

# *The* Piedmont *Virginian*

Serving and Celebrating America's Historic Heart

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## FEATURES

### 49 Food and Wine

Signature Chefs & Dishes

Goodbye to All That

My Favorite Place

Octagon

The Inn at Willow Grove

BY DAN FRIEDMAN

Loudoun Farm to Fork

BY JUDY LIBERSON

Fields of Grace Fromage

BY AMY FEWELL

A New Grape for Old Dominion

BY JOHN HAGARTY

Destination Good Eats

BY MAGGIE WOLFF PETERSON

Recipe of the Season

BY SEBASTIAN CAROSI

### 74 State of Nature

Cataloging Virginia's 3,500 Species

BY BLAND CROWDER

### 78 The Late Unpleasantness

Walmart Retreats

BY THOMAS RANDOLPH

The Writing on the Wall

BY HEIDI BAUMSTARK

Honoring the 620,000

BY JOHN K. JONES

### 86 Art Gallery

The View From Under

BY GREG HUDDLESTON

#### Showy Orchis

SEE STORY ON PAGE 86  
PHOTO BY JACKIE BAILEY LABOVITZ

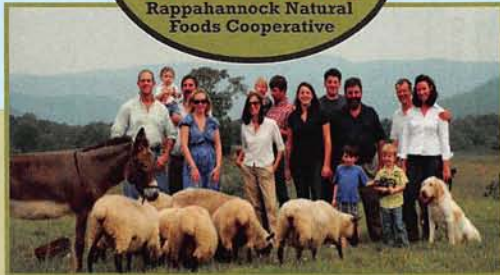


# RAPPAHANNOCK CENTRAL

3 RIVER LANE SPERRYVILLE, VA 22740 • 540.987.8770 WWW.RAPPCENTRAL.COM

Come visit our beautifully restored 30,000 sq.ft. Apple Packing House from the 1930s, where you can: Enjoy a taste of the Country at Café Indigo, sample local wines at our Wine Tasting Room, enjoy and buy local art at River District Arts collective, and buy local and natural food at our farm store owned and operated by a coop of local farmers.  
HOURS OF OPERATION: 10AM - 8PM. CLOSED ON TUESDAY.

Humane • Natural • Sustainable • Local



Buy your local natural food products from a true farmers coop owned by local farmers.

Grassfed/Pastured/Free Range/Natural  
Beef • Pork • Lamb • Chicken • Eggs • Chevon (Goat)  
Fresh Bread, VA Fresh Milk, many other VA made Natural Foods  
One Stop Shop - Online at [www.RNF.coop](http://www.RNF.coop) or  
in our Farm Store at Rappahannock Central

540-987-9699 Sales@RNF.coop www.RNF.coop



River District Arts



Visit artists in their studios  
Purchase a piece of art for your home  
Sign up for classes  
View the latest exhibit in the Confluent Gallery  
Find the perfect gift in our gift shop

**CONFLUENT**  
GALLERY OF ART

540-987-8770 Marilyn@RDA.org www.RDA.org

## Riverview Guest House

Spend the weekend or week at our luxuriously restored log house in the charming village of Sperryville. Cook your own breakfast or dinner in our gourmet kitchen or ask Chef Sebastian from Café Indigo to prepare you a special meal for that romantic weekend. Each room has its own luxurious bathroom with a shower or Jacuzzi. Sleeps seven.



540-987-9164  
[www.RiverviewGuesthouse.net](http://www.RiverviewGuesthouse.net)  
[Lucille@RiverviewGuesthouse.net](mailto:Lucille@RiverviewGuesthouse.net)



Breakfast ~ Lunch ~ Dinner  
Espresso/Drinks

Enjoy a taste of the Country or just hang out and enjoy an espresso or read a newspaper at *Café Indigo*, a local-foods driven café in the European style, where we:

-  Explore progressive American regional cuisine
-  Revive and exploit heritage American food-ways and recipes
-  Support local farmers, cheesemakers, wineries
-  Cook food that recaptures the simple and pure tastes found in locally grown ingredients
-  Strive to raise awareness of a sustainable food system for the future of our children

