

## Creatives sing: "money for nothin'!"

Fix this:



A burnt house sits empty and rotting on Breckenridge Street, six blocks from Main Street. Photo by Danny Mayer.

Not this:



Rupp Arena has already received over \$40 million in renovations over the past two decades. It is the centerpiece of a proposed public/private entertainment district that will cost taxpayers many more millions. Photo by Captain Commankers.

## Not in our name

Pedestrian take on Lex development

By Danny Mayer and  
Beth Connors-Manke

As Lexingtonians continue to adjust to the reality of dwindling city finances, last week elected leaders began soliciting bids for outside consultants to develop plans for two-waying a number of Lexington streets. These include the north-south running Limestone and Upper Streets, and the one-way downtown cross streets Short, Second, Main, Vine, High and Maxwell.

Public support for two-waying derives from numerous studies that claim one-way streets inhibit vibrant urban activity. The reports generally cite two, seemingly contradictory, environmental effects that one-way streets have on traffic. First, car-goers find them inherently confusing and difficult to navigate. Suburban shoppers frustrated at navigating downtown's one-way thoroughfares rationally choose the easier option of patronizing outlying malls. Second, one-ways compel traffic to move faster. Thus, those who do pass through town naturally travel too fast to stop at urban retail shops and restaurants.

In addition to inflicting damage upon the city's downtown commercial developments, one-way streets also receive blame for the destruction of the urban fabric itself. Loud, added, fast-moving traffic on one-way streets, the reports claim, are dangerous and uninviting. Because nobody wants to walk them, they create lifeless and empty pedestrian boulevards.

Looking at these reports, it's not surprising that city leaders have decreed, as the Lexington *Herald-Leader* recently did, that "one way streets devalue all the recent private and public investment in downtown." Not only do they impede customers who might travel into the city from somewhere else (both global creatives and suburban yuppies), one-ways also constrict the freedom of those who live in—and desire to tromp across—the city.

### Street cred

We are regular walking citizens of this city of horses, logging on average 25 and 30 urban pedestrian miles about town each week. As a couple of urbanites peering out at suburban two-way roads from our unwanted one-way neighborhood streets, we feel compelled to point out what we consider to

## Private sports, public universities

### From State College to Berkeley and back to Lexington

By Jeff Gross

Like many on the morning of November 10, I woke up to the swell of news about what had happened overnight at two major public universities. In State College, P.A., an estimated 2,000 students took to the streets after the Penn State University Board of Trustees announced the dismissal of university president Graham Spanier and head football coach Joe Paterno for their alleged roles in covering up the Jerry Sandusky sex abuse scandal. Angry that media attention had pressured the school to end Paterno's reign, students hurled rocks at television reporters and overturned a news van. By the time the streets were cleared, the police had made no arrests.

Across the country, at the University of California-Berkeley, students gathered in front of Sproul Hall (site of famous 1960s protests) to Occupy Cal and draw attention to the increasing cost of tuition and the long-term impact of student loan debt. In defiance of university administrators' orders not to set up an encampment, a group of nearly 1,000, made up of students and faculty members, attempted

to set up tents to occupy their campus. Refusing police orders to disperse, protestors knowingly committed an act of civil disobedience when they linked arms to protect the individuals setting up the encampment.

Video from Occupy Cal clearly shows campus police officers, decked out in full riot gear, initiating physical contact with the protestors. The protestors did not fight back. They linked arms and stood their ground. Celeste Langdon, an English professor, was arrested; she describes putting her hands out in front of her, only to be yanked to the ground by her hair: "But rather than take my wrist or arm, the police grabbed me by my hair and yanked me forward to the ground, where I was told to lie on my stomach and was handcuffed. The injuries I sustained were relatively minor—fat lip, a few scrapes to the back of my palms, a sore scalp—but also unnecessary and unjustified."

While the Penn State scandal has dominated mainstream media coverage since the story broke on November 5, the Berkeley protests and arrests have been mostly neglected, unless you know where to look for thoughtful

coverage of the Occupy Movement. Watching these two stories unfold from Lexington, I've wondered about the role of activism on major public university campuses this year. What type of citizen is produced at a land grant university where major college sports play a central role in campus life, especially when the fervor of the Penn State rioters looks much like the zeal of Kentucky basketball fans?

