter architecture into the soft against hard edge, so I did a series of these shaped (well, this one's not shaped; this is a rectangle [6]), but the idea here was what would happen if I painted an image that could be presented vertically, as this one is shown to you, but could also be turned sideways. And what happens when you do that is instead of an entry into the ethereal it becomes a place to fall through. I'm terribly afraid of heights, so this was sort of fascinating to me. In my own studio I could get quite strange with these things turned the other way. Then I decided what happens if I take away the

continued

rectangle [7] and have them as shaped forms and so that continued that series.

This one is called *Earth Study* [8], and the reason that I'm showing it to you is that in the early 1970s I started a series on the Greek four elements—air, fire, earth, and water—which, as you know, they considered to be the summation of the universe. What was exciting for me besides exploring that idea was that it could lead to more than one painting on an idea, a seed, if you will. So I did many, many paintings related to the Greek four elements. Laura and I even put the Greek four elements as the middle names for our children. It perpetuates in that way too.

In the mid-1970s I wanted to go back to texture because those atmospheric paintings I was showing you are flat; they don't have surface texture. A friend of mine in graduate school had been using pumice, volcanic ash. I didn't use it at the time. I was fascinated with what he did with it, but it didn't have a purpose for me yet. Then in the mid-70s I started introducing pumice into the paint and letting it, by accretion, build up a surface of textural marks. This painting is called *Cross Currents* [9], and all the marks you see are anywhere from a half to an inch thick of acrylic paint with pumice.

This painting is *Whale Song* [10]. What I wanted was a sort of resonance the way you hear a whale's song when you hear a recording of it. So essentially it's very quiet. During this period of my painting life, although there are many colors underneath, they're obscured by subsequent layers on purpose so that it's a kind of reverse archaeology. And at the top there's a little line, and you can probably barely see it, but that's sort of my feeling about the song.

I put on layer after layer after layer after layer, and the problem is that you have to put it on mindfully, or I do, because even though it's tiring, sometimes up to eight hours for one color, if you get lazy or if I got lazy, that layer would be the very layer that I wanted the viewer to see. And that happened a few times where I'd pull back and go, "That's the way I want it to be, but I wasn't mindful enough. I was sloppy, I was lazy, I was tired." So in this particular case [11], one day I was putting on a layer, and I didn't like the color, and I thought, oh, my goodness, I'm going to be stuck with eight hours of this ugly color and then cover it up the next day, which is what I always did. So I grabbed a large nail, a 10 penny-type nail, and I started scraping to get rid of that color rather than to be stuck with eight hours of it. And lo and behold, I was back to the old scratching through the crayon, and I got excited about the removal and so from then on every layer that was put on was taken back off. Now what you get is the essence of the layer but you also get what's underneath and you get the sort of residue of the paint. And what you will see as we go forward and when we get to the mature work, I actually won't speak about each piece, I'll just move through them, but you're looking sometimes at 100 or more layers so that you do get a kind of reverse archaeology.

In the mid-1980s my retinas detached, and as an artist I was somewhat concerned, as you might imagine, and my eye doctor, a genius name Jim Bedrick, saved me but put me through hell because it's not fun. When I returned to

Presbyterian Hospital, the nurse told me that I'd set the record at Presbyterian Hospital for laser-hits to repair the retina in my left eye; over 500 blasts. So I called this painting *The Light That Burns* [12]. It was healing but it was not fun.

Speaking earlier of the love of travel, you will see a number of pieces that relate to trips that Laura and I have made, places we have lived. In this case we lived on the Island of Crete for a number of weeks while I was producing a series about Crete, about the myth of Crete, and specifically the myth of the Minotaur. This is a large painting as you can see (72 by180 inches) and it's called *Dream of the Minotaur* [13]. It was the anchor piece for the project and the catalog that was made. But there was a piece for each member of the myth of the Minotaur. *Icarus* [14] is, of course, a key member, a myth that's always excited me because it seems to be the perfect metaphor for teenagers. You're told not to fly too near the sun. What are you going to do? Fly too near the sun. Again myth comes into play, *Sisyphus* [15] is a little bit like what being an artist is: pushing the stone up the hill. *Channel* [16] is not related to a myth but simply an image that came out. *Vulcan's Gate* [17] is the largest painting I ever did. You can see it if you fly out of Charlotte's Douglas Airport on Concourse D. It's the only painting on Concourse D. It was actually done as a part of a competition for a commission that I did not receive, but I was stuck with this large painting that was very hard to store, so I was happy that the city of Charlotte could accommodate it.

My friend, Shaw Smith, who is here and you'll be hearing from later, took us on a trip to France, and we went to the polychrome cave, Font-de-Gaume, which was a magical experience. And near there is a museum that has an ivory bison inside. This bison is in H. W. Janson's *History of Art.* It's one of the first images that you see, and we were determined to go see it, but our timing was off. So Shaw, who's a very good driver, was a bit of a Dale Earnhardt that day, and he went charging through the mountains. We had about five minutes left when we pulled up to the museum. He starts screaming, "I'm an expert, I'm an art historian, we must see the bison," but the guards wanted to go to lunch. It was probably 1:00 P.M. and their lunch was 1:00-2:00. We were going to stand there for an hour, so he's still screaming, "Bison, bison." So finally they said, "Okay, you can come into the museum, but you can only look at the bison." So we went rushing in, looked at the bison, and left. So this painting is called *Bison Rock* [18] basically to honor Shaw's driver skills, and this painting is called *Les Eyzies* [19] after the town where we were seeing the cave.

Dark Angel [20] was a large painting done at the beginning of the first Gulf War, and I think you can tell by the tone of it that I was somewhat distressed at that time by the war.

Manu [21] is my response to the Amazon jungle where I camped for a week. I don't normally use green, but you can't go to the Amazon without having a reaction to green. It's the greenest place I've ever been, and so *Manu*, which is the biological preserve in Peru, is my response to that.

continued

Carpet Ride [22] is again coming out of my trip to India. Two things that I found remarkable about India quite apart from the famous archeological sites, the temples, and so forth, were the color of the saris and the beauty of the people. I never really anticipated being so shocked by being in a crowd because we were in very crowded places like Madras where perhaps 10,000 people are in your view. The saris all mixed together were just overwhelming. That was really exciting to me and stuck with me. Also very important to me was to be in the minority as a light-skinned person among dark-skinned people. This was highly instructive and stuck with me and has ever since.

Water Source [23]—there's no particular narrative behind this painting.

Dawn Welcome [24] is in the Performing Arts Center in Raleigh. You may have seen it.

East Wind [25] from 2009. *Translucent Edges* [26] from 2002. *Temple Rocket* [27] is at the Umstead Hotel in Cary where we're staying, so I get to visit it every time I'm there.

I happen to have a bromance, if that's what it's currently called, a love affair with Giovanni Bellini, the Venetian painter. I absolutely adore his work, and when we go to Venice I have to seek it out because it really fuels me. Usually Giovanni Bellini liked to put his images on a ledge, so we'll have the Madonna holding the baby on a ledge, and actually he signs his name on the ledge. And so in this painting I have the ledge behind the image, but it's called *Giovanni's Ledge* [28].