Hours of Operation (Closed on Tuesday)	Breakfast:	8am - 10am (Thu-Sat)
Sun, Mon, Wed:	Lunch:	11am-3pm
Thu-Sat:	Dinner:	5pm - 9pm
	Family Style Dinner	5pm - 8pm (Sunday)

540-987-8770 ChefSebastian@CafeIndigo.org www.CafeIndigo.org

# The View From Under

Jackie Bailey Labovitz's photographs of spring's ephemeral native plants awaken the forest's understory

BY GREG HUDDLESTON

**D**uring most of the year a casual stroll around our yard and through our surrounding woods here in the northern Piedmont is a pretty uninspiring source of exercise. Although my wife Betty and I have planted and nurtured several perennial gardens, our efforts have been less than spectacular. Thwarted by a thick canopy of trees that limit sunlight, not to mention annual drought conditions in the swelter of July and August, we resign and wave the white flag of surrender. Still, we are blessed with the springtime surprise of native plants offering their unassuming yet delicate beauty in an otherwise drab landscape.

In April our front yard is a sea of blue with waves of Virginia bluebells claiming more and more turf each year. A rockbound island in the middle of the yard offers a predictable array of bleeding hearts and azaleas, but the real star here is a bed of trout lilies, a blanketing understory to ferns transplanted from the woods. Sometimes in the spring, we enjoy a brief display of Indian pipes under the old oaks of the perimeter, but we can always count on the shimmering green carpet of May apple, punctuated here and there with Jack-in-the-pulpits. Captivating with their delicate beauty, the spring ephemerals help us forget our failed efforts in the garden.

So it is that the photographs of Jackie Bailey Labovitz are a real treasure.

Often the result of lying for hours on the woodland floor — camera at the ready, as she waits patiently for leaves to unfurl and bloom to emerge — her images capture a purity of beauty in nature that few ever see.

Born in rural Virginia, Jackie Bailey Labovitz began collecting insects at an early age. Meticulously arranging arthropods in cigar boxes (which a woman named Mrs. Tyson at the general store saved for her) was her first curatorial attempt. With a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, Labovitz began research on American art, moving on to curate art collections for major corporations and American embassies around the world.

In 2003, she picked up a camera. For more than a decade Jackie and her husband, David, have been creating a safe haven for ordinary wildlife. So it was that her photographic safari began in their backyard sanctuary.

An exhibition of 16 of her photographs on canvas, celebrating the short perennial lives of native plants that bloom beneath the forest canopy — is currently on view at the Norfolk Botanical Garden ([www.norfolkbotanicalgarden.org](http://www.norfolkbotanicalgarden.org)) through May; the Museum of the Shenandoah Valley ([www.shenandoahmuseum.org](http://www.shenandoahmuseum.org)), through July; and the Smithsonian National Museum of Natural History



