

# The war on the homeless

By Jeff Gross

Last week, news emerged that four members of the Urban County Council (Vice Mayor Linda Gordon, At-Large member Steve Kay, First District’s Chris Ford, and Fifth District’s Bill Farmer, Jr.) met privately with Bishop Gainer to ask him to address concerns about the Catholic Action Center. The Center is independently run, but the property is owned by the Diocese of Lexington. Beverly Fortune’s “Neighbors’ complaints about Catholic Action Center get Attention at Lexington’s City Hall” in the *Herald-Leader* outlined the common complaints against the Center and potential actions being weighed by the councilmembers. The Catholic Action Center’s response, available on their Facebook group page, convincingly articulates their record for service and their commitment to working with the neighborhood. You can also search *North of Center’s* archives for my previous writing on this topic.

In response to complaints about loitering, noise, public intoxication, and litter, Kay suggests that one potential solution would be to

expand the city’s nuisance ordinance to cover commercial property: “The current ordinance says if you have more than two police citations in a certain period of time, the building can be closed for one year.” In a moment of forced austerity, especially for already impoverished and struggling Americans, and in light of Lexington’s budgetary cuts to social services and public safety, the legal loophole nuisance ordinance “solution” poses an especially dangerous and impractical threat to private agencies that provide a safety net for vulnerable citizens. If government agencies cannot care for citizens (especially those who suffer from addiction or mental illness), then they must find ways to work with the agencies that can and will do that work.

Like Steve Kay, I live in the neighborhood of the Center and, like Kay, I live far enough away from the Center never to hear or see much of the “raucous behavior and crowds” cited by Fortune. On nights of snow or freezing rain, I have passed by the Catholic Action Center to witness a

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# Sit-down with Mudd

Science teacher Martin Mudd recently returned from a two hour stint in Governor Steve Beshear’s office as part of the ongoing Sit-In for the Mountains. Mudd spent his time there lying on the ground beneath a homemade tomstone that read, “RIP: In memory of our friends in Appalachia past present and not yet born who suffer under the sin of strip mining.” *North of Center* tracked down Mudd, a Lexington resident living in Kenwick, to ask him a couple of questions.

**NoC:** Why were you in Frankfort last weekend?

**Mudd:** I went to Frankfort last Thursday to occupy the Governor’s office and send the message to Steve Beshear that people are dying in Appalachia and we will not be ignored. I also wanted to participate in the weekly sit-in that has been happening at the Governor’s office since the Kentucky Rising action in February.

*continued on page 2*



Martin Mudd, dead man.

# Edelkrebs, fahrräder und menschen in der stadt

## Crawfish, bicyclists, and humans in the city

Von Jon Finnie

*Editor’s note: Sometimes NoC editors make decisions while at Al’s Bar after we’ve run up a tab. While we always stand by those decisions as sound, if not cutting-edge brilliant, they do sometimes seem, um, unusual in hindsight. Hence this piece in German by Jon Finnie. If readers clamor, perhaps we can talk Jon into translating it into English next issue.*

*From the author:* “Every day, I ride my bike from my house next to SCAPA/ Lafayette High School on my way to WRFL, the DLC, Al’s, London Ferrell Community Garden, and so on. I pass over a creek that runs behind Lafayette. There I met a kid who fishes for crawfish. The article frames this kid’s fishing in the context of Lexington’s water

quality issues. More broadly, the piece is about what you can learn by biking around the city and, coupled with this kid’s activity, it’s implicitly about how people inhabit their modern urban habitat in ways that are pretty human.”

Die Geographie meines Lebens ist folgendes. Ich wohne in der Nähe von Picadome Elementary und Lafayette High School, studiere und drehe Platten bei der Universität Kentucky und mache ein Praktikum in der Innenstadt. Samstags melde ich mich freiwillig zu einem Garten an Third Street. Wenn ich Freizeit haben, höre ich live Musik, in letzter Zeit beim umlängst verstorbenen Crib Death und Al’s.

Das ist die räumliche Verteilung meines Lebens. Und wie lege ich die

Entfernungen zwischen deen Stationen meines Lebens zurück? Ich versuche, meistens mit dem Fahrrad zu fahren. Wie andere Fahrradfahrer schon gemerkt haben, das Fahrradfahren ist nicht nur ein Verkehrsmittel. Das Fahrradfahren beeinflusst meine akademische und persönliche Denkart. Ich frage mich »wie ist das Leben in der modernen amerikanischen Stadt« und »wie können wir die Stadt um den Menschen (im tiefen Sinne des Worts)

bauen«. Während des Fahrradfahrens gibt mir die Stadt Hinweise. Hier ist einen Hinweis.

Ich fahre jeden Tag Vaughns Bach hinüber, um mit meinem Fahrrad an die Universität zu fahren (diese Abkürzung ist für Fahrradfahrer aus meiner Stadteil sehr wichtig).

Es gibt einen Jungen, der im Sommer oft bei Vaughns Creek I

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Vaughns Bach.

# Dear readers: help needed

## A letter from the editor

By Danny Mayer

*North of Center* began publication in May, 2009, with a paltry print run of 800 copies, no Facebook page, and no online presence. Since that time, we have kept up a biweekly print schedule—we surpassed issue #50 earlier this summer—and entered the 21st century with a local web site, a Facebook page, and a nationally-focused blog. With the addition of several donated outdoor and indoor distribution racks (thanks *La Voz* and Smiley Pete), our print run now numbers 2400 copies of each issue. Were it not for Mayor Jim Gray’s sting operation of Lexington graffiti artists, which had the byproduct effect of running out of town an artist in the midst of painting 6 of these donated magazine racks, the distribution number might be closer to 3000 copies per issue circulating around town.

For the most part, our growth into the community has been accomplished through the work of a small group of committed volunteers who have labored to research, write, edit, draw, lay out, distribute and talk-up the paper and the many stories contained

within it. Their work has allowed this paper to become what it is today.

Over the next several months, we will be posting a series of “help needed” ads throughout the paper to address key needs necessary for the paper to sustain itself. Our writers could use breaks to avoid burnout. Our geographic distribution could be expanded. Our online presence could be better coordinated. And the kicker, as of September 1 the paper is off the Mayer dole and must figure out a way to fund itself. (The money used to fund my paper baby, *North of Center*, now goes to help support my real baby, Josie.)

When *North of Center* started, I envisioned a paper beholden to our immediate communities. It will continue or not, I thought at the time, based upon the support we get from those communities. If people want it enough, it will continue. If they don’t, it won’t. Well over two years into publication, my view of *NoC’s* continuation hasn’t really changed. If the paper continues, it will not be because of me and my support. It will be because of you and yours. So far things have worked out.

Contents				Coming soon	
2—Neighborhood	4—Music	5—Film & Media	8—Comics	Frankfort's Crawfish Bottom	
Art and this place	Music calendar	The villain Marvel	I'm Not From Here		
Discarded	O'Kane: back	BFS: movies for you	General Dallas	Benton returns	
Ooh. What's that smell?			Delmar von Lexington		
Gone, but not really gone				ROCK roundup	



# The Neighborhood

## Closer to home: the job at hand

By Clay Wainscott

Could it be the entire edifice of contemporary art is simply irrelevant? Or, more precisely, not up to the job at hand. Big time art just wandered off somewhere following fame and money, a self-referencing cult of acquisition as volatile as the stock market, but peculiar, the brand name so much more important than the product. Surely there must be something more to say about a renowned artist than the highest price paid at auction, the presiding metric of accomplishment and a working index of fame. They'd have you think the irrelevant part was the art itself.

Somewhere along the line, art, as an expression of personal aspiration and universal connection, seems to have left the tracks.

In the early fifties, the Abstract Expressionists invaded, conquered, and subjugated all of art, banning representational images of anything. They were radical fundamentalists, turning the art clock back to year one, or at least to the level of a three or four year old.

Andy Warhol was a strip miner, excavating a vein of human villainess for fame and riches, while pushing the vision, the humanity, and the enduring consolation of art off into valleys, damming streams, poisoning

the water, leaving the entire territory uninhabitable.

Contemporary art has become an elbows and umbrellas stampede toward the portals of momentary attention and notoriety, silly postures and self-effacement to the sky. In schools art merges with marketing. Graduates seem to care less about art than money and fame. Thanks Andy.

The enablers on this bus to nowhere have been the ultra wealthy who love to play at speculation for its own sake, and they'll all be caught together when the masquerade is over—tons of remorseless crap seen for what it really is. There's nothing in Jeff Koons, or Damien Hirst, or

Richard Serra, or the rest for serious thoughtful people seeking personal stability and affirmation in the chaotic winds of modern times.

In Mexico, historically a turbulent caldron of separate interests in violent armed conflict, it was the painters who gave them all a sense of national unity, of common history, of cultural pride without firing a shot—Diego Rivera, first among many. Here, it's time to simply deflate the ponzi-premised, stage-managed bubble called contemporary art, and look for a visual expression more honest, more authentic, and more directly reflective of known and felt experience. Closer to home would be a good place to start.

### Sit-down (cont.)

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**NoC:** What specifically did you do while you were there? Why?