We went a year or so ago to Holland and Belgium, and we were pleased to visit the home of Rubens. The purpose of the trip also was to see tulips and to hear a tulip expert lecture. The trip was organized by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. This painting summed it up for me. It's called *In the Garden with Rubens* [29]. We saw Rubens' garden, but also you can detect the basic shape of a tulip bowl, encasing all of these marks and shapes; and, of course, Rubens loved to use a lot of red.

Now, we're going to be moving fairly quickly here because I want to talk to you just about the series itself, which is the "Veronica's Veil Series" [30-42]. After our dinner, you're going to be invited to pick up a book that I'm giving you on the "Veronica's Veil Series." You can read more about it. The key here is that after I did the "Air, Fire, Earth, and Water Series" with the Greek universe, I wanted to continue the idea of something that I could chew on. Also, frankly, I was tired of naming paintings, and so I thought, "Okay, I'll do four or five paintings called *Veronica's Veil*. I don't know where they're going to go, but I know they are all going to be the same size, 5 by 4 feet, and I can just assign them Roman numerals. *Veronica's Veil I* and so forth." To date, there are 228 of them. They are all the same size, and I'm going to take you rather quickly through them. What you may want to look for is just beginning here. The shape comes down from the top, across the bottom, and then at the bottom there is another shape, which is like an echo. And some people who have written about this series think in terms of that little echo almost as the beginning of another filmstrip, if you will, so there's a rectangle that comes down, and then a

continued on page 22

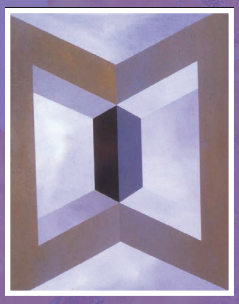
1. Rock Strata

2. The Lonliness of Being Born

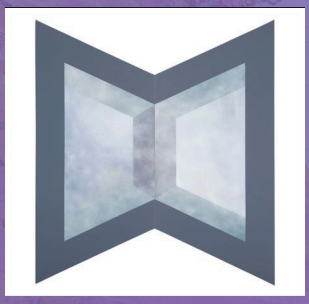
3. Nude on a Mattress

4. Nude-Cloud Tondo

5. Ocracoke #1



6. Untitled

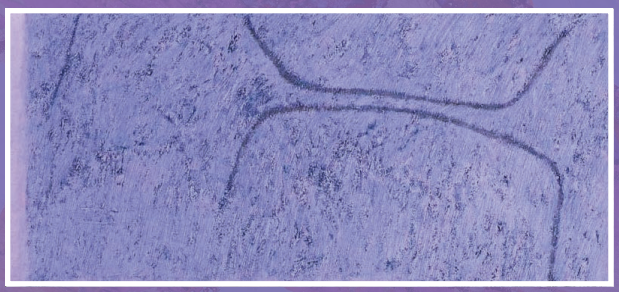


7. Oracle II

8. Earth Study

9. Cross Currents

10. Whale Song



11. Hover

12. The Light that Burns

13. Dream of the Minotaur

14. Icarus

15. Sisyphus

16. Channel

17. Vulcan's Gate

18. Bison Rock

19. Les Eyzies

20. Dark Angel

I am not an abstract expressionist in the sense that
I'm not an action painter. I'm actually very deliberate.
I work about one square inch at a time.
But I wanted to capture the energy of the *gesture*.

21. Manu

22. Carpet Ride

23. Water Source

24. Dawn Welcome

25. East Wind

26. Translucent Edges

27. Temple Rocket

28. Giovanni's Ledge

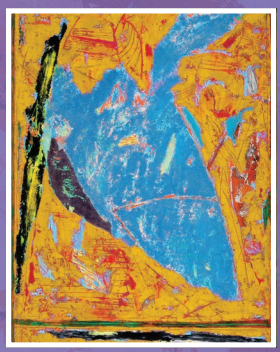
29. In the Garden with Rubens

30. Veronica's Veil VI

Veronica's Veil: It's important to understand that I am not interested in the image of Christ in these paintings at all. I am interested in that moment, that magical moment, where an image is created seemingly without effort, every artist's dream. And when you put on a hundred layers and you're scraping away, you would love to be able to just wipe the canvas against something and have an image occur, but it doesn't happen.

31. Veronica's Veil XI

32. Veronica's Veil LXX



33. Veronica's Veil CX

34. Veronica's Veil CLXV

35. Veronica's Veil CLXXII

36. Veronica's Veil CLXXIII

37. Veronica's Veil CXCVII

38. Veronica's Veil CXCIX

39. Veronica's Veil CC

40. Veronica's Veil CCXXVI

41. Veronica's Veil CCXXVII

42. Veronica's Veil CCXXVIII

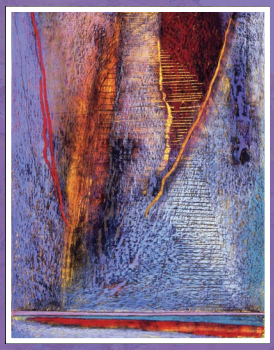
43. Hearing the Siren's Call

44. Pale Jewel

45. Wild Honey

46. P1560

I don't think in my adult career that there's been an image that I'm trying to make happen that I'm bringing forward, and the reason is because in your conscious mind you know what you already know. It's in the subconscious that you don't know what you already know, and there lies the real power.



47. P1565

48. P1572

49. Prometheus

50. Atlas

little rectangle that comes up. For me it has nothing to do with a filmstrip. It has to do with something off of which the veil can levitate.

For those who don't know the myth of Veronica's Veil, it's a medieval myth that's not in the Bible, although many people think it is because of St. Veronica. Actually, the name Veronica comes from Vera Icon; she didn't exist in the time that the Bible was written. But she's very important in the history of art. She appears in many, many pictures where Christ is carrying the cross. She's standing over to the side with her veil because she wiped his brow, and when she pulled it back, there was his image. It's important to understand that I am not interested in the image of Christ in these paintings at all. I am interested in that moment, that magical moment, where an image is created seemingly without effort, every artist's dream. And when you put on a hundred layers and you're scraping away, you would love to be able to just wipe the canvas against something and have an image occur, but it doesn't happen. In any case, I was always fascinated by the mysticism of that story.

So I'm going to take you through a bunch of these without any really further narration, but you will see this format begin to formalize itself more as we go along. You can also see the evolution of color because the early ones were before the retinal detachment, and then after the retinal detachment I decided to let color fly instead of keeping everything so grayed down.

Just a side note on this one [36]. Golden Artist Colors make the acrylics that we use. They send me their experimental things to try out. They sent this panachrome paint that you can't really see in the slide, but the dark shapes actually shift quite a bit as you move from gold to purple. I got really excited about this paint, so I let them know that I would like some more. I was informed that the federal government would no longer allow them to sell it because it was the same dye or image used in money to keep counterfeiters from counterfeiting. So, I still own this *Veil*. I really would hate to let it go because it's quasi-illegal.

