

# NORTH OF CENTER

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 2009

FREE

TAKE HOME AND READ

VOLUME I, ISSUE 12

## Taking inventory of Institute 193

### New exhibition space on North Limestone

By Amber Scott

Institute 193 opened on North Limestone on the brisk evening of Oct. 15. In attendance were Vice Mayor Jim Gray, Mad Hatter legend Terry Grossman, attorney and dog rescuer Roberta Harding, a cute girl with blunt bangs and a stylish raincoat, and many others sipping chilled Tecates.

Of note and exception were Louis Bickett, the man of the hour, known not just by his dapper tuxedo but also by the labels on everything in the room, including his dog, and Phillip March Jones, known most obviously by his strange horn rimmed glasses with an upper ridge whose purpose is uncertain.

If this account seems strange, it is because Institute 193 is strange.

Wonderfully out there, brilliantly different, blessedly unique. It's a gallery, but its purpose is not really to sell art. It's a non-profit, but its goal is not necessarily to do the feel goody work of most non-profits.

Instead, the Institute is an exhibition space that gives talented local and regional artists a chance to bask in the glory of a solo show and to take with them a stunning record of that legitimizing experience.

"A big problem a lot of artists have is finding a way to organize their work and finding somebody to write relevant things about what it is they do or to articulate their vision in an accurate way," said Jones, who previously operated Jones Art + Design and is himself an artist exhibiting internationally.

"The materials we're creating around each exhibition address that problem."

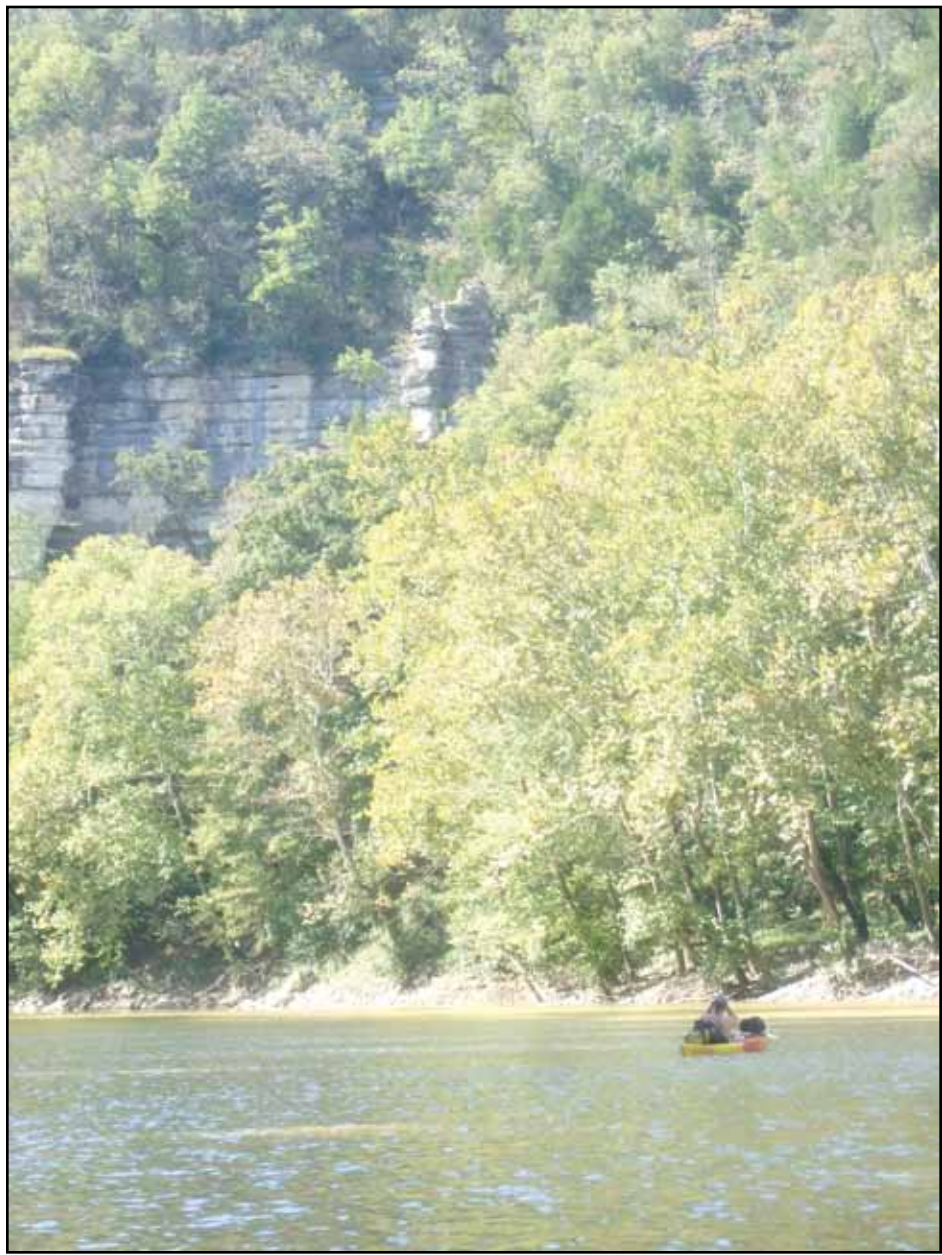
Jones works with artists like Bickett to bring shows to life, performing the role of editor more than that of curator, and to respectably package them with, according to Institute193.com, "scholarly materials, show cards, exhibition catalogs, and anything tangible that may benefit the artist." It is this latter effort that Jones believes will give emerging and mid-career artists a jumping off point and credentials appropriate for the international art scene.

"Every exhibition will be professionally hung and you'll have an opening and invitation cards and all the traditional things that an exhibition has, but in addition to that, you'll have a

book, a book that pertains to the work with a scholarly essay written by an art historian or a freelance curator or somebody that has interest in the work but also has credentials to actually talk about it," said Jones. "The books will have ISBN numbers, so that they can be given to the Library of Congress, to the UK Art Library, sold on Amazon. The idea is to get this material out there."

Echoing the theme of the Institute's first exhibit, which showcases excerpts from 37 years worth of archiving that is Bickett's work, the printed materials coming out of each show will create a catalogue of Kentucky's most interesting working artists. Jones said

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*Approaching Devil's Pulpit by kayak.*

## A different hope

### What I learned in Pittsburgh, part 2

By Michael Dean Benton

"One of the things that we'll highlight at the G-20—and maybe the protesters are missing this—is that I and other world leaders are very interested in making sure that the excesses of global finance are reined in."

—President Barack Obama,  
*Toledo Blade* (09/20/09)

"Screw Hope; Let's Act"

—Walker Lane,  
from "Nope to Hope" (2009)

#### Day 2, marching around Pittsburgh

With the arrival of the rest of our group—Richard Becker, Mike McKay and Robert Pulcini—we headed back to downtown Pittsburgh on Thursday with a renewed sense of purpose. We planned to once again visit the downtown convention area and then march across the city to join up with the Resist G-20 non-permit protest in

Arsenal Park, about 25 blocks away. Once again the downtown was overwhelmed with hordes of police, large groups of tourists, and small contingents of protesters.

As we walked around the concrete barricades, razor wires and riot police into a street full of pubs and restaurants, we noticed a crowd forming and people laughing. A group of Japanese tourists with G20 Summit badges around their necks had approached two young riot police officers patrolling the business area. The tourists asked the riot police if some of their young women could pose with them. The women were attractive and the officers quickly accepted.

After multiple pictures a mainstream journalist quickly jumped in between the now vacant space between the officers and asked for them to pose with him. They didn't seem as happy

*continued on page 3*

## Three days on the Kentucky River

### A scouts-eye view from Valley View to Camp Nelson, part 1

By Troy Lyle

You must feed the beast. If you don't ... it will kill you.

Chocked full with farm fresh eggs, garden grown potatoes and watermelons, grass-fed pork cutlets, pungent pesto and our favorites, a varying assortment of cocktails, single malts and party enhancers, we four glass-eyed vikings headed south, hotfooting our way towards Valley View Ferry. Our plan was simple—get the hell out of town, free the mind, return to the primal rhythms of the Kentucky River and write about it for *North of Center*. Our first outing would be a scouting venture, a standard reconnaissance and report job.

A Friday downpour two weeks earlier had delayed our trip, so we wisely used the downtime to get our minds right with some of the year's harvest. Some real heady shit; a mind's eye blend that cut straight to the medulla oblongata. As we now sat two weeks later in a similar type of rain, preparing

our boats and gear for the short drive to the put-in, we waited anxiously for the skies to break.

And when they did, we were ready. At least every one but myself was ready. I had forgotten my sleeping bag and had to make an emergency run back home. When I returned, our drivers had arrived and everyone was packed, so I hastily threw my boat on top of the Rodeo and we exited Keene Farm.

