

NORTH OF CENTER

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 2011

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VOLUME III, ISSUE 14

Cane Run Watershed Festival To be held Friday at Castlewood Park

By Will Rush

On Friday, August 12, the typically tranquil Castlewood Park will be alive with the festivities of the second annual Cane Run Watershed Festival. The event, hosted by the Cane Run Watershed Council, will raise awareness of the problems facing the watershed and help teach the community how to protect their delicate waterways.

Although most people are familiar with the term “watershed,” many do not fully understand what a watershed is. All water, whether it comes from the sky, a sprinkler, or your toilet, must go somewhere, and a watershed is the area of land that drains into a single stream, river, lake, or other body of water. The Mississippi River watershed, for example, is roughly 1.2 million square miles and is made up of countless smaller watersheds, including the Cane Run.

The southern end of the 29,000 acres that comprise the Cane Run Watershed starts on the north side of Lexington and extends all the way to Georgetown. Driving down New Circle Road, it's hard to believe that you are traveling alongside an endangered ecosystem, for the path of flowing water has been heavily manipulated by the urbanization of the area. Most of the ground in this area is impermeable, and during heavy rains, the high



Cane Run Creek. Photo courtesy canerunwatershed.org.

volume of runoff forms channels that make their way out of city limits.

As you follow Cane Run Creek, you begin to notice more distinct signs of life as the creek makes its way through quiet neighborhoods and on through Lexmark's Shadybrook Park. In these areas the Cane Run Watershed Council has made a lot of progress in protecting the waterway by planting

black willows and other plants and creating stream-side buffer zones that help prevent erosion and allow the stream to recover its natural meander.

Further along, Cane Run flows through the University of Kentucky's Agricultural Experiment Farm, where

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An HIV test and a suicide

By Matt Sullivan

Last month I did two things I've never done before. I got my first HIV test and I went to a candle light vigil for a boy who committed suicide.

My decision to get my first HIV test came out of fear. I had what a friend called a whole week. I had sex with four different people in five days. Two instances happened in my own apartment. I'm no stranger to one night stands, but this was the first time I had allowed a stranger into my living space. When the first guy came over, I made sure to hide all of my valuables in drawers and underneath the sink in the bathroom. I prepared my space for an invasion, which was stupid. If the person had any interest in stealing my stuff, he could simply knock me out, tie me up, or kill me and take his time searching. I'm not saying I wouldn't ever invite a stranger over again, because the experiences I've had so far haven't warranted a fear for that, but them coming over seemed hollow. When they came to my apartment, I remember feeling weird about my room. It didn't feel like mine. In a way, I didn't feel like myself. I was acting, like in a movie. I wasn't without control, I could have snapped out

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Some new lanes and some old pains Out on the streets, that's where we meet

By Captain Comannokers
NoC Transportation Czar

Welcome back students! Now sit down, pay attention, and nobody will get hurt (hopefully).

With the autumnal re-population swell in Lexington, the bike traffic in and around campus/downtown becomes much heavier. That is a wonderful thing—the more people use bikes to get around Lexington the more the demand for infrastructure will need to be met. BUT, it also means that cyclists need to get on the same page, which is often a tough proposition in a college town where many people ride their bikes with little regard for safety, let alone common sense. Things have actually gotten better over the last few years, so that's a positive sign, but let's not get too excited—on any given day, I still see someone riding the wrong way, head-on, into traffic, talking on a cell phone, and flipping off a driver because, well, I'm not sure exactly why, to be honest.

There have been some recent and significant changes right around campus that everyone should make note of. Maxwell has finally received a good chunk of bike lane—starting at S. Limestone and heading east toward Woodland Park. Street parking has shifted to the north side of the street.

Quick aside here: I should probably stop using actual direction signifiers like “north” or “east” because I feel like less and less people are able to understand directional navigation. GPS systems are wonderful—hooray, everyone sing their praises—but they have diminished directional awareness to the point of negating it.

“So, what side of town do you live on?”

“Umm, I don't know—the side near the big mall thing?”



New bike lanes on Maxwell near Rose.

(Aside within the aside: Yes, I get the irony of this paper being named *North of Center*, but really, if it were called East of Eden I don't think many people would notice or care. To most, it's just a title—it doesn't have to have meaning. And it sure as hell shouldn't trick us into learning directions!)

All this is to say that if you are driving down Maxwell and need to park, do so on the LEFT hand side of the street (pictured included for your convenience).

Moving on—Rose Street now has a short stretch of bike lane as you approach Maxwell. Before the bike lane starts, there are sharrows painted on the street (in both directions on Rose) to remind everyone that this is a shared lane that is heavy with both vehicle and bicycle traffic. This was a joint venture

by LFUCG and UK to increase the awareness and viability of cycling as an alternative for commuting.

You may be asking yourself “What's a sharrow?” Well, it is not to be confused with rad Lexington cyclist and cymbalist Lauren Sherrow; rather, it is a street marking to indicate that a cyclist may use the full lane. (See the photo on the next page).

These sharrows are painted on Rose Street near campus for a couple of reasons: the lanes are fairly narrow, which in the past always made it a bit more difficult to safely pass a cyclist when driving. So now, a cyclist has a zone to feel safe in and not worry about a vehicle coming dangerously close to them in an attempt to pass. Vehicles

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District Nein On Rupp and the AAED

By Danny Mayer

What do you get when a state university that operates as an insulated multi-faceted corporation starts sharing notes with an abashedly pro-big business city mayor? In Lexington, Kentucky, thus far you get a privately funded study to set the terms on how much public city money will suck into the state's flagship public university, the University of Kentucky (UK), so that its quasi-private Athletic Association can fix the downtown arena used by its men's basketball team. In Lexington, you staff the study with a bunch of people with vested interests in making the project work at all costs, enlarge the area and scale of the project nearly three-fold to 46 city acres, call it an “opportunity zone” and officially christen the territory the Arena, Arts and Entertainment District (AAED).

That committee, the AAED, is slated to report phase one of its findings in early September, according to Tom Eblen writing in the July 31 *Lexington Herald-Leader*.

How a district gets born

The Arena, Arts and Entertainment Task Force is the most recent group tasked with overseeing Rupp arena renovations. In the 1990s, as the college negotiated a new lease on Rupp Arena, UK created a study to look into the possibility of relocating Rupp to an on-campus location nearby Commonwealth Stadium. Athletic director CM Newton has since acknowledged the study was simply a ploy to get more concessions on its Rupp lease, and it seems to have worked. With the university signing a new Rupp lease, Rupp received a \$40 million facelift in the late 1990s and 2000s.

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AUGUST 10, 2011

Back to school

By Jesse Cottle

“You can get help from teachers, but you are going to have to learn a lot by yourself, sitting alone in a room”

—Dr. Seuss

Once upon a time, kids were kids. Society didn't start pushing the importance of success and education in elementary school. The aspiration of being a contributing member of society was just as important as wanting to be a lawyer, a doctor or president. Teachers could teach history, English and math, without also explaining how to properly answer multiple-choice questions on a test. High school graduates could take up the family trade without being shunned as a failure for not attending college. You could live life, and learn as you go.

Now, it is only possible learn in school, or so it would seem. The best suggestion that has been made to me by a teacher, and the hardest to hear came in college. I was creeping very close to my deadline on the extension I had talked him into for an essay. I was working three jobs, supporting a two-year old by myself, and having trouble balancing my checkbook, much less my whole life. He suggested that maybe this wasn't the best time for me to be in school. Maybe, just maybe I had a little too much on my plate. I was dumbfounded by the suggestion. I was so embarrassed to think that somebody could believe that I wasn't capable to handling this on my own. After all, college is what you do after high school, and I had already waited three years. As I recall, I didn't respond to the e-mail. I didn't finish the class or any other that I was registered for that semester. I continued to work three jobs for a few more months until I got a call from a friend for a position as a legal secretary. Defeated and ashamed, I took the job that required no college education, and seemingly no real talent.

As I worked as a secretary, and started taking pride in the job that I was doing well, I realized that I was in fact learning. I didn't just learn how to balance my own checkbook, I was learning how to balance finances for a

small business. I was learning how to be a better person, how to give unselfishly to somebody less fortunate. I was most importantly learning that I was no less of a person for not finishing college. I believe that there is a possibility of being happy, and a contributing member of society without becoming a doctor or a lawyer. I started to express myself the way I wanted. I took up hobbies just because they seemed interesting, and didn't think twice about whether or not I wanted to do it for a living. I was living. I started to learn about possible careers regardless of whether or not it required a degree, had a high pay rate, or if I was afraid that people would not respect my choice. I had finally realized that there was not limit to what I could do, no restrictions on these choices that I was making, and nowhere to go but up.

