

ON THE TRAIL OF PAUL  
SIMON B2  
ANTHEM FOR  
A BIG GAME B2



The Sag Harbor Express  
Inside & Outside

A GROWING NEED FOR  
INNER PEACE  
B5 A SIGN  
STORY B3



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 2017



Singer/songwriter Inda Eaton. *heller*

Music

# Songs Of the Road

Seizing inspiration in America's heartland

BY MICHELLE TRAURING

Inda Eaton is addicted to the joy and pain of road trips. It's refreshing to get out there and see the world, she explained.

Even so, her most recent jaunt was a bit of a stretch.

As she found out, the dead of winter is not the easiest time to drive cross country, nor the most spacious. Between the weather and the cramped quarters — one car for Ms. Eaton and her wife, Annemarie, to ferry their two dogs, a 12-year-old poodle named Lucky and a shepadoodle puppy named Maisie, from Springs to California and back — it had the potential to be a complete disaster.

Against all odds, it proved to be a road trip they needed to take, especially for the musician of the group.

The journey transported Ms. Eaton to a different time, when she was a child moving from state to state and, unbeknownst to her, growing into the singer-songwriter she would become. As they drove, they kept up with the national news, though all they needed to do was look out the window to see firsthand what was happening across the country.

They did. And with it came an album's worth of inspiration for Ms. Eaton.

It will eventually find its place on her newest album, which she said she hopes to start recording in March. In the meantime, the songs will develop and evolve as Ms. Eaton tests them out on East End audiences, the first of which will be on Friday during the Songwriters Share concert series.

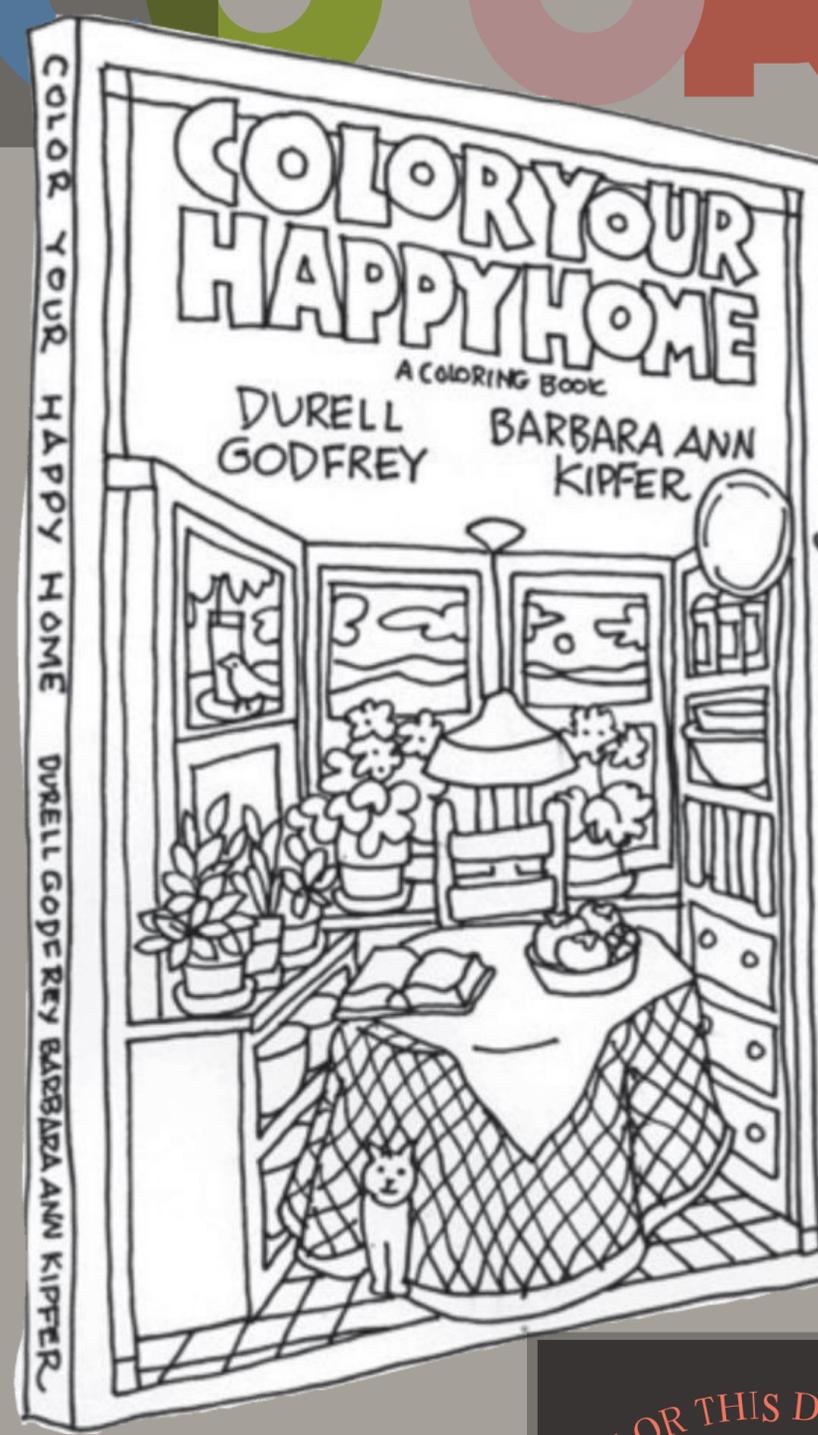
"After a month of being on the road, I can only imagine there will be a bit of a travelogue involved," she said during a recent telephone interview from somewhere in Ohio. "It's not gonna be a political thing, but we've just been so in America that I'm sure it'll come up. I know it'll be an energy-packed show because there's a lot to talk about. I think anytime you have a fresh road trip on top of fresh material, these are evenings and shows not to be missed."