Our identities would soon merge with the boats that would carry us down the river. My companions became the Pack Angler and the Otter. I was the Dirigo. Later would come the Rush. He planned to catch up with us on the water later that day after getting off work.

#### At Valley View

The intervening two weeks had done little to change the broad contours of our original hastily conceived plan. We still knew we would paddle

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*Protesters gather on the Roberto Clemente Bridge in Pittsburgh.*

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*Searching for Dewburger*



# The Neighborhood

*North of Center* is a periodical, a place, and a perspective. Keep reading to find out what that means.

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## Building a basil economy A Sunday contract

Dear Troy and Lyle,

We have been talking for some time of pooling our different skills together for work on each other’s homes. What follows are some late-night sketches toward a common contract.

As you both know, we share a long history of tinkering together on projects. The place we rent together outside Lexington in nearby Keene, with its hops deck and vegetable gardens, 22-hole disc golf course and fire pits, is littered with the fruits of our collective labor. And before our time in Keene, there was the six-month long construction of a writing shack—1 foot larger than Thoreau’s, though no sleeping loft—over beers and conversation on the Houpp property between Wilmore and High Bridge, land that backed up to the palisades of the Kentucky River at the edge of Minter’s Branch. And farther back still, before me, there was you and Troy in your late teens, both stuck in Wilmore with a High Bridge state of mind, looking to build your own ways out into the world.

I propose simply to transfer back into our homes the skills we have developed while working together on these projects. Our history together suggests that we have figured out to get along while keeping our hands and minds busy, and to do these things together passingly well: to take joy from our collective work and to make this seem a natural extension of an enjoyable and productive day in Kentucky.

In working together on our homes, we may take advantage of our unique skill sets. Troy’s carpentry and general home maintenance skills are much needed at my 100 year old house; Lyle’s rockwork and general outdoor landscaping knowledge can be more productively put to use, by all of us, with the addition of some outside muscle (however meager that muscle may be). And as for me, while I offer

no specific carpentry or lapidary skills, you know you can count on my steady, if unspectacular, work—to set the bar low, yes, but also to always show up and exert that initial energy to just get the bar set to begin with. Working together, there is no doubt that we may continue to learn and benefit from each other’s strengths.

Of course, there are more practical reasons for our trading of our labor. I am speaking of the nice collection of tools that, collectively, we gain access to in working together: rock hammers, trucks, ladders, saws, etc. The greater variety of tools at our disposal means that most jobs don’t need to accrue an added tool rental or purchasing expense; since the farm we rent together was, for many years a dump site, we are also well blessed with odd castoff trinkets, like rusted fencerows that make for fine blackberry or bean trellises, that we may find good ways to re-use.

If thus far all of this sounds like too much, well, work, let me here acknowledge that I am only formally recognizing that which we mostly do already. Left unacknowledged up to this point is the immense amount of joy we have gotten ripping apart and burning honeysuckle limbs, collecting rock and building an outdoor oven, and listening to Peanut Houpp tell us about the time he got drunk in the navy and passed out on the wrong damn submarine (leading to all sorts of hijinks) while we nailed scavenged black tar oak board pieces—as siding—for a place we simply called the Shack.

And now that we’re at it, I should also point out that history dictates that our labor trading days must also involve great meals with family and friends and (occasionally) strangers. Who can forget the garlic soups and rabbit stews of winter, cooked over a small wood burning stove during cold winter afternoons and nights, that were prepared as we cleared

a path through honeysuckle to an overlook over the Kentucky River, or the gatherings with Michelle and Julie and Stone and Lisa and Mike and the rest, chowing down on Severn’s tomatoes or boiled greens while on break from a disc golf game. I see no reason why cooking would not be incorporated into our days’ activities, as a crescendo to the day’s relaxed toils.

Just what our toils will be, of course, can always be determined as we go. I know that Troy needs honeysuckle clearance, rock gathering, and a firepit built. Lyle needs help getting his man shack in order. I’d like a shed to house my tools and some semi-skilled maintenance on our house’s interior. No doubt, through the many breaks for walks, talks, drinks, and games, we will undoubtedly provide each other interested feedback on the future visions and hopes for our places, our lives.

The work, that is, will no doubt become more valuable to us as it and we age.

If you are interested, I propose we shoot to meet on Sundays. There is nothing intrinsically Right about this time, other than that, at the moment, it seems to fit all our schedules. If this convenience no longer presents itself, we can always choose a different day to try and meet at each other’s houses. We can change all the above arrangement, in fact, as our needs and conditions change. We can always be free to opt out.

But at the moment, it just seems right that we extend our friendships to the work we do on our homes.

Thoughts?

Best,  
Danny

P.S. I can’t start next week as I will be attending Keeneland with Troy. We are currently seeking a sober driver for the event.

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## The sweet smell (and taste) of success

Carrot harvest at William Wells Brown Elementary

*Seedleaf News*

October 15, 2009

William Wells Brown Elementary School

Patience may not be the first word that rolls of the tongue when speaking of elementary aged children, but the students at the ESP Program at William Wells Brown Elementary were just that.

Back in late spring the students planted a singular row of carrots in their raised bed garden outside their school and stood back to watch them grow. Through the long wet summer, they occasionally thinned them, each time remarking on how surprising it was to find the rich orange carrot beneath the soil supporting the bushy green vegetation.

They faithfully watched the removed ones lengthen, while making wagers on how large the remaining ones would be growing with the extra space.

After watching the summer come and go, harvests of basil, tomatoes, beans, and cantaloupes passing through their garden, and even sowing new fall and overwintering crops of greens and garlic around them, it was finally time to harvest the carrots.

It was worth the wait.

Today, in a mad dash through the rain, in celebration of their hard work and the beginning of Fall Break, the students hurried to gather a portion of the carrot harvest. The carrots did not disappoint, and squeals of excitement echoed through the neighborhood.

Then it was back inside, to the warmth of the kitchen, where the promise of carrot cake cupcakes urged them on.

More than 100 cupcakes later, the deed was done, and the entire program and staff were invited to share in the sweet victory.

As the smell of cinnamon and vanilla wafted through the corridors of William Wells Brown Elementary and the decadent taste of cream cheese icing lingered on their tongues, the verdict was in.

Nothing tastes sweeter than food made from your own sweat, grown and harvested mere feet from your kitchen, only minutes old out of the soil.

And successful carrots, now they’re just SUPER sweet!

*For more information on how to get involved with Seedleaf’s many fun school and community projects, visit their website at [seedleaf.org](http://seedleaf.org).*



Harvested carrots soon to be used for cupcakes.



G20 meetings (cont.)

continued from page 1

this time, but when they noticed his badge they reluctantly accepted since he was already standing between them. I stepped up and snapped a picture. As they broke from their artificial pose I commented to the media journalist that I would never get such a clear example of the complicity of mainstream media with the police state. The journalist attempted to deny his complicity, choked on his words, and simply walked away.

We saw various small groups of protesters marching about the downtown area with signs. A sizable and dramatic contingent of Tibetans protested China’s continuing occupation of their homeland; various pairings of fundamentalist Christians shouted through mobile microphones that we should follow Jesus; and, a group of 420 activists used the opportunity of the G20 summit to advance their cause for freely obtained legal weed. Of course, the 420 marijuana activists were a favorite of the mass media, who used the stoner activist vibes to dismiss those with more important and considered political causes.

We left the downtown area with more than two hours to make the hike across the city to join up with the Arsenal Park protest rally. Unfortunately, we were unprepared for the amount of routes that the city had blocked off and so we spent the next two and a half hours covering many miles in ever widening circles, simply trying to find an access road not closed off by military vehicles and riot police. About a half hour after the start time for the march we made it across the Allegheny River where we hoped to walk down a few miles and then loop back more miles so as to find the march in progress.

Robert received a phone call asking if he was alright as reports of a clash between police and protesters was airing on the national news.

Day 2, Night-time conversations

We never made it to the protest, but we now knew the city and vowed that nothing would stop us from reaching Friday’s protest march. Thursday night we found a local watering hole where we could unwind and plot the next day’s activities.

In our exchanges with the packed pub’s locals, it eventually came out that we were there for the protests. We ended up talking to the patrons about what the protests were for; they explained how everyone was warned away because of the media promoted narrative of inevitable “anarchist” violence. The patrons, like most of the citizens of Pittsburgh I talked to on the trip, demonstrated a critical-awareness of the fear-mongering of their local media. Overall, throughout the week, I was impressed by the general goodwill of Pittsburgh locals toward we demonized protesters.

Later that night we saw videos of brief confrontations between police and the black blocks (organized and structured groups of protesters dressed in black) from the non-permitted march. The organization and determination of the hundreds of protesters were impressive. The police, from what I could gather from the mainstream news and alternative websites, were most proud of their Long Range Acoustic Defense (LRAD) “sound cannons.”

