

Fancy Farm with the anti-fascists

By Danny Mayer
Fancy Farm, KY

It takes a worried man
To sing a worried song.
— Woody Guthrie

In my notebook, I've got this line starred, maybe 2 pages into the notes for my trip to Fancy Farm, Kentucky, to attend the state's symbolic beginning to the political season. Part nineteenth century stump speechifying, part political family reunion time, part local civic celebration day, and part picnic, Fancy Farm is really a political carnival, inflected with particular Kentucky seasonings: dull suburban white jokes spoken in thick accents, barbecue, no cussin', no alcohol and plenty of outlandish costumes.

I remember the scene quite well. Standing at the edge of the shade, facing an empty podium, leaning against a bamboo stick freshly sliced the day before from a friend in Southland who, when I informed him that I would be using the bamboo in Fancy Farm to fight fascism, responded, "Right on....I'm glad to help." A whirlwind 24 hours later and next to me, fuzzy in the strange half-light of my prescription shades, Martin Mudd is

singing along to the strong bluegrass band toiling away on the far side of the stage from us. "It takes a worried man," Mudd continues along, "to sing a worried song."

The whole moment was....quiet, the calm before showtime, a sort of queer subdued professional reflection on the events to come, maybe the only really honest one I saw all day and certainly the most professional, and Mudd was singing along like he knew. Maybe

it was the barbecue we had both just eaten. Either way, I'm glad I starred it.

I came to this small town in southwestern Kentucky as both a participant/contributor to the socio-political spectacle that is Fancy Farm in the fiery bowels of summer, and as a journalist—an activist journalist—interested in covering the unique state-wide event that officially marks the annual opening to the year's political electioneering mayhem.



Author holding a scoreboard of fascist phenomena.

Fancy Farm Kentucky, USA

Though reliably colorful, Kentucky politics doesn't often command a national stage, a fact reflected in the traditionally scant amount of coverage afforded to Fancy Farm by outlets outside of the state. There are several reasons for this. On a national level the state's elected politicians have been reliably conservative (first for Dixiecrat Democrats, currently for Regressive Republicans), which has made for a political culture that is, nationally-speaking, too predictably boring to cover. Things stay remarkably the same, change here happening, as Mark Twain (and Joe Sonka) has pointed out, generally twenty years after it's happened anywhere else. And then, too, being situated in middle-America, at the crossroads of the north and the south and of the south and the midwest, Kentucky is geopolitically marginalized, located at the edge of all these regions and also far from big city media/culture centers (New York, LA, Chicago, Atlanta). What takes place here does not normally translate readily into identifiable bellweather statements about what "the south" or "the midwest" or "the mainstream" will do.

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In search of the goat man Misadventures in the city

By Beth Connors-Manke

I went looking for the goat man on what may prove to have been the hottest day of the summer. Halfway up my street, I realized the potential folly of my plan. Waves and waves of heat were rippling from the sidewalk. It was almost too hot for humans, so who would walk their pet goat on a day like today? I didn't even know if goats could survive in urban heat like this. The more I walked and the sweatier I got, I realized that I probably didn't know what a goat really looked liked. I had images from some book from childhood, but that

was about it. On top of my utter lack of goat knowledge, I didn't have any strong leads on the goat man.

Rumors had been circulating that there was a man on the north side who had a pet goat. That was my most solid piece of information. Some suggested that he only spoke Spanish; others conjectured that his goat had been stolen for a while, but that goat man had recovered his beloved pet. Several reports said he walked the goat with a rope leash. I figured my best shot was to start walking around and asking people if they'd seen the fabled man who walks a goat.

Being as it was about 100 degrees, I didn't find many people milling about on this Wednesday morning. I'd catch people who were walking to their cars or who had stepped out for just a moment to yell across the street to a neighbor. No, they hadn't seen a man with a goat, they said, while they shot me a look that read something like *What's wrong with you, girl?* I'd queried the manager at the taqueria. No luck. I had a feeling that later neighbors would say to each other, *Did you see that lady looking for the man with the goat?* I'd be part of the myth.

I was pretty convinced of my folly when I stopped in front of a house

with two older men sitting on the front porch.

From the sidewalk, I kindof yelled up to them, "Have you seen a man who walks a goat?"

"A GOAT?" One of the men yelled back.

"A GOAT." I yelled back, louder this time.

I could see that *you crazy, girl* look coming over their faces. Then, the front door opened and a woman came out. She'd heard the end of the conversation. Yes, she'd seen the goat man.

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Baseball and the brown color line Major League responses to SB 1070

By Troy Lyle

Arizona Senate Bill (SB) 1070 was created with but one goal in mind, to undermine the civil rights of Latinos in Arizona. The odious and controversial bill has been called a witch hunt, "the hate bill," and racist to name a few. In effect it provides blind provisions by which Arizona police can approach, detain, report and in some instances imprison illegal immigrants—men, women and children of color—based on nothing more than suspicion of false status.

The bill is far more convoluted than my above description, though in general it must be said that it falls prey to man's weakest sense, that of sight, and uses it to justify a chain of discriminatory acts. Latinos are brown, they speak another language, therefore they are different, subject to things those of us who are not brown would never allow to happen to us.

Being a sports writer, I immediately think of the bill's ramifications within baseball, a sport dominated by Latinos, many of whom are today's

superstars and tomorrow's hall of famers. Earlier this summer Chicago White Sox Manager Ozzie Guillen objected to SB 1070 saying he would not participate in next year's All Star game if it remained in Phoenix. He was immediately joined by San Diego Padres first baseman Adrian Gonzalez and a host of other Latino players including Albert Pujols and Yovani Gallardo, as well as several players of white and black heritage, Jerry Hairston Jr. and Heath Bell to name a few, all of whom stated they would boycott next year's game.

Other prominent organizations and individuals have also spoken out against SB 1070. Major League Baseball's (MLB) players union and New York Congressman Jose Cerrano and New Jersey Senator Robert Mendez came out in direct opposition of the bill. Fans everywhere began showing up at venues from Boston to Los Angeles with banners and organized protests calling for MLB to reverse its position of support for the discriminatory Arizona law. And that's not to mention the countless other Americans who've taken to the streets and polls to voice opposition.

As a friend of mine put it, "It's a bill that affects everyone ... the very future of America and the Constitution on which it was founded."

Before I continue let me take a moment and state for the record that I'm a white male born in Louisiana and reared in Virginia. My life has been fairly ordinary—safe. But having spent my formative years in the South, I have seen first hand the nasty side of racism. I played several sports throughout high school in the mid to late 80s. I've seen black and Latino players held to different standards all because some white coach thought he knew what was best for men of color.

So I must be cautious here. The last thing I want to be is yet another white man looking in from the outside, pontificating as to how to solve the problems of race relations in America. In reality I know very little. Nonetheless, it doesn't take a rocket scientist or esteemed philosopher to see SB1070 for what it truly is ... a hate bill aimed at Latinos everywhere ... one that spits in the face of the 28 percent of major league baseball players who are of Latin heritage.

Then: Latinos hit the Big Leagues

Major league baseball has a long and storied history when it comes to men of color. A short walk through Latino baseball history shows the facts in horrific fashion.

From the early 1900s on through the late 60s, little known Latino baseball greats such as Jose Mendez, Cristobal Torriente, Roberto Clemente and Francisco "Pancho" Coimbre, along with numerous others, paved the way for the modern Latino ballers who today comprise more than a quarter of current MLB rosters. They endured racial slurs, inadequate pay and the prohibition of their native language to be spoken in their own clubhouses. They were forced to learn English, live with white families and shun their heritage. They endured numerous death threats and the ire of many of their own fans and at times teammates.

In his book *Playing America's Game*, Adrian Burgos Jr. outlines the numerous hurdles Latinos endured throughout baseball's history and brings forth

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The Neighborhood

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

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Gardener’s yoga

NoC Advertiser’s Notes

This man clearly needs some yoga work to aid his gardener’s back.

I don’t know about you, but I’ve been out in my yard lots this summer, pulling out kudzu, getting poison ivy, and keeping my perennial garden weeded. I really enjoy how the fresh air and physical labor calms the body and quiets the mind for a bit.

