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IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT: 2006 Mustang GT



By Katherine Giles

In choosing the car for this month's column, I decided to check out the recent trend among American automakers of resurrecting the muscle cars of the 1960s: The revamped Ford Mustang, which debuted in 2005, or the 2006 Dodge Charger.

I conducted exhaustive research until I finally came to this conclusion: in *Bullitt*, Steve McQueen drives a Mustang and the bad guys drive a Charger. The bad guys die in a fiery crash after a spectacular car chase in San Francisco. And Steve McQueen goes on to solve

his case without batting a blue eye or wrinkling his turtleneck. So I'll have what he's driving, please.

My salesman Bob wisely gives me the technical overview of the GT while we're still on the lot of Lou Sobh Ford. He details how the classic body design was revived without sacrificing modern safety standards. He cranks the engine and tells me how hard the engineers worked to capture the signature growl of the V8. He points out the blacked-out front grill—just like the one on Frank Bullitt's racing-green Fastback GT.

The interior is refreshingly uncluttered, with only the stan-

“ Steve McQueen goes on to solve his case... So I'll have what he's driving, please. ”

dard knobs and buttons (though the satin-aluminum air vents and gearshift are particularly cool). Airbags, cup holders, CD player—each interior element fulfills its design purpose of comfort and convenience. But ultimately they're irrelevant to the essence of this car. It's the drive that matters, and it's finally time to begin.

I buckle my seatbelt, settle into my leather seat with a wriggle, and aim the car at the exit. Pulling onto Scott Boulevard, there's nothing left to do but smash the accelerator to the floor and let the 300 horses under the hood out for a run.

Well...it's really more of a jog. It's Decatur, after all, on a Sunday afternoon, and I'm not, in fact, Steve McQueen. I can't throw traffic laws to the wind and rip up the streets of the city in pursuit of

justice. Despite these limitations, I enjoy the car thoroughly. The GT's power and ride are pitch-perfect.

I can feel the road beneath me and detect the rumble of the engine, but I rest comfortably in my seat and have no trouble hearing the radio. I easily roar past a Jeep Cherokee on North Druid Hills (though I don't think she knew we were racing). The Mustang takes the curves without missing a beat, leaning effortlessly into them, and the powerful rear-wheel drive eliminates any drag during acceleration.

Eventually, I have to relinquish my tester. I'm not happy about it. If this had been one of those test-drives made without the salesman, I might not have come back. At least not before I found some empty stretch of road to tear up. Back on the lot, I

go through the motions: check the trunk, pop the hood, inquire about fuel efficiency (no, it's not great).

It all seems so mundane now. The engine has been shut off, the car isn't running, and that means the Mustang GT isn't doing what it should. It's built for driving, for chasing gangsters, outrunning hitmen...OK, maybe just taking a few laps around I-285.

Should you be lucky enough to land in the driver's seat, here's to miles of open road and no speed traps. **N**

Change tray rating: Like McQueen himself, it's attractive, lean, mean, and very, very cool.





ANNA HEYWARD TAYLOR

BY KATHERINE W. GILES

Anna Heyward Taylor was born in Columbia in 1879, the daughter of prominent physician Benjamin Taylor and his wife, Marianna Heyward. A graduate of the South Carolina Presbyterian Institute for Young Ladies, Anna went on to study at Radcliffe College in Massachusetts, before returning home to graduate from the South Carolina College for Women. As a young woman of means, Taylor traveled extensively after graduation, touring Europe, Japan, China, and Korea. The aspiring artist studied with painter William Merritt Chase in England and Holland from 1903–1904. Her medium from this period was primarily oil painting, but it was her experience at an artists' colony back home in America that laid the foundation for her most well-known works.

During the summers of 1915 and 1916, Taylor traveled to Provincetown, Massachusetts, on the northern tip of Cape Cod. There she worked alongside other artists, including Swedish etcher B. J. O. Nordfeldt. In Provincetown, Nordfeldt had begun experimenting with a new method of woodblock printing, in which prints were created by carving images in reverse on a plank of wood. Unlike the traditional Japanese method, which required the use of multiple blocks to create an image made up of multiple colors, Nordfeldt established the "white-line method." This technique required only one block per image, with the various color areas delineated by carving a deep groove between them. The groove created a paint-free, or white, line in the final print, emphasizing the design.

It is likely that Anna Heyward Taylor's interest in printmaking had its seeds in a 1914 trip to Japan, where she explored the traditional Japanese artform and became acquainted with American printmaker Helen Hyde. But it was in Provincetown that Taylor experimented with Nordfeldt's white-line method: "I am launched in the new method and find it quite thrilling....I really feel I will get a lot out of it, certainly in the matter of composing pictures."

In addition to wood-block printing, Taylor worked with linoleum cuts, watercolors, screen design, and batik on silk. In 1916, she traveled to British Guiana to study vegetation. Her resulting watercolors from that trip, as well as from a 1920 jungle expedition with naturalist William Beebe, were exhibited in 1922 at New York's



Gaden on he Head!, circa 1938
color wood-block print, 11 x 8 inches
Collection of the Greenville County Museum of Art,
museum purchase

Museum of Natural History and the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens. Her flower studies were crisp and vividly colored, infused with a boldness that became characteristic of Taylor's work. In 1939, a writer for the *Charleston News and Courier* declared, "There are no soft, fuzzy lines to Anna Heyward Taylor. She has a forceful personality, a straight-forward unwavering approach to all things both personal and artistic...Whatever Anna Heyward Taylor looks at she sees in a clear and unmistakable design."

Heyward returned to Europe during World War I, becoming the first woman from South Carolina to serve with the Red Cross in France during the conflict. After eighteen months of service, New York became her home base, though she continued to travel. Taylor returned frequently to South Carolina, renting a room on Atlantic Street in Charleston for prolonged visits (see p. 18). There she struck up friendships with Elizabeth O'Neill Verner, Leila Waring, and Alice Ravenel Huger Smith, and the group hosted an informal artists' colony in their Atlantic Street studios. In 1929, Taylor bought a home on Church Street, settling in Charleston for good.

Unlike Verner and other artists active during the Charleston Renaissance, Anna Heyward Taylor's extensive travels were reflected in her work, especially in

her depiction of exotic flora and fauna. Nonetheless, she brought her unique perspective to lowcountry subjects as well, adding a vibrant new layer to the exploding Charleston art scene. In her block prints, she replicated local street scenes, replete with flower sellers, historic buildings, and palmetto trees. The grain of the wood showed up in the prints, adding an earthy texture and raw authenticity to the images. In a series of articles printed in *The State* in 1930, New York writer Henry Bellaman had this to say about Anna Heyward Taylor: "The outstanding characteristic of her painting is a magnificent exteriority....There it is, she seems to say, hard and brilliant and flooded with sun; my job is to make a pattern of it and let it speak for itself....There is an admirable honesty about all of this."