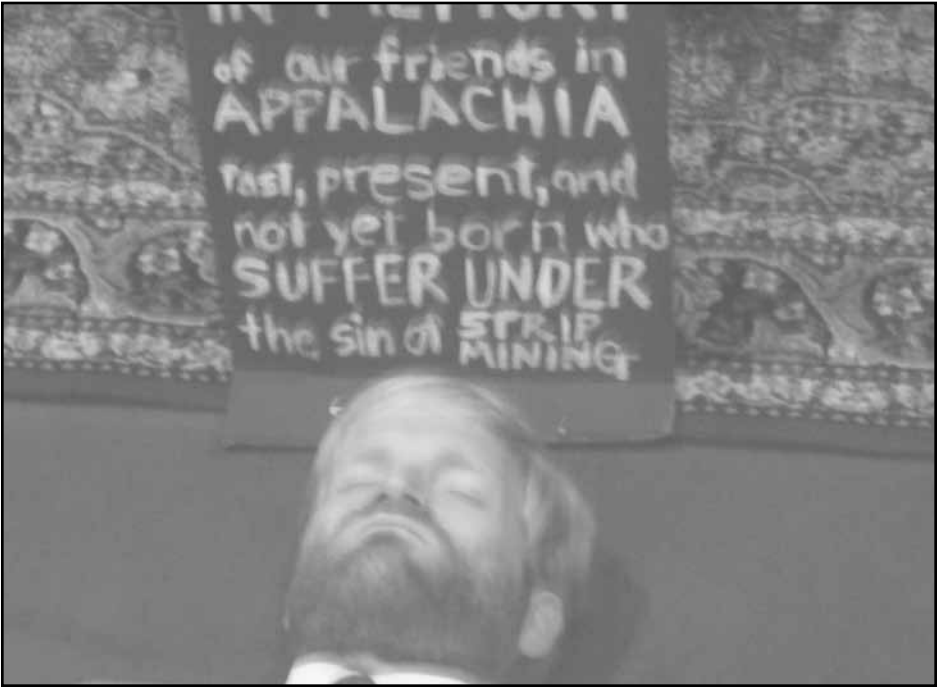
**Mudd:** When my comrade Greg and I arrived at the Capitol, we passed through security and went straight to the Governor's office. After saying hello to the UK students who had been holding down the sit-in for an hour or so, I walked into the office, set down the "tombstone" I made the night before and lay in front of it on the red carpet floor. Greg handed the receptionist a copy of the recent report on elevated risk of birth defects in MTR-impacted communities.

not of the mountains. How did you end up in the final group?

**Mudd:** Ever since I moved back to Kentucky, I had been involved with anti-strip mining work with Kentuckians for the Commonwealth and Mountain Justice, and for a while I had been talking with people about the need to do some direct action in the Capitol building, specifically aimed at Beshear. About a year beforehand, I participated in a direct action and de-escalation training where I shared my experience getting arrested for civil disobedience in West Virginia. For a while, I think people were a bit anxious about risking arrest for civil disobedience, but the first Appalachia Rising action in DC [where many activists got arrested] broke the seal for a lot of them and I think it made the Kentucky Rising sit-in possible. Around New Year, I was getting frustrated with waiting and had decided to get a few Mountain Justice people together and plan an action, but right around then Bev May calls me and asks me to join them in an action at the Governor's office. So I said "hell yes!"

I stayed in that position for nearly two hours, while business as usual went on right around me. Staffers made jokes about the action, visitors asked Greg what the action was about, and I even think two politicians shook hands over my dead body. For me, that was symbolic of the problem: our fellow citizens are being poisoned in Eastern Kentucky and no one in Frankfort loses any sleep over it, much less does anything to stop it.

**NoC:** You are notable in that you partook in the Kentucky Rising occupation of the Governor's office this past February, yet you live here in Lexington. Besides that Kentucky River lowlander Wendell Berry, this makes you the only activist spending the weekend who was



*Martin Mudd, In memory of.*

are interesting scales of protest. Is part of this a result of your own center, of where you live? Do you think about your scales of protest at all?

**Mudd:** It is definitely something I think about, and it reflects my radical understanding of the causes of MTR. For something as insane as MTR to occur daily in spite of damning evidence of its absolute criminality requires a massive conspiracy between the coal industry, finance capital, the mainstream media, and of course corrupt politicians at every level. To protest one of these without protesting the

others is to reduce the complexity of the problem. If I lived in Whitesburg, I'd be up in a tree right now stopping the destruction of Black Mountain. If I lived in Pittsburgh, I'd be locked down at PNC headquarters. I live in Lexington, which is close to Frankfort, so I raise hell at banks and Kentucky Utilities and the Governor's office.

*Anyone can participate in the Sit-In for the Mountains. If you're in or passing through Kentucky, contact Caroline at sitinforthemtns@gmail.com to sign up for a time slot at the Governor's office in Frankfort.*

## 332 Sherman Avenue

*Danny, Jacky and Landon*



DANNY, JACKY, AND LANDON / 332 SHERMAN AVENUE 7.2.10 / 7:10 PM / 78°F

### Fade to the Photograph

of a young mother posing  
with her firstborn in her lap—  
note her free hand, palm upturned,  
exhausted, at her side—note  
the horse-hair sofa it is resting on—  
and the pack of Lucky Strikes  
beside the hand—and note her  
milk-white countenance  
her thin hair pulled back slick—  
the one rogue strand of it  
come loose across her cheek—  
and in her flat lap, note  
the newborn boy, bigger,  
already, than she will ever be.

—Martha Gehringer

Though initially both Danny and Jacky refused to be in a picture with the other one, they soon rose from the front stoop of Jacky's house and walked across the street to sit on the plaid sofa which, they said, had belonged to a woman "who keeps to himself." Baby Landon had no choice about any of it.

When asked to write a poem about one of the images of DISCARDED or about the collection as a whole, Lexington poet and friend Martha Gehringer chose this one.

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



# Frankfort stinks like shit

## A paddle through Capitol City



Oil Can and the other vessels.

By Danny Mayer

“In the summer, I bathe about every two weeks. Otherwise, I just braid my hair and go go go.”

I have arrived with Josh, my partner in canoe, to a small towhead on the Kentucky River in Frankfort. Only a straight-away into our 9-bend, 2 night, 20 mile voyage through the state’s capital, down lock #4 and on to Elkhorn Creek, and we are already bringing up the rear. Our vessel, a green 17 foot Coleman canoe nicknamed “Oil Can” that I purchased off eBay upon my 2000 arrival to the Commonwealth, plies the slackwater of Kentucky like a pointy tipped log. We are no match for the much faster fleet of one-man vessels operated by the rest of our party. In 15 miles time, a distance that will include an overnight camp-out in a soybean field, we will operate Oil Can with the efficiency and tracked gait of a steam engine while chasing mid-day shade along the riverbanks. But not right now. Right now, Josh and I paddle irregularly and out of sync, my captain’s seat squeaking arrhythmically at each downstroke and the boat rolling haphazardly from starboard to port. We are more interested in drinking beer, talking rivers and waving to the locals than in coordinating strokes, and have subsequently fallen well behind the rest of our six-man party.

At the towhead we are all reunited. After pulling off a well-executed turn to starboard around a long-dead tree partially submerged in the muck, Josh and I beach our boat next to the others. Geographically speaking, we are in northeast South Frankfort on an inside finger-bend in the river not 10 blocks down current from the current capital building, somewhere between St. John Court and River Street, though both streets and capital are invisible to us now down on the water. On the bar standing, Wes finishes his summer bathing statement with a reach behind his back and quick evidentiary tug of his dirty blond braid before crushing the rest of his Stella pounder.

It is high summer. The gin flows fast and cold. Stone is already well into his first of five bags of jerky, and soon I will be joining Troy and Lyle in the still green waters of the Kentucky for my first of many swims.

### Skipping bricks

A quick reconnoiter of our stop reveals the towhead to be a relatively recent creation. The dry creek bed creating the small rock/sand beach proves to be a concrete culvert designed to

funnel storm water and other items to the river from the neighborhood homes sitting invisible to us 60 feet up the bank. Ten feet above our position, it empties into a small landing scoured flat by the river. What we initially took as cascading rock deposits, upon closer inspection, are in fact chunks of concrete weathered away from the culvert, rough cuts of asphalt that appear as riverine coal deposits, and bricks in various states of disrepair. “I’d guess these date to the Happy era,” Wes opines, referring to former Kentucky Governor A.B. “Happy” Chandler, “maybe 60 years old.”

The modern geologic formations scattered around us are not the only rip-rap to be found. Shards of broken glass, twisted lengths of metal fencing, a rotting tire and hub caps, and a rusted bike carcass all wait for the next river rise to carry them away. Wes, a native of High Bridge upriver on the Kentucky, sifts confidently through the debris before finding, half-buried in sand and Mountain Dew bottles, a thin tinny plate in need of a shine. “The river giveth, and the river taketh away,” he says to nobody in particular. “I think I’ll take this away.”