I gave up the job as a secretary to return to school. Leaving that job was one of the biggest turning points of my life. I had job security, regular hours and pay, and a boss that I adored. There was a whole list of reasons to stay, none of which included my desire to stay. I felt the same push to stay in this career that I had while in school before. Stay because it is the right thing to do. This is the best and most stable option for me, and my son, especially since I've ruined my chances at college. I couldn't however talk myself into staying this time. I had learned too much about myself, and knew that the longer I stayed with something I wasn't passionate about, the worse off I would be. I quit the job, started serving at a restaurant again, and went back to school.

This is where I am now. In school for massage therapy, enjoying every minute of it, and so excited about my future I don't know that I can express it fully. I wasn't pushed, I wasn't told, I made the choice. I appreciate that the college system was there for me to try, and I appreciate that I had the opportunities that I have been given. I am young, and I have a whole life ahead of me to go back to school again and again, if I choose. I don't have to do it their way, and I don't have to do it on their time.

New lanes (cont.)

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shouldn't be flying up and down this section of Rose Street anyway, as there are pedestrians and cyclists everywhere at this main intersection of UK's campus.

The sharrows show up a few hundred feet in either direction from Euclid Ave, allowing cyclists to use the full lane of traffic until they can get to the painted bike lanes. This may take some getting used to, and my guess is that most cyclists will still ride as close to the curb as possible (or even on the sidewalk—please, don't do the sidewalk option!), and that cars will still try to pass bikes in those areas. I'm going to keep a close eye on this to see how it plays out this fall semester.

Letters



Sharrows on Rose near Euclid.

There was some good feedback online from the “Hold the Line” installment of “Out on the streets, that's where we meet.” An anonymous reader posted about hauling ass downhill on S. Limestone approaching Vine. “If I've hit green (light), I'm at 25 mph anyway and having to slow for cars. I give a friendly wave. Sadly, only 50% of motorists right turn signal on Vine (it's one way, so why signal?) meaning you must take the lane and assume that they don't see you.”

Captain's response:

In regards to zipping down S. Limestone as you approach Vine—that is a dangerous spot for sure—it is true a lot of motorists do not use their turn signals when turning onto Vine and the bike lane comes to an end as well. I proceed with definite caution, making sure I know if the vehicle(s) in front of me are turning or not regardless of turn signal.

Best way to do that, in my opinion, is to become a part of the line of traffic (even if from the bike lane). If I am riding down the hill and there are, say,

two cars waiting at the light, I'll probably NOT try to rip right pass them, but just stay third in the line of traffic. Granted, if there are 15 cars in line, I will move up to the front if the light at Vine remains red.

If I am coming down the hill and the light turns green during a heavy traffic period, I'll ease up a bit and find a comfortable spot where I am in the bike lane and also between two vehicles. I try to clearly stay behind one vehicle that I WILL NOT pass, so if it decides to take the turn onto Vine I've provided myself with enough space so I will not get right hooked by the vehicle. That also puts me in front of another vehicle that, hopefully, recognizes I am traveling north and will not try and overtake me. It is always a tricky spot, though, and I gauge it by how much

traffic there is and where I fit in at that moment.

That's the thing that I try to emphasize in this column: there are definite rules to the road that are black and white and should be adhered to, but there are also many undefined circumstances because traffic in a metropolitan area is an ever-evolving, fluid beast. What might be the best decision one day may not be the wisest choice the following week because construction may have altered things, or there's an accident ahead, or emergency vehicles need to pass. You need to be alert and be able to adapt in order to make the safest and smartest choices.

Another reader, Seth, posted about a trouble spot he has tangled with: “Euclid crossing South Ashland on the way toward High Street is another tricky one. The bike lane ends, on-street parking begins, the left lane goes straight and the right lane is turn-only. All in one intersection!”

Captain's response:

I hear ya on this, Seth! This is a VERY tough spot. I lived off Fontaine for six years and rode that route every day. Coming off the light at Ashland, I try to make my move to the left and get into the through traffic lane—easier said than done on many occasions, but in general as long as I was signaling clearly and confidently I could get over.

But, doing so, I also committed to falling into the line of traffic that would either go straight onto Fontaine or left onto High. Meaning, I might find myself behind 10 cars at the light. Other cyclists often choose to ride up along the right hand side of that traffic—and granted, I might have even done that a time or two when traffic was super, super heavy, but for the most part I fell in line and became a part of the regular traffic flow.

I didn't begrudge other cyclists (well, not overly begrudge), who rode up the right-hand side of the cars, but they are riding between two lanes at that point—in an area where a lot of visitors to Lexington often drive and are crisscrossing into the proper lane, so I found it best to leave well enough alone.

If you have a trouble spot in town that drives you mad whether you are a cyclist, pedestrian or driver—join the conversation on noclexington.com—this is your captain, over and out.

Summer fun is hard on the back!

Happy & Healthy
Backs Yoga
Sundays, 11am

Lexington Healing Arts Academy

252.5656

124 Glenn Place

Key-Choina, Brittany and Star



Key-Choina and Brittany walked down the street to sit on the purple couch for a picture even though a woman across the street shouted that the couch had bed bugs, that they should not sit on it. They were walking around the neighborhood with Star: still a young dog that needs a lot of playtime outside.

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

Cane Run (cont.)

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the council has teamed up with the university to create no mow zones and fenced stream crossings for horses to minimize the damage to the banks. By this point, much of the water has disappeared underground into the karst limestone, making the tangible benefits of good stream management difficult to appreciate, except in times of heavy rainfall.

A little further downstream, the Cane Run Watershed continues through the Kentucky Horse Park. In preparation for the FEI World Equestrian Games, the council helped restore a small stream in the heart of the park, planting native trees, shrubs, and perennials—a truly beautiful scene that is currently teeming with flowers.

As the water seeps into the ground, it helps fill the Royal Spring Aquifer—and during a wet enough season, it continues above ground to the north fork of Elkhorn Creek. Here the benefits of protecting the watershed become clear, as the Elkhorn is one of the many tributaries of the Kentucky River, and the Royal Spring Aquifer is a main source of Georgetown's drinking water.

Among the main problems that face the watershed are high amounts of sediments, pathogens, and nutrients. While Cane Run has been classified as an impaired stream, the culprits are not easily identified. The majority of the damage is caused by “non-point source pollution,” meaning it comes from a variety of small sources. Simple littering in north Lexington and other high traffic areas like I-64 is one source. During heavy rains, Lexington's sanitary sewer can overflow into the storm sewer and contaminate the watershed. High erosion rates on poorly managed

stream-sides also cause sediment increases that wreak havoc on the delicate balance of the ecosystem.

Beyond teaming up with major landowners like the University of Kentucky and Kentucky Horse Park to promote better management of the watershed, there are a few direct actions to be taken to protect the watershed. Stream cleanup projects are common and always looking for volunteers. The main objective of the festival will be to raise northside residents' awareness of about what they can do day-to-day to help keep the water clean. There will be workshops for eco-friendly auto and lawn care, recycling and litter reduction, and the use of rain barrels.

The Cane Run Watershed Festival is set to kick off at 5 P.M. on Friday, August 12 at Castlewood Park and will continue until 8 P.M. In addition to the workshops, there will be free food for the first 500 guests, children's activities, and a raffle featuring the grand prize of a mulching mower. Art exhibits at the Lexington Art League (located in the Loudoun House) will also be open for festival goers. Proceeding rain or shine (it is a watershed festival after all), festival organizers expect to top last year's turnout of 350 people and would love to see you support the protection of one of our most precious resources.

Attendees can register at canerun2011.eventbrite.com. The flora and fauna of Cane Run Watershed would like to thank the Cane Run Watershed Council, the UK College of Agriculture, the Lexington-Fayette Urban County Government, the United States Environmental Protection Agency, and Friends of Cane Run for their work. For more information visit www.canerunwatershed.org.



No-mow zone near horse barn. Photo courtesy canerunwatershed.org.

Learn how you can protect your neighborhood streams at the . . .

Cane Run Watershed Festival

Friday, August 12
5pm-8pm
Castlewood Park &
the Loudoun House
201 Castlewood Drive

**Free admission!
Free entertainment!
Free food for the
first 500 guests!**

Pre-register at
canerun2011.eventbrite.com

For more information, please call Bluegrass PRIDE at 266-1572

HIV test (cont.)

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of it at anytime, but when those people came over the shift to Max Tiverton was instantaneous.

Max Tiverton was the alias I used when I was nineteen and in college. That name was used in chat rooms, emails, and usernames for any and all sites I used to hook-up or show off to people. There are hundreds upon hundreds of naked pictures of myself floating around the internet and stashed in folders on home computers (videos, also, but I made less of those). As Max Tiverton, I connected with thousands of men. That number is no exaggeration. I didn't have sex with all of them, or even most of them, though. My sexual partners count less than twenty (which may or may not be a lot). Through webcam, I was able to talk to people all over the world. When they asked me to do something 'on cam' for them, I did. They were my "fans" and I had to please them.

