

UK's most dangerous moment

A self-guided walk/bike tour of scenes from the last Lexington revolution



Students rally at the University of Kentucky. Photo by Rick Bell.

By Guy Mendes

In contrast to the Greatest Generation, which saved the world from the Nazis and the Fascists, the crowd of students who hit their college years in the late Sixties was what you might call the Provocative Generation. They prodded and poked and pissed off a lot of people in order to help us understand that war was not the answer. They were part of a nation-wide movement not only because their lives were in the balance, but also because the American Dream had been exposed as a myth that hid the dual-headed beast of racism and militarism.

These Provocateurs were in middle school or high school when JFK was assassinated. They were in college when MLK and RFK were gunned down. They were turning 18 when that meant, if you were a male, you could be drafted into the army and sent to Vietnam, where many people on both sides were being killed in a senseless, brutal war. They were just beginning to vote when Washington was burning and race riots consumed Los Angeles, Detroit and Chicago. And they were about to graduate from UK when they heard that antiwar protesters had been killed by National Guard troops at Kent State. Tin soldiers and Nixon's coming, four dead in Ohio. It can't happen here, right?

During the weekend of October 28-30, Lexingtonians are advised to be on the lookout for roving bands of hippie-dippie peaceniks, pinkos, radicals and bleeding heart liberals who have conspired to convene in Lexington during the last weekend of the month. This loose-knit band of sixty-somethings is re-grouping 41 years after some of them put Lexington and the burning UK Air Force ROTC Building in their rear-view mirrors. Others among them have been living here all along, quietly thinking their leftist thoughts, waiting for the next chance to march in the streets.

Saturday, they'll gather at the downtown YMCA (239 East High Street) at 10 A.M. for a walking/biking tour of their provocative past. Come join them on their tour, then head on down to Occupy Lexington to hear some of their stories.

Can't make it then? No problem. Keep reading to learn more. In the meantime, if you encounter someone Questioning Authority, or asking What's so funny about peace, love and understanding?, approach carefully, flash the peace sign and say, Right On!

Turn to page 9 for an informative and healthy walking/biking tour of Lexington's last revolt.

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Heirloom vegetable punk'd

The case of the Gilo Black Stem

By BOB McKinley

I'm a restless gardener, and a bit of a dilettante in the vegetable patch. I get bored growing the same things year after year, and with the exception of some tried and true heirlooms like Sara Black tomatoes, I'm always looking for something exotic to shake things up. So in the cold and gloom of deep winter, when the gardening itch is just starting to stir from its hibernation, I scour the seed catalogs for vegetable inspiration. My wife calls it Garden Porn. I've found heirloom treasures that originate from all over the world. Belarus, Sri Lanka, Korea, Russia, India, and a host of vegetables from right here in the good old USA.

Last winter a seed saving acquaintance from Pennsylvania contacted me about a rare African eggplant she had come across. Being aware of my

propensity for the unusual, she wanted to give me first crack at the seeds. The eggplant was called Gilo Black Stem and purportedly originated from Uganda. She described it as tasting similar to cooked carrots. An eggplant that tastes like carrots? Sign me up.

In the gloom of March

In the deep and abiding gloom of March, I planted my little African pals in their cell trays, hooked up the grow lights and waited with much impatience. By the time spring and warmth had arrived my Gilo was about 3 inches tall and I couldn't wait to put them in the ground. But eggplant demands warm weather (just a few days of temps in the 50s can stunt the plant, retard fruit production, or even kill it) and with our inherently fickle climate I had

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Squash the state!

Food Not Bombs returns to Lexington

By Dave Cooper

Lexington Food Not Bombs is back, feeding the public delicious and healthy free food every Wednesday at 5:30 in front of the downtown public library in Phoenix Park.

Organizer Melody Millage, 22, who works at Magee's Bakery, got the idea to start a Lexington Food Not Bombs group after talking with

Tates Creek High grad John O'Shea over coffee at Common Grounds, and they have now been serving meals in Lexington for several months.

Most of the food served is donated from the Lexington Farmer's Market, along with random donations: At a recent dinner a man rode up on a classic red Schwinn bicycle, opened his

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Melody in action. Photo by Dave Cooper.

North of Center fundraiser 11/1

NoC Staff Report

On Tuesday, November 1, *North of Center* is hosting several parties in hopes of raising funds to continue operations into the next year. Yeah, we're asking for your hard-earned do re mi. In *NoC* fashion, some of these fundraisers are FREE to attend, while others aren't even fundraisers at all so much as they are communal sing-alongs sent out over the public wire.

Without further ado, the three-pronged *NoC* winter fundraiser, a celebration of public transmissions. Please join us at some or all of these events. Things are so much more fun with crowds.

Public watersheds

Rat Shed Radio
6:00-8:00 P.M., *Homegrown Press (N. Limestone and 6th)*

Rat Shed Radio will feature songs and narratives of the Kentucky River watershed that have appeared in *North of Center*. Part literary-happening, part concert (and all fundraiser), Rat Shed will feature the words and songs of Wes Houpp, Warren Byrom, Beth Connors-Manke, Chris Sullivan, Gortimer T. Spotts, Dan'l Boone, and George Washington Ranck.

Fat-cat admission price of \$25 will net you an intimate show and a proletarian serving of soup and bread. Purchase ticket by going to our webpage and "donating" \$25 or more, then emailing confirmation to editor at Mayer.Danny@gmail.com. (Donation link found under "Resources" on right hand side of page.) Contact editor with any questions. Show starts at 6:30 sharp.

Public air waves

Flying Kites at Night feat. John Hartford
8:30-9:30 P.M., *WRFL*

Don't have the do re mi to attend Rat Shed Radio but want to feel connected? Not located in town but wanting to get in on the action? A supporter of all things public radio? A 99er sitting out at JP Morgan? We want you in on the fun, too. Log onto the WRFL website or turn your dial all the way to the left (88.1) between 8:30-9:30 to hear one of the best to ever do re mi about boats and rivers and radios and radios on boats on rivers. *NoC* editor Danny Mayer will play back-to-back half hour sets of John Hartford tunes. (For more info on the Hartford radio hour, turn to our music page.)

Public music-making

Open Mike
8:00 P.M.-until closing, *Al's Bar (N. Limestone and Sixth)*

Al's Bar regularly hosts an open mic on Tuesday nights. This Tuesday night, it will be an open mic/*NoC* fundraiser. Admission is still free. Music is still open to all. High Lifes and PBRs are still 2-for-1. You can still bring your guitar, mandolin, fiddle or stomp box.

Here's what's different: Danny's 9:00-9:30 set of Hartford tunes will be blasted over the airwaves throughout the bar; *NoC* will have a merch table throughout the night; and Wes Houpp and other stars of Rat Shed Radio may make an appearance to sing songs of solidarity and the river.

Give what you can—every dollar counts—but please also *show up*, engage, have fun and join in a night of river-talking, radio-transmitting, and music-making.

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A trip to Bluegrass Tavern

By Matt Sullivan

We were at that state of inebriation where you feel vacuous and bubbly, like you might float away if you don't try hard to stay on the ground, when we passed Soundbar. That wasn't our destination this night. The three of us would most certainly return to our safe haven, but not this early. Right now we were trying something new, for me anyways. Something different to ruffle the routine we had fallen into for our weekend fun.

Sauntering down Limestone, my boyfriend, our friend who I will refer to as E, and I ran in to a drunken foreshadowing of what I presumed was to come. Two large, hairy, drunk men were bumbling down the sidewalk speaking to each other and assaulting girls on the opposite sidewalk with dazed walrus grunts. The girls would look over, first at us, and then seeing that there was no way the three of us could produce those noises, at the two guys stumbling near us. The responses varied. Some girls howled back in appreciation. Others just laughed to their friends and kept walking. Some pretended they didn't hear. They asked us where McCarthy's was and my boyfriend said something to them, but I kept walking. He's more polite than I am.

Passing the horse pasture in the middle of downtown and turning down Main street brought us to our, to my, new experience. The Bluegrass Tavern was wedged in between a few other bars filling the Fifth Third Pavilion. Out front was an expansive seating area roped off and half filled with patrons. Inside would be a world completely foreign to my own. A world filled with wonder and maybe more walruses. Who knew? I didn't. What lay before me was the antithesis to my own version of night life; this was a place that harbored bitter drinks and odd people.

This was a straight bar. The bouncer stamped our hands, which diverged from Soundbar's row of eleven "doormen" checking everyone's ID every time they wished to enter. I felt childish almost. The stamp reminded me of a club I had gone to in Louisville when I was a fresh 18 years old. The club was packed with other 18 year olds and smelled like sweat and

puke. I never went back. We went in to BGT and walked immediately to the bar. Which, after looking around, I found was all you could do. The place was dimly lit by yellow incandescent lights. The bar was made of some nice dark wood, cherry maybe—I don't know woods. The bartenders reminded me of soda shop boys. They had on white collared button ups and towels slung over their shoulders. One entire wall was a mirror that reflected the yellow light giving the whole room a cozy, amber glow. You could sit along the bar or use one of the barrels surrounded by stools in the front of the place as a seating area. We chose a barrel and pulled up stools and... sat. I looked around the bar expecting to find something to do, but everyone else was just... sitting. They were talking amongst their groups, seeming to have a good time. If there was music, I couldn't hear it over the voices of everyone else, which was strange because I didn't see any mouths moving.

The bartenders moved efficiently, flowing from one area to the next handing out drinks and taking cash in return. All the people standing around the bar seemed calm, just talking with their friends or silently standing, waiting for something to sip on. Watching all of them I noticed that none of them that I saw were watching anyone else. The guys didn't seem to be staring up any of the pretty girls. The girls, likewise, just seemed to drink and text and giggle with each other. Then I noticed that the two sexes were, for the most part, separated. Groups of girls and guys were scattered throughout the bar and on occasion an individual from each group would leave the group and like satellites would orbit the other groups, sometimes bumping in to the opposite gender and striking up conversation. They would always retreat back to their groups, though. Even when a group of guys and girls came together, they didn't seem to talk to each other.

A group of four, three guys and girl, pulled up stools to a barrel next to ours. The girl in this group started to drag a chair from across the bar over to their barrel so she would have something to place her purse on. E politely offered one of the stools that she had placed her possessions on, but the girl

seemed so shocked by E's suggestion that she babbled out a response about how she didn't want to place her purse on their barrel with all of the guys sitting around. The wide eyed doe decided to take E's stool after some hesitation. When she returned to her group, she sat in silence while the guys all chatted around her.

As the night wore on and the place got busier, I saw more characters. A group of girls walked in wearing matching black dresses and one had on a tiara. They strolled in and were lost to the crowd. After the princesses walked in came a perfectly normal looking guy. He had on some blue jeans and a fluffy grey hoodie. My boyfriend stared at him, perplexed, for a moment. Then he made the comment, "I don't understand why people come out dressed like that. I mean, come on. It's a hoodie. People should have more class." At this I smiled at E and she giggled, I looked down at the hoodie I was wearing, looked at my boyfriend and patiently waited, still grinning. After a few moments he realized what I was wearing and apologized profusely. "I didn't mean that about you. I promise. You know I wasn't talking about you, right?" These apologies continued even after we left and were walking to Soundbar later that night. I kissed his cheek and he calmed down.

His comment, though, really did heighten what I already could feel in BGT. Everyone there was relaxed.

Squash! (cont.)

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daypack and withdrew a gigantic five pound bag of uncooked elbow macaroni to donate.

Millage typically surveys her food donations for the week, and then tries to make meals out of what she has. For example, she recently typed "mangoes, onions, apples and apple cider vinegar" into Google and found a delicious recipe. Another day's offerings included breaded eggplant, an amazing pesto pasta, beans and rice and veggies, green beans, and chocolate pudding.

Food Not Bombs is vegetarian and vegan-based, and the folks who line up every Wednesday at 5:30 are polite and appreciative of the good home-cooked food: "I'm tired of fat and sugar. I just want some healthy food," says one. Another says: "I'd love to try some of that eggplant! Thank you, thank you... and I want some of them too."