We pass around a large squeeze bottle filled with a cold gin concoction, a send-off gift made the night before by Severn, one of several expeditionary land operatives under our employ, and generally toast our good fortunes at having completed our first mile on the river. Earlier, while waiting at Lee’s Boat Ramp for Josh and I to return from our shuttle and mark the formal beginning of our paddle, my comrades had been overcome with the bottle fever and nearly polished off half Severn’s gift. Now, an hour later sitting beneath the culvert, Josh and I get to relieve some of our own pent up bottle fever. We drink deeply, a Hendricks gin and tonic, chilled, the very essence of aquatic summer refreshment.

Nobody has any interest in leaving, our trip is only just beginning, and so a rousing game of brick and asphalt skipping ensues. After some minutes of observation, I, too, grab a brick, give it a heave and watch expectantly as the red slab hits the water and promptly disappears into the Kentucky fifteen feet from where I stand. Satisfied, I grab an OK beer, receive in turn my pulls from Sev’s bottle, and return to being an enthusiastic spectator, cheering all bricks’ sixth, seventh and eighth skips.

A pleasant summer squall and a finished bottle of gin and tonic breaks up the skipping contest. Surveying our options, we go with ‘stay put.’ A new

chilled squeeze bottle, this concoction a three-gin heritage requisitioned from the company stocks and served with a lemon wedge, begins making the rounds.

Josh, my faithful canoe mate, has spent much of his life around this area. His home in Monterey is twenty miles down river from here, and as a spry teen he has cavorted much throughout the state’s capitol city. We weather the storm and pepper him with questions. “What’s the Monterey lock like?” “How far up Cedar Creek is it paddle-able?” “Is there any decent place to drink in Frankfort?” “What do you know about Crawfish Bottom?” And finally, from Wes, “Where’s Daniel Boone’s grave in relation to where we’re at?”

Looking up, Josh gestures across the river to a point high up on the bluffs. “It’s right there, Frankfort Cemetery.” We follow his eyes to a spot several hundred feet above us and nod approvingly. Situated atop a quintessential Kentucky river bend, the plot commands an impressive view of the river as it slices Frankfort in half. Not a bad place for a colonial explorer to rest for eternity. Look right, downriver, and survey the river’s past: old Frankfort, Crawfish Bottoms and Lee’s Ferry. Look left, upriver, and behold its future, South Frankfort and the Beaux Arts style state capital building.

### Dan’l Boone: hero king pioneer land speculator

*High, high, yes when I die  
There’s untold millions standing next in line.*  
—“Up on Chenoca,” Wes Houpp

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Summer fun is hard on the back!

Happy & Healthy  
Backs Yoga  
Sundays, 11am

Lexington Healing Arts Academy252.5656

# Lee Todd was an idiot

By Danny Mayer

The term idiot derives from the Greek *idiotes* (“person lacking professional skill,” “a private citizen,” “individual”) and the emphatic adjective *idios* (“uniquely one’s own”). Idiots referred to a large segment of a small slice of male residents, wealthy all, granted the right to vote in the Greek city-state Athens. As a class of moneyed men expressing neither interest nor aptitude in public affairs, the *idiotai* were considered worse than useless, the antithesis of a good citizen.

Though we understand the word today as a simple descriptor for someone who lacks an education (“a dumbass”), *idiotes* were not stupid. In a society that excluded over 90% of the population from voting, Greek idiots comprised much of the upper crust leisure class of enfranchised citizens. Economically, culturally and politically, they were the chosen ones. Nor were idiots incapable of formulating and advancing coherent positions to an audience of inquiring peers. According to Josiah Ober, scholar of Greek political thought and Athenian democracy, land-owning *idiotes* rarely participated

in public civic debates, but they were common fixtures in “the law court, in the course of defending or prosecuting a private lawsuit (dike).”

The word’s negative connotations seem to be derived from a uniquely strong idiotic fealty to private concerns over public interests. We can see this in the word’s roots. The noun, *idiote*, emphasizes personhood: *private* citizens, *individual*. The adjective, *idios*, emphasizes ownership and private property: several translations define it as “stronger than the simple possessive pronoun ‘own’.” The *idiotai* weren’t idiots because they were dumb; they were idiots because their intensely private interests often ran against the public good.

### Lee Todd: Kentucky idiot

A whole bunch of capitalist crusader presidents came of age during the cheap-money era ushered in by the Reagan 80s. Larry Summers, Harvard’s former president who parlayed his probusiness academic worldviews into high-level government and private positions, is perhaps the archetype university CEO/president. In the 90s, well before

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## Edelkrebs (cont.)

*continued from page 1*

would use Bach or Flüsschen ist. Wenn der Junge dabei ist, sagt er mir »He, ich habe einen Edelkrebs gefunden!« Als ich das zum ersten Mal hörte, war ich natürlich skeptisch. Ich konnte mir nicht vorstellen, dass es eben sauberes Wasser im Flüsschen gab. Wie wir vielmal gehört haben, unsere Regenwasserkanalen überfließen während heftigen Regen. Regenwasser wird mit unserem Schmutzwasser gemischt und dieses gemischte Wasser fließt in unsere Bäche. Auf Grund dieses Problems wurde Lexington 2006 von der Umweltbehörde verklagt. Also, Edelkrebs? Er spinnt, oder?

Als ich eines Tages mit meinen Fahrrad zurück von der Arbeit fuhr, sah ich den jungen Kerl. Er hatte ein Osterei aus Plastik in der Hand. Er ruf

mir laut, überzeugt »He! Willst du meinen Edelkrebs sehen?! Ich habe ihn aus dem Bach gefischt!«

Wieder skeptisch, fuhr ich zu ihm. Er bückte und öffnete das Osterei auf den Bürgersteig. Drin gab es ein lebendes Edelkrebs aus dem Bach. Der Junge fing an zu beschreiben, wie er wusste, dass der Edelkrebs männlich war und welche Farbe mit welchem Geschlecht geht. Das Kind sagte, dass er ein Aquarium voll von Edelkrebs habe.

Also, hier ist ein moderner Junge. Er hat detaillierte Kenntnisse von einem unseren städtlichen Flüssen und von den Tieren drin. Ein Kind, ein kleiner, städtlicher Fischer. Wie ist das Leben in der modernen Stadt? Wie passen die Natur, das Mensch und die Stadt zusammen? Das weiß ich nicht, aber vielleicht ist dieser Junge ein Hinweis.



AUGUST 24, 2011

# Music

## Live music to blah blah blah to: 8/25 - 9/3

### Thursday, August 25

Tower of Power  
*Buster's; 899 Manchester. 8:30 P.M.*

When bassists discuss their favorite players, the usual names are brought up: Victor Wooten, Jaco, James Jamerson, Stanley Clarke, William Murderface...every bass player keeps a list. But one name turns up on just about every list: when the conversation comes around to Rocco Prestia, players in the know just smile and shake their heads, 'cause there's nothing left to say. Prestia is a mutha.

A founding member of Tower of Power (est. 1968), Prestia's greatness alone might have been enough to vault Tower of Power into the ranks of the best soul bands to ever shake it on down, but ToP, then and now again, also boasted a drummer every bit the bassist's equal. David Garibaldi, it is widely known, inspires awe in other drummers. Together, Prestia and Garibaldi form perhaps the funkier rhythm section ever assembled.

And then there are the horns: iconic lines, unmistakable sound. A benchmark, like the Dirty Dozen, or Maceo and the J.B.'s.

As with many bands of a certain age, members have come and gone, especially Garibaldi, without whom—no disrespect to those who have tried to fill his shoes—the chicken ain't quite as greasy. But this is the good lineup. Giddyup, giddyup, hi ho yeah.

### Friday, August 26

Groove Manifesto with Baja Yetis  
*Cosmic Charlie's; 388 Woodland. 9 P.M.*

Actually this Groove Manifesto isn't the first Groove Manifesto I've known. In a former life, when I resided in the rainy, coffee-drenched Pacific Northwest, I was acquainted with a young funk-rock quartet called the same thing, led by a lovely, voluptuous keyboardist named Devon, who wore long, slinky evening gowns on stage, and who set many a red-blooded American man's heart (and loins) aflutter.

Now, it's unlikely that anyone in Lexington's own Groove Manifesto, also, coincidentally, a young funk-rock quartet, will be wearing a long, slinky evening gown on stage, but what they will be doing is releasing, at long last, a CD of their original music. Whether your heart or loins are affected by this event is entirely up to you.

### Saturday, August 27

Cains Rage  
*The Attic; 2628 Richmond Rd. 9 P.M.*

As longtime *NoC* readers may know, I am a confirmed metalhead. But, like even the most devoted head-bangers, I think a lot of metal sucks, as badly played metal often sounds comparably worse than badly played music of other genres. For instance, crappy folk-pop music, of the sort that perpetually turns up in commercials for Apple products and hybrid vehicles, is obnoxious, but crappy metal is *brutal*, and not in the good way.

Which is why I was skeptical, after perusing The Attic's show listings and discovering this show, that the newly reformed Cains Rage was gonna be any good. Sure, their credentials

seemed to be in order: played on a bill with Dio, influenced by Pantera...they name-checked all the right acts. But these guys hadn't played in years, and rarely do metal artists get better with age.