I put in a few of these just to show you that I use other media besides acrylic with pumice. These are oil on birch panel [43-45]. Same idea, putting on, taking away, maybe a few less layers, but thirty to fifty or so.

And then these are oil crayon on French rag paper [46-48]. Again, the same idea of excavation but a different material.

I'm going to close with the two newest paintings, or two fairly new paintings. This one I did for the two brothers Prometheus and Atlas. As you know, *Prometheus* [49] angered Zeus, which is a bad thing to do. He primarily angered Zeus because he gave humankind fire. His punishment was to be chained to a rock, and an eagle would peck out his liver every day, and then it would heal overnight. And I think it's an interesting metaphor for the artist's life because when you put up a blank canvas, it's perfection. Your duty is to destroy that perfection. And then you proceed to spend however many weeks trying to get back to perfection. And when you finally do get back, it's like a healing, but then you're going to start again. A new liver goes on the wall, gets pecked at, and several weeks later you may get the healing. So I identify with Prometheus.

And his brother *Atlas* [50] also managed to anger Zeus, and as retribution, he was required to hold the heavens up for eternity. Sometimes as an abstract artist living in the South, it's a bit like that. But I can tell you I've loved it all, and the fact that you're honoring me with this award shows it was worth it. Thank you.

III

I love questions because that tells me what you might want to know. So after you've seen this tour through my life, is there anything that you would like to know further?

The first question is what do I do to prepare. I do not make studies because my whole process is one of discovery. So I don't know what the painting is going to look like. The only exception would be if I decide I'm going to do *Veronica's Veil* and I know it's going to be 5 by 4 feet. I know it's going to have that format, but beyond that, what happens within the *Veil* is totally up to intuition. So preparation is more keeping my eyes open on a daily basis, and as I used to tell my students, be aware of the negative spaces just as much as the positive form. If you're not a painter, that might be different language than you're used to, but many people go through life only seeing positive form, like they're walking across campus, they see only the trees. The painter sees the trees and the spaces between the trees. It's like that old chewing gum ad about double your pleasure, double your fun. And so preparing is really being aware visually all the time.

Did your third grade teacher ever see what she started? No. I don't think she did, although I can't swear she didn't later see my work. But, hey, I don't think she would have known I was in her third grade class that one day, but I wish I could find her.

What tools do I use in the studio? It's a pretty long list. Very important to me is the palette knife itself because that's what I put it on with and start taking it off with. But I also use fingernails, nail files, dental tools, etching needles. I have used paper clips. If you walked by I might use you, anything, it's a feeding frenzy. You know, if you asked me, how did you do that particular area, often I do not know because I'm just going and I have these things all around. My kids used to make me things out of sticks and things they brought in and say, "Dad, here's another tool." I use some of those sometime.

Let's see if I understand your question. I think you're asking do I start out with a prioritized image. A starting image? I almost have to say, "No." Now, early on, my procedure is to cover the canvas with one color. That can take a long time because of the mindfulness that I was referring to earlier. If I do that sloppily, there might be 1/8 of an inch that you would see three weeks later, and I would be unhappy. So it can take a long time to put on one color. However, in most cases, it's completely covered the very next day, a little bit like Sisyphus. And then the third day another color, let's say, goes on. And then four, and then five, and then six, and it's only about that time that I start taking away. The taking away begins to give me

continued

some sort of sense of something emerging, which I know sounds mystical but it's really obviously a reflection of my own subconscious because I'm still digging like I always was. But now instead of the mud bank, I'm digging in my subconscious, and the paint replaces the mud. And the imagery that I have absorbed through travel, through meeting people, through seeing other paintings, it's all in there. So I've become an astronaut in my own mind. And as I travel through the process of building these layers, images come out. But they sometimes get buried, thirty, forty layers later, and this poor image that's been hanging on for dear life goes. It has to be sacrificed to the integrity of the whole.

So, I would say I'm trying to be completely honest, but I don't think in my adult career that there's been an image that I'm trying to make happen that I'm bringing forward, and the reason is because in your conscious mind you know what you already know. It's in the subconscious that you don't know what you already know, and there lies the real power.

Do I let the paint dry before I start digging? The answer is, "No," because it's acrylic, and I wouldn't be able to dig. So that's why I work one square inch at a time. You may see a large sweep, but that's been done like this, moving over and moving over, and each removal tries to hook up with what it's supposed to hook up with. It's crazy, but that's what I'm stuck with, that's the way I work. The other part of the question was how do you know it's finished? And people who have heard me speak before know that I am going to quote Jackson Pollock because I love this answer: "It's sort of like sex, somehow you know when it's over." I can't claim an answer that clever, but what I will say is that the painting and I develop a relationship, particularly in the last four or five sessions where essentially there's the dialog, what do you need or what do you need to be rid of? And I'm asking that but the painting is also telling me, and when I reach that point where I feel like there's nothing needed to be added, nothing needed to be taken away, then I put it up on the viewing wall and I'll stare at it for a few days because maybe I was wrong, but once I decide, then that's it.

Do you ever give up on a canvass you've started? That couldn't happen. Because, again, as I used to tell my students, if you stop a painting, or you destroy a painting, you're killing your teacher. The failed painting, that is, the problematic painting is the painting that's going to teach you how to make better paintings. You cannot stop; you have to battle on. What more can I say? I mean it's an additive process and it may be the last painting I ever paint because it might take ten years, but I'm going to finish it. I'm not going to put it aside and say I can't finish it because what am I really saying? That I'm defeating myself. I mean I am in the painting.

Why does one color require that much concentration or mindfulness? Every mark you make with a tool, whether it's a palette knife or brush, leaves an aspect of gesture. Maybe if you sprayed it like you were painting a car it wouldn't do that. But if you involve your body, the motion of your shoulder, it's all part of it, and there's also something very regenerative about putting on one color. I'll give you an example. The painting *Manu*, which was about the Amazon jungle. It has something in the neighborhood of $420 worth of Golden Artist Colors' Vat Orange as the

first color. Never to be seen. But can you imagine the thrill I got with a 7-by-12 foot canvas in my studio with nothing but Vat Orange? It was fabulous, and I know it's there pulsating under the surface, so that's sort of part of the archaeology. Again, it has to be put on carefully because I would feel wrong if it was otherwise.

Doesn't acrylic dry too fast and too hard? Oh, you're absolutely right. I don't do that. I only take it off when it's still wet. So if you see a violet color that's thirty layers down, it was protected for thirty layers by working up to it. I can't get back to it later. Now I used to work in oil. I love the smell of it. My students thought I was fairly perverted because I would go around smelling their canvases just to remember when I was a teenager painting in oil. But the moment that I experienced acrylic I was set free. Because in oil, I had to work on twelve paintings at once. I'd line them all up around the studio and go one day, and the next day, and about a week and a half later I could come back to number one. And I'm much too impatient for that, so acrylic was invigorating for me. There are lots of other advantages to it as well, but one of the disadvantages given what you're describing is that you can't remove it. I mean, when it dries, it's rock solid.