One man returns with an empty plate and points to a tray half-filled with breaded eggplant. "Can I have the rest of them?" he asks, half-jokingly. Millage laughs, "No, we gotta let everyone have some."

The line moves pretty quickly. "You want some beans and rice? Want some eggplant? It's gonna be really good!"

"You want everything?" Millage asks one patron. "Yes, Ma'am!" he replies. "Y'all be blessed, all right?" Down the serving line, O'Shea and Nash Whaley pour water from three mason jars into plastic cups. "Is that moonshine?" One man asks, again half-jokingly. "No, just water," replies O'Shea.

Getting radicalized

O'Shea explained how he got radicalized: "It started with my political beliefs in high school. I got arrested three years ago for using my cell phone in high school...they called it 'Disorderly Conduct'...and I thought, if this is what a legitimate system looks like, I'd hate to see an illegitimate system." Looking to find like-minded people in Lexington, O'Shea tried to start a collective, but said that it "never had any members besides me." Finally he met Millage through the local folk and punk scene.

Whaley, who has volunteered with Food Not Bombs in his native Louisville, calls himself a Libertarian Socialist, and is a freshman Russian

Except for me, I was rigid on my stool, like a gargoyle, a gaygoyle if you will, watching studying everyone around. People wore what they wanted and enjoyed the leisurely experience for what it was. At my alma mater, Soundbar, what you wear, how you act, seems to be constantly scrutinized. The floor in Soundbar is not merely a floor, but a runway. Catwalking it down those alleyways between couches and up steps, or losing it on the tightly packed dance floor, is dangerous business for those less inclined to care about clothes and appearances (like me).

This, I think, has less to do with the pretentiousness of Soundbar and more with the reason you go to a place like Soundbar or BGT. In my experience, you go to be seen at Soundbar. You are putting on a show for everyone else. At BGT, there is no show. You go with your friends and stay with your friends. At Soundbar the place feels more like a group, like classmates almost, because chances are, if you go to Soundbar, you don't go anywhere else and you go there regularly. This creates familiar faces and familiar faces are family. Although, I'm sure BGT has its own regulars. I saw things that weren't foreign, but felt foreign, at BGT. Why? I don't know. Perhaps people are just different. We try really hard to be politically correct and show how we're all the same, but we aren't and the differences in bars are enough to show that. I don't know. They were just silly observations.

major at UK. He joined the Lexington Food Not Bombs effort after seeing a flier in Common Grounds.

Food Not Bombs is a radical organization. Operating in over a thousand cities around the world, it believes in the radical concept that more money should be spent on feeding people and less on the military.

"Food is a right, not a privilege" is their anti-war cry. "We are taking non-violent direct action to create a world free from domination, coercion and violence. With over a billion people going hungry each day how can we spend another dollar on war?"

The combination of the economic downturn and Millage's delicious food seems to be generating larger crowds in Phoenix Park. Meanwhile, Park Plaza residents have been growing more vocal in expressing their concerns about the number of people who spend much of their day sitting and sleeping in Phoenix Park.

Park Plaza resident Frances Barker wrote in a recent [Sept 28] letter to the Herald-Leader: "When the well-meaning churches come to hand out food to the needy, why can they not take them over to the courthouse lawn? When they need to use the restroom, they use the bushes...I know that the homeless deserve consideration and care, but so do the residents of the downtown area."

Millage is optimistic that local Lexington police will leave Food Not Bombs to feed local people in peace. So far, there have been no problems. "The police don't bother us because we clean up our mess when we leave," says Millage.

But this past June in Orlando, the Disneyfied city arrested 21 Food Not Bombs members for feeding people in public parks. Orlando Mayor Buddy Dyer called them "food terrorists."

Millage welcomes more Lexington volunteers to come and serve food at Phoenix Park. Currently she is spending about \$20 per week out of her own pocket to purchase miscellaneous food items, cups, plates and utensils. She also seeks volunteers to help transport food to the park. "Eating is a right, not a privilege," she says.

If you'd like to donate food or get involved with Lexington Food Not Bombs, come by Phoenix Park on Wednesday at 5:30 or email melodyxvx@yahoo.com

Monster weather

By Jack Stevenson

The biggest bang since humans started recording their history occurred when the volcanic Mount Tambora in the Indonesian island chain erupted on April 5, 1815. The eruption was a monster. Several cubic miles of molten lava and rock were blasted five miles high, maybe higher. The noise was heard more than a thousand miles from the volcano.

The volcanic dust began a journey around the earth filtering the sunlight and causing abnormally cool summer temperatures. But the maximum impact occurred the following year. People called 1816 the "year without summer." There was famine in China because the cold weather caused crop failure and because of extensive flooding. Abnormal rains in India caused a cholera epidemic that spread north as far as Russia.

Snow fell in June in eastern Canada and the northeastern United States. Lakes and rivers froze in Pennsylvania in July. Crops failed. Oats—fuel for horses—increased in price enormously,

the equivalent, today, of a \$2.50 gallon of gasoline rising in price to \$19.00. There was an extensive migration of people from the northeastern U.S. to what was then called the "Northwest Territory," an area that included Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Eleven-year-old Joseph Smith and his family were uprooted by the volcanic eruption and began a westward trek. Their first stop was an area of New York where there was intense religious activity at that time. Joseph Smith's journey eventually ended in Utah where he led followers of the Mormon religion.

Europeans also experienced abnormally cold and wet summer weather. A group of friends went to Lake Geneva, Switzerland, in the summer of 1816 intending to enjoy boating on the lake. The persistent cold rain forced them inside where they entertained themselves telling ghost stories. Someone suggested that they each write a scary story, a contest to see who could write the scariest story. Mary Shelley wrote *Frankenstein*.

Happy Halloween.

Castlewood Neighborhood Association
Annual Potluck / Officers Election
Thursday, October 27
6:30 pm at the Loudoun House

Those fabled canelands

Frankfort to Elkhorn: an imaginative stretch

Editor’s note: The conclusion to the 5-part, dual-author recounting of a 2-night mid-summer float on the Kentucky River. The Slackwater Paddle-venturists have rounded Frankfort, passed through Lock 4 and encamped at Steamboat Hollow, where the current author was visited by the ghost of Colonel George Morgan Chinn.

By Wes Houp

Lyle arose early, started coffee, browned sausage, chopped onions, garlic, and dropped another carmen in the pan. The smell of sizzling pork wafted through each tent, and by 7:30 the camp was alive. I sat up in the tent for several minutes and thought it best to sit on last night’s encounter a little longer. After breakfast, we started to disassemble our constellation of tents, tarps and gear and pack kit and caboodle back into dry bags for the next leg. In the bottom of my kitchen bag I found a dog-eared copy of *Kentucky: Settlement and Statehood, 1750-1800*, by George Morgan Chinn. “Whose book?” I held it up for all to see.

“Not mine, but I’ll take it if you want.” Danny examined the cover and opening it to the title page announced, “Hey, man, this is an autographed copy.” Sure enough, there was Colonel Chinn’s signature. “A signed copy. You know, this book is out of print now. Better take good care. It looks like someone’s marked the important stuff.” I stuffed the book back in the bag, chalked its strange appearance and my strange encounter up to too much hootch, hauled my load back down to the canoe, and we pushed off en masse by 10:30.

The long float

Out on the mainstream, it was only a matter of minutes before Troy, Danny, and I were in the water, floating on our backs like sluggish, hairless sea otters, our boats tethered to our PFDs. You don’t make good time floating, but it sure beats late-July heat. Seeing and hearing our gesticulations of sheer joy, within fifteen

minutes Gary, Lyle, and Josh joined us in our float.

One of my favorite quotes from Daniel Boone goes like this: “I explored for the love of nature, I’ve opened the way for others to make fortunes, but a fortune for myself was not what I was after.” It’s hard not to imagine an evolution of experience from Boone’s pioneering endeavors to our suspension in embryonic bliss. Boone suffered manifold perils and hardships so that one day, some two hundred plus years later, our fortune could be to drift carelessly down Central Kentucky’s aorta.

About a mile downstream, we swam over to the cascading mouth of some unnamed, spring-fed rivulet cutting a deep, narrow trough through the bank. We sat for a while in the cool, clear waters, listening to the soothing gurgle, and Danny climbed his way up the trough to note the lay of the land. He returned only a few minutes later holding the blade and stem of a rusted hoe. “Nothing of particular note up there. I brought you this agri-artifact, though, Wes.” To my approving grin, he tossed the aged implement in the bow of my canoe. What was Boone’s idea of bliss but a spacious, uncongested land, where a man might “tickle the soil with a hoe, and she would laugh you a bountiful harvest.” Consulting the maps, we decided to mount up and paddle another two miles to Grindstone Creek for midday snack.

“The Fabled Canelands”

The creek and towhead were part of the typical Kentucky River set. The creek itself was bone-dry, the rocky bar large enough to ground canoes and stretch legs. The foot of an old concrete ramp jutted out onto the bar, but the majority of its length had succumbed to the ever-shifting silts of time. Just above the bar, set back 30 yards from the bank, a small but dense canebrake obscured approach from higher ground. On any given stretch of river, canebrakes are also part of the standard set. But this one was different from all others I’ve experienced. This cane was as fat as a man’s arm at

its base with each stalk reaching up 30 to 40 feet in height, reminiscent of those fabled canebrakes of Boone and Harrod lore. In the mid to late 18th century, when scouts and surveyors first made entrance into Central Kentucky, they marveled at the vast and seemingly impenetrable stands of cane, and understood its proliferation as a sign of the region’s incredible fertility. Standing amid such towering and gracefully uniform flora, I was reminded of Felix Walker’s account of entering Kentucky’s interior with Boone in March of 1775. They had camped for a night on the Rockcastle River, killed a bear for dinner, and then proceeded northwesterly:

“On leaving that river, we had to encounter and cut our way through a country of about twenty miles, entirely covered with dead brush, which we found a difficult and laborious task. At the end of which we arrived at the commencement of a cane country, traveled about thirty miles through thick cane and reed, and as the cane ceased, we began to discover the pleasing and rapturous appearance of the plains of Kentucky.”

We idled for a while in the rustling stalks, dwarfed by their reach, humbled in their shade, and imagined harrowing scenes of elusion and escape from angry natives by those early woodsmen, both pursued and pursuers having long since passed beyond the Kentucky River valley to the great unknown. After an hour or so, we made our break for Elkhorn.

Up on Elkhorn

Elkhorn Creek means many things to many people. Geologists might recognize the Elkhorn as an abandoned channel of the Kentucky, a deeply etched, oxbow memory of a restless, primordial river. Historians, like Col. Chinn, might recognize the creek as cultural genesis when, in 1775, “a party of men from Fort Harrod, camping on a branch of Elkhorn Creek in present-day Fayette County, on hearing of the first battle of the war at Lexington, Massachusetts, immediately dubbed



Those fabled canelands.

their campsite Lexington, and vowed to see a city there someday” or when the Bryans settled in the fall of 1779 and formed Bryan’s Station on the North Elkhorn, just five miles north of Lexington. For T. Dionysius Clark, Elkhorn was “the aristocrat of the Kentucky’s branches.” Its forks and mainstream flow through some of the richest land in the state, and not surprisingly some of the commonwealth’s wealthiest families claimed its banks for their provincial dynasties.

Poets, like Whitman, might see in its waters one vision of American democratic identity and spirit, “A Kentuckian walking the vale of the Elkhorn in my deer-skin leggings...,” and painters, like Paul Sawyer, might see the reflection of a lover, Mamie Bull, in dreamlike, summer idyll. John Filson, in *The Discovery, Settlement and Present State of Kentucke* (1784), identified the Elkhorn as “a small river which empties into Kentucke...about fifty miles long, and fifty yards broad at the mouth.” For us, it was still unexplored territory and the end of our journey.

We approached head-on from Elkhorn Bend on the opposite bank of the Kentucky. Even at the mouth,

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Heirloom (cont.)