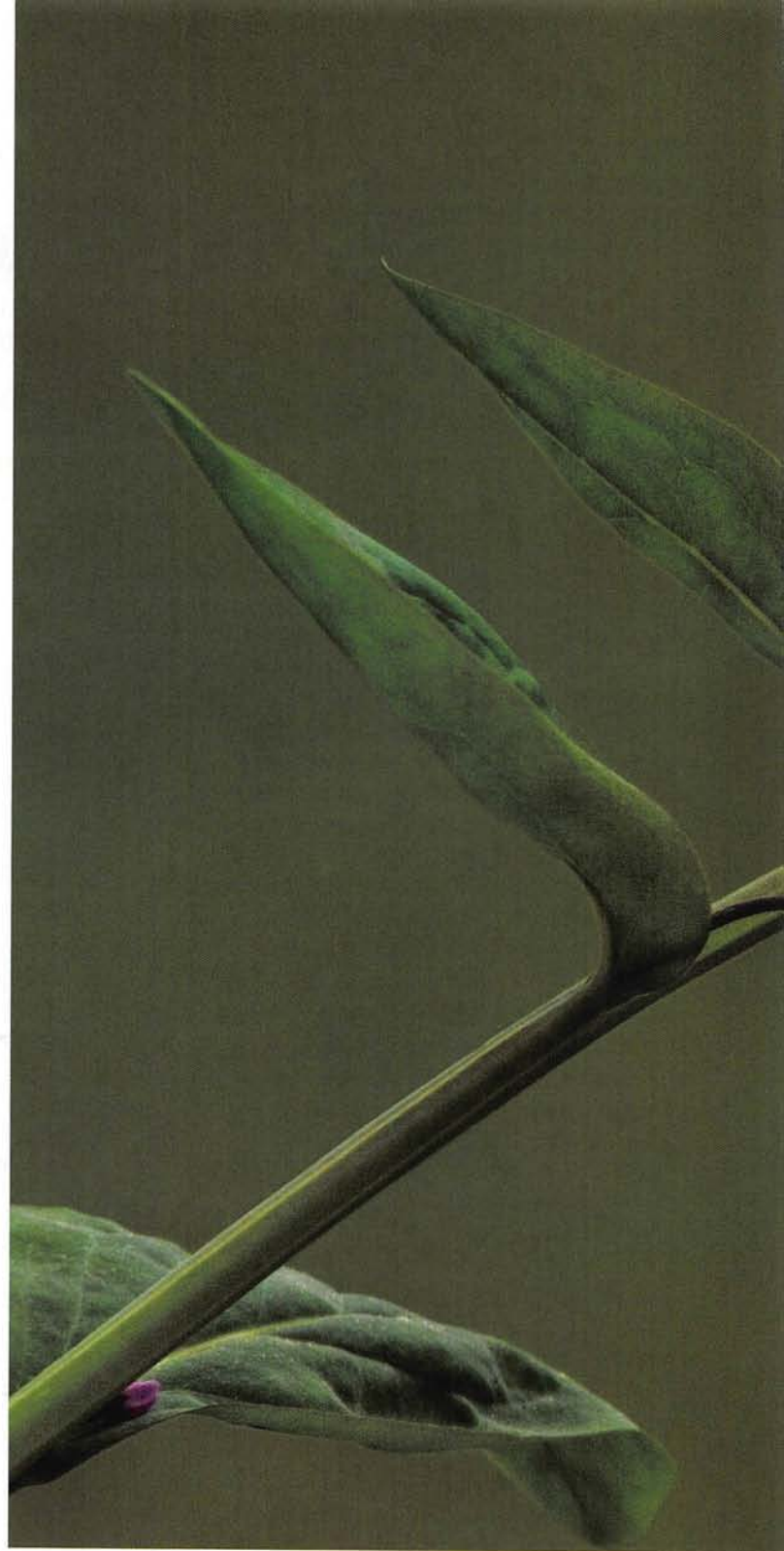
Mayapple

Naturalist Center ([www.mnh.si.edu/education/planned\\_programs/naturalist\\_center.html](http://www.mnh.si.edu/education/planned_programs/naturalist_center.html)) in Leesburg, through end of summer.

ALTHOUGH WORDS FAIL (they always do, particularly in contrast to Labovitz's photographic images), these lines from Ralph Waldo Emerson come to mind:

## *The Rhodora*

On being asked, whence is the flower.  
 In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
 The purple petals fallen in the pool  
 Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
 Tell them, dear, that, if eyes were made for seeing,  
 Then beauty is its own excuse for Being;  
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
 I never thought to ask; I never knew;  
 But in my simple ignorance suppose  
 The self-same power that brought me there, brought you.



Top Left: Pink Lady's Slipper  
Center Left: Showy Orchid  
Bottom Left: Dutchman's Breeches



Pink Trillium



## Shenandoah Song

I flow from south to north  
pour over rapids, weave  
and bend, pooling deep  
where fish flash to dive  
down darkness  
safe from hooks.  
I swirl and twist,  
rush past rocks  
then gather strength  
to splash from falls.

I will soothe you, flowing  
languid, lull you gently  
into trance with my sensual  
song, show you hidden  
deep in shadows  
bones I've slowly  
washed to whiteness.  
I can also drown you.

North Fork of the Shenandoah River  
PHOTO BY JOE HOFFMAN



Bluebells



Bird Foot Violet



Trout Lily

Little Sweet Betsy