I've thought a lot about why no students in State College were arrested, despite the destruction of property. My conclusion: although the Penn State rioters may have unintentionally sullied the Penn State brand, their actions were not a protest of the status quo. Instead, they supported it. The rioters' actions lacked critical reflection and political intent; their tumult only proved that they will be lifetime supporters of the Penn State brand. On the other hand, the thousand-plus protestors at Berkeley, 39 of whom were arrested that night, rejected the status quo. They stood together against inequity and suggested that the world, as it is, is not good enough.

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## Closing the Kentucky

### Working rivers and locked communities

In part one, Wes recounted the state and federal policy to place the Kentucky River lock and dam system into permanent "caretaker status," a process that involved welding the locks shut, downsizing lock-master employment, and discontinuing upkeep.

By Wesley Houpp

Like his father, Chuck Dees' early years with the Corps were spent on relief duty. From '51 to '55 he traveled the river with a repair party delivering necessary supplies, materials, and manpower to ensure the locks were in good working order. In the summer of '56, Dees came to lock 7 at High Bridge and stayed for the next 22 years.

While the properties surrounding the lock and dams were referred to as "Government Reservations," or "Government Project Lands," the houses and grounds at lock 7, and the rest of the locks for that matter, were anything but the barren and sorrowful places these names tend to evoke in popular consciousness. The properties were lush, large shade trees provided relief from the summer sun, the spacious grounds were fertile for family gardens, and the ever-present river provided all sorts of opportunity for recreation, leisure, and the simple but essential contemplation of the current of life.

The two houses at lock 7 were of sturdy construction, much like typical

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Picnic on grounds at Lock 7, 1950s. Photo courtesy Bobby Jean Johnson.

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## Coming soon



NOVEMBER 23, 2011

# The Neighborhood

## Occupy art Corporations lose their grip

By Clay Waincott

The struggle between corporations and common folk has been ongoing, and it becomes visible when you look at art. There was this famous ‘high-noon’ moment back in the early thirties when corporate mentality gained the upper hand. Seems the Rockefellers wanted to put up the biggest building in the world and call it the “Empire State Building”—a big deal. They hired a famous painter from Mexico named Diego Rivera to paint a mural on the first floor, a work of art to exemplify the era’s highest achievement, like the Parthenon.

They knew each other already. Diego had been raising the self esteem and actually empowering the down-trodden in Mexico’s colonial caste system by recalling pre-Columbian glory, illuminating history and depicting the present day common people with dignity and respect. He was an avowed Communist. The Rockefeller patriarch, old J.D., had established a business reputation for absolute ruthlessness, amassing great wealth and power, and in the public’s mind had become the decrepit poster boy for unbridled wealth. History tells us Rivera committed the unholy faux pas of depicting Lenin as a great champion of worker’s rights, and, of course, the Rockefellers had no choice but to erase it all and start over.

That’s how they’d like to close the book, the one they wrote, but let’s look again. Diego Rivera came to the Empire State project as the spear point of the aspiration and rage of the world’s dispossessed yearning for expression, and he wouldn’t betray them, or their collective opinion of him, for any amount of money. The Rockefellers knew this going in. They

baited Diego not only with a lot of money; they commissioned the work to be in fresco, a permanent technique that had lasted since the time of the Romans. It was first of all a chance to create a work of art that could possibly last a thousand years, and he had been guaranteed complete creative freedom.

It was all a big mouse trap as it turns out.

Diego hired assistants, put up scaffolding, and worked grueling hours to get the project completed on time. When the work was finished they handed him a check and went to work with jack hammers immediately, even though they had watched his progress day by day. They allowed no photographs of the work in progress or of the completed work before it was destroyed. For those who think they’ve seen this painting reproduced, Diego recreated it later in Mexico, presumably using the Rockefeller money. Still he was defeated, art was defeated, and common humanity lost its eyes and its voice.

Within twenty years a new corporate form of art, Abstract Expressionism, was installed in big banks all over New York, although not, it seems, out at the Rockefeller homeplace. A culturally imperialist foreign policy sprang up financing lavish exhibitions of the New American Art in shell-shocked, nearly starving Europe, and foundations of all sorts began to subsidize and promote the careers of artists who stood no chance of public acceptance. Print media were enlisted as well, and soon the prohibition on representational images of anything was enforced absolutely by cadres of academic and museum authorities who knew and cared more about tax laws than art.