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to restrain myself until June. By this time the plants were six inches tall and had already begun to distinguish themselves from the other Sri Lankan and Asian eggplants I had started.

Living up to its name, the stem of the Gilo had indeed begun to turn a distinctive shade of very dark brown, if not quite black. The stem also seemed to be thicker and denser than the other ones I was growing. The leaf structure was nearly identical, but the color of the foliage was a bit more yellowish.

And, even better, the small plants seemed to be slightly resistant to the bane of all eggplant: the Flea Beetle.

A quick aside about Flea Beetle management

Flea beetles will flock to an eggplant and immediately begin devouring

it, so even a tiny bit of added vigor in this department goes a long way. The best trick I’ve ever picked up came from John Walker, a founding member of Faith Feeds. If you’ve been engaged in the Lexington gardening community at all, you probably know John. If you’re growing vegetables and you don’t know John, you need to. He hosts the Edible Garden Series, an invaluable learning resource for novice and expert gardeners alike. (Find out more about John through the Faith Feeds Facebook page.)

John discovered that if you raise the tiny eggplants high off the ground during their formative stage, you can fend off the flea beetle until they are ready to be transplanted into the ground. This pest free window is crucial to getting the eggplant off to a good start. Undamaged plants take root and grow faster than ones that have been

ravenously chewed up by pests.

John made a makeshift shelf for his plants that beats using pesticides any day. He simply used five gallon buckets and boards. The theory is that a flea beetle can only jump so high, so get it high enough so the little pests can’t reach it. From observation, between 3 and 5 feet seems like a good range for the height. (Once your tender eggplant is in the ground, use Food-Grade Diatomaceous Earth to control pests. It’s effective, completely free of chemicals, and will not hurt animals if they get into it.)

Back to the story at hand

In June, I put four Gilo Black Stem eggplants in a single raised bed at the Crossing Church off of Todds Road. In-Feed uses this bed for vegetables we want to grow in isolation so we can save pure seed. Ninety-five percent of what I grow is Heirloom and therefore open-pollinated. You cannot put two or more of the same variety of vegetable in one location without the risk of cross pollination. If you save seed, you don’t want your Sweet Italian Frying Pepper turned into a volcanic tongue burner by his neighbor the Habanero.

Alongside the Gilo, I put in four Belarus Orange tomato plants to help shade the smaller eggplants from our typically brutal afternoon sun. Along with peppers, eggplant are often well served by the shade from taller plants or man-made sunbreaks.

After a month of watering, fending off flea beatles and providing an abundance of care, the Gilo Black Stem was already three feet tall and the branches were producing tiny purple flowers. The plant has a growth habit similar to Okra, with the main stem and branches



Bitter fruit.

tending to shoot more or less straight up, giving the whole mass of the plant a tall and skinny profile. At this point the five foot tall plants required staking. The stems are very sturdy and resistant to breaking in the face of high winds and storms, but they will fall over given enough of a push by Mother Nature.

Another month of watering, watering and even more watering in the midst of an unrelenting hot and dry spell saw the budding of tiny yellow fruit. The little round eggplant started off pale yellow and about two inches wide. More flowers were coming on every day, and it looked like there would be a bumper crop of Gilo. I couldn’t wait to taste this carrot doppelgänger on my plate.

In early August I had my first handful of the mature red eggplant. They looked very much like blood red cherry tomatoes, and almost every person I showed them off to, made the same erroneous guess. Now all I needed to do was chow down.

Bitter fruit and a global eggplant hunt

Quite frankly, they were so bitter it was like trying to eat aspirin. Eggplant can have a tendency to be naturally bitter... but there is bitter and then there is EVIL. So, I went back to my seed source who confessed she had never prepared the eggplant herself and had merely assumed the description she had been given from her source to be accurate. Some ethnic cuisine calls for bitterness, so I set out to determine if the bad flavor problem was a result of my poor culinary skills—or a lack of some key spice or special ingredient.

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John Hartford's kinfolk

By Danny Mayer

John Hartford is one among a generation of artists—Kentuckians Hunter S. Thompson, Ed McClanahan, and Gurney Norman among them—who came of age during the 1950s, soaked in the cultural and social upheavals of the 1960s in hippy-dippy California as relative (and relatively old) unknowns, and then proceeded, in the early Seventies, to produce some of the most thoroughly saturated “Sixties” works one could ever hope to encounter.

In 1971, for example, Thompson’s *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* appeared in the iconic ‘60s startup *Rolling Stone* magazine. That same year McClanahan’s “Greatful Dead I Have Known” hit the Playboy stands. Ditto for Norman’s *Divine Right’s Trip*, subtitled *A novel of the counterculture*, which began to run serially in the back-to-the-earth publication *The Whole Earth Catalog*.

For the song and dance man John Hartford, 1971 brought the release of *Aereo-Plain*, an album best described as a perfect expression of counter-cultural bluegrass music. The sound was a distillation of Hartford’s teenage years, when he played old time fiddle and banjo music and late night radio beamed far away country music into his bedroom, and a Sixties decade spent

as a small-time radio DJ and, later, as a witty but otherwise undistinguished California folkie with a banjo.

Stylistically, *Aereo-Plain* is more *Divine Right’s Trip* than *Fear and Loathing*. The album comes cloaked in the counterculture and youthful hippie vigor of the era, but like *Divine Right’s Trip* things seem mostly to veer away from California and towards the country, toward roots and history and age. The cover features a head shot of a long-haired, bearded John Hartford, a pair of old-timey Aereo-Plain goggles swallowing his cheeks and forehead. The songs are peopled with a love generation dispersed from the California hippy ghettos to the heartlands. Roving hippies stumble upon the hills and good friends pledge each other their theoretical marijuana stashes. Even the playfully nostalgic “Back in the Goodle Days” takes place around a garbage dump where joints, wine and “anything good from on down the line” circulate freely. Geographically, things seem closer to Monterey on the Kentucky River than Monterey on the Pacific Coast.

Moving east, growing young

Critics cite *Aereo-Plain* as ground zero for the newgrass movement with good reason. It fused the more conservative old school bluegrass traditions

of Hartford’s youth and the feel-hippy adventure-seeking wit and punch he encountered as a studio musician playing at the height of the 1960s acid rock craze. Even his Aereo-Plain band, new-school long-hairs Norman Blake and Randy Scruggs and old-school short-hairs Vassar Clements and Tut Taylor, split generationally down the middle.

As with Gurney Norman, as he aged John Hartford would steadily move away from California hippiedom. Soon after finishing his landmark album, the singer would become a river boat pilot and take to plying the Cumberland and the Illinois and the Tennessee and the Mississippi Rivers with a boat full of hippies for a crew. He would return to recording five years later a visually changed bard, lyrically trading the grand narratives of the 1960s for the

small wonders of a timeless life spent on the river. (Coincidentally, his transformation album, Mark Twang, came a year before the 1977 publication of Norman’s *Kinfolks*.)

By the time I first saw him, a couple years before his death in the late 1990s in rural West Georgia at a structure calling itself Hoofers Restaurant and Gospel Barn, Hartford’s visage had changed considerably from his Aereo-Plain days. Now with short hair, shaved and bespectled, Hartford stood stooped over his fiddle, a bowler hat replacing his flight goggles. Surrounding him, a quartet of young musicians played old time string music into a single shared microphone. His voice weathered and weak, Hartford mostly talked his way through what became, essentially, oral histories of life on the river with some kickass musical accompaniment.

Turn your radio on! Hartford on WRFL, Al’s Bar

Turn your radio on and listen to the music in the air

In addition to being a crack fiddler, picker and riverboat pilot, John Hartford also had a voice for radio. Having worked as a DJ early in his career, Hartford penned and covered a variety of radio-themed songs. On Tuesday, November 1, beginning at 8:30 PM Danny Mayer will play two half-hour sets of John Hartford music on WRFL’s Flying Kites at Night program as a celebration of public radio and public ways of communication. You are invited to Al’s Bar for open-mike night, where the second set of the John Hartford Radio Hour, beginning at 9:00 P.M. sharp, will be played live over the loud speakers. Admission is free. The event is also part of our *North of Center* fundraiser, so expect mild and friendly panhandling, and a merch table.

Drop by Al’s and have some fun, tune in to WRFL (88.1 in the Lexington area), or log into the WRFL homepage to listen in live on the show. Or organize your own Turn your radio on! party and contact Danny Mayer at Mayer.Danny@gmail.com so he can give you a solidarity shout-out on the radio.



John Hartford, AereoPlain.

Heirloom (cont.)

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The first place I went was the African-Caribbean Market in Eastland Shopping Center. The folks there were fantastic, but unfortunately they had never seen my eggplant before. They were convinced I had a cherry tomato, until I peeled back the skin to reveal the white mass inside. They set out, with much enthusiasm, to contact some customers they knew from Uganda and the neighboring regions.

Turns out there is a Gilo grown in that area of Africa, but it is much larger, is egg shaped, and starts off green (which is its edible stage) before turning red.

There was one valuable clue gleaned from their detective work. Gilo was taken from Africa during colonization and through the slave trade became a popular vegetable in Brazil. Aha. I must have some Brazilian relative of the original Gilo on my hands.

So, being the old geezer that I am, I reluctantly made use of that

new-fangled internet machine to research Brazilian Gilo. Lacking basic internet search skills, it took me awhile to find out that the eggplant is spelled with a J in Brazil. Alas, the Brazilian Jilo was exactly like the one the proprietors at African-Caribbean Market had described to me. And just like that I was back to square one. Further scouring of the internet revealed no pertinent information.

At this point, I brought some of the Gilo to a Faith Feeds meeting and showed it off. Mary Powell, a board member, was excited to see the little red mystery fruit. It seems she had seen the plant in one of her catalogs. Mary is quite the eclectic gardener in her own right and has grown or aspired to grow a lot of things off the traditional gardeners list. She was confident that it was an Asian variety, but could not remember any further details.

Armed with this new lead, I headed straight to Yu Yu Asian Supermarket. I was then very firmly informed by several staff and customers that I obviously had a cherry tomato. Despite my protests to the contrary, they were adamant I had a tomato in my hands. So, once again, I tore open the Gilo and revealed the white mass inside, upon which several people smelled the opened fruit, disapproved, and shrugged their shoulders at me.

I proceeded on, with a growing sense of resignation, to Hibarri Market, Seoul Supermarket, Sagar India Market and too many ethnic restaurants to count. I was rewarded each time with the same look of “stupid man, that’s a tomato.” And just to prove I’m not as dumb as I look, I made an effort at each stop to rend open the Gilo and vindicate myself. Looking at an empty gas tank, a crate full of mystery eggplant, and my frustrated visage in the rear-view mirror, I headed home in defeat.

EG 168

A few days later, Mary Powell emailed me the bad news. She had found my Gilo in Baker Creek Seeds Online catalog. It was listed under the name EG 168. And to my dismay, it was an ornamental variety. Apparently, it is dried, then used in Japanese flower arrangements as an accent. Not deadly if you ingest it, but certainly not a vegetable you will have any luck making palatable—much less cooking in any conceivable manner that would wring the flavor of cooked carrots out of it.

But there is always hope for the new garden when every spring rolls around. I have a brand new pack of “Grandma Nellie’s Mushroom Bean” ready to go, and you guessed it, it’s supposed to taste like mushrooms. Hope springs eternal, but I’ll believe it when I eat it.



The Black Gilo in July.

OCCUPIED LEXINGTON HERALD

Declaration of Occupation

One percent of Americans currently control nearly 40% of our country's wealth. We are the 99%. We occupy Lexington, KY in solidarity with the Occupy Wall Street movement and hundreds of others across the globe. We are the majority whom the system has failed. We are each, if not already there, one disaster away from financial ruin. We are individuals who demand transformation of the American political and economic system, which breeds corruption and injustice.

We have gathered here to dissolve the bonds between corporations and government, both of which were brought into existence by the people—the former to employ Americans, and the latter to fairly represent them and foster conditions for the economic prosperity of all. These entities have instead colluded to create policies used to facilitate short-term financial gain among the few at the expense of the well being of the many.