Unfortunately, I usually have an achy back the next day. I need my

yoga to keep my back strong and supple enough to deal with the back strain that usually comes with hard gardening.

If you’re experiencing gardener’s back, why not join me for Happy & Healthy Backs yoga? Classes meet Wednesday evenings from 7-8:15 p.m. and Sunday afternoons from 11-12:15 p.m. at Lexington Healing Arts Academy (272 Southland Drive, 859.252.5656, www.lexingtonhealingarts.com). Enjoy your garden!



This man clearly needs some yoga work to aid his gardener’s back.

The right hook

Out on the streets, that’s where we’ll meet

By Captain Comannokers
NoC Transportation Czar

Despite the growing support for alternative transportation in Lexington, we are not suddenly going to find ourselves in a Norman Rockwellesque utopia where everyone waves, tips their caps, and rings their bicycle bells. It’s a nice idea, but the reality is that sharing the road can be a frustrating, tricky, and dangerous proposition.

The simple goal of this column is to create dialogue between everyone who shares the road. I invite you, as a pedestrian, cyclist, or motorist, to send in specific concerns related to the flow of traffic or laws of the road. If you’ve given a hand gesture or were forced to yell a curse word or two because of a traffic predicament, let me know—let’s see if we can clear the air on what went down. In turn, hopefully readers will learn something they didn’t know and take the corrective measure next time they’re out and about.

Our road habits are flawed enough as it is—pedestrians don’t always use the crosswalk, plenty of cyclists magically don’t see stop signs, and I’m pretty

sure most cars in town aren’t equipped with turn signals. Throw in all the distractions we keep adding to our daily commutes (calling, texting, checking e-mail, singing, righteous air-guitaring, applying make-up, eating, drinking, kid patrolling, and knitting some sort of hat or scarf), and it’s amazing we aren’t all in a tangled mess by the side of the road.

I do my best out there, but I’m no expert. Therefore, I will consult with people in the community who have the knowledge to guide us. I’d also like to give them one giant “thanks” in advance for contributing their time and knowledge. I’m a cyclist the majority of the time, and many of the issues that I’ll initially look at may be from that perspective. That being said, I highly encourage motorists and pedestrians to have their say in this forum. We need to break any “us vs. them” mentalities that exist because when they exist the number of injuries and even deaths only increases—and no one wins in that case.

The Right Hook

A situation I see often, and have been a victim of too many times, is what is known as “the right hook.” Enter Michael Galbraith, League of American Bicyclists Cycling Instructor who will guide us through the situation.

A right hook is the term used to describe when a car makes a right turn in front of, or into, a cyclist traveling in the same direction.

KY Revised Statute 189.300 addresses passing on Kentucky roads.



NOAH ADLER



The statute recommends at least three feet of space between the overtaking vehicle and the slower moving vehicle. It goes on to state that the overtaking vehicle should move back to the right only when well clear of the slower moving vehicle.

The right hook, though, usually occurs when the passing vehicle makes a right turn immediately after passing, placing the cyclist in danger. Often, this is the result of the motorist misjudging the cyclist’s speed. (Captain’s note: many motorists have the mindset that once they pass a cyclist they no longer have to think about the cyclist—hence the many right hooks that take place. A motorist makes a pass and is no longer aware that the cyclist, who is travelling at a pace only slightly slower, will be cut off).

As a cyclist, here are some suggestions to avoid the right hook:

- Always scan for overtaking traffic over your left shoulder.
- Look to see if intersections or parking lanes are located ahead where vehicles may bear right into your path. (C-note: this is particularly helpful if you have a daily route and know of an area that can be problematic. When travelling down Euclid Avenue, I find that the entrance to Kroger is always a right hook danger. Once a car passes a cyclist, it often slows down to nearly a complete stop because of the angle of the turn, the bump entering the lot, and the congestion that often awaits it. So, it helps to be alert and take precautions in known trouble spots like this one).

- Move further out into the travel lane before intersections to deter vehicles from passing and making a right hook.
- If cars do not have their right turn signals on, look and listen for overtaking vehicles slowing and moving to the right.
- Always be prepared to slow down. (C-note: yes, riding with no hands makes you look like a real bad ass, but if you are about to be right hooked then you will end up a real ass, and that’s bad).
- Never approach a large vehicle on the right at or near an intersection. The driver’s rear view vision is often obstructed, and you are placing yourself in a vehicles’ blind spot.
- At intersections that include a right turn lane, do not ride in the turn lane if proceeding through the intersection. Take the path that serves your destination; in this case, ride in the rightmost third of the through lane.
- If making a right turn, establish a position in the middle of the right turn lane and signal your intention to turn by crooking your left arm up at the elbow. (C-note: I’d also give the OK to the straight out right arm signal. Michael may disagree with me on that one, and we can break it down in a future column perhaps. I understand that signaling with your left arm makes it easier for motorists to see, but in my general experience, a good number of people are so disconnected from proper hand signal techniques that they have no idea that an L-shaped left arm signifies a right turn — sad, but true. So, I usually use the right arm signal, because I feel it’s the best choice for letting the motorist know my intention.)



How we travel the roads together is very important so please, please, please send any transportation quandaries or questions to ShareTheRoadLex@gmail.com. Also feel free to continue the transportation conversation by posting, in good cheer, on our website at noclexington.com. Captain Comannokers over and out.

Castlewood Neighborhood Association Meeting

Thursday, August 26

6:30 pm

Grace Baptist Church

Join us!

Fancy Farm (cont.)

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This year’s edition of Fancy Farm, however, the 130th such gathering here, had come to assume a greater national importance. Among others, CSPAN was on hand to cover the event for the first time, *Newsweek* writer Ezra Klein reportedly flew in to report on it, and a variety of NPR stations swooped down for interviews and soundbites from both the politicians on the stage and we lay people grunting and sweating on the ground in the sun, participant spectators walking around with our signs and our literature and our endorsement t-shirts.

The increased coverage and importance placed on Fancy Farm owes itself to one single recent phenomenon: the rapid rise of the Tea Party as a political movement within the United States. Kentucky’s race to fill the soon-to-be-

instant national attention, running in a conservative state sympathetic to the right-inflected populism that the movement espouses, win a seat as a federal lawmaker? It was a real riches to riches story, Horatio Alger tailor fit for the new millennium. That was their story, anyway: document and gauge the power of a grassroots movement through the charismatic (or at least known and bankable) entity of Rand Paul.

Me, I had a slightly different set of questions to ask as I navigated my way through the Saint Jerome Catholic Church grounds, passing the putt-putt and soda-ring toss tents and entering the throng of Teabaggers, Young Democrats and camera-toting journalists, bedecked in a spray-painted white UFK t-shirt and carrying a large hand-painted “fascist scoreboard” folded around two eight-foot tall Kentucky Damn Proud cuts of bamboo, on the

non-Republican black president—as with its use of other descriptors of him like socialist and communist—is intended to operate as “derogatory labels that have come to represent That Which is Un-American, and Threatens Democracy.” This is not to say that Obama has not exhibited any fascist elements as president. Like his predecessor in office, he certainly has done just that.

It is instead to point out that the Tea Party definition of fascism—as a highly regulated system of state laws and taxations on private business, and seemingly that action only—is not based in reality, or historical reality at least. It is also to point out that the intended effect of calling Obama a fascist or socialist or communist is to “out” Obama as un-American.

These tag lines, fascist particularly, operate similarly to the “terrorist!” line much preferred by the same people several years ago, back in the early Aughts. Whether called terrorist or fascist, the claim’s basis in reality is subordinate to its chilling effect on emotional public perception.

“It is not necessary for something to actually be socialist or fascist (by any historical definition) to have these labels applied,” Teramis continues. “What is necessary is a threat to the status quo, and an action proposed or implemented that makes some people uncomfortable about what it portends. At this point, the bogeyman terms apply.”