What are my greatest influences? You know the tough thing is there are so many great painters and the advantage of having a North Carolina Museum of Art. I hate to harp on it, but I wouldn't be the artist I am today without it. Instead of having one teacher, I had hundreds of them. So when I was diagraming in the North Carolina Museum of Art, I was also studying specifics. One day I'd go and say I'm only going to look at hands. Because I had looked at all the paintings before, I would go floor by floor and look at hands over the centuries. Another day clouds, which later proved important. Breasts, I enjoyed that day. Animals. Trees. And so I had hundreds of teachers and rather than have one teacher that really directed me, I have all of these people. As I told you, I've had this love affair with Giovanni Bellini, but also there's a Spanish painter named Antoni Tàpies, who I also think is a genius. And, of course, in Abstract Expressionism, probably Franz Kline is more emotionally related to what I respond to gesture wise, much more than Pollock, for example, but I certainly admire what Pollock did for us historically.

Do you favor certain colors? You know, it's hard for me to imagine anyone in this room doesn't have a love affair with color. I mean, look at what you're wearing. I mean, a color is the music of the soul, you know. I imagine poets can say color is in their work; musicians, color is in their work. What I try not to do is to focus on a particular range of colors or values. The only thing I tend to avoid en masse is green. And that's because nature does it so much better.

What are your natural influences? Well, art's never going to beat nature. And so, it's best not to think that way, but again, when I went to the Amazon, it was green. When I came back from an Alaskan journey, I used a lot of white.

What's the average time a painting takes? I think that's probably about three weeks.

What happens first? In the beginning, it's very intuitive. You just know that you

continued

put on an area and you want to take something off and see what happens in terms of the accretion of paint and what you're seeing underneath. Sometimes what I take off I immediately put back on because it pushes it in another direction. Also, paint is very expensive so I try to save it. I hope it falls in my paint pot. At a certain point, though, again, the painting starts a dialog where it says I want this shape to expand, I want that one to change, and then the last ten or fifteen layers are going to be transparent glazes where I'm just tweaking the value. You might not even notice the difference, but I'm upping it 5 percent, or killing it down 10 percent. Those are like tuning a piano near the end.

What has it been like being an abstract artist in the South? Well, it's pretty fascinating in that when I started I was doing those still lives and dancers and landscapes. I kept feeling like there's something obvious here. I'm re-presenting. I don't want to re-present. I want to present, and that meant jumping off the diving board and going inward. Abstraction is tough, and I can honestly say most of it is awful as I look around because people have, I think, a very mistaken opinion or idea about what abstraction is supposed to be. And my theory is that the confusion comes out of cubism, which I love, but the point is that when cubism was presented, people focused on the titles, like *Man with Pip*e. Instead of seeing the painting, which is what Picasso saw, they looked for the man with the pipe. And so there's a kind of cultural myth that in abstract painting you're trying to look for what the artist is obscuring, which is ridiculous, but it puts people into this feeling that I'm not in the club. I don't get it. We don't do that to people with music, to our children with music. When you played music for your children, you said that's music, or that's jazz, or whatever you called it. But when you showed your children an image, and you didn't mean to do this but you just did it by nature, you said that's an image "of." The preposition "of" got in between us and the emotional reaction to an image. It's mediated by that preposition. And so people will always ask me, what's your work of? I hardly understand the question, but I have a favorite quote that is what Samuel Beckett said about James Joyce. "His work is not about something, it is that something. "

So to finish out your questions, I want to answer properly. What's it like being an abstract artist in the South? When I started, it was considered radical in Raleigh, and so therefore I had a very limited audience of people, but I did have people who appreciated what I was doing. But I always knew that I was on the fringe. I was considered in those days a beatnik. And most of you are old enough to remember that word "beatnik" before it was modified into hippie, which came next. Then as time went on, and abstract art fell out of favor nationwide and even worldwide, I was still on the fringe because it's not about being hip. To me it's about doing what's in my soul, and that's what I love to do. So, it's been an interesting row to hoe. I knew staying in North Carolina had a price to pay but it has been so much more rewarding.

Do I ever hear the paintings talking to me? Fortunately, not. That probably would scare even me. There is a dialog, but it's not audible. So if you brought in a tape recorder, it would be silent, although you'd probably hear either jazz playing

or NPR's talk radio, but, no, they don't talk to me in that directive sense. But what is interesting over the years—and this goes for poets and writers, too, I'm sure—when you start out as a young artist, there is a long period between action and reaction. I call it the synapse where your own self-criticism requires a fair amount of time. So you make a mark, you stand back, you feel insecure, you try to decide, how are you going to adjust it, how are you going to modify it. As you get more mature in your art, that synapse narrows to the point where action or reaction become almost synonymous. You immediately have an intuition whether it's going right or wrong. That's a kind of talking, I guess.

You've been very patient. I'll take one more question.

Well, I loved teaching. I really did. And I don't know to the extent that I can say it influenced my art, but it probably made me more empathetic because I got to, on a renewing basis, see the discoveries through new eyes. The excitement of breaking through a wall from, let's say, awful to mediocre. That's a huge breakthrough for a young artist. As I always told my students, I won't like your paintings. I will love them because it means so much to me. That's the reason why people ask, Did you ever mark on a student's painting? I wouldn't even consider it. I mean, that's sacred ground. There's nothing like seeing that breakthrough, though, as you get more mature students, your majors, if you will, and you see them grow into passionate producers. Even if it's still in the mediocre category, I remember my early stuff. It was just pretty awful. You've got to go through that, and the excitement as a teacher is to see its opening that person up to a world of enjoyment and, more than that, a process that they didn't know earlier was available to them. Many of my students at Davidson didn't come in as artists. They came in as almost anything else. But the doors can open and the excitement is there, and I shared in that and I treasure it. Thank you.

President Clark: There's just one more thing that I want Herb to tell you before we go next door to have some more lifting of our spirits by spirits themselves. Something happened to him when he was a teenager in Raleigh, and I thought maybe one of the questions would have elicited that story, but it didn't, so tell them about beating the adults as an artist when you were a young man. Don't be modest.

Well, yeah, it's hard to talk about this without feeling I'm immodest, but there used to be a competition at the North Carolina Museum of Art called the North Carolina Annual. Starting around age fourteen I would enter it and get thrown out, of course. The entries came from North Carolina and Virginia. When I was sixteen, about to turn seventeen, I won it with four other artists; there were five first awards, all equal. The other four were professors. So it was a bit of a scandal, and what Jim is probably referring to is that there was a lot of controversy, some of it quite hurtful, and one gentleman wrote an essay for a newspaper in Greensboro saying that I was a fluke. That was hurtful to me, but what could I do about it? I went on and years later I received a letter from this same gentleman saying I just saw an exhibition of yours and you were no fluke.









Photos by Jerry Cotten

Remarks by John W. Lambert

Walter Herbert Jackson Jr. Five minutes on the early years? Not a roast? Mixed company!