Later that night, riot police surrounded a park near the University of Pittsburgh and corralled peaceful students hanging out in a park. They began threatening the students and chased groups of people onto the campus where other students watched from dorm stairwells and balconies.

As the riot police began shooting rubber bullets, pepper spray, and tear gas canisters indiscriminately at the students on the ground, they also proceeded to fire into the dorm balconies and stairwells at students simply observing the confrontation.

Day 3, a well-patrolled march

On Friday, we once again made the trip on the rail system into downtown Pittsburgh and then hiked 20+ blocks to the University of Pittsburgh where the convergence for the permitted protest march was taking place.

The process for getting the permit for this peaceful protest was a difficult one. First, protesters had to win a successful lawsuit for a permit to march that was initially denied. Later, they had to negotiate with the state when threats emerged of the secret service’s intention to deny the march on a moment’s notice. The Pittsburgh police promised to stop traffic on the main street that we were to use to march into downtown, but they backed out at the last moment, forcing the marchers to flood the street and block traffic on their own.

There were huge rallies both beforehand and mid-way through the march in which folk singers played music, various speakers explained their causes, and a general sense of progres-

into the downtown area, the riot police began slapping their batons in their hands, loading weapons and parading with guard dogs.

Once again, this was the permitted peaceful march.

The post-march rally included more speakers and music. Seeds of Peace, who had been feeding out of town protesters all week, were on hand to feed tired, hungry protesters, another example of the collective, caring nature of the protest. Their reward throughout the week was continuous police harassment and arrests. A *New York Times* reporter told me that the law enforcement harassment was so egregious that the ACLU was handling Seeds of Peace’s lawsuit.

Postscript: which story was told to you?

I had mixed feelings about the events. I was glad that I had taken the opportunity to join in with protest groups to express my dissent against the economic practices of the G20. It

exploitation. How many people, for example, know of Howard Zinn, Noam Chomsky, or even the Nobel Prize winning economist, Joseph Stiglitz; when, if ever, do these figures appear in the mainstream media?

It is disturbing that a president who ran on the message of “hope,” who received a Nobel Peace Prize for what he may do, who cited the mass protest movements of the Civil Rights Era in America as a major influence on his worldview, is now encouraging us to view certain forces as “inevitable” and benign. Even more disturbing is this community organizers response to G20 protests: he wants us to sit down and shut up, to let the adults handle the important things.

Welcome to the new benevolent post-racial, post-class society! Anyone who has paid attention to the recent economic crisis or has read into the histories of imperialism/empire should see this for the bald-faced lie it is.

Telling people not to get involve is one of the ways the state works to



Hungry demonstrators take a break for some home-cooked foods.

sive politics was communicated. A group of 50 Tibetan Buddhist monks took the lead position when the march commenced.

Throughout the parade route we had helicopters hovering above us, cars and vans racing up on the sides of the protesters, and fully armed riot police standing shoulder-to-shoulder through the majority of the route. It was reported that 75 secret service officers and 4000 out of town police were brought into the town. The secret service took over the local police a month ahead of the summit and unmarked militia/police, fully outfitted in head-to-toe military style camos, were sighted and filmed during the protests.

Earlier, we had also passed large groups of what appeared to be private security marching downtown. They were dressed entirely in blue, but had no prominent markings on their uniform. Government police and military forces always make it very clear their “authority” at all times and this led to our assumption that these groups were private militias.

The march was estimated to be around 10,000 people and it stretched further than we could see as we marched through the city, over the Allegheny River, and into a park set up for a post-march rally. As we came

was good to bring young students who had never experienced a large protest march.

At the same time I remember one of our friends remarking over and over that he had never understood how extensive the police state was and their ability to threaten and intimidate citizens exercising their right to protest—obviously a disillusionment resulting from privilege, but tragic nonetheless.

I was once again confronted by how complete the information lockdown is for the average citizen who doesn’t access alternative news sources. Most Americans do not even know what the G20/G8, or the WTO, or the IMF, is, or why they should know about them.

Even worse, I received numerous comments after the march suggesting that it is ridiculous to protest the G20. Every person that said this to me later admitted they had no understanding of what the G20 is, or what it does. They simply believed what they were told by the media and the state (including our president): it is ridiculous for citizens to protest these larger global regulatory groups.

The mainstream media operates to demonize anyone who tries to bring attention to these groups or to the silenced histories economic

erase our collective memory of the violent economic practices of the past and now. Present us with the embodiment of “hope,” after eight years of bullying and terror, and watch us in our desperation grasp onto whatever we can find.

Instead, we need to develop our individual and collective memories of the past and now, and to use these memories to build strong local and regional collectives that we can link together as a productive alternative to the current global system.

I’m disgusted and depressed, but I’m also reinvigorated and determined. We have to work harder. We need to build these strong local and global networks; to develop new media and communicational opportunities; to break down the hegemonic structures that seek to dominate our lives, from the personal on up through (yes, Mr President) the global level.

This is not always easy for us and it can involve a lot of pain and fear. We enjoy our illusions all too easily and have grown lazy relying on the false security of the paternalistic state.

It could also be a program of fun, loving exploration of the world as having different possibilities. We need to come together to make change at all levels of life—otherwise, what are the alternatives, business as usual?



# Film & Media

## Norma Rae at Kentucky Theatre Nov. 3

### Film ties together labor, health reform, gender, and racial justice movements

By Betsy Taylor

On September 11, Crystal Lee Sutton died from brain cancer at age 68. She faced her death with the same fighting spirit that blazes out of *Norma Rae* (1979), the film based on her life. Denied possibly life saving treatments for two months after her diagnosis, Sutton had to battle illness and an insurance corporation simultaneously. In a June 2008 interview with the *Burlington Times-News*, reporter Handgraaf observed that Sutton saw this as “another example of abusing the working poor.” “It is almost,” she said, “like...committing murder.”

Central Kentucky gets a chance to honor Sutton’s generous, valiant spirit at a public celebration at the Kentucky Theatre on November 3. At 6:30, the Reel World String Band will kick things off with a rousing set of labor and justice music, followed by the film *Norma Rae*. I think Crystal Lee Sutton would

bosses massing to haul her (illegally) to jail, and the fierce gaze of hundreds of her co-workers on the knife’s edge between their fear and their hunger to revolt, to join the union, to throw off several generations of subordination in a two-class company town. Field’s whole body becomes a sort of exclamation point, as she brilliantly condenses the passion and exhaustion of months of struggle to unionize into an acting performance so stark, so elegant and so silent that it speaks through sheer gesture and stilled, hollowed visage.

Field, and director Martin Ritt, achieved a lot artistically with this scene, but they also did something for American culture that is really hard to do. What other scene can you think of in a blockbuster film that condenses these kinds of meanings? This scene is iconic, it has legs, because it expresses an ordinary worker (and a woman at that!) acting for work place rights, organizing collectively within a clearly articulated

He is portrayed as a well educated, young New Yorker from a Jewish family with strong labor roots, engaged to a Harvard lawyer. In Sutton’s real life, this organizer was Eli Zivkovich, a 55 year old coal miner from West Virginia. In the film, the erotic tension between Sally Fields and Leibman fits usual Hollywood clichés in that it encodes a sort of Pygmalion upward mobility (he gets her reading high-falutin’ poetry; a *Pretty Woman*-style marrying up the class ladder is flirted with). Feminist theorist and Berea College professor bell hooks has a great discussion in *From Margin to Center* about how pop culture disappears working-class communities, making heroic action seem merely individualistic. By replacing an Appalachian working class labor organizer with a cerebral, urban type, the film does suppress awareness of the creative bonds *within* working class communities by which people take control of their own destinies.

Perhaps director Martin Ritt was smuggling some of his own history into this film. A New Yorker himself, a political awakening came when he attended Elon College in North Carolina and experienced the racial and class inequalities of the depression-era South. Blacklisted in the early 1950s as a Communist sympathizer, he was periodically able to make films that directly engaged the struggles for worker and racial justice and political censorship that deeply mattered to him—e.g., *The Edge* (1957) and *The Molly McGuire* (1970). His more commercially successful films, like *Hud* (1963) and *Hombre* (1967), engaged these themes more indirectly.

But, to a startling extent, *Norma Rae* was both a critical and commercial success without diluting or disguising class or gender conflict, or weakening the political commitments he had crystallized as a young playwright working for the Federal Theater Project (a New Deal project under the WPA).

