

Privatizing Lorain

The Cleveland case, part 2

By Beth Connors-Manke

Editor's note: in part one of her essay, Beth began examining the ways Ariel Castro, the Cleveland man who recently pleaded guilty to imprisoning and raping Amanda Berry, Gina DeJesus, and Michelle Knight, represents structures of thought that are shocking yet familiar in our culture. Here, she looks more closely at the ways privatization threatens individuals and the public sphere.

Unless something very unexpected happens, we'll probably see relatively little of any of them again. The picture will fade; whatever pattern was momentarily illuminated for us will fall back into disparate pieces; we won't be able to see how any of this works.

Ariel Castro, by agreeing to a plea deal of life in prison without parole, seems to be avoiding both the death penalty and the probing glare that would come with a trial. Whether it is his intention or not, he may also be granting Amanda Berry, Gina DeJesus, and Michelle Knight the privacy they have asked for—the privacy that they recently affirmed via video is necessary for their recovery. The women's strong desire to be shielded from public interest was asserted again when family members of Berry and DeJesus presented victim's statements in court.

Sylvia Colon, DeJesus's cousin, said, "Today is the last day we want to think or talk about this. These events will not hold a place in our hearts."

Beth Serrano, Berry's sister, explained Berry's wish to shield her daughter: "She [Berry] does not want to talk about these things, she has not

talked about them even to me. She does not want others to talk about these things. The main reason she does not want anyone to talk about the things or be forced to talk about these things is because she has a young daughter. She would love to be the person who decides to tell her daughter, when to tell her daughter, how to tell her daughter, certain things." Serrano's statement goes on to say that Berry does not want other people to talk or write about what happened.

For the time being, what happened in that house at 2207 Seymour Avenue in Cleveland will remain veiled, cordoned off from public view. What Castro was once keeping from the world, the young women are now asking to be the gatekeepers of.

Privacy v. privatization

In that transfer of power, in that handing over of the keys to the women's lives, there has been a subtle, but important, shift: the shift from privatization to privacy.

In a broad way, privacy is a protection of self and the intimate aspects of one's life. It creates a necessary boundary that, ideally, preserves an individual's mental, emotional, and physical safety and well-being. Maybe that protection is from a family member, lover, neighbor, or co-worker. Maybe it's from an institution or, as we should be very concerned about right now, from the government. Privacy is an incredibly important concept that should be defended legally and socially, but as we know, it can often be used to hide abuses ("What he does

Continued on page 7

Yeti tales

Kenn Minter's newest comic landscape

By Evan Barker

The Emerald Yeti is an arresting character. Massive in build and dashing in his Army dress uniform, he dominates the frames of his story with gravity. And yet he's graceful—bold green fur blurring his humanoid features, meshing strangely with twentieth-century surroundings. The Emerald Yeti is a superhero, or he isn't. Actually, he is, but this aspect of his life isn't prominently on display in the first two issues of *Tales of the Emerald Yeti*, the comic which details the background of an oddly named and compelling character.

The Yeti, Incredio-Lad, Incredio-Lass, Professor Hundscheiße, Super-Ego, and Little Miss Fantastic form the phantasmagoric core lineup of creator Kenn Minter and penciler Clarence Pruitt's comic universe, slyly twisted and irony-laden—a throwback-cum-update to what the authors term "the Bronze Age comics of the rocking, exploitative days of the 1970s."

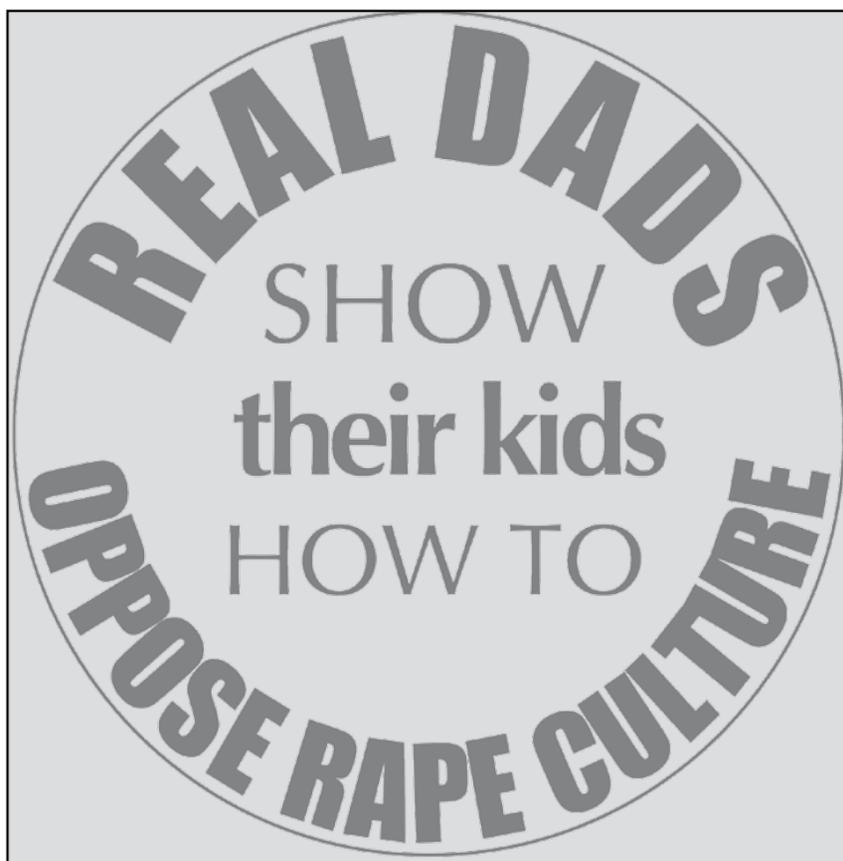
The Yeti first appeared as a member of the Experts, Minter and Pruitt's thoroughly modern, thoroughly American superhero group. *The Experts* (graphic novel) is set in the present, a riff on the archetypal cooperative of superheroes. Except the Experts are more about sweet corporate endorsements than actual crime-fighting, much the way celebrity chefs these days tend to sell their images,

cookware, books, and utensils instead of making actual food. The Experts collect royalties and bust the occasional hoodlum, and life is sweet. They eventually break up, and that's where Minter decided that the Emerald Yeti was the most interesting and nuanced character of the group, and the one whose background was the least explored.

In *Tales*, the Yeti strides into his own backstory in 1972—just returned from Vietnam, walking through the urban blight of a New York-ish American city—and lands in a seedy flophouse hotel, planning to end his life. This scene, like the rest of the comic, is sumptuously detailed and rendered in a historical-feeling black and white. A famous American cultural figure comes in the background, cracking an off-color joke.

Minter says he "first sketched the Yeti years ago, but I didn't know who he was or what to do with him at first." The original inspiration for a super-heroic, questionably jolly, giant green man was actually "this dog toy someone gave me." It was man-shaped, covered in bright green fur, and Minter immediately mused on what kind of superhero he (the Yeti) could be as "just a big, green, fuzzy guy."

Stereotypical "BIFF! POW!" fight scenes are pretty much absent in early episodes. He says "I rarely write a fight scene" because what's most important



Mudd wins street feminism sticker design contest

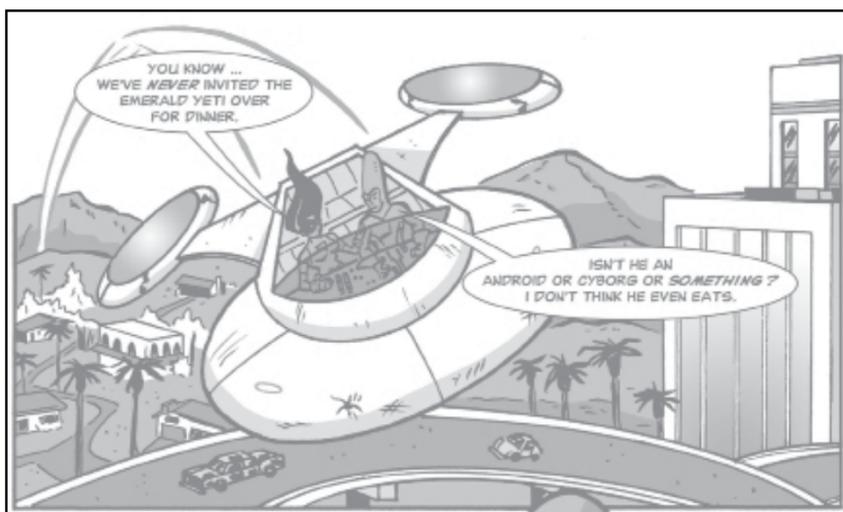
He called it a "simple, no-frills propaganda piece" filled with text that he liked. We concurred, and declared Kenwick resident Martin Mudd's submission a winner in our street feminism sticker design contest.