Our pursuit of happiness, in terms of housing, healthcare, and job stability, is not secure in a system that entraps its people in economic slavery. Our political representatives have funneled wealth to the top 1%, promising that it would 'trickle down' to the rest of us. This financial experiment has failed repeatedly. For decades, our national prosperity has enriched the top 1% while the vast majority have languished. The rich have instituted credit as a facade of wealth, placing our economic future in toxic assets. We are in a financial drought while the 1% are soaked in profit as a result of their ability to manipulate the political process.

We are here to represent, support, and elevate the majority, who have been excluded from the benefits of this system. We stand up for the unemployed, for the underemployed, and for those who are fully employed but continue to struggle. We occupy Lexington for current and future generations who have inherited injustices that stem from short-sighted policy making. We have endured poverty, prejudice, discrimination, and the pollution of our planet.

These grievous conditions exist alongside an expensive education system that fails to prepare young people for productive work; the stifling of imagination and creativity that comes with the demise of arts and humanities programs in schools; the demonization and criminalization of large portions of our communities; and the dismantling of our healthcare system for the purpose of feeding the pharmaceutical industry, while we as citizens enjoy little to no political representation.

Our movement is a call to all individuals to become actively involved in the financial, political, environmental, and social decisions that impact our lives and the well being of those around us. We are working to create a world in which everyone can live by providing an example of a decentralized, cooperative, egalitarian community that functions on a national and international level. It is through organizations such as these that we will build foundations upon which communities can meaningfully address the myriad issues threatening our very survival.

We, the people of the occupation of Lexington, KY, seeking to shift the



Child in polka dot participates in Occupy Lexington. Photo by Stephen Shephard.

path of our community and the nation; reestablish justice and ensure economic, social, and democratic equality; and to promote the general welfare of the 99%, hereby establish this

document as a proposal for the United States of America. This is a living document, and can be amended at any time by consensus of the Lexington General Assembly.

Too big to fail, too big for me

Moving your money into local banks

By Austin Parker

I never thought too much about my bank. The fees seemed to stack a little higher every so often, and it was always a pain to get new checks, but I figured that this was merely the

way of the world. Besides, I had more important things to worry about than the people taking care of my money—like actually making some money to put in there.

Three years ago, however, I started to think about my bank a

lot. The financial crisis, whose roots traced back to the massive multinational banking and financial services industry, started to make me very curious about the organization I had put faith in to manage my deposits. What I began to learn was shocking—the relentless exposure to subprime loans, the pattern of increasing rates on Lines of Credit or special Balance Transfer programs without proper notification, and the black hole that their share of the \$800 billion TARP bank bailout had seemingly disappeared into.

Frankly, I was disgusted. As more and more information leaked out about how the newly-coined “Too Big To Fail” banks were exposed to ludicrous amounts of complex financial instruments, bought and leveraged using my own money, I became even more so. I remembered a time when banks were smaller, community-focused institutions. I still have a picture of myself at age four, hauling a porcelain pig full of coins into our local savings bank and starting up an account with the teller and banker my parents had been using for fifteen years. On consideration, I couldn't remember if I had ever seen the same teller twice at my current bank, and I certainly knew that they weren't as involved in the community as that old banker had been.

Alternatives exist

Thankfully, we can still find those community banks, and credit unions, alive and well—in many cases, prospering. Websites such as the Move Your Money Project (www.moveyourmoneyproject.org) have assisted thousands in switching their accounts from the Too Big To Fail, Bailout-Banks, into responsible and

more accountable local firms.

Why does it matter? There's a concept in banking known as “core deposits.” The concept refers to the actual money being handed to the bank and placed on their balance sheets. For each dollar of core deposits a bank has, the effective stability of their lending dollars increases. In less wonky speak, the more money a local bank has, the more stable and confident it can be about its loan products—things like home mortgages, vehicle loans, and investments in small businesses.

I moved all my accounts over to a state-wide credit union, and couldn't have made a better decision. They've given better customer service, more competitive rates for loans, and less fees than I ever saw at a big bank. Sure, they don't have an iPhone app, or SMS alerts, or an ATM I can deposit checks into—but I can live without some minor convenience features in return for supporting local business and a better banking experience overall.

So, no iPhone apps, but plenty of other perks. In switching my account, I have begun to personally invest in the community around me. My deposits allow my state credit union to grow its deposits, which allows it to offer more loans to businesses starting out, or to new families trying to get a house. While the megabanks process loans in New York, Charlotte, or even India, the loan officers at my bank, as at other credit unions and community banks, are generally people I can call personally and meet with; since they live here, too, they are invested deeply in the community and are more likely to support the sort of



JP Morgan Chase Bank towers above occupiers. Photo by Guy Mendes.

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Letter to Mr. Conway

The following is a direct response to some of the misinformation regarding the Occupy movement that appeared in an editorial printed in the Lexington Herald-Leader on Monday, October 10. The op-ed was written by one Leland Conway.

First of all, I'm here nearly all the time, and after two days of inquiries I can't find a single organizer who has even seen you here, let alone spoken to you. If you had spoken to anyone in an organizational role, then you would know that ending capitalism is not a stated goal. You would also be aware that none here advocate "government command and control of the economy," although we're quite against the economy's current command and control of our government.

As you deride us for our current lack of focused talking points, consider this: Without stated demands to rally behind, people have taken to the streets in over 1,300 cities across the world. A conversation is happening in the shadows of banks and statehouses which will result in creative solutions to the injustices that drove us to the street and to action.

Here's something you got right: your assertion that we should be angry about crony capitalism. If by crony capitalism you mean the current system by which vast sums of money are required to run for office, resulting in our representatives' accountability to their wealthy donors over their constituents, then yes—that's exactly what we're angry about.

The problem isn't "government meddling," but the laissez-faire approach to capitalism, which leaves corporate power unchecked by failing to institute meaningful

protections for the consumer and citizen against fraud and abuse.

Like yourself, we all believe strongly in numerous basic freedoms as a principle of human existence. The distinction is that we do not include the freedom to oppress among them.

Moreover, laissez-faire capitalism has failed to enrich our lives. It reserves initiative for those already empowered. It stifles innovation that threatens already established revenue streams. It sees individuals as numbers to be crunched, commodities to be bought and sold, and tools for the enrichment of those at the top. If corporations are entirely free to do as they please, how are actual people to be free from the whims of those corporations?

"Profit is the goal." You said it right there, brother. Profit is the goal. Not a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, but profit. Not consumer safety, but profit. Not the general welfare of the people, but profit.

For someone who claims to have no idea what we're talking about, you've paraphrased our grievances quite succinctly. As to your claim that jobs and economic growth are guaranteed byproducts: Look around you. If our system guaranteed either, it stands in serious breach of contract.

You went on to make several points regarding misdeeds by the Obama administration. Rather than debate these with you, I'll briefly explain why they are moot. Pay attention, because this is important. We do not endorse any politician or party. This is not about Obama. If we were interested in defending his policies, it's unlikely we'd be in the streets right now.

Mr Conway, the fact is you didn't do your homework. You only

talked to four people. You grossly misrepresented our intentions, our grievances, and our proposals. If you had spent more time on research and follow-up, you could have printed that we are fed up with a socioeconomic system that values money over people.

You could have told your readers that we want to see the power of the vote hold sway over the power of the dollar. You could have offered a fair, fact-based analysis. Instead, you built a town full of straw men and laid waste to it with your faulty assumptions. Congratulations, Mr. Conway. You've managed to win a debate with yourself.

That being said, I invite you in good faith to join us on the corner.

I'd love to have a conversation with you about creating a system capable of addressing the issues that divide this country ideologically.

Sincerely,
Mike Davis
Lexington General Assembly



General Assembly meets daily at 6:30 P.M. Photo by Austin Parker.

Occupy Lexington needs you

Day shifts, night shifts, swing shifts, lunch shifts

The 99% need your support in Lexington. Please check our website and Like us on Facebook for more information about upcoming events and up-to-the-minute developments from our occupation. You can also follow us on Twitter at @occupylexky and retweet with #occupylexky for information you'd like to share.

What we really need, though, is you. Our occupation relies on the presence of people who will stand up with us and maintain a healthy amount of supporters at the site. We've had occupiers out here 24/7 since this thing started and we don't plan on leaving anytime soon. So why not come by and join us? You'll find good company, good conversation, and good food donated by community members. Moreover, you can join the discussion about where we're going and how we can get there, together.

You can also participate by signing up for shifts to sleep out at the

occupation. Don't worry. We set up temporary shelters in the evening to keep the cold out. It's actually pretty comfortable. All the joys of camping, minus the mosquitoes. You can find more information, including shift schedules, at our website. If you're a bit of a night owl, we also can use people who will stay up overnight to mind the occupation site.

The key here is, it's 24/7 and you're not only invited...you're needed. Stop by on your lunch break, on the weekends, late at night, or in the morning. Bring your pets, your kids, your partner—heck, even your dance troupe. We'll be here, and we promise we'll be happy to see you.

Find us @facebook.com/occupylexky, www.occupylexky.org on the web, and @occupylexky on Twitter. We're located at the corner of Main St. and Esplanade across from Natasha's Bistro & Bar.

Moving your money (cont.)

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investments that build us up as a community rather than the sort that build a cushy end-of-year bonus. And since my bank doesn't benefit from rows of foreclosed homes, it is more eager to pursue loan modifications for people caught in a bad situation.

As a credit union member, I even have a stake in the bank itself. As at all credit unions, annual members meetings are held where I can attend and speak to the officers and executives of the bank, and offer ideas and feedback on their business plan. Compared to the proverbial smokey back-room dealings of the Wall Street fat cats who drove our economy off a cliff with speculative investments, this sort of personal touch and sense of ownership is a breath of fresh air.

Switching banks is easy

Switching banks is easy and painless. Deposit a small amount of money into the new bank to create your account, switch the direct deposit from your employer to the new account, and wait for your new checks and debit cards to arrive. In the meantime, use your old account as usual. Once the switchover is complete and you're all set up with new cards and checks, you can either withdraw the remaining money from your old account and close it out, or use it normally until it has been depleted and then close it completely. If your old banks ask why you're leaving, tell them "Too Big To Fail is Too Big For Me!", or that you merely don't appreciate your personal deposits backing up the gambles they're making at the Wall Street Casino.

Don't stop there, though. If you've got home or auto loans, see if you can have them serviced by your new bank as well. If you've got institutional accounts, such as for a small business, church, or nonprofit, ask your new bank how to switch those over as well! Unlike the gambling tables

on Wall Street where tycoons sank our economy with reckless speculation and risky lending, everyone wins when you move your money to community banks.

Supporting Occupy Lexington

Speaking as an occupier, I've had so many people come by and ask what they can do to personally support us even though they can't stay. Gladly, I've told them about moving their money—it's something that almost all of us can do, and it does a lot more than one might think. Consider, briefly, that at the height of the financial crisis the big four banks had over \$250 trillion leveraged against \$5 trillion in deposits. Essentially, for each dollar you had in your checking account, they bet 50 times against that dollar in speculative gambles that came up short. Therefore, even the relatively small amount of money sitting in your checking account means an awful lot to how much the JP Morgan Chases of the world can risk. Contrast this with supporting community banks (and thus community lending), where you directly invest in small business, helping them to expand.

The question, then, isn't "Why haven't you moved your money?", it's "When are you going to move your money?" There's a National Move Your Money Day scheduled for November 5th, which might be too quick for some people to switch everything out, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't go ahead and start the process. Every paycheck that goes into these Too Big To Fail banks represents another boost to their bottom line, and is a tacit approval of their despicable business practices. Vote with your dollars, and send the message to these Wall Street tycoons - "Too Big To Fail, is Too Big For Me." I'll see you at the credit union.

For more information or to find a local bank, please navigate to www.moveyourmoneyproject.org

What's going on

Occupy activities at JP's plaza, Main Street

Contact occupylexky@gmail.com to add an activity to the calendar.