This career brought me to a man I coined as Navy Seal Man. He and I met multiple times. This man was a millionaire who lived in the Prospect area of Louisville. Initially, we met at his house, or mansion. His basement could have eaten my house at the time. One of his spare bathrooms was bigger than my bedroom. Later, we moved to meeting on his yacht. He would pick me up on the banks of the Ohio downtown and we'd ride off and explore each other. He did this, I found out, because he had previously been married and had children. He lived in his house alone and, I guess, rich people talk. If he was found with a nineteen year old boy, his forty-three year old reputation would just be ruined. I stopped meeting him eventually and that was when he started offering me money. I declined and never spoke to him again, to my wallet's protest.

I also met another guy online. He was someone I knew, but he kept himself anonymous for a long time, until he trusted me enough to show me his face. His name, and other information, I have to keep private because I promised I would. Let's just say that you never can be sure who wants to fuck a boy.

My porn 'career' didn't start at nineteen, though. I snapped my first shot at fourteen. Those photos were then traded with people I believed, at the time, were also my age, via the seedy AOL chat rooms. The first time I did that I felt a rush of sexual energy. I had goose bumps on my arms and I felt invigorated. At night, when my dad was asleep, I would take picture after picture and trade them like Pokémon cards with other "boys," building up my own pornographic deck.

My dad caught me once, when I was about sixteen. I wasn't naked, but the camera was on and plugged into the USB drive, ready to go. I blamed the camera's state on my brother, but he didn't believe me. He also didn't take the camera. After a few moments of anxiety, I was again consumed by lust and exhibitionism. Strangely, while I can't remember how many pictures I've taken, or who I sent them to, I can still remember what the first ones looked like, when I was fourteen.

Pictures and videos are different, though, from skin on skin action. I'm intangible in a picture, only a voice in a video, but in person I'm all of myself. When the people I slept with invited me over or came over to my apartment, I no longer had that abstract protection. In my head, when I shifted to Max Tiverton, I think I was trying to create a substitute for the protection I had lost. If I wasn't me, they couldn't hurt me. Max Tiverton might die, but I would not. The people who came over didn't just enter my home, but they entered me. The last place to go was my head.

An HIV test

When those people came over, we used condoms, but I never once considered what sort of physical or sexual consequences these meetings could have had. I only thought about my possessions and being murdered. I've never been afraid of getting HIV, though the things I've done have put me in plenty of positions to be infected.

I got tested after work, on my own. I wasn't nervous when I walked into AVOL, a free testing clinic in Lexington. When I thought about

the possibility of having HIV I only thought about how that would affect my writing. This virus wouldn't kill me; it would only make my words stronger.

The guy who gave me the test brought me back into an office, remarking on how hot it was outside. I used what looked like a thermometer to swab my gums and placed the instrument into a tiny tube that sat on a desk facing the tester. After that, I sat on a couch for twenty minutes (that's how long the test takes) and listened to the tester stumble over information about HIV and AIDS. You can only get infected with HIV through your "pink parts."

He fidgeted with his pen while he asked me questions from a questionnaire required by the CDC. *The virus must be directly injected into the blood stream. You could, for example, accidentally swallow the virus without contracting.* He wiped sweat from his forehead and repeated how hot it was outside.

All the while, he would look down at the tube, moving just his eyes, and they would widen. *Do you know the difference between the two? The virus is what causes AIDS. AIDS is not a tangible thing. It is a syndrome, a state, like being cold. You can't pick up 'cold.' You can feel cold, but cold is simply the state of slow moving atoms. AIDS is the state when a body has a weak immune system.*

Once, he picked up the tube and shook it a little, like an hour glass that wasn't shifting the sand correctly. I sat on the couch the whole time, smiling and answering the questions. I was calm. This was nothing to me. I was picking up groceries, running errands, getting an HIV test. Nothing. After twenty minutes I learned I was negative. The testing stick would have shown two bars, he said, had I had a low t-cell count. With only one bar showing, I was told I didn't show signs of having HIV. He said I should come back in three months for another test and was given condoms.

I was finished with the errand.

A suicide

Later that same week, a boy named Matthew Vanderpool committed suicide. He shot himself in his garage. I

attended the candle light vigil they held for him downtown in front of the courthouses. When the vigil started, I was sitting on the outskirts of the circle on a wall. I didn't know Matthew, and I didn't want to enter the group because of that.

While I was sitting there, people who happened to be downtown would walk up to the group, seeing the news crews, and then turn around when they either found out what the group was for or because it wasn't what they hoped.

There were two people who were pulling an ice chest, passing out bottles of water to people. When they went up to the group to offer water, the people holding their flickering candles and crying said nothing until the water peddlers packed up their caravan and walked down the street.

After the water peddlers were gone, a friend I had planned to meet at the vigil showed up. He knew people in the circle. With him next to me, I felt comfortable moving closer and listening to the group talk about Matthew. From what I heard, Matthew and his friends had made plans to go see a movie the day after he had committed suicide. They said that he was happy, or at least, he seemed happy. My friend gave many hugs that night, as his friends who knew Matthew tearfully embraced him.

The event unnerved me because while I was there with people who knew Matthew, and while Matthew was connected to me in one strong, singular way, being gay, I still felt like I was trespassing. I don't know what I expected from going to the vigil, but I probably shouldn't have gone. I went as a spectator, not a mourner, and I thought that because I shared something with this boy I didn't know, that it would mean something.

My friends and I left shortly after joining the group. We went to Soundbar on Limestone and I sipped away the nerves. While I stood at the bar with my friend, I wondered if perhaps the week before I had come close to committing suicide. Not intentionally, but because of the potentially dangerous situations I put myself in. I've not had such a week since then.

AUGUST 10, 2011

Music

Live music to forge an identity to: 8/11 - 23

Thursday, August 11

Ben Lacy
Cheapside; 131 Cheapside. 9 P.M.

Ben Lacy's guitar prowess is such that many who hear him play experience an extreme emotional response as a result, such as intense crying jags, fits of cackling laughter, alternating terror and ecstasy—that sort of thing. Attending his performances thus feels a bit like staring into the face of God; you're overcome with awe, your senses explode and then dim forever, and you end up drooling in a ditch, unresponsive to stimuli.

And that's why Ben Lacy needs a new name. I mean, "Ben Lacy" is a perfectly pleasant moniker: "Ben" is a welcoming word, similar to the French "bien" and "bon," and evocative of the Sanskrit root "bhanu," the Sun, while "Lacy" is a seductive, Latinate thing. When you hear them together you think, *oh, he's a really nice guy, I bet*, and you probably smile and think about your loved ones, and of hugging them. Mm.

But that's the point: it's too warm a name for a guitar overlord. Ben Lacy needs to be called a name that inspires both rapture and dread. Something from Egyptian mythology, maybe, like "Hathor-Sekhmet," a combining of the gods of music and destruction, or possibly "Arag Khan," Mongolian for "Ruler of Strings." Yes. "Arag Khan of Kentucky." No—too prosaic. "Arag Khan of Kentahten," using the Iroquois for our fair land. There's some gravity to that, no?

So, Arag Khan of Kentahten will be wielding his terrible Brian Moore custom-doombringer and harvesting the souls of sinners at the Cheapside. See him there if ye be pure of heart.

Monday, August 15

Central Kentucky Guitar Night
Natasha's; 112 Esplanade. 8:30 P.M.

Have you not had enough? Is your stomach not yet sated? Guitars are everywhere; have some more. Three more: this is a triple bill. Jerome Scott, of Cincinnati, joins Lexington's Chris Weiss and Tim Fowler for an evening of fingerstyle outrageousness.

Perhaps anticipating my suggestion to Arag Khan, née Ben Lacy, above, these three accomplished, cultured musicians have chosen to subsume their given names to the group, thereby shuffling off the shackles of the individual ego and tapping the power of the collective unconscious.

When the show has ended, and everyone's gone home and slept, Scott,



Chris Weiss.



Arag Khan of Kentahten performs at Cheapside

Weiss, and Fowler will take back their earthly selves and carry on with their lives—all the daily struggles and triumphs we experience as humans, plus guitar practice, but for this night, they will be mere conduits to musical divinity.

Tuesday, August 16

Dead Prez
Cosmic Charlie's; 388 Woodland. 10 P.M.

The rap game has always been about both the creation of alter egos, but what an artist chooses to do with the created persona is a matter of some discussion. It's like this:

MCs get a little bit of love and think they hot
Talkin' 'bout how much money they got
All y'all records sound the same
I'm sick of that fake thug, R & B
Rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material
Y'all don't hear me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line, and signed
And still be writing rhymes and broke
You would rather have a Lexus or justice?
A dream or some substance?
A Beamer, a necklace or freedom?
Still a nigga like me don't playa' hate
I just stay awake

That was Dead Prez in 2000, with one of the definitive statements of "conscious" hip hop. Eleven years later, the game hasn't changed, and Dead Prez are still awake.