A portion of the proceeds will benefit Project MOST, where Ms. Eaton teaches a songwriting workshop to children not much different than herself at that age.

"I believe I was 11 when I wrote my first song. I started out as a piano player and then I got my hands on a guitar when I was 9," she recalled. "I grew up between Wyoming, Arizona and California. I was a migrant child of divorce. I think divorce was just com-

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# COLOR IS



"Color Your Happy Home," by Durell Godfrey and Barbara Ann Kipfer will be published on February 8.

Finding solace by staying inside the lines

BY ANNETTE HINKLE

Despite being the shortest month of the year, the dull days of February can sometimes feel as if they stretch on forever.

Fortunately, East Hampton illustrator Durell Godfrey will bring some color back into our drab winter lives — literally — when her new coloring book for adults is released on February 8.

"Color Your Happy Home" is Ms. Godfrey's second adult coloring book. Published by Harlequin (the press better known for bodice ripping romances) it comes on the heels of "Color Me Cluttered: A Coloring Book to Transform Everyday Chaos into Art," which was published in 2015 by Penguin Random House.

While the first coloring book focused on scenes filled with objects that define busy lives, Ms. Godfrey's second book is an homage to home and hearth — both urban and rural — from kitchens, attics and pantries to gardens, bedrooms and libraries. Both coloring books feature pages filled with Ms. Godfrey's signature intricate illustrations which provide avid colorists ample opportunity to lose themselves in the page.

And that's exactly the point. "People meditate when they're coloring," explains Ms. Godfrey, a photographer for the *East Hampton Star*. "They go into a zone. If you can go to a zone that's directed, whether it's thinking about mother nature, plants or pickles, it's just another layer."