Every day

6:30 P.M. *General Assembly:* Come take part in consensus decision-making as to how the Occupation in Lexington should proceed.

Mondays

5:30-7:30 P.M. *People's Journalism:* BCTC film certificate graduate Ramona Waldman and *North of Center* editor Danny Mayer will be on hand to produce and help foster citizen journalism. Residents are invited to come tell their own story of hard times and high hopes on camera to Ramona.

They are also invited to share with Danny working drafts of news articles, letters to the editor, or other media publications that they hope to get published. Weekly during the occupation.

10:00 P.M.-7:00 A.M. *Community night:* Bluegrass Community and Technical College professors Michael Benton and Danny Mayer invite BCTC students, faculty and staff (past, present and future) to join them in spending the night downtown. Other members of the public are invited, too. Mayer promises to bring bocce balls.

Saturdays

Noon: *Drums for Peace:* Drummers, dancers, hoopers, jugglers, or other movers and shakers invited. There are usually extra drums, rattles, shakers, and other noise makers. Even if you think you don't have rhythm (you probably do, you know) come and enjoy the music and energy, or just hold a sign for the Occupy Group.

Sundays

3:00 P.M. *Knit-in:* As winter approaches, our Occupiers are going to need warm scarves and hats. This event is to bring together anyone in the community who loves to knit or wants to learn. Ample yarn, needles of all shapes and sizes, and instruction will be provided. Come join us for an afternoon of knitting and chatting!

October 29 (Saturday)

12-3:00 P.M. *Occupy your capital:* Frankfort, capitol.

After General Assembly: March in solidarity with Occupy Wall Street.

8:00 P.M. *Occuparty:* If we can't dance, we don't want to be part of your occupation.

November 7 (Monday)

8:00 P.M. *Inside Job at BCTC:* The film tells the economic story of the past decade. Oswald Auditorium, Cooper Campus.



"Separation of Corporation and State." Photo by Betsy Taylor.

Hollywood’s Racial Innocence Project

By Christian L. Pyle

Tate Taylor’s recent movie, *The Help*, garnered substantial box office and a majority of positive reviews (73% fresh on RottenTomatoes.com), but some critics denounced it. Tulane University professor Melissa Harris-Perry called it “ahistorical and deeply troubling.” Dana Stevens of Slate.com wrote that *The Help* put “a Barbie Band-Aid on the still-raw wound of race relations in America.”

The Help attempts to cover the mistreatment of African-American maids by their white employers in Jackson, Mississippi in 1963, the year of Martin Luther King’s march on Washington and Medgar Evers’ assassination. At the center of the film is “Skeeter” Phelan (Emma Stone), an aspiring writer and editor of the newsletter of the Junior League, an organization of former debutantes headed by the film’s villain, Hilly Holbrook (Bryce Dallas Howard). The only writing job Skeeter can find in Jackson is ghosting a housework advice column in the newspaper. Having been brought up with (and by) a maid, Skeeter has no clue how to perform housework, so she enlists the aid of Aibileen Clark (Viola Davis), the maid for another Junior Leaguer.

As Skeeter begins to explore the life of a maid, she finds that a bizarre and paranoid set of restrictions keeps the maids from using the bathrooms in the houses they clean and confines them to using the same plate and glass every day for their meals. Blacks carry different diseases than whites, explains Hilly, who is spearheading a campaign to put special bathrooms in white houses for the help to use. Hilly fires her own maid, Minny Jackson (Octavia Spencer), after Minny uses the indoor bathroom during a storm.

Skeeter is a familiar type of heroine—too smart and forward-thinking for her environment and brave enough to let everyone know it. Skeeter decides that the treatment of maids must be brought to light. After getting a contract with Harper & Row, Skeeter secretly begins to gather the stories of maids, beginning with Aibileen and Minny, then expanding to others. Skeeter realizes that what she’s doing is illegal (Mississippi had a law against promoting racial equality), and the maids are aware of the terrible violence they would face if their participation became known. Skeeter’s book, *The Help*, disguises the names of both the innocent and the guilty but creates a local scandal nonetheless.

Racial innocence

Hollywood’s approach to the subject of racism is often to promote fantasies of “racial innocence” for white viewers. The phrase comes from Shelby Steele’s oft-anthologized essay “The Recoloring of Campus Life.” While researching race relations on college campuses, African-American prof Steele found that white students would

begin protesting their “racial innocence”—saying, for example, “some of my best friends are black”—even before Steele brought up the topic of race. He felt that the white students saw his skin color as an accusation of racism against which they hurried to defend themselves.

In the racial innocence genre of films, the white protagonist stands outside the racism in society, allowing

Buried within are the seeds of a better movie that focuses exclusively on Aibileen, who could serve well for a serious movie on this subject matter.

Two dances with whitey

However, the racial innocence formula is not limited to bad movies. Consider Kevin Costner’s 1990 epic western *Dances with Wolves*. It’s a perfect example of the racial inno-

of dumb questions about what it’s like being a black policeman.”

Al is neither stupid nor mean, and he desperately wants to be free of racial bias. However, as the product of a racist culture, he cannot escape its programming. In the same year that Kevin Costner is offering white viewers honorary membership in a minority group slaughtered by whites, Sidney Lumet drills into the true nature of racism.



Emma Stone, Octavia Spencer, and Viola Davis in *The Help*.

white viewers to absolve themselves of the historical crimes being portrayed. In *The Help*, Skeeter brings the audience with her as she rebels against her social class and leads a literary revolt.

From the very beginning, Skeeter stands apart from the superficial concerns of peers like Hilly, so the audience is never forced to identify with the racist culture of Jackson in 1963. Minority characters tend to be secondary in such a movie, despite the fact that the film is ostensibly “about” them.

In *The Help*, Aibileen and Minny get a generous amount of screen time, and Viola Davis performs voice-overs throughout the movie. Yet Skeeter is the vehicle of whatever liberation is provided in this depiction of the civil rights era. Some African-American viewers have been troubled by this, as Skeeter seems to occupy the position of leaders such as King and Evers (and the countless real-life Aibileens and Minnies who bravely marched with them). In *The Help*, racial justice is not something black people won but something a white person gave.

Racism itself is dumbed down to its most extreme elements in a racial innocence film to provide the starkest contrast with the audience’s own beliefs. Usually this extreme is violent, but Taylor’s female centered film offers us obsessive snob Hilly instead of torch-wielding Klansmen. Most of the comedic moments have Hilly embarrassed and humiliated to the viewers’ delight. Skeeter schemes to have toilets dumped on Hilly’s perfect lawn. Minny gets revenge for being fired by serving up a feces- filled pie to Hilly. Racism, we see, is the exclusive property of the stupid and the mean; it could never taint the minds of the rest of us.

As a movie, *The Help* is a mess. The tone jumps wildly from comedy to tragedy without the skill needed to make the transition smoothly.

cence paradigm as the genocide of Native Americans is reduced almost to a backdrop for the transformation of Army Lt. John Dunbar (Costner) into *Dances with Wolves*, a Lakota Sioux warrior. Mr. *Wolves* even finds love in the tribe thanks to the medicine man’s adopted white daughter *Stands with a Fist* (Mary McDonnell). By the time more US Army troops arrive, the film’s white hero has been fully integrated with the Lakota, safe from any association with the slobbering, barbaric racists who come to carry out a mission of murder and subjugation. White America responded enthusiastically to *Dances with Wolves*, granting the film Oscars for Best Picture and Best Director. (Today, the spell having worn off, most film lovers would snatch those golden statues out of Costner’s hands and give them to Martin Scorsese for *Goodfellas*.)

The same year, 1990, saw the release of my favorite film about racism, Sidney Lumet’s *Q&A*. The fact that *Q&A* is about racism may have eluded many viewers as it is ostensibly a brutal crime drama about an idealistic investigator pursuing a corrupt cop. Brand-new ADA Aloysius Francis “Al” Reilly (Timothy Hutton) is assigned to investigate the shooting of a Hispanic gangster by legendary NY cop Mike Brennan (Nick Nolte, sporting bright-red hair and a thick red mustache). Al’s boss, Kevin Quinn (Patrick O’Neal), assures Al that the shooting is a simple case of self-defense. Al works with two cops, Luis Valentin (Luis Guzman) and Sam “Chappy” Chapman (Charles S. Dutton). Their investigation brings Al face-to-face with an old love, Nancy Bosch (Jenny Lumet, the director’s biracial daughter), who witnessed the shooting with her current boyfriend, Puerto Rican drug dealer Roberto “Bobby Tex” Texador (Armand Assante).

Two years earlier, Nancy had dumped Al, then a cop, because of the look on his face when he met her African-American father for the first time. To her, Al’s pale-faced shock showed racism lurking in his heart. Encountering Nancy again causes Al to explore his own feelings and to ask other characters whether they also see the racism in him. For example, he asks Chappy, who’s black, how he spots racists who hide their bias. Chappy responds, “Well, you see, they ask a lot

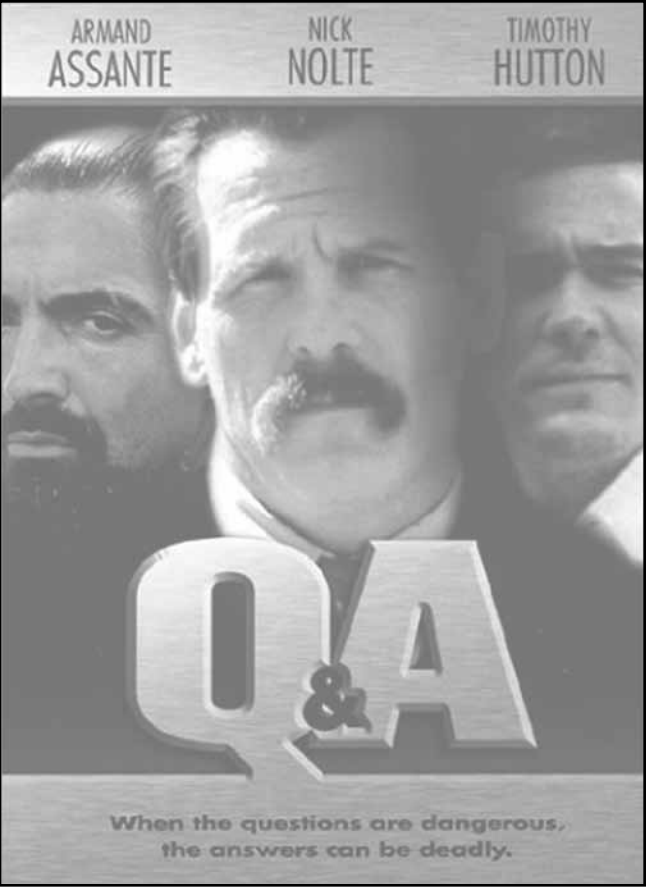
The world of *Q&A* offers racial innocence to no one of any shade. Bias and tribalism are in the air the characters breathe. The characters are hyper-conscious of everyone’s racial or ethnic heritage. Lumet’s screenplay is a tapestry of racial, ethnic, sexist, and homophobic slurs.

Only two major characters avoid using such language. One of them is Al, who speaks very cautiously. The other is Quinn, who is about to embark on a political career that he expects will land him in the governor’s mansion. Like any politician, Quinn veils his racism. In the first meeting between Al and Quinn, Quinn comments on Al’s time as a cop, “I see you served in Harlem, also. It’s bad there.” Al responds, “Yes, sir, it is. Those people have a tough time.” Quinn growls, “[If] you want to serve as the house liberal, I can transfer you back to Mr. Bloomenfeld’s office.”

Not that all racism is created equal. One point on which *Dances with Wolves* and *Q&A* agree is that the extremes of racism are evil and violent. The extreme in *Q&A* is represented by Brennan, a hulking figure of barely contained rage. (Nolte gained 40 lbs for the role.) His idea of a compliment is to call Chappy “the whitest black man I ever knew.” Brennan reminds Al several times that Al’s father was a cop with the same brutal reputation. Of the late Reilly Sr., Brennan says, “He knew there was animals out there! He knew there was a line that the niggers, the spics, the junkies, the faggots had to cross to get into people’s throats. He was that line. I am that line!” However, defeating Brennan gives no one, least of all Al, any reassurance that this dark world has brightened with the ogre gone. In the film’s final scene, Al is still trying to come to terms with his own cultural programming.