Well, he hasn't always had a beard, and he hasn't always done abstracts. We are both Leos. Of course, we are friends. And I met Laura, who is also an artist, years before I met Herb. I was seven, and a lot of faculty brats were concentrated in the west Raleigh area near N.C. State College, as it was called then. I adored her family. And her dad did really interesting things at work, too! Laura was a wildly innovative and artistic person even then. And although we didn't realize it for a number of years, she and Herb were made for each other, if ever two people were.

Because we went to different schools, I didn't encounter Herb till the tenth grade, when we had biology together—ah, what a trip that was for teenagers! We were also in Broughton's famous vocal ensemble, directed by the late, great Judy Freeman. We were the bass section.

It didn't take two artistic souls long to bond and to begin to explore opportunities for growth beyond school confines. One important early mentor was James E. Thiem—actor (and mainstay of Raleigh Little Theatre), painter, gourmet chef, record store proprietor, friend to folks of all colors, shapes, sizes, and ages, and advocate for young people with inquisitive minds. I'd known him since I was twelve, when his shop was in the old Ambassador Theater across the street from where he'd gotten his start. Herb met him soon after we met in high school. Jimmy helped set up Herb's first one-person show. More than 150 have since ensued. But it was that exhibition at the Olivia Raney Library that helped launch the career we celebrate tonight.

There were other major influencers, along the way, among whom was Joe Cox (whose color wall remains one of North Carolina State University's most prominent artistic pieces). And Fern Winborne (whose husband Pretlow was to become one of my own much-admired mentors later in the naval reserves).

Herb's mom embraced us all, his sister Mary Ruth inspired us to be adventurous, and his dad tolerated the nuts who spent time in his home, mostly in a wonderful basement room that doubled as a studio for painting and—yes—for music. Herb was embraced by my parents, too, who gave him tickets to an opera in Italy when he made a trip to the Mediterranean, and who otherwise encouraged him at every opportunity. Some of Herb's few non-abstract works first graced their dining room.

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During college we were separated, but Davidson was not all that far from the University of North Carolina so we continued to see each other from time to time. Along the way Laura became more and more firmly part of Herb's life—and vice-versa. Marriage in Woods Hole, where her father did summertime research, came in June 1967, with much celebratory joy—and with Hillary Rodham in attendance, Laura having befriended her at Wellesley.

The following year Herb was best man in my own wedding. I should add that Herb was one of the staunchest pacifists I have known. I was in the U.S. Navy, destined for Vietnam. That this friendship endured and flourished is one of the great mysteries of life, one for which I shall be eternally grateful. Maybe those regular mailings from the War Resisters League, hand-delivered by the postal officer, provided the glue that held the friendship together.

Incidentally, Herb and Laura were in Philadelphia when I was in Newport—a pretty long haul, but we managed to get together for some very good times. And then there followed a stint at UNC for Herb, before he headed back to Davidson, where the rest of his story has been living history, in a manner of speaking.

Perhaps understandably, Herb's children have artistic bents. Just being around Herb is no guarantee of superior knowledge of the visual arts or of any talent or ability, but I figure it cannot have hurt, and look at the fun we've had for all these years. I might add that this is one reason Herb is on the masthead of *CVNC*, the state's non-profit arts journal—the sole visual artist there represented.

We love you, Herb, and we congratulate you on this high recognition of the tremendous success you have so long enjoyed.

Remarks by Roger Manley

I am truly delighted to be here with all of you this evening. This offers me one of those rare opportunities when one can look back and recognize one of those key experiences that, along with all the subsequent turns, forks in the road, and occasional dead-ends that followed, led to being in this room, right now, among all of you.

Forty-five years ago I got off to a rocky start in college. Right off the bat I failed calculus, had to drop my biology class, and earned mostly C's in my other courses. It was quickly becoming all too apparent that my original plan—to major in biology and become a scientist—might need some serious rethinking. Meanwhile, I felt like I needed to take a class that might not involve so much reading, writing, or arithmetic. I felt like I needed something non-academic. Something that might even be relaxing and fun. So, halfway through my freshman

year at Davidson, I signed up for a basic studio art class.

At the front of the room on my first day of art stood a young instructor, still in only his second year of teaching. Dark haired, mustachioed, dressed in jeans, he was the first professor I'd seen at the college not wearing a tie. Speaking in a voice that was wittily wry one moment and cuttingly blunt the next, Herb Jackson at that point in my life seemed like the most charismatic and mysterious person I'd ever met.

But I was wrong about the relaxing part, as it turned out. In fact, it proved to be intense and demanding, requiring far more attention and involving far more thought than I had anticipated. But it was fun, in the same sense of fun expressed in that old adage about doing something you love and never having to work a day in your life.

I don't recall that there were any lectures or handouts. There was no textbook, no mention of art-historical dates, no discussions of styles or schools of painting. But what left the most lasting impression was the dive-in-and-do way he led us into the world of art. It was: move your hands. *Do* something. Look and see, but be doing something *as* you look, not *after* looking. Make a drawing with only contours. Do another drawing, but render only the shadows. Draw only the negative spaces between things. Keep drawing until no more white remains on the paper. Then begin undrawing it with an eraser. *Stop thinking so much.* Inspiration *follows* action, we learned; it doesn't precede it. First, move your hands. *Then* come the ideas.

Herb knew that art making wasn't something that could be approached directly but that perhaps one might be able to get there sideways, through action. He had taught himself that *doing* and *making* would eventually result in *being* and *becoming*, and now he was passing that on to us.

Once one had gotten started on a drawing, print, or painting, the only way out that he permitted was to finish it. Quitting wasn't allowed. One had to just keep going. Just as walking is learned by falling enough times till you finally learn to quit falling, and that success is always based on failure, Herb knew that the struggle itself is what would give us our moments of discovery. "I'm not your teacher," he'd say, in one of his rare explanations. "Your bad painting is your teacher. If you quit now and throw it away, you're killing your teacher. Pay attention to what it's trying to tell you." If it's too busy, simplify it. Too dark, make it lighter. Too drab, add more color. If the composition is wrong, fix it.

At the same time, he taught us by example. At the far end of the same large studio room where we worked, Herb quietly and steadily made his own prints and paintings. Watching him go through the acts and motions himself, we began absorbing and imprinting—learning the muscle memory involved in making art. Watching him, we began to realize that almost nothing was an immediate success. Nothing came right off the brush. Each painting or print went through stages of gradual emergence, as the images were refined and developed. Paint

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would be laid down, then scraped away. Then more paint. And then more changing, adjusting, fixing, reducing—all in the effort to make something that would seem effortless. That seeming effortlessness, achieved only through real and prolonged effort, is what makes art akin to science and literature. "Chance favors the prepared mind," Louis Pasteur said, expressing the same idea. We want to see the ballerina soar, as if by magic, not hear her grunt with exertion.

For most of us in Herb's class, who had never been around a working artist before, being able to observe his deliberate and dedicated effort was a revelation. Unless one shares a house or studio with an artist, or has grown up with artist parents, it is rarely possible to watch a writer, painter, filmmaker, or composer go through their process of experimentation—how they reach dead-ends, make detours in finding solutions, to see how they edit and refine before reaching a result that seems so obvious as to be natural. Too many people think of art only as a gift or some kind of miraculous talent, instead of something achieved through dedicated focus. Watching Herb's prints and paintings evolve literally "before our very eyes" made art seem as worthwhile as any other endeavor, including the biology career I had intended to pursue.