Thursday, August 18

Future Rock with DJ Selektro
Cosmic Charlie's; 388 Woodland. 9 P.M.

The duties of the DJ are paradoxical: on the one hand, he/she must become a brand name, must craft an



The Barry Mando Project releases a new EP at Lynagh's on the 19th.

identity that club-goers recognize and are drawn to. On the other, in performance the DJ's task is to provide a soundtrack for whatever social experience the audience seeks. By not drawing attention to the DJ booth—by stepping behind Oz's curtain—the DJ can become the unseen hand of the dance floor, manipulating moods and vibes while keeping the crowd unaware of the DJ's machinations and fully immersed in the seamless soundscape. The subjugation of the DJ's corporeal presence in turn allows dancers to explore whatever physical identities they like, for whatever ends they intend.

Future Rock is big time from Chicago. Selektro is wunderkind from right here.

Friday, August 19

The Barry Mando Project
Lynagh's; 384 Woodland. 9 P.M.

These ten days have a special feel to it, don't they? Lexington music is in rare form. For example, right now, for my money, The Barry Mando Project is playing some of the most inventive music anywhere. But what kind of music is it? Well, it's jazz-something, I guess, but the something varies... rock sometimes, soul...things like that. Tough to describe.

Aha. That's the thing, isn't it? They're chameleons, these guys: no fixed identity at all, but a shape-shifting organism that grooves in many styles, many approaches. And now, at last, they're releasing an EP, a snapshot of the band *right now*, at this moment in time. Music, and identity, are protean phenomena.

Friday, August 19 - Sunday, August 21

Holler in the Holler
HomeGrown HideAways; 500

Holler in the Holler 2011 Schedule

Friday, August 19

Sugar Tree
Patterns
Mud Pi
Rakadu Gypsy Dance
Amalgamation Fire Nation
Fifth on the Floor
Comfort Creatures

Saturday, August 20

NotDreaded
The Baja Yetis
Bluegrass Collective
Born Cross Eyed
Blind Corn Liquor Pickers
The Barry Mando Project
Faubush Hill
Deadly Sins Burlesque
Amalgamation Fire Nation
Genuine Junk Band
Curb Alert (by the campfire)

Sunday, August 21

The Galt Line
The Bloodroots Barter
Velvet Water

Floyd Branch Rd., Berea, KY

The festival returns. Tickets available at eventbrite.com; search "holler." See the schedule at the top of this page.

Saturday, August 20

Skid Row
Buster's; 899 Manchester. 9 P.M.

You know, Skid Row has a lot to do with my own bitter, defeated identity. Here's the story:

Senior year of high school, I meet my girlfriend at a New Year's party hosted by a classmate. We're drinking, socializing, and then I don't see her for a while. We were past clingy, so I wasn't worried, and I continued to mingle in the usual teenage way.

Then a friend of mine comes up to me, says he's just seen my girlfriend making out with another guy in some back bedroom. Several other people confirm the story. I'm fighting mad.

I know the homewrecker in question, so I call him out to the back patio to get what's coming to him. But he won't come out. My girlfriend does, wasted and tearful, and begs me to leave him alone. I swear vengeance and drive home in my parents sedan, screaming with pain and rage all the way. Trust was gone, forever.

What CD was playing on the stereo at the party while all this was going on? That's right: Skid Row. So you know what?

Fuck Skid Row. I know it's not technically their fault, but fuck 'em anyway. 20 years later and if I even *think* I hear "I Remember You" on the radio I start trembling with hatred.

So why am I giving them publicity now? Because like it or not, they're part of who I am. But if I see Sebastian Bach stuffing his fat face at McDonald's after the show...

—Buck Edwards

Al's Bar proudly sponsors **Lexington Bike Polo**

Wednesdays & Sundays
at Coolavin Park

Post-game shenanigans at Al's

Captain America: The First Avenger



Captain America.

The New Deal in a kickass costume

By Bill Widener

He was carrying a rolled-up flag instead of the shield, the blue of his uniform a shade too disco. But there he was, in the flesh, waiting to cross the street - the Sentinel of Liberty, Captain America.

Like a good citizen, he waited for the “walk” sign, then came into the library. I saluted, and directed him to the public internet area. He turned out to be an ex-serviceman walking across the country, protesting the treatment of veterans by donning the garb of the Red, White and Blue Avenger. He’s not the only one to use a Cap costume to make a political point. From masks to half-Caps to the full regalia, Captain America is a favorite at Tea Party rallies. Strange, that, given Cap is the avatar of everything they despise.

A weak and bullied nobody, an artist from the big city, is chosen to participate in a government program that makes him not just the equal of his oppressors, but superior. Our hero then teams up with a multinational force to exterminate right-wing extremists. It’s every conservative’s nightmare. Captain America is the New Deal in a kickass costume.

Reading between the explosions, *Captain America* (Marvel/Paramount) is (almost) the Great Liberal Action Movie. As faithful as it is to the comics, it could be nothing else. Born in the turning point between Depression and World War, Captain America was the brainchild of two hungry young Jews looking for the big break, Joe Simon and Jack Kirby (born Jacob Kurtzberg). When they handed Timely publisher Martin Goodman the cover of the first issue, he had good reason to worry. Forget the isolationist hinterlands; many national leaders were mighty impressed by the Volkswagen and trains running on time. New York was crawling with Silver Shirts and German-American Bundists, the city so rotten with Nazi sympathizers that the Feds had to parlay with the Mob to keep the waterfront safe. Even in a comics biz blazing with premature anti-Fascism, showing the new hero punching Hitler was asking for trouble. There was trouble—some bomb threats, trashed newsstands—but a lot more dimes. *Captain America Comics* brought Timely, as Marvel was then known, into the top level of comics publishers.

When the war ended, so did Cap’s comic. An attempt to bring him back in the McCarthy era as a “Commie Smasher!” was a misstep, a case of too little, too soon. When Timely retooled as Marvel in the Sixties, Captain America returned for good, becoming

the conscience of the Marvel Universe.

Steve Rogers is the 4F loser, played by a digitized Chris Evans, whose dedication and nobility appeals to Dr. Erskine, a Jewish scientist on the run from the Nazis. Rogers is chosen as the first recipient of Erskine’s “Super-Soldier” serum. Portrayed with humor and sorrow by Stanley Tucci, Erskine knows that with great power comes great responsibility, and wants a superman who understands the burden of being merely a man.

Evans is great in the role, never losing his everyman humility even after he’s beefed up by vita-rays. His Cap is a true believer, even while being used as

continued on page 8

Movie rates high on Tufnel scale

By Kevin Martinez

It’s finally here! The Marvel Comic that is the last of the big name characters to be made into a proper feature film. This is one that has been long overdue.

Yeah, there were attempts at making Cap before. Most recently, there was the Albert Pyun directed straight to VHS dud back in 1990. That one starred Matt Salinger, son of J.D. himself. The less said about that the better.

Then there were the two TV movies from the late 1970s starring Reb Brown. A favorite of the *Mystery Science Theater 3000* crowd, Brown was best known as *Yor*, *The Hunter from the Future*. Clips from those *Captain America* movies have been popping up lately on Conan, as a worthy successor to the *Walker, Texas Ranger* clips from O’Brien’s old NBC show. Those movies disappointed me for the simple reason that, even in the 1970s, they looked like cheese.

And don’t get me started on the 1940s movie serial in which Cap wasn’t Steve Rogers and didn’t carry his trademark shield.

This time out, we get a big budget summer blockbuster. Captain America deserves this, he’s Joe Simon and Jack Kirby’s super soldier, the third Marvel superhero (Submariner and the original Human Torch were the first two), and the most successful of them all during the 1940s.

I’ve been a fan since I was a kid, when I read an issue of *Marvel Two In One* where the Thing, Cap, and Sharon Carter (agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.) traveled to the future and teamed up with the Guardians Of The Galaxy to fight the Badoon Empire. This inspired me to get a Mego action figure of Cap soon after. He just looks cool, and he’s the symbol of American idealism.

Cap’s the most enduring character from Jack Kirby’s partnership with Joe Simon and he’s never had a great

movie. Well, I’m happy to say that has changed. This movie is just what this summer needed.

Hugo Weaving (of *Lord Of The Rings*, *Matrix*, and *V For Vendetta*) makes one nasty villain playing Johann Schmidt / Red Skull. The action sequences are top notch, with moments that made me feel like a kid watching *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* all over again. This is what a summer blockbuster should be: fun and exciting. Sure, the plot may be simple at times. But it’s a movie to be enjoyed. It reminded me of all the things I enjoyed when I watched the original Star Wars films.