The flight to racial innocence is easy...and popular. *Dances with Wolves* was a critical and commercial success while *Q&A* flopped at the box office despite some good reviews. *Q&A* is out of print on DVD; *Dances with Wolves* was re-released in January in a 20th-anniversary edition on DVD and Blu-Ray.

Sidney Lumet told us the truth: America’s racial past and present are encoded in our culture, our myths, and our identities. Cleansing our programming of bias takes work, and feel-good Hollywood lies only detract from that.



Lumet’s *Q&A*.

ROCK whips Vigilantes

Win final bout 143-92

By Sunny Montgomery

On Saturday, October 1, I attended the Rollergirls of Central Kentucky's(ROCK) final bout of the season against the Vigilante Pistols Whips (VPW) at Heritage Hall in Lexington.

Donning plain white tees, the Pistols Whips were a unique team because, actually, they did not exist. Rather, VPW was made up of various skaters from various leagues, including three skaters from ROCK. As seasons end and tournaments begin, I learned that these types of pickup games are not unusual.

Pickup game or not, roller derby fans were out in full force. The stadium and suicide seating were filled. Fans lined the walls. I took a seat on the bottom row of the bleachers. To my right were a couple of young boys, gobbling popcorn and singing along while Adele played over the loudspeaker. To my left was an older good-natured heckler, joined by his daughter who lovingly referred to him as ‘weasel.’

I took out my notebook as the skaters lined up around the track and Darstrosity, ROCK’s hype man, side-galopped around the arena and screamed out a final thank you to the fans. The bout was about to begin.

The Pistol Whips played with intense physicality and in the beginning,

it paid off. They shouldered and knocked their way to get first lead jammer. Then they did it again. And then ROCK sent Bitty Bast’rd in to jam.

Her name speaks for itself. Standing just five feet tall, Bitty uses her size to advantage. With her knees bent and her head down, she was waist-high to the other skaters and seemed to effortlessly glide through the opposing blockers. Each time Bitty Bast’rd was sent in to jam, she dominated. So despite VPW’s aggression, ROCK was not rattled. The team played with keen teamwork. They kept their packs close and their walls so tight that when VPW’s jammer tried to break through, it often times resulted in a hard crash. Crashes often times seem to result in girls getting penalties.

The loud mouth beside me jumped out of his seat and hollered wildly at ROCK’s Sugar Shock as she was sent to the box.

“Weasel, that’s *our* girl.” His daughter reminded him.

“Yeah yeah, I know,” he said. “I’m just having fun.” He nudged me and grinned. The little boys beside me excitedly mimicked the referees’ gestures. They pounded their wrists on their hip bones each time the pack skated past--which is what lead jammers do to signal they are calling off a jam.

“That’s what I do whenever my wife gives me chores to do,” Weasel told me,

nodding at the young boys and tapping his own wrists to his hips. “I call the jam *off!*” He chuckled. I chuckled too. Spirits were high. ROCK was winning. Darstrosity rallied the audience to do the wave once more just before the bout ended.

I remember when I first told my friends I was going to write for the roller derby, they told me that I too should join the team. I was flattered my friends considered me tough but within ten minutes of my first bout back in June, I knew there was no way. Sadly, my sarcastic wit alone did not

qualify me. The roller derby is not just about attitude. It is not just about build or brute force. It is about being strong, graceful and smart all at the same time. It is about being part of a community and the small moments you share with the stranger sitting next to you when it’s the final bout of the season and your team is winning. Indeed, ROCK won their final bout 143 to 92.

I am so grateful to have had the opportunity to write for the Rollergirls of Central Kentucky. So thank you, new friends, for the experience.



ROCK’s season has finished its backstretch. Photo by Jack King.

Canelands (cont.)

continued from page 3

you feel the current in bicep and lumbar. Once inside, we passed the ramps at Still Water Campground, pushed on toward the first shoal and were relieved to see Troy dismount his yak and lead it by the reins through swift, ankle-deep current. One by one, we followed suit. We plowed up-creek, crossing through chest-high water, struggling to make way, laughing, falling, until we rounded a sharp bend (the backside of the ancient Kentucky’s severed oxbow) and finally found dry-footing on a large shoal extending beyond the viewshed on the eastern bank.

Intrepid camping, take two

We banked our crafts, and after a quick survey of the surrounding environs, determined that the manicured field just above the rocky shoal would suffice for a campsite. The field, which extended out to highway 127 in the front, looked to be a piece of municipal property. Two crude and overgrown baseball diamonds were set side by side near a large metal building that looked to house heavy machinery. The backside of the property, where we’d squatted with our gear, tapered to a narrow point overlooking the creek. Having been recently mowed, the ground was forgiving, level and soft with a generous layer of thatch. Tent-raising was easy. An old flatbed trailer made for organized unfurling of our kitchen gear, and two dilapidated but functional folding banquet tables made for graceful stovemanship.

Soon the Coleman twin-burner blossomed with blue flame, and the pound of Amish sausage surrendered its fat with minimal protestation. Dinner was yet another variant of river rat stew. From a foundation of rendered sausage, we fleshed out a hearty anatomy with yellow and white fingerlings, onions, garlic, black-eyed peas and kale, one quart of home-made tomato sauce, two large red carmens, and a half-pint of home-made jalapeno relish. After 30 minutes boiling time, a pound of chicken livers helped fortify the concoction. By nightfall, we were feasting again. By eleven, having passed around the Hendrick’s more than once, and lacking the requisite womp-energy, we slumped off to tents, each finding his own downhill path to slumber.

Visitation, take two

When I woke up, Lyle and Josh were already gathered around the stove, percolating coffee, frying thick slabs of bacon. I heard Troy, still in his tent, relating events of the previous night as Lyle and Josh listened with incredulous expression. “Someone was in our camp last night. I could barely make him out in the darkness rustling around our gear, and when I called out, he disappeared. I was groggy, thought I was dreaming and must’ve drifted back to sleep. I woke up a few hours later, and he was standing in front of my fucking tent looking at me through the mesh. I asked him what he wanted, what he was doing, and he grabbed my jug of water and stumbled off toward the highway. At that point, I got up enough nerve to get out of the tent, and I found my water halfway up the field.”

I was hesitant to ask the question pressing against my frontal lobe. But I finally spoke. “Was he wearing Marine Corps dress blues and white hat?” Troy thought for moment as he was pulling on his shirt.

“No. No, he wasn’t wearing a uniform. Like I said, I couldn’t see him real good, but he kind of looked...indigent. His cloths looked tattered. By the way he stooped and, well, hobbled, he looked like an old man, maybe a drifter off the highway.”

I checked the two dry bags I’d left overnight on the trailer. To my relief,

the 1950 Smith & Wesson police issue .38 was still in the holster and wrapped in my rain slicker. Everything seemed to be accounted for...except... “Hey, did one of you guys borrow the Chinn book out of my kitchen bag?” No one had. “That bum must’ve stolen my book.”

Just then, Danny walked up, a toothbrush in hand. “I thought you said that wasn’t your book?” He had a point. Why should I get bent out of shape over loss of a book that magically appeared among my possessions? But then again, the book seemed, at least to me, to validate my encounter with the Colonel.

“You’re right. It wasn’t mine, but I sure would like to have it back. What would an old drifter want with a little-known, out of print history of Kentucky?” The silence seemed to suggest “nothing.” Was it just a random nick? Perhaps he had his hands in my bag, on my book, when Troy called out the first time, and startled, he withdrew quite unintentionally with the book still in his hand?

Lyle interjected, “Maybe he just needed something to read.” Perhaps, perhaps, I thought. And then again, maybe he was searching specifically for the book. What was it that the Colonel had told me about an elite group of past, present, and future river rats and immortality? Could he have been an apparition, too? Perhaps the ghost of some disgruntled rat from the distant past?

“Do you guys know of any river rats to have died in these parts?” No one spoke. Lyle continued forking bacon in and out of the pan. Troy tidied up his spot, rolling up his sleeping bag and mat. Danny brushed his teeth. Gary policed his gear, arranging it in a neat pile. Josh, who’d been sitting and picking on my trusty, cheap guitar, broke the silence.

“I think I know someone, but I’m not sure if the story’s fact or fiction. It was in the spring of 1780. A group of men left Bryan Station and headed for Bullitt’s Lick (in present-day Jefferson County) to boil salt for the settlers. They engaged a band of Shawnee and Wyandot near Leestown, and several men were wounded. One member of the party, Stephen Frank, was killed near the river, and his comrades came to call the place ‘Frank’s Ford’ from which the name Frankfort is thought to be derived.” Everyone had ceased activity and listened intently. A few minutes passed. A rain crow haunted the stillness with its mournful call. Could this scrounger, this indigent old man, have been the ghost of Frank? I waved off the thought. A phantom book? A phantom mist? Nonsense, I told myself, gathered my belongings and made ready for the trip home.

Check out the online version of this article at noclexington.com to hear a couple of Warren Byrom tunes: the “Fabled Canelands” and “Elkhorn Blues.”



Paddlers leave the Elkhorn after a second night-time visitation.

Most dangerous moment (cont.)

continued from page 1

1. The tour of insurrectionary sites begins at High & Stone. Not only is it a harmonic convergence of street signs and a good description of the Sixties, it's across from the Downtown Y, where there are five yellow bikes available, thanks to director David Elsen.

2. Go two blocks down High and turn south on Lexington Avenue. The spot where Sue Anne Salmon was arrested for burning down the UK AFROTC building was about halfway between Maxwell and Euclid, not far from the current Joe B. Hall Wildcat Lodge. Sue Anne was handcuffed on her porch and police confiscated what they said was a Molotov cocktail. One bystander yelled at her, "I saw you do it and I'm going to testify against you." The next day front page headlines screamed COED ARRESTED FOR ARSON. Two weeks later, after a lab determined the bottle contained ginger ale, a small back page article said, Coed Exonerated. Sue Anne was a staff member of the *blue-tail fly*, so she later wrote a story about the ordeal.

It was a funny and frightening piece, about a five-foot tall, 100-pound shy person being falsely accused and mistreated by a system that presumed her guilty from the get go. (Copies of the *blue-tail fly* can be seen online thanks to UK Special Collection—the page pictured here is from issue number nine.) Sue Anne died in January, 2010. Here's a thoughtful obit that ran in the *Herald-Leader*: www.kentucky.com/2010/01/16/1097860/courageous-advocate-for-earth.html

3. Turn left onto the Avenue of Champions and behold the art deco beauty of the House that Rupp Built—Memorial Coliseum, scene of numerous national championships and a few significant protests. In 1966 it was here that William Turner, a black student from Lynch, in the coalfields of Harlan County, set up a one-man picket line protesting Rupp's all-white teams. Considering the sacred nature of Kentucky roundball, this was an act of bravery. I've always considered Bill and his fellow Black Student Union members Jim Embry, Theodore Berry, Chester and Ann Grundy and P.G. Peeples to be the first real activists on the UK Campus. Four years after Bill's singular protest UK integrated its basketball team.

Memorial Coliseum was also the scene of an unusual, mind-messing protest against racist Alabama governor George Wallace, who came to speak as a presidential contender in 1968. While protesters dressed in coats and ties and nice dresses demonstrated against Wallace, a large group of bell-bottomed, tie-dyed crazies called Hippies for Wallace picketed with signs saying things like "Turn On With George." During his talk the hippies sat high in the rafters and cheered everything he said, such as how he'd run over draft-card burning protesters if he had the chance to. As the hippies' cheers grew louder, Wallace finally looked up at them and said, "I guess they're for us up there!" Nothing like a little political theater to stir up some national attention. Who knows, maybe it even cost him a few votes among diehard bigots.