Announced in the March column of *Misadventures in the City*, the contest called for designs for an anti-sexism, anti-violence sticker.

"I would love to personally plaster these all over Lexington," Mudd stated at the end of his email submission. Well, he is about to get his chance to do just that.

Mudd's winning entry will be printed by *NoC* and distributed throughout town on lamp posts, telephone poles, magazine racks, discarded buildings, university dorm rooms, bathroom stalls, tavern walls, and any other areas needing some fatherly advice. He (and you) are welcome to do the same thing.

We must "build a culture of resistance," Mudd writes in his artist statement appearing on page 4 of this issue, "which in time will lead us to a culture free of sexual violence and oppression."



Scenes from Kenn Minter's *Tales of the Emerald Yeti*.

is "what makes the characters tick." The lack of fight scenes doesn't hamper the comic at all, however, because the Yeti's inner (and outer, we see) conflicts are plenty of grist for a slow-revealing plot. It's as if we need to see him untangle his personal demons before he can kick criminal ass. This is by design; "all of my characters are messed up somehow," Minter says. "I'm not interested in creating characters who aren't anyone."

The comic landscape

This is to say that Minter tries to differentiate his work from the more mainstream Marvel and DC comics. He points out that they became most interesting in the sixties, after the nanny-state witch hunts of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency. The committee held so-called "comic book hearings" in 1954, parading junk

science (specifically the famed *Seduction of the Innocent* by Fredric Wertham) to prove that the crime comics published by Educational Comics (EC) were a direct cause of juvenile delinquency.

In reaction, the comics industry self-censored, banning words like "horror" and "terror" from titles. (Minter and Pruitt nod to the olden days by placing the Comics Code Authority logo on the covers of each episode, though a few of the covers pay homage to the scandalous EC illustrations of yore). In the wake of these events, Marvel and DC Comics rose to the forefront and took a different tack, creating longer storylines that explored the actual characters as, well, characters.

The comic landscape has become tough in recent years, declining from its

Continued on page 3

Contents

2-Neighborhood

Parade County, USA
Really, really free market
A Blount Fourth
Common Good update

Artist statement from Mudd

5-World

The Leek
Old man gets older

6-Opinion

Responses to Trayvon Martin
Epling political cartoon

8- Comics

More Yeti tales
Not political
Salubrious Soup
Delmar von Lexington

Coming soon

West Hickman walk
Hatchling of the Chickasaw
More Epling magic

AUGUST 2013

Parade County, USA

Another Creatives for Common Sense position paper



Taiwanese American Association of Central Kentucky parade members await their place in line at the Fourth of July Parade, Lexington, KY. Photo by Danny Mayer.

Everybody loves a good parade. With their endless public dioramas of who-knows-what processing down the line, parades are open-access patchwork showcases of our lives—and we love them for it.

Big bands march. Young Republicans, old Democrats, ethnic societies, and the proletariat hike. Beauty queens, fire and police brigades, pug clubs, bikers and boxers, equestrians, the occasional unicycle, and Jerry Moody ride. And the rest of us cheer, standing firm in loose rows upon sidewalks, under building facades, along friends' porches, evincing a rag-tag patchwork spectacle of our own, because somewhere in the procession of strange happy fellows traveling together in packs with their banners, and probably at several points, we see ourselves—or we see reflections of our neighbors, our mascots, our dreams, and ideals.

We Creatives for Common Sense (CfCS) call upon Fayette Urban County Government to build upon this common love of the public procession and to create a positive parade environment by dividing the county into eight designated Parade Eruption Zones (PEZ). Each PEZ should be criss-crossed by a series of parade routes that showcase county neighborhoods, parks, and commercial zones appearing within it, with each zone anchored by a PEZ Station, a central public space into which various parades may choose to culminate. (In keeping with Commonwealth practice, PEZ Stations by law must lie within one hour amble of all able-bodied residents residing therein, or within two hours horse trot for individuals located far out on the rural PEZ).

To cement its commitment, we call upon city leaders to designate \$100,000 in city economic development funds for the creation of 8-10 new parade routes through county PEZ, and to pass a symbolic resolution unilaterally declaring Fayette County as the “Parade Capital of the World.”

The \$100,000 price tag, which should divert from city economic development funds, would pay infrastructure costs and provide monies toward a baseline commonality of talent for all parades. The roughly \$8,000-12,500 cost per parade (CPP) would be put toward the following four areas.

The greatest chunk of money would fund part-time police officers for traffic and other needs, with work preference given to those police residing in a particular parade's home PEZ. The money would also pay a small number of designated “parade performers,” who might range in type from marching bands like March Madness and Paul Lawrence Dunbar, to local bar acts like the Swells Brass Band, Tee Dee, and Sheisty Khrist; it would help fund setup and cleanup; and, finally, it would employ a single part-time person to conduct citizen input on parade routes and otherwise manage and brand all county PEZ. This person should be of good standing in the community, one whose official title shall be Grand Master of Parades, and who shall be referred to in all formal settings as Grand Master P.

A common sense business plan

Lexington is home to a good stable of community parades, but nearly all route through or near Main Street. A suburban northsider or Jessamine County parade enthusiast must always travel to the same downtown location to catch Lexington parades. So too must the Jacobson Park-er, the Meadowthorpe family of four, the Clays Mill commuter, and anyone else not residing within the increasingly unaffordable “live-work-play” downtown area. This over-reliance on the Main Street Parade (MSP), though doubtless an unintentional act, has resulted in several missed opportunities for our fair city to capitalize upon a universally common affection for parades.

Chief among these, of course, is what we Creatives miss economically. Whatever else they do for us as individuals and community members, parades are nearly 100 percent organic economic and brand stimulants. As people flood in, the events themselves operate like quick jolts of economic espresso that pump through the city body. And then, as paraders and journalists seep out and tell friends, or write coverage, or plan to return for next year's parade, the brand image begins to take hold, burning through the media-sphere like a neat bourbon drunk slow. Think: where do you go for Mardi Gras? Which coast city holds the best Saint Patrick's Day parade? Where do you go to see a parade on or about January 1? How about Thanksgiving Day?

You get the point: for the host city, a good parade attracts gobs of people, money, and attention—all things we Creative Fayette Urban Countians desire.

Lexington, alas, does not have the resources, history, or iconic route-lengths

Continued on page 4

Lexington Really Really Free Market

August 24, 12-4pm, Woodland Park gazebo

By Martin Mudd

I don't put much stock in material possessions. They can break, get lost, get stolen, or get outdated, and in the end, they're just one more thing to schlep around with you on your journey through life. With that said, I must admit that there are a few items that I very much enjoy from day to day: my pearlescent red Italian accordion named Jeroma, a breezy (and stylish) white summer button-up shirt, the bottle-green hookah pipe with gilt fittings for the occasional social indulgence, an Aiwa stereo system, and a handful of other treasures.

The interesting thing is that all of the above were given to me as gifts, and all but the accordion I received by participating in Lexington's Really Really Free Market. The RRFM is an experimental temporary gift economy, where rather than buying and selling, or even bartering, the rule is that you give and receive freely. Even though you aren't trying to maximize your gain, as in a competitive market, I find every time that most folks end up happy: happy to sit near their blanket-o-stuff in the sun, happy to give away things they no longer