So it was with low expectations that I streamed "Straight to the Bone" from the app on their Facebook page. But guess what? These guys are metal as fuck. Holy shit. Who knew?

Well, we know now. Welcome back, Cains Rage.

### Tuesday, August 30

Patrick McNeese  
*Natasha's; 112 Esplanade. 9 P.M.*

My powers of description, both written and oral, are severely limited, owing to the fact that I suffer from hypermasculinity. I suspect that some chromosomal abnormality is to blame, though I've never actually had that checked. But all the usual symptoms are there: brutish physical strength, Byronic virility, male pattern baldness—those sorts of things. In fact, it was only with Helen Keller-like effort that I ever learned to put together a sentence in English, as my genetic inclination is to speak in a series of unintelligible grunts.

So it's difficult for me to write about, to describe certain forms of music, particularly those forms which employ anything resembling sensitivity or grace. Slayer, for example, I'm good with, but Sade, not so much.

What does all this mean to you? Well, this fellow name of Patrick McNeese is playing a show, and you might or might like to attend, right? As such, my duty, in theory, is to write a bit about Mr. McNeese's music, what's interesting about it, what's compelling, and maybe compare it to similar musics, in the hope of striking a chord with you, the reader. But when I listen to his songs, I sort of realize in the abstract that they're pretty great, but then I look within myself for the vocabulary to describe what I'm hearing, and there's just nothing.

What's happening, I think, is that McNeese's music is asking me to access the part of the brain that controls emotions such as affection, empathy, and hope, whereas I'm only able to feel lust, hostility, and despair. That said, I also think, based on a lifetime of observations of human behavior, that if you go to this show you will probably wind up making love with someone later that night. Which is more or less the opposite of the effect of a Slayer show.

So maybe that's it, then: Patrick McNeese is the opposite of Slayer. Does that help?

### Thursday, September 1

Lipstick Pistol  
*Cheapside; 131 Cheapside. 9 P.M.*

Over the past couple of years, these guys have become possibly the tightest cover band in town, which is saying something, because Lexington has more than a handful of good ones.

### Saturday, September 3

Born Cross Eyed  
*Cosmic Charlie's; 388 Woodland. 9 P.M.*

It occurs to me that in all the time we've been publishing this newspaper thing, not once have we mentioned

Born Cross Eyed. Well, now's the time, what with the days getting a little cooler, twilight lasting just a little

longer, and the harvest coming in. It's a good time to get mellow, ain't it?  
—Buck Edwards



Cains Rage.

## Morgan O'Kane returns to north Lex

### Thursday, August 25

Morgan O'Kane  
*Al's Bar, 601 N Limestone, 9 P.M.*

Music calendars, such as the one published regularly in these pages, are organized around blurbs—quick snapshot statements about artists you've not yet heard about. If you're looking for one about Morgan O'Kane, it's this, from Woodsong's Michael Jonathan the last time O'Kane tore through Lexington with his banjo, kickbox suitcase, and cast of cellists, dobro and fiddle players: "If Uncle Dave Macon married Bruce Springsteen their love child would be Morgan O'Kane."

Too much home cooking? Fair enough. Here's another comparison blurb, this one coming from San Jose, California: "If Jimi Hendrix played the banjo, he might resemble O'Kane."

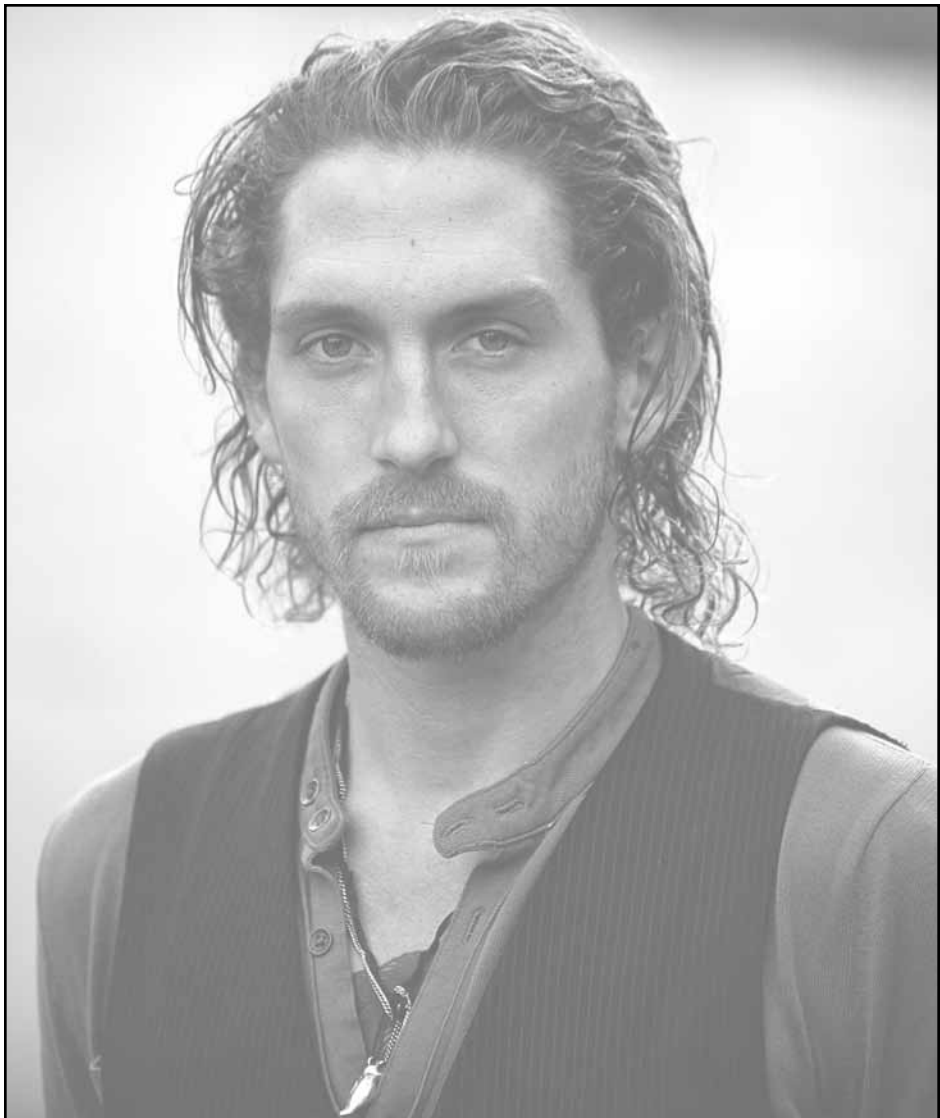
Want a blurb with a more global reach? OK. "He is a one man festival waiting to happen... during his three days at our festival he was omnipresent—playing at car crash speed and singing like his life depended on it, at any time of the day or night, with any musician who could keep up with him,

from German ska bands to Irish trad outfits, and creating an instant party wherever he went. We'd have him back anytime." That's Kieran Gilmore from Northern Ireland's Open House Festival.

The common thread here is energy and movement, and lots of both. Drop on by Al's, push yourself up to the front of the stage and experience some of that energy up close. O'Kane will be playing cuts from his current release, the driving *Nine Lives*, and from a forthcoming second album to be released later this year. Expect to end the night sweaty, tired and, like Jon Landau after seeing a 24-year old Springsteen, reinvigorated with the power and promise of music.

And when you're done throwing down at Al's on Thursday night, consider making the trip over to Friendship, Indiana (across the river a ways from Rabbit Hash, Kentucky) on Friday, where O'Kane will precede Hayes Carll onstage at the Whispering Beard Folk Festival. If you're still standing after those two finish playing, you've earned whatever drinks you got coming.

—Danny Mayer



Morgan O'Kane.