It was somewhere in the vicinity of Memorial Coliseum December of '69 that Don Pratt was arrested for contributing to the delinquency of a minor by having kids sell copies of the *blue-tail fly*, in which there was a photograph of a nude. Don was the circulation manager of the *fly*; he worked with Sue Anne Salmon, who wrote for the *fly*.

4. Ride to the end of the block in front of the Coliseum, cross Rose and look back toward the shopping center on the corner. That's where The Paddock was.

It was THE campus bar back then. It was a place where who knows how many schemes were hatched, and then forgotten the next morning. If you look up and over the little strip mall, you'll see a still-under-construction, three-story building looming on

the horizon. This is the Wildcat Coal Lodge—\$7 million worth of proof that the University has sold it soul to the coal barons, and sold out the people of eastern Kentucky who have to live with the devastation of mountain-top removal.

5. Head back across the Avenue of Champions to the corner of Martin Luther King, Jr. and there, where a new dorm complex sits, is where the AFROTC Building burned on May 5th, 1970. Historian Carl Cone wrote

where tear gas billowed, though billowed is not the right word, since Guardsmen were sticking the nozzles right in peoples' faces, people like student government president Steve Bright, who along with many others, was forced to flee.

While you are nearby, go to the top floor of the Patterson Office Tower and see where protesters were denied entrance to the Board of Trustees meeting, which was followed by a crush of people in the hallway and punctuated



Sue Ann Salmon in blue-tail fly. Photo by Guy Mendes of a photo by Larry Kellkopf.

in his book about UK that this was the most dangerous moment in the university's history.

I disagree; I think it was a bit later that night, but more on that later. Meanwhile, I have to say that I did not burn the building. Nobody I know has ever told me they did it. I hear some people have bragged about doing it, but then disappeared from sight shortly after making their boasts. Forty-one years later it remains an unsolved crime, a real Lexington mystery. I think 98 percent of the people protesting that day were seeking peace, not chaos and destruction. I know for a fact that there was at least one undercover cop trying to get people to throw rocks through the windows of Beull Armory. And, obviously, someone did put the torch to the place.

Gov. Louie Nunn, sitting in a darkened car, is said to have watched the building burn and worried about the coeds in their pajamas who had to flee the adjacent Blazer Hall. He sent in the National Guard, equipped with live ammunition, to remove the protesters and cordon off the campus.

6. Park your bike and go between the new Student Center and the old one, and you'll see the grassy knoll

by former governor Happy Chandler punching a hippie, a grad student named Mark Greenwell.

Happy was roundly praised across the commonwealth, and the UK conflict intensified. Before you leave the P.O.T. top floor, check out the great view of Lexington.

7. Get back on the bike and pedal over to S. Limestone and the Lexington Theological Seminary lawn. On your way you'll pass the old Alfalfa's, which is now a hookah bar (you can't make this stuff up). On the seminary lawn you get a good look across the street at Memorial Hall, which played a prominent role in both of the uprisings of '69 and '70.

The first Student Spring was a protest over student rights. At the time the concept of in loco parentis ruled. Students—who were over 18 and could vote and be conscripted into the military—were not considered to be adults with the due process of the legal system accorded to them. So when four students were busted for having pot in their lockers and summarily kicked out of school one week before final exams, the campus erupted. The four students were never given a trial. They were deemed to be "clear and present

dangers" and banished. Thousands of students protested.

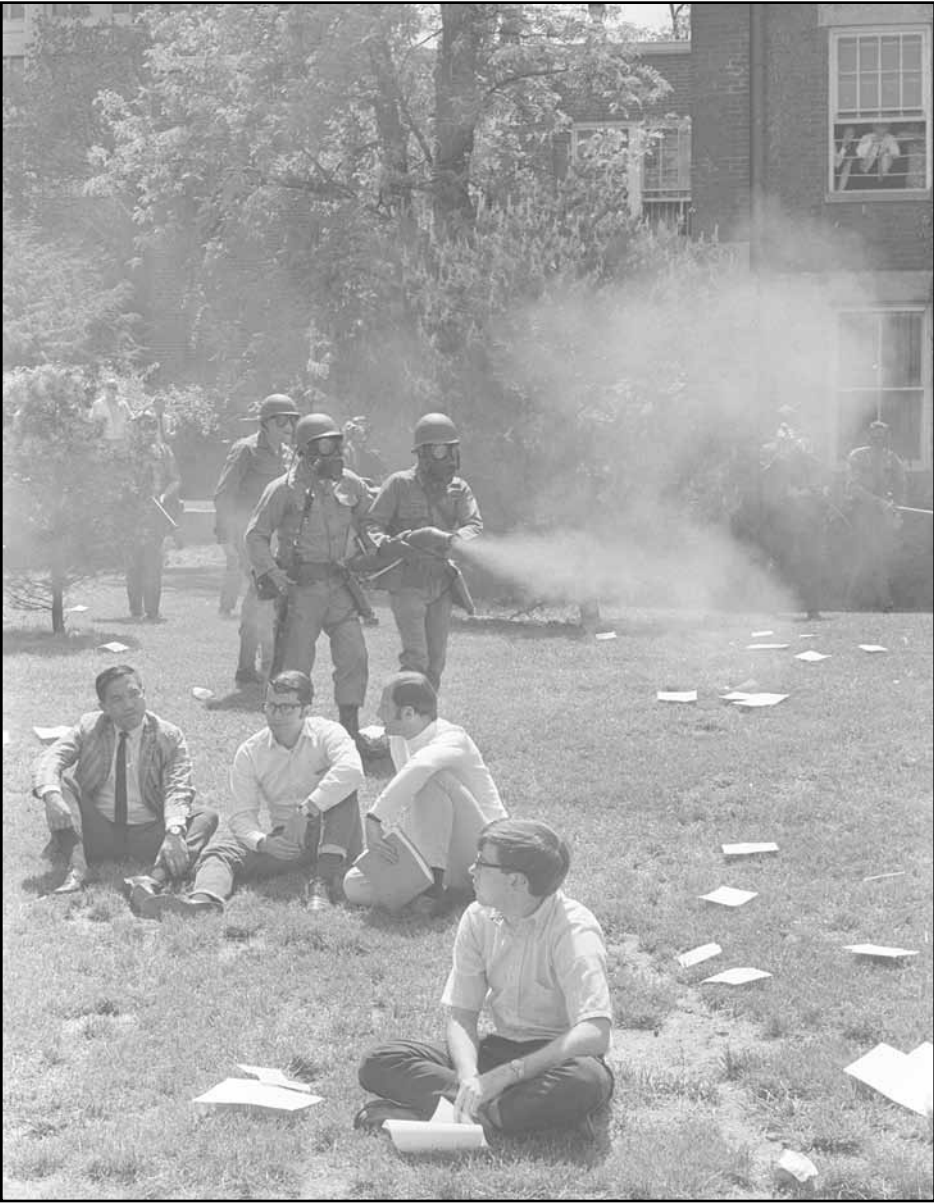
They marched through the Administration Building, and then occupied Memorial Hall. It was called the Mother-May-I-Revolution because it was all very polite. The university allowed the protesters to march here and sleep there, knowing full well that they'd all be gone after finals. Fortunately for the students, the protests went on long enough to force the cancellation of finals. And sure enough, most of the protesters headed home. But at least they had put the university on notice. Authority was being questioned.

In the same spot on the night of May 5, 1970, one day after the Kent State killings, it could have happened here. Protesters were encamped for the night on the seminary lawn. The campus was off-limits, though no Guardsmen were in evidence. One foolish dude decided to test the curfew and ventured across the street onto the Law School lawn. Suddenly, Guardsmen came running out of the shadows, lots of them, toting their weapons, running toward the protesters. One Guardsman tripped on a landscaping guy-wire and he fell forward, his gun pointing toward the crowd. He landed on his stomach with his gun stretched out in front of him. He did not fire, but it was clear to those who saw it that someone could have died if that Guardsman had pulled the trigger.

I vote for this as UK's most dangerous moment. *What if you knew her and found her dead on the ground? How could you run when you know?*

8. Now head across Limestone to the big curved driveway leading to the Administration Building. When students converged here in '69, they were angry about being ignored by UK officials, who were justifiably leery of addressing a revolutionary throng. For some of the demonstrators, marching through the building in orderly fashion was not their cup of tea, so they resorted to symbolic action, rocking the cannon out front loose from its pedestal and turning it to face the Administrators. When the Dean of Students did venture out he turned ashen and sweat popped off of his bald head. He muttered something about how it looked like the storming of the Bastille during the French revolution and he quickly retreated. This

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UK students meeting with their class outside on campus are caught up in the spraying of tear gas by National Guardsmen. Photo by Paul Lambert. Reprinted courtesy of Lexington Herald-Leader.