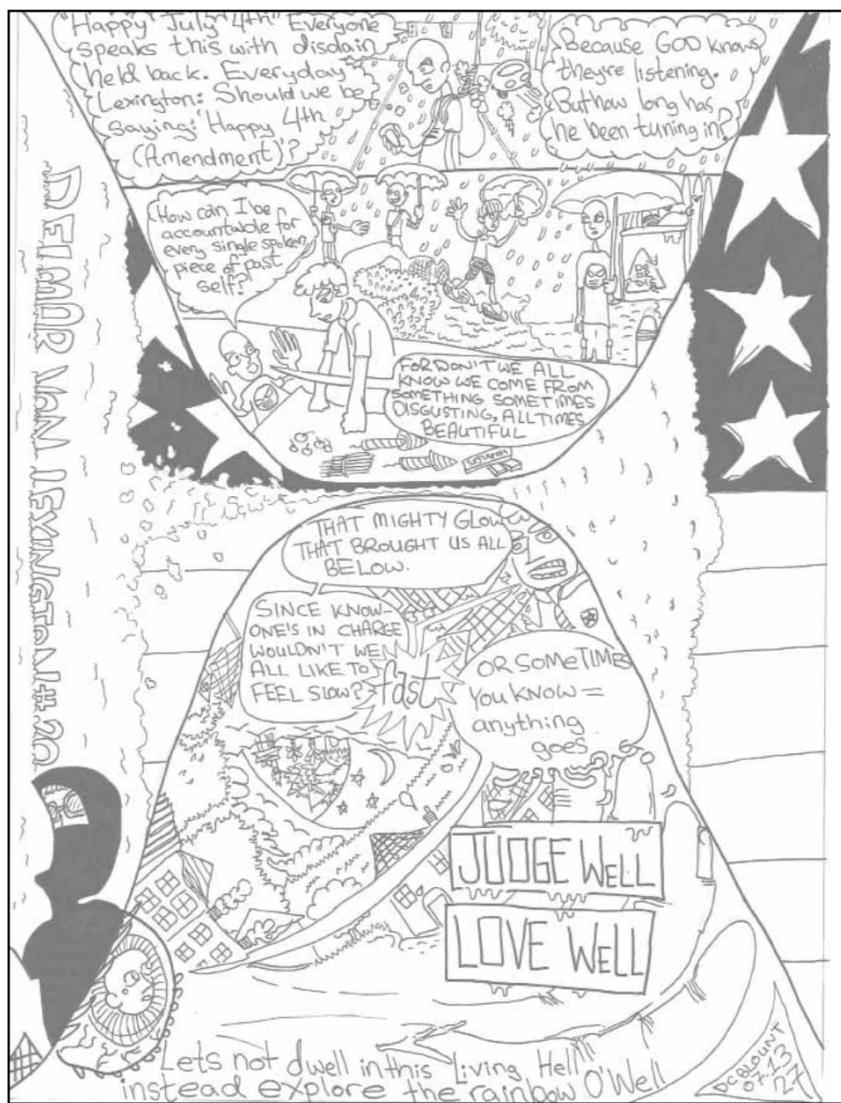
need, and ecstatic when they walk away with things they do want or need—such as a functional rowing machine—for FREE!

Start collecting your unwanted treasures now. The next market will happen near the gazebo at Woodland Park on Saturday, August 24, 12-4pm. We would really love to see people offer up their skills—hair-cutting, bike-fixing, food-cooking, face-painting, what-have-you—as a free service during this festival of generosity. And it's at the park, so bring your kids!

The rules are simple: give and receive freely (no money or barter, no ads), be nice, and take your leftover stuff with you when you leave. Be sure to clearly mark personal items you don't want people to take, or leave that stuff in your car.

My measure of the success of past markets is the number of participants who are smiling by the end: it sure beats the feeling of shelling out your hard-earned cash for plastic crap at Walmart or some other faceless, soul-less corporation.

You can join the Lexington Really Really Free Market Facebook group and contact John O'Shea (859-951-8649) if you want to help organize the next one.



Dylan Blount had a very rained in Fourth of July and made this comic.

Parade County v. Basketball City

a CfCS cost comparison

Parade figures based on \$100,000 in annual economic development funds directed to CfCS Parade County, USA initiative.

1,500 consecutive years of super-fun and healthy parades appearing throughout the county and filled with people cheering on members of their community

Two years of community-enhancing part-time work for Lexington police officers, regular outlets for the celebration of local music, theater, and sport of all types, and the direct promotion of different communities, initiatives, and businesses to citizen-customers located throughout town

Twenty-five consecutive years of stimulating the food truck industry by providing regular bi-monthly outlets to attract a geographically diverse demographic of new local consumers (not to mention a couple decades of ensuring public showcase venues for our children's K-12 scholastic, artistic, and athletic accomplishments big and small)

...or...

1 renovated Rupp Arena, with a 25-year shelf-life before the city will be expected to “keep it competitive” with more expensive upgrades.

...or...

1 year of salary for Rupp Opportunity Zone project manager Frank Butler so he can spend the remaining \$2.3 million dollars in city monies designated thus far for area renovation.

...or...

pilfering \$2.5 million in state coal funds from poor coal producing counties for Frank Butler also to manage (after first taking another one-year, \$200,000 salary off the top).

“Michael’s plan is to go to school to be an architect. He has been to several colleges in the area to see which one is right for him.”

AUGUST 2013

Common Good is equal opportunity for families

By Taylor Riley

In her previous article, Taylor introduced readers to the Common Good program; here, we meet a Common Good family.

“Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!”

Waiting for the kids to file from a basement classroom of Common Good, I sit at a table and observe.

Most of the kids are waiting for their parents and guardians to pick them up, but most of them aren’t quite ready to go home.

“Say ‘goodbye’ to Henry. You’ll see him tomorrow,” a tired-sounding mother says to her elementary-aged son as she practically drags him to the door.

Common Good, a non-profit after-school program founded by John and Laura Gallaher on the northside, proves to be a place where kids want to be day after day.

And who can blame them? Common Good is an equal opportunity place to

go for kids—black, white, Latino, large, small. Nobody, the mentors or the other children, really seems to care about the physical attributes.

They are just kids.

They play, they learn, they dream.

A Common Good family

Esther Carbajal has three kids in the program.

“They are really happy here,” Carbajal said.

Henry, 11, and Eric, 12, followed in their big brother Michael’s footsteps when attending Common Good.

The Carbajal family moved from Mexico in 1999. They soon began attending Embrace Christian Church (Epworth Community), where Common Good is located. Esther’s family was invited to join Common Good when it opened in 2011, and she couldn’t be happier with the program.

“They help a lot with homework,” Carbajal said. “It is sometimes hard for

me to help them because it is difficult for me to write English out, and sometimes I can’t read very well.”

The program also keeps the kids out of the temptations of the sometimes-rough neighborhood.

“They teach them to be good people,” Carbajal said. “They learn a lot of bad stuff outside. Inside, they learn about Jesus. That was the first thing I liked: education was first.”

Futures and dreams

Common Good also teaches the kids to dream big for their future.

Esther’s oldest son, Michael, is 16 and deciding what he wants to do after he graduates from Bryan Station High School.

Common Good’s summer program helps students like Michael decide if a university is right for them. The Gallahers and other volunteers take the older students to surrounding colleges to visit and to visualize themselves in those

environments.

Michael’s plan is to go to school to be an architect. He has been to several colleges in the area to see which one is right for him.

“My son says, ‘I don’t want to be a nobody,’” Carbajal said. “He says he doesn’t want to work for somebody; he wants his own job.”

Carbajal said Eric has dreams of being a doctor, and Henry, a teacher.

“I hope to God they can do it,” Carbajal said.

As the kids file out of Common Good, they leave with big smiles on their faces and vocalize that they can’t wait to come back tomorrow.

“They are doing a very wonderful job here, and I’m so happy to send my children to this program, because they spend the time with my kids when I can’t,” Carbajal said.

To learn more about Common Good, visit CommonGoodLex.org.



Scenes from Kenn Minter’s *Tales of the Emerald Yeti*.

The Yeti, cont.

Continued from page 1

heyday as a massively popular five-and-dime industry offering something for every reader, to its present state, catering to the longtime reader diehards. 1992 saw “The Death of Superman,” and 2007 brought “The Death of Captain America.” Minter dismisses such character-death brinksmanship as cheap commercialism.

“All those superheroes have been killed,” he says, ticking them off. “Batman, Spider-Man, Captain America...they never stay dead. It gets a ton of press, but it doesn’t get people who’ve never read comics into the stores to buy the issue.”

Tales draws inspiration from more recent offerings, such as the works of Alan Moore. In these harder-edged graphic novels, the superhero landscape has gained in plot and moral complexity what it lost in readership, leaving us with (slightly fewer) devoted fans of postmodern, multi-hued heroes and heroines. *Tales of the Emerald Yeti* fits into this aesthetic. After decades of spandex-clad über-menschen and über-frauen kicking ass with onomatopoeia bubbles, Minter’s work pre-empts the usual all-in-a-day’s-work crime-fighting with real consideration of his heroes as tragic characters (except, you know, green non-snowmen). Like Moore’s *Watchmen* and *V* (from *V for Vendetta*), they are all tragic in some way, he maintains, even

the hilariously self-involved Super-Ego and Little Miss Fantastic, in between their episodes of what the kids now call “first world problems.”

The Yeti universe

The yeti (in your general lowercase sense) is also known in other cultural circles as the Abominable Snowman, and this play on etymology informs the character. The Emerald Yeti is both man and not man. He is abominable in ways both supernatural and concrete—the passing hippie calls him a “baby killer” because of his Army dress uniform, and meanwhile the Yeti himself abhors his own appearance and past. “You bet yer pathetic, privileged, little, civilian life mistakes were made!” —he jabs his furry index-paw into the kid’s face. One episode from the first issue provides a flashback to the Yeti’s pre-heroic days, scared witless in the Vietnam jungle, very much an ordinary young GI, pondering his family legacy and his responsibility to be the only worthy scion of his line. His aspirations to heroism are dashed, not by Victor Charlie, but by a freak-sneak-attack by unlikely opponents. When he awakens in a field hospital, pruned of a few extremities, the scene is set for the rise of the Emerald Yeti.

