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At the Lexington High Security Unit Radical daughters, this could be you

By Beth Connors-Manke

This is part two of Beth's "Rebilly Bitch" series on incarceration. In March, she reported on the imprisonment of nineteenth-century political prisoner Anne Devlin in Ireland's Kilmainham Gaol. Devlin's captor-torturer, the prison official "Dr." Trevor, is reputed to have said: "Bad luck to you Anne Devlin, bad luck to you, you rebilly bitch; I hope you may be hanged." Beth's tour of the gaol reminded her of Lexington's own history of political imprisonment at the Lexington High Security Unit.

When I first started researching and writing on imprisonment, I was asked: "Why write on prison?" This query came at a public forum—I was being measured up—so I had to give intellectual, rather than personal, reasons. Now, I don't remember exactly what I said; it was probably something about theories of surveillance and the ontological experience of confinement.

However, I do remember what I wanted to say: I write about imprisonment because it terrifies me.

Imprisonment terrifies me for the most basic of reasons: how I understand myself and the world is premised on freedom. This, of course, partially has to do with my personality (don't tell me what to do, I won't do it), but freedom is also the gold standard in American culture. We're bred on it. We may sometimes, stupidly, fool ourselves into thinking freedom is the ability to choose between two types of SUV or twelve styles of jeans; however, deep down, Americans' psyches are fundamentally grounded in the idea of

self-determination. Paradoxically, this is true even when we sanction the stripping of others' freedom through bad education, racism, enforced poverty, or incarceration.

Magdalene Sisters

Around the same time, I had seen *The Magdalene Sisters* (2002), written and directed by Peter Mullan. The movie takes place in a convent also functioning as an asylum for "loose" women. 'Asylum' turns out to be a euphemism for a prison run by nuns; each woman there had been locked up against her will.

Beautifully shot, remarkably quiet, and composed primarily of medium shots and close-ups, *The Magdalene Sisters* is a difficult movie to watch. Difficult because it tells the story of three young Irish women—one raped, one beautiful, and one who gives birth out of wedlock—who are stripped of their freedom because they are young women and because men around them have sinned sexually. Difficult because the claustrophobia and the frustration the young women feel is painfully present in every shot. Difficult because women—the girls' mothers, the nuns, the women of the community—are complicit in the incarceration.

Difficult because it's based on true events that happened as recently as the 1960s and 70s in Ireland. The last laundry closed in 1996. While the women's movement was at a fever pitch, especially in the United States, in the Magdalene asylums women were being imprisoned for their sexuality by the Church and their families.



The Federal Medical Center (formerly the Federal Correctional Institution) on Leestown Road.

But this confinement wasn't simply about zealous morality taken out on the young; convents like the one depicted in the film relied on the women's forced labor for financial viability. In a time before the wonder of personal washers and dryers, these asylums also functioned as laundries. As the film suggests, the laundry/asylums were driven by economics as much as, if not more than, religious fervor for the reformation of "wayward" girls.

For some, it might be tempting to distance oneself from the violence and the horror of illegal confinement of the Magdalene asylums by dismissing it as having happened in another country, in another time.

I wasn't tempted to distance myself, though. Having grown up in an Irish-American Catholic family, the film hit close to home. These girls were like me in many ways. I could imagine how, with a twist in circumstances, this could have been my fate; I could have been sent off, swallowed up by a system larger than me, for reasons having little to do with me. To put it another way: I imagined that if it happened to other women, it could happen to me.

Fallen Women

While the U.S., like Ireland, has a history of incarcerating women for

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Valley View: A ferry history

By Danny Mayer

The Kentucky River's twisted north-by-northwest course defined three of the original four counties that comprised the commonwealth before it separated from Virginia: Jefferson county rolled away from the river's western banks, Lincoln from its southern banks, while Fayette sat nestled, sling-like, in the fertile, east-facing scrotum-shaped terrain squeezed between it and the Ohio Rivers.

At first glance, the river's early cartographic importance to the state is easily explainable. Surveyors love rivers, their beds making great, mostly definite boundaries to which all parties can abide. With early surveyors like Daniel Boone using creeks and rivers to deed up property borders, determining the common boundary line for three counties must have seemed like a no-brainer. Choose the big body of water and its hundred million year old river bed that slice through the state's interior; head to nearest tavern to work off last night's bottle fever.

But using the Kentucky as a common boundary also held a political logic. The river's steep banks, towering palisades and deep pools were difficult to traverse. Early Kentuckians could not expect easy passage across the Kentucky at the locations and times of their choosing. Cross-river traffic was spotty at best, and required much effort. The river could add miles and days of travel to distances that, as the crow flies, were minuscule. Ensuring political representation in early republic Kentucky, then, meant confining counties to one side of the

river or the other. As Jefferson, Fayette and Lincoln counties splintered into a number of smaller counties, nearly all that about the Kentucky use the river as a boundary rather than allow its flow inside its borders.

1785: Crossing the Commonwealth's Great Wall of Water

By 1785 when former Revolutionary War veteran John Craig petitioned the state of Virginia to operate a ferry at Valley View nearby the mouth of Tates Creek, a handful were already in operation along the Kentucky, shuttling people, livestock and goods from one side of the river to the other.

John Filson's 1784 map of "Kentucke," published 8 years before the area achieved statehood, shows four ferries in operation around Lexington. To the city's east, the ferry at Fort Boonesborough (the area's first, chartered in 1779) secured passage over the Kentucky to/from the terminus of Boone Trace, gateway to the Cumberland Gap and the relatively settled nation east of the Appalachian mountains. To the city's south, Hogan's Ferry at Hickman Creek (now state Highway 27) and Curd's Ferry at Dick's River (near High Bridge) allowed passage to/from the vibrant frontier settlements of Danville and Harrodsburg, which sat

atop the fertile high grounds rising above the Kentucky's southern banks, and on towards the Cumberland River watershed and its growing pioneer river-town, Nashville. In 1784 Lexington's main street, if traveled westward, literally dead-ended at the Kentucky River hamlet of Lee's Town, now better known as Frankfort, at which point a ferry floated citizens, their products and animals across to the river's western banks, the roads on this other side of Lees Town trending north to Port Royal or west to Clarkville, both pulling, as if by rheotaxis, toward the early republic's great

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Ferries used to ring Lexington's southern border.

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The Neighborhood

MAY 25, 2011

A farmer's daughter

By April York

I am a farmer's daughter.

When I was a little girl, Granny Mac and I would play dress-up, watch soap operas, write spelling sentences, and eat hoecakes while everybody else stripped tobacco, or did the cattle round-up.

I read books when I could've been learning to rake hay. When I was at the tobacco barn, I did my best to sit in the black swirly chair reading the comics or planning the seating arrangements for Thanksgiving family dinner.

Once I was old enough to realize how proud I was of my farming

heritage, and not just because I knew where milk came from, and to realize how much I was missing, it felt too late. I have a memory, I don't know when it's from, of walking down the lane and feeling like I wanted to belong there, to feel a connection to the land. But I had already struck my stick in the ground, saying I was something else: a scholar, an academic. I was wrong.

Though I think I've known it for a long time, I realized I was a farmer's daughter sitting in an exquisite home on an expansive farm on the outskirts of Lexington. Coming to the city made me realize just what a

country girl I am. Though I avoided it, I have stripped tobacco: Box #3, Red. I've kicked corn, moved palettes, and climbed the rafters of a barn.