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

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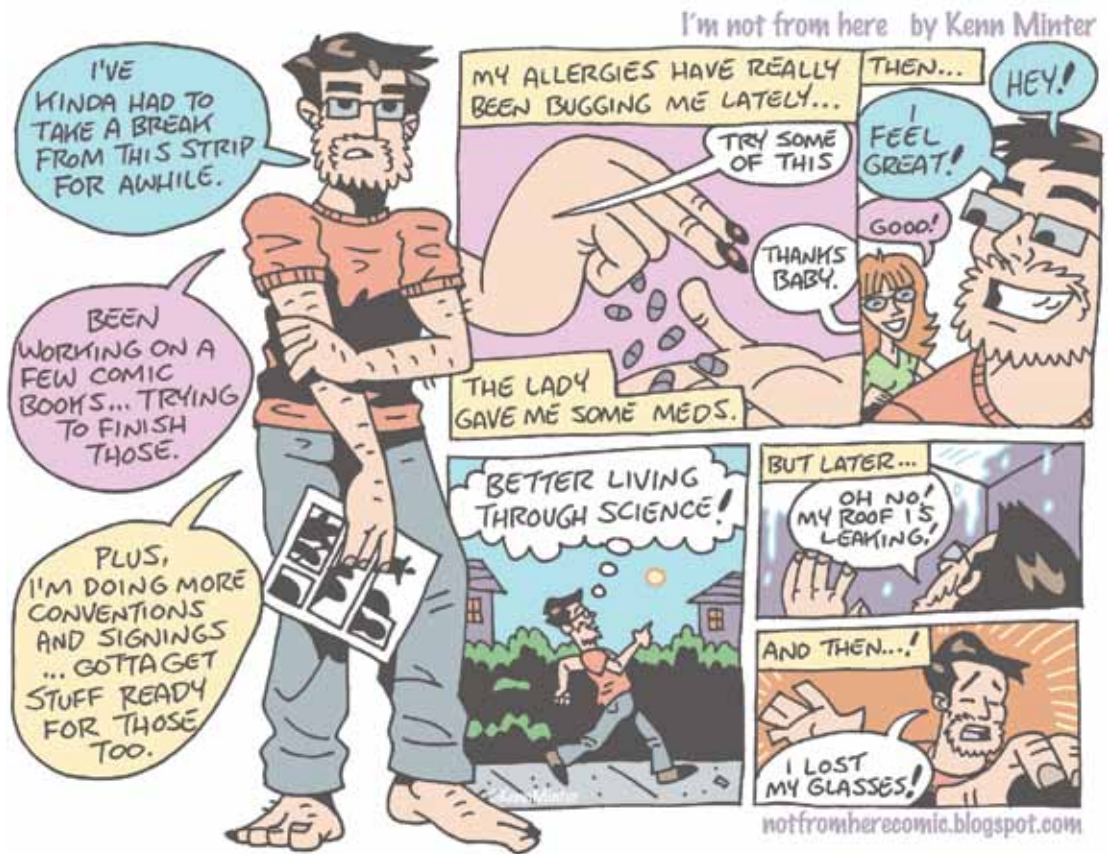
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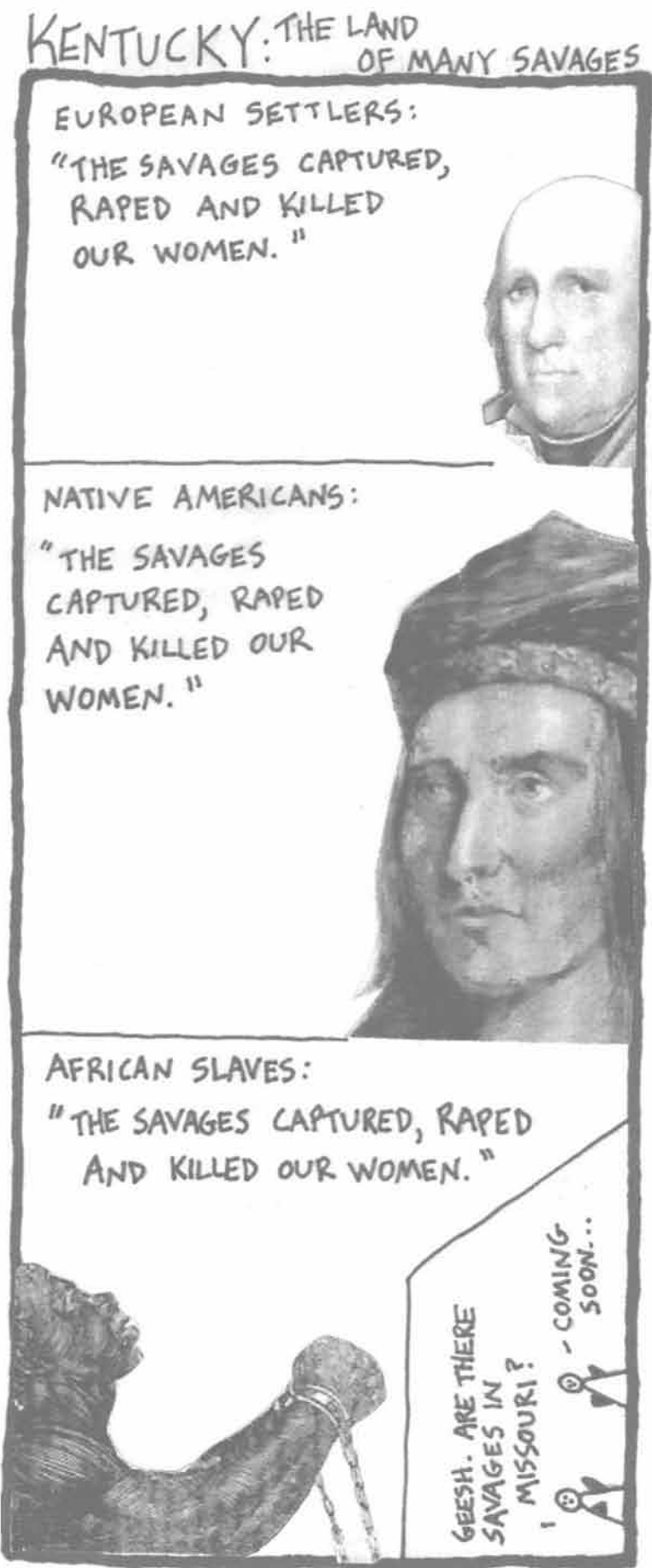
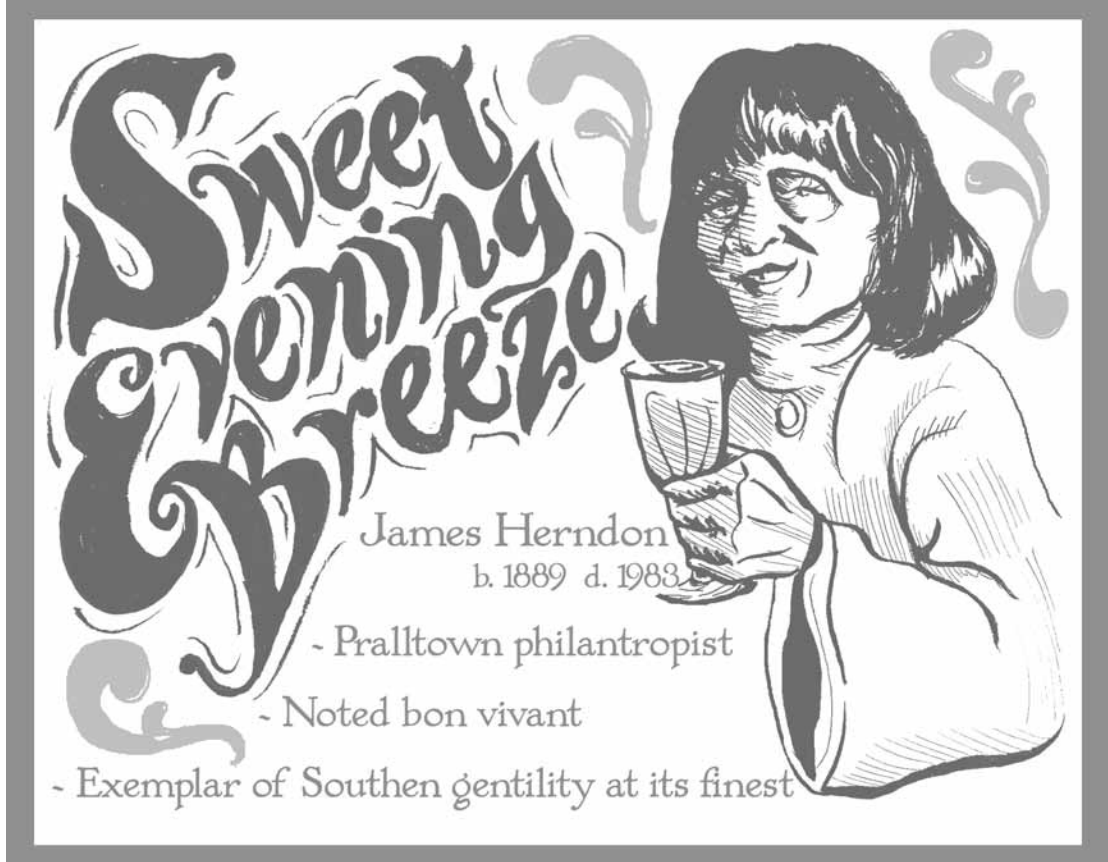
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Lexington Public

Stacey Earley



Most dangerous moment (cont.)

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Question Authority thing was getting out of hand.

I suspect that not long after that incident the university had the cannon cemented back in its original position.

Wouldn't it be great if it were still moveable? How many re-enactors would it take to turn it now? Where would we point it—toward the Wildcat Coal Lodge, perhaps?

9. 9. You're in the home stretch of the tour—ride back to Martin Luther King, Jr. Drive, formerly known as Harrison Avenue. Head downtown and you'll be following the path that the major anti-war demonstrations followed to get to Main Street.

The crowd was usually led by a former Marine who had fought in Vietnam and had witnessed things that tormented him. His name was Michael Lane. He was an art student who made silk-screened prints of a bleeding American flag. He also built a beautifully crafted wooden sign, a kind

of totem really, that he carried in every march. It said,

"Michael Lane,
he's insane,
he killed for peace
that never came."

No word on Michael Lane's current whereabouts. Michael, call home!

10. Cross the viaduct, check your brakes as you coast down to Main Street and hang a Ralph to visit with the Occupy Lexington protesters on the corner of Esplanade, outside the J.P. Morgan Chase Bank, which was one of the bad actors in the sub-prime mortgage meltdown. (They recently paid a \$153.6 million dollar fine to settle a federal suit that alleged that JPM Chase stacked the deck so that they profited even when their investors lost money.) The current crop of protesters, who'll be 40 days into their occupation by then, will be glad to see you. Grab a sign and make some cars honk their support.

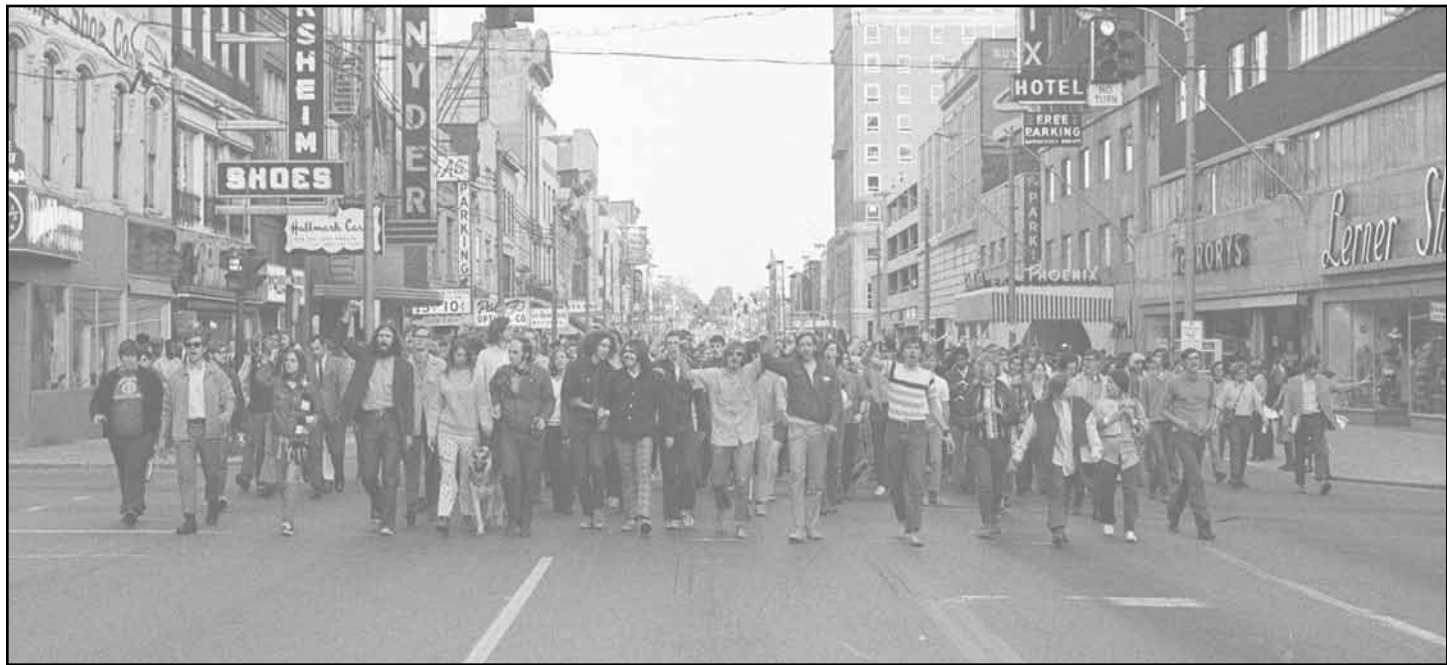


Cannon that was turned around during Mother May I protests. Photo by Guy Mendes..

For the last leg of the tour, ride down Main toward the old courthouse, the one where Clean Gene McCarthy, the peace candidate for president, addressed a big crowd of supporters in 1968.

Remember how back in 1970 you marched down Main Street with hundreds of others, letting your freak flag fly, chanting *One Two Three Four We Don't Want Your Fucking War*.

Remember how that war seemed to drag on and on, but it did eventually come to an end five years later, in large part because of a change in public opinion. While several national demonstrations called "moratoriums" helped to turn the tide, it was the countless local protest marches—boots on the ground in places like Lexington—that helped bring the troops home from Vietnam. You can be proud of that, while at the same time recognizing that the peace movement still has plenty of work to do in the here-and-now.



UK students march down Main St., Lexington, KY May 6, 1970 after being forced off their own campus enroute to Transy campus, where they held a peaceful rally. Photo by Bill Hickey. Reprinted courtesy Lexington Herald-Leader.

Full disclosure: Guy Mendes was one of the founding staff members the blue-tail fly, which published 11 issues between 1969 and '70. Drop on by UK's Special Collections Library and learn some of the region's radical history. A full gallery of Mendes and archival photos accompany the online version of this article, found at noclexington.com.