The other characters, positioned as ancillaries to the Yeti at first, provide



counterbalance and comic relief. As the Yeti makes his way into his new urban jungle home, Incredolad is fresh on campus at Top University, looking the clean-cut yin to the Yeti’s lower-class yang. The hippie girls are gorgeous and curvaceous, the jock dudes still throw Frisbees on the quad, and guitars abound. (The setting is ideal for Minter, who is a fan of the culture of the times, though he is not himself of them). Incredolad drops in, rocking some Wonder Woman style, but with a heavier dose of sexy danger. We later find out that they’re hitting it, in a scene that hearkens to Dustin Hoffman and Anne Bancroft in *The Graduate*, which must have been a blast to compose. Also, they may be cousins, but that’s left a little grey.

Professor Hundscheiße is a geriatric, lab-coated, campus bench-sitter. He’s got a little of the vibe of the avaricious Nazi archaeologists from Indiana Jones, if they were chick-ogling perverts with a poetic bent. He’s fixated on some mysterious university property—a component of *something* being delivered soon, but we don’t know what it is. Minter does.

He chuckles at the observation that it tantalizes like Marcellus Wallace’s briefcase from *Pulp Fiction*.

Still, the above observations are the reader-response critique of one reviewer (a graphic novel non-native, to boot), and should only be taken as teasers for the real thing. Minter has thoughtfully shared a readable copy of these two volumes on his website, and downloads are available for purchase there. Readers may look forward to *The Emerald Yeti* appearing in print, and new pages of the story appear frequently on the site.

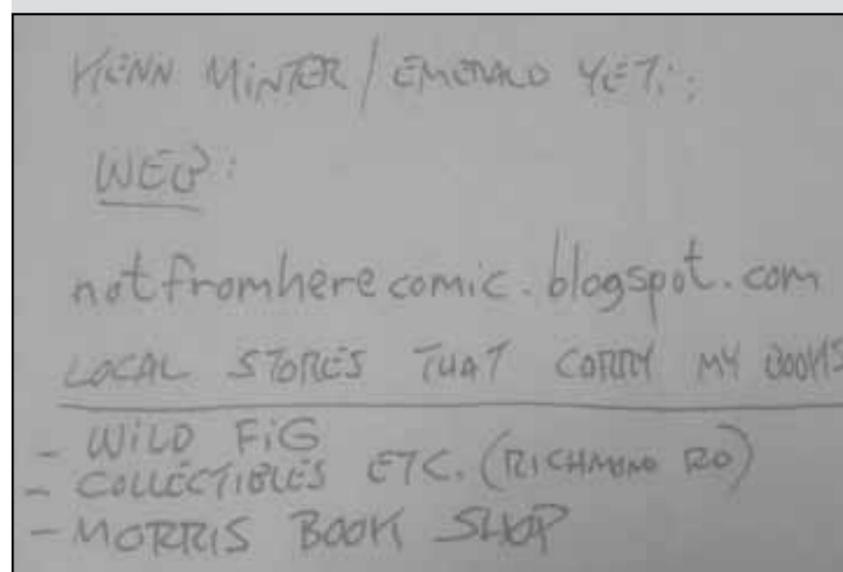
For all that’s packed into these two issues, the Yeti and friends could wind up doing literally anything. Why is the Yeti a yeti? Are Incredolad and Lass actually cousins, and does that mean they have to stop boning? What’s that component that Professor Hundscheiße covets? Will Super-Ego and Little Miss Fantastic get anyone to come back to their house for dinner?

To be continued...

A final Yeti image can be found on the Comics page in place of Kenn’s long-running I’m not from here comic.

A Minter sidebar

For the curious and intrigued



Kenn Minter/Emerald Yeti information. On the web at notfromherecomic.blogspot.com. These local stores carry Minter books: Wild Fig, Collectibles Etc. (Richmond Road), and Morris Book Shop.

AUGUST 2013

Resisting rape culture

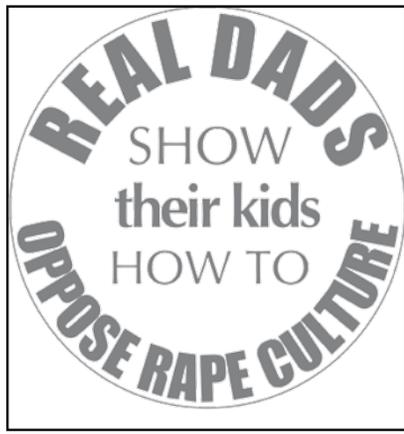
Artist statement: street feminism sticker contest

By Martin Mudd

All too often in the dominant culture, the burden of resisting and transforming systems of oppression, be it white supremacy, imperialism, or patriarchy, is borne solely by members of the oppressed group. Even worse, oppressed people are often blamed for their own oppression—as when victims of sexual violence are told, explicitly or implicitly, “you were asking for it.”

When confronted with accounts of the horrific physical and psychic violence inflicted on the bodies and minds of women (and men) by this patriarchal society, I have often wondered: “How can I, as a heterosexual male, be a good ally in the struggle?” As a man (self-identified), it is MY responsibility to oppose patriarchal violence when I see it and to confront constructively my fellow men about patriarchal behavior.

My work as an educator often leads me to the same conclusion regarding the problem of transforming human society: we must involve children and especially adolescents in the process, by helping



them learn, and, more often than we typically allow, by learning from them. Fathers must show their children that opposing rape culture is possible, by summoning up the courage to do so in daily life.

By doing this, we may build a culture of resistance which in time will lead us to a culture free of sexual violence and oppression. Like all revolutions, this transformation will take self-reflection, commitment, and above all, it will take love.

Parade County, cont.

Continued from page 2

to rival Tier 1 parades in New Orleans, Savannah, Anaheim, or New York City (yet). But it can compete, and it can do so by recognizing some basic principles of parade economics.

The first is that parades most directly benefit those neighborhoods and businesses lying closest to the parade route. Mardi Gras parades in New Orleans induce residents and visitors to visit specific areas of the city (most of which lie outside Bourbon Street); Saint Patrick’s Day parades in Creative hub Savannah, Georgia, highlight those city’s down-town neighborhoods located nearby the Savannah River, a waterbody at one point died green for the festivities; the Rose Bowl Parade most directly affects specific parts of Anaheim where the parade passes; etc. etc.

Though they may be branded as city events, it may be more apt to understand parades as a form of neighborhood economic development. Parades provide most business owners valuable exposure to two populations converging in space-time: “local” neighborhood residents who venture out to be part of the spectacle of having a parade coming into their own neighborhood, and “outlier” visitors looking for niche items and experiences, kickass ice cream, a unique comic store, a type of public park, funnel cakes, etc. etc., that are not located in their own neighborhoods. These experiences, and how they are mediated publicly, provide or reinforce a commercial and community identity that starts at the neighborhood level and only then scales up to the city. As paraders “get to know” these neighborhoods (and its eople and homes and businesses) as a particular place, they begin to spend their money there—before, during, and after the festivities.

Such benefits exceed mere economics. Good parades generate healthy, creative outlets that both showcase and generate a mash-up of community leaders, schmoes, groups, performers, and the like: high school bands opening for pee-wee baseball teams, Mayors courting parade marshals, small business owners and non-profits encircled by hula hoopers, and the like. This mashing together is unpredictable, but it is always enjoyable.

For all these reasons, parade distribution is central to the CfCS plan to leverage the common affection for parades into a tool of community and economic development. Here in Lexington, our dependence on the MSP has meant that only a narrow reach of streets has enjoyed the spinoff benefits that accrue to places

holding good parades. When we are always on Main, our transactions are limited to a small part of who and where and what we are. Though this may run contrary to current thought, MSP dominance in fact works to restrict access to the two essential components for good parades (and good urban areas more generally): a creative and evolving cast of walkers, and a horde of hungry parade consumers. Thus, our marketing slogan and political demand: Redistribute the Parade!

A superficial Google search reveals that the brand designation “Parade Capital of the World” has not been claimed in such an official capacity by any other American city (much less any county in America). If we have the courage and wisdom to claim it, the identity is there for the taking at a cut-rate cost of investment. Brand-wise, we FUCers could be like Dan’l Boone cutting the Wilderness Trail.



Kentucky Youth Soccer parade members await their place in line at the Fourth of July Parade, Lexington, KY. Photo by Danny Mayer.

Making PEZ a reality

To better leverage brand identities already well-entrenched in county soil, CfCS suggests that the city council declaration of Fayette County as the “Parade Capital of the World” be accompanied by new government regulations requiring that all parades occurring within Fayette County be horse-powered and, to the greatest extent possible, bourbon-fueled.