But being a farmer's daughter is more than owning a pair of cowboy boots, getting your first driving lesson in a pickup truck in the middle of a field, or thinking stringing green beans is fun.

Being a farmer's daughter is knowing what willy is, and having some. It's understanding the sacred beauty of land, being at peace when all you can see around you are trees, fences, and a few cows. It is appreciating what

humans can do if they try in cooperation with the world and each other. It's knowing dedication, hard work, ingenuity, and a bit of stubbornness will lead you far. It's knowing that all you really need are the people you love. It's cherishing a family dinner around the kitchen table. It's simplicity and complexity all in one. Very intelligent men taught me these lessons from the honorable work they did side-by-side every day.

I am a farmer's daughter, and I hope that one day, if I have a little girl, she might not just be a farmer's granddaughter, but a farmer's daughter too.

Skills for Earth-friendly living

New festival comes to Berea in June

By Dave Cooper

Summer is here, and it's festival time! In addition to the annual music and arts and crafts fairs across Kentucky, this year will be the first year for the Whippoorwill Festival near Berea, June 16-19. Co-sponsored by a number of community and environmental groups, the Whippoorwill Festival will teach sustainable living skills through a series of workshops led by experienced and skilled train-



ers, including some Berea College professors and long-time environmental leaders.

Most workshops will be 2 hours long, although some off-site field trips may be longer. In order to encourage leadership development, additional workshops will be led by younger folks and college students. The festival will begin at noon on Thursday, June 16 and run until 6:00 Sunday, June 19. Participants can come for a day or for the entire festival, which will be held at HomeGrown HideAways, located in the beautiful Red Lick Valley just east of Berea.

The Whippoorwill Festival is a low-cost, family-friendly event, with tent camping and home-cooked meals. There will be many activities for children, inspired by the book "Last Child in the Woods," by Richard Louv, such as looking for salamanders and other critters in the creek that runs through the festival grounds. There is no admission charge for children 12 and under, and quiet time in the camping area will begin after 11:00.

Confirmed workshops for the festival include Non-Toxic Household Cleaning, Making Rain Barrels, Dendrology/Tree Identification, Forest Ecology, Playing Banjo, Fiddle and Mandolin, Old Time Ballad Singing, Earth Ovens, Food Security, Oyster Mushroom Inoculation, Mushroom Wild-crafting, Beekeeping, Growing Hot Weather Greens, Primitive Nutrition, Edible Wild Mushrooms, Mountain Justice Kid Collective, Basic Bicycle Maintenance, Making Kefir, Making Hula Hoops (for kids and adults), Making Salve from Plantain and Comfrey, Aromatherapy and Massage, Solar Field Trip to Bob Fairchild's House, Dumpstering and Curb-Crawling, Deep Ecology, Home Schooling, Growing Fruit Trees, Home Weatherization, Worm Composting, Flat-footing, "How To Survive Without a Salary" Discussion Group, Stick Tag, Natural Building and Earth bag, Waste Veggie Oil Diesel Auto Conversion, Knitting, Making

Sausage, Raising Backyard Chickens, Alternative Transportation (Wooden Bicycles and Plywood Kayaks), Forest Gardening, Fiber Arts: Hat Felting, Fire Spinning/Poi, Composting Toilets, Fermenting: Kim Che and Sauerkraut, Making Mead, Forest Foraging, Making Rocket Stoves and Hobo Stoves, Fire Building with Primitive Tools, Wildlife Observation and Nature Awareness, Long-Distance Bicycle Touring, Gathering Roots in the Forest, Non-timber Forest Products, Shadow Theater, Leave No Trace Camping, Making Hot Sauces, Bagua and Chi Gong and Bicycle-Powered Generators.

We also hope to offer a workshop on Dutch Oven Cooking.

Evening entertainment will include some well-known speakers such as Pulitzer Prize-Winning Editorial Cartoonist Joel Pett of the Lexington Herald-Leader, Kentucky Gubernatorial Candidate Gatewood Galbraith, Food Not Bombs Co-founder Keith McHenry, Sustainability expert Dr. Richard Olson of Berea College, and Appalachian simple living expert Carol Judy of the Clearfork Community Institute in Tennessee.

After the evening speakers, we will kick back and kick off our shoes for some great music and dancing in the main pavilion. The Hot Seats, from Charlottesville, Virginia, are the headliner band Saturday night, and I encourage you to check out their website and watch their videos. These guys are excellent musicians. But there will be another terrific bluegrass band

from Kentucky, the 23 String Band on Friday night, which has played at the highly-regarded Master Musicians Festival in Somerset.

Plus we will have old-time banjo player and story-teller Randy Wilson from Leslie County, and the legendary mountain banjo player Lee Sexton, an 85-year-old former coal miner from Letcher County, who will play along with an amazing young musician Jack Adams.

Elizabeth Laprelle from Blacksburg, Virginia is a fast-rising young singer with a golden voice, and Sara Lynch-Thomason from Asheville NC will teach and lead old-time Appalachian ballads.

Also on the music bill is Sugar Tree, three young ladies from Berea who harmonize like the dickens, plus Funny Bones from Lexington on Thursday night.

This festival should be a lot of fun. It's the first year, so we've decided to

keep admission costs very low (\$15 per person per day) and I'm very excited about the whole thing. Volunteers are needed, so if you are interested in helping guide people to park their cars, cooking or taking ticket money at the front gate, please contact me at davecooper928@yahoo.com. I would also welcome some help at the festival grounds setting up tarps and taking down the kitchen before and after the festival.

The Whippoorwill Festival is co-sponsored by the Appalachian Community Fund, Sustainable Berea, Kentucky Heartwood, Kentucky Association for Environmental Education, Kentucky Mountain Justice, Appalachian Community Economics, United Mountain Defense and the Bluegrass Group Sierra Club.

Register online at homegrownhideaways.org.

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Andrea



Andrea was on her way to Al's Bar for an origami-folding event when we asked her to sit on the old couch. Because she lives on N. Limestone, it wasn't hard to persuade her to go home and get her own camera to take this photograph since we were not prepared with ours.

Image and text by Kurt Gobde and Kremena Todorova, Discarded project.

Lex HSU (cont.)

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sexual license, by the 1960s and 70s, the “fallen” women considered most dangerous to the American status quo were those involved in radical political action.

Lexington made history for punishing women when the Lexington High Security Unit (HSU) broke new ground in political imprisonment and psychological torture. Opened in 1986, the notorious HSU had a short life, closing in 1988 after inmates and human rights organizations took the institution to court for prison conditions and treatment of inmates.

Designed to hold 16 women, the Lexington HSU was a renovated basement of what was then called the Federal Correctional Institution (FCI) on Leestown Road. The expensive project was a prison within a prison geared toward complete surveillance and psychological control of prisoners who had been placed there because of their political activity.

Clinical psychologist Dr. Richard Korn reported to the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) that the purpose of the prison was “to reduce prisoners to a state of submission essential for their ideological conversion. That failing, the next objective is to reduce them to a state of psychological incompetence sufficient to neutralize them as efficient, self-directing antagonists. That failing, the only alternative is to destroy them, preferably by making them desperate enough to destroy themselves.”