The film carries traces of important history. Early in the film, the devastating physical effects of work in the textile mill are conveyed through Norma Rae’s anguish watching of her parents’ physical impairment (her mother’s deafness, her father’s death on the job). The sensory qualities of factory labor are conveyed lushly and beautifully—cotton drifts as an omnipresent reminder of the smothering

disease of brown lung, the intense sounds and feverish pace of physical labor in the mills overpower the viewer’s senses. Forced to integrate by the 1964 civil rights act, the employers cultivate racial tension among workers. Taunted as “communists,” “socialists” or “Jews,” labor or community organizers face hatred and racial stigmas that are depressingly relevant today.

Beneath this, are many suppressed histories. For instance, in the film, the unionization effort starts to gain traction after management tries to speed up work with what is called a “stretch-out.” A throw-away line in the film, the line references an important lost history of American labor. The “stretch-out” was practiced in the 1920s, in mills throughout the East Coast, culminating in the extraordinary Great Strike of 1934 when almost a half million textile workers went on largely spontaneous strikes for over three weeks across 21 states. Particularly in the South, this strike was so brutally suppressed that it largely disappeared from public awareness and left behind a repressive culture of anti-unionism. The seeming quiescence of the workers in *Norma Rae* is the residue of this lost, tragic history.

A terrific film to watch in conjunction with *Norma Rae* on November 3 would be the *The Uprising of ’34* (1995) which excavates this lost history of the “stretch-out” and subsequent strikes, through a remarkable, community-based filmmaking process (led by directors George Stoney and Judith Helfand) which worked with North and South Carolina milltowns to unearth tales and photos of assassinations, strikes, violence and repression. Through the catharsis of filmmaking and community discussion, *Uprising* helped take down walls of shame and denial that had separated living but unspoken memories of grandparents from children and grandchildren.

In the summer of 2008, Crystal Lee Sutton reflected on the ravages of globalization, but pointed to the future with hope, saying “We need to show these companies that moved there [overseas] for slave labor, that it is not going to work. We are coming back strong and there will be jobs to come.”

It’s time for central Kentucky to come together on November 3 at the Kentucky Theatre to salute her remarkable life and all she has given our nation.



COURTESY TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOX

Sally Field as Norma Rae Webster.

like this event. Organized by the Kentucky Division of the United Nations Association, it aims to gather together all sorts of people and justice struggles.

I was nervous sitting down to watch *Norma Rae* last night. Could it possibly be as good as I remembered it? Well, yes, in the cold morning sunlight, I have to say it’s a great film, with meanings that have deepened after 30 years—tragically, shamefully for all Americans. All I really remembered from my previous viewing many years ago was that culminating scene when Sally Field leaps onto a table, holding up a sign on which she has rapidly scrawled “UNION,” surrounded by the deafening racket of the textile mill, the police and company

history of labor, class and police injustice. There are almost no other iconic scenes like this that are part of the general pop cultural repertoire.

Crystal Lee Sutton refused to endorse the film as a whole, but that scene so clearly expressed her own real-life action on the day in 1973 when she was first dragged off to jail, that she kept a photo of Sally Field, in that moment, on her living room wall.

Hollywood codes usually overwrite such tales of working life and class injustice. And, some parts of *Norma Rae* can be faulted. In the film, the unionization drive starts when the fictional Reuben Warshowsky (played by Ron Leibman) comes to the small North Carolina milltown as a labor organizer.

## Review: *Zombieland*

By Stan Heaton

Zombies are everywhere. Movies, television, video games, street festivals—face it, there’s no escaping the undead craze of our nation’s youths. Mindless, blood-soaked cannibals have finally become pop culture, and *Zombieland* is right on time to cash in. This movie doesn’t generate humor by playing with the conventions of the horror genre, à la *Shaun of the Dead*. Instead, *Zombieland* makes you laugh with interpersonal quirkiness and a well-balanced cast. The main character and narrator, Columbus (Jesse Eisenberg), is a collegiate nerd from Ohio with irritable bowel syndrome and a list of survival rules that are cleverly incorporated into the diegesis. On his journey from his western college town to his parents’ eastern home, Columbus meets Tallahassee (Woody Harrelson), a zombie-slayer extraordinaire with a Twinkie fetish. Before long, the two men meet a pair of hustlers, Wichita (Emma Stone) and Little Rock (Abigail Breslin), and the cast is assembled.

What follows is a westward trek filled with jokes, character development, a fantastic cameo, and surprisingly few zombies. The characters are usually free to walk the streets or stop by the side of the road to investigate a wrecked Hostess truck. This is not the walk-outside-and-your-dead world

of movies past. Here, the people, few though they may be, dominate the film space. And that’s just the point of *Zombieland*—people are of prime importance. Midway through the movie, Columbus reflects on his secluded life, spent playing *World of Warcraft* and drinking Mountain Dew: Code Red. When there were people around, he was a zombie; when everyone changed into zombies, he started to miss people. There are several other moments that suggest how certain technologies zombify users by pushing them further and further from humanity.

*Zombieland* is not devoid of a political message either. In the opening shot, we see an upside down American flag and the Capitol Building in the background while we hear Columbus say, “You can’t have a country without people,” and “It’s amazing how quickly things can go from bad to shitstorm” (remind anyone of the last eight Bush-years?). The film spends very little time trying to explain how the zombification of America happened, focusing instead on how an upside down government and a rapidly expanding technology industry may have been partially at fault.

With a useless government and technology that serves to keep people physically separated, *Zombieland* offers us a salve for our current American rash—develop relationships with

people. Have a family game night. Play Monopoly like the characters in the film do. Go to a theme park, maybe Pacific Playland. “Rule #32: Enjoy the Little Things.” If the film tends to argue in favor of a country that enjoys big guns, big trucks, and Twinkies; Bill Murray movies and breaking stuff; it’s most important message is of the value of friends and family.

The film is well shot, well directed, and has a strong soundtrack that mixes metal guitar riffs with zombie killing mayhem. Jesse Eisenberg does a good job of playing the timid hero, and he’s a refreshing change from Michael

Cera. Emma Stone and Abigail Breslin make a good on-screen duo, and they provide a more functional backdrop for Eisenberg’s gangly awkwardness. But Woody Harrelson steals the show with his portrayal of a revenge-driven redneck bent on artistically and sadistically destroying every zombie he comes across. So, if you like laughter, zombies, comedy-gore, and you want to hear Woody Harrelson make a *Deliverance* reference, go see *Zombieland* this Halloween season.

*Zombieland is playing in most major theaters in Lexington.*



COURTESY SONY PICTURES

Cute white hero, scary black monster. Make of this what you will.



# Culture

## Music you need to know about

NoC’s music staff breaks down the next two weeks

**Saturday, October 31**  
Halloween Metal Bash  
*Al’s Bar, 601 N. Limestone, 7 P.M.*  
\$5. All ages.

Halloween, the most metal of all holidays, is once again upon us. But instead of going through the same tame routine, head down to Al’s Bar for a horrific showcase of some of the area’s best heavy metal bands.

Holy Mountains, the newest effort from the dudes in Alegionnaire (currently on hiatus), will keep heads nodding to riff-heavy jams and deep, deep grooves. According to guitarist Adam Nicholson, “It’s heavier than the stuff we were doing in Alegionnaire. It’s really, really, really heavy.”

Old One will be coming in from Morehead after multiple previous shows in Lexington. Most closely compared to Om, another bass and drums duo, Old One work between spaced-out ambience and thick, distorted riffs. They continue to improve and have just released a new cd.

Wrath of the Tyrant play death metal as if they were the reapers. They are probably the heaviest shredding band in Lexington. Lots of interesting riffs, good rhythmic changes, and Edward Mason’s explosive and unpredictable stage presence will make Wrath of the Tyrant the band to see. According to Mason, “If it’s not scary, then it’s not punk rock.” That’s never truer than on Halloween.

Adding to the evening’s events will be locals Apocrypha, Eyelid Conspiracy, Witness the Reckoning, and Entropy, as well as a Zombie costume contest with prizes from local merchants. —*Matt Gibson*

**Saturday, October 31**  
The Fall Ball, featuring Man Man, The Hood Internet, The Ford Theatre Reunion, Dinosaurs and Disasters, and The March Madness Marching Band *Buster’s. \$20 presale (available at bustersbh.com), \$25 day of show, 18+.*

While I recommend seeing Man Man any time you have a chance, the

particular circumstances for seeing them this time (Halloween + Beaux Arts + Man Man) makes this general recommendation a no brainer: it’ll be a pretty surefire good time.

Since it’s a Beaux Arts event, it’s only right that there’s a costume contest (judged by Man Man) with free Beaux Arts Ball tickets up for grabs and, of course, DJ sets from Chicago’s The Hood Internet and Lexington’s Dinosaurs and Disasters.