Al's Bar proudly sponsors Lexington Bike Polo

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Post-game shenanigans at Al's



# Film & Media

## Marvel’s Jack Kirby problem

By J.T. Dockery

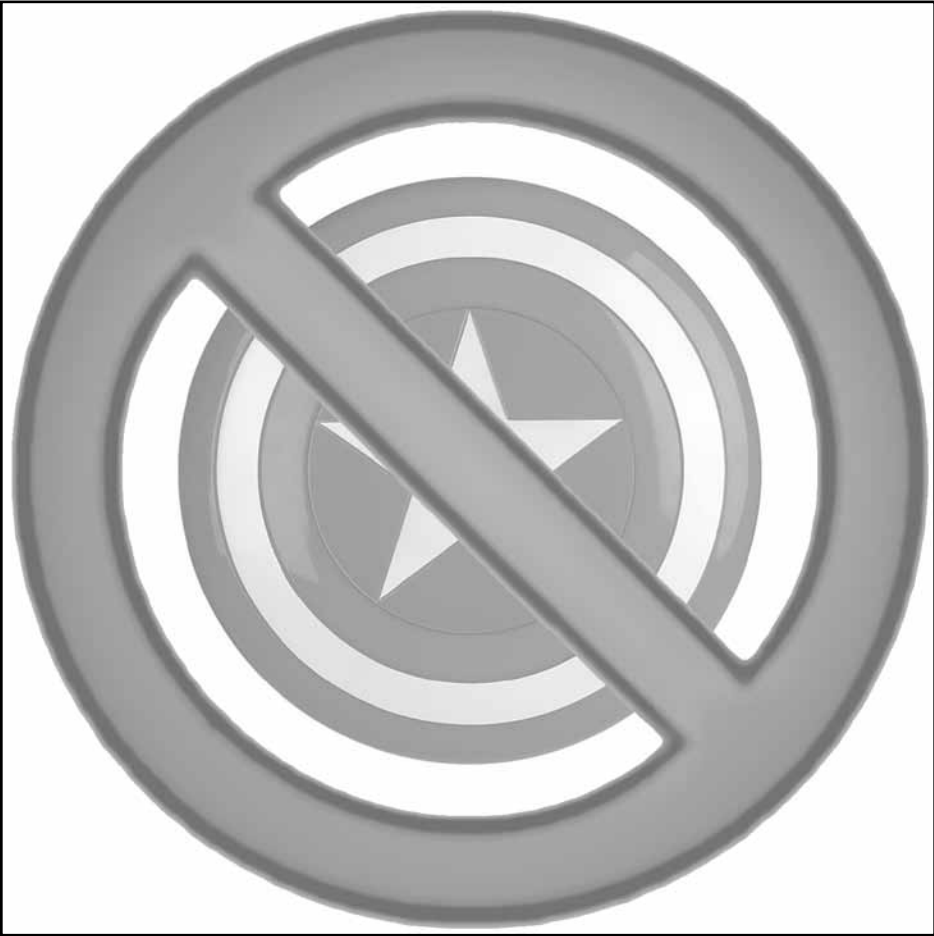
I just finished reading, from my Kentucky exile in Vermont, the two reviews of the blockbuster Marvel/Disney production of *Captain America: The First Avenger* by Bill Widener and Kevin Martinez. I respect Bill and Kevin, both of whom have big brains that process junk culture in ways I admire and have learned from over the years. It was no surprise that I found both of their reviews insightful, yet I am not going to see the film.

Both Martinez and Widener mention that Captain America was co-created by the artist Jack Kirby (with Joe Simon). Bill mentions that the creation of the character and its popularity in WWII essentially built the house we now call Marvel. Kevin mentions that Stan Lee makes a cameo in the film, breaking his own rule that he only makes appearances in films of characters he had a hand in creating. I just kind of wished they’d extended these statements a bit to shine more light on what it means that Jack Kirby had a major part in creating this iconic figure.

In all the marketing and advertising and big money deals that have put this film based on comic books on the screen for distraction of the masses and money in the pockets of Marvel/Disney, what has been much less publicized is the recent legal decision that sided with Marvel against the family of Jack Kirby (Kirby is no longer with us on this mortal coil), essentially screwing him again, even in death, out of any revenue generated by characters he had a hand in creating. Legally speaking, he may have been doing his job

under a work-for-hire basis but, frankly, I’m not a lawyer and I’m not interested in legalities; I’m interested in fairness.

Stephen Bissette, the comics artist responsible for the “reboot” of the Swamp Thing character for DC in the 1980s (which established not only his



own reputation, but also the reputation of comics writer Alan Moore) has spearheaded a Marvel boycott due to the continued unfair treatment of Kirby by the corporation that owns and profits from work he created. I have joined this boycott. To quote Mr. Bissette on the subject:

grew up reading, loving, enjoying, creating, earning livings from Kirby’s work and all that followed. Rationalizing NOT taking action is playing the corporate game.”

When I personally speak to groups of young students about comics, or people not deeply involved in comics, a

point I often stress is that these mythic figures in our culture born out of comics that we now perceive as ubiquitous were not born out of our collective consciousness, but rather originated in the heart and soul of individual artists and writers reflecting their own unique perspective on the world. The characters, in essence, are metaphors for some perception of reality by the respective creator....creations so strong that they catch on in the mind of the public, even by people who have never picked up a comic book. A corporation doesn’t do that. A publisher doesn’t do that. A brand doesn’t do that. Artists do that.

To quote “alternative” cartoonist Seth on the subject: “I love Marvel Comics....I should qualify that statement though. When I say ‘Marvel Comics’ I don’t mean the heartless corporation. I mean Steve Ditko, Don Heck, Dick Ayers, Larry Lieber, Paul Reinman, Carl Burgos, Stan Lee (among others), and the most important name of all, Jack Kirby. The man who created most of it.”

Captain America IS Jack Kirby (along with Joe Simon), or at least represents him, as are characters like the X-Men, the Hulk, the Fantastic Four, and the Avengers (coming soon to a theater near you). There would be no Marvel as we know it without Jack Kirby and his creative vision (nor would there be a Marvel as we know it without artist Steve Ditko, but his unfair treatment is, alas, another story). Consuming these Kirby-derived products while the company that profits off of these properties shames and degrades Kirby’s contribution is, to put it country simple, taking a gleeful piss on the grave of Jack Kirby, shaming the legacy of an important American artist.

## Bluegrass Film Society Fall schedule

By Michael Benton

This is the start of our seventh year for the Bluegrass Film Society. We are still dedicated to providing a forum for BTCF film students and filmmakers to watch films from around the world. Due to our involvement with BTCF’s Peace and Conflict Studies, we also are continuing to choose films that explore conflict as well as meditations on the possibilities for peace. As always, in the spirit of our Humanities department, we seek to find films that celebrate creativity and imagination. All films are at 7:30 P.M. in the Bluegrass Community and Technical College auditorium and are always free of charge.

**8/24: *Sanjuro*** (Japan: Akira Kurasowa, 1962: 96 mins)

Kurasowa has made so many great films that have had a huge influence on filmmakers around the world. Perhaps one of his most beloved characters is the ronin Sanjuro from *Yojimbo* (1961). The film spawned countless official and unofficial remakes, and in *Sanjuro* Kurosawa brought back the iconoclastic snarling antihero played by the great Japanese actor Toshiro Mifune. Once again, *Sanjuro* sets about playing on the greed and hypocrisy of official culture and subverts common sense notions of the samurai code.

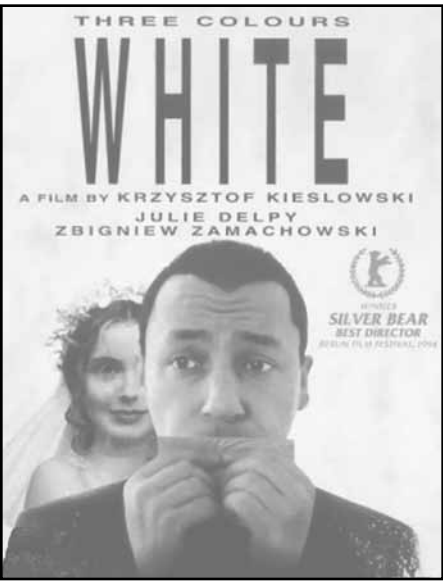
**8/31: *Zift*** (Bulgaria: Javor Gardev, 2008: 92 mins)

A powerhouse performance by Zahary Baharov (as Moth) fuels this surreal, nourish tale of a day in the life of a Bulgarian prisoner released back into his mid-20th century communist society. This is an autocratic society in which anyone able to carve out a chunk of power is then able to write their own laws with no concern for others. Supposedly, “Zift” refers to a chewing substance once popular among poor Bulgarians and is also slang for excrement.

**9/7: *Stake Land*** (USA: Jim Mickle, 2010: 98 mins)

I had just about given up on the possibility of a good vampire film being made again in the wake of mawkish

travesties like the *Twilight* series. Then I stumbled across this gem. One of the main character’s motto is “live free or die trying” and in this post-apocalyptic world the vampires are ravenous, but they are far from the most dangerous predators. Like any horror film worth the trouble, this one speaks to our current political landscape of extreme nativist/fundamentalist rhetoric. [This film is being screened as part of the Cult Film Series at Al’s Bar]



**9/14: *White*** (Poland/France/Switzerland: Krzysztof Kieslowski, 1994: 91 mins)

White is the second film in Keislowski’s trilogy “Three Colors” celebrating the colors of the French Flag that represent Freedom, Equality and Fraternity. Following the stunning masterpiece *Blue* (1993), this is a dark comedy that follows the marital difficulties of Polish immigrants in France.

**9/21: *If a Tree Falls: The Story of the Earth Liberation Front*** (USA/UK: Marshall Curry & Sam Cullman, 2011: 85 mins)

“*If a Tree Falls* is a rare behind-the-curtain look at the Earth Liberation Front, the radical environmental group that the FBI calls America’s “number one domestic terrorist threat.” With unprecedented access and a nuanced point of view, the documentary tells the story of Daniel McGowan, an ELF member who faced life in prison for

two multi-million dollar arsons against Oregon timber companies. The film employs McGowan’s story to examine larger questions about environmentalism, activism, and terrorism.” (synopsis provided by studio)

**9/28: *Even the Rain*** (Spain/France/Mexico: Iciar Bollain, 2010: 103 mins)

Howard Zinn’s quote, “The memory of oppressed people cannot be taken away and for such people revolt is always an inch below the surface” is featured in this tale of two Spanish filmmakers traveling to Bolivia to film the story of the European colonization and enslavement of South Americans. While filming, they become embroiled through the actions of their extras in the historic peasant resistance against the attempt to privatize all water in Bolivia.