The outcome of all this bogeymanism is some pretty wild—and if you know anything about fascism, hilarious and head-shaking—semantic gymnastics. One writer, Don Frederick, actually took time to point out that fascism, while bad, was actually partially redeemable when compared to socialism because “[t]he fascist at least has enough sense to recognize that some capitalism is needed to create the wealth he wishes to confiscate.” Fascism, for this writer, is bad, but not as bad as socialism—simply on the basis that at least it endorses and utilizes capitalism.

back in return for an obedient populace. Fascism was perceived as an antidote to the evil creep of communism and socialism.

But fascism doesn’t just operate economically. As a specific political belief system, it historically arises through a far-right populism extolling extreme nationalism, intolerance of democratic processes, and the use of intolerant and hateful rhetoric to scapegoat “outsider” minorities: immigrants, ethnic and religious minorities, labor unions, progressives, feminists, homosexuals and socialists. One only needs to think of Adolph Hitler’s fascist Third Reich to see how fascism mobilized the volk, the people. It was largely energized through militaristic and atavistic appeals to a “they” that were to be both feared and demonized.

Hitler rose to power promising a return to national greatness after the German loss of World War I, which had left the nation’s infrastructure destroyed and its economic self-sufficiency crippled under the historical weight of military-induced debt.

Hitler based his vision of a strong German state arising from the ashes on a mythic German master race. He mobilized his power by scapegoating not only Jews, a religious minority in the state, but also academics not toeing the state line of German cultural power, gypsies (a state-less, and therefore perpetually immigrant, class), gays and labor unions.

Only the name of Hitler’s political party, the Nationalist Socialist German Worker’s Party, had any connection to socialist or communist tendencies—and it was in name only. Far from being lefty-socialist, Hitler rose to power through a right-wing movement that embraced nationalism, capitalism and an enforced cultural homogeneity.

Of course, Hitler was not the only fascist dictator of the last century. One might also look at the populace that supported, say, Mussolini’s fascist Italian government, or that of Spain’s General Franco, or that of the



Spectacle at Fancy Farm.

vacated seat of Jim Bunning, the state’s long-serving conservative fiscal hawk senator, features Republican candidate Rand Paul, son of Texas libertarian Republican congressman Ron Paul, running against the Democrat Jack Conway.

Taking many of the anti-government conservative libertarian positions that are the hallmark of his father, Rand Paul has both courted and received the support of Tea Partiers. Thus far, the courtship has paid dividends. In the state’s republican primaries, Paul’s outsider candidacy utterly horse-whipped the establishment Republican candidate (and current Secretary of State for Kentucky) Trey Grayson, who was endorsed by Kentucky Senator Mitch McConnell, by a margin of over 20 points. (Paul secured nearly 59% of the primary vote.)

National news outlets driving up to the sweltering western Kentucky farm metropolis of Fancy Farm (population 1700) last Saturday did not come here to cover Mike East, Republican candidate for Kentucky’s Second District in the state Senate, or to hear about the brand spanking new school opened up just beyond the homes out yonder past stage left here in Fancy Farm. No, they came here to cover one thing: the larger national story of the Tea Party’s political power.

This nationally-scaled story mainly posed a variation on the same general question and storyline. Could a Tea Party candidate with a political pedigree that commands

lookout for some Western Kentucky barbecue pork.

Fascism in the U.S.A.

Since the election of Barack Obama to the presidency, the term fascism has enjoyed a resurgence in popularity, predominantly used by commentators on the political right as a description for the policies of center/left Democrats (so-called progressives). As early as April 2009, Glenn Beck began using the F word in conjunction with Obama, telling his viewers that the president is no mere socialist, but that in actuality he is a fascist in socialist’s clothing.

Rush Limbaugh followed suit several months later in August 2009, rebranding Obama the evil dark socialist as Obama the evil dark fascist. “We’ve gotta stop calling it socialism, folks,” Limbaugh told his Dittoheads, “cause socialism’s lost its bite.” Taking a slightly more conservative tack, one observer, Scott Lazarowitz, has even gone so far as to tag Obama as a “socialist fascist communist.” Better to cover all bases, I suppose.

Before I go on, I should make one thing clear. You can’t really be a socialist fascist communist. I’ll explain why below, but for those slow on the uptake, not hep to your history, being a fascist communist is sort of like being a dogcat.

As the writer Teramis observed in the online article “Socialism, Fascism and Obama,” the Right’s use of the term fascism to describe our



KFTC members politic for felony voting rights at Fancy Farm.

Frederick’s understanding of fascism is partly right, of course. As a specific economic belief system, fascism aims to merge the interests of the state and corporations, often in the name of efficiency. None other than Benito Mussolini, the fascist Italian dictator, noted that “[f]ascism should more properly be called corporatism because it is the merger of state and corporate power.”

In the U.S., it was this fealty to capitalism—the state’s interests merged with their own—that intrigued many of our nation’s wealthy industrialists, people like Henry Ford (developer of the capitalist production model we now call “Fordism”) and Prescott Bush (grandfather to Bush II), to back the Fuhrer right on up to the beginning of WWII.

As an economic system, fascism was viewed by big businessmen in the U.S. such as Ford and Bush as a more efficient running of national governments. Fascism wasn’t over-regulation, it was the state scratching big business’s

several U.S. supported fascist regimes in South America. All emanated from the right. This doesn’t make the lefty socialists politically blameless, but in terms of fascism, it’s generally opposed to it.

If there is a fascist movement coalescing in the United States, its source is not emanating from left-wing communists. History suggests instead that fascism arises through right wing populist movements. In the U.S. today, the face of this populism—and the group most readily anointing liberal groups as fascists—is the Tea Party movement, which uses rhetoric that suggests they want to “take back our country” from the gay black and brown socialist immigrants who have unsettled the status quo and led the country to the brink of economic and military disaster.

In the next issue, part two will return to Fancy Farm and the anti-fascist group United Front Kentucky, a group with which the author affiliates.



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Music you need to hear: August 11 - 24

Friday, August 13
Delilah Why
Cheapside Bar & Grill, 10:00 P.M. 21+.
Nashville’s three-piece southern rock outfit Delilah Why warms my heart, because I am a southern man who adores the early Black Crowes, who won’t turn off a Skynyrd song when it comes on the radio, and who is pretty damn sure the Faces were a better British blues band than the Stones. That last point is controversial, but if you share at least one of the above attributes, don’t miss this gig. They’re know what they’re doing. —Keith Halladay



The Hot Seats.

Saturday, August 14
The Hot Seats
Al’s Bar, 9:00 P.M. All ages.
Why, just the other day I was returning from Hanson’s Drug, fresh from bolting down an ice-cold sarsaparilla and full with sugar and gaiety, when I thought I’d look in on the old boys at the club. After some jokes and tomfoolery a friend burst in with a bottle of corn liquor, another fella withdrew a banjo from who-knows-where, and the ensuing racket was just about the most perfect song I’d heard in my young life. —Buck Edwards

Tuesday, August 17
Turbo A.C.’s w/ The Loaded Nuns and Corsairs
Buster’s, 9:00 P.M. \$5. 18+.
At turns as menacing as Iggy Pop and as degenerate as Sid Vicious, New York’s Turbo A.C.’s scorch their amplifiers in a cheap Buster’s show. Lexington’s Loaded Nuns, on the other hand, are as menacing as Sid Vicious and as degenerate as Iggy Pop, and also scorch their amplifiers. —BE

Thursday, August 19
Michelle Malone
Natasha’s, 9:00 P.M. \$8. All ages.
The title track from Malone’s latest release, *Debris*, opens with the lament, “kids: they grow up to be like you.” If your child grows up to be like Michelle Malone, then your child plays intelligent country-tinged rock and sings with freshness and honesty. Congratulate yourself, parent: you’ve done well. Celebrate with a trip to Natasha’s. —KH

Friday, August 20
Business Time w/ Chakras
Buster’s, 9:00 P.M. \$5. 18+.
Business Time is a more than competent cover band from Lexington that has a knack for veering into some seriously hard grooves. The band describes its sound as the cosmic love child of Keith Richards and Iggy Pop.