When representation finally found its way to art again it had been reduced to soup can labels and celebrity posters, and new generations cutoff and isolated from past traditions failed to notice the severe downgrade.

Corporations still prefer abstraction and keep the market pumped up for artwork which has no meaning, which poses no threat, which carries no messages they can’t control. Common folk generally prefer images

that engage their own memories and life experience, even though they’re continually told such artwork is retrograde, displays no imagination, and has no value. As the ripples from this pointed singular occupy outcry slowly pulse through this and every other community, maybe a new spirit of identity and individualism will lead us back toward an art which expresses our own aspirations and not those of non-person persons.

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At our granddaughter's pre-school, childrens' hands are compelled to push the kernels off the cob. Later they tasted the history of their sweetness in the cornbread.  
Poem: Jim Lally Photo: Jen Lally Design Layout: Olivia Hinds

### The Classroom

silent, except for seeds  
falling into the basket,  
waits for the world  
to relax and exhale.

Open House at the Farm is Dec. 3rd & 4th.

Sunflower Sundries Farm offers this year's harvest of fresh ground organic cornmeal & grits along with our staple products of soap, jam, mustard & pickled asparagus. Facebook for updates. Sunflower Sundries Farm - Mt. Olivet, Ky - (606)763-6827 Jennifer Gleason Farmer/Founder Since 1992, handmade and homegrown on the farm.



Closing (cont.)

*continued from page 1*

two-story, white, wooden-framed farm houses of the early 20th century. “It was a beautiful place to live and raise your family and work,” recalls Dees. When the lockmaster wasn’t locking boats, he occupied himself with maintenance of the grounds. And the grounds were pristine, the lawns uniformly mown, the houses white-washed and clean. The respect lockmen had for position and property is reflected in the general respect paid by those who benefited the most—the public.

Lockmen wore clothing befitting their office, too. Always a hat. A pressed shirt. Clean, pressed workpants. Maybe even a tie. Dress befitting an important man with a federal mandate. In Dees’ words, “to come on the lock wall not fully dressed was a no-no. Man, you absolutely did not come on the lock wall without you were fully dressed.”

Walking man

Locking boats was about moving feet, particularly before the capstan mechanisms, which open and closed the moving parts, were electrified. At lock 7, the capstan had a gear ratio of 20 to 1. The handle for turning the capstan was five feet in length. According to Dees, “You’d just get on that [handle] and lean against it and start pushing, just keep your pressure against it and that gate soon, when it was full, it would start moving.” The capstan took six turns to open and six to close. “And if you let that thing get away from you, just fall as flat down as you can as quickly as you can. Oh, it will break you in two.” Once the gate-valves were opened, the chamber filled, and the upper gates opened, boats were lead in by bow-lines and tied off on the lock wall. Then the lower gate-valves were opened, the chamber drained, the lower gates opened, and lockage was complete. “Now, I figured

it in a 30-inch Army stride, and I have checked it...you go approximately three-quarters of a mile” to lock one boat.