Korn, a specialist in the effects of coercion and isolation, interpreted the message of the HSU in this way:

“The most miserable and dangerous of violent criminals get a better shake than these women. These are the fallen women. These are the daughters who went astray, and we [the state] must make an example to the daughters we have in our homes: You must never be like this; if you are, we will put you in a place like this, and then you will look like these women, you will be faceless.”

“The state has an endless amount of time [to punish the women]. So, ultimately it will kill them, and the state will be relieved of the guilt.”

In other words: beware young women, the state will do this to you if you dare try to upend the political order.

Radical Daughters

Three of the women held at the HSU *had* tried to effect political change. Alejandrina Torres and Susan Rosenberg were the first two political prisoners to be entombed in the HSU. A supporter of the Puerto Rican independence movement, Torres was convicted of seditious conspiracy for alleged membership in Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación Nacional (FALN). Although the FBI considers the FALN a terrorist organization, Torres was not convicted of participating in FALN bombings or in a crime that injured another person. While imprisoned, Torres considered herself a prisoner of war.

Rosenberg was also devoted to political liberation. Active as a feminist who supported Black political prisoners and national liberation movements in Africa and Latin America, Rosenberg was charged with weapons possession in 1984. She was sentenced to fifty-eight years in federal prison, which was, at the time, the longest sentence in U.S. history for the charge. According to scholar Dan Berger, “the judge cited her political ideology as the reason for the lengthy prison term.” In other words, it was Rosenberg’s politics, not the charge itself, that won her a sentence of almost six decades of confinement.

In “Reflections on Being Buried Alive,” Rosenberg describes her first experience in the HSU:

“We [Rosenberg and Torres] stood at the electronically controlled metal gate under the eye of one of eleven surveillance cameras, surrounded by unidentified men in business suits.... We were in handcuffs. An unidentified

man had ordered us placed in restraints while walking from one end of the basement to the other. The lights were neon fluorescent burning and bright, and everything snow white – walls, floors, ceilings. There was no sound except the humming of the lights, and nothing stirred in the air. Being there at the gate looking down the cell block made my ears ring, and breath quicken.”

Imagine being told—as Rosenberg was—that you would spend the next fifty years in a place like this, a place white, antiseptic, with no natural light, with the incessant humming of fluorescent lights. Consider how you would respond. What would go through your mind?

I want you to take this imaginative exercise seriously. Look around you now. What does the space around you look, smell, feel like? How easily could you get up and walk outside? I’m in my office, which has red walls and brightly colored art. Plants, all sitting atop bookshelves, soak up the natural light from three windows. Down the stairs, out the front door, and I’m in sunshine. If I were consigned to the HSU, I would quickly go crazy.

In “Reflections,” Rosenberg relays Torres’s first comment about the HSU: “It’s a white tomb, a white sepulcher.” It was whitewashed death.

Silvia Baraldini, the third political prisoner to join the HSU, echoed the thought in a later interview: “The essential part of this unit is that we’re totally isolated, and so amongst us we have taken to calling this place a living tomb.”

Convicted of conspiracy and racketeering, Baraldini was a member of the May 19th Communist Organization and supported the anti-racist work of the Black Panther Party. Like Rosenberg, Baraldini had fought the FBI’s COINTELPRO, an illegal program which targeted American political dissidents, spying on and harassing them.

Punished for Politics

It is important to note that these three women were not convicted of violent crimes. Nor were they known to be violent prisoners. Yet, they were caged in one of the most restricted prison units in the country. At the HSU, Torres, Rosenberg, and Baraldini were not being punished for the crimes for which they were convicted, but for the political reasons motivating their actions. The irony here is that the U.S. claims to have no domestic political prisoners. It claims that we do not jail people for their political beliefs.

While these radical daughters were jailed for criminal violations, their punishment was for politics.

Since these three women were not assigned to the HSU for disciplinary reasons (such as violent behavior in the prison general population), they weren’t sure how they could “work their way out” of the tomb. “When we asked if there was any way for us to get out of the HSU,” Rosenberg writes, “we were informed that if we changed our associations and affiliations a change would be considered. The staff joke was you got a ‘one-way ticket’ to the Lexington HSU.”

When Korn reported on the effects of confinement at the HSU, he noted the bind in which renouncing their “associations and affiliations” would put on the women: “[Their] ideology is an intrinsic part of their identity.... It is an attack which is in itself ideological and violative of their rights as intellectually free and mature beings.”

Imagine that situation for yourself. You have been stripped of everything considered necessary and normal in American culture: family, friends, privacy, freedom of movement, control of the small activities of daily life. And then you’re told that you have to give up more: parts of your personality, beliefs, and causes which you hold dear and structure your life. In other words, dismantle yourself in front of cold and powerful guards, prison officials, and myriad surveillance cameras.

What do you do as an American bred on freedom? Are you terrified?

Valley View (cont.)

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inland highway system, the Ohio River.

Fifteen years later at the close of the eighteenth century, as the region prospered a number of new ferries had begun or would soon begin operation along the palisade-lined inner-bluegrass stretch of the Kentucky River. Upstream from Valley View before Boonesborough, Cleveand’s Ferry (later re-named Clay’s Ferry) transported travelers and their wares across the river nearby Boone Creek, establishing a transportation path best represented today by the 6-lane I-75 bridge that spans the Kentucky nearly 300 feet directly above it. Downstream from Valley View, ferry operators vying for the plentiful inter-city commerce and travel that was developing between Lexington on the river’s north side and Danville/Harrodsburg on its south, opened a number of operations between Hickman Creek (Nicholasville Road) and the community of Brooklyn (Harrodsburg Road).

Where the Danville-Nicholasville Turnpike crossed the Kentucky (Nicholasville Road), Johnson’s Ferry opened on the downstream side of Hickman Creek to compete for traffic with Hogan’s Ferry. Seven miles down-current, two ferries serviced travelers of Shun Road, originally an unofficial thoroughfare cut to shun use of the then river-bound toll roads of Nicholasville and High Bridge roads. Martin’s Boatyard shuttled goods and people crossing at Jessamine Creek into Polly’s Bend. A short stretch beyond Martin’s, McQuai’s Landing would begin operations in the 1820s and cross at Handy’s Bend into Bowman’s Bend. At the Dix, no fewer than three ferries, Curd’s (1786), Lewis’s (1826), and Shaker ferries, transported goods back and forth along the Pleasant Hill and Kentucky River Turnpike (High Bridge Road). A couple miles further along at the Lexington-Harrodsburg-Perryville Turnpike (Highway 68, Harrodsburg Road, Broadway), a second Shaker ferry, along with little-used Todd’s Ferry, was well-positioned to float area products downriver, to the comparatively deeper and more reliable waters of Frankfort, Louisville and ports west and south.

1800-1930: flatboats, ferry communities and working landscapes

The flatboats used in the emerging ferry trade across the Kentucky helped solve two river problems. The most immediate, of course, was ontological: the river’s fluid ability to act as a major obstacle blocking free passage across to any thing subject to the downward trending laws of gravity.

Ferryflats, wooden boxes on water designed to carry loaded wagons, passengers and teams of horses across deep and at times forcefully flowing water, allowed central Kentucky to cohere and intermingle. At an important yet mundane level, ferries granted settlers a wonderful thing: access to each other. At ferry crossings, the river ceased acting as a blockade to the freedom of travel and become instead a portal to it—politically, socially and economically.