Me, I hear more of a classic southern rock vibe—more Allman Brothers than Iggy, and more hard booze than cosmic love—but I like it nonetheless. —Northrup Centre

Saturday, August 21
O-Zone
Natasha’s, 9:00 P.M. \$10. All ages.
O-Zone is a Lexington quintet playing soft jazz in the Spyro Gyra vein. This is adult contemporary territory, and not my particular strong suit, but O-Zone plays their part well. The laid back sax and mellow keyboards are sure to melt the ice in your bourbon. One gets the sense, after hearing their cover of Al Jarreau’s “We’re in this Love together,” that the band might be able to pull off a version of perhaps the

continued on the next page

Reviews: new from Chakras, Best Coast

Best Coast Crazy for You


By Megan Neff

Bethany Cosentino has effectively traded in her psych-drone robes after leaving Pocahunted. Since 2009, she and bandmate Bobb Bruno have released a slew of breezy summer singles on various labels under the Best Coast moniker. The full length release on the Mexican Summer imprint finds a couple of those old tunes sporting some (kinda) hi-fi spitshine, plus 11 new tracks that easily live up to all the hype. The sunshine state duo blend girl group harmonies and surf rock with what’s good about modern indie pop. While they might be keeping time with a fad for beachy throwback music, they do it so well you can’t help but like

it. The songs are playfully nostalgic, relentlessly upbeat and never more than a short-but-sweet three minutes. The midtempo “Boyfriend” opens the album before easing into the frenetic ode to universal longing in “Crazy for You.” Bruno lays out simple beats on the drums that remain somewhat in the background of Cosentino’s alternately jangling guitar hooks and foggy reverb. “Honey” marks the only time the album lagged, feeling weirdly melancholy in that drunk before noon sort of way. A gorgeous hyperactive Beach Boys double doozy by way of “Happy” and “Each and Everyday” resuscitates the album before the grand finale, however, which ends on the hopeful overtones of “When I’m With You.” Cosentino’s crisp vocals lie at the heart of *Crazy For You*. Think a throatier Linda Scott. She stays within a comfortable but strong range, layering

to flesh everything out. Lyrically, no boundaries are being pushed. The subject matter deals mainly with boys, TV, cats and smoking weed. There are a few rhyme schemes repeated more than once. But it’s within the unaffected simplicity that the appeal lays. Because if

we’re honest, this record has been in our blood since junior high. It swelled with our first kiss and soured at the first taste of unrequited love. And with the help of Best Coast it has fermented into a bitter sweet mash of 60s flavored nostalgia good to the last oohing ahhing drop.



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Chakras Cedric

By Keith Halladay

In the hard rock genre, those singers who happen to be women tend to choose vocal styles that fall into one of two categories: the bad-girl snarl and the earnest, love-besotted belt. One immediately thinks of Cherie Currie with the Runaways or of Lita Ford and Joan Jett, both in that band and in their solo careers, as classic examples of the first approach; their voices were of the sort that seemed to announce to the world, “yes, we’re available, but you’d better be as tough as we are if you want a chance.” Later practitioners of the style include Donita Sparks with L7 and Courtney Love with Hole, who each have undeniable

appeal, but the expressive range of the bad-girl snarl is rather limited. Then, in 2004, came a band called Evanescence and a song called “Bring Me to Life,” which was notable for being as terrifyingly inescapable as any radio hit of recent memory, and for the quality of Amy Lee’s vocals. Gone was the hard-rock snarl; in its place Lee sang plaintively and with real power, as though someone had plucked a fresh-faced mezzo-soprano from a college women’s cappella outfit and plunked her down in the middle of a Slipknot rehearsal. Lee was no innovator: Christina Scabbia has given Lacuna Coil a powerful melodic voice since the late nineties, but with “Bring Me to Life” Evanescence seemed to make strong, feminine singing over hard rock and metal riffs the *right* thing to do. Even better, more recent bands such as In This Moment (featuring vocalist Maria Brink) showcase a bit of both styles, meaning that it may finally be culturally acceptable for a female hard rock singer to have range. How liberating. Into this new world struts Cincinnati’s Chakras, whose debut full-length album, *Cedric*, was released in June. The band’s sound is dominated by the strong vocals of Andrea Simler-DeGolier and the twin-guitar attack of Bill Menke and Mark Szabo, while Steve Kolonski (drums) and Jeff Conner (bass), propel the rhythms.

Cedric’s opening track, “999,” begins with a rolling guitar riff, reminiscent of Soundgarden’s “Jesus Christ Pose,” that soon gives way to Simler-DeGolier, in snarl mode, lamenting “a world that sends youth out to fight / Regardless of the wrong.” The aggression of the verse in turn yields to a soaring, reconciling chorus that exhorts, “you will make us proud and end the suffering.” It isn’t clear, in “999,” who will be ending the suffering, or whether the song is to be taken as an anti-war diatribe, an expression of solidarity with U.S. troops and their allies, or some combination of both, but the ambiguity seems intended; Simler-DeGolier’s lyrics often address tangible topics obliquely, using metaphor and abstraction to provide her the words with a touch of universality. It’s a tried-and-true rock technique, though it doesn’t always work on *Cedric*. In “BDSM,” for example, the psychological starkness of “Harnesses whips and chains / All the while in pain / I will ask that you plead / I will do the same” is fuzzied by a vague refrain: “Set your boundaries wide / You may need to run and hide.” Reznor wouldn’t settle for that. Yet the lyrics are more frequently brave, emotional, and compelling, no more so than during the driving power ballad “Souvenir,” when Simler-DeGolier sings, “I will crawl on my knees across your floor / It never mattered because you always wanted more.”

Two of the stronger cuts on *Cedric* are the metal-tinged “Under God” and the punk-flavored “Split Lip,” each of which find a healthy balance between the tendencies of the guitars toward heavy riffing and the power-pop leanings of Simler-DeGolier’s vocals. Likewise “First Footings,” with puts a radio-ready sheen on chugging, Zeppelin-esque rhythms. In fact the entire album sounds a bit familiar, like something you’ve already hummed along with in the car. That isn’t to say it’s derivative music, but merely that the influences are clear and traceable; Chakras play heavy pop of the sort that’s a staple of “rock alternative” radio these days, and they play it very well. They do stick to the formula: brooding verses followed by power-chord choruses followed by still-more-brooding bridge sections, making the final chorus just that much more triumphant. But it works, and they do it in earnest. *Cedric* is, of course, only the first record by a new act, and a self-released one at that, and as such it’s a remarkable achievement. While listening I did begin to wonder what business a Chakras record made with the assistance of a big-budget producer, and with more consistently clean engineering, might do; the answer is that it would probably do quite well, given the band’s smart songwriting sensibilities. But you be the judge: Chakras is opening for Lexington’s Business Time at Buster’s on the 20th.



Film & Media

On the set of *Red River Moon* Local production shoots in Red River Gorge

By Lucy Jones

Of all the myriad reasons that downtown Lexington is a desirable locale for film shooting, one of the more rarely discussed is the relative absence of bear attacks. But, for a largely local film crew assembled in the Red River Gorge this summer, the unexpected salience of this point was fairly unavoidable.

On location to shoot a feature film for Lexington’s own Four B Films, the cast and crew of *Red River Moon* found themselves in an unanticipated position late this June. After a black bear attacked a hiker, the park was closed indefinitely and the crew found themselves cut off from access to their planned locations. The shoot was interrupted, and producers ultimately had no choice but to temporarily cease production.

Writer and Director Bruce Barnett, co-founder of Four B Films, took the interruption in stride. “The fact that the only Kentucky bear attack in modern history shut our production down for a couple of days tested our perseverance, but that is what filmmaking is, a test of perseverance.”

Kelsey Forren, Production Manager for the film, agrees: “Working in an environment that is unpredictable can sometimes create complications, so there was a lot of adjusting we had to do. It can be frustrating sometimes when Mother Nature works

against you when all you are trying to do is glorify her in the film, but we did the best we could.”

Of course, what the Gorge taketh away, it giveth back tenfold. The production utilized some of the most beautiful and well-known sites in the Daniel Boone National Forest to weave the film’s tale of two little girls lost in the woods and trying to find their way. The exterior shots were richly crafted to showcase the unparalleled splendor of the area. Barnett had written the script for *Red River Moon* with just these natural assets in mind.