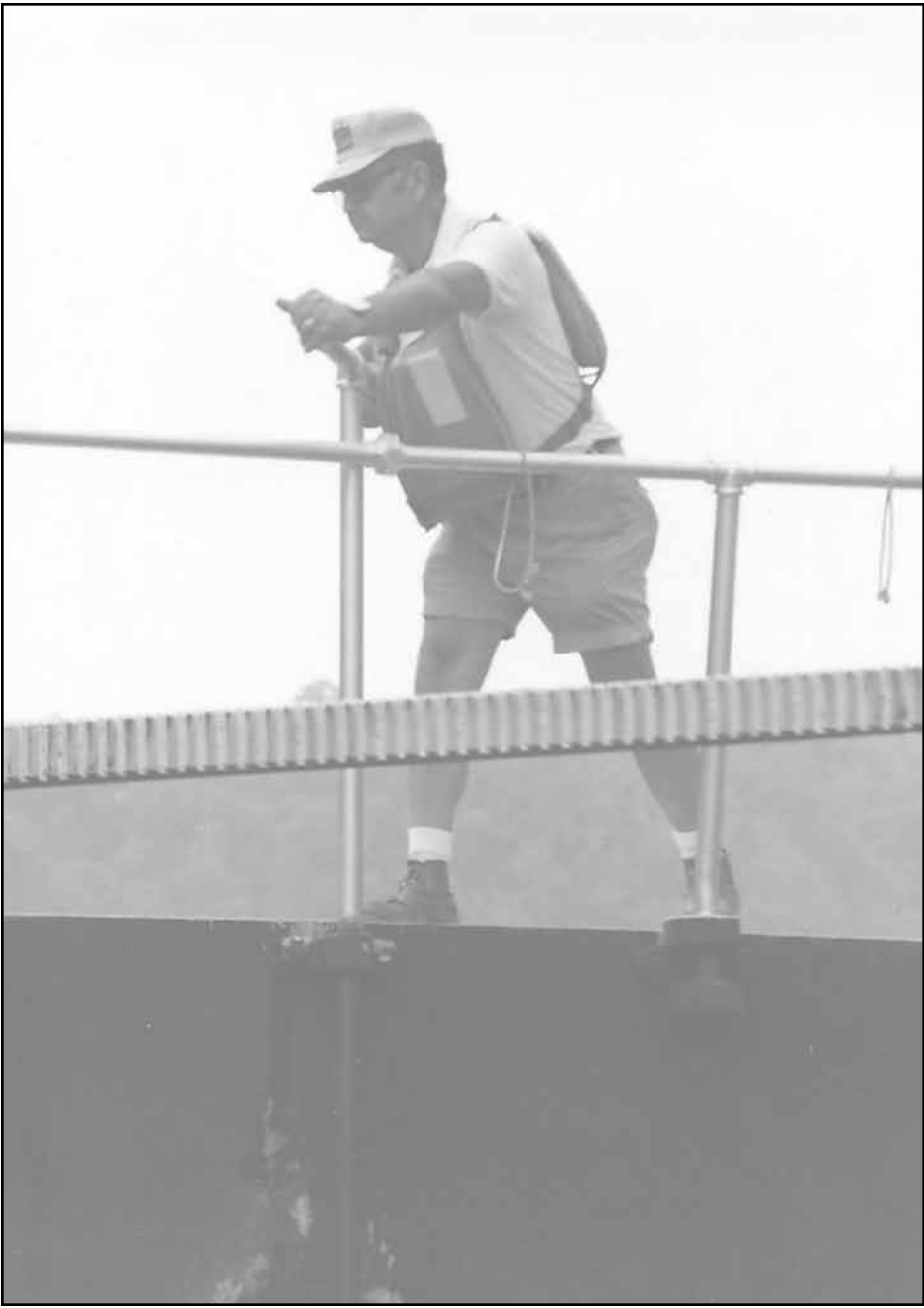
Most of the three-quarters of a mile walking distance involved some pretty heavy lifting, too. Prior to electrification, barges had to be pulled in and out of the lock chamber by hand—one barge at a time. “I have pulled many a one in and out. Those old barges that towed gasoline...I’ve pulled many a one.” Before interstates and four-lane highways gouged the landscape so that gas-stations could spring up at every intersection, barges hauled gasoline up the Kentucky for storage at the Camp Nelson tank farm. And before the railroad companies monopolized the business of hauling coal, barges carried dirty rock from the forks and Beattyville to facilities downstream and beyond.

At the height of his career, Dees was a very busy man. He remembers one day in particular when nearly 50 boats waited in the queue, and he once worked 23 hours straight on the lock wall, locking boats the entire time. He was ecumenical: “I’ve locked automobiles, I’ve locked geese. You wanna come through here in a tub? I’ll lock you through.”

The Kentucky at century’s end

At the end of his career, Dees would lock a dozen or so boats in a weekend, not exactly an eye-catching figure. But if we take a long-view, traffic on the Kentucky has been in fluctuation going back to the early years of impoundment and begs the question: Does a dearth of commercial traffic justify closing the Kentucky to everyone? According to the Army Corps of Engineers it does. They began looking for an exit strategy a half century ago.

According to the state of Kentucky and influential private corporations, however, the answer hasn’t always been unequivocally affirmative. Even as late



Lockmaster Chuck Dees turning the valves. Photo courtesy Bobbie Jean Johnson.

as the mid-80s, some stakeholders in the debate, from both public and private sectors, saw the three-year lease agreement as a success and lobbied for continued seasonal operation of locks 5 through 14 (most assuming locks 1 through 4 would operate indefinitely). In 1985, Charlotte Baldwin, then-secretary of the state Natural Resources and Environmental Protection Cabinet, noted that usage had increased from 1,200 boats in 1981, the last operational year before the Corps’ temporary closure in the summer of 1982, to 2,458 boats in the summer of 1985, allowing some 11,000 people to pass upstream and down. Total cost to the state for lock-operation in 1985 was \$55, 516, most of that sum going to pay lockmasters.