From Herb, we learned that the essential, key ingredient in the whole artistic process—whether it's making a painting, turning a pot, writing a poem, practicing a piece of choreography, or perfecting a piece of music—isn't planning, or inspiration, so much as getting oneself started, and then staying at it. Just making yourself do it. It is the initial act of picking up a brush or chisel, sitting down at a keyboard, putting the clay on a wheel, or jotting down the first words or notes on a piece of blank paper and then keeping going that *leads to* discovery. One can't know every outcome at the outset. To be an artist, one has to accept a certain lack of control. Real progress only happens after you enter the realm of the unknown.

I feel sure that every past recipient of the North Caroliniana Society Award must also have known this, and I suspect that most of you in this room are old hands at doing this as well. But it was a big lesson for a young college freshman like me to learn, after years of being told that the secret to success was setting goals, choosing a career, choosing the right college, choosing the right major, choosing the right courses to complete it, and then later choosing the right job with the right employers to march toward that predetermined future with my perfect chosen mate.

Thank you, Herb, that it didn't work out quite like that. Thank you and Laura both for helping save me from a life in lockstep. Through your living and working example, you both helped me find a better and far more exciting way to move ahead and discover my own career. And I am sure that I am far from the only one who feels this way. There must be hundreds, or even thousands, of us. I am delighted to have been given this opportunity to say thanks to you, Herb and Laura, and I am grateful to all of you for letting me say this out loud in front of you.

Remarks by Dr. Laura R. Foxx

To the members of the North Caroliniana Society, thank you for this lovely event honoring Herb Jackson. To his wonderful and devoted soul mate and wife Laura Grosch, and their family, thank you for sharing Herb with us. To my son Anthony, Davidson College alumnus, graduate of New York University School of Law, and secretary of the U.S. Department of Transportation, thank you for being here this evening. To all of you, I am privileged to be standing before you this evening on behalf of my friend, my colleague, and my mentor. Herb Jackson is a star.

Today marks the most recent of many celebrations for Herb. Those of us who know him well, know how much he enjoys great gatherings of family, friends, and colleagues. Because Herb is the consummate community organizer, lines blur among those monikers, and we often find ourselves having dinner at Fiamma's or Dressler's or at their home receiving fresh vegetables from Laura's bountiful garden, communing with people we've heard about but never met, and know that because Herb is the host, there is a splendid opportunity to grow his extended family.

I met Herb when I served as a major gifts officer at Davidson College at the beginning of—at the time—the most significant capital campaign in its history. We raised a lot of money, yes. But what we achieved most was strategic reflexivity yielding to a renewed vision for Davidson's future. Herb's intellectual genius led us through the maze that became the portal for enlightenment. My mission with Herb and his faculty was very clear: raise money to build a new facility on campus to house the visual arts department.

My first meeting with Herb was momentous. He stood tall, the hair, the beard—you know, Kenny Rogers-esque. But there was something else. Something bigger than life. He had swagger. Authentic swagger—Bruce Springsteen-esque. I left that meeting with great certainty that I had just witnessed an unspoken, closely guarded revelation that bonded our relationship. Unknown to most, Herb had a plan.

The college had just completed another capital project, and the visual arts center was next on the campus's list, but the going was not easy. Momentum shifted for several reasons. Our place in line was compromised by competition for the few resources. Fortunately, President John Kuykendall, who understood the future value of the investment, quelled the opposition that threatened. The campus's financing policy had changed, requiring much more cash in hand prior

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to ground breaking for any future construction projects. Donor fatigue had set in among our most loyal supporters; there was a recession. We had only a few dollars in hand. We had no naming donor. The most interested people in this project were Herb, his faculty, and me. Time and money were not on our side, at least not yet, but Herb never ever broke a sweat. It was sort of like James Bond meets Godzilla.

How did we accomplish this seemingly impossible feat?

Herb saw me as a pupil, much as he does most people he meets. Herb, the consummate and passionate and generous teacher. I engaged with his faculty and his family, joining all for those important life moments. There were the rituals of Christmas parade brunches, birthday parties, marriages, births, the latest episode of "Downton Abbey" or "Game of Thrones." Carrot cakes twice a year, sometimes one or two off cycle. Herb and his faculty tutored me about Davidson College, the history of the art department, and an ideal that the study of art would nurture generations of Davidson-educated leaders who would not only understand the world but would play significant roles in shaping the quality of life among the world's people.

Notoriety became our mantra, heaving the weightiness of the sluggish economic momentum toward our favor, a la Captain James T. Kirk of the mythical Starship Enterprise. Herb's spectacular ability to source ideas gave way to an endless galaxy of constellations, countless stars befitting the relevance of Davidson's legacies, past and future. Long days and many prospecting trips around the country became our discipline. There was a lot at stake, and the campus had begun to feel it. We needed to raise awareness, attention, and money in a short period of time.

Herb's discipline for his profession (and other people's professions) was well-known, and his reputation on campus was that he was notoriously intellectually curious. As the visual arts center slowly became a reality, we became experts in everybody's professions: construction, architecture, inspections, special events, counting money—just to name a few. And so, as Herb's colleague in the pursuit of friends with money, he was notoriously intellectually curious, and I became simply notorious. After all, life is short and art is long.

Herb's plan was set in motion nonstop.

Herb is really very good at inspiring ideas. You come up with a great idea, and it is only moments later that you know that he already knew the idea; he just wanted you to buy into the idea with him. He has this way of assigning commitment at just the right time in a brainstorming session. So, during one of these moments, when we were desperate for an idea, we decided to host an art auction on campus. Not just any auction. Herb's auction.

Herb had always said that he never wanted to have an auction, but if he ever did, he had learned enough from many auctions to know how to do it right. After all, Herb knows these things before anyone else. So, we had an auction, and it was not just any auction. Herb and Laura donated work, and they recruited

work from others of their artist friends from around the world. We had only twenty-two pieces total. We invited fifty couples total. The art faculty and I served as hosts and gofers. Herb was the auctioneer. Fine food. Premium labels. Black tie. This was Herb's auction, and he and it were magnificent. We cleared several hundred thousand dollars that night. All cash. Suddenly, momentum lost weight and gained speed.

Cash in hand, we broke ground in 1991 and two years later, dedicated the building. Majestically sited and historically significant with its institutional legacy, the Katherine and Tom Belk Visual Arts Center at Davidson College is genius. Not just because of the collaboration among contemporary icons: renowned historic preservationist and architect Graham Gund, philanthropist Katherine Belk, president emeritus John Kuykendall, and legions of enthusiastic donors and volunteers, but largely because of the legend himself, Herb Jackson.

In the words of architect Graham Gund, a new generation of arts buildings has evolved from the progression of new forms of learning and the integration of the arts into academic curricula. Beyond meeting the rigorous technical requirements of the arts programs, the building fosters social exchange, experimentation, and cross-disciplinary interactions to open new creative avenues and reinforce the communal element of the arts.