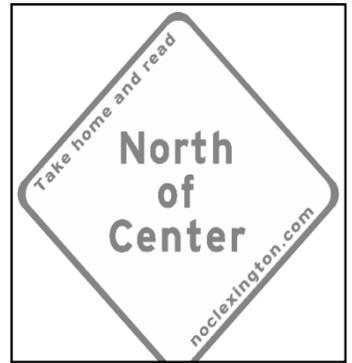
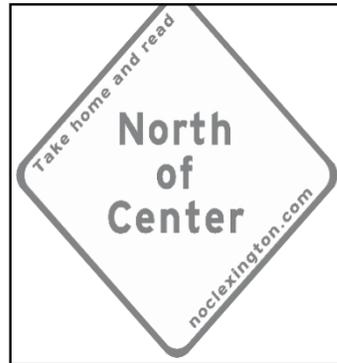
Further, good parades have a calendar rhythm: we know when they will occur, and can spend our time scheming or pining away for their arrival. To create the conditions for this, the city, by fiat, should declare the second and fourth Saturdays of the outdoor months (April-November)* to be Parade Days, and to tie that decision into its “Parade Capital of the World” brand resolution.

Our job as Creative citizen-consumers is simply to back up that brand identity by getting to work at developing

Coming soon

BCM3

the next generation



some damn good parades. Not world class, mind you. Local class.

To get your Creative minds working, here are some ideas that a spinoff CfCS ad hoc PEZ-route committee bandied about over a couple growlers of Country Boy beer. Our general methodology was to identify locally-rooted thematic and participant points of emphasis that we could celebrate as a way to create a commercial and social

alternative energy demonstrations, computer app contests—that could both utilize and promote the work of the neighborhood’s Higginbottom Technology Center.

- A Douglass Park area parade might tap into the community of artists organized by Nam Oshun who will gather there August 24 for the Hip Hop Soulfest; it also might develop a one-day basketball tournament to complement the success of the Dirt Bowl tournament, or work to include floats and activities from new nearby neighbor Bluegrass Community and Technical College.

- A Southland parade might draw upon its local history as home to award-winning marching band Lafayette High School and invite a heavy concentration of area bands to march. Afterwards, these bands could compete for local “band cups” in divisions such as high school, college, and jazz (a flexible, poorly-named category that might include March Madness Marching Band, Tee Dee, and the Swells).

- A Shilito Park parade might process up Cromwell and terminate in the park, where organizers could draw upon interested parties to schedule a 5-K late-morning race around the park, lacrosse and pee-wee football championships, a Bluegrass Disc Golf Association tournament, and a theater-troupe showcase hosted by BCTC theater professor and local actor/director Tim X Davis.

No doubt more and better ideas are to be had in this fertile Land of Creatives, which means:

Hup hup, FUCers. Time to get marching on this. Budgeting for the 2014 Parade Season is fast approaching, and you’ve still got an urban Mayor and a do-nothing city council to convince, not to mention PEZ routes to plan and communities to meet.

**Parade season may be extended a month on each end according to area anthropogenic climatic warming trends.*

NSA good Samaritan employs domestic eavesdropping for acts of kindness

The leek: a satirical take

By Horace Heller Hedley, IV

The evolving story of widespread NSA surveillance on ordinary Americans has taken a surprising turn. Dozens of citizens are reporting mysterious, helpful messages from an unidentified sender, popularly dubbed “the NSAngel.” In each case, the messages have appeared without warning on the screens of users, with no earmarks of a known program, and no trace of a sender’s address. They invariably pertain to events in the recipient’s recent life, and are polite and helpful in tone. Often the mysterious sender shows knowledge that indicates extraordinary access to information. All these factors point to a rogue, do-gooder element of the NSA that has so far escaped supervisory sanction.

“Freaked me the hell out!” said Leslie Sperling, 26, of Oak Park, Illinois. “I drive home from work, and I start Fast and Furious 6 on my iPad—and out of nowhere, there’s this weird message box:

“Hey, Leslie. I’m very concerned about that awful noise your brakes are making. Please get them checked immediately. (It could be just interference on your cell line I’m hearing, but I don’t think so!!!) Why take chances? Take care!

P.S. Don’t go to Rob’s Subaru Service just off the Eisenhower at Austin Avenue. They run a bookie joint out of the body shop and are about to be busted. Please keep that under your hat until August 3rd!!!”

All the alleged NSAngel messages, like the one received by Sperling, apparently used surveillance-based knowledge to protect the recipient, or in some cases, a recipient’s loved one (“Ron: Don’t let your daughter hang out with Eric ever again. I’m serious!”).

Some messages betray remarkably intimate knowledge of the recipient’s life:

“Daniella: Don’t forget your 4:30 appointment! You don’t want to get charged \$150 for another no-show, and you really need to talk to her about...well, you know. It’s none of my business, but your steadfast belief in Benjamin’s fidelity is very admirable, but I regret to say...misplaced. I’m just sayin’. Enjoy the sunshine!”

Some observers are skeptical that the NSAngel could possibly be a single individual. They point to an apparently encyclopedic knowledge of a wide range of topics likely to be beyond the capacity of any one person. The following three NSAngel messages are illustrative.

Commenting on a recipe emailed prior to a summer gathering:

“Oooo, sounds tasty, Raymond. But I’m afraid all that cayenne is going to overwhelm your gazpacho! The recipe lacks complimentary flavors to balance it, and that pepper will be extra aggressive in a dish served cold. I wouldn’t use more than a half-teaspoon myself. Hey, we wouldn’t want your gazpacho to be a chemical agent! JK!!! Have a great picnic!”

Breaking in on a philosophical discussion of whether an all-loving, all-knowing God exists:

“I couldn’t help but overhear, and this discussion has been fascinating! But, Vincent, perhaps ultimate truth is only accessible from a paradoxical viewpoint? Is it possible that an Ultimate Being could be both completely transcendent and perfectly immanent at the same time? I mean, perhaps each created object retains full contact with the Ground Luminosity that created it? From this standpoint, ‘omniscience’ would have a very different meaning. And I know a little bit about omniscience! Haha!!! Keep speculating, guys!”



Illustration by Christopher Epling.

Appearing on the computer screen of Janice Trafford, a bank manager from Modesto, California, as she tried to complete a stock purchase on Scottrade:

“Costco just isn’t a good bet right now, Janice. In fact, I would steer clear of the retail sector altogether. Have you considered something in defense, like Halliburton, or Raytheon? Now is the time. I mean, before Thursday. Friday at the latest. Have a great day!!!”

Some deficit hawks suggest expanding the NSAngel concept into a for-profit model, allowing the NSA to raise federal revenue by charging citizens for its advice and oversight.

“This could be a major deficit-buster,” said Sharon Quinn, a leading advocate of the approach. “You pay thirty, forty bucks for a monthly subscription, and your whole world is backed up, automatically! And I don’t just mean your smartphone and hard drive. So your husband insists that you never told him about a weekend trip starting tomorrow. You just connect to the NSA website, locate the phone conversation when you told him about the trip, and voila, argument’s over! Now tell me you haven’t wished for that at some point. I would predict 100 million subscribers in the first few months. Serious money—and that’s without the premium service including on-site listening devices.”

Old man gets older

Orphan, high school dropout, soldier, union man, artist, great-grandfather turns 95

NoC World News

This August, Thomas Joseph “Tom” Lazare will celebrate his 95th birthday. Born unto the town of Darby, Pennsylvania, a poor suburb of South Philly, Tom was orphaned at the age of eleven after his neer do well father, a French Jew, skipped town when he was two and, nearly a decade later, his mother, Agnes, a sickly catholic woman who had raised Tom by helping run a boarding house in the undesirable part of Delaware County neighborhood, died of tuberculosis.

He was adopted by the O’Donnell family, a sprawling Irish Catholic clan of marginally employed elevator-lift operators who, even at the heights of the Roaring Twenties, were experiencing hard times. After struggling his way through a rigid Catholic school education, Tom dropped out of school after the eighth grade to take a full-time job. What had begun as a way to support his budding interest in tobacco had grown by age fifteen into full-time work, the salary at times supporting, along with his tobacco habit, the entire unemployed O’Donnell family.

Over the next decade, young Tom became proficient at two skills. The first was drinking beer and shooting darts; the second was learning how to become a quick-learning, jack-of-all-trades laborer.