Flatboats also solved the state’s great commercial question: how to capitalize on the area’s great inland waterway. The riffle-pool makeup of the Kentucky River as it existed in its unaltered eighteenth century state rendered difficult regular navigation for any vessel bigger than a canoe. As the region became more settled, central and eastern Kentucky’s immense agricultural and mineral resources lacked the markets to make such resources economically valuable. With no efficient system of transport, Kentucky products could not get to the non-Kentucky places they were needed or wanted.

Taking advantage of high tides in the winter and spring, by the 1780s Kentucky flatboats began to ride the seasonal current and deep water to the

faster, deeper and thereby more efficient waters of the Ohio, in the process transporting all kinds of people and goods into and out of the region. In the absence of a developed system of roads and the fossil fuel energy required to traverse such roads, the Kentucky became the state’s first great highway, the commonwealth’s most important economic asset.

Constructed by placing sidewalls and a roof atop a ferryflat chassis, Kentucky flatboats could carry agricultural cargo like bourbon and cured pork bound for New Orleans ports, or they could carry the familial pioneer cargo of homesteaders bound for westward ports along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. One observer, writing in 1801, noted that the flatboats transporting goods and people on the Kentucky and the Ohio appeared as “floating houses,” a description echoed by more modern observations that the flatboats must have “resembled the single-wide house trailers of twentieth-century Kentucky.” (Even at its most early republic, it seems, Kentucky was still creatively white trash at heart.)

No wonder that ferry crossings like the one chartered at Valley View were vibrant sites of human energy, acting as funnels and concentrating communities along particular spots on the river. Writing in *The Five Lives of the Kentucky River*, the author William Grier has described such ferry crossings as “the center of activity” for the areas they served. With people and economic activity continually crossing and passing the river at these points, entire communities began to prosper. County-ordered warehouses stored tobacco, hemp, flour and other products bound for markets downriver. Taverns provided gathering places for the bottle fever, sites for socialization and libations for those travelers ferrying over or passing through the area. General stores arose to service the needs of both the agricultural-based communities growing along both river banks and the many riverine and pike-bound travelers funneling through on their way to other places. Housing provided homes for the different workers needed to operate the ferry communities.

At Clay’s Ferry, Eastern Kentucky coal floated down the Kentucky was transferred from flat boats onto horse drawn wagons and hauled 15 miles inland to supply the growing fossil energy needs of Lexingtonians, who could purchase bushels for twenty-two cents (a full eight cents more than Frankfort citizens, whose costs did not include overland horse transport). Iron and salt mined and floated from Kentucky tributaries the Red River and the South Fork also made their way down the Kentucky to nearby ferry crossings for inland shipping to the inner-bluegrass’s growing frontier city. At High Bridge as at other ferry stops on the Kentucky, lumber mills transformed old-growth Eastern Kentucky timber into construction material, much of it no doubt heading, like the iron and salt and coal (not to mention good chunks of the profit), directly toward the region’s big resource guzzler on the banks of Town Branch.

Stories abound echoing the experiences of one ferry-goer at Doyle’sville, a community upstream from Boonesborough not far from the mouth of the Red River where Jackson Ferry once shuttled Madison County residents across the river for shopping in Lexington. The patron used the ferry into the 1920s to take chicken, eggs and other local produce from his Doyle’sville home in Madison County across the river to his father’s store in Winchester.

2011: rebuilding the Great Wall at Valley View

By the beginning of the twentieth century, railroad developments like the RNI&B (Riney B) line that crossed at Valley View on its way from Nicholasville to Richmond, Irvine and Beattyville, spelled doom

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MAY 25, 2011

Music

Live music to collectivize to: 5/14-23

Sunday, May 29

These United States *with* Onward Pilgrim *and* Palisades
Cosmic Charlie's; 388 Woodland. 9 P.M.

These are three of the best local-ish pop/rock bands with dual specialties in melodic invention and dirty, atmospheric guitar work you'll find here or anywhere, or at least in cities of comparable size and culture. Obviously if you went to some huge city, Calcutta maybe, with its tens of millions of people, you might find some number of melodic, atmospheric pop/rock bands greater than just the three playing this upcoming gig here in Lexington, but I've never been to Calcutta; it's possible they only have one or two, or maybe none at all. They might have 100! Even so, they might not be as melodically inventive as These United States, Onward Pilgrim, or Palisades, nor as dirty. And it's a moot point anyway, because the Calcutta-based bands probably sing in Bengali and let's face it: we're American, and we're not gonna voluntarily listen to somebody sing in Bengali, heaven knows.

I've read now on Wikipedia that the name is officially "Kolkata," no

Palisades play there Sunday night, the 29th, the speed with which your bar drink will be delivered to you depends a lot on the name of the drink you've ordered: names consisting of hard, cutting, and/or shrill sounds connect with the bartender's ears much more readily than soft, vowel-y, low sounds. This is why I always order "Jack, rocks" when in a noisy venue; the consonance gets me what I want with a minimum of fuss. And while shouting "B-uh-omm-b-uh-aaayyy mart-ih-eeeeeeeniiiiii" at the bartender isn't ideal, it's better than "Mumbai"—the word is two letters away from "mumble," after all.

In fact pop/rock bands from Calcutta...er...Kolkata probably do sing in English. Across the world, English lyrics are the ticket to the big time, or so the world seems to believe. The notable exceptions are Rammstein and French rappers: the former employs German as an assertion of agency, and as an embrace of social and political otherness in pop music's English-speaking hegemony, while the latter are just, well, French.

American and British acts do occasionally sing in other languages besides English, usually to enhance romantic effect, as with The Beatles'



These United States.

Mmm bop, ba Duba DOP
Ba du bop, ba Duba DOP
Ba du bop, ba Duba DOP

The Swedes all sing in English, so why not return the favor? One more; see if you can guess.

Aš del šloves kraštas
Ir aš kabinti ant tiesos momentas
Ant šloves kraštas
Ir aš kabinti ant metu su Jumis
I'm on kraštas
kraštas
kraštas
kraštas
kraštas
kraštas
kraštas
Aš del šloves kraštas
Ir aš kabinti ant metu su Jumis
I'm on su jumis kraštas

The original is noxious, but the Lithuanian less so, though it's probably not a very accurate translation. And no, I don't know why Google can't find the words for "I'm on," unless decades of Soviet occupation succeeded in erasing first-person pronouns from the language in the name of utopian collectivism.

Of course, oftentimes the problem with Anglo-American pop music isn't so much the language in which it's sung, but the perspective it tries to foist upon us. Here I'm obviously referring to the folksy, quirky, light-hearted-but-environmentally-conscious-and-socially-progressive crap that advertising agencies think will make us buy their folksy, quirky, light-hearted-but-blah-blah-blah products, such as Volkswagen cars and Apple devices. Usually there's a finger-plucked acoustic guitar, maybe some hand percussion, and a metrosexual male in a sing-song tenor half-whispering some environmentally conscious and socially progressive bullshit. Drive the new Touareg, the ads tell us, with its built-in iPhone dock and soy-latte-sized cup holder, and your children will do well in math and science and seek

non-violent conflict resolution strategies with bullies on the playground.

And yet some still wonder why I hate white people. Not all of them, obviously. The members of These United States, Onward Pilgrim, and Palisades are all white, and they're good people. And it's not really individual white people, or even white people considered individually—it's just *whiteness* generally, and the toll it takes on all of us.