And that’s not all the Beaux Arts brain-trust has thunk up. The Ford Theatre Reunion will be playing, too, fresh off their strong set at the Boomslang Carnival. FTR’s dark, vaudeville revival style perfectly compliments the very deranged Beefheart pubcrawl Man Man conjures. Throw the March Madness Marching Band into the mix, and you’ve got a bloody horrorshow All-Hallows’. **BONUS:** Halloween means turn back the clocks, so you get an extra hour of partying. Hallelujah. —*Nick Kidd*

**Monday, November 2**  
Jason Stein and Dave Ferris  
*The Morris Book Shop, 408 Southland Drive, 7 P.M.*  
*Free (donations encouraged for the musicians), All ages.*

Good news: There are no less than four Outside the Spotlight (OTS) jazz series shows between now and the end of the year. This quartet of shows kicks off with a solo bass clarinet performance by Chicago’s Jason Stein in support of his new album, *In Exchange for a Process* (Leo Records). Stein has led his own group for some time and has played with other OTS heavyweights like Peter Brotzman, Ken Vandermark, and Jeb Bishop, but now he’s heading down the unaccompanied route, letting his low-end brass improvisations do the talking.

Also featured on the bill will be Lexington’s own Dave Ferris doing a solo percussion set. Anyone who’s seen Dave play with the likes of Big Fresh, Club Dub, The Tall Boys, or Fuma will tell you that Ferris isn’t just one of the



MIKE PERSICO

Man Man.

best percussionists in the state, he’s one of the best you’ll see *anywhere*. Don’t miss this opportunity to have your third eye squeeged clean by Ferris’ transcendental talents a la improvisational possibilities. —*NK*

**Thursday, November 5**  
LAKE with Karl Blau  
*Al’s Bar, 601 N. Limestone, 8 P.M.*  
\$5. All ages.

LAKE return to Lexington from the Pacific Northwest for the third time in the past year-and-a-half, and the band’s sugary-sweet indie pop just seems to get better with each outing. This time ‘round, they’re touring with a new LP, *Let’s Build a Roof*, and they’re bringing K Records labelmate Karl Blau along with them. Blau recorded LAKE’s self-titled debut record and

is an artist who’s built an extensive fanbase with his prolific repertoire of slapdash, lo-fi folk. His new album, *Zebra*, blends Blau’s regular freaky folksie tunes with his penchant for African music and is quite an interesting departure from traditional folk music. Blau plays nearly every instrument on the record, which weaves both disco and jazz influences into the traditional Blau sound. —*NK*

North of Center is always looking for writers and photographers. If you’re interested in contributing, email Danny Mayer at: [noceditors@yahoo.com](mailto:noceditors@yahoo.com)

## Kings of Leon take Nashville

By Ashleigh Lovelace

“I wasn’t gonna say nothin’ onry tonight,” drawled Caleb Followill, frontman for the Kings of Leon, as he began his short spiel on finally earning the hard-won respect of the band’s hometown at the Friday, October 16th concert in the Sommet Center in Nashville, Tennessee. Although professing that they had taken a lot of—well, something—from people in Nashville, it was apparent that the group couldn’t have been happier to have sold out the mega-arena that Caleb said he had only visited once before in his life.

I must admit, it’s hard to watch a band that has come rocketing out of U.S. musical obscurity (which generally translates physically to a small, but dedicated fanbase) into the fickle, transient, and god-like status created by earning the spot of number 1 on the Billboard top 40. In fact, it’s a little

gut-wrenching at times to know that one of your favorite bands has suddenly become as fashionable as J.Crew or Kanye West (which, oddly enough, happen to go hand in hand).

Yet, this is the kind of superstardom the Kings of Leon have had to endure as of late. The continued success of their arena-gearred fourth album, *Only By the Night*, has given them the opportunity to walk onto the stage to 15,000 screaming fans and a haunting rendition of Mozart’s requiem, “Lacrimosa,” which really felt like four leather-clad messiahs making their earthly debut. Such was the case Friday night.

But even without all the theatricality, there was something palpable in the air last Friday (perhaps it was all the teenage pheromones) as the Kings charged through their setlist, half of which was filled with Only By the Night’s streamlined anthems and the

other half a collection of the previous three albums’ crowd and band favorites.

This kind of hero-worship is something to be expected of a Jonas Brothers concert, which Rainn Wilson wittingly pointed out in a Twitter update about KOL a few weeks ago, and it’s interesting to see that the power of a hot 20-something—or four of them for that matter—over thousands of teenage girls still holds true. Yet, there is so much more to the history of this band than those who tracked down the bandwagon with “Sex on Fire” and hitchhiked to “Use Somebody” care to know.

The three brothers of KOL, sons of a Pentecostal revivalist minister who later left the church and the family after a divorce, were born and bred in Tennessee and spent their early years as a band (along with their cousin Matthew) working past the distaste for their music that their hometown seemed to relish in. Only after three albums and a ridiculously disproportionate amount of success in the UK did the Kings venture home, greeted by a small but hardy following in the States.


Through some miracle of luck (or a fourth album filled with perfectly produced rock anthems) they finally reached success and the popular radio stations of America. It is with consideration to their background that kept my gag reflex from kicking in last Friday at the Sommet Center as I sweated it out with the best of them in General Admission. I saw it in their faces every

time the audience roared with pleasure after each song—whether they knew the lyrics or not.

It was odd to see the scruffy and usually stoic Caleb openly grinning at the crowd; I guess I was expecting something more brooding or intense to go along with the band’s sexually-charged lyrics. But the band that couldn’t get a venue in Nashville after 2003’s release of *Youth and Young Manhood* was nothing but pleased to hear near 15,000 screaming fans belting out the lyrics to Billboard’s no. 1, “Use Somebody.”

I have attended two KOL concerts in the past week—one in Lexington at Rupp Arena, and the one in Nashville at the Sommet Center. It’s hard to believe that the two concerts would be much different from each other, but as with anything, praise always means more from the ones you’ve never received it from before. Although the setlists were nearly identical (with the exception of the Nashville playing of “Frontier City”, a bonus track on Only By the Night) the energy exhibited by the band just felt different—more alive.

As a fan, the permanent hearing loss I endured from standing that close to the stage was worth every minute. And even though the band may fade into some semblance of their former glory if their upcoming fifth album holds true to the “grungy” rumors propagated by themselves in each new interview, they will always remember the Nashville concert as the night they were accepted by the once-indifferent city, its lost sons home for good.



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# Hord and Rozzi take 2 on 2 Tournament

## Duo win two boss looking trophies

NoC Sports Desk  
Coolavin Park

With a sudden death joust 2-1 victory over Andy Stith and Ben Wood in a thrilling championship game, Kyle Hord and Mike Rozzi completed their improbable run through the loser’s bracket to capture the Lexington 2 vs. 2 Inter-City Bike Polo Tournament and Velo Swap this past Sunday at Coolavin Park.

Acting Bluegrass State Games Commissioner of Bike Polo Brian Turner described the day’s action best when he stated, ““You couldn’t have asked for a prettier Fall day to hold a polo tournament and velo swap. Hearts were broken, blood was shed, names were called and many bike parts were swapped.” All in all, the tournament proved to be one king hell of an event.

After the fevered excitement of the early afternoon velo swap subsided, tournament play began in earnest around 1:30 P.M. The 2 vs. 2 tourney format represented a slight departure from standard bike polo rules and regulations. Rather than play to a fixed score and pit teams of three against each other, the Inter-City format developed by Dogtown operator Chris Simpson featured randomly-drawn teams of two playing fixed 10 minute games. (Commissioner Turner reportedly OK’d the changes.)

In effect, the changes made for a competitive tournament filled with plenty of offensive fireworks. As Brad Flowers commented between sobs over a Game 1 loss to teammates Shane Tedder and Katie Jo, the randomly drawn teams created parity. “The format mixes the best and the newest of players together, so it has a middling



BRIAN TURNER

Andy Stith goes up against the wall.

or evening effect, in a good sense, and so you have to re-adjust what you know about the game.”

Nowhere was this re-adjustment more evident than with Hord and Rozzi, affectionately known as Murder Town. The future champions were bested 4-3 in their first match and effectively began the tournament in the loser’s bracket, but they learned quickly and peeled off six consecutive victories en route to the championship.

Their only loss came in a first round blood match, turned instant classic, that pitted Murder Town against Blood Brothers, comprised of the Commish Brian Turner and Boyd Shearer. Hord took the opening joust and first zigged around a fast-closing

Turner before then zagging around a lifeless Shearer for a breakaway shot and score. Shearer evened the score less than a minute later for Blood Brothers when he flipped a backhand shot past Hord to the delight of the crowd. From there, each team went on 2-goal mini-runs to bring the score to a 3-3 tie with approximately 1:48 left in regulation game play. From here, the two teams battled to a bloody draw until the closing seconds of the match. Then, with ten seconds to play a visibly bloodied Shearer shook free in front of the goal where Rozzi stood guard. The ball went into Shearer, who collided with Rozzi, sending both players

*continued on page 9*

**Al's Bar**  
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*2nd place at Cleveland Bike Polo Tournament*  
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**Wednesdays & Sundays**  
**Coolavin Park**  
*Post-game shenanigans at Al's*

## Three days on the Kentucky River (cont.)

*continued from page 1*

20+ miles, but beyond that there was no itinerary, no strategy, nothing more solid than an old river map and times and locations for our put-in and take-out: we would start at noon Friday at Valley View; we would end at 5 P.M. Sunday evening at Camp Nelson.