Most of her block prints were rendered in black and white, particularly her lowcountry images and those designs reflecting her travels in Mexico during the mid-1930s. She created an entire collection of prints based on her observation of rice cultivation at FitzSimons Plantation near Adams Run. One of these images, *Harvesting Rice*, was exhibited at the 1939 New York World's Fair. Like so much of her artwork, her lowcountry prints portrayed a raw, vibrant reality. David Houston, previously of the South Carolina Arts Commission, once remarked of Taylor, "Even though she preferred coherence and order, there remains an element that borders on the primitive in her most successful works. Her success as a printmaker is tied up in this combination of the elemental and the rational."

In 1949, Taylor provided twenty-three linoleum-block illustrations for *This Our Land*, an agricultural history published by the Agricultural Society of South Carolina. It solidified her reputation as a printmaker, though her textile designs were exhibited in a variety of museums and competitions. Taylor was an active member of a number of artistic groups, including the National Association of Women Artists, the National Arts Club of New York, the Southern States Art League, the Columbia Art Association, and the Carolina Art Association. She was a member of the executive board of the Gibbes Art Gallery for more than twenty years, and an honorary member of the New York Society of Craftsmen.

In 1955, at the Italian premiere of *Porgy and Bess* at La Scala, ten of her lowcountry prints were exhibited alongside George Gershwin's self-portrait and his portrait of DuBose Heyward. Just a few months later, on March 4, 1956, Anna Heyward Taylor died in Charleston. The next day, a letter to

the editor appeared in the *News and Courier*, written by Taylor's friend Alice Ravenel Huger Smith: "To all of us associated with her artistically and in her numerous activities, her withdrawal is a great loss....Her artistic work is too well known and appreciated for my comment."



The Strike, 1933

watercolor, 21⁷/₈ x 25⁷/₈ inches

Collection of the Greenville County Museum of Art, museum purchase with funds from the 1998 Museum Antiques Show



Cypress Swamp and Heron, 1933

oil on wood panels, 64 x 76 inches

Collection of the Greenville County Museum of Art, museum purchase





When glass artist-turned-entrepreneur **Anne Rushing '03** reminisces about GPS, her stroll down memory lane feels more like a marathon.

"I was insanely overinvolved. I was editor of the yearbook, co-editor of *River Review*, I ran tech for the musicals. I was in Select Ensemble and Candlelight Chorus and the glee club and the handbells and the science club. I did way too much. I didn't sleep very much. But I loved it! I wanted to do everything that I had the chance to do." A Renaissance woman, if you will? "More like jack-of-all-trades, master of none," she laughs.

At Centre, Anne double majored in history and art, traveling abroad her sophomore year to study at England's University of Reading. When she returned stateside, she enrolled in her first glassblowing course and was hooked. "With glassblowing there's so much going on that you can't get distracted or bored; it really holds your attention, so it's perfect for someone [like me] with ADD because you're sitting there thinking 'what's the

Making Art Accessible

By Katherine Giles '96

At GPS, Anne's demanding academic schedule left little room for art classes. Instead, she nurtured her creative instincts on her own time ("because you can't really do AP calculus on your own") and volunteered at the Hunter Art Museum's summer camps. There she met Tommy Spake, a local glassblower who steered her toward Centre College in Kentucky. As fate would have it, Centre's admissions counselor was GPS grad Susan Hawkins Johnston '78, whom Anne credits with helping her find her place in the college world.

Hard work, an adventurous spirit, and a willingness to ask for favors are all characteristics that led to Anne's entrepreneurial success.

temperature of this right now, do I need to be heating right now, where are my tools...? You're thinking all of these

- CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Anne Rushing, lower right, surrounds herself with women on her Pop Up! Scotland team who know how to have fun.

Take advantage of free and low-cost resources offered through your local government, university, or non-profits.

Find the right people to work with and learn the difference between a friend and a business partner.

Pay a lawyer to draw up the paperwork required to protect your intellectual property, your trademarks, and anything else you can't afford to lose.

Words of wisdom from Anne Rushing '03

The seed for Anne's future business was planted during her second year of grad school. "We had to put together a one-day event, a case study of something that related to our practice [but was] an area that we might need work on. And I realized that as much as I knew about making glass, I didn't know much about the exhibition process." She decided to create a pop-up gallery, but in a public place: a glasshouse at the Royal Botanic Garden in Edinburgh. Her hard work, adventurous spirit, and a willingness to ask for favors – "it's amazing how often people say yes when you ask them" – helped to make the event such a success

that the RBGE invited her to stage a month-long exhibition for that summer's Edinburgh Festival.

Suddenly what began as a class project had transformed into something more. With help from the university's Launch.ed program, Anne drafted a business plan and set about planning the festival exhibition, all the while finalizing her MFA and its accompanying degree show. "I don't know why I thought it would be a good idea to start a business while I was finishing a degree. Luckily, it all worked out... though once again I didn't sleep very much!"

The result was Pop Up! Scotland, a not-for-profit venture dedicated to "bringing art to unexpected places." By hosting exhibits in public venues such as shopping malls, pubs, and parks, as well as in rural communities, the organization seeks to combat cultural poverty by making art accessible, providing artists with larger audiences, and sparking creative inspiration.

In 2014, Anne was one of four awarded an entrepreneur-in-residence position through Launch.ed, complete with a salary that allowed her to give up her part-time job at an Edinburgh cheese shop ("The staff discount was killer. So delicious!") and devote herself full-time to Pop Up! Scotland. Soon after, the fledgling organization won the inaugural Social Enterprise Award in the Converge Challenge, Scotland's premiere business competition, netting 7,500 pounds to fund its programs.

Of course, there have been hard lessons along the way. "I'm a person who wants

"Thinking that I can go for things comes from being at GPS and having really great teachers who let us be a little bit weird and crazy and supported our individuality."

to make everyone happy all the time. I've had to realize: Everyone is not going to like you, you're not going to get along with everyone, and that's going to be hard to handle, but I'm learning." And though juggling a growing business with her glasswork is difficult, this Renaissance woman credits her supportive family and her GPS foundation with much of her success. "How to deal with people and a lot of being independent and thinking that I can go for things comes from being at GPS and having really great teachers who let us be a little bit weird and crazy and supported our individuality."

different things and looking at the piece you're working on and thinking about your movements because you have to be aware of other people in the studio. It's almost like a dance."

Graduation brought Anne home to Chattanooga, where the former sorority treasurer worked for three years as a bookkeeper for area businesses, honing her glass skills in her off-hours. Accepted to Boston's School of the Museum of Fine Arts, she changed course when a phone call from acclaimed artist Stephen Powell, head of Centre's glass department, drew her back to Kentucky for an intensive graduate assistantship. Just one year later, after a whirlwind admissions process, Anne packed her bags and headed back across the pond to pursue a master's degree from the University of Edinburgh's glass program. Unlike the Italian-influenced American glass tradition, which is "extremely technically precise, but a little over the top," Anne was drawn to the "subtle, simple, more refined" Scandinavian tradition taught in Scotland.