A 25 cent job ordering and labeling school photographs for a local photographer progressed into learning how to mix chemicals in the darkroom. A six-month stint in the Civilian Conservation Corps building fire roads into the Pennsylvania woods taught him to choose, when given

the option, the big heavy rock hammers that take the first cracks rather than the smaller, lighter ones necessary for clean-up stone mashing. Work as a carpenter’s apprentice to a man holding a fourth-grade education and a good compass gained Tom early admittance into the local bars, gave him a set of trade skills that would serve him well in later years working as a union-man at Ford, and helped cultivate a lifelong healthy distrust of the arrogant and certified—yet clueless—college-educated managerial class.

When asked once which job he liked doing best, Tom replied, “I didn’t like any job. It was a matter of making money and having money to enjoy myself. And I liked enjoying myself. So there was no interest in a job. But I found out if you work hard, it pays off.”

Tom gets drafted

In October 1941, at the age of 23, Tom was drafted into the army and sent to basic training. He was not at first an Army man, having cast his first-ever vote for president in 1940 against Roosevelt, because he “thought he was a war monger and wanted a war.” Roosevelt had done a lot for the American poor, Lazare said later, but “[h]e was talking about this draft thing, and I didn’t want to go in no army.”

He finished basic training as the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, and was dispatched to protect the Panama Canal as part of an anti-aircraft unit. Now rallied to the cause, the private left New Orleans on an Italian troop ship and arrived at the equatorial west coast port on Christmas Day, 1941, eager to defend, “to do something” for his

country.

Instead of firing anti-aircraft munitions at Japanese war planes, in Panama Lazare found himself assigned to a headquarters outfit, tending to the Army’s officer class, digging trenches, and guarding marijuana-smoking base prisoners (mostly paratroopers who refused to jump). The soldier from Darby continued to develop his two youthful skills, his rank fluctuating like the stock market, gaining and losing rank according to which skill was currently in bull territory.

Ultimately, Lazare left Panama after two years only slightly in the red: still holding his entry rank and with 11 days of bad time. His superiors placed him on a ship bound for the United States and a quiet desk job in plain view of management.

Back in the states, it didn’t take long for him to note the *Yank Magazine* advertisement for a no-questions-asked immediate re-assignment into Infantry. He left immediately for his second basic training, this one in Mississippi, and completed it in time to make it across the Atlantic and arrive on French soil on D-Day +3.

In the European theater, Lazare became a good soldier, rose to a platoon commander during the Battle of the Bulge, and received two bronze stars and a presidential citation for heroic duty. The men he served with became part of a lifelong community of friends—Tom’s



The artist as an old man. Photo by Julie Mayer.

own band of brothers, men who for the next seven decades would visit him with wives and children.

Tom and Jo

After returning home and brushing up on his old skills, Tom met Jo, officially Josephine Zaleski, the lone surviving American daughter of a pair of immigrant Polish grocers who at the time was working the first shift at the nearby Scott Tissue Paper plant. The two soon married and bought half a row-house at 219 Roberta Avenue in Collingdale, a Philly suburb where Tom hung Jo’s wallpaper and the two held forth at raucous dinner parties. Tom hired on as a union man at the Chester Ford plant, an off-the-line job as a handyman that afforded him a free-roaming work lifestyle. The pair had two daughters, Linda and Patsy, and bought a small cottage on nearby Chesapeake Bay, where Tom would take Linda boating on a sailboat fit for two.

In the 1960s, following the closing of the plant in Chester, Tom and Jo sold the place in Chesapeake and the row house and moved the family north to New Jersey, where a new job lay waiting for him at a newly opened Ford plant.

Continued on page 7

Still thinking about Trayvon Martin

Reflections on the Lexington town hall meeting

By Michael Dean Benton

When the news of the verdict of innocent for George Zimmerman in the shooting death of Trayvon Martin was announced, there was an explosion of concern and comments on social media about how the decision reflects ongoing problems in regards to racism in American culture. At the same time, there was a counter-narrative that included paranoid declarations of arming for the coming race riots and lauding the verdict as a symbol of the rightness of self-appointed community policing.

Clearly there was a lot of confusion about the actual trial and the impact of laws, like Stand Your Ground, on the jurors' verdict. This is why it was so important that communities across the nation immediately responded by gathering together to hold vigils, to actively protest the verdict, and to convene town-hall meetings to discuss the trial and ongoing racism.

In Lexington, Bianca Spriggs led the organizing of a town-hall style forum at the Carnegie Center on July 16. In the two days leading up to the event, despite her calls for civility, arguments concerning the verdict began to flare on the Facebook event page. It was quite obvious that Spriggs was scrambling to develop a sense of communal dialogue in order to avoid pointless, dismissive arguments. This was most clearly demonstrated in her continuous revision of the rules of dialogue and the decision, at one point, to remove long, rambling dialogues that violated the spirit of the gathering.

On the night of the community gathering, I wondered what the spirit of the proceedings would be. Would our community be able to come together to discuss our reactions and concerns in a

Council [ALEC], an organization that is just as important in getting Stand Your Ground laws passed in various states and has worked to continuously loosen restrictions on gun laws.)

Melynda Price and Katherine Paisley, both lawyers, provided essential explanations of Stand Your Ground laws in Florida and Kentucky. Not having the time to watch the Zimmerman trial, I had assumed wrongly that he was declared innocent because of this law, but in actuality he had rejected that route and claimed "self-defense." Town-hall panelists suggested that was a strategic choice: if Zimmerman had lost his bid for the Stand Your Ground defense, his testimony could have been used against him. I was also shocked to learn the extent of Kentucky's Stand Your Ground laws and that they have recently been revised. David Price, who later spoke on the NRA and the defense of Second Amendment laws, encouraged the audience to learn about Kentucky's version by looking at KRS 503 (our state law regarding self-defense).

The panel was essential for getting a grasp on the legal aspects of the Zimmerman case, and possible future cases; however, it was the opportunity for the community to speak out which may have been the most important aspect of the event. Poet Nikki Finney read Eugene Robinson's *Washington Post* editorial "Black Boys Denied the Right to Be Young." Finney remarked that we need to confront the American four-letter word and recognize the way it was erased from the Zimmerman trial.

Gabriel Estridge asked the panel about the statistics regarding who is able to successfully use Stand Your Ground laws to defend themselves when they kill someone. Price said that a major difficulty in finding statistics



Panelists at town hall meeting. Photo by Laura Webb.

civil manner? Or, would it spiral into aggressive dialogue that shuts down any understanding? Arriving a half-hour before the event, I watched with interest as people filled the hall and the overflow area. The overall mood seemed to be one of a community coming together to solve problems. As a person who has experienced the trauma of violence more than once, it was quite obvious to me that there were people feeling pain and dealing with ongoing feelings of injustice. Once again, Spriggs attempted to set the tone with a very important reminder: "We are not here to change your mind; rather, we are here to learn how to coexist with our neighbors."

The discussion

The panel of speakers was a pleasant surprise. Renee Shaw of KET was a very able moderator, engaging panel members and audience questions with skill and style. Kentucky House Representative Kelly Flood demonstrated why she is one of the few local politicians who seem to grasp the problems that our communities face. She discussed her dealings with NRA lobbyists (who, she pointed out, are quite different from rank-and-file members) who seek to ram through laws that benefit weapon manufacturers and are detrimental to communities. (I would also encourage people to investigate the American Legislative Exchange

is that many of these cases never result in charges being brought against a defendant. I noted that it was six weeks before Zimmerman was charged for killing Martin and that charges were only brought against him because of a nationwide outcry.

Particularly poignant and important at the town hall meeting were the testimonies of parents who fear for the safety of their children and of people who have been the victims of racism. There was a discussion of policing in our communities, and although Lexington's police force had been invited to participate, they declined to send a representative.

Importantly, Spriggs decided to end the meeting with community organizers introducing their organizations and work so that interested community members could contact them.

This meeting was a step forward in opening dialogue in our community, but as was mentioned multiple times, it can't end there. People need to come together to develop community relations and community organizations that work together to bring about positive changes and that seek to develop strong communities.

For those who could not come, an audio recording by Lujza Hayes Nehrebeczky of the town hall meeting is available.

Spinning race for ratings

By Marcus Flores

When Trayvon Martin died, it seemed that decency as well as level-headed thinking died too. Both perished in the wake of a media frenzy that clung to a narrative of race that was, in my opinion, the least salient element of a wholly ambiguous encounter that no one personally witnessed. I attempted to write a column to clarify this, though it was a failure due to the time I devoted to disentangling the legal minutiae as if I were an attorney. I remind you that I am not.

Nonetheless, Trayvon Martin's death remains a tragedy of the highest order, and not in the least because the teen is dead. As a group, Americans wholeheartedly surrendered their faculties to the corporate manifestation of the left-right paradigm: the media.