**10/12: *Police, Adjective*** (Romania: Corneliu Porumboiu, 2009: 115 mins)

Cristi is a police officer tasked with the job of following a young man who is smoking marijuana with his friends. Observing the youths’ activities, he begins to question the morality of locking up young people and destroying their lives for essentially harmless activities. As he begins to question the system, he falls down a rabbit hole of bureaucratic absurdity where the letter of the law is to be enforced even when it is wrong. What follows is a Kafkaesque exploration of policing, laws, language, and the state.

**10/19: *The Exiles*** (USA: Kent Mackenzie, 1961: 72 mins)

A few years back we watched Charles Burnett’s long lost, classic student film, *Killer of Sheep* (1981), which explores the harsh realities of an African-American community in the 1970s. *The Exiles* is another long unavailable student film and similarly explores the lives of urban Los Angeles Native Americans over a period of 12 hours. The film is celebrated as an original and powerful document of Native Americans.

**10/26: *13 Assassins*** (Japan/UK: Takashi Miike, 2010: 141 mins)

Miike has been amassing more films directed than anyone else in the

21st century. He is also an important explorer and experimenter (within the confines of a studio system) of genre films. In this film, clearly influenced by Akira Kurasowa’s masterpiece *Seven Samurai* (1954), Miike breaks out all the stops and demonstrates his growing mastery of filmmaking.

**11/2: *The Secret of Kells*** (Ireland/France/Belgium: Tomm Moore & Nora Twomey, 2009: 75 mins)

The selection this semester for the Family Film Series, this is a film that is guaranteed to appeal to viewers of all ages. This is a beautifully animated film that follows a mythic tale of a young boy’s struggle with creativity and intelligence against darkness and violence.

**11/9: *Hands Over the City*** (Italy/France: Francesco Rosi, 1963: 105 mins)

Political film that examines the corrupt schemes that lead to the urban devastation of Naples, Italy (one is reminded of the crime ridden urban wastelands of the 2008 Italian film *Gomorrah*). This film is just as important now for its attempt to examine what happens when money rules politics and how this corruption begins to shape the environments in which we live.

**11/16: *Korkoro*** (France: Tony Gatliff, 2009: 111 mins)

One of my favorite films is Gatliff’s early film *Gadjo Dilo* (1998) about a young man’s search for a legendary singer among the Roma (gypsies) in Romania. That film was a powerful portrait of an exuberant culture: filled with music, food and dancing, even when exploring more serious issues. In *Korkoro*, Gatliff turns to the WWII experiences of the Roma in NAZI occupied France. Sadly, their devastation at the hands of NAZIs in the death camps and the complicity of occupied countries in their round up is often forgotten. Like the earlier film there is a mad ecstasy in the fierce pursuit of a life free from the controls of the state, in this case it comes into full conflict with the NAZI attempt at total

*continued on page 8*



AUGUST 24, 2011

## Frankfort stinks (cont.)

*continued from page 3*

in land speculation, and sold supplies to immigrants using the Ohio as their western interstate. In Limestone, one immigrant account goes, Boone lived on Front Street in “a cabin built out of an old boat.”

“He lived on the Ohio River in a cabin built out of an old boat? Damn,” Wes interjects, impressed. “That’s Harlan Hubbard territory. This is why we need a new Boone movie.”

“I know,” I reply. “The more I read about him, the more convinced I am that Daniel Boone’s not so much a frontiersman as he is a river rat. The Yarkin as a teen, the Saint John’s in his twenties, the Kanawah in his sixties, the Missouri into his eighties. The Big Sandy, the Licking, the Cumberland. The Wataga, the Clinch, the Powell, the Holstein. The list goes on.”

The Boone movie has been a subject of much interest and discussion on previous trips. The basic thesis is this: film has done a disservice in accurately portraying Daniel Boone’s life. Spurred on by nineteenth century depictions of Boone as an exploring beacon of American manifest destiny, a good guy and an Indian fighter, twentieth century cinema has tended to mythologize the explorer as a squeaky clean avatar of American progress. Wes’s idea, in a nutshell, involves an immensely filthy Daniel Boone doing a lot of hiding from the Shawnee in the canebrakes lining the river. Lots of low angle extreme long and medium shots. Silent. The film would feature a physiologically immense but defensively shifty Boone, a man skilled in the un-valorized American art of knowing how and when to cut and run, of knowing when to make friends and when to unceremoniously get the hell out of sight and just hole up in a cave on Hickman Creek for two weeks.

We fall into a familiar line of discussion. “So who do you get to play Boone?”

“Twenty years ago? Busey. Now? I don’t know. Maybe Depp.”

“Depp’s too small. The Boone character needs more heft. The dude was going out on hunts into his eighties.”

“You guys always laugh, but I still think Zach Galifianakis. He’d need to lose a little weight and cut most or all of that beard, but I think he could do it. He’s got heft, a body that can be young and old. Either him or Walter Tunis.”

“Galifianakis doesn’t have the right energy. I say, why stick to one actor. Eric Sutherland can portray the young Boone. Get Gatewood to do the later years.”

“Can they act?”

Shrug. “They’re poets and politicians. What’s the difference?”

“How about Cate Blanchett.”

“That’s a woman.”

“She pulled off a psychedelic Dylan.”

“Yeah, but she’s still got the Depp problem. Too slight. Dylan’s out, too, for that matter.”

“Well who do you get to direct it?”  
In unison: “Werner Herzog.”

Predictably, the dialog works me into a frenzy. Under the gaze of a dead Dan’l Boone looking down from on high, I offer an emphatic rendition from memory of George Washington Ranck’s 1898 ode to our hero king river rat, “The Old Pioneer.” My voice thunders across the banks.

*A dirge for the brave old river rat!  
Knight errant of the water!  
Calmly beneath the green sod here  
He rests from field and flood!*

Catching my drift, Lyle begins adds to my oratory with a delicate singing of the Fleet Foxes “He Doesn’t Know Why,” soon latching exclusively onto the lines “Memory is such a fickle siren song, I didn’t understand” and singing them repeatedly as a sort of round accompaniment to my oration. Our performance ends with a bang, Lyle’s singing increasing in intensity and me, my back to the group, arms

outstretched, shouting up the bluff to dead Dan’l old GW Ranck’s immortal last lines, “An Empire is his sepulcher, His epitaph is Fame!”

