


The Garden By Bailey White

An Excerpt from the book entitled HOME

Edited by Sharon & Steve Fiffer, PANTHEON BOOKS

 IN 1987 THE HOUSE WAS sold to a hotel and restaurant corporation. Within three months it was replumbed, rewired, reroofed, and repainted. A bulldozer leveled the grot and filled the rice bog. In one day a team of professional gardeners hacked through the tangle of roses and ferns with weed eaters and chain saws until they came down to the old winding paths, the sundial, and the poem on its marble slab. They trimmed the opening under the tea olive trees into a neat arch, they replaced the rampant Lady Banksia and Seven Sisters with modern, controllable roses, they patched in a pool and installed a recirculating filter pump with a spray fountain and bronze nymph, and they edged the Ophiopogon borders. In the ferns, where the grot had been, they put a teak Chinese Chippendale-style bench with a potted topiary tree rosemary at each end.

In 1990, to commemorate its opening as a country inn, the house and its garden were featured on the cover of Leisure



South magazine. In April, when the roses came into bloom, the magazine editor and photographer came down from Atlanta. She was feeling weary of her job—endless articles she would write in the magazine’s relentlessly jaunty style about redecorating family rooms and putting up redwood fences. He was feeling bitter.

They stood for a minute in the shade of the two olive trees and looked into the sunny garden. “And here I am at another goddamned garden, another goddamned dewdrop on another goddamned rose, more of that goddamned green murk in the background.”

He stepped out into the sunlight and went to work, not quiet focusing on a full-blown Tropicana rose, catching a rainbow in the spray behind the nymph, zooming in on a tiger swallowtail on a potted geranium.

“What’s this,” she said. “It might be a gravestone.” She ran her fingers along the eroded lines of spidery letters. “Something about a garden, God something, rose something. Here it says when something is cool, eve, when the eve is cool.”

But it was hot in the sun on that April day, and she sat down on the teak bench in the shade and thought up titles for articles she might write. “Chintz Transforms a foyer,” “Lighten That Hedge with Old-Fashioned Elaegnus!”

She lay back on the bench and closed her eyes. She could hear the clicks and whirrings of his cameras like little bird songs. Through her eyelids she could see shifting patterns of

sun and shade.

“Imagine,” she said, “this garden being here, unchanged, all these years.”

“Yep,” he said, stuffing rolls of film into the pockets of his vest. “Well, that’s what we like about the South.”

“Still,” she said, “let’s just sit here a minute, in the shade, in this peaceful place.”

Summer

I like hot days, hot days
Sweat is what you got days
Bugs buzzin from cousin to cousin
Juices dripping
Running and ripping
Catch the one you love days

Birds peeping
Old men sleeping
Lazy days, daisies lay
Beaming and dreaming
Of hot days, hot days,
Sweat is what you got days

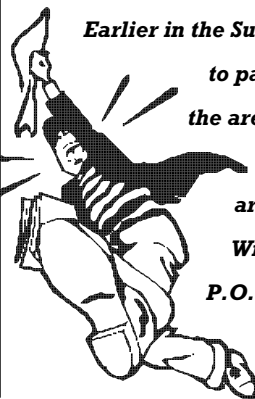
Walter Dean Myers (b.1937)



BGE's Land Fate Still Unsure

If everyone in the community is still curious about the fate of the BGE owned four acre plot on the north side of Cold Spring Lane, it's no wonder. Negotiations are still in the works between the neighborhood and BGE officials. The Trust for Public Lands; a non-profit and land conservation organization that helps communities protect open space, approached the power company about purchasing the land. No word yet on the outcome of these negotiations. The property is zoned R-5 which allows detached or attached single-family dwellings. Senior housing would be a conditional use of the land and that would have to be approved by the city council. We will be following the talks closely and keep you posted as developments occur.

Traffic Ballot Results Are In



Earlier in the Summer residents were asked to participate in a traffic survey of the area. The results of those ballots are in and copies are available by request.

Write to: The Evergreen.

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School is in session... so drive safely!

“Each plant has a personality, each kind of herb a fragrant memory” — Rosetta Clarkson