Lynwood Schrader, then-senior vice president of Kentucky Utilities and member of the Kentucky River Task Force charged with assessing the feasibility of state operation, calculated the total cost per boat at around \$23, a figure much lower than what the Corps reported. But this discrepancy is not surprising given the Corps’ age-old desire to cut and run. Schrader also acknowledged that the real cost went well beyond a simple cost-per-boat calculation. “We need to keep the locks open to protect water supplies. If one of these locks needs repairs and the locks are inoperable, it would be much more difficult.” Many of the municipalities that rely on the river for their water supplies, including Lexington, also decried the Corps’ decision for closure. In the words of Ralph Conway (lockmaster at 8), “if anything should go wrong at lock 8, Lexington would be in real trouble.”

Despite protestations from citizens, municipalities, private businesses, and state legislators, however, the decision was made to begin closure of the locks in 1988, a process that took several years to complete. Lock men, like Dees, who can recall the heydays of Kentucky River navigation, are a dying breed. Of the last lockmasters originally employed by the Army Corps of Engineers only a handful remain: Dees’ uncle, Estill Thomas, at 98 the oldest living lock man (Lock

2), Earl Gulley, Jr. (Lock 12), Roy Berry (Lock 13), Charles Dees (Lock 7), and perhaps a few more.

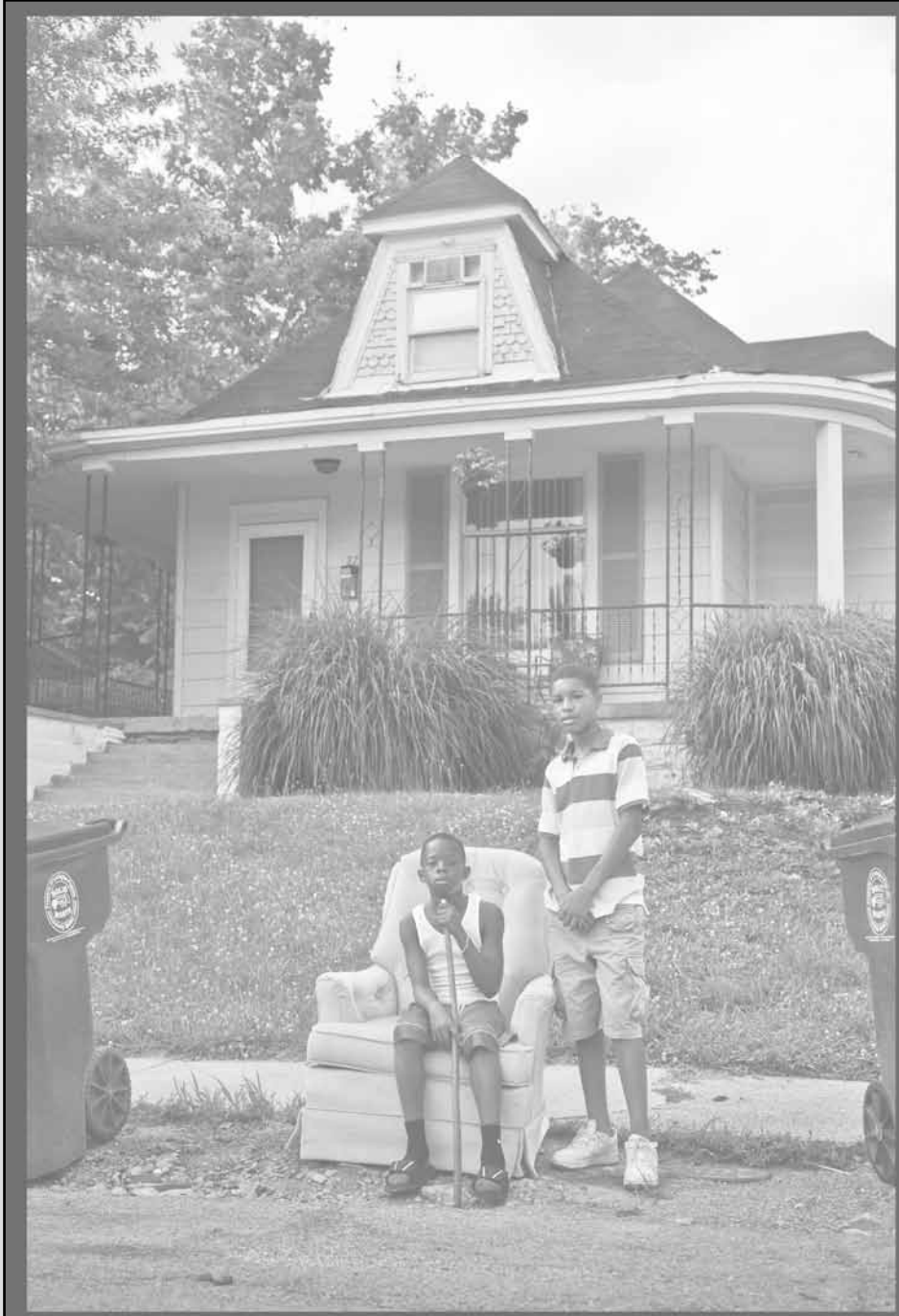
The likelihood that there will ever be another generation of lock men on the Kentucky seems doubtful; doubtful, that is, as long as “profitability” in dollars is the sole measure of a river’s worth. But profitability in dollars has always been elusive to the many and exclusive to the few. Average Kentuckians living along the banks or within the watershed were always the real losers as tax dollar upon tax dollar was poured into improving the river. The “crowning” achievement was systematic impoundment, an undertaking spanning nearly a century from 1836 to 1917, and the real benefactors of this promethean effort were the timber and coal barons of Eastern Kentucky.