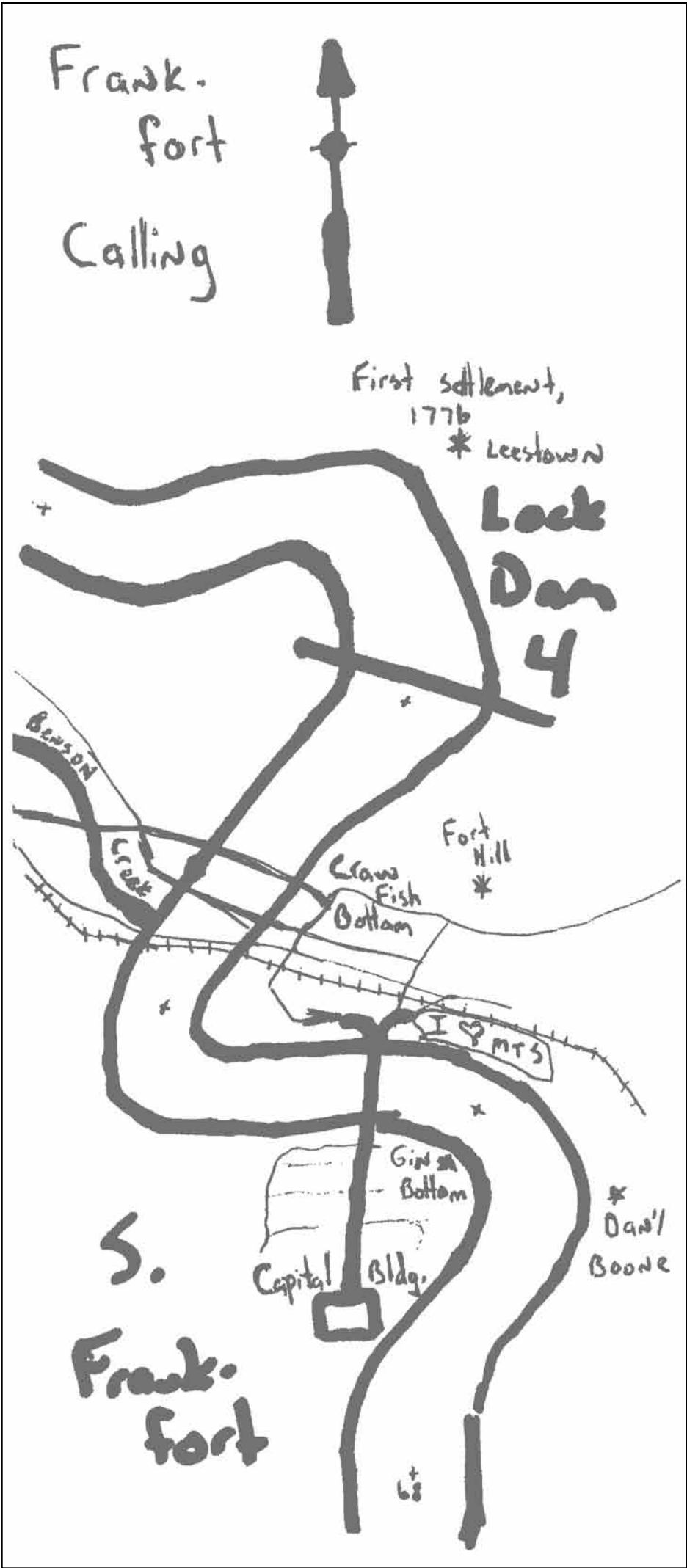
### Flushing into Frankfort

Just as I conclude my sermon in the water, the culverts open up. The rain has remained steady these past 40 minutes and the trickle of water previously emanating from the streets above us suddenly turns torrential. Oil Can’s bulwarks weather the barrage, but Stone’s Otter, beached in the direct line of culvert runoff, threatens to be swamped by the sudden flood of brown and frothy water with a retched odor. We quickly break camp, relaunch onto the water and make the western turn into Frankfort proper. The party re-gathers around our barge and tethers up. As we toast our good fortune, behind us the sky seems to be clearing as we near the Capital Ave Bridge. My mind flashes back to last February, Valentine’s Day, and the large crowd of people who gathered at the small river-front park, visible from the water, tucked into the bridge’s North Frankfort side, soon to cross over the river and flood onto the capital grounds, on their way to greet the Kentucky Rising activists emerging from a weekend occupation of the Governor’s mansion.

Cracking open another round of beers, we silently take in the ten or so other brown streams that have begun noisily flushing into the river on both sides. We try to ignore it for a while, but as the sun starts to re-assert itself in the sky, somebody points out the obvious. Frankfort stinks like shit.

In no time, Troy, Lyle, Wes and Stone untether and make haste for Bridge Street and the Kentucky’s full bend back north, leaving Josh and I, once again, to play catch-up. I take a swig from my beer, a polish varietal named Okacim, and consider the can. Leave it to the humble Poles, I think, to tag their American-bound beer as “O.K. Beer.” What they need, I think as I start to dig in and paddle, are American salesman as skilled as Filson, Ranck and Disney, someone to convince the public that O.K. is good.

*Continued in the next issue. Visit the online version of this article for a link to some campfire songs, including Wes Houp’s “Big Canoe.”*



## Bike Prom! ...to benefit the Living Arts & Science Center

Dance, hula, or rock and roll your bike around downtown Lexington and race (or casually ride) to selected downtown destinations with a provided map. We’ll stamp your dance card at each location and you can join in other prom proceedings—like prom portraits, punch, and spin-the-bottle! Prizes and other special awards will be presented during the afterparty.



We’ll start at the Living Arts & Science Center at 5:30 pm on October, 1 for pre-prom appetizers and to register. The bike “prom” begins at 6:30 pm from the parking lot of the LASC, 362 N. Martin Luther King Blvd., Lexington. You may pre-register with a credit card by calling the LASC at 859-252-5222, or register at the event beginning at 5:30 pm on October 1.

The event is \$8.00 per person and all proceeds benefit the Living Arts & Science Center. The event is open to the public and for all levels of biking experience.

For more information check out the LASC Website, [www.LASCLEX.org](http://www.LASCLEX.org), visit [www.lexrides.com](http://www.lexrides.com), or call the LASC at 859-252-5222.

*Now celebrating their 43rd anniversary, the Living Arts & Science Center is a not-for-profit organization that provides creative and unique opportunities for exploration and education in the arts and sciences. Art galleries, a Discovery gallery, arts and science classes, workshops and fieldtrips are provided year-round for children and adults of all ages. In addition, the Living Arts and Science Center partners with community agencies and organizations to provide free hands-on arts activities at community events and programs and classes for special needs and at-risk students.*



# War on homeless (cont.)

*continued from page 1*

full room of people who had no other place to stay warm and dry. I have also witnessed the Center act as a good neighbor. At a 2010 William Wells Brown neighborhood cleanup event, the majority of the volunteers came on behalf of the Center.

What I fear the councilmembers may be too hasty to consider before implementing a stricter nuisance ordinance is the simple fact that, for many of our poorest citizens, access to the Catholic Action Center—and places like it—is literally a life or death issue. Access can mean the difference between surviving a winter night or dying from hypothermia. A move to shut down the Catholic Action Center, the Community Inn, or similar facilities without first finding alternatives to meet the needs of those who depend on these places would show a cruel disregard for human life.

To Kay’s credit, he twice responded to my questions on his “Steve Kay for Lexington” Facebook page. Kay agreed “that the entire question of services for the homeless needs more attention than it gets,” but he stressed that these services must “be provided in a way that does not negatively impact their neighbors.”

But do the Council Members even recognize those individuals experiencing homelessness as our neighbors, their constituents, and Lexington’s citizens? When councilmembers suggest they have to act on this issue to protect their constituents, they seem to define their constituency based on exclusion: those who have homes are valued and those who don’t are disposable. At least that’s the risk. We risk pitting one community against another.

## Broader disenfranchisement

Many persons experiencing homelessness in Kentucky have been disenfranchised because of prior felonies. A recent move in the United States has been to institute voter ID laws that make it even more difficult for people experiencing homelessness to vote. We risk excluding all persons who experience homelessness from state membership.

Some Kentucky election officials worry about homeless persons packing electoral districts and swinging a vote. Boone County Clerk Kenny Brown has argued that the Secretary of State’s directions to register homeless voters increases the possibility of fraud. A July

26 story from *The Daily Independent* in Ashland, KY, quotes Brown as saying that his office had seen “between three and five” (meaning *four?*) homeless persons register to vote in the past week, but he feared what could happen “if someone walks in with a sack of them.” State Election Task Force co-Chair, Senator Damon Thayer (R-District 17), worries that “a precinct could be packed” and compared the potential to supposed ACORN voter registration fraud. Even while conceding that the likelihood is small, Thayer couldn’t help but be paranoid: “but it could happen, couldn’t it?” Just how significant is this threat? According to LEO Weekly’s FAT LIP blog, of the 93 homeless persons registered to vote in Louisville, two voted in the 2010 election.



Catholic Action Center, on Fifth Street.

Republican nominee for Kentucky Secretary of State Bill Johnson takes Brown and Thayer’s fear one step further, stating, “If an address cannot be determined, then a person should not be allowed to vote. It’s that simple.” Apparently, Brown, who boasts that his 10 years of Navy service demonstrates his dedication to service, feels that his estimated 1,000 homeless veterans in Kentucky should not have the right to vote. In 2011, Republican-controlled legislatures in a host of other states (Alabama, Kansas, Tennessee, Texas, Wisconsin, South Carolina, and Rhode Island) have instituted strict voter ID laws, a twenty-first century equivalent to poll taxes that, as critics note, will make voting more difficult for persons with disabilities and from minority groups.

Kenny Brown, Damon Thayer, and Bill Johnson redefine homeless persons.

Not members of our state who deserve basic rights and services, the homeless, in this view, represent foreign invaders who threaten the democratic system. Of course, it is Brown, Thayer, and Johnson who threaten democracy through their efforts to redefine the state’s constituent members in ways not wholly different from past exclusions in U.S. history. The landmark 1857 Supreme Court decision in *Scott v. Sandford* declared that “[African Americans] are not [constituent members], and that they are not included, were not intended to be included, under the word ‘citizens’ in the Constitution, and can therefore claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides and secures for citizens of the United States.” Sadly, it seems

that some of our politicians and candidates at the state level seek again to implement state power to mete civil death for entire groups of people.

## The Need for Community Discussion

If we are to believe Brown, Thayer, and Johnson, the homeless, it seems, are to be feared. The *Herald-Leader* article on the Catholic Action Center introduces another kind of cultural fear. For students at William Wells Brown Elementary School, they should not have to pass poorly clothed and dirty persons standing at the corner of Fifth and Chestnut. (I think our real fear should be that, with cuts in education and social services, we are producing a generation who might be walking by their own future when they pass the Center.)

At stake for Lexington, for Kentucky, and for our nation is the very definition of what a community is. Will we include all persons in our community and seek solutions that serve everyone, or we will draw boundaries that exclude the most vulnerable of our people? The outcome of this controversy will determine what kind of community Lexington will be. Are we compassionate, or are we callous?

An expanded nuisance ordinance is not an acceptable solution. In fact, such a move would represent nothing more than a short-sighted opening of a legal loophole that could be used in the future to shut down any site of congregation opposed by neighbors. I would hope that by now that common sense and reflection has already led the Council to scrap this idea.