At Davidson, the visual arts faculty and students finally had a place to call home, where art is studied and lived within and beyond the walls of faculty and student studios, classrooms, exhibition spaces, conservation and preservation spaces, and my personal favorite, places for repose—just as Graham reflected and just as Herb had envisioned.

Our donors loved Herb and trusted him implicitly, making my job very easy. Because of Herb, expected, unexpected, and wonderful things happened:

- Honorary degrees to Romare Bearden in 1981, Donald Kuspit in 1993, Kenneth Nolan in 1997, and Graham Gund in 2011.
- One of the most significant Rodin sculptures outside of Paris resides inside the Belk Visual Arts Center at Davidson College. Jean d'Aire, a burgher of Calais, stands regally in the atrium, just outside Dr. Shaw Smith's office. Originally owned by the late William Van Every, one of the early donors to the project, it was later purchased and gifted to the college by the Peppers Family.
- Governor James G. Martin (Davidson alumnus and former professor) brought his friend, the late Bill Lee, then CEO of Duke Power (now Duke Energy Progress) for a visit. Before long, we had a painting studio named for Charlotte native son Romare Bearden and underwritten by Mr. Lee's company.
- Nanette Bearden, Romare's widow, also stopped by for a visit after the building's opening. She grew to know and love Herb and Laura as young artists, mentored by Romare himself. At the very moment of her visit and seeing the Bearden Painting Studio, she immediately committed funds for a national scholarship for the study of visual art at Davidson College in Romare's name.

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Leonard Satterwhite, formerly of Davidson and now of Duke University, was instrumental in initiating this scholarship program. Visitors to his office at Duke are often impressed with the poster that includes a Bearden image, *The Piano Lesson*, one that he and Mrs. Bearden selected especially to announce the scholarship program. Thank you, Leonard, for joining us tonight.

• Led by Anthony Foxx and the late Chris Hovelin, the Class of 1993 voted unanimously to commission a sculpture as the class gift to Davidson. Inspired by the addition of sculpture to the visual arts curriculum and new facilities, this marked the very first time that a graduating class had donated a work of art to the college as its class gift.

• Then there was Kenneth Nolan, noted landscape painter and friend of Herb's. A retrospective of his work represented the first non-faculty exhibition in the new visual arts center. Kenneth came to the opening and stayed a few days. He was mesmerized not so much by the beauty of the building or the sanctity of the Davidson campus but by his introduction to the Lake House, where there was served North Carolina's finest delicacy, liver mush. He and Herb spent much of his final day there arranging for many pounds of the delicacy to be shipped to his home.

We gained great inspiration by everyone that we encountered, and we honored each and every donor, regardless of the size of their gifts, on the donor wall in the entry hallway of the Katherine and Tom Belk Visual Arts Center. To understand this particular journey requires an understanding of Herb. Intellectual genius has no single muse. Boundary less. Spatial. Disciplined. Percussional rhythm.

Herb's plan worked, and we were more than successful in the achievement of it.

In the acknowledgment section of my dissertation, I thank my dear friend Herb Jackson for encouraging me to unleash a higher order of critical thinking and scholarship and to leverage my intellectual capital on behalf of the greater good. Professor Jackson taught me that the dissertation is an intellectual canvas upon which the scholar invokes the powerful integration of theory, knowledge, and experience that co-creates a vision of an extraordinary kind.

According to the Great Man theory, transformative leaders are extraordinary and skilled at changing their world and, perhaps, that of others. Herb Jackson is a great man.

Think Miles Davis, Jessie Norman, Tony Bennett, Patricia McBride, Sting, Bruce Springsteen, Jeff Gordon, Tom Brady.

Think Herb Jackson.

Esse quam videri

Congratulations, Herb.

Remarks by C. Shaw Smith Jr.

Today marks exactly four years since Herb Jackson retired after more than four decades as a member of the Davidson College faculty, but, as always, he remains what he is, a painter. I want to speak tonight primarily as a colleague of Herb's at Davidson. Many have done much for Davidson College and for the state of North Carolina, but as an artist, there is no one person who has done more than Herb to revolutionize our ways of thinking about the liberal arts, an extraordinary contribution to our state's cultural heritage. He has taught us that there is a reality that is not available to words. And so it is an honor for me (accompanied by my family) to offer a few words on the occasion of this special award for Herb from the North Caroliniana Society. Many thanks to you all for being here, and especially to Jim Clark and Martin Brinkley, and I am sure many others, for making this possible.

For more than sixty years Herb has painted without words. Art critic Richard Shiff (formerly at the University of North Carolina) observes, Herb Jackson's multilayered paintings are not metaphors or allegories, but they are "thinking by hand." Or in Herb's own words, he loves "a studio session [swirling with the sounds of Miles Davis] lasting several hours without a verbal thought." In his studio classroom hung a warning sign, "A No 'Like' Zone."

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Coming from Raleigh, Herb joined the Davidson class of 1967 and opted for a German major because there was no art major at Davidson College at that time. To many of us Davidson townies, then in high school as I was, he was a mysterious, bearded figure of artistic bohemianism and flower power, a combination of Zeus and John Lennon. Little did we know then he was equally interested in body-building and Burgundy and stock cars and stock markets. He acquired an M.F.A. at UNC in 1970 and made friends with major figures throughout the art world such as artist Romare Bearden, and critic Clement Greenberg. Many of these relationships were fostered through the Davidson National Print Show (1972-1976). Under Herb's guidance these exhibitions became the foundation of Davidson's current art collection that was transformed from pin-up exhibitions to a major venue with an endowment,

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a campus sculpture program, reviews in the *New York Times*, and a national constituency of advocates for the visual arts in the liberal arts.

In 1989 Herb was chosen by another art critic, Donald Kuspit (also formerly at UNC), for an exhibition, "Painting beyond the Death of Painting," to be held in Moscow. This important international event marked the warming of cultural relations between the United States and Russia. Like Lefty Driesel in the 1960s and Stephen Curry in the 2000s, Herb put Davidson on the map, but in this case on the map of American visual culture.

In 1993 the Belk Visual Arts Center (VAC) opened at Davidson with a retrospective of the work of North Carolina native Kenneth Noland. With Herb at the lead and with the support of many including Laura Foxx, the Belk VAC was completed, a long journey for a logo-centric campus of a half-century ago, a truly Herb-culean feat!

Between 1967 and today, Herb's career has sparkled with many highlights. His work is shown all over the world, and in recent years Herb has had several glorious art openings in New York as well as Raleigh. His quiet philanthropy will remain non-verbalized except to say he supports efforts, both great and small. A colleague noted, "Herb has always been there for me."

There are other wide-ranging contributions to the liberal arts performed by this loyal son of North Carolina who was awarded Davidson's highest teaching award, the Hunter-Hamilton. As Herb observes about life's journey, "it is not necessary to rob life of its mystery in order to understand it." Given his world travels, it is certainly fitting that arriving passengers at the Charlotte airport are greeted by Herb's monumental painting, *Vulcan's Gate*, in the international concourse. What a wonderful welcome to North Carolina!