By accommodating these extractive industries, the state and federal government were, however, ensuring a degraded quality of life for people living along the Kentucky’s corridor and guaranteeing a significantly degraded river for generations to come. Once these industries petered out and moved onto rails, respectively, policy-makers and the Corps, for the most part, lost the political stomach to envision a new definition of profitability, a revised value system that pivoted not on dollars and bureaucratic cow-towing but on health and sustainability of the river for its own sake and for those millions of people living within its nearly 7,000 square mile sphere of influence.

But in 2011 who cares if the river makes money for this or that private industry? Obviously, not the state. So surely this river, the life-blood of millions past and present, and the seemingly inexhaustible provider of such profound solace, pleasure, and wonderment to so many people, the well-heeled and humble alike, is worth the cost, any cost of preservation. We need to be sworn in to action under a new Hippocratic oath—to do no *further* harm by the river. Considering the catastrophic costs of neglecting the Kentucky, of permanent “caretaker status,” particularly in a global ecological climate where political lines are already being drawn around water, maintaining, operating, and not altering the infrastructure already in place along the Kentucky seems like a no-brainer—a token investment to benefit the many. And this is no newfangled dream. Just ask any one of those lock men of old; they’ve been saying the same thing for quite some time.

271 Loudon Ave

Montas and Shawn



MONTAS AND SHAWN / 271 LOUDON AVENUE 6.15.10 / 5:01 PM / 83° F

No one was in the house behind the cream-colored chair; none of the neighbors was home either when we stopped to take a photograph. The first passers-by we approached were suspicious that we were asking them to trespass. Montas and Shawn, walking by a few minutes later, expressed no suspicion. The two friends liked the idea of our project and readily arranged themselves for a picture. We would meet Montas again in August , when he persuaded six of his friends to sit together on another couch.

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



Live music to grow powerful to: 11/23 - 12/5

Since the release of The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim, we in the NoC music department have had some difficulty distinguishing fantasy from reality. Sorry.

Wednesday, November 23

Freekbot  
*Cosmic Charlie's; 388 Woodland. 10 P.M.*  
Those who command magic are to be praised or feared, depending on how they choose to wield their talent, for they are powerful beings and at a whim can aid or hinder the causes of common folk such as you and I.

On rare occasions, magic users choose to join forces for a common goal, and the combined power is, more often than not, greater than the sum of its parts. Such is the case with Freekbot: the unholy union of Freekbass and Tobotius. The former is well known for the qualities he draws from the electric funk bass; the latter, for the deft manipulation of a pair of chloride-vinyl acetate discs in a sonically invigorating fashion. The magic they emanate is strong, and is known for instigating spastic, seemingly random movements of the feet, torsos, arms, and posteriors of those who stand witness to Freekbot's machinations.