What's especially galling is when the powers that be try to disguise their narrative of whiteness behind a non-white face or two: a smiling young Hispanic couple shown shopping for a hybrid, for example, or the gratuitous insertion of a black rapper into an oth-



Horribly white.

erwise horribly white music video (see "Venerdi," above). That's not to say non-whites can't or don't drive hybrids, but they don't do so in order to advertise their light-hearted quirkiness. Or at least they shouldn't.

But I digress. The point is, These United States, Onward Pilgrim, and Palisades are all from the area, they're all darn good, and they're all at Cosmic Charlie's on May 29. In closing, then:

Nini Gon 'kufanya na kwamba Junk wote?

Junk kwamba wote ndani ya shina wako?
I'ma kupata, kupata, kupata, kupata,
wewe mlevi,
Kupata upendo kunywa mbali hump yangu.

—Buck Edwards



Palisades.

longer Calcutta, much as at some point Bombay became "Mumbai." The name of the Kenneth Tynan musical, however, is unchanged. As is the name of Bacardi's distilled gin, and that's important, because in a loud, crowded venue such as Cosmic Charlie's is likely to be when These United States, Onward Pilgrim, and

"Michelle" and Stevie Wonder's "Ma Cherie Amour," or to identify with an oppressed people, as with The Band's "Acadian Driftwood" or portions of Zack de la Rocha's solo work. Then there are those songs you *wish* were sung in other languages, if only because your enjoyment of them would immeasurably increase if you didn't understand the words. Here are a few examples, courtesy of Google Translate:

07:00, svegliarsi la mattina
Gotta essere freschi, devo andare al piano di sotto
Devo avere la mia ciotola, devo avere dei cereali
Sein 'tutto, il tempo è goin'
Tickin 'ancora e ancora, scorrendo tutti'
Gotta scendere alla fermata del bus
Devo prendere il mio autobus, vedo i miei amici (miei amici)

Ah, Italian, the most beautiful of all tongues. Here's another:

Så håll i de som verkligen bryr sig
I slutändan kommer de att vara de enda som finns
När du blir gammal och börjar tappa håret
Kan du berätta som fortfarande kommer att bry sig
Kan du berätta som fortfarande kommer att bry sig

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Onward Pilgrim.

Film & Media

MAY 25, 2011

Kentucky Theatre presents its Summer Classics Series

By Barbara Goldman

Classic movie magic will be taking Lexington on a journey through time and cinematic exploration beginning Wednesday, May 25 at the Kentucky Theatre.

The summer series returns to downtown with its 9th season. Patrons should mark their calendars now. This season is packed full of movie memories like never before.

"It's always good, but for some reason I feel it's a notch above the other years," says Kentucky Theatre General Manager Fred Mills, who has been with the theater since 1963. "It's going to be great. I think everyone is anticipating this."

"The film series' booker has a tough job," says Mills, referring to Larry Thomas of Cincinnati, Ohio. "We receive hundreds of suggestions. People verbally tell me at the theater. They write their requests on napkins, and even hand me hand written notes at the concession stand. The response from the public has been just phenomenal."

Mills assures patrons that all requests are given to Thomas who then speaks to various film companies to determine the rights, contracts, release costs, and print condition.

"We do this because we like to show the best films we can," says Mills. "We really made an effort this year to ask people for their suggestions."

Classic film fans that don't see their favorite flick listed still have a unique opportunity. The series won't be ending on the scheduled September 7 date. A new date has been added on the following Wednesday, September 14.

Mills explains that the theater will pick the top three films suggested by the community and offer the public the opportunity to vote and select what film will be shown.

"This is the first time we've offered something like this," says Mills with a smile.

All movies are presented in 35 mm and run on 20-minute reels.

"Some of the movies we show actually premiered in this theater," says Mills about the 89-year-old movie palace.

This summer's films range in premiere date from 1938-1987. Eight of the series' 17 scheduled films are new prints. The condition of prints, according to Mills, is a huge factor in deciding what films to show.

"In the years past we have not always had such old movies. But this year there were so many films in new print," says Mills, who added that the series' booker, Larry Thomas, has indicated this is his favorite booking of all the theaters that he plans.

"It's quite amazing that we will offer Disney's *Fantasia* this summer," says Mills. "Disney keeps a vault on classic films. They are usually unavailable and unreleased, but somehow we've got it. Maybe Larry used his charm."

The theater has added several extra shows for the July 13th Disney

adventure. In addition to the traditional 1:30 matinee and 7:15 evening slot, there will be 11:00 am, 4:00 pm, and 9:45 pm shows offered.

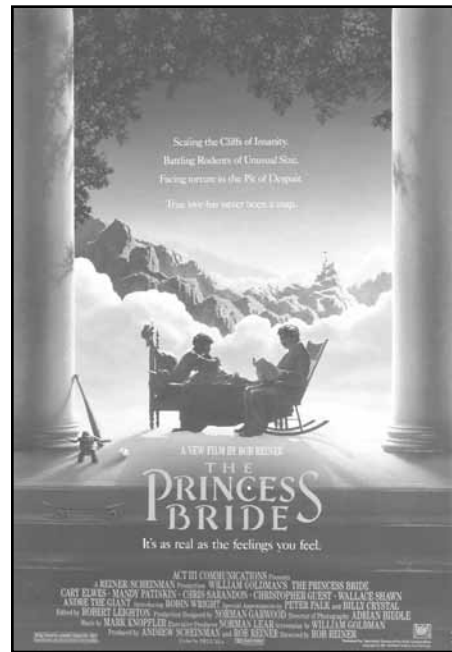
"This will give folks a chance to enjoy the show during the day or late in the evening," says Mills.



The price will continue to be the standard \$4 per seat for all shows.

"The price is always the same no matter what. And it's certainly fun entertainment. Some people haven't missed a Wednesday night since we started," says Mills. "The community really comes together."

The theater manager says he also is elated to see the return of a Kentucky Theatre favorite, *The Princess Bride*.



"This is one movie that was always popular. We used to play midnight showings until the prints ran out," says Mills. "We're excited for our people to see this film in new print."

"The people that come to see our theater have a great love of movies. They take their movies seriously and all have their favorites," says Mills.

Mills says he is especially pleased that the calendar includes a tribute to the late Elizabeth Taylor in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

"These films have withstood the test of time. The enthusiasm they seem to bring out in people is amazing," says Mills. "At the end of each movie there is always a spontaneous applause. These actors really knew how to perform and put on a movie. It's nice to

see the audience recognize this and react to it with that applause."

Mills says he believes that if some of the stars were alive to see how the audience responded, they would be pleased with the films' reception 40-60 years later.

"I don't know if people will applaud to today's films in 40-60 years," says Mills.

One staple of the series that will return again this summer is the man in the know before the show, "Uncle" Bill Widener. Widener has been a member of Radio Free Lexington since the day 88.1 FM went on the air in 1988 and inspires the airways every Friday from 8-10 pm. This will be his fourth summer introducing films with the Classic Movie Series.

Widener, a self proclaimed ham-bone, says he enjoys using anything and everything to talk to an audience about what the films meant "then and today."

"A huge variety of people come to these movies. It's interesting to see what these movies bring out in the audience. They were made much differently back then," says Widener. "It was a different world back then."

Widener says he looks forward to addressing a variety of topics before each film this summer ranging from minority casting to stereotypes. "Casting is everything, it can make or break a film," says Widener, referring to *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, in which the leading role originally had been intended for Marilyn Monroe when written by Truman Capote.