What's next for Anne? Planning a film festival held at the University of Edinburgh and in pubs around the city... and transforming Pop Up! Scotland's early triumphs into a regular salary! Until then, she offers this advice to budding entrepreneurs: "Go for it! I'm not saying quit your job and just do that [one thing] all the time, but you have to realize it's not going to happen if you just spend an hour here, five minutes there." Yes, failure is possible. But it's not the end of the world. "If you go for something and you fail – even if you fail *hard* – you're not going to starve to death. You may lose your savings, you may have to move in with a friend or your parents for a month or so, you may have to take a job you don't really want to build back up your savings. But at least you can say, 'I made a go of it and it didn't work out and I don't regret that.'" ■



"My maternal grandmother was one of the most influential people in my life," says Anne. "She was very supportive and showed me how to be independent. She passed away while I was in Scotland, so my degree show sculpture, fragile crystal-line boats representing vessels of memory, was very much my dealing with the grief of losing her."

about the author Katherine Giles '96



COLLEGE AND DEGREE
University of Georgia '00
B.A. English literature

FAVORITE BOOK

"I read books for a living. I cannot possibly answer this question."

GPS IN FOUR WORDS OR LESS

"My launch pad."

IF YOU COULD START A BUSINESS, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

"A perfumer who could bottle the scent of books."



Anne "schmoozes" at the opening of "To the Nth Degree," a shopping mall exhibition of photography, textiles, video, sculpture, painting, printmaking, jewelry, and glass.



A Doggone Good Time

Your Charleston County waterparks are going to the dogs...in the best possible way! On September 11 and 12, your perfect pooch is invited to spend a [Dog Day Afternoon](#) in the cool waters of Splash Island and Whirlin' Waters Adventures Waterparks. (Human guests are permitted, but must be escorted by a canine.)



Set Sail!

Join us as we set sail for a good cause during the [Sunset Harbor Cruise Fundraiser](#) on September 12. This event supports the [Charleston County Parks Foundation's](#) Pass It Forward Project, which helps to provide

opportunities for all members of the community to access our parks, programs and services. Guests aboard the Palmetto Breeze will enjoy live music, hors d'oeuvres, and drinks while admiring the breathtaking views of the Charleston Harbor.

Falling for Flowers & Fruits

Spring may be renowned as a natural knockout, but Fall is no shrinking violet! On September 4, learn just how gorgeous our plant neighbors can be

when you embark upon [an autumnal preview](#) of Palmetto Islands County Park...and discover a fascinating new side to familiar plants that are anything but common.



gold!

Grab Your Golden Ticket!

Have you heard? The [Gold Pass](#) is your ticket to ride...and hike...and play... and pretty much have the Best Time Ever in your Charleston County parks! Gold Pass holders enjoy unlimited admission to many of the parks, plus exclusive discounts on select programs and events. Go for the

Mark Your Calendars

August 29 [Stand Up Paddleboard \(SUP\): Beyond Essentials](#)

September 8 [Junior Naturalist: Salt Marsh Investigations](#)

September 9 [Toast Under the Oaks](#)

September 10 [Intro to Archery](#)

September 11 [Stono Rebellion Tour](#)

September 11 [Cast Off Fishing Tournament](#)

September 12 [Sunset Harbor Cruise Fundraiser](#)

September 16 [Starlight Yoga](#)

September 16 [Yappy Hour](#)

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EARTHQUAKE!

Reflections on the Disaster of 1886

By Katherine W. Giles

AUGUST 31, 1886. 9:51 P.M.

Charlestonians were winding down yet another hot summer's day when a cataclysmic earthquake, measuring 7.3 on the modern Richter scale, erupted beneath the city. The massive tremor and subsequent aftershocks shattered buildings, derailed trains, tangled telegraph wires, and spawned fires across the peninsula. Underground wells erupted into geysers, and fissures split the earth, belching noxious-smelling sand and mud into streets and gardens. Terrified residents rushed outside, many clad only in their nightclothes, as the moans of injured and dying neighbors floated through the summer air.

The earthquake of 1886 was the greatest earthquake to strike the eastern United States in recorded history. It was caused by movement at the junction of the Woodstock and Ashley River fault lines, with the epicenter located just south of Summerville. The quake resonated across two million square miles of land and water, from Cuba to Canada. Although scientists have since concluded that South Carolina has experienced seismic activity for thousands of years, the event of 1886 was by far the largest and most destructive. Charleston, which had survived war, occupation, disease, and hurricanes—one nearly devastated the city in 1885—was unprepared for this new calamity, as Captain F. W. Dawson, editor of the *News and Courier*, noted shortly after the quake struck:

The trouble with our people is that they are facing an unknown foe. It is something that they have never been called upon to confront before. When a storm approaches they know what to do; they can calculate the probable damage to life or property, and have some warning of its coming, but here is an unknown quantity as mysterious as terrible. It may come in a moment; it may not come in a hundred years. It may engulf the whole city or simply shake a loose chimney from its foundation. It is the mystery that appalls the people as much as the actual danger.

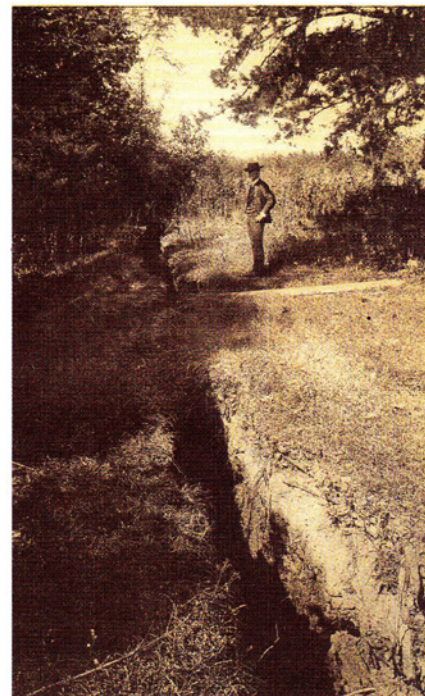
Much of what is known today about the Charleston earthquake was gleaned from the personal accounts of survivors, residents, and visitors who recorded their experiences in diaries, telegrams, and letters. Local newspapers devoted themselves to the crisis, becoming a lifeline for the thousands of people hungry for information

and instruction in the days after the earthquake struck. Many of these articles and letters are preserved today in the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society.

Gut Reactions

In 1886, a young telegraph operator named Charles B. Rittenhouse arrived in Charleston. He came to South Carolina by way of Tennessee, where he had been sent from New York during a southern telegraphers' strike. He was just one of many to receive a rude awakening on that hot August night.