Director Joe Johnston (*Honey I Shrank The Kids*, *Jurassic Park 3*) has made a sincere effort to keep the film true to the roots of the character’s 1940s beginnings. Johnston directed a previous comic book movie set in this era (1990’s *The Rocketeer*) which was fun, but this tops that easily. A former visual effects director for Lucasfilm, Johnston knows how to make an effects driven, big budget movie. But, unlike his mentor George Lucas, he hasn’t forgotten how to make the characters accessible to the audience.

A friend of mine complained on the way out of the theater that this movie was campy and seemed dated. But then he told me how much he enjoyed *Green Lantern* so, as much as I like the guy, I gotta discount his critique. *Green Lantern* was a big disappointment, for a number of reasons, mostly bad acting and an even worse script. But more importantly, because you don’t have any reason to care about the lead character or anyone around him.

Captain America is the opposite of that. It has a very simple good versus evil plot, but you care about Steve Rogers and what he has to go through to win the war. The dichotomy

continued on page 8

The Sixties in documentary film

By Danny Mayer

As a publicly-subsidized teacher at a community college, one of my primary job responsibilities (as I see it, at least) involves finding ways to connect what I do in the classroom to the larger public that I and my students daily inhabit. One way I do this is by inviting the public to participate in my classrooms, which I did last Fall while teaching a rock and roll documentary class.

This fall semester at Bluegrass Community and Technical College (BCTC), I once again invite the public (you) to my ENG 281 Introduction to Film course. Subtitled “The Sixties in documentary film,” the class will watch and talk about the 1960s, its people and movements, through the lens of documentary film. Your attendance, interest and knowledge is most welcome.

The Sixties are an interesting decade for film and history buffs. New camera technology that got developed and popularized throughout the decade allowed for fresh stylistic developments in cinematography and storytelling. Films like *Don’t Look Back* and *Gimme Shelter* aren’t just kickass rock documentaries (a genre born during the Sixties) covering two of the eras most famous cultural icons (Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones). The two seminal works of cinéma vérité are also landmark texts in the historical study of film as an art form.

At the same time, the sheer amount of archived footage—all those ABC News Reports on black bus-riders or rowdy college students or anti-war army vets; the ubiquitous coverage of rock bands; small-budget production films by grad school hot shots influenced by the counter-culture; and 10, 20 and 40 year anniversary “remember when”

interviews—has provided documentarians with a rich archive out of which to tell super-interesting stories. This has made the decade both knowable and not. The general story of the Sixties is well known: Woodstock Nation, a generation named after a three-day music festival taking place in 1969 on a farm in upstate New York, comes of age during the Civil Rights Movement and turns into lovable, politically active, culturally open pot-smoking rock fans who wear bell-bottoms and tie-dye shirts. Yet as a number of documentarians about the decade suggests, the archives themselves are not so clear cut, the decade’s more intimate stories playing tricks on the Woodstock narrative.

I’m interested in documentary films as usable pieces of our past, people’s histories, documents that stir us to bridge where we’ve been with where we are. My own particular interests, which will inform film selections, lie with the decade’s compelling stories of political, social and cultural upheaval. What did dissent look like in 1962 when poor black farmers and northern Jewish college kids on break from school worked across lines to demand an end to government endorsed racism? What was its voice? Its story? Its actors? Did it have a sound, a music? How did the Vietnam War permeate the decade’s second half? What subcultures emerged throughout the decade and why? How were they captured on film and presented to the public (us)?

Nuts and bolts

Each week from 5:00-7:45 in the spacious Owsley Auditorium located on BCTC’s lovely Cooper Campus, participants (you) will watch and discuss either a documentary film produced during the 1960s, or one taking

some aspect of the decade as its central theme. For example, *In the Year of the Pig*, Emile de Antonio’s 1969 documentary on the origins of the Vietnam War, is both of the era and about the era. Other films, like 2007’s *Following Sean* by former Haight Ashbury resident Ralph Arlyck, may tell stories of the Sixties that leak into other decades. Still others, like 2005’s *Sir! No Sir*, recover forgotten public histories of the decade. Documentaries are generally over by 7:00.

After a small break following the viewing, I will conclude by talking a little about what we just watched. You are welcome to attend and participate in the talk. My students should chime in at some point; maybe you’ll feel comfortable, too, adding to the dialogue. I may show brief context clips, provide background info and occasional “readings” of the film. There could be guest speakers or performers.

First film viewing is Thursday, August 18. To get it out of the way and also to enjoy the fine harmonies of Crosby, Stills and Nash, we will watch clips from the 1970 documentary *Woodstock*.

Second film viewing, Thursday, August 25, will be *Berkeley in the Sixties*, Mark Kitchell’s 1990 documentary that traces the entire decade through events taking place in Berkeley, California (home of the University of California system’s flagship school).

Parking sucks if you don’t have a UK Parking Pass, so bike on in or take a bus. Campus is just in front of Commonwealth Stadium. Your attendance and vocal participation is encouraged, but remember that this is also a classroom. Please exhibit appropriate classroom etiquette. No, I won’t assign you homework.

AUGUST 10, 2011

ROCK douses Chemical Valley

Late grand slams spark crowd

By Sunny Montgomery

I must confess: I have never gotten much into sports. I am far too high strung. I care far too much about winning. And the fact is my poor anxious heart just cannot handle competition. I was reminded of these things on July 30 at Heritage Hall when the Rollergirls of Central Kentucky (ROCK) faced off against West Virginia's Chemical Valley Rollergirls (CVRG) during a true nail-biter of a bout.

I attended the bout with my mother, her boyfriend and his thirteen year old granddaughter, Cassie. It was their first roller derby. "We're cheering for the pink and black team," I told them as we settled in our seats behind the suicide seating.

Suicide seating, I explained, is the area around the edge of the track. Attendees are allowed to sit cross-legged there as long as they are 18 years or older since skaters can easily skid off the track and into their lap, though I hadn't actually witnessed that happen yet.

I explained to them that points were scored for every opposing Blocker that a Jammer could maneuver past. "Sounds easy," Cassie shrugged.

ROCK and CVRG have similar styles of play: fast and strong, a certain recipe for unruly competition. "It's not just about brute force," co-announcer Mike Trusty reminded the audience. "It's about strategy." But the physicality was extraordinary. Multiple skaters crashed headlong into the suicide seating as fans screamed and cheered. The penalty box stayed so busy that girls had to wait their turn to take a seat. At one point, ROCK's Bitty Bast'rd slammed so hard into an opposing blocker that the arena went silent when she did not get up immediately. Skaters dropped down on one knee in solidarity as



JACK KING

Sugar Shock breaks free.

medical staff rushed onto the track. A few seconds later, Bitty was back on her feet—and back in the bout before very long.

Although CVRG was a less experienced team, they had impressive stamina and scored an impressive amount of points per jam. They took the lead early and maintained it throughout almost the entire bout.

With 25 minutes to go, CVRG had a 35 point lead. "It's still anyone's game," Trusty assured. A new jam began. ROCK's Sugar Shock became lead jammer. She shouldered and dodged her way through the pack

and around the track. Then she did it a second time for a grand slam. And then a third time. And then a fourth to tally up nearly 20 points! I gripped the edge of my seat as the scoreboard flickered and CVRG's steady lead began to dwindle.

As if to fulfill Trusty's prophecy, suddenly, ROCK was unstoppable. The tension was fierce. When an opposing rollergirl went down, the crowd tossed their fists in the air with uproarious delight. The smallest children stuck their fingers in their ears. An older man in a CVRG t-shirt screamed at the refs from the sidelines. With less than

ten minutes on the clock, ROCK took their first lead of the night: 107 to 101.

Yes, it was a true-nail biter of a bout. In the end, ROCK withstood their drive and won: 124 to 110. Afterward, I looked at Cassie. Her eyes were wide and her cheeks were red. "Well, what do you think?" I asked. She was clutching ROCK's program to her chest. She wanted to get the team to autograph it. I watched her walk boldly out onto the track and I remembered being 13 years old. I would have never had the courage to do that. But in hindsight, what did I know about girl-power back then?

Rupp district (cont.)

continued from page 1

With the university a decade away from needing to renegotiate its lease, in 2008 UK began angling for better terms on the site. The state university lobbied for the London-based sports marketing and branding firm IMG and its subsidiary, International Stadia Group (ISG), to perform a feasibility study on whether it (the private investment firm IMG and its subsidiary) could make enough money by replacing and privately operating the Rupp Arena experience.

After this report went belly-up in the 2008 financial crash, the University was forced to slum it with a return to the public trough. They have been met with open arms by new Lexington mayor Jim Gray. The head of a building corporation with a multi-national presence, Gray has a creative-class driven vision that champions using public money to help select private downtown developments clustered in a narrow area around the city's Main Street.

The Arena, Arts and Entertainment District, a 46-acre opportunity zone of economically aesthetic parking lots dotted throughout by a convention center, food court, roller derby court and 20,000+ seat arena, is where "town/gown" relations are at right now. Specifically, the AAED is bounded by "the downtown business district, the fringes of the University of Kentucky, the emerging restaurant and entertainment areas along Manchester and Jefferson streets, and five historic residential neighborhoods." Because of its location nearby these new city hotspots, the area has been touted as the "biggest development opportunity in modern Lexington history"—Centrepointe on steroids.