I voted for Steve Kay and Chris Ford because I trusted (and still trust) that they were best intellectually and ideologically equipped (in ways, evidently, that politicians like Brown, Thayer, and Johnson are not) to deal responsibly with the problems that all Lexington residents face. Moreover, I believe Kay when he says these issues deserve further discussion, and I ask that Councilmembers Kay, Ford, Gorton, and Farmer lead the way in these discussions, and that they hold these discussions, not in private with Bishop Gainer, but in the open with all the stakeholders—persons who rely on the Catholic Action Center’s services, neighbors of the Center, Center volunteers, and concerned citizens—allowed to share and participate. I also call on Ginny Ramsey and Judy McLaughlin to stand behind their commitment to being active and responsible neighbors. I am heartened to hear that there have already been productive discussions between neighbors and the Center.

Finally, I call on Lexington’s citizens to make their voices heard on this issue. In the end, will we be defined by our collectiveness or by our callousness? Call or email your representatives in Lexington, Frankfort, and Washington and ask them to work on behalf of all people before they further disenfranchise and dispose of marginalized groups. In the short run, we must act in ways that ensure the continued operation of the Catholic Action Center and remember that human lives are at stake. In the long term, we need to guarantee that those who experience homelessness will be accepted as members of our community and receive the benefits and rights available to them.

# Lee Todd (cont.)

*continued from page 3*

state media outlets declared Todd’s hire a national game-changer, Summers worked at the World Bank, where he authored memos like the one arguing that the U.S. should send more pollution and trash to Africa because cancer deaths there hold less economic value. (Summers has been rewarded for this type of academic-y scholarship with prominent economic positions on “liberal” presidential cabinets, notably for the Clinton and Obama administrations. Meanwhile, his tenure at Harvard was highlighted by a massive failure of his supply-side ideology: his speculative investment decisions cost the the university nearly \$500 million in 2008.)

A native of Earlington, Kentucky, Todd was a late-arriving fourth-rate Larry Summers, O-Town to the Harvard academic’s New Kids on the Block. Away from academia since the early 80s, Todd’s claim to fame, such as it was, lay in his founding two companies, Data Beam and Projectron, while still an electrical engineering professor at UK in the 1970s. Projectron manufactured cathode tubes for commercial and military flight simulators before selling out to Hughes Aircraft Company in 1993. Data Beam specialized in teleconferencing and distance learning software and was sold to IBM at the height of the nineties speculative dot-com boom.

UK hired Todd because he professed a desire to transform the flagship public state university into an efficiently run private corporation. Modeling good business practices, the former CEO practiced laissez-faire leadership. Success meant generating revenue, no matter what. In one breath he could green light a private coal lodge dorm for basketball players on the basis that it had funding, and in the next point out, wistfully, that the school didn’t have a “Green Lodge” because nobody would pay for one. Decisions got made economically: if you can pay for it, you can do it. Moral decrees—intellectual questions of right and wrong, the kind of things universities used to do—never entered his idiotic worldview. In 10 years of leadership, the head of our flagship university made not one intellectual (public) decision. If the market approved, then Todd would, too.

## Toddy’s idiocy made us stupid

It’s incredible how wrong Todd’s ideas have been all along...since Day 1, 10 years ago...and how little this has been reported. The quantitative engineer hasn’t had to address all the quantifiable evidence pointing to the failure of his idiotic ideals. In that he got away with it, Todd’s idiocy made us stupider.

Todd’s story has been that public money put toward a Top 20 university would benefit the state because states with Top 20 universities are smarter,

healthier, better educated and more employable. He repeated the statement so much, the public is apt to find it to be true, which quantifiably it is not. Todd made an incorrect correlation (a lie) that news agencies like the *Herald-Leader* took as fact and disseminated to the public as evidence of success. One result of this, I can say from personal experience, has been that classrooms full of UK college students stupidly accepted this assertion, believing against evidence that their degree would be “worth more” (Todd’s words) when UK achieves Top 20 status.

Meanwhile nobody seems to point out that, for all the Top 20 bluster this past decade, the state hasn’t seen anywhere near the changes Todd promised. And I don’t mean good rankings, abstract metrics that, apparently, the idiots at UK can’t figure out how to rig favorably. Go beyond rankings. Eastern Kentucky continues to depopulate, instructional spending at the college has dropped, women’s life expectancy in the state has dropped, birth defects around mountaintop removal sites (caused by the same coal backers whose money Todd accepted for basketball players) continue to outpace the rest of the nation. These are not symptoms of a healthy state, nor of a successful combating of “Kentucky uglies,” and they are not reducible to a lack of public funding for higher education, despite what that idiot from UK tells you.

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

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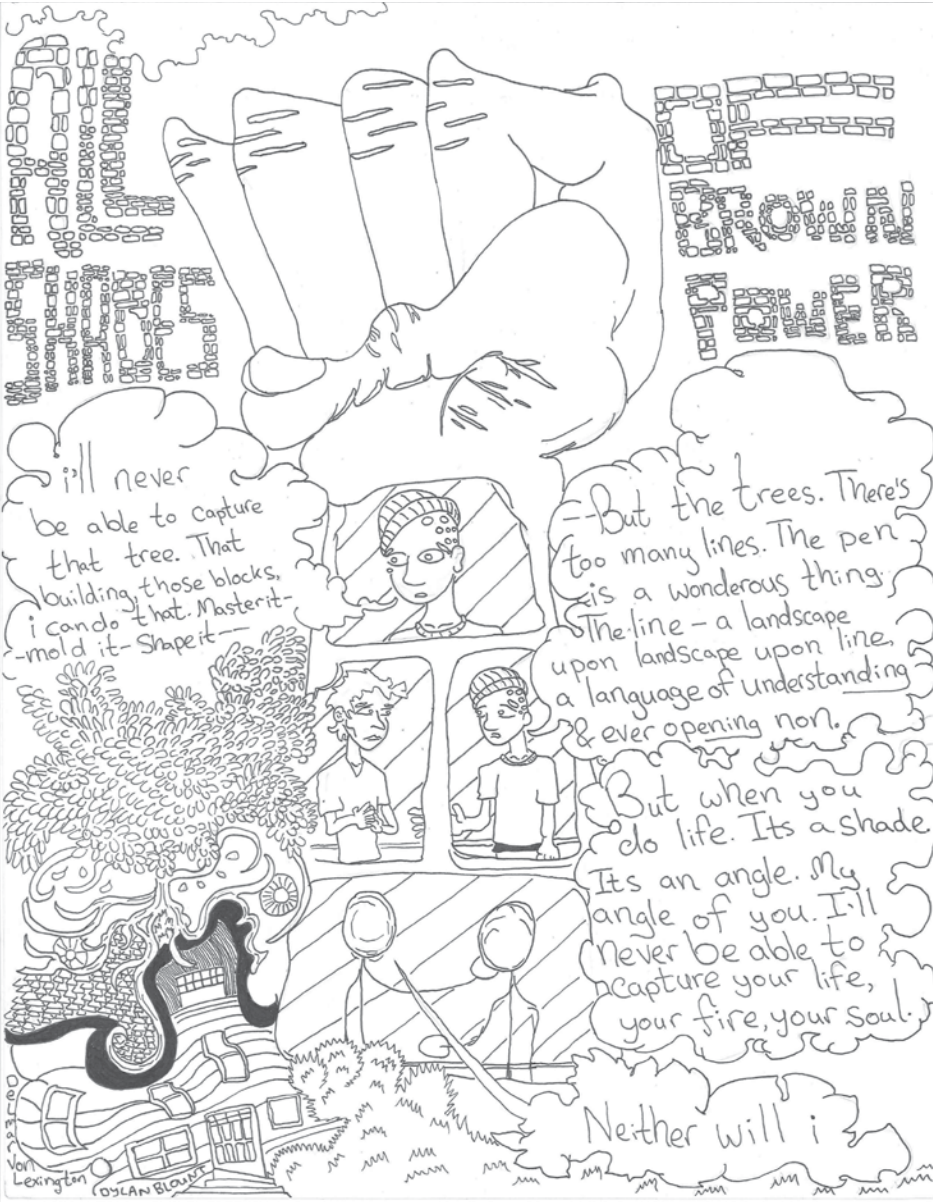
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Delmar von Lexington

Dylan Blount



Fall film schedule (cont.)

continued from page 5

start discussing the dangers of fascism.

domination. “Korkoro” is the Roma word for Freedom.

**11/23:** *The Great Dictator* (USA: Charles Chaplin, 1940: 125 mins)

Chaplin knew that the powerful fear ridicule and, with that in mind, he put his creativity into a portrait of the absurdity of fascist dictators. This is a film that you can bring the whole family to see and it is never too early to

**11/30:** *Black Moon* (France: Louis Malle, 1975: 100 mins)

After his success with *Lacombe Lucien* (1974) which caused a serious controversy over its French protagonist collaborating with the NAZIs, Malle turned to this surrealist experiment. Described as an apocalyptic, sensual, *Alice in Wonderland* and celebrated for the beauty of its shots, this is a film that can’t really be explained, it just has to be experienced.

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