It was getting dusk, and I was getting sleepy when a tremendous jar shook the house, tumbling over my washstand. The walls and the floor shook violently, and I realized it was an earthquake, although this was my first experience with one. I had jumped from my chair and, staggering over the shaking floor toward the door, slipped on a cake of soap that had fallen from the upset wash stand and fell to the floor with my head just about two feet short of the spot where the major part of the chimney crashed through the ceiling of my room and landed. Getting to my feet I jumped through the window on to the roof of the passage-way that led from the kitchen to the steps of the piazza and hung on to the window sill until the trembling of the wall and the rumbling noises had stopped. Re-entering the room, and without putting on any [more] clothes I hurried through the debris, and made my way down the stairs to the small yard at the rear of the house....



A man stands at the edge of a 150-yard-long fissure that appeared near Otranto, along Goose Creek.

From the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society.

For a few seconds there was complete silence and we stood there wondering what would happen next. Then noises of all kinds started up gradually increasing in volume, yelled instructions, cries of pain and anguish, and then in every direction the dusk was slowly lightening up with glowing fires. I was so abstracted that I had not noticed that we were standing in water about six inches in depth which had gushed up through cracks in the earth.



This house on Beaufain Street sustained damage to the piazza and top floor. Today many buildings boast earthquake rods.

From the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society.

Charleston resident Robert G. Chisolm's son-in-law, E.T. Horn, was traveling in Pennsylvania when the earthquake struck. Anxious to get news to the young man about his wife and children, Chisolm sent letters and telegrams to Horn as soon as he was able. From a letter dated September 1 at 3 a.m.:

We have gone through a fearful ordeal, but...we all live. A terrible earthquake. We had just had prayers... and in less than 5 minutes the house commenced to rock and...all small articles thrown about...All gas lights went out. I did not know how soon the house would be down on us. At the first cessation I lit my lamp to see after the children.

Your wardrobe had fallen on Chisolm's and Willie's bed. Chisolm was covered with some kind of medicine from your wardrobe, but thank God, not one of them with a scratch. If Hattie's wardrobe had fallen, it must have crushed Bella. I had them all wrapped up as quickly as possible, brought downstairs, when we had another but not so severe (shock). We all moved out of the house.

I am satisfied there is not a family tonight but what are out on the street. All of the mill lot, white and black, old and young, gathered by the croquet ground, and there we have been ever since.

His simultaneous telegram was shorter and came straight to the point: "Terrible earthquake Narrow escape Chisolm and Willie But all safe."



A makeshift camp at Washington Square Park. Fearing buildings would continue to tumble, many residents fled into the city parks.

From the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society.

An account from a *News and Courier* staffer echoed Rittenhouse and Chisolm's testimonies:

Without a moment's warning, a subterranean roar was heard, buildings shook from garret to cellar, then the fearful noises growing louder and louder, buildings swayed to and fro like trees in a storm, and then came the crash of tumbling houses, and simultaneously mingling with those notes of horror, came the shrieks and wailings of frightened women and children.

Those who rushed into the streets were enveloped in clouds of mortar and brick dust, and wherever the eye fell there were the fragments of buildings, torn and twisted telegraph wires and general havoc. Men, women and children, many in their night apparel, rushed frantically from place to place seeking a spot where they might be safe from danger.

...In many streets the gaslights had been extinguished by the convulsion, and the darkness contributed greatly to increase the fears and the general feeling of uneasiness among the crowds of people who left their habitations to seek safety in the open. In many places prayer meetings were improvised, and at many a street corner could be seen kneeling groups of all ages and conditions, supplicating the Almighty to grant them mercy and protection in the hour of danger.

A strange scene presented itself at the City Hall Park. Here hundreds of people had sought refuge, as no tall buildings were near, the crumbling walls of which might endanger life or limb. Here and there mattresses were laid on the grass on which slumbered infants unconscious of the terrible scenes enacted around them....All through the weary hours, till day dawned, the streets and parks were filled with frightened humanity...

For residents of downtown Charleston, "home" became a tent or other makeshift shelter in one of the city's parks. Marion Square and Washington Square teemed with activity, as whites and blacks alike chose to sleep in the

open air, away from buildings that could cave in. The risk was high, as aftershocks were felt for days. Robert Chisolm conveyed the grim circumstances to his son-in-law in another letter:

Nothing doing in the city. Business stopped. No mails. No banks. No groceries. No ice. Everybody up all night and wide awake today, but not for business. We have shut up the second story and occupy park for sleeping apartment...

In a letter to his father dated September 7, after he returned to Charleston, E. T. Horn requested what was to become a highly sought-after item:

I hope my Father will send some tents to me; I have many applications for them. They are afraid to sleep in the houses. Brick houses are at a discount...The destruction has not been overtold. Nearly every brick structure is seriously cracked...The people show a good deal of courage. The whole town is actively putting things to right. Businesses go on. Families are cheerful while camping in the streets, under carpets, sails and the like.

Newspapers nationwide sounded the call for aid, focusing heavily on the importance of continuing trade with the port city. Charleston welcomed an influx of relief from across the United States and from foreign governments,

nearly \$800,000 (\$18 million today). Even Queen Victoria sent her condolences. New Jersey donated its own militia's tents to the earthquake survivors, a shipment accompanied by this note from Governor Leon Abbott:

The Constitution of the State of New Jersey does not authorize the lending out of tents of the militia, but it is probable that if those who framed the Constitution had thought that any such danger as that which has overwhelmed our brothers in Charleston was possible, some such provision would have been made. Take the tents, we will amend the Constitution later.

Fair Warning

While the citizens of Charleston reeled with shock, hindsight revealed that an early—and largely ignored—warning came from Summerville four days before the massive quake. A local newspaper reported:

The information before its publication in the News and Courier yesterday morning was received throughout the community with a smile of incredulity. The people from Summerville who fled to this city on the first train played the role of "Cassandra" to perfection, inasmuch as though telling the truth, they could get no well-bred Charlestonian to believe them on affidavit. The stories, therefore, of the war dance of the pine trees, the great flood in Pike Hole, the mysterious disappearance of chimney tops, shattered window panes, mysteriously



This dramatic illustration by artist J. Keppler depicts various contributions arriving to aid the fallen city of Charleston, languishing amid the earthquake's rubble. In these pre-FEMA days, the generosity showered on the city totaled nearly \$18 million.