Friday, November 25

The Nick Stump Band with Kelly Richey  
*Natasha's; 112 Esplanade. 8 P.M.*  
The blues. What music could be more appropriate to accompany these troubled times? Can the legendary tonal properties of the flatted fifth buck our spirits as the world grows cold and dark? I think of a poem:

At the cross roads, sits the  
player. No drum, no umbrella,  
even  
though it's raining. Again, and we  
are some how less miserable because  
here is a hero, used to being wet.  
One road is where you are stand-  
ing now  
(reading this, the other, crosses  
then  
rushes into a wood.  
5 lbs neckbones.  
5 lbs hog innards.  
10 bottles cheap wine.  
(The contents  
of a paper bag, also shoes, with  
holes  
for the big toe, and several rusted  
knives. This is a literature, of  
symbols. And it is his gift, as the  
bag is.

—Amiri Baraka, from "A  
Poem for Willie Best"



John Keats.

Saturday, November 26

Drunk & Sailor / Loose Cannons  
*Al's Bar; 601 N. Limestone. 10:30 P.M.*  
As the opportunities for a young man of adventurous disposition to find his fortune and glory on the high seas have diminished in recent years, many a hale chap, who might otherwise find employment on a three-master seeking cargo of Eleuthera's pineapple and Dominica's rum, has instead turned to the bardic arts.  
And so it is with Drunk and Sailor, two intrepid lads from around our own County Fayette who forsook cutlasses for cutaways and have of late sung for their suppers at local taverns and houses of ill repute. On this night, the night in question, Drunk and Sailor will perform a set of the ballads and shanties for which they have earned reknown, then welcome to the stage the Loose Cannons, a motley bunch of ne'er-do-wells who play something the commoners call "pirate punk."

Sunday, November 27

The Tall Boys  
*Lynagh's; 384 Woodland. 10 P.M.*  
Applied to the band members' physiognomy, the name is a slight misnomer; Tallish Boys would be more fitting. But applied to their musicality, the name is indeed descriptive. For with instruments in hand, these men are giants. They tower over the Lynagh's stage every Sunday night, as they have for a very long time, and as they will for a long time to come.

Friday, December 2

I Like You  
*Green Lantern; 497 W. Third. 8 P.M.*  
Deep underground, far beneath the bright lights and shrill noises of our planet's surface, there exists a community of dreamers and aesthetes who shun our society's blind allegiance to the corporate kings and rigorously test-marketed musical appetites. They are a pale but fierce race of humans, who use both words and fuzz boxes to speak truth to power, and avoid bland, common sentiment in favor of the arch and the incisive. Come then, weary traveler, and witness another chapter in the great struggle between the might of the brutish pocketbook and the dexterity of the awakened mind.

Saturday, December 3

Lucero  
*Buster's; 899 Manchester. 8 P.M.*  
I think of another poem, a story of longing and desperation:



Billy Joe Shaver.

The moving waters at their priest-  
like task  
Of pure ablation round earth's  
human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen  
mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and  
the moors—

Bright star—*lucero*. The moving waters of the mighty Mississipp' bring to us six troubadors, tumbled and polished from years of drifting by those muddy banks, who sing the songs of earth's human shores with earnestness and pleasure, so that we may, at last, after so many centuries of strife and struggle, come together as one. For fans

of: Taliesin, Kevin Kinney, Myrddin Wyllt, John Hiatt.

Monday, December 5

Billy Joe Shaver  
*Cosmic Charlie's; 388 Woodland. 9 P.M.*  
We immerse ourselves in these shiny electronic worlds, in which we live virtual lives of adventure and enterprise. But here comes a man who has actually done what we, plucked from our plush chairs and booted out the front door, would never dare. A man who has been to hell and back and has no problem sending you there to see for yourself. An outlaw. An original. And what are you? Afraid?



The Khajit is a skilled hunter with bow or claw.

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# Film & Media

## Michael Shannon’s *Shelter*

Lexington native comes home for the holidays—in cinematic form

By Lucy Jones

There’s a lot to like about Michael Shannon.

He’s a native Lexingtonian, so that should earn him the instant affection and allegiance of anyone with a UK sweatshirt in her closet or a Local First sticker on his car.