Infusing her imagery with those layers through the inclusion of specific and often subtle detail is key to the process. Ms. Godfrey notes that she likes

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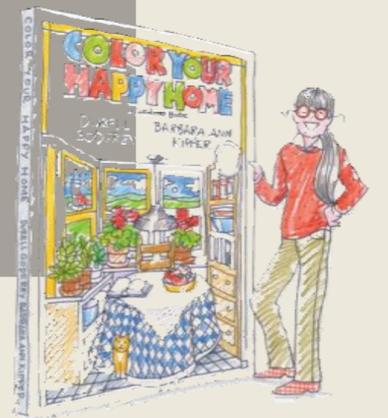
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MIRROR IMAGINED

by Roger Beckles, 22 x 22 inches, oil on canvas, 2015



Art

# Creating Through Struggles

Exploring the long journey of African-American artists

BY MICHELLE TRAURING

In the wake of January 20 and the inauguration of a president endorsed by the Ku Klux Klan, millions of Americans are fighting to protect their fundamental rights, with growing concern that the nation's policies toward civil rights could regress by a half century.

People around the world are not sitting down quietly, and in honor of Black History Month, the Grenning Gallery is doing its part to stand up, according to sales associate Megan Toy.

"I think that under the current administration, our country is going to face a long struggle—racism being a major factor," she said. "Currently, institutional recognition of the African-American artist has lagged behind their actual contributions, and we seek to offset that in our classical eddy of the art world."

Bringing together the work of seven African-American artists for the upcoming exhibition "Expanding Tradition: The Journey of the African-American Artist," opening Saturday, was "very interesting," she said. While they all hail from vastly different

backgrounds, as echoed in their media and painting styles, they all seem to capture a "certain mood, a sort of peaceful contemplation."

Oil painters Mario Robinson and James Hoston, and Jas Knight, who thrives via watercolor, are all familiar faces at the Sag Harbor gallery, but new to the fold is emerging artist George Morton.

"His story is an inspirational one," Ms. Toy said. "Raised in an impoverished and drug-infested community, Morton was arrested at the age of 20

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ON THE ROAD

Annette Hinkle

Sign of the Times



On our respective phones. kids as well, so we all read out ideas for march signs as we came across

You'd be surprised how hard it is to find exactly the right message to carry over your head all day, unless you came of age in the '60s, in which case this sort of thing probably comes naturally, so we started narrowing it down.

"Yuge mistake," said one among our number. "How about 'Dumbledore wouldn't let this happen,'" offered another.

Then there was my personal favorite — "Not usually a sign guy, but geez."

All were worthy contenders. We also found plenty of vulgar phrases as well, but none of us was interested in going there.

My daughter and her friends were very specific about the type of message they wanted. Forceful, yet positive.

In the end, Sophie opted to recreate a graphically intricate sign depicting a raised fist that read "Hear Our Voice" — on the reverse side she wrote "Nasty Woman" with arrows pointing to her head.

Her friend went '80s retro with "Girls just wanna have fundamental

human rights," though she started grumbling halfway through when she realized how much lettering she'd have to do. But she persevered and in the end, came out with a fine looking and age appropriate sign.

Our friend's teenage son came up with "I'm With Them" ...you gotta love a boy like that.

Me? In the end I opted for what I felt says it all.

"Make America Think Again."

It was a great sign, if I do say so myself — a little color, a little script, lot's of bold sharpie and some floral accompaniment.

The next morning, we walked to

the Metro with our signs. Initially had the sidewalks to ourselves, but as we got closer to the station, we were joined at first by dozens, then hundreds, and finally thousands of people filing down the steps to buy subway

My daughter and her friends were very specific about the type of message they wanted. Forceful, yet positive.

tickets and join the throngs headed downtown. It was a calm and uplifting chaos in a way that rush hour in New York never is.

And people really liked our signs. Several of them asked if they could take a picture of mine and I happily obliged. We were in this together.

Well, most of us. The previous day I had posted a photo on Facebook of the plane that would be flying us to the march saying we were on our way.