The first 8 miles of the trip to the put-in were smooth sailing. It wasn’t until we made our way down the winding last two miles of Route 169, with its snake back turns, jagged rock cliffs and limestone gulches, that the entire trip fell into jeopardy. The tie downs for the Dirigo that I had hastily assembled back in Keene had loosened in the repeated sway of the descent. It was loose and sliding forward. Luckily, I managed to jump out of the vehicle just as we came to a stop and grab it before it came crashing to the ground.

It takes the ferry at Valley View about five minutes to make a round trip across the Kentucky, especially when the water’s up and muddy like it was that day. It’s amazing in an age when speed is the norm, when everything should have been done yesterday, that there exists a flat bottom boat ferrying cars, three or four at a time, across a great river. Watching this all play out gave me pause.

I had read how in 1785 the Virginia Assembly granted Revolutionary War soldier John Craig a franchise to operate a ferry between Fayette and Madison counties seven years before Kentucky became a state in 1792. Currently, Valley View is the oldest operating ferry west of the Appalachian Mountains; it is the oldest continuously operated business in Kentucky.

which we live and eat, not to mention drink, because every drop of water we central Kentuckians consume comes from that river. Without its 259 miles of east by north easterly flow, 14 locks and more than 7000 square miles of watershed, we’d all be screwed, if we all aren’t already.

We waited for the ferry to cross before slithering into the river like great, silent waterdogs, each trying to beat the ferry back from its return voyage. I went first in the Dirigo, a fast tracking, longer kayak (12’6”) with a rear storage compartment. Next came the Pack Angler, a one-man canoe weighing 35 pounds without gear. It plodded along with the added weight of the camp kitchen and other necessities like two Moon and Stars watermelons. Last was the Otter, the smallest of the kayaks (9’6”). It pitched and wobbled along like a tottering drunk by way of a series of sharply angled left and right turns.

**Stopped at Lock 9**

Here’s where a little more planning could have come into play.

None of us were aware that Lock 9 was under construction, nor were we aware just how close Lock 9 was to Valley View. If we would have known we surely would have planned to put in below the lock for \$5 at the canoe livery. It’s just easier and more convenient that way.

Seeing as we didn’t, we were in for quite the surprise when we rounded that first bend five minutes into our trip. The scene before us appeared unreal from the distance, as if a vast Legoland of construction was being put together by little toy

construction workers. The toys and Legos turned out to be one hundred foot cranes, giant rock crushers hammering away at unearthed limestone and a sea of pipes, culverts, backhoes and F150s. A 10 foot chain link fence around the entire site appeared to be impenetrable.

“What should we do?” I asked.

“Go talk to the foreman, Dirigo,” Pack suggested. “You’re the people person.”

So, alone, I trudged up the bank and found a human face to converse with.

“You boys got yourselves in a pickle,” said the boisterous, Burl Ives of a foreman seated in the drivers seat of his Ford. “You need to get through, don’t ya? But there ain’t no way around as I’m sure you’ve already discovered.”

He paused, spit chaw oil from his jaw, and smiled.

“You can go through the site, but make it quick and don’t get hurt.”

The construction site was a muddy cross between quick sand and diesel fuel. This stuff was so viscous, so thick, so slimy, that we couldn’t walk our gear up the bank and through the site. We had to pick our legs up high to break the mud’s suction and high step our way to freedom. All the while stone crackers pounded away at the ground, saws peeled back layers of concrete and backhoes hummed into the planet’s surface. This was no construction site, this was a battlefield and the Kentucky appeared to be losing.

I find out later that the damn at Lock 9 is being repaired, and more importantly raised, so a greater volume of water can be harnessed for Lexington’s consumption (its water

intakes are roughly 10 miles upstream from Lock 9). Fucking heartbreaking! This was no small construction project. It was a destruction zone the size of a small town—a great gash in a once pristine valley. And all this so Lexingtonians can take longer showers, flush spiders or even worse, water their god damn grass.

Thinking on it now, I can only shake my head and recall Wendell Berry’s admonition in an excerpt from one of my favorite essays in *Another Turn of the Crank*: “Always include local nature—the land, the water, the air, the native creatures – within the membership of the community.” It did not appear to me that Lexington had included this place, this area, within their concept of community.

**Devil’s Pulpit**

An hour later we finally managed to get the Dirigo, the Pack, the Otter and all the gear across the great wasteland and back down to the water. After re-loading and once again setting our paddles to water, we decided to refuel with some Laphroaig and another taste of this year’s freshness. Knowing what we endured to get to where we were, we decided to give our fourth member, Rush, a heads up: skip Valley View and put in below the lock. We would later learn he had his own adventure making his way to the river.

After our great portage of Lock 9, things started clearing. The sunshine, rain dampened air and open solitude of the river set in, allowing the cathartic nature of paddling to ease our pains and dry some of the mud we carried.

We made great time and quickly descended upon Mary Baker Hollow and one of the greatest kept secrets in all of Kentucky—Devil’s Pulpit. This 60-foot tall free-standing stone column was first noted (in writing) by Daniel Boone in 1770. On this day the pulpit was manned by dozens upon dozens of buzzards surveying the river as it bent away from them. One by one our flotilla passed beneath the buzzard’s gaze, each listening intently for any sermon they might have to offer.

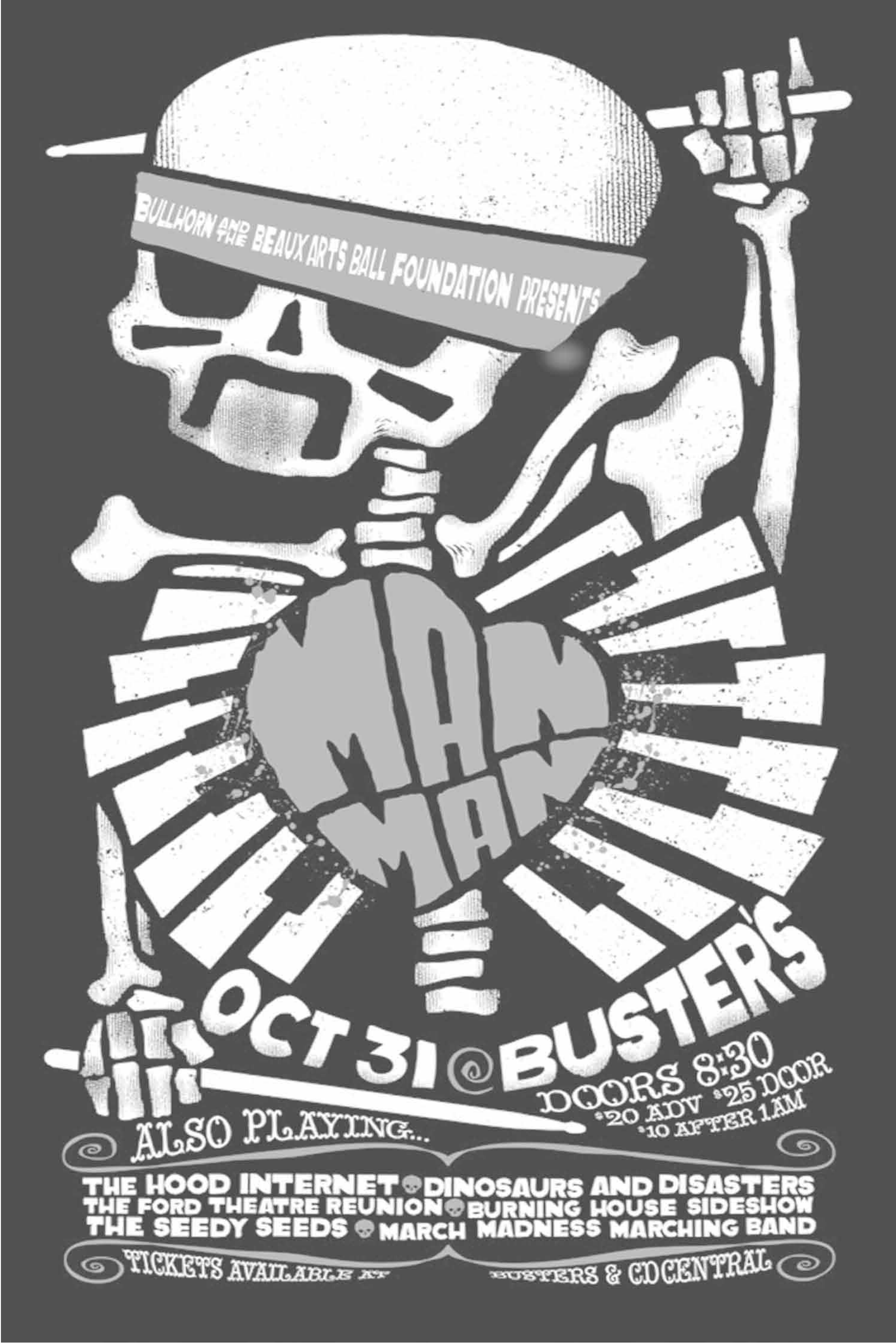
Legend has it Daniel Boone buried the only man he ever killed, an Indian, in the mouth of the cave at the foot of Devil’s Pulpit; fearing the Indian

*continued on the next page*



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On the Kentucky (cont.)