Addition by addition

Public conversation on the topic seems to have arrived at four conclusions: (1) that Rupp will either be renovated or re-built; (2) That economics

will dictate a Rupp renovation, which will require less city funds, rather than a Rupp re-do; (3) that any re-do requires the geographic scope to greatly increase into a "district"; and (4) anything done must be bona fide first-rate, real world class.

From the University of Kentucky side of things, basketball coach John Calipari, whose \$4 million annual salary is provided by the privately funded UK Athletic Association, was the first to state the need for UK Basketball to remain a "gold standard" program.



Opportunity zones. Courtesy AAETF.

This term, "gold standard," was later used by UK Athletic Director Mitch Barnhart (salary=\$700,000) and UK CEO Lee Todd (salary=\$700,000) to describe any changes in Rupp.

On the city side, leaders have used the increased area to push new urbanist design plans. The key word, municipally, is "design excellence." Jim Gray has openly called for using city money and leverage to develop the area. The *Herald-Leader* has charged city leaders with creating "something extraordinary to convince the public and its elected representatives that [public money] would be an investment and not an extravagance."

Meanwhile, most city discussions assume that one of the contiguous areas, the recently named Distillery

District off Manchester Street, will likewise receive city and state funds for private development of the area. It's a classic case of addition through addition. The city justifies public money getting spent on un-needed infrastructure upgrades on the basis that it's also giving away public money to the overwhelming personal private development interests of a nearby downtown neighborhood.

With the AAED task force yet to release their September report, we cannot yet tally the public investment that it will call for. But we can look at a residual component of the Arena, Arts and Entertainment District investment by traveling one block west in the Distillery District.

In his recent city budget proposal, Mayor Jim Gray went to bat for his tough austerity measures—cutting public jobs and funding for social service agencies—to right-size government and decrease city debt. The mayor made a great show,

and the media followed right along, of a get-tough veto of what he described as an unnecessary \$400,000 bond. The public money was to be used for the construction of 2 disc golf courses and a lacrosse field on public park lands, and a public access ramp for seniors at a planned Seniors Center. Gray stated that he didn't feel a "Frisbee golf course" was a good investment for the city.

Meanwhile, Emily Hagedorn reports in *Kentucky Forward*, the same city budget issued a \$2.2 million bond to pay for infrastructure costs in the Distillery District. Of this amount, \$418,000 was authorized the city simply to pay for a feasibility study of the district that abuts the western edge of the Rupp Arena district.

Private and public interests

Several prominent investors in the Distillery District, most notably the New Buster's co-owner Barry McNeese, appear as members of the Arena, Arts and Entertainment District task force, and as such are Other task force members have relationships, like McNeese, that pre-dispose them to benefit disproportionately off increased public investment in the area. Prominent UK Athletics Association backer Luther Deaton (and head of Bank One) is on it; so is UK Athletic Director Mitch Barnhart. City developer Dudley Webb, whose vacant lot CentrePointe project four blocks away is also asking for public city investment, has a seat. So does Everette McCorvey, a UK opera professor whose name has appeared in relation to Distillery District projects.

In Mid-April, UK sports beat reporter Jerry Tipton interviewed Faculty Trustee Joe Peek. Peek, a business professor with tenure, confessed his unease with the Rupp proposals. "My concern is that the state, city and university are in bad financial shape, so is it something that we can afford at this time." Peek's question is not one Luther Deaton or Mitch Barnhart or Barry McNeese are interested in considering. They and their specific interests all stand to profit, individually, from publicly funded Rupp renovations. At base, their interests are private, geared to making *their* projects work. This doesn't make them inherently bad people (though they may make bad decisions), but it does make them vested people.

Notably, not a single council person—a publicly elected and accountable official—appears on the 40-person Rupp redevelopment task force Mayor Gray created and charged with setting the terms for city involvement. So the question needs to be asked, and often, who will advocate for the larger community interests? Who will say enough, basta?

Opinion

A third option in KY Governor race Gatewood Galbraith is Independent candidate

By Dave Cooper

Could 2011 be the year that Gatewood Galbraith is finally elected to office in Kentucky? It could happen.

Lexington attorney Galbraith, running for governor as an Independent candidate, will face incumbent Governor Steve Beshear and State Senate Majority Leader David Williams in the November election. Gov. Beshear has teamed with Louisville Mayor Jerry Abramson for 2011, dropping his unpopular Lt. Governor, Hazard physician Dr. Dan Mongiardo, while Sen. Williams has selected former UK basketball star and current Agriculture Commissioner Ritchie Farmer for his running mate. Galbraith's running mate is Dea Riley, a Frankfort media consultant.

Gov. Beshear is reportedly 20 points ahead of Williams and Galbraith in the latest polls, but I often wonder if there is anyone in Kentucky who is really enthusiastic about Gov. Beshear. Quick, name Gov. Beshear's most significant accomplishment during his current term in office. While you are pondering that one, can you describe Gov. Beshear's vision for Kentucky?

All in all, Beshear is a pretty blase, unexciting candidate. Lets take a look at his record:

Gov. Beshear has supported \$40 million in tax incentives for the controversial Ark Encounter biblical theme park, which is scheduled to open in Spring 2014 near I-75 in Grant County, touting it as a job creation plan. But Beshear has faced heavy criticism for giving tax breaks at a time when budgets are tight. Another issue is the separation of church and state: "The state of Kentucky should not be promoting the

spread of fundamentalist Christianity or any other religious viewpoint," said the Rev. Barry W. Lynn, executive director of Americans United. "It's perfectly fine for a private group to re-launch Noah's ark, but the governor shouldn't go along for the ride. The government should not be giving tax incentives for religious projects. Religion should be supported by voluntary donations, not the government."

Gov. Beshear has also garnered criticism for his support for mountaintop removal coal mining. In his 2011 State of the Commonwealth address, Beshear denounced the Environmental Protection Agency, telling regulators to "Get off our backs!"

Shortly after his speech, an intrepid group of Kentuckians calling themselves "Kentucky Rising" staged a sit-in in the Governor's office to pressure Gov. Beshear to accompany them on a site visit to a mountaintop removal mine. To his credit, Beshear did make that site visit, yet despite studies showing higher rates of birth defects and cancer in areas affected by mountaintop removal, three large oil spills that contaminated drinking water in Whitesburg, KY, and evidence showing that coal companies may have falsified water quality data submitted to the Division of Water, Gov. Beshear has yet to drop a lawsuit against the EPA which would prevent the EPA from instituting tougher water quality standards on the streams which emanate from mountaintop removal mines.

Evidence is accumulating that streams coming from mountaintop removal sites contain selenium, a highly-toxic metal which causes mutations in fish. These mountain streams are also the headwater streams that

supply drinking water to cities like Nashville, Lexington, Winchester and Frankfort. It often seems to me that Gov. Beshear is more interested in the profits of the coal industry than in the safety of the drinking water of Kentucky families.

On the casino issue, Gov. Beshear has tried and failed to allow the licensing of slot machines at Kentucky horse tracks, in large part due to the strong opposition of Sen. David Williams. But on this issue, I am thankful for Sen. Williams' obstruction. It's hard for me to see how taking money out of the pockets of poor and desperately-addicted people and funneling it to the coffers of out-of-state casino corporations will benefit Kentuckians in the long run. Casinos come with an enormous social cost, but that cost won't be paid by the wealthy horse farm owners who support casinos and racinos.

Sometimes dismissed a perennial or fringe candidate, Gatewood offers some refreshing candor on these issues. Since he is not affiliated with either of the parties he is not beholden to big money. Gatewood decries "corruption purchased through campaign contributions" and says he will be less influenced by the special interests.

When we look at the powerful lobbying influence of the road builders or the pharmaceutical companies, the insurance companies, the health care companies, the coal companies - the interests and needs of the average Kentuckian seem to be getting short shrift in Frankfort.

Gatewood has taken some courageous stands on the issues: He opposes mountaintop removal. According to his campaign website, "the practice of

Mountain Top Removal has reduced valuable coal jobs, caused unsurpassed environmental damage and continues to stifle overall economic development efforts. MTR jeopardizes potential growth in the areas of tourism, recreation, health and wellness and resort development by deforming the natural aesthetic beauty that Kentucky is dependent on for future economic success."

And unlike Gov. Beshear, Gatewood acknowledges "Worst of all, MTR has affected the health of the residents." Gatewood believes that the issue of casino gambling should be put to a vote by the people, and that any casino should be owned by the state, rather than by corporations based in Las Vegas or New Jersey.

And of course, Gatewood supports the development of industrial hemp as a cash crop to help farmers diversify.