Widener's 10-minute talks with the audience always continue to surprise him.

"All kinds of demographics, that I can't imagine giving me the time of day, come up to me and say 'we loved your introduction' and ask more questions," said Widener. "I can't assume people have or have not seen a film."

Widener says he especially is looking forward to seeing a childhood favorite, *Fantasia*, as well as *Sullivan's Travels*, a film loaded with information that inspired the Cohen Brothers' later film *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* He is also extremely excited about the new print of *Rosemary's Baby*.

"It's a nice combination of films," says Widener. "Remember that, even if you've seen these films on DVD, it's not the same as experiencing it in the theater."

Check the sidebar to the right for 2011 season schedule. All films show at 1:30 and 7:15 and are only \$4.

Driving downtown? Free parking can be found in the City Hall Annex in the evening as well as the top level of the Lexington Transit Center. Give yourself enough time to get to the movie. The final block of city sidewalk construction will be continuing on the Theatre's Main Street block.

Advance tickets go on sale each Sunday for Wednesday's show. Go to www.kentuckytheatre.com for information about the theater, series, weekly emails, Facebook, as well as to cast your vote for the last show of the season. The historic theater is located at 214 East Main Street in downtown Lexington and can be reached at (859) 231-6997.

Local film happenings

KET Seeking Short Films

Reel Visions, KET's excellent television series spotlighting Kentucky filmmakers, is seeking submissions for its Fall season. The half-hour program features experimental, documentary, and narrative films that are between one and twenty-five minutes in length. The deadline for this submission period is August 1, 2011. If you are interested in showing your work, please send a preview DVD to:

Sara O'Keefe
KET/Reel Visions
600 Cooper Drive
Lexington, KY 40502

For more information on the show, see the ReelVisions' website.

Film Classes at The Carnegie Center

The Carnegie Center, in partnership with the Lexington Film League, offers a series of film classes each season. The Summer schedule has been announced and includes courses in screenwriting, video trailer creation, and Film 101. For a complete list of classes, times, and instructors, please visit carnegieliteracy.org and click on the "Film" link.

Carbon Nation Screening with Director Peter Byck

The Kentucky Theatre will host a special screening of the documentary film *Carbon Nation* on Tuesday, June 7 at 7 P.M. The 2010 film addresses climate change and what can be done, on both an individual and national level, to help avert a crisis. Filmmaker and KY native Peter Byck will be on hand to conduct a Q&A following the screening.

2011 Summer Classic Series

5/25: *The Grapes of Wrath* (1940)
Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell,
New digitally restored print.

6/1: *The African Queen* (1951)
Bogie and Hepburn! New
digitally restored print.

6/8: *Sullivan's Travels* (1941)
Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake.

6/15: *Breakfast at Tiffany's*
(1961) Audrey Hepburn,
George Peppard, New print,

6/22: *M*A*S*H* (1970)
Donald Sutherland, Elliot
Gould, New print.

6/29: Double Feature: *Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein* (1948) & *House of Frankenstein* (1944).

7/6: *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1962)
Gregory Peck, Mary Badham,
Brock Peters, Robert Duvall.

7/13: *Fantasia* (1940)
Walt Disney.

7/20: *Shadow of a Doubt*
(1943) Teresa Wright, Joseph
Cotton, Macdonald Carey.

7/27: *The Princess Bride* (1987)
Robin Wright, Cary Elwes,
Mandy Patinkin, New print.

8/3: *Mildred Pierce* (1945)
Joan Crawford, Jack
Carson, Zachary Scott.

8/10: *The Sound of Music* (1965)
New print, Julie Andrews,
Christopher Plummer.

8/17: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*
(1958) Elizabeth Taylor,
Paul Newman, Burl Ives.

8/24: *The Wild Bunch*
(1969) William Holden,
Ernest Borgnine.

8/31: *Rosemary's Baby* (1968)
Mia Farrow, Ruth Gordon,
John Cassavetes, New print.

9/7: *Bringing up Baby* (1938)
Katharine Hepburn, Cary
Grant, Charles Ruggles,
Newly restored print.



MAY 25, 2011

Sports

ROCK sharpens skates for three-game home stand

First victim: Vette City Vixens on June 4

NoC Sports

ROCK will begin a three-game home stand with a bout this Saturday, June 4, against the Vette City Vixens of Bowling Green. Last year, ROCK brought the smackdown on the inexperienced Vixens, as Ellie Slay led the way with two early jams in leading ROCK to a 14-0 early lead, on its way to a 158-89 victory.

This year, ROCK finds itself returning from a 1-bout midwestern road trip on somewhat of a roll. The girls kicked off the season April 23 in front of a record crowd of 714 fans at the Lexington Convention Center with a 130-92 victory over the Little City Roller Girls of Johnson City.

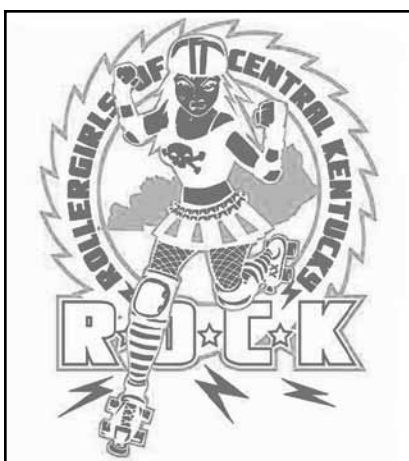
Last week, they traveled to Ohio to face off against the Glass City Rollers (Toledo), the Ohio Roller Girls, and the Sandusky Roller Girls in the Midwest Derby Girl Summit. ROCK

finished in second place at the mini-tournament, in front of Sandusky and Glass City but behind the Ohio Roller Girls.

After this Saturday's bout against the Vixens from Vette City, the team will complete their home stand with a pair of July bouts against Asheville's Blue Ridge Roller Girls on July 2 and the Chemical Valley Roller Girls of Charleston (WV) on July 30. Mayor Jim Gray was supposed to make it to the home opener in April, but he had to cancel at the last second. Keep an eye out for him to drop by to at least one bout on the team's upcoming 3-game home stand.

Come join him.

ROCK home bouts played at Lexington Convention Center, 430 West Vine, downtown Lexington. Next match is June 4 against Vette City. Doors open at 6:00; action starts at 7:00. Admission is \$10. Children under 12 are free.



Rainbow Smite reaches out to Sidebar Girl to set up a whip in match last year versus the Vette City Vixens.

Soggy Bottoms on the Riney B

A Jessamine pastoral

By Northrupp Center

In April while dining on my hillside apartment balcony over-looking the Duque de Caxias and, below that shimmering in the sun, the Baja de Guanabara, I read about the new group Creatives for Common Sense Solutions, formed by NoC editor Danny Mayer after a visit to Nicholasville's 24-hole Riney B disc golf course. Intrigued by the story, I immediately handed grading duties for a graduate-level journalism ethics class over to my graduate assistants and made immediate plans to catch the first direct flight to Lexington, Kentucky, destined for a round of disc golf. Was the course all Mayer made it out to be? Was Lexington losing out to its ugly cousin to the south? This had the makings of a story.

I was greeted at the airport by the Frugal Fisherman in his 1954 BMW R68 motorcycle with attached Steib sidecar. As we headed out of Keene on 169 toward the Riney B, Frugal tossed a stack of scorecards into my lap. The day was mildly warm but the week had been cool and wet. The ride in the cab was brisk, made tolerable only by the dram of Laphroig my thrifty host allowed me to imbibe.