*continued from the previous page*

would return to his tribe and tell others of Boone’s location, the white settler stashed the red body. A friend of mine claims that the Indian’s remains are on display in UK’s anthropology department. Apparently the skeletal remains show the crushed back of the Indian’s skull where Boone smashed his head in with the butt of his rifle. I’ve yet to go and see for myself. That will have to be another adventure for another day.

**A joyous reunion; night on the Silver**  
The three of us had barely made the next bend when our fourth companion, Rush, caught up. We couldn’t see him, but we could hear his singing. He sounded like some ancient bard chronicling the day’s events, our

own minstrel in the gallery. His words echoed off the limestone palisades and filled the valley with song. It’s hard to describe something so beautiful, so pure. We were now four strong and in celebration we took another nip at the Laphroaig and lifted smoke to the heavens like ancient natives of old.  
With only an hour before sundown we decided we’d be better off to use what little light was left to set up camp. It’s amazing how fast it gets dark when you’re at the bottom of the earth. Silver Creek was just up the bend and to the left. It was the most likely camping spot we would approach that evening.  
Coming off the big open water of the Kentucky into a side creek like the Silver is an awesome experience. You are cocooned by the banks and overhanging trees. With no natural rock

shoal or embankment we decided our only viable camping spot was up a short ridge to a flat, overgrown field. Once again we endured the mud and it was well worth it. This was not the perfect camping spot, but it was damn close. Moon vines, with their prickly burrs, clung to every inch of the small overgrown field, and spectacular purple aster sat in full bloom everywhere. Narnia!  
We quickly assembled camp and made a dinner of homemade pesto and pasta. It was then we learned of Rush’s own adventurous experiences trying to get to the river below Lock 9. He had his wife drop him off at the end of Camp Daniel Boone Road; from there he dragged his kayak 200 yards through a field, down a ridge and across a muddy beach. In Rush’s words, this is what his wife said as he

started to unload: “This is the middle of no where; you can’t be serious about this.”  
His response: “The river is right over there. I’ll be fine.”  
And fine he and the rest of us were. Sleep came early that cool night. To my right, Rush and Pack slept outside with no tent, their respective tarps draped over themselves and their gear. To my left, on the other side of the small fire, Otter snored in his tent.  
My last memory was of the man in the moon peeking over the tree line as he smiled down on us. I can hear him whispering right now all over again.  
“This is just the beginning—what lies ahead will change you.”  
  
*Stay tuned for part 2 of Troy’s trip on the Kentucky River, where our hero travels from Silver Creek to Camp Nelson.*



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"Life is naught then, but sorrow,  
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--H. Berlioz, 1846

Finally.

the sound of crickets  
pervades.

I've found it.  
The sluggish  
stream.

Fishtowne.

Chapter 1; Page 1



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Boyd Shearer displays his bloodied finger during bike polo action at Coolavin Park.



# Opinion

## Rejecting Nobel’s audacity of hope

### Why we should not appreciate Barack Obama’s Peace Prize

By Andrew Battista

When the Norwegian Nobel Committee announced that it would give President Barack Obama the 2009 Peace Prize, I, like many people, reacted bitterly. Having won a Peace Prize, Obama stands alongside Al Gore, Mikhail Gorbachev, and Henry Kissinger, political figures and past Nobel Prize winners who have perpetuated military and economic violence in the name of national security.

U.S. citizens should not continue to uphold the Peace Prize as worthy recognition for leaders like Martin Luther King, Desmond Tutu, or Mother Theresa, worthy Nobel Laureates who developed legacies of sacrificial reconciliation and peacemaking, when the prize has become hijacked by an international community enamored with Obama’s charismatic appeals to Hope and Change.

The fact remains that President Barack Obama is a warmonger. I don’t think this is an overly pejorative term. Obama has merely taken the Bush-era foreign policy of violence and conquest in Iraq, where the United States military industrial complex sponsored a relentless pursuit of oil, and transferred it to Afghanistan, where we are now waging another amorphous war against terrorism and spending

billions of dollars in the name of “national security.” The *Huffington Post* reported this week that our exploits in Afghanistan are far more dangerous than the Iraqi campaign has been. At least 800 U.S. soldiers have died in Afghanistan, and many more civilians have lost their lives at the hands of U.S. military aggression, which has indiscriminately chased Taliban forces through the rugged Afghani landscape.

President Obama no more deserves a Nobel Peace Prize than does George W. Bush. Yet so many political pundits and uncritical liberals give Obama (and the Norwegian Nobel Committee for that matter) the benefit of the doubt. This is a preemptive award, they say, one that may compel Obama to steer U.S. military policy in such a way that would make him a worthy Peace Prize recipient.

I think this is magical thinking. Since his administration took office, President Obama has selected hawks like General Stanley McChrystal to further entrench the United States in overseas combat. We may remember McChrystal as one of the brass responsible for the Army’s shameless cover-up after the Pat Tillman friendly fire death. Obama has increased the troop level in Afghanistan by 33 percent; he has sent an additional 21,000 men and women to fight in 2009 alone. General McChrystal, whom Obama handpicked to head the campaign in

our new rendition of the war on terror, has asked for at least 40,000 additional troops; Obama, even as he accepted the Peace Prize with humility, refused to rule out the possibility that he would grant McChrystal’s request.

His unwavering financial support of Israel’s military aggression has not fostered peace in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Indeed, during the 2008 Democratic National Convention, Obama went so far as



Now, thousands of U.S. soldiers, many of whom have already served multiple tours in Iraq, are preparing for lengthy deployment in Afghanistan, where they face the insurmountable task of creating a democratic order *ex nihilo*. According to the Nobel Committee website, the Peace Prize is bestowed upon those individuals who “have done the most or the best work for fraternity between nations, for the abolition or reduction of standing armies and for the holding and promotion of peace congresses.” Obama has precipitously increased the standing army of the United States, and his actions have encouraged other world leaders to do the same.

We should not be proud of our President as he accepts this award.

to keep his critic (and former Peace Prize winner) Jimmy Carter away from the convention, allowing him only a brief video message. Obama’s underlying fear was that Carter’s role in Middle East peacemaking would cost him votes.

By default, the Commander-in-Chief of the world’s most powerful military should be ineligible for a Nobel Peace Prize, if that award is to signify anything meaningful. Of course, an award is just an award, and Barack Obama can bring about peace in ways that most world citizens cannot. But the aftermath of the 2009 Peace Prize award is a familiar echo of an international trend. We support Barack Obama without holding him accountable for his actions.

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## Bike polo (cont.)

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flying from their bikes and Shearer blood splatter on a six foot north by northwestward trajectory. Before collapsing to the ground on top of Rozzi in a bloody mass, though, Shearer managed to stay aloft long enough to send a dribbler through the cones for a 4-3 Blood Brothers victory.

Hord and Rozzi would rise from the ashes of the disappointing and messy defeat, though, and win their next six games enroute to their well-deserved championship trophies.

**Notes:**  
*Tedder’s return to action*

Shane Tedder returned to the court after a month-long absence, but you wouldn’t know it from the box score. Tedder, who recently became a proud papa, finished second in tournament goals scored with a staggering 16 points before retreating back home before the tournament championship game, reportedly to help feed or re-diaper his child. To keep this number in perspective, tournament points leader Kyle Hord of the championship winning Murder Town scored 17 points in 7 tournament matches; Tedder’s furious 16 goal eruption came in only 4 tournament games.

One thing seems evident: the former Tripple Lexx member still retains his characteristic burst of speed.

*Chris Simpson: king of the reach-around*

In game 7 action, Chris Simpson pulled off a fairly rare feat: the triple reach-around. The reach-around, where a player from behind the goal reaches his mallet around only to jab the ball back through the cones for a score, is one of the more difficult shots in bike polo. To pull off a reach-around, one

must be equal parts cunning, quick, lucky, firm, and precise.