"What are you protesting?" asked one high school acquaintance in response — I'm reluctant to call her a "friend" as I haven't laid eyes on her

since the day we graduated, but I find it useful to stay apprised of what motivates people back in my hometown, since it usually runs counter to my own beliefs system. "Preservation of women's rights," I

wrote back. "Don't we already have that?" she responded. "They're being eroded even as we speak," I countered. That was the end of it, but it struck me that many people who have grown complacent in their lives have also

grown complacent. They can't think of a single reason to march, which I guess

is great for them. But what about those who don't feel secure about their rights in their relationships, their jobs or the world? Those who are afraid or unable to speak out?

That's the danger I see now and that's why I felt it was important to bring my daughter to the march. After making our signs, we took the girls downtown for a dinner event at a DC restaurant featuring speakers from several non-profit groups dedicated to helping women get involved and run for office at all levels. Emily's List was there, as was She Should Run and Off the Sidelines, which was founded by our own senator, Kirsten Gillibrand, to

encourage women and girls to make their voices heard on issues they care about.

Our daughters were the youngest people in the room, and they were frequently pointed out as the ones who

not be complacent — that doesn't

happen. It will make a difference. Here were powerful girls and women encouraging our

pen every day and it had an effect that carried over to the march the following day. Seeing hundreds of thousands of people all in one place and knowing that hundreds of thousands more are marching in cities around the world will do that to you.

I think the day was good training for what we will face in the next few years. And the next time we vote for president in 2020, my own daughter will be old enough to go to the polls.

All in all, it was a great weekend. On Sunday, walking through Baltimore Airport with our signs tucked under our arms was quite an experience.

Many women cheered us from the food court or grinned and gave the thumbs up as we passed. An older man in a blue uniform who worked at the airport quietly said, "I like your sign" as we passed. There were Trump supporters there too, groups of people who had obviously attended the inauguration. Like us, they were buoyed by enthusi-

asm from the weekend, but weren't so interested in checking out our signs.

We had a bit of a snafu on the trip home. After boarding the plane, a problem was found and we had to move to a new gate and another plane. In the turmoil of transferring our luggage, I couldn't find my sign in the overhead bin.

So I left it behind. I wasn't happy. But then it hit me — that plane would be crisscrossing the country countless times in the weeks ahead. Like a chain letter, I can only hope that my sign is now winging its way through the heartland without me — spreading the word that it's time to wake up and smell the coffee.

Yes, America, it is time to think

again. Perhaps someone will end up

getting the message and putting it to good use in their own neighborhood — maybe it will be the same neighborhood where I grew up.

I can hope, can't I?

for a first-time drug offense, and sentenced to 11 years in a federal prison. After patiently serving his time, Mor-

Academy of Art. His drawing 'Mars' ton launched a Kickstarter account to

for his enrollment to the is exceptional, and we've made it our cover image for the exhibition."

Co-curator of the exhibition, Andree Michelle — a local African-American writer who is launching her new book "Escape Under Cover: The Ola Mae Story" this month — introduced artists Roger Beckles, a Barbados native and realist painter, and Philip Smallwood, who is known for his "Lifescapes" watercolor paintings, to the gallery. But artist Irvin Rodriguez took it upon himself to make them notice him.

"Irvin Rodriguez sent us his art work through an email submission," Ms. Toy explained. "Grenning Gallery's inbox is drowning in email submissions from artists from across the globe and it is extremely rare we take on an artist this way. However, if the work is extraordinary, we cannot ignore it. And Irvin's work is extraordinary. We may be giving him a show in the near future."

In the contemporary art world, a handful of African-American artists — among them Mark Bradford, Glenn Ligon and Julie Mehretu — have

made their way into the upper echelons, where their work fetches millions of dollars at auction. And even fewer have been given major solo museum shows, according to the gallery.

The art market generally undervalues work by 19th- and 20th-century African-American artists, relative to white artists of equal standing, and it is up to museums and galleries to combat this and advance racial diversity by showcasing both emerging and mid-career underrepresented artists.

"We want to support the black community, because civil rights is still a major issue, and we should all do what we can to enforce their worth," Ms.