And here is a bonus: Gatewood recently stated that he is "adamantly opposed to the hunting of sandhill cranes," even though he is a life-long hunter.

Does Gatewood stand a chance this November? Nationally, attitudes towards marijuana seem to be relaxing, with marijuana being available for medicinal purposes in 16 states.

Dissatisfaction with government seems to be at all-time high: an Aug 4 New York Times/CBS News poll showed 82 percent of Americans disapprove of Congress following the debate over raising the debt ceiling, so there could be a strong anti-incumbent turnout in the November election that should benefit outsiders like Gatewood.

And Gatewood has one more thing going for him, a secret weapon: He's been endorsed by Willie Nelson.

Letters to the editor

Nazi war criminals

[In response to the June 22 Beth Connors-Manke article, "On war criminals and resistance fighters."]

I met an 80+ year old man in Colorado in the mid 70s that was a ranking officer in the SS. He was gotten out by the Catholic church's ratlines.

I discovered a shrine to the grandfather of a group of Italians that lived in Pennsylvania in the late 1980s. I was looking for a bathroom and walked into a room with a uniform, a Hitler mural, and a picture of the grandfather in a SS uniform.

When I was in New Zealand, I met a Dutchman with a real loose story. He stayed in the same hostel as I, turned up on the same flight to Australia and we split the cost of an air-conditioned hotel room in Sydney. After over 15 hours of continual questioning he finally admitted that he had joined the SS and served as a concentration camp guard before Germany invaded Holland. He was still, after 40 years, wanted for war crimes in Holland and Poland.

Turn them in?

I witnessed three separate massacres of unarmed Vietnamese in my 11.5 months in the hell we created there. I never reported them to anyone. I never even went to the newspapers in New York City when I was stationed there afterward. 41 years later, I still feel worse than any of the war criminals that I met.

friendly, *Smirking Chimp*

River rats and coal workers reunion

Much enjoyed the kentucky river series, particularly the last two installments ("Behold the Kentucky" and "The United Mine Workers v.," July 27). Sites not mentioned: sweet lick knob (two paintings, one from the river, by paul sawyer; stone piers that supported RINBy trestle at west irvine...in 1894, elic richardson was lynched from the bridge); old cane springs country on madison co. side near lock 11; the mouth of otter creek where all effluent produced by madison co. will soon flow. Also on August 6, the 10th and LAST

southeast coal workers reunion will take place in the afternoon on Broadway Ave., Irvine, KY, in the old elementary school that's been converted into apartments., i think. Thank you-w.r.d.

w.r. dozier

Editor responds:

Thanks for reading WRD. Recent paddles have taken us west, past Frankfort rushing toward the mouth, but you can bank on us returning east, nearby the forks, by next summer at the latest.

Higher ed's free market failure

An important and well-written article ("Publishing and perishing in the ivory tower," June 22) that helped me sort through some of my own unease with the academy. Thanks.

Elizabeth

The problem is as old as formal academic institutions. Is academia just a sugar mountain for spoiled rich kids to avoid facing the world? Often it is. The town and gown riots of medieval Cambridge come to mind. Do academics grossly overvalue themselves? Yes, mostly. Though this cannot be seen at the grad student level, inflation in academic costs and professors salaries has far outpaced the rest of the economy. Professors whine but they have not been subject to what the rest of us have for the last 30 years.

Part of the problem with academia is that so many have nothing of value to say. There is a lot of willful blindness in some fields. One professor of psychology and engineering(dual doctorate) would have his students take peer reviewed papers at random from psychology journals and critique them. Then he would wade in. Over 90 percent of any sample he had taken had serious enough experimental flaws to invalidate the studies, mostly assuming what they were trying to prove, but many other issues as well. This was after serious peer review. That leads me to question the value of the entire discipline.

Perhaps one answer is to not allow people to enter college till they have been living independently in the world for a few years. Another answer is to broaden focus. More hands on exercises, more arts, more humanities for technical fields, more mathematical and technical exposure for humanities. The engineering colleges were forced, by industry, in the 1980s to provide more rounded graduates. They did it by increasing credit hour requirements as well as adding writing and presentation requirements to existing classes. It created a very difficult curriculum which may be part of the reason it is getting harder to convince people of the value of the degree today. But few engineers today are illiterate in humanities or narrow focused nerds.

The opposite is not true of humanities majors, a majority of whom are scientifically, technically and often even mathematically virtually illiterate. That is without even considering things like whether they can fix a faucet, build a house or slaughter and dress a pig; things which most academics take for granted as beneath them yet they depend on every day.

Blood Red Sun, *Smirking Chimp*

Austerity budgets

Thanks for your support for Cardinal valley office ("Gray's Mean Hyzer," July 13), I was one of the people that worked there. To me the reason they shut it down was, they were expanding the Youth Services program and didn't have a place large enough so Cardinal Valley had to go to make room for Youth Services.

There was no reason to cut us out. They did not judge us by job performance etc just by an address. So four of us were dumped on the wasteland. Not just that we had to suffer the indifference of knowing in April we may be losing our jobs but told we had to wait til June 23rd until the council had a second reading of the budget proposal, it was very hard to work and still give the job our all but the four of us managed. I feel it is a pity

the the Social Services Commissioner did not fight for us to keep our jobs, but the story is she did not.

Christine

Oh man good luck with THAT

I've taught adjunct many times. Give 'em hell ("Open letter to KCTCS President Michael McCall," July 13), them Regents—whom we serve at their pleasure (it's in the one-sided contract). Thanks for your letter and endorsement of support, Prof. Adair. May we prevail.