Conservatives made haste in smearing the deceased. They called into question Martin's academic standing, drug usage, and gun ownership. The attempt was as obvious as it was reprehensible: get everyone on board with the thug stereotype and neglect the phenomenon that, in high school, teens try on different hats and can stray into the wrong crowd. Not to mention that teens may represent themselves differently when with peers than when at home or in church. Yes, they may even get into fights, though a particular pattern of behavior does not predict one's behavior in all events.

Consider: the kindest counselor with a spotless record will issue a fearsome beating to the pervert who cops a feel off his wife. Or a man who has been convicted of multiple counts of domestic violence can come to the aid of three women locked in some creep's dungeon in Cleveland. But because Trayvon Martin did not live to tell his tale, his record of bad behavior invites conjecture from sources who never knew him. His very identity was probably distorted—and hence irretrievably lost—by those looking to validate their preconceived opinions of the case.

Much the same can be said of George Zimmerman and the liberal media. His own record was summarily sniffed out by NBC News, who also took the liberty to ensure that he will forever be known as a racist. The edited 911 tape that appears to show Zimmerman volunteering Martin's race

is the most wretched form of media bias I hope to ever see. Appalling as it is, it does not mean that Zimmerman was not the aggressor. The neighborhood watch volunteer may have had it with neighborhood punks and snapped on Martin.

But no amount of evidence could stop the boulders that NBC and Drudge set in motion. Both squashed any chance for the objective viewer to decide there simply wasn't enough evidence to suggest Zimmerman was motivated by racial animus. However, I concede that one can't prove Zimmerman was not a racist. But asking the defendant to prove that negative highlights some of the issues with hate crime laws—issues which have been absent throughout the entire saga.

Libertarians have long equated "hate crime" to "thought crime" since the punishment worsens if a defendant's particular mindset can be proven. For Zimmerman, the FBI launched an investigation into some 30 of his closest associates to establish whether he carried a certain prejudice. He fared much better than Paula Deen would have.

In fact, it's almost remarkable that no memory exists of Zimmerman having ever said anything even remotely controversial on the subject of race to one of his friends. Having played sports in high school, I know exactly the kind of filth that echoes from the walls of the locker room. That doesn't mean all or any of the athletes were homophobes or racists or bigots. It just means some had dirty mouths and small vocabularies.

I suppose one could still argue that Zimmerman, while not a racist, "profiled" Martin. To make that case one would have to carefully consider the qualities commonly associated with a "suspicious person," which are probably more a matter of intuition. In any case, we can't really know for sure unless Zimmerman sheds his silence. Until then, one can only speculate on his mindset at the time of the encounter.

Yet, I think there has been enough speculation on this case. The encounter was nothing more than a story of two men who misinterpreted each other's actions—fatally. Instead it was seen as a blank slate upon which anyone could sketch an opinion on race and spin it for ratings. For that reason, I can hardly conceive of a greater tragedy.

On jury nullification

By Sally M. Bowman

Editor's note: This arrived in our inbox as a letter to the editor sent from a reader in Versailles.

In a jury trial it is the judge's job to provide neutral legal advice to the jury, beginning with a full explanation of a juror's rights and responsibilities.

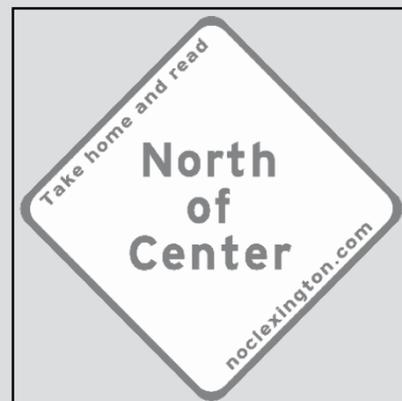
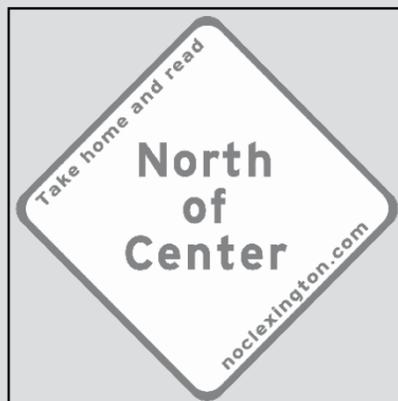
But judges rarely "fully inform" jurors of their right to judge the law itself and vote on the verdict according to conscience. Something is definitely wrong when the jurors feel apologetic about their verdict as in the Zimmerman/Martin trial.

So when it's your turn to serve, be aware: You may and should vote your

conscience; you can not be forced to obey a "juror's oath." You have the right to "Hang" the jury with your vote if you cannot agree with other jurors.

There is so much more to jury nullification, and I encourage everyone to research for yourself, especially if you have jury duty or are going to be tried by jury (make sure the jury is informed about "jury nullification.") It's a way we have to get rid of bad laws that the government has taken away from "We the People."

You can also check FIJA, the Fully Informed Jury Association, who believes that "Liberty and Justice for ALL" won't return to America until citizens are again fully informed—and using—their powers as jurors.



“Urban-dwelling women—whose lives can be much different from the “urban explorer’s”—know that city streets are sometimes about trying to defend one’s privacy.”

AUGUST 2013

Cleveland case, cont.

Continued from page 1

to his wife in his own home is his own business...”).

On the other hand, privatization is an action, movement, or system in which private ownership and control is privileged over notions of collective good, collective participation, and collective care for a shared world. We’re most familiar with this structure when it happens to utilities, natural resources, and institutions like prisons. When it goes one step further and human beings become the commodity that is privatized—that is, owned and controlled for the sake of profit—we have human trafficking. We have a situation in which, in the words of political philosopher Kimberly Curtis, “human beings are made superfluous.”

This is a difficult condition for Americans to recognize in our own midst. We believe strongly in our holy grail of individual rights and individual value, and we’ve used that belief to shoulder our way through some very dark moments of humanity. Our own system of chattel slavery was certainly one of those moments, as was the confrontation with Nazi Germany during World War II. The “political evil” that arose in Germany at that time was organized, Curtis says, around stripping the human particularity from a set of scapegoats in order to elevate another group to political, economic, and social power. So, what is, in reality, a dynamic interchange between multifaceted individuals in a community becomes abstract and oversimplified categories used to deny others their specificity, freedom, and humanity. Those others are just “Jews” or “Tutsis” or “Croats.”

Or, closer to home, they are just “blacks” or “Mexicans” or “Bitches and Ho’s.”

But wait, you may say, how did we get from the genocides in Germany, Rwanda, and the former Yugoslavia to a crappy Geto Boys song?

Answer: a structure of thought. This structure of thought: the idea that individuals can be reduced to one simplified aspect of their humanity—religion, cultural heritage, skin color, or sex—and then that aspect can be used as a justification for controlling them, rather than giving them full political and social freedom in the public sphere.

And for some people, controlling slides over into the notion that one human being can own another. For those people—and there are more

of these people than one would think, as statistics of domestic violence and human trafficking show—a strong personal desire or economic motive feels like enough justification to kidnap women (and children) off the street to use them or sell them as property. This is the process of privatizing people, a major component of which is denying an individual’s right to circulate freely and safely in public.

Lorain Avenue

Trying to stay above water, Cleveland has done better than some other Rust Belt cities in trying to reinvent itself. Tourism advocates promote Lorain Avenue as an eight mile “eclectic mix of specialty shops, ethnic markets and eateries...spectacular architecture, historic and sacred landmarks...Lorain Avenue is a destination for the urban explorer.”

The street was also the hunting ground for Castro, as it was the major street near which the three women were kidnapped. And while urban renewal can make for good tourism, not to mention save some cities from inner decay, women who live in those areas and regularly traverse the streets also

know something else. Urban-dwelling women—whose lives can be much different from the “urban explorer’s”—know that city streets are sometimes about trying to defend one’s privacy and limit strangers’ (or sometimes familiars’) access to their bodies.

Too often, streets are paradoxically a public space where women have to set privacy boundaries to protect themselves psychically and physically. Sometimes a solicitation from a stranger driving by makes for an entertaining story (especially when you’re nine months pregnant and the John can only say “Oh, ok” when he sees the baby bump). In reality, though, it’s harassment—it’s having to defend oneself repeatedly in a tussle over perceptions about the sexual availability of women in public.

None of this is to say that suburban streets are without predators, or that men do not also have to protect themselves on the street. But my point here is this: it is a common structure of thought that women who travel city streets are there as sexual beings viewed as part of an economic exchange. I’m not just saying that they are seen as prostitutes or potential prostitutes (some women do, of course, sell sex of their own volition); I’m saying

that plenty of people think that buying women—whether that be renting them for 20 minutes or owning them for years—is a viable economic transaction.

And when that attitude gains currency in a place that is supposed to be a public non-commercial space, i.e. neighborhood streets and parks, we’ve started to rob women of free movement and their right to privacy, both of which they are guaranteed as individuals and citizens.