From the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society

slammed doors and shutters, acrobatic bedposts, and all the things that must be well shaken before taken, were put down as another one of the alleged miracles and phenomenas of the pineland Munchausen. The verifications of the Summerville convulsions, however, came about in kind, if not in degree, in Charleston yesterday morning at about a quarter to 5 o'clock. A very pronounced shock was given to the whole community at that hour, and the gravity was only exceeded by the comedy of the situation. People were roused from that peaceful and stony 4:45 A.M. sleep, which only an earthquake can break in so delightful a midsummer night resort as Charleston. The first was a faint tintinnabulation of gate bells, with an obligato of...dogs and a general accompaniment of peripatetic china and crockery in the pantry. The earthquake was then at its heighth or depth as the proper technical term may be, and nine-tenths of the slumbering inhabitants, male and female, went forth to the rear windows clad cap-a-pie in their gowns de duit to await developments. By the time, however, that all this had been accomplished the earthquake, which had another engagement at Summerville, "disappeared" entirely, and was well out of sight.

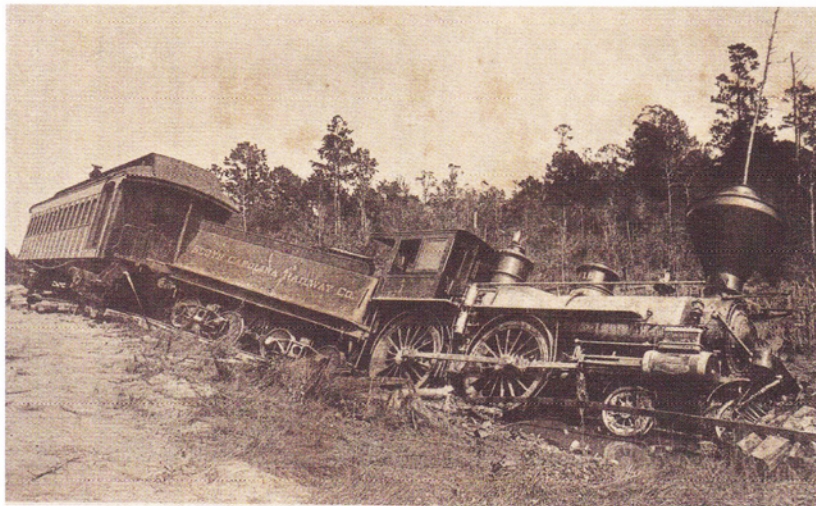
(This Charleston tremor preceded the larger quake to come.) Ironically, it was from Summerville that the earliest reports of the earthquake left South Carolina. Charles Rittenhouse recounts a nerve-wracking trek in search of functioning telegraph lines:

Early the next morning I made my way to the Telegraph Office...there was a huge crowd inside and outside, and I saw the Manager and his Assistants taking in messages that were to be sent at the first opportunity. He was telling them that the wires were all down. I suggested to the Manager, Mr. O'Driscoll, that he let me have the messages he had and take them by train to some outside



Goose Creek residents pause amid the rubble of St. James Episcopal Church, which was caved in by the force of the earthquake.

From the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society.



Rolling stock such as this passenger train operated by the South Carolina Railway Co. were derailed, both by the earthquake itself and by dislocated tracks.

From the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society.

place from where they could be sent on. He agreed and directed another operator (Scott) to go with me. We gathered up a large stack of private messages most of them simply saying "We are safe" and dispatches from reporters to their newspapers, and went to the Railroad Station. We were told that the tracks had been disrupted in many places and that no trains had yet been sent out since the night before. I saw an engine with steam up on a track in the yard, apparently about to start out, and ran into the office of the Train Dispatcher and asked his permission for Scott and I to ride in the Cab, explaining our errand. He consented, and we proceeded getting along nicely for three or four miles, although very slowly, when the engine stopped and we saw that the rails had spread. Two men, that had accompanied us, together with the Engineer and the Fireman got out and straightened the rails, and we proceeded, stopping at other places for the same reason, or going very carefully over places where the Engineer saw small crevices in the earth. Then we came to a very wide crevice where the rails had been badly twisted, and it was obviously dangerous to cross, and that repairs would take a long time, so Scott and I started to walk, and Oh! how hot it was.

After walking about ten miles we came to Summerville, a small town with a railroad station with Telegraph instruments inside but there was no agent or operator in sight....I immediately started to find a "live wire" among those running into the switchboard, while Scott went skirmishing for something to eat, we just then having discovered that neither one of us had had anything to eat since the previous evening...

By grounding one of the wires towards Charleston, and thus cutting off that end of the wire, I was fortunate enough to get a current, and discovered I was on a wire to Washington, D.C. When the operators along the line heard me they broke in and asked me for news. I said



Shortly after the earthquake struck, fires ignited by fallen lamps and candles roared to life. One such fire gutted these buildings at the intersection of Warren and King Streets, near Marion Square.

From the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society.

“Now boys, keep quiet. Let me have this wire exclusively. Listen and you will hear the news”. I asked Washington to connect me to New York. After getting the connection I started to rattle off the messages....This was the first news that the outside world got from devastated Charleston.

Aftershocks

When the dust and sand finally settled, Charlestonians were left to pick up the pieces. Conservative estimates put the number of immediate deaths at thirty people, with more than sixty dying later from their injuries. The total property damage tallied in at nearly six million dollars, \$137 million dollars by today’s standards, far eclipsing the damage caused by the violent hurricane of 1885. Brick buildings constructed on “made land” (fill land, built up over marshes, ponds, and creeks, accounted for nearly one-sixth of the city) suffered the worst damage. More flexible wooden houses and buildings erected on natural, or “unmade,” land fared better. Among the non-residential buildings damaged by the tremors and fires were the U.S. Court House, the police station, the Medical College, Roper Hospital, the Unitarian Church, St. Michael’s Church, St. Philip’s Church, Hibernian Hall, and the post office, as well as shops, warehouses, cotton mills, and other businesses.

On January 9, 1887, the Reverend John Johnson stood before the congregation of St. Philip’s Church. He reflected on the church’s long history in Charleston, and how it had suffered through the fires, bombardments, hurricanes, and the earthquake that assailed the city. While the bulk of the sermon addressed the generous contributions that allowed St. Philip’s to rebuild after the catastrophe, Johnson also shared his personal experience upon visiting the sanctuary in the dark hours after the earthquake struck:



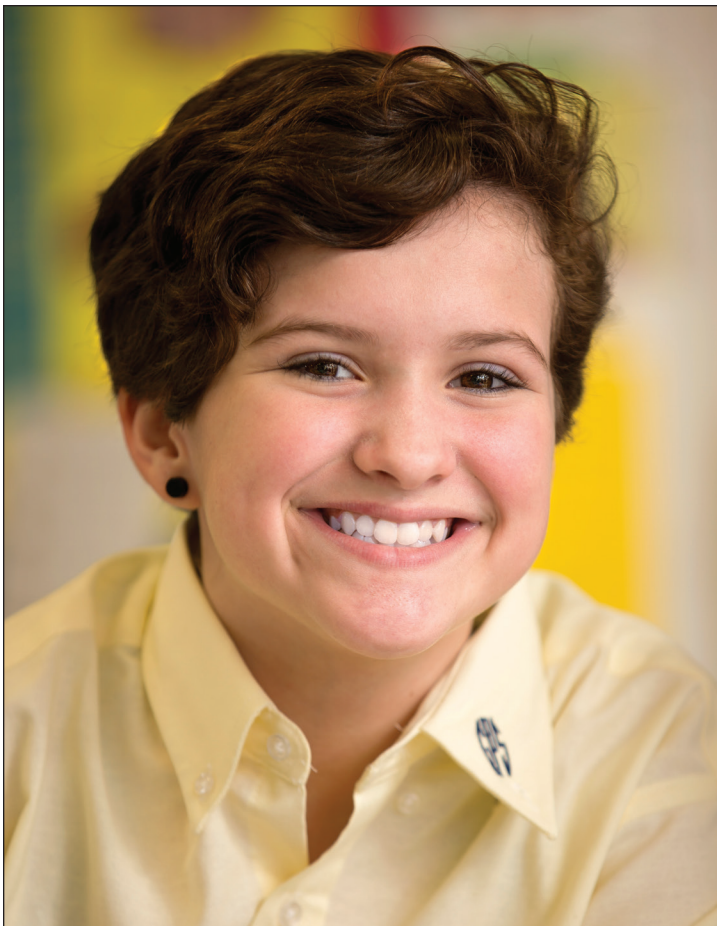
A man poses for a photographer in a ruined street, as others work amidst the rubble of a collapsed building. Clearing the streets of debris cost the city an estimated \$1,380, which translates to \$31,500 today.

From the collections of the South Carolina Historical Society.

When I visited St. Philip’s Church with your sexton to examine its interior, a few hours after the great shock, we had first to clamor over the wreck of the roof piled up in the southern porch. As we together entered the vestibule, lighted by a candle, making darkness visible, and passed up the middle aisle toward the chancel, a small object at my feet attracted my attention. I stooped and picked it up. It proved to be a perfect little flower, which had fallen from among the stucco, or plaster, ornaments of the vaulted ceiling overhead. I took it home and have kept it, for the lesson it would teach us all—“cast down but not destroyed.” Again, as I turned away from the chancel, and was passing to the vestibule, my eyes lifted upward, caught sight of the bright stars shining down through the large break in the roof of the south gallery. An unwonted, an unwelcome, sight to a beholder in its bare reality of sense and substance, but oh, how grateful, how familiar, in their emblematic lesson for the children of God, seemed the stars to me that night! Through loss to gain! Through toil and turmoil to rest! Through darkness to light!

By the autumn of 1887, reminders of the earthquake’s devastation were all but gone. Charleston had rebuilt and was thriving, “once more risen from her ashes, and...again the Queen City of the South.” Today, tourists strolling the streets of downtown Charleston remark on the metal stars and discs adorning the walls of many historic buildings. These ornamental caps hide the earthquake rods that were installed during the city’s reconstruction, serving as small yet everpresent reminders of the disaster that struck on a quiet summer evening so long ago—and that someday may yet strike again.





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BEFORE & AFTER

Personal Space

Interior designer Caroline deVlaming refreshes her petite downtown condo with a warm color palette and clever space solutions



“You don’t have to rip everything out to make a space look completely refreshed,” says interior designer Caroline deVlaming. For years she applied this rule of thumb to her clients’ homes, but when the time came to rehabilitate her own condominium in a circa-1842 house in Harleston Village, she had no choice but to follow the same

creative code.

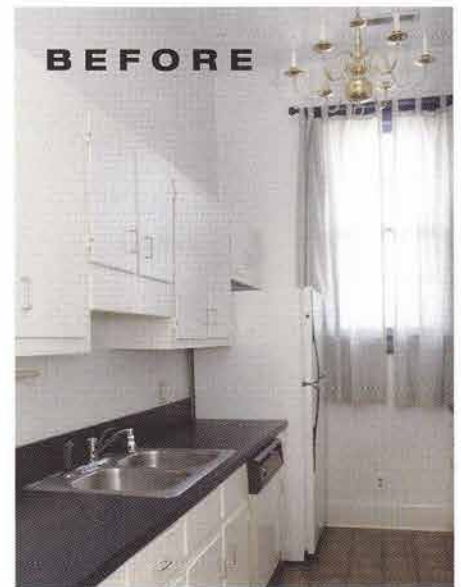
“I had to work under considerable constraints—many of my changes needed to be completely aesthetic,” deVlaming says, adding that the building is considered historically significant.

The three-story house at the corner of Rutledge Avenue and Bull Street was purchased in 1857 by Eugene Joseph Huchet, a cotton trader and French immigrant purportedly descended from



Blending comfortable furnishings and interesting wall art, Caroline deVlaming made the most of her small living room overlooking Bull Street.

"WHEN I LIVED HERE ALONE, I DIDN'T WANT TO SIT AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE EVERY DAY. CREATING THIS KITCHEN NOOK MADE A DRAMATIC DIFFERENCE."



DeVlaming, in her smartly designed breakfast nook, carved out of a space formerly occupied by a guest closet

Working within the narrow parameters of her galley kitchen, DeVlaming traded in underutilized wall space for additional storage. Formica countertops and white plywood cabinetry were replaced with pale marble surfaces and Kraftmaid cupboards.

European nobility. It remained the family's home until the 1931 death of Huchet's daughter, Noemi Elizabeth Huchet, who claimed to be "the only countess living in

South Carolina." The Huchet home changed hands during the ensuing half-century before being divided into six private units in the early 1980s. Each boasts

high ceilings, generous natural light, and original hardwood floors.

Wary of doing too much too soon, DeVlaming opted to live in the unit for a year before making any changes. Just three months later, though, she moved out and called in contractor Christopher Gadsden.

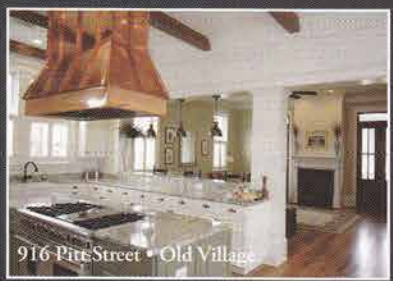
"I think it was a water leak that started



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AT A GLANCE

What the Contractor Did:

- **Expanded the kitchen:** General contractor Christopher Gadsden removed a guest room closet that backed into the kitchen to open up enough space for a two-person dining nook.
- **Rehabilitated a troubled bathroom:** Earlier plumbing mishaps left the homeowner with pipes ensnared with her neighbors'. Unable to alter the shape of the room due to the plumbing, Gadsden stripped it to the studs; replaced the floor, ceiling, and fixtures; and reoriented the linen closet.
- **Extended vertical storage:** Installing larger kitchen cabinets and redesigning the master bedroom closet utilized room height to add valuable storage space.