“I decided to write a feature in the Spring of 2007,” says Barnett. “I knew I wanted it to be set in what I consider to be the most beautiful location in the state, the Red River Gorge.” Barnett put to work his knowledge and experience in the Gorge to scout a series of locations that were maximized for their narrative potential. Scenes included shots of Natural Bridge, Laurel Ridge, Chimney Top, and Garfish Rock as well as lesser-traveled (but equally spectacular) areas of the Gorge.

Many of the crew members, including Forren and Assistant Director Kiley Lane, were also longtime visitors and Gorge enthusiasts who consequently understood and respected the balance of nature which exists in Kentucky’s parks.

As Lane explains: “We should coexist and understand that a bear is a wild animal. If a bear was in my living



The cast and crew of *Red River Moon* on location in the Red River Gorge.

room I’m sure I would not hesitate to use force to get rid of it; thus, if I were in its living room, metaphorically speaking, I suppose I would have to understand if it attacked me. The fact is, we want to have open space and parks preserved so that we can embrace nature. Part of that nature comes with wild animals.”

Barnett agrees: “For the record, I was always for the bear getting away. Long live the bears!”

Red River Moon is the second production for Barnett’s Four B Films which he formed in partnership with Lexington native Ben Burke. Four B’s first production, *Nobody in Particular*, was shot in Lexington in the summer of 2009 with Burke directing and Barnett producing. The two partners swapped roles for *Red River Moon* with Barnett at the helm and Burke serving as his co-producer. *Nobody in Particular* has completed post-production and is currently in the submission process for a number of film festivals.

When asked about the benefits of filming in Lexington, Barnett responds: “There is a growing community of people working in film. Programs like the one at Bluegrass Community Technical College continue to produce people with a variety of skill sets necessary in filmmaking. They just need projects to work on.”

Lane is heartened by the expanding number of productions, and regards it as part of a larger trend

happening throughout the state. “In the last two years, Kentucky has made itself more appealing to larger budget films and productions through our tax incentives program, where films like *Secretariat* were shot on location instead of entirely in another state. The Louisville Film Society’s Flyover Film Festival produced a second year of outstanding films, and Danville has just announced their Lawn Chair Film Festival in September. Then, of course, we have the Paducah Film Society’s River’s Edge Film Festival in November to cap off our Kentucky Fall, and we should all be aware of the 40 plus years of Appalshop’s cinematic and arts dedication, which has put Kentucky on the map internationally.”

Barnett continues to contribute to Lexington’s growing film landscape with a number of projects that are currently in the pipeline, one of which is “a treatment...about an actor and a waitress who both are a part of an eclectic restaurant/music/theater venue called Natasha’s.”

Barnett is hopeful about Lexington’s ever expanding cinematic community, and lauds the technological advances that have made the medium more accessible to local filmmakers. “With the continuing development of digital filmmaking, more and more independent productions continue to be shot in the area. Hopefully this trend will continue. I know I will.”



Neither rain nor heat nor threat of bear keeps Lexington film crew out of the Gorge.

Music calendar (cont.)

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quintessential AM radio soft rock hit of all time, Lionel Ritchie’s “Easy (Like Sunday Morning).” Coming from me, that’s high praise. —NC

Sunday, August 22
Little Gold w/ Inoculist & (Wooden) Wand
Al’s Bar, 8:00 P.M. \$5. All ages.

Psychedelic rock has grown increasingly complicated since its heyday in the 60s. One genre was born out of the ashes of whatever preceded it, another came back to life by way of a seedy basement revival, another vanished in a puff of questionable smoke.

The taxonomy has sprawled into such a mindboggling swamp that saying a couple of psych-rock bands will be playing Saturday, Aug. 22 at Al’s Bar won’t work. We’ve got to dig deeper.

Up first: Little Gold. These Brooklynites specialize in psychedelic tunes infused with southern swagger and a head for pop harmonies. Western grit meets smoke and a catchy hook.

Fellow New Yorkers Inoculist marry hazy pop songs with old-world folk. Trading off on male and female vocals, the four-piece recreates the sound of Peter, Paul and Mary for the modern indie world.

And then there is James Jackson Toth of (Wooden) Wand, subject to

his own evolutionary history. To cut the story short, he began in New York with the freak-folk collective of Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice and ended up moving to Lexington in 2010. Somewhere along the way, he garnered a curious pair of parentheses.

But here we are, mouths crammed with too many genres and ears primed for filling, however ambiguous the music may be. —Megan Neff

Weekend gigs in Lex

Thursday, Aug. 12
The Bleats w/Chopper Brown and Pinky Means. *Al’s Bar, 9 P.M.*

Rough Customers with Swino. *The Green Lantern, 9 P.M.*

Friday, Aug. 13
The NEC w/The Butchers and Jovontas. *Al’s Bar, 9 P.M. \$5.*

Englishman with Cheyenne Mize and The Spinning Leaves. *Natasha’s Bistro, 9 P.M. \$5.*

Taildragger with Lost River Cavemen. *The Green Lantern, 9 P.M. \$5.*

Ford Theater Reunion with The Seedy Seeds. *Cosmic Charlie’s, 10:00 P.M.*

Saturday, Aug. 14
The Hot Seats w/The Sour Mashers Jug Band. *Al’s Bar, 9 P.M. \$5.*

Roller Girls of Central Kentucky After Party w/ Husky Burnette and Argo Lynn. *Buster’s, 11 P.M. \$5.*

Deadstring Brothers. *The Green Lantern, 9 P.M.*

Sunday, Aug. 15
Dylan Sneed w/Craig Ramsey. *Al’s Bar, 8 P.M.*

Afroman w/ 28 North. *Cosmic Charlie’s.*

Thursday, Aug. 19
Tillers with The Rainjunkies. *The Green Lantern, 9 P.M.*

Unknown Hinson. *Cosmic Charlie’s, 10:00 P.M.*

Friday, Aug. 20
The Biters with The Booze and Swino. *Al’s Bar, 9 P.M.*

Blueberries with Rebel Without a Cause. *The Green Lantern, 9 P.M.*

The Yellowbelts with the Dirty Socialites. *Cosmic Charlie’s.*

Saturday, Aug. 21
Brown Sugar: A Devine Intervention and Disco Damie Production. *Al’s Bar, 9 P.M.*

The Slagsmiths with the Sooners. *Buster’s, 10 P.M. \$5.*

The Bleats w/ The Girly Girl Burlesque Show. *The Green Lantern, 9 P.M.*



Little Gold at Al’s August 22.

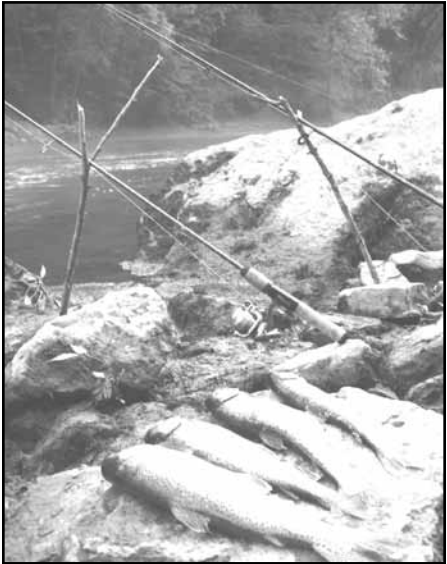
You’ve caught a few; now what to do?

Shootin’ n snaggin’ with the Frugal Fisherman

Over the last few months I’ve written about everything from worm beds and pond fishing to various bait and tackle. During this time my approach to fishing has changed. Where I used to understand fishing as a mere sport, I’ve grown to value it more of a means of subsistence.

An avid gardener in search of increasingly sustainable means of food production, somewhere in the past year I decided I’d turn my hobby into a way of utilizing fish as an excellent source of protein. My plan was, and is, to stock my freezer with as much fish as I can catch, clean and freeze over the next few months, thereby increasingly removing myself from the industrial food grid, all while eating better food and saving a few pennies along the way.