Simpson’s first reach-around came at the 1:40 mark on an assist from teammate Andy Stith. Less than a minute later, Simpson scored again on another reach-around, this time giving it to his competitor, Shane Tedder while Stith looked on intently from two feet away. By the time Simpson had his third reach-around, at the 4:00 minute mark after a Tedder footdown near the goal, the player seemed clearly spent—and frankly, uninterested.

It takes a certain amount of stamina to pull out two reach-arounds in

donated by players Patrick Garnett and Mike Rozzi. Garnett, who welds, created the trophies from various bike parts. Though players commended his welding, some questioned its effects on Garnett’s bike polo game. One player, who requested anonymity for fear of on-court reprisal, observed, “As soon as Pat started his welding job, his offense just died.”

Garnett finished in last place with teammate Matt Burton, losing both their games in unspectacular fashion.

*Rozzi a new force on the scene*

The tournament co-champion, Mike Rozzi, is a recent transplant

this past summer’s Bluegrass Games State Tournament—meant that he was relatively untested in harsh tournament conditions where he would go up against bruisers like Alex Brooks. While he’s still learning the nuances of the game, this much is evident: the rookie has exhibited a quick pedal and a feathery brake hand.

*Long live Bill*

The velo swap, essentially a flea market for buying or trading bike supplies and parts, preceded the tournament by several hours. The small-time vendors simply displayed their wares starting around 11:00 A.M. in the bike pit separating courts 1 and 2. Throughout the day players and spectators swapped and bought well-priced things such as seven speeds with Shimano breaks, sprocket-less frames, handlebars, frameless sprockets, and various chrome-colored biking trinkets and gadgets. Tripple Lexxx member and reach-around expert Chris Simpson hawked bike polo t-shirts.

The biggest uproar of the day occurred when Bill arrived packing some serious bicycle heat. His appearance, with all manner of bikes and spokes and sprockets, with two different plastic pullout drawers of bike parts—some even having “Italian shit” in them—mesmerized both the crowd and players. The courts emptied; the grill was left un-womaned. One vendor, who espied Bill, started bouncing up and down against the plywood walls of the bike pit, screaming at the top of his lungs for Bill to drive his truck and trailer of bike goodies right up to the gate.

Everything stopped, even the tournament, which was postponed thirty minutes to allow the frenzy at Bill’s to subside.



Mike Rozzi and Kyle Hord of Murdertown raise their championship trophies.

one match, but to pull it a third time is just about unheard of. To have the stamina for three in an incredibly short 4 minute time-span brings Simpson to near cult hero status.

*Garnett and Rozzi create trophies*

Trophies for the first, second, and third place teams were reportedly

to Lexington. Rozzi moved this past summer from West Virginia and met up with some bike polo fellows through Bike Lexington and Alley Cats channels. “It’s great. It’s nice to enter a city and right off meet a community like this,” Rozzi noted. Still a rookie, Rozzi came into the day as a wildcard. His August arrival—after



## Institute 193 (cont.)

*continued from page 1*

members of Institute 193 will receive signed posters and books associated with each exhibition, giving them a private collection of this contemporary art chronicle.

For Bickett, these printed materials are more than just promotional tools, though. There is something professionally and emotionally rewarding about seeing your efforts so perfectly packaged and so widely available.

“I’m not one of those very emotional guys, but it is emotional,” said Bickett. “I’ve been fortunate over the years to be in a lot of really nice catalogues and books, and I think Phillip’s is going to be the best. These books he’s doing are really works of art in themselves.”

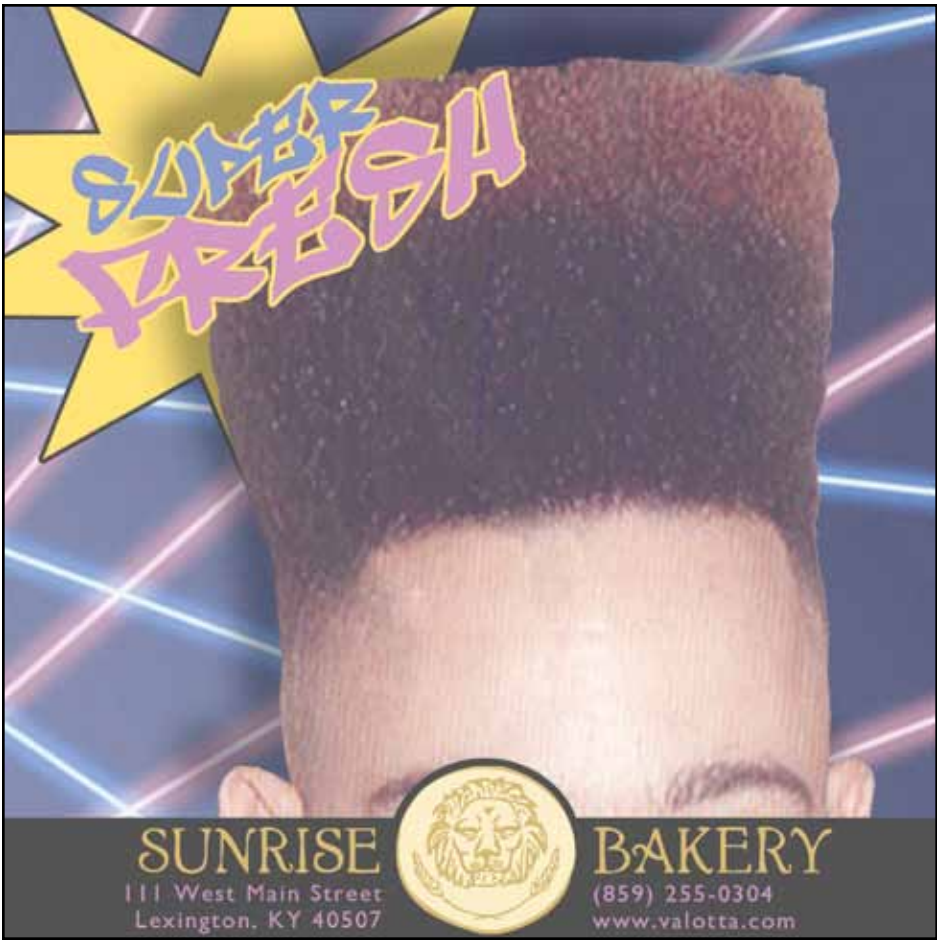
Jones said Institute 193 plans to show six to seven artists annually. On the horizon are Bruce Burris, known locally for his artistic activist work at Latitude and his whimsical, outsider-style writing; Clint Colburn, a Lexington artist in his late 20s who works in a mixture of vibrant collage and drawing; and Mare Vaccaro, a photographer whose alopecia has inspired her to explore notions of femininity and beauty. (All make for an interesting Google experience.)

The concept of Institute 193 is simple enough, but so far, it seems to be working, said Jones. *Louis Zoellar Bickett II: Selections from the Archive* opened with a standing room only crowd and captured the attention of the media and Lexington’s leadership.

“Phillip’s vision for the Institute has a surgical precision to it,” said Vice Mayor Gray. “It ties perfectly to Lexington’s growing arts economy, which is all about production, all about the talent and the product, whether it’s in a visual, performing, or written form. The Institute is about high intellect, not about

high art. It’s all about celebrating the human spirit, in its most creative and inspired ways. It’s a little place with big ideas... and that can be a very big deal.”

*For more information on Institute 193 or memberships, visit [Institute193.org](http://Institute193.org) or become a fan on Facebook.*



*Louis Zeller Bickett II.*



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FIFTH THIRD BANK  
4th Friday  
10.23.09

LAL @ Loudoun House | 6pm - 9pm  
Supporters Free | Potential Supporters \$7

Light Appetizers: **The Melting Pot**  
Beverages: **KY Eagle Inc., KY Ale & Pepsi**  
Dress in your Halloween Best & bring your artistic pumpkin for great prizes. Music: the Dialectics.

LAL @ Busters | 9:30pm  
\$15 in advance | \$18 at the door

Join us at Busters for the Fifth Third 4th Friday After Party- celebratory drinks, costumes, and "Bailes Por Dia De Los Muertos" from the MECCA Live Studio and Gallery.



Fifth Third 4th Friday and Exhibition Reception for *Generously Odd: Craft Now*

Above image: *Pomegranate Cluster with Bones* by Catherine Vamvakas Lay, courtesy of the Ontario Arts Council. The Lexington Art League's programs are made possible through the generous support of Lex Arts. The Kentucky Arts Council, the state arts agency, supports the Lexington Art League with state tax dollars and federal funding from the National Endowment for the Arts.