What the Designer Did:

- **Established a new color palette:** Interior designer and homeowner Caroline deVlaming chose to paint the plain white walls in warm, rich colors. "To me, yellow is the perfect neutral that truly is a color. There's nothing that yellow doesn't go with," she says. The dark red dining-room walls "grounded the room. I wanted it to be really warm."
- **Honored the building's historic architectural details:** "It's basic and beautiful on its own. It has the original floors, and I wanted to maximize the tremendous natural light and the ceiling height." She left several of the plaster walls uncovered by Sheetrock to preserve the deep-reveal of the molding around the doors and windows.
- **Emphasized vertical space:** In a condo measuring "just shy of 1,000 square feet," deVlaming used window treatments, added molding, painted ceilings, hung vertically patterned wallpaper, and extended the new kitchen cabinets, all to draw attention to the height of the rooms.
- **Maximized overall space:** Custom-built French doors on the master bedroom closet double as a dressing mirror. In the pantry, antique wooden shutters from Holland conceal the washer and dryer in the pantry.



Relying on a rich palette of golden yellow, deep reds, and a soft green, deVlaming created a well-balanced backdrop for her living room (top) and master bedroom (above).

the whole thing," recalls Gadsden, who was faced with the challenge of making over the condo's single bathroom without exacerbating a leftover plumbing glitch. "The room had a four-by-two-foot hole in the tile, through the concrete, and down to the original pipes," says deVlaming. "It was a head-to-toe job, literally down to the studs."

Because of the plumbing constraints, explains Gadsden, "the shape of the room stayed pretty much the same." This prohibited the removal of the cast-iron tub, but the remaining fixtures were replaced and the floor sealed and retiled in marble. Though deVlaming had originally planned to leave the plaster ceiling as it was, Gadsden had to replace it with Sheetrock when the plaster caved in. Cracked subway tiles were traded for white beadboard along the bottom half of the walls, the upper portions hung with Sheetrock and painted. The linen closet opened into the hallway, perhaps originally to house a dumbwaiter, so Gadsden moved the door

inside the bathroom.

Once this phase was complete, deVlaming turned her attention to the galley kitchen, made even smaller by the guest-room closet that jutted into it. Removing the closet freed up enough space to create a cozy, two-person dining nook. A tabletop, crafted by the designer's father, is bolted into the wall and pairs with bench seats crafted from an old church pew. "When I lived here alone for three years, I didn't want to sit at the dining room table everyday," she says. "This one little change made the most dramatic difference."

She went on to replace the gray Formica countertops with pale marble and swapped plain white plywood cabinets for spacious, vanilla- and moss-colored wooden cupboards with seeded glass. By extending the new cabinets up along the full height of the walls, she created much-needed storage space.

Smaller-scale changes involved covering



The bathroom underwent considerable alterations, among them replacement of aged subway tiles with white beadboard along the lower half of the walls.

cracking plaster with Sheetrock, adding molding, and installing new light fixtures. A new palette of warm, rich colors, including golden yellow, deep red, and soft green, mix with strategically placed mirrors to create a cozy yet light-filled atmosphere. Cascading curtains and colorful ceilings emphasize the tall windows and the airy feel of the otherwise compact rooms.

“My goal was to make this perfectly personalized for me. I had to work within a lot of constraints that I wouldn’t normally have to, but I think that’s what made it the most interesting design challenge I’ve had yet.”



Pour Présenter

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE VISITING CARD

CARDS FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

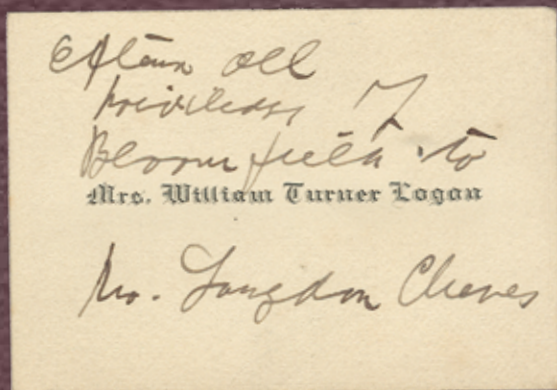
BY KATHERINE W. GILES



During the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, middle- and upper-class women and men visited friends, relatives, and acquaintances in person. Those were days well before e-mail, Facebook, and cell phones, and thus the custom of paying calls was critical to forming and fostering social relationships. An indispensable tool for any well-bred lady or gentleman during this period was the visiting card, better known today as the calling card.

According to papermakers Crane & Co., the first known use of visiting cards was in sixteenth-century Italy, although others argue they were utilized in China during the fifteenth century. The cards gained popularity in France during the reign of Louis XVI, when they were used by aristocrats to announce their arrival to their hosts. Visiting cards were typically embellished with artwork and other flourishes, but by the early nineteenth century styles had simplified, displaying only the bearer's name on high-quality card stock.

The use of visiting cards spread from France to England and eventually to the United States and South Carolina. During the nineteenth and early



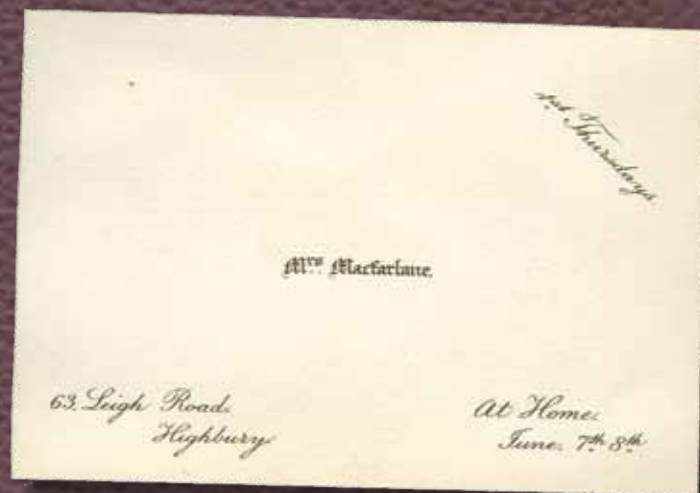
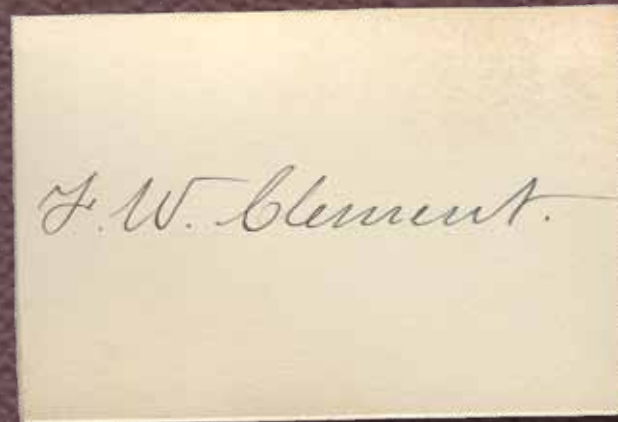


twentieth centuries, the rules of society for middle- and upper-class Americans were strict. What is today a casual social interaction—dropping by a friend’s home to say hello and catch up—was in fact a well-choreographed series of rituals. Though such strictures may seem extreme by twenty-first-century standards, they served a useful function. According to Brett and Kate McKay, authors of *The Art of Manliness*, “Calling cards streamlined introductions and helped remind people of new acquaintances and needed visits.”