The only problem was I had no idea how to cook fish other than frying or baking them. So over the past month I started to experiment with a myriad of different recipes. These are recipes for trout because I already have some 20 plus in the freezer, pulled from the cold waters of the Dix River. Of course, I also love trout’s gamey, more intense fish taste--and they are



Four Dix River rainbow trout cleaned and ready for the dinner table.

easier to clean and prep than most fish with scales.

Now don’t get me wrong, I love a crispy fried trout as much as the next man. And there are few healthier ways to eat fish, or any meat for that matter, than baked. But if you’re eating trout three or four times a week, you need variety or you will burn yourself out quick. By no means is the following list of recipes indicative of the very best ways to prepare and eat trout. They are simply a wide range of delicious ideas on how to add variety.

- Frying: a time-tested method with a twist or two added**
- Pan-Fried Trout w/ Pecans & Brown Butter*
- Ingredients for four people:
- Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper
 - 3 large eggs
 - 2 cups flour (I use rice flour but you can use whatever you have at hand)
 - 3 tablespoons milk
 - 2 cups white cornmeal
 - 4 whole rainbow trout, head on, gutted
 - 8 tablespoons peanut oil (vegetable if you prefer)
 - 2 lemons
 - 2 sticks unsalted butter
 - 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans (or almonds if you prefer)
 - 1/4 cup finely chopped parsley
- Directions:
1. Preheat oven to 375 degrees.
 2. Place flour in a medium bowl and generously season with S&P.
 3. Whisk eggs and milk in a large bowl and lightly season with salt and pepper.
 4. Place cornmeal in a medium bowl and generously season with salt and pepper.
 5. In a large skillet pour and heat 8 tablespoons of oil over medium heat until oil is almost smoking.
 6. Lightly season both sides of each trout with salt and pepper and dip

- each into the flour, then the egg mixture, then the cornmeal.
 7. Sauté each trout until golden brown on both sides.
 8. Transfer the four trout to a baking sheet and place in the oven. Bake for 5 to 6 minutes.
 9. Zest and juice both lemons, separately reserving the zest and the juice.
 10. While the trout are baking, melt the butter in a nonstick, sauté pan over medium-high heat. Watching carefully and lowering the heat if necessary, allow the butter to foam and turn golden brown. Immediately add the lemon juice and zest. Salt and pepper to taste.
 11. While the butter is still foaming, add the pecans and parsley to the pan. Do not allow the butter to burn or it will be unusable.
 12. Place each trout on four dinner plates and pour the pecan-brown butter over the top.
- Serve the pecan-fried trout with a side of sautéed garlic and swiss chard (or whatever green is in season) and a fresh baked baguette. Be careful to let your friends know there are bones still in the trout.

- Baking: always a healthy option and a great way to free up time for other food items**
- Baked Trout with Fresh Herbs and Garlic*
- Ingredients for four people:
- 4 whole rainbow trout, head on, gutted
 - 4 pieces aluminum foil about 16x16 inches
 - 3/4 cup extra virgin olive oil
 - Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper
 - 2 lemons, sliced crosswise
 - 8 cloves garlic, thinly sliced, divided
 - 8 sprigs fresh rosemary, divided
 - 8 sprigs fresh Italian parsley, divided
 - 8 sprigs fresh mint, divided

- 8 sprigs fresh marjoram or oregano, divided
 - 3/4 cup dry white wine
- Directions:
1. Preheat oven to 375 degrees.
 2. Rinse fish well inside and out and pat dry with paper towels.
 3. Place a trout in the center of each square of aluminum foil.
 4. Rub each trout with 1 tablespoon of the olive oil on both sides, then generously season each both inside and out with salt and pepper.
 5. Stuff the cavities of each with lemon slices, 2 cloves of the sliced garlic, and 2 sprigs each of the rosemary, parsley, mint, and marjoram.
 6. Fold all of the edges of the foil upwards to create a bowl-shape, then drizzle each with 2 tablespoons of the remaining olive oil and 3 tablespoons each of the white wine.
 7. Fold the top and side edges together tightly so that each is enclosed in an airtight package.
 8. Place the pouches on a large baking sheet and bake for 20 to 25 minutes, or until the trout are just cooked through and flake easily when pierced with a fork.
- Serve the baked trout immediately in large shallow bowls with the collected juices drizzled over the fish. A great side for this dish is scalloped potatoes with rosemary, or some freshly sliced tomatoes from the garden, and some toasted brioche or wheat bread. Be careful to let your friends know there are bones still in the trout.

Grilled or smoked: in my opinion it’s hard to beat any meat grilled or smoked and trout is no different

Grilled Trout Hollandaise

Ingredients for four people:

- 4 whole rainbow trout, headless, gutted

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Brown color line (cont.)

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many misconceptions about Latino’s role in the game, like the fact that very few players of Latin heritage participated in the Bigs before 1947. Since most Latinos were considered “colored” in the first place, their only opportunities to play the game came in the Jim Crow Negro leagues at the early part of the century.

Writing in *Far From Home: Latino Baseball Players in America*, Tim Wendell describes the day to day struggles Latinos faced just to have a chance to be a part of baseball.

“For all the racism and discomfiture that African-American ball-players endured in the years following Jackie Robinson’s debut in 1947, Latino players had it even worse. In addition to discrimination based on the color of their skin, there was also, in many cases, a language barrier. Black players, at least, plied their trade on home soil, but Latinos not only had to acclimate to a new geography, they were also thrust into the middle of an often perplexing cultural environment. Something as simple as ordering food could pose a challenge. Hall of Famer Orlando Cepeda has often spoken about how the San Francisco Giants tried to prevent the team’s Latino players from speaking Spanish at the ballpark. Similarly, the media in Pittsburgh embarrassed Pirates superstar Roberto Clemente by publishing his interviews in “dialect.””

Most of us under the age of 70 have little memory of such history. We immediately think of Robinson and other black torchbearers when it comes to the game and racial barriers. But make no mistake, Latinos are the ones who truly endured the indignation and fury of baseball’s color line.

Now: Economic exploitation of Hispanic players

The exploitation hasn’t gotten much better in recent years, even for now well known Latino players. In 1993, the Oakland Athletics acquired the considerable talents of a 17-year-old named Miguel Tejada for a mere \$2,000. Tejada, born in the miserable barrio of Bani in the Dominican Republic, quit school to work full-time at the age of 11. That decision came after nearly five years of he and his family hopping from homeless shelter to homeless shelter. His work career began at the age of five when he shined shoes at a local market. He never received any formal education prior to his arrival at the Athletics baseball camp in the Dominican.

Compare Tejada’s \$2,000 to that of Ben Grieve, Tejada’s white American teammate, who received a \$1.2 million signing bonus from the Athletics in the same year. Not to knock Grieve, who won the American League (AL) rookie of the year award in 1998, but he’s had a far less impact on the game than that of Tejada, who’s still going strong at the age of 36 with his recent trade to the AL central leading White Sox. Tejada’s won numerous awards of his own. In 2002, he was awarded the AL MVP award, and he was the MVP of the 2005 All-Star Game. Those pale in comparison to what I consider his most important accomplishment -- 1,152 consecutive games played between 1997 and 2007.

Tejada’s route to the Majors isn’t unique. Major League Baseball has a number of Central and South American baseball camps, as well as Caribbean camps, that mostly operate under the radar. These camps recruit poor, uneducated youths who display talent at playing the game. Prospects are expected to leave their families and attend camp, where they are drilled all day long in

the fundamentals of hitting, catching and throwing. The sad thing is these kids jump at the chance to be enslaved. That’s how bad their lives were before.

Some might call this a road to prosperity, but it should more accurately be understood as exploitation. The Texas Rangers acquired Sammy Sosa in 1986 for \$3,500. True, it’s more than Tejada’s two grand, but look at it this way, \$3,500 is the exact same amount the Brooklyn Dodgers paid to sign Jackie Robinson in 1946. 40 years for non-native Hispanic players to reach the economic exploitation of Jim Crow era blacks.