Located on Nicholasville Road not far from its intersection with 169, the Riney B park puts a Jessamine County spin on multi-use. Named after the now defunct Richmond-Nicholasville-Irvine-Beattyville railroad that was discontinued in the 1930s and torn up for scrap in the 1940s, the Riney B park serves exactly two purposes: (1) it is home to a mini-water park run by the YMCA, complete with two 3-4 story high water-slides; (2) surrounding the water park on three sides is a fairly demanding 24 hole disc gold course.

Frugal and I dismounted, waited vainly for a friend to show, and threw suitably chaotic first discs off the tee. My friend informed me that the course here was formed over 4 years ago, in 2007. It is known to play tough in the spring and summer, he said, owing to the sprawling nature of the course and the difficulty with which the county has been able to keep it maintained.

Also making things difficult have been the appearance of some Jessamine County beavers, who have engineered themselves a right fine wetland that floods the heart of the course after even minimal rains.

"Hasn't it rained shit-tons here the past two weeks," I asked.

"We're in luck," Frugal ignored me, "Hole 7 is back to being playable. Baskets 5 and 24 have been replaced, and holes 14 and 16 are back as well. These last two," he confided with an assuring wink, "had been pulled out of the ground, concrete and all."

Hole 1 runs parallel to one of the two Riney B parking lots, except the basket for hole 1 sits some 50 feet below them. After scrambling to make 4's, my Frugal companion and I headed to hole two. From here, the Riney really begins to open itself up. With the water-park at your back, the course moves into a generally pleasant setting of open fields edged by dense stands of trees and honeysuckle. The feeling is seclusion, Jessamine style, a most enjoyable experience.

Frugal and I walked ourselves contentedly through the next several holes, tallying up high scores but otherwise feeling pretty good. I scored my first par at #4, a tight-wooded corridor opening 185 feet out to a strip of grass that requires a 90 degree right pivot for the 100 foot second shot at a basket surrounded by trees on all sides for the final 50 feet. By hole 5, our tardy friend Porter House, fresh in from his place in Keene, arrived to give us a threesome.

We were in good spirits for our arrival to hole 7, "the Bridge," a straight 170 foot shot over a small drainage creek that, on the day we were there, played deep enough to form an uncomfortable hazard. Disc-wise, crossing the water required a straight mid-range shot that would also need to elude the seven or so trees that surrounded the basket. For we humans, crossing involved a walk over a small wooden foot bridge.

After throwing our tee-shots, we three began to cross the bridge when Porter stopped us, pointing at something on the wood railing.

Musclepointe



CAPTAIN COMMONDEERS

Opinion

Thoughts on a revolution

By Emily Woods

As revolutions and protests have unfolded across the Middle East, I can only imagine that there is among many a mix of excitement and skepticism. Watching the crowds of shouting people, I am thrown back to the time of the Orange Revolution in Ukraine. I was only 14 at the time, but I still remember the excitement, the tension, and the fear of the people around me. Plastered in orange, people gathered in the city square, some drawn to the cause, some fearfully following the crowd. Young and old, they shouted together. Police poured into the streets. ATM machines closed across the city. Cash was short and so was patience. No one knew what was going on, but everyone had their opinion and openly shared it. The city, which only a few months earlier had lived in silence and suspicion, was now alive with voice and freedom. The people had risen.

I wondered where my place was in this rising. What did a middle school girl really have to contribute to the

cause of revolution? I had no boldness, no voice, and, as an American, no understanding of what had stirred such passion in my friends. They gathered in crowds, their faces plastered with orange paint, their arms decorated with orange bands. Frightened and confused, I waited in the back, my eyes glued to the concrete sidewalk to avoid the attention of the police standing beside me. After half an hour, I walked over to a pile of concrete blocks and sat down. The crowd was growing in mass and volume, the roar of it vibrating the small concrete pebbles around me. Suddenly my surroundings seemed to close in. I was terrified of this crowd, of the police, of what could happen. Snatching up my bags, I ran for the nearest bus.

Later that night at my apartment, my friends were passionately discussing the events earlier that afternoon. Not wanting to appear the coward, I walked into the kitchen to boil water for tea. My friend followed me, asking about my opinions of the rally. I shrugged, really wanting to just move

on from the topic. My friends never took no for an answer.

"Come on, Emily. You weren't even there for an hour. You just got up and left."

"I just...I don't know," I stammered, trying to come up with a good excuse. "I was just so scared. This whole town has turned upside down in that last week. Maybe it's just me, but people seem so hateful and angry."

"Well they deserve to be angry. Our leaders messed up and we're asking them to make it right."

"But why the rallies?" at this point I was grabbing for anything, "How can we call ourselves peace seeking Christians and still protest against the government?"

My friend was silent for a while. Awkwardness was uncomfortable, especially when it involved cultural differences, so I moved toward the pantry for the box of tea and some sugar.

"Emily, when you've lived in a country where everyone has been silent for decades, you are like the steam in a tea pot. You've been shut up for so long, afraid that if you speak out, you'll lose your money, your friends, or your freedom. The elections were like a gas stove, just letting that steam build up and up. And these rallies—well, they were the whistle letting you know it's time for change. We want peace. We want what is right. But peace without a voice is not really peace at all."

At that point, I began to understand my friend. I saw the passion in his eyes, like I had seen in my other friends'. It was a passion never seen in America or Europe, but I wanted it so badly. They seemed alive.

That day I learned that revolutions are for the life of the people rather than a dramatic change in government. Few people truly want anarchy, but in the core of their being is a desire for voice. Dictatorship is not a crime in itself. Certainly there have been good and caring rulers praised in the chronicles of our human history. But it is when the people are silenced that they begin to grasp for the hands of their government and scream for air as the filthy water of oppression rises. And it is when this silence is broken that the people are saved from that swelling sea.

The government of Ukraine remained corrupt even after the popular leader rose to power. The police went back into hiding and the stores and ATMs reopened. Life went on as usual. But something had changed. The people had found their voice. They had been saved their bondage of silence. And as I watch these protests spark across the Middle East, I think back to the rally and the conversation in the kitchen. I see that same passion lighting up their eyes. It is my hope that they too may find their voice.

Valley View (cont.)

continued from page 3

for commercial river traffic plying the Kentucky's waters. Thirty years later as the state entered the Great Depression, automobiles increasingly ferried intra-county commuter traffic across the Kentucky by way of steel and concrete bridges. Curd's Ferry turned into Norfolk Southern's High Bridge; Clay's Ferry into I-75. Traffic didn't so much leave the Kentucky as it was lifted, magic like, several hundred feet above it. Descending to the level of the river, it turns out, encountering the Kentucky from its banks, has become an act rendered inefficient by the speed and volume of our modern (carbon-fueled) world.

As any river historian will tell you, the more gravity-bound river towns have mostly been left behind in this herculean lift, creek cobble and rip-rap for the river to scour black and

tumble smooth, one flood at a time. In our modern era, places like High Bridge, Camp Nelson, Clay's Ferry and Doyleville, all once-industrious working landscapes, have found themselves re-isolated, the river turned once again into a stone barrier.

The recent decision by Lexington Mayor Jim Gray to de-fund the city's contribution to the operation of Valley View Ferry, the last of the inner-bluegrass ferries, should cement the river's return, at the level of the river banks, at least, as an isolating ribbon bisecting this part of the state.