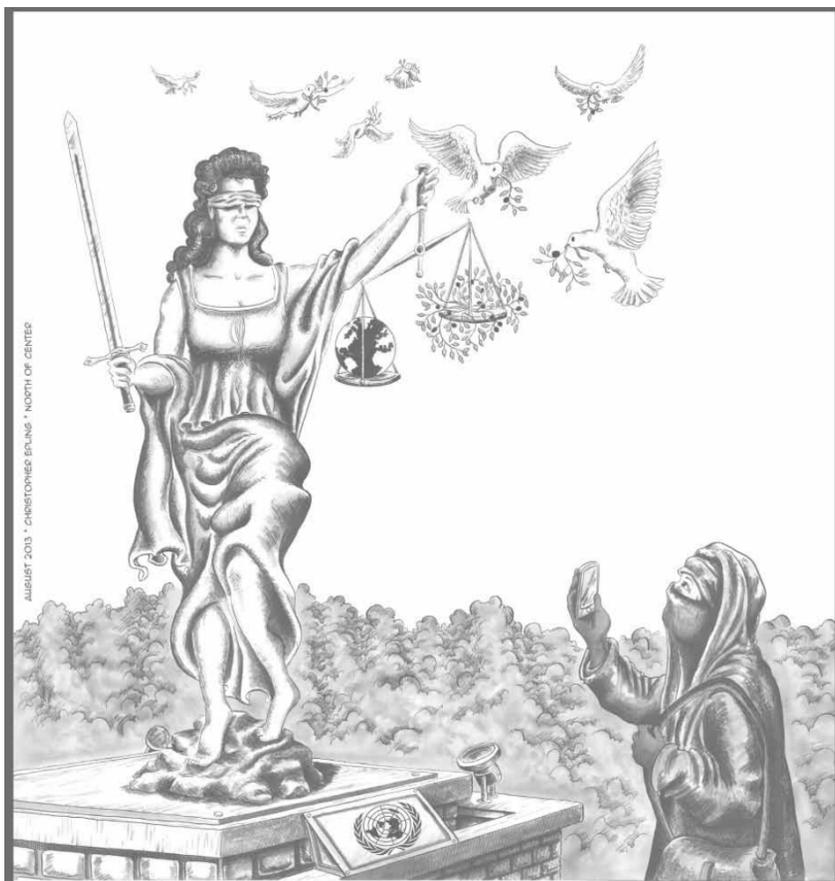
We’ve also begun to step even further down the road of privatization. If public streets and parks and plazas aren’t safe for women (and if they aren’t safe for women, they surely aren’t safe for children, and probably aren’t safe for men, either), then they have become places where private interest overrules collective good. Sure, sex may seem to be the motivator in cases like Castro’s or in sex trafficking, but it’s mostly a cloak under which privatization as a structure of thought functions. In that structure, the basic assumption is that human beings are commodities to be owned, used, traded. Period.

This is a political and cultural problem—not a psychological problem isolated to Ariel Castro, not simply a law enforcement deficit, not only a problem of urban poverty. And the problem gets worse when we retreat from public spaces and despair of maintaining a collective good; when we retreat into our homes with the shades closed, or into gated communities; when we slowly but surely drain public institutions of their ability to insure a stable and safe body politic whose job is, among other things, to recognize each individual’s particularity and right to move freely in the world.

That’s what I saw in the aperture that was the Cleveland case.

Veil documents

Christopher Epling



Old man, cont.

Continued from page 5

At the first opportunity, 1975, Tom took retirement, sold the house he’d fixed up in New Jersey, and moved with Jo to Florida. On the advice of a former friend of some ill repute, the pair moved below the frost line to a Broward County town named Margate, where they played host to Tom’s visiting army buddies and family members visiting from the Yankee states. Jo spent her time bowling and walking the flea markets; Tom biked Everglade back roads and kept his eye out for usable flotsam. The two enjoyed a vibrant enough retirement that, after a quarter century, they retired from their retirement—this time moving north, just above the frost line and downwind of Cape Canaveral to the Atlantic coast town of Melbourne.

The artist as an old man

In the early 1960s, Tom began to take up painting as a hobby to replace his other one: drinking beer and throwing darts. He painted still life fruits, violins, and pastoral Pennsylvania landscapes, aspiring for the compositional unity he found in his favorite painter, Andrew Wyath. As he began getting into the local North Jersey art club’s regular markets, the interest grew into a small-paying side-hobby. By the time he retired and shipped south for Florida, Tom could count on art money for a supplemental retirement source for him and Jo.

In south Florida, Tom began to paint his audience’s interests and became known as a painter of Everglades landscapes, switching nearly exclusively to painting those marshy tidal scenes he had seen or imagined while riding his bicycle along the back roads outside Margate. After the move to Melbourne, where Jo filled their home’s white walls with his paintings, Tom continued working art shows until he had a falling out with the local art club. Finally, at age 92, the artist put down his brush, writing “The End” on backside of the canvas of his last piece. His hands, never steady, could not keep a line; his eyes, the recipients of snake venom injections for a quarter century, had become too cloudy. Now without patrons, the paintings sit stacked at the back of his closet and await family reclamation.

A year ago, after 65 years together, Jo passed at the age of 95, surrounded by her family. A nearly lifelong smoker, she wheezed her way to a mostly unconscious death. Her last moment of lucidity, a too-brief stay of convulsion lasting long enough to catch a first and last look into the eyes of her six-month old great-granddaughter and namesake, little Jo, and to speak her final words before passing four days later: A vigorous, heart-filled, wondrous, “What a beautiful baby!” It was a composition even Andrew Wyath would be jealous of.

As he approaches 95, ol’ Tom Lazare



Dad, Tom, and little Jo. Photo by Julie Mayer.

now mainly spends his days talking to prank callers on the phone and taking the public bus to the VFW for lunch. He must surely look back at his life with wonder and awe, this French Catholic Jew, an orphan boy from south Philly who endured the Great Depression and survived World War II, now sitting as the patriarch of a line—the Lazare/Zaleski line—which has left the world untold numbers of painted canvases and a lineage that now stretches four generations, includes film producers, horse tenders, teachers, counselors, social workers—even some grandchildren furthering the family skills in beer and darts—and spans west to Los Angeles, north to Chicago, and as far south and east as Florida and Delaware.

North of Center is a periodical, a place, and a perspective.

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AUGUST 2013

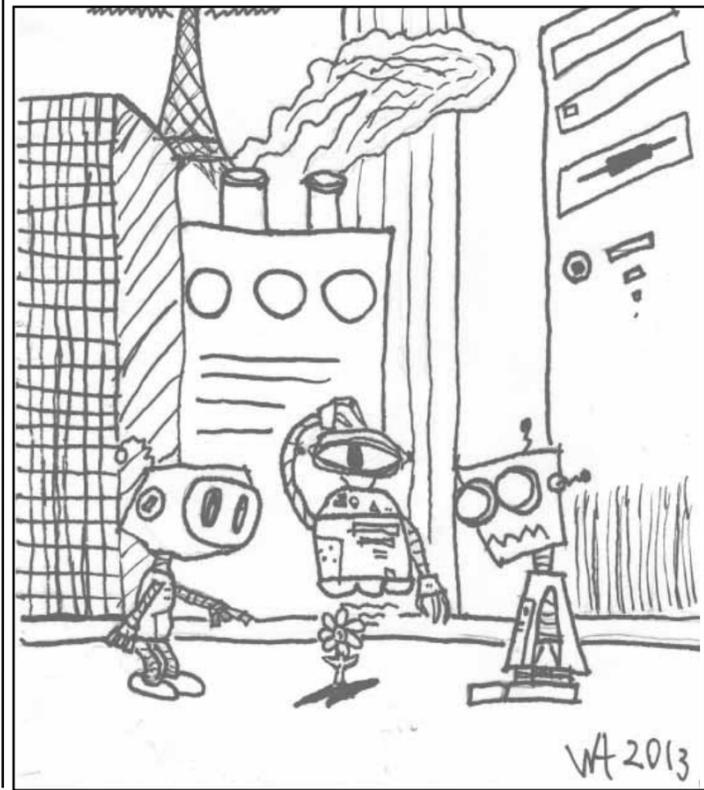
Tales from the Emerald Yeti

Kenn Minter



Not political

Will Hensley



Salubrious Soup

Christopher Epling



CROCK returns

Thursdays, 4:30 at City Hall. Meet to discuss area issues before participating in City Council meetings.

Delmar von Lexington

Dylan Blount



Community Supported Journalism Order Form

Individual Shares (good for 1 year)
 \$40: 3"x5" ad for whatever you want to promote.

\$50+: Ad + invite to NoC potluck at Danny's abode.

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