Herb's vision has taught us to plan grandly, to go off scale from the expected, but to do the hard work necessary for something extraordinary. As poet and critic Charles Baudelaire once said of the French painter Eugene Delacroix, "He is passionately in love with passion and yet coldly determined to find the means to express it." The same could be said for Herb.

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He is also a generous friend. When we go "out to dine," I love to hear the remote click that pops open the trunk-lid of his Mercedes. He almost always says, "I brought along a few bottles of wine for the evening!" This leads to a story. I was complaining about the high cost of Pappy Van Winkle Bourbon, but he saw it another way, what I call "Herbenomics." Agreeing that we often enjoy a fine bottle of wine that would be

the same price as a bottle of Pappy, he reminded me that we would easily consume that whole bottle of wine in one sitting but certainly would not finish off a *whole* bottle of bourbon in one night! Thus, he declared the bourbon to be an *extraordinary value*. That is Herbenomics! He is a careful planner, whether it be for the precise lighting on his exquisite, multi-layered works, or a trip to his beloved island of Santorini.

We have traveled a lot together and that story must be told too. Walking silently through the painted prehistoric caves in southwestern France, we (with our wives Laura and Haley) emerged speechless from the darkened cave into the sunlight with tears slowly streaming down our cheeks. In those stunning moments we realized that those prehistoric peoples had left in their caves the same gesture that Herb makes in his studio in Mecklenburg County, a mark that transcends language and time. The ineffable action of making a mark is the essential thread of our humanity that connects us all . . . without words.

And, of course, there are "Herbisms." Anyone who has talked with Herb knows that he is as skillful with words as he is with paint because he knows the power of silences and spaces.

A frustrated student, whining about a studio assignment, complained, "I can think of nothing to do." Herb, hands touching at the fingertips, quietly replied, "Congratulations! I know Buddhist monks who work for a lifetime trying to think of nothing."

Or to a student who wanted to discuss his grades Herb would reply, "Be glad to do that but it means the grade might just as easily go down as up!"

Or, one of my personal favorites, his confident response to the rare question that he might not know how to answer: "I am *sur*e that I have no idea."

But we should also hear from his students, including some who are with us in this room tonight and called him "Zen master."

One student wrote, "Herb told me, 'Make something that cannot be rendered in words or numbers. I am not your teacher. The bad painting is your teacher.'"

And another, "Being an artist is something you do, not something you aspire to. No excuses.'"

In the end we are all just visitors here. But Herb paints. He painted as a young boy in Raleigh. He painted as a student at Davidson. He painted at UNC. He painted when he married a painter and painted with his sons at home and with his students at school and with others when he travels. And he paints without words.

These many contributions of the past sixty years open the door to the many layers of Herb's history, but Herb paints still with "constant discoveries." As Donald Kuspit has proclaimed, "The paintings of Herb Jackson are the future of abstract painting." And thus we move on. But then what really is the purpose of these tributes if they are not to help us all become better stewards of our communities, our state, our nation, and our world as we practice our own disciplines and improve those lives around us? I know he has done this for me, "Run, Run," my name given by Herb. What more can I say, but "Congratulations on this wonderful award and thank you, Chief." It is not about words, and that is the last word because Herb paints.

Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Book Award for 2014 by Dannye Romine Powell

Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: *Jeffrey Reaser accepting the North Caroliniana Society Book Award from Dannye Romine Powell*

Each year the North Caroliniana Society presents an award for the best book about the state of North Carolina. Competition is always keen because of the bounty of excellent and productive scholars in the field. This year proved no exception. The selection committee—Jeffrey J. Crow, H. David Bruton and me—was bolstered in our challenge by hot bowls of homemade chili, delicious brownies, and the beautiful setting of Dr. Bruton's Sunshine Farm in Southern Pines. I am delighted to announce that the winners of the North Caroliniana Society Book Award for 2014 are Jeffrey Reaser and Walt Wolfram for *Talkin' Tar Heel: How Our Voices Tell the Story of North Carolina* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2014).

Walt Wolfram is the William C. Friday Distinguished Professor of English at North Carolina State University and coauthor of *Hoi Toide on the Outer Banks: The Story of the Ocracoke Brogue*, among other books. Jeffrey Reaser is associate professor of English at North Carolina State University and coauthor of the curriculum *Voices of North Carolina: Language and Life from the Atlantic to the Appalachians*.

Their book is an in-depth, multi-faceted probe into the nuances of the mother tongue as it is practiced from Murphy to Manteo. Their research, which stretched

over two decades, included more than 3,000 recorded interviews. The result is a readable and comprehensive delving into the origins of our various dialects and a new understanding of how we came to speak as we do.

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Wolfram and Reaser's *Talkin' Tar Heel* is a strikingly rich and enduring resource for each of us who wants to better understand what it means to be a North Carolinian.

Presentation of the William S. Powell Award by Robert G. Anthony Jr.

Jerry Cotten

ABOVE: *Robert G. Anthony Jr. and Virginia Powell presenting the William S. Powell Award to Isaac Warshauer*

Many, if not most of you, knew Bill Powell—William Stevens Powell. He was remarkable—the most productive chronicler of this state's history and recorder of information about this place we call home ever. He researched and wrote about the state as a whole—textbooks, survey histories—and he authored histories of individual counties, biographies, biographical dictionaries, *The North Carolina*

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Gazetteer. He also researched and wrote about the history of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the place where he worked for six decades.

To encourage current UNC-Chapel Hill students to study and appreciate the history of this institution, in 2002 the North Caroliniana Society established the William S. Powell Award "to recognize the Senior student at the University who has done most during his or her undergraduate career to develop interest and understanding of the history and traditions of the University." The award is not given annually but only in those years when a student is judged to have made notable contributions to the study and appreciation of the history of the university.

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This year the society is pleased to present the William S. Powell Award to Isaac Warshauer. While a student, Mr. Warshauer has been engaged in a number of university-focused activities that have been both academic and extra-curricular in nature. He has served as a student member of the Chancellor's Buildings and Grounds Committee for three years. He has been a member—and is currently vice-chair—of the Undergraduate Honor Court. An active member of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies during all four years, he served as president of that organization in the fall of 2014. He has conducted extensive research on and is writing a history of the Chapel Hill residences of the president of the university. Nine buildings have at various times housed the president. Publication of Mr. Warshauer's research in electronic format is planned for later this year, with a later print version also anticipated.

Mr. Warshauer, please join me at the speaker's stand. And I also invite Mrs. William S. Powell—Virginia Powell—to join us for the presentation.

These are busy days for Isaac. This coming Sunday he will receive his undergraduate degree during commencement ceremonies in Kenan Stadium just to the north of where you are sitting, having earned a Bachelor of Arts in Archaeology, with a minor in Urban Studies and Planning. But tonight he is being presented the William S. Powell Award by the North Caroliniana Society. Recipients of this award are given a copy of the first edition of Professor Powell's book *The First State University: A Pictorial History of the University of North Carolina,* signed by Professor Powell.

Isaac Warshauer. Our congratulations.

Photos by Jan G. Hensley

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