(Big picture sidenote: When compared to that of the average immigrant worker, \$2000 and \$3500 must seem like a fortune, for these workers risk their life to get here and immediately seek work, only to arrive at the desk of an American employer who enslaves them in a system that neither recognizes their humanity, nor pays a fair wage for their efforts. Unsurprisingly, nationally many immigrant workers are paid half or less of the standard minimum wage of \$7.25 nationally. Now back to baseball.)

There are no hard figures to convey what Sosa and Tejada, as well as

many other Latinos, have brought to their respective teams in terms of revenues, nor to the MLB as a whole. But most any baseball fan can remember the thrilling home run race between Mark McGwire and Sosa in 1998. The two single handedly saved what at the time was, in many sports lovers minds, a floundering and irrelevant game.

Four short years earlier the MLB shut down for 232 days in 1994 and 95. Many fans gave up on baseball, tired of yet another strike, the eighth in the leagues history. It’s not a stretch in my mind to say MLB owes Sosa and the other 28 percent of Latinos like Albert Pujols, Adrian Gonzalez and Ubaldo Jimenez, who thrill fans nightly, a whole hell of a lot more than the audacity to support such a bogus and erroneous bill.

Baseball in Arizona

Currently, half of MLB hold their training camps in Arizona, known as the Cactus League. This means that a good portion of players coming to Arizona for the time-honored tradition of spring ball may stand a reasonable

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Opinion

Brown color line (cont.)

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chance of getting pulled over simply on the basis of their skin color.

If that isn't appalling enough, Arizona is scheduled to host next year's All Star game at Chase Field, home of the Arizona Diamondbacks. The game could feature as many as 40 percent of its players of Latino heritage. Adding to the fire, Commissioner Bud Selig has stated that he has "no intentions" of moving next years All Star game out of Chase Field.

"Apparently all the people around and in minority communities think we're doing OK. That's the issue, and that's the answer," he said in an Associated Press interview in May. "I told the clubs today: 'Be proud of what we've done.' They are. We should. And that's our answer. We control our own fate, and we've done very well."

If by well you mean you—MLB, owners, commissioners—have done well from years of exploiting Latinos, then yes, Commissioner, you have done quite the job of reaping record profits over the last three decades.

But Arizona's role in baseball goes far beyond the All Star game and spring league play. The Arizona Diamondbacks team owner, Ken Kendrick, has been reported in The Nation and New York Times as supporting SB 1070 in full. He's even went so far as to schedule a fund raiser for State Senator Jonathon Patton, a major cog in the introduction and implementation of the bill, at Chase Field's stadium built with \$250 million in public tax payer dollars.

Gonzalez and Guillen, as well as Latinos inside and outside baseball, should be outraged. They have every right to boycott the 2011 All Star game. Who could blame them? I wouldn't want to go somewhere I wasn't wanted, much less a place where I was constantly demonized and relegated to less than human status. The racist Arizona bill and the changing demographics of today's baseball players, in effect, have combined to do something that rarely happens in sports: they've drawn traditionally apolitical sports into the arenas of politics, social justice, and human rights.

Baseball and human rights

Of course, as a multi-billion dollar enterprise, Major League Baseball has never existed as an apolitical entity. Guillen was spot on when he commented on league policies that assign Japanese players translators when they come to the U.S. to play pro ball, but do not assign them for Latinos who likewise immigrate to the U.S. to chase the Big League dream.

"Why do we have Japanese interpreters and we don't have a Spanish one. I always say that. Why do they have that privilege and we don't?" asked Guillen. "Don't take this wrong, but they take advantage of us. We bring a Japanese player and they are very good and they bring all these privileges to them. We bring a Dominican kid ... go to the

minor leagues, good luck. Good luck. And it's always going to be like that. It's never going to change. But that's the way it is."

Guillen, a native Venezuelan, knows full well how unfair it is for young Latinos entering the league. He's seen it first hand as he worked his way up the coaching ladder. Unlike other Latino coaches he is unafraid to say it.

Of course, Guillen has not been the only baseball manager to speak his mind. Earlier this summer St. Louis Cardinal Manager, Tony LaRussa, came out in direct support of SB1070. Here's what he said as reported by Dave Zirin in his E of S Nation column.

"I'm actually a supporter of what Arizona is doing. If the national government doesn't fix your problem, you've got a problem. You've got to fix it yourself. That's just part of the American way." After which he praised the handful of Tea Partiers who attended that week's Cardinals/Diamondbacks game with banners and signs in support of SB 1070.

LaRussa manages superstar Latino ballers Pujols and Yadier Molina. And what was Pujols and Molina's response? No comment. There are repercussions for a Latino when he speaks his mind. Guillen's comments regularly land him in baseball's dog house. Most recently White Sox management went so far as to issue a statement refuting Guillen's above quote and his perception of MLB's bias against Latin American players. To the extent that Guillen can speak his mind, it's mostly because he has the privilege of being a coach with a recent World Series title to his credit.

Guillen isn't the only Hispanic player or coach to have stepped up to the plate over the years. Baseball great, consummate social advocate, Latino activist and hall of famer, Roberto Clemente, said it best in his response to his friend and fellow Latino baller, Vic Power, then with the Kansas City Athletics, who was being dragged off his team's bus by Florida authorities during the Jim Crow era for buying a Coke from a whites-only gas station.

"They say, 'Roberto, you better keep your mouth shut because they will ship you back.' [But] this is something that from the first day, I said to myself: 'I am in the minority group. I am from the poor people. I represent the poor people. I represent the common people of America. So I am going to be treated like a human being. I don't want to be treated like a Puerto Rican, or a black, or nothing like that. I want to be treated like any person that comes for a job.'"

I don't blame any Latino or anyone else for that matter for boycotting the 2011 All Star game. I plan to boycott it myself. And that's a huge step for me because I love the game. I watch baseball all the time, despite my Washington Nationals historically horrific history. But larger forces are at work here that I simply cannot ignore. These forces piss me off and are leading me to reconsider how I view sports outside the lines.

criticisms Mr. Battista levels, but to Lexington residents such as myself, the hegemony of the Christian narrative is in fact the dominant narrative locally, as it is throughout much of the country these days. We are every day inundated with the artifacts of the Christian faith and of the social and moral attitudes of its followers. It is a defining characteristic of life in central Kentucky.

As such, whether he accepts or refuses membership, Mr. Caldwell is part of the "ruling elite." His is the narrative that Lexingtonians are told ad infinitum, and it is the culture shaped by that narrative that we all must live within.

While it's convenient to say, "no, really, we're not like those mega churches," to those continually ostracized by religion as practiced in 2010 Lexington—by your perception of "how things really are"—you are one and the same.

Keith Halladay

I work in the food service industry. Most all of the back of house employees (cooks, dish washers, etc.) are Latino immigrants, many of whom can't speak a word of English. Most are poorly educated. They are paid nothing. They work like dogs. They never complain. And they are a drop in the bucket of Latino employees who daily undertake the types of jobs whites and blacks refuse.

Goat man (cont.)

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The men's incredulity shifted from me to the idea of a man with a pet goat on the north side.

The woman told me that she hadn't seen the goat man since "they burned down his trailer." I didn't ask who "they" was, but I did find out that he'd been living in a trailer behind a house in the area. I thanked her, received blessings from the old men, and headed up the street. If it were true that goat man had lived in a backyard trailer, that would explain, I thought, the pressing need to walk the goat. The house lots on this street were scaled to be urban so that there naturally wasn't a lot of expanse for a goat to frolic (or whatever goats do to pass the time)—with a backyard trailer there would be even less.

My only other lead came from the last guy I asked before heading back to my air-conditioned homestead. Legs dangling off his front porch while a white kitten sidled up to him, my informant said he'd last seen the goat man a few weeks ago, over by Griffith Market. The cops had seen the man walking his goat and stopped him—to take a picture with man and goat. No, the goat man wasn't in trouble, my informant said, the cops just wanted a picture with him. But surely it's illegal to have a goat in the city, I thought to myself. Maybe the cops made one of those on-the-spot moral decisions often required of them: they decided having a goat was less of a crime than having crack or beating your wife.

As it turns out, it's not a crime to have a goat—or any farm animal—on the north side. I called LexCall 311 to find out. As long as the animal has shelter and is well cared for, there's no problem. In fact, I was told, someone around town keeps a pony.