Toy said, adding, "The Eastville Community Historical Society has a collection of historical documents, photographs, et cetera that tell the stories of local, historical black people in the Sag Harbor community. One item the director, Georgetown Grier-Key, showed me was an old tintype of a local black man. She told me that the piece was discovered when a family was tearing up the floors, and the tintype was used as a tile, faced town, for flooring.

On DC. It was January 20. Inauguration

On a recent Friday afternoon, I found myself in Washington,

on march day. And while all the predictable pomp and circumstance was taking place a few miles down the road, I was in suburban DC with a group of people clustered around a dining room table filled with colorful markers and blank white poster boards awaiting our commands.

We were all focused on finding just the right message.

I had flown to DC earlier that day with my 15-year-old daughter, Sophie, along with a Sag Harbor friend and his daughter to take part in the Women's March on Washington, which was scheduled for the following day.

We flew Southwest Airlines, and as we waited to board at Islip Airport that morning, it was apparent our flight

to Baltimore was going to be filled with other like-minded individuals also headed down for the march. You could tell by the defiant look in their eyes, the sense of moral support among strangers, and the pink-eared hats on

many heads. These were women on a mission. We

even ran into people we knew — including another mother/teenage daughter duo from Sag Harbor determined to make themselves heard.

I knew that hundreds of East Enders would be heading down for the march the following day on buses, but when I saw lots of them were also flying down, I realized this was going to be big — I mean really big.

But first, we had to come up with our message, and that's what we were doing on this Friday afternoon.

Our sign-making headquarters was the home of friends — former Sag Harbor residents who had moved to DC a few years ago. They have two teenage

we ANNETTE HINKLE is an award-winning journalist, writer and editor who lives in East Hampton with her husband and 15-year old daughter.

Inda Eaton finds inspiration in the heartland

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ing in vogue in the '70s, and I think I embodied the suitcase kid very well

— and there is a direct correlation to being a suitcase kid to my wanderlust now, and unrequited yearning."

Songwriting as a child was a creative outlet, she said, and she still remembers her first song to this day. It was titled "Overnight Stardom" and asked his questions of

of ce w: di

these days, the musician is tedly more self aware, she said.

"I think, lately, I've just opened up my heart. And whatever it is, it is," she said. "Coming out on this next record, this will be about the new frontier. There's a song coming out called 'Route 66.' Well, in the last month, I've just driven it twice. So it will take on a whole new meaning.

"I get a lot of ideas from the road," she continued. "Sometimes I don't finish the entire song on the road, but you certainly can't skip out the window. It be weather or

activity, I get inspired to write a Stevie Nicks song, and the were rolling down my face," she said.

"And you know every word and every song that came on was like a daily quote. I just sat there singing these songs between a beautiful omelet and extreme tears, and boy, if that's not medicine. Sometimes Neil Young speaks for you when you can't."

"I think we're in a different era of music, in that the artists I just mentioned, I don't know if we'll see the likes of that huge career ever again," she added. "But as an artist, I feel very strong that my

You think it's when you're 18, but don't think that. I think my best work is coming out of me now. And I think for the current cultural climate, music is the true uniter. We really are more connected than not."

Inda Eaton will perform during the third annual Songwriters Share concert series on Friday, February 3, at 8 p.m. at the Unitarian Universalist Meetinghouse of the South Fork in Bridgehampton. A reception will follow. Tickets are \$15. A portion of the proceeds will benefit Project MOST. For more information, call (631) 725-3938.

"People have been surprised to see people for so long," she said, "and we need to change that."

"Expanding Tradition: The Journey of the African-American Artist" will open with a reception on Saturday, February 4, from 5:30 to 7 p.m. at the Grenning Gallery in Sag Harbor. The exhibition remains on view through March 5. Ten percent of opening day sales will benefit the Eastville Community Historical Society, in support of its six-week summer art camp. For more information, call (631) 725-8469, or visit grenninggallery.com.

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