And for we merry tourists traveling from the Fayette highlands? Well, with Valley View in funding limbo, we're left to continue experiencing the river from above, perceiving it as one would a sunken water spigot, as we speed by overhead, in high times and low, in flood and in drought, on our way to other places.

Riney B (cont.)

continued from page 6

"Look. Is that Kentucky heiroglyphs."

Frugal leaned in. "They're from the modern era, to be sure."

I took my own turn and did a double take. "It appears to be a haiku expressed poly-vocally," I said leaning in and voicing my best professorial tone. "An honest to god poly-ku. That's amazing." I continued on, reading aloud the words etched into the treated wood.

"This is apparently titled, 'Jenny was here bitch,' and is composed in three distinct voices:

She sucking Matt's dick
Ate the corn out of his hole
JENNY'S BEEN BUSY!

I surprised with a birdie on Seven, and Frugal pulled out par, but Porter drifted left on his first shot and never recovered. He scored a five.

To be continued...maybe.

Northrup Center, the author, holds the Hunter S. Thompson/Charles Kuralt endowed chair of journalism at the Open University of Rio de Janeiro (OURd). He splits his time between there and Lexington, KY.



The Riney B water park awaits weary, sun-struck disc golf throwers.

May Day in Louisville



BCTC students march with DREAM coalition in Louisville, May Day.

Letters to the editor

Britt needs NoC subscription

I finally got around to reading this last issue. Danny's "Between God and Superman" piece is the best coverage of the Eli Capilouto hire to be found anywhere. The other so-called newspapers in Lexington should take note of how this piece is done. Apparently Britt Brockman forgot *NoC* in his effort to get to every paper.

Jeff, Lexington

Bluegrass Film Society summer films?

Will there be any [Bluegrass Film Society] films scheduled during the summer? Do you know of other groups active in the Bluegrass?

Emily

Michael Benton responds:

Bluegrass Film Society will continue in the summer. Here are the dates. All viewings are 5:00 P.M. in the Oswald Auditorium at BCTC's Cooper campus:

- June 1: *Alamar* (Mexico: Pedro González-Rubio, 2009: 73 mins)
- June 8: *Election* (Hong Kong: Johnnie To, 2005: 101 mins)
- June 15: *Heartbeat Detector* (France: Nicolas Klotz, 2007: 143 mins)
- June 22: *Persepolis* (France/USA: Vincent Paronnaud and Marjane Satrapi, 2007: 96 mins)

<http://dialogic.blogspot.com/2011/05/bluegrass-film-society-summer-2011.html>

North of Center is a periodical, a place, and a perspective. Read on to find out what that means.

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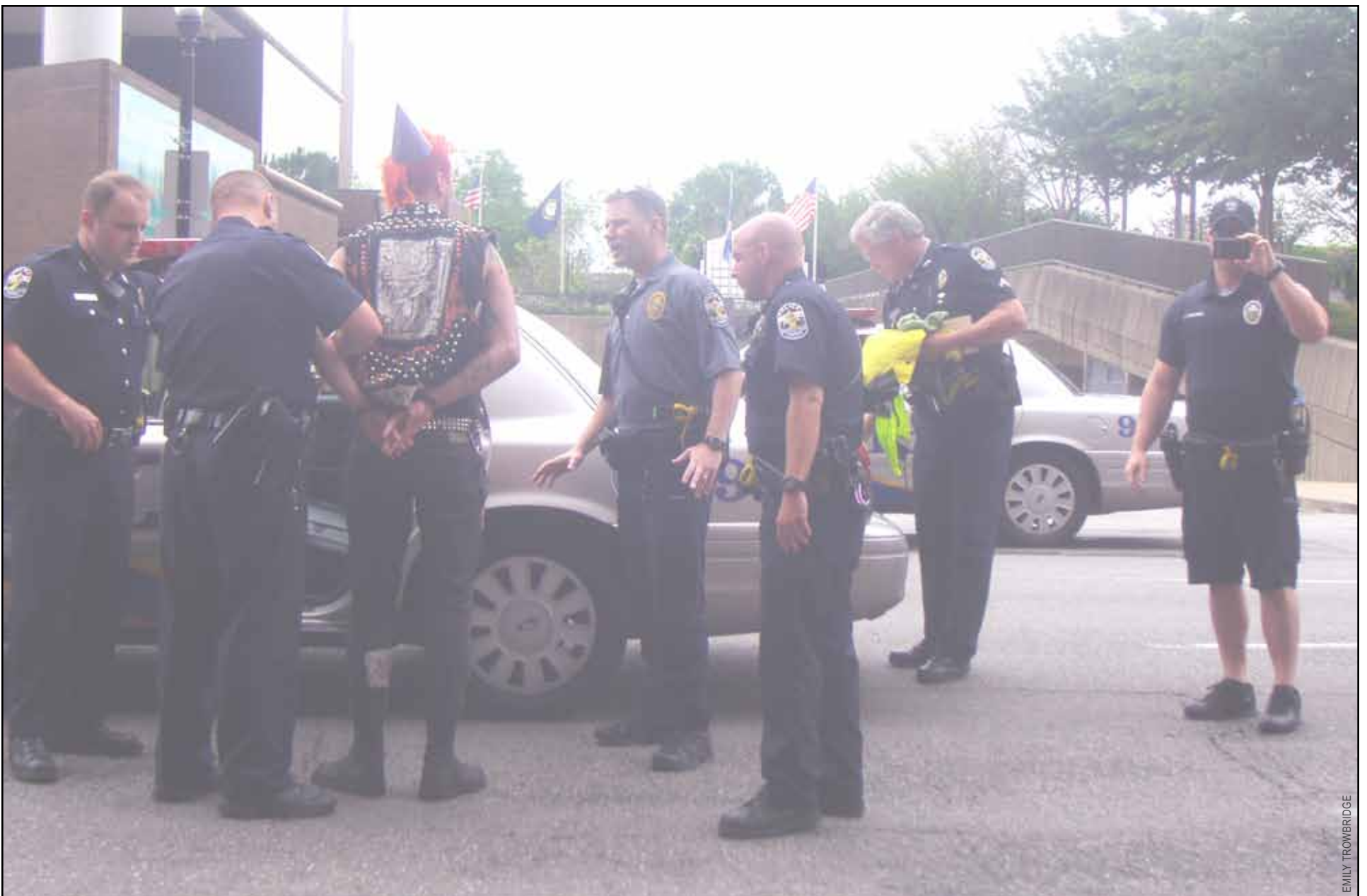
Fierce Company (part 9) by Kenn Minter



FLYING KITES AT NIGHT
Random music for your favorite random activities
Tuesdays 8-10 p.m.
88.1 WRFL - 7300 watts of power
Lexington, KY



GENERAL DALLAS: EMERGENCE FROM THE MOUTH BY: WESTERN



Anarchist clown in costume gets arrested for riding his bike on the wrong side of the road. Many others, particularly those dressed as clowns, were detained by the police during this May Day march in Louisville. The majority of those detained were accused of writing on public and private properties—with sidewalk chalk. Those arrested were released and never actually taken to jail. (Those detained, that is, were not actually arrested.) Numerous detentions helped police keep as many people as possible from continuing to participate in the May Day march.

EMILY TROWBRIDGE