M Richards, *Smirking Chimp*

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

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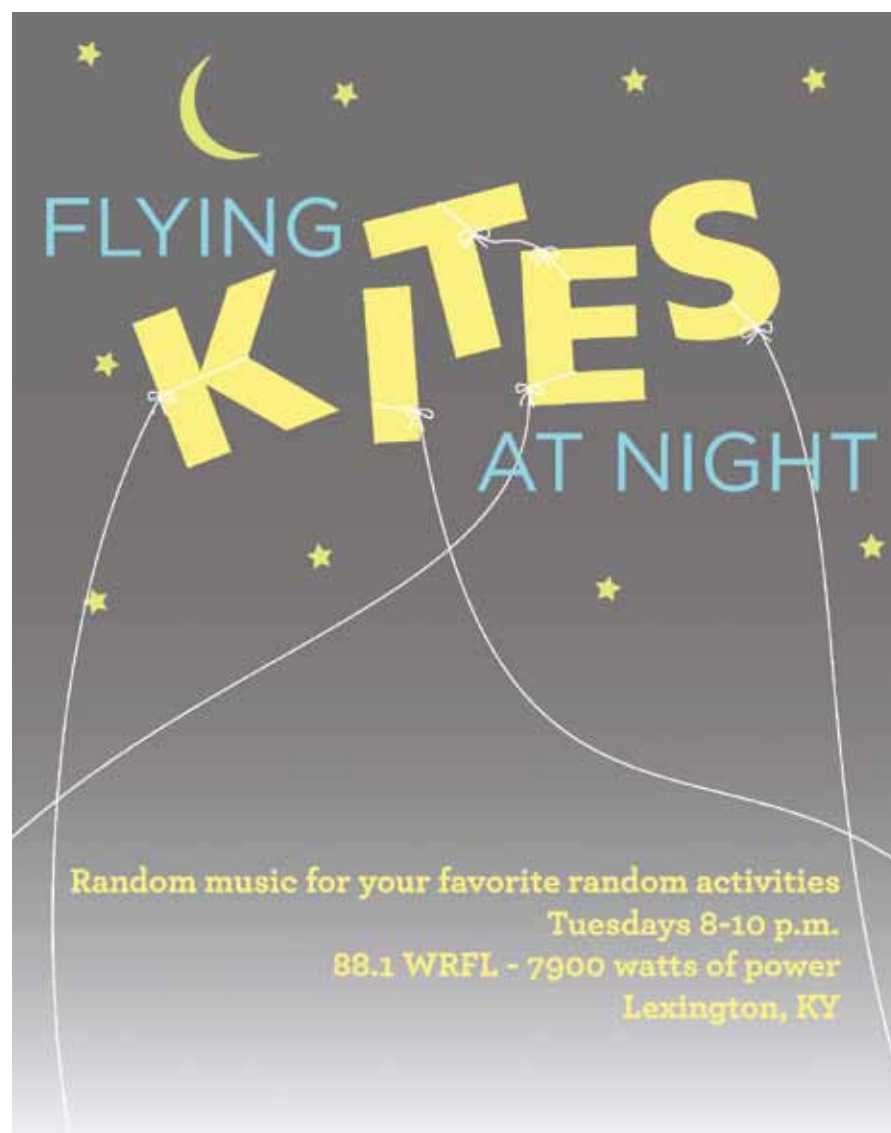
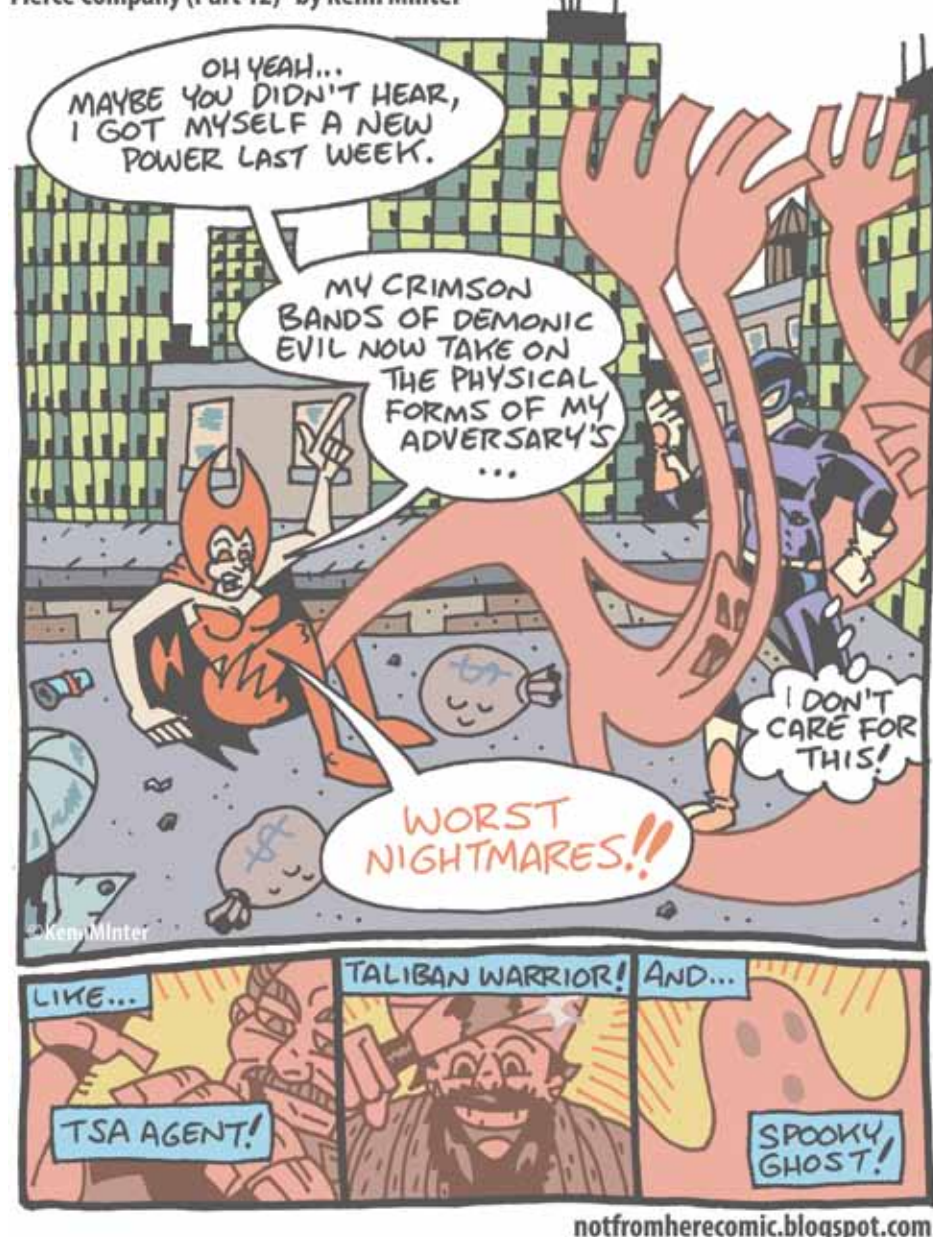
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AUGUST 10, 2011

Comics

Fierce Company (Part 12) by Kenn Minter



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New Deal hero (cont.)

continued from page 5

headline fodder by a corrupt politico, who, like many then and now, prefers the flashy spectacle of Americanism to the actual work of patriotism. Even as fun as that spectacle is—and the musical interlude is gorgeous, making one wish director Joe Johnston could make an actual musical—Rogers knows he was meant for greater things. Like killing Nazis. Lots and lots of Nazis.

That's where the "almost" comes in. The Nazis are too quickly replaced as antagonists by Hydra, the cult within the cult of German superiority. This de-politicizes the film, shifting the burden of evil from the shoulders of Germany to a make-believe gang of faceless bad guys. Literally, in the case of Hydra's leader, Johann Schmidt, better known as the Red Skull, played by the Max Von Sydow of the End Times, Hugo Weaving.

Empowered but deformed by a crude version of Erskine's serum, Schmidt is "one of Hitler's inner circle", another thematic stumble; the Skull of the comics is the mirror image of Captain America, a guttersnipe raised from obscurity by the Fuehrer himself because of "the envy, the jealousy in your eyes! The sheer, blazing hatred!" The cinematic Skull is yet another intelligent, urbane chatterbox, who can't wait to take that gauche swastika off his well-cut leather jacket.

There is an obvious reason why the filmmakers switched the action from Nazis to Hydra. Hydra is the premier terrorist organization in

Marvel Comics, the original shared universe of pop culture, which is being rebuilt onscreen with each Marvel film. *Captain America* is subtitled *The First Avenger*, this movie acting as a promo for the next as the company heads toward the 2012 release of *The Avengers*. So this is one more brick in the edifice of plot Marvel is building, a story in need of goons to kick around. But a line from the Red Skull betrays a subtler intent. "I have seen the future," gloats Weaving as he slaps the Captain around. "A world without flags."

Globalism, in other words—borders erased, nations irrelevant, the world as one. The days of One Big Union long gone, the world is now One Big Market. Germans buy tickets, too. So do fascists. Last year, the *Captain America* comic stirred up Tea Party members by painting them as bigoted rubes easily led astray by a violent right-wing group led by the Fifties Cap, now retconned as a psychotic wingnut. Marvel made an apology, albeit one as convincing as a Teabagger's disavowal of racism.

But it does beg the question: what America does the Captain now represent? In the movie, a long-lost Steve Rogers awakes in the 21st century, in a United States that exploits and imprisons its own citizens as it bombs and tortures those of other nations. What will the Sentinel of Liberty do, once he discovers America has become what he was created to fight?

Movie rates high on scale (cont.)

continued from page 5

between Cap and Hugo Weaving's Red Skull is purely a study of good versus evil.

Chris Evans makes the most of his character by playing it straight. His performance is similar in tone to Clayton Moore's Lone Ranger. This movie reflects a less cynical time period in which the good guys wore white hats (or the American Flag) and the bad guys wear black. As much of a punk rock cynic as I can be, I have a great love of this type of movie. Cap isn't some hard case like Wolverine or Batman, and he's not an angst ridden teen like Spiderman. He's a man who wants to do the right thing and strives to improve himself for the betterment of all mankind. Without getting into politics, the basic idea of this character is that he's the ideal of what America should be.

This movie needs to be seen in 3-D, it simply is the best looking 3-D I've experienced. I thought the underwhelming *Transformers 3* was the best 3-D, but this was so much better. The scene inside Hydra's headquarters is amazing, it looks as though it goes on for miles and miles. And during the end credits it looks as though Uncle Sam is really pointing at you.

There are plenty of inside jokes and easter eggs with this movie. I particularly enjoyed the World's Fair scene, where you see the world's first synthetic man in a glass tube. That's also the first Marvel superhero, Jim Hammond a.k.a the Original Human

Torch. If only Prince Namor had shown up and fought him. But I can dream, can't I?

Stan Lee does make a cameo, even though he is not the creator of Captain America. This breaks his rule of only appearing in the movies of the characters he created, but Cap was Stan's very first writing assignment so I guess it's understandable that he wanted in on this action.

Also, as with all the movies leading up to next summer's *Avengers*, you must stay for the teaser at the end of the credits. It made me jump for joy. Ordinarily, I wouldn't give this away. But it really doesn't reveal any plot points. You simply get the *Avengers* trailer after a scene with Samuel L. Jackson's Nick Fury. To be honest, the sight of Thor, Cap, Robert Downey Jr.'s Iron Man, and a host of other characters together made me wish it was next summer already! I hope Joss Whedon delivers his usual story and directing ability for this one, because this has been a four year set up and I'm already wanting my *Avengers* Slurpee cups from whatever 7-11 I visit next summer.

Ordinarily, I would be telling you to spend your money on R.O.C.K.'s next roller derby bout on Sept 3rd, but you have plenty of time to save for that. Instead, spend all your money on going to see *Captain America*.

Me, I'm relieved to finally have the bad taste of the previous *Captain America* films outta my mouth. I give this one an 11 on the Nigel Tufnel scale, because I got what I wanted, and I'm one selfish kid at heart.