Downtown country

So let me tell you why I went looking for the elusive goat man: I'm baffled by the fact that I've ended up living in Lexington, close to downtown, and it's more country than anywhere else I've been.

When I told our esteemed publisher and editor-in-chief about goat man, Editor Mayer wanted the goat to come mow his lawn. (I consider that country, but maybe that's just Danny style.) Friends on our street raise chickens, as does a guy one street over, who, I am told, is the "chicken supplier" for this side of town. My better half and I are even part of what has been deemed "The Chicken Summit," which includes one family raising chickens, one woman keeping bees, and a few family units (mine included) who are agriculturally worthless but can contribute lumber and chicken feed. It seems that the more urban I get, the more I end up with people who understand urban as it probably was in immigrant enclaves in big cities at the turn of the twentieth century: people deep in the city living like displaced farm folk.

It has never been my intention to live country-urban, but we showed up in Lexington when the local food movement was gaining steam, and we've ridden along with the train—mostly as freeloaders. My point here is that the city—or the north side at least—seems to be changing in character, and it's taking us along with it. About a month ago when I spent a Saturday morning with the S.E.E.D.S. entrepreneurs, those kids raising and selling fresh produce on the north side, I was struck by the divided nature of the morning. For a few hours, we were in the relative peace and tranquility

More than 10 players on the Lexington Legends Single A baseball team have ties to Hispanic speaking countries. I'd like to ask them what it's truly like for a young Latino breaking into the game. I wonder what they think of baseball's treatment of Latinos and specifically, SB 1070's role in baseball's future. I'll get back to you. Stay tuned.

of the London Ferrell Community Garden. I can move into another world there, even with cars racing by. The second half of the morning was spent on Seventh Street, a tight street with fenced-in front yards and porches near the sidewalk. The stretch where the kids were selling their vegetables had the intimate feel that downtown areas can have since everything, and everyone, is so close. The kids were easily moving back and forth between farm and market with no dissonance. They just rode up the street.

Different urban models

Recently, in a conversation about how Lexington should plan and grow, Detroit came up. Like other ailing rust belt cities, Detroit proper has to radically re-think city planning. The idea: country-urban. As Associated Press writer David Runk notes, Detroit wants to turn "large swaths of this now-blighted, rusted-out city back into the fields and farmland that existed before the automobile." In other words, it's a revision of the idea of urban density. Instead of trying (fruitlessly) to persuade suburbanites to come back to the city and relinquish their automobile dependence, Detroit figures that it needs to regroup its residents into viable neighborhoods and raze empty buildings. Vacant lots would become orchards or vegetable farms. "City" would mean something else entirely. It would mean a patchwork of substantial green spaces and reconstituted neighborhoods.

Many planning and public policy people are keeping a close eye on Detroit's model. It could be the wave of the future for cities. But fortunately, I would argue, not for Lexington. The reason Lexington should be glad that Detroit isn't an appropriate model for its future is because, well, Detroit had to collapse before it could put forth such a radical change in American city design. In a 2007 *Harper's* article, Rebecca Solnit speaks to the complexity of looking to Detroit as an exemplar: "This is the most extreme and long-term hope Detroit offers us: the hope the we can reclaim what we paved over and poisoned, that nature will not punish us, that it will welcome us home—not with the landscape that was here when we arrived, perhaps, but with land that is alive, lush, and varied all the same." While Solnit sees Detroit as "a stronghold of possibility," she doesn't ignore the reality: "It is a harsh place of poverty, deprivation, and a fair amount of crime."

Lexington isn't Detroit, just as the north side—despite its reputation—isn't Compton (as my friend Christian reminds people.) Lexington needs to continue to stress urban density, making housing close to our urban core affordable for people working full-time at McDonald's, to young professionals, to retirees. We need to support and improve "blighted" areas, not dream about knocking them down. We need to tuck our gardens in wherever we can, as In-Feed and Seedleaf (among others) do. We need to think about country-urban the way the goat man seems to: living in a small home on the north side and walking a goat around town, maybe mowing people's lawns along the way.

But, you may say, it sounds like the goat man is a poor immigrant. Why should he be a model? Well, why not? If urban living was, in part, pioneered by barely surviving immigrants in early twentieth-century New York and Chicago, why shouldn't the goat man tell us something about how urban Lexington can work now?

Letters to the editor

Criner scores, not Cornell

I played on team Tater Tots, and it was definitely Will Criner that scored against Burbonic Plague, not Chris Cornell. Just wanted to note that.

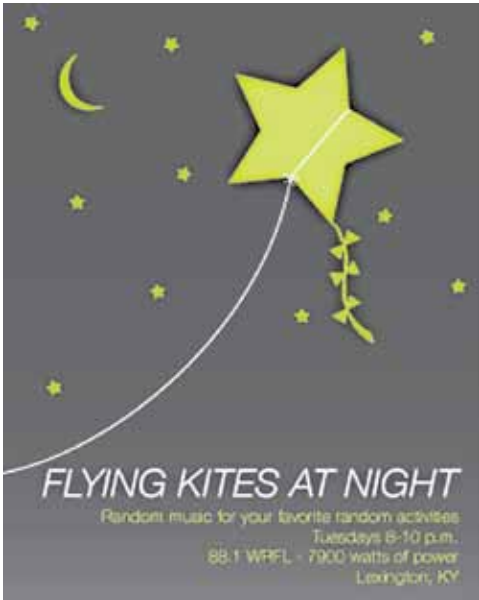
Great article!

Zach W

"Mall of God" ongoing

In Jake Caldwell's response (July 28) to Andrew Battista's cover story of July 14, Mr. Caldwell makes a distinction between Lexington's "royal narrative" and the "narrative of God's reign." While this distinction is useful for his purposes, it's essentially empty, as are two other distinctions Mr. Caldwell makes in his response, between "Lexington's ruling elite" and whatever class Mr. Caldwell purports to represent, and between "mainline liberal Protestant churches" and "evangelical mega churches."

Mr. Caldwell uses these distinctions to position himself, and his congregation, as somehow above the



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Trout recipes (cont.)

continued from page 6

- 2 lemons, sliced crosswise
- 1 stick salted butter
- 1/4 cup chopped dried dill
- Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper
- 4 large, free range eggs
- 1/4 cup canola oil

Directions:

1. Start your coals out on one side of your grill keeping the other side free for indirect cooking. Be sure to return grill grate and cover. You want the grate searing hot.
2. While the grill is heating melt your stick of butter.
3. Add dill to melted butter and whisk thoroughly.
4. Once coals are good and hot brush the indirect side of the grill generously with canola oil.
5. Place each trout belly side down making sure to butterfly the sides.
6. Brush each trout with melted butter and dill mixture and recover grill.
7. Every two minutes or so refresh each trout with the melted butter and dill.
8. Beside each trout grill each of your lemon slices until they are golden and slightly toasted on both sides.
9. After roughly four minutes or so remove trout from grill and allow each to come to rest and cool.
10. Reapply canola oil to indirect side of grill.

11. Return each trout to grill placing them on their sides this time. The idea here is to slightly crisp each trout's exterior.

Remove trout and immediately place each skin side up on a plate. Drizzle each one last time with the melted butter and dill mixture. Lean several grilled lemon slices on both sides of each and allow trout to come to rest, or cool. While cooling pour remaining canola oil in a medium skillet over medium heat. Fry each of the four eggs individually until over easy. You want the eggs to be able to run. Place one fried egg on top of each trout and crack the center letting the yoke run over the trout and grilled lemon slices. In effect what you've created is a tasty, pseudo version of hollandaise. My favorite vegetable with this dish is grilled or steamed asparagus. But most any vegetable either steamed, sautéed or in a salad will do. I like a baked yeast roll with this dish so you can sop up the hollandaise.

Of course, in no way is the above list of three recipes exhaustive when it comes to preparing trout. There are literally hundreds of approaches and techniques. Hopefully these provide a stepping stone to others. As a matter of fact, if you have any great recipes for trout or any other fish, please send them to frugalfisherman@hotmail.com. Until next time.

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