When making a call, the visitor would place his or her card on a silver tray proffered by the servant who answered the door. The card would then be taken to the lady of the house. If she was home, she would choose whether or not to receive the visitor. If she wasn’t home, the card was left as a record of the visit. Often a portion of a lady’s day was set aside for making calls and for being “at home” to receive visitors. While gentlemen generally adhered to the same rules as ladies, the task of paying calls to form and foster social acquaintances typically fell to women.

The number of cards presented by a caller was very important, as explained in *Martine’s Handbook of Etiquette, and Guide to True Politeness*, published in 1866. “In leaving cards you must thus distribute them: one for the lady of the house and her daughters...one for the master of the house, and if there be a grown up son or a near male relation staying in the house, one for him. But though the cards are cheap, you must never leave more than three at a time at the same house. As married men have, or are supposed to have, too much to do to make ceremonial calls, it is the custom for a wife to take her husband’s cards with her, and to leave one or two of them with her own.”

If a lady called upon someone for the purpose of forming a new acquaintance, she would typically leave her card without expecting an audience. If the recipient wished to meet the caller, she would



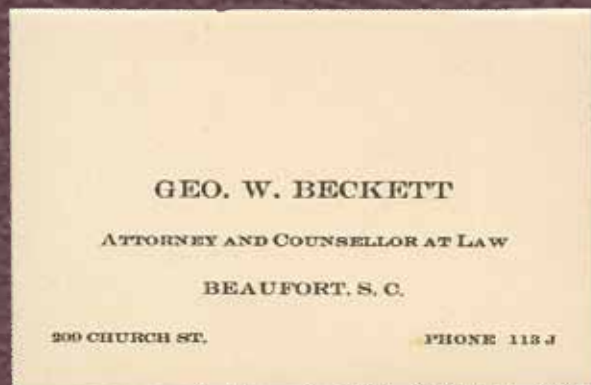


send her own card in response. If she chose against the acquaintance, she would either return the original card in an envelope or not respond at all (a formally prescribed “brush-off” if there ever was one). After paying condolence calls, visitors who left their cards could expect to receive a return card from the bereaved when he or she was prepared to receive visitors again.

Despite their diminutive size, visiting cards could convey a considerable amount of information. For example, a card on which the upper left-hand corner was turned down signified congratulations; turning down the lower left-hand corner communicated condolences. Small inscriptions could also be used. According to *Martine's Hand-book*, “When the caller is about to leave the city for a protracted absence, it is usual to put the letters P.P.C. in the left hand corner of the card; they are the initials of the French phrase, “*pour prendre congé*”—to take leave, and may with equal propriety stand for *presents parting compli-*

ments.” Other standard inscriptions were “p.r.” for *pour remercier* (an expression of thanks), “p.f.N.A.” for *pour feliciter Nouvel An* (Happy New Year), and “p.f.” for *pour feliciter* (congratulations). Sometimes cards were engraved with the card-holder’s address or, in a man’s case, the name of his gentleman’s club. Women occasionally printed their visiting hours on their cards, though these additions could be made by hand as well.

Business cards were also in use during this period, but the two were kept strictly separate. Visiting cards were reserved exclusively for the purpose of meeting social obligations. Business cards, on the other hand, were used much as they are today, to promote a business. In fact, business cards can be traced back at least as far as the seventeenth century, before newspaper advertising became a well-oiled machine. These early “trade cards” were used for advertising and as maps to the business in question, since many towns lacked a formal street numbering system.



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Miss A. S. Gibbs

With
Charleston S.C.
Mrs. Jno. S. Riggs
love & sympathy
Aug 13th 1889.

Despite their popularity, business cards were never left as evidence of a social call. Doing so would give the distasteful impression that the call was made in order to collect a bill.

With the rise of the telephone, the loosening of Victorian social strictures, and the decline of household staffs, formal calls and the need for visiting cards eventually fell out of practice. The only community that continues to officially uphold the tradition is the U.S. Armed Forces, whose officers customarily use calling cards to pay formal social calls. Business cards, on the other hand, only became more popular as the twentieth century wore on. Today they are considered commonplace.

And yet recently stationers have reported a resurgent interest in calling cards, for those occasions when a business card just doesn't suit. From parents swapping info over carpools, retirees actively networking, and singles trading phone numbers with potential dinner dates, traditional calling cards are being put to a variety of new uses.

It is doubtful that our modern culture will return to the rigid social formulas of the Victorian era. Nonetheless, the resurrection of calling cards is proof that, much like fashion trends, some social traditions previously resigned to history can reemerge and adapt to a new era. ♦

Shadow Boxer

WRITER: Katherine Giles (/writer/katherine_giles)

Unearthing the creative layers of Joe Walters' organic art



"At high tide, when the water is still, you can see amazing reflections," says Joe Walters, gazing out over the marsh behind his James Island home. "I've always been interested in reflections and mirror images. They lend themselves to abstraction."

Walters is well-known across the Southeast for his organic sculptures, the inspirations for which frequently emerge during kayak trips through Lowcountry marshes and blackwater rivers. Despite the naturalistic components, he considers his works abstract compositions, with elements such as birds, leaves, or aquatic flora and fauna rendered in unusual scale.

Walters developed his keen eye for nature's aesthetic growing up in Kentucky's hill country, an area that fostered his interest in both art and archaeology.

After earning his MFA from East Carolina University, he worked in graphic design, devoting off-hours to personal projects. When his art began earning him commissions and interest from galleries, he quit his office job. In the mid-'90s, a fellowship from the South Carolina Arts Commission drew the sculptor here. Although he maintains a low profile on the local art scene, recent exhibitions have taken his work to Atlanta, Miami, and Charlotte.

Each sculpture begins as a series of metal skeletons, which the artist covers with polymer clay. When baked in an oven, it hardens into a plastic substance. Walters then covers the objects in glue and sand for texture. Finally, he applies a base coat of enamel and flicks on acrylic paint for added color. "It's an eccentric process that's evolved over years of working with mixed media," he explains. "I've always liked things that look aged and old."

Walters pursues this in his paper works as well, forming images using tea for color and layers of shellac and beeswax for texture. Like sculpting, creating these "drawings" is an intensely physical method, rendering shadowy images in tribute to the reflections wavering across the marsh. "Here I can see nature in all its processes," he says, looking over the water, "the full circle of life." —Katherine W. Giles