Of course, if you’re an impossibly hard sell who somehow demands greater credentials for devotion than that, consider that at age of 37, Shannon is an Academy Award nominated actor who has worked with cinematic legends ranging from John Waters to Werner Herzog to Martin Scorsese.

I was more than happy to accept that statement as the most impressive thing about him, until I heard this: when Sony Pictures Classics began the platform release of his new film, *Take Shelter*, Shannon not only made his wishes clear that he’d like the film played in Lexington, he also specified that he wanted it shown at the Kentucky Theatre. A loyal friend of the Kentucky Theatre? In my book, there’s nothing more adoration inspiring than that.

The fact that *Take Shelter*’s Lexington release was expedited based on Shannon’s wishes is testament to his growing popularity as an actor. Henry Clay alumni were, perhaps, among the first in Lexington to get wind of Shannon’s Hollywood ascent. In late 2008, among rumors that Shannon might be on the receiving end of an Oscar nomination for his performance in *Revolutionary Road*, celebrity memorabilia dealers began randomly contacting Blue Devils via social networking sites. Their goal: buying up all the yearbooks from Shannon’s high school career on the hunch that he was about to break big.

While their success in this endeavor is unknown (not one of my sources has admitted to being sufficiently impoverished to trade high school memories for cash), the dealers’ predictions were right. Although Shannon worked consistently throughout the 2000s, his post-nomination roles have been considerably meatier. Now, playing Agent Nelson Van Alden in the Scorsese-produced HBO drama *Boardwalk Empire*, Shannon is doing some of the most high profile work of his career.

### *Take Shelter* kills

If the possibility of a Supporting Actor nomination had memorabilia dealers salivating, there’s no telling the onslaught of cash offers that Henry Clay alumni can expect in the wake of *Take Shelter*. In a performance that has been branded a “powerhouse” by more than one critic, the film is garnering Shannon some of the best reviews of his career.

*Take Shelter*, a perfectly crafted and brilliantly paced portrait of a man in crisis, is astonishingly only the sophomore effort from writer/director Jeff Nichols. His first film, *Shotgun Stories*, also starred Shannon; and his third feature, *Mud*, will showcase the actor alongside another sometime Lexington resident, Sam Shepard.

*Take Shelter* tells the story of Curtis, a working class everyman with a loving wife, a cute kid, and (according to his admiring friend and co-worker) “a good life.” All is as it should be until Curtis starts having vivid nightmares detailing an impending apocalypse. Worried that he might be suffering from early signs of mental illness, Curtis is equally concerned that his dreams might, in fact, be real. Quietly seeking help from a broken health care system (he worries that, if his friends and family suspect a mental breakdown, he could be institutionalized and no longer able to protect his child) Curtis simultaneously begins the obsessive construction of a disaster shelter in his backyard.

Ironically, Curtis’ preoccupation with keeping his family safe ultimately, in the eyes of those around him, becomes the issue that most endangers them. His relationships, job, and the medical care of his daughter are all threatened by his descent into what others deem madness.

Shannon’s performance is so tortured and powerfully empathy invoking that the viewer finds herself in the strange position of rooting for the Apocalypse. Shannon’s Curtis is so earnest, so well-meaning, so devoted to his concept of fatherhood that we want nothing more than for him to be right and validated.

To the great benefit of the film, Shannon is matched on every level by his co-star, Jessica Chastain. Her characterization of Curtis’ wife, Samantha, is every bit as complex and interesting as Shannon’s is of Curtis. Chastain’s Samantha stands up for herself, but she also stands up for her husband. The moments in which she is forced to weigh her love for Curtis against the perceived emotional betrayal of his secret are some of the most powerful of the movie.

### *Take Shelter*, take one

As a stand-alone film, *Take Shelter* is a stunning piece of work and worthy of any 2011 top ten list. But what

makes it of particular interest to the career of Michael Shannon is that, essentially, this is the second time he has made this film. For anyone who saw the 2009 Werner Herzog film *My Son, My Son, What Have Ye Done* (executive produced by David Lynch for an extra dose of weirdness), certain themes and plot elements from *Take Shelter* will feel familiar.

In that film, Shannon plays Brad McCullum, a young man of promise who foresees a kayaking disaster and, after avoiding the fate of his doomed friends, becomes a changed person. After witnessing what he thought was the future, he becomes obsessed with the idea that his mother must die in order to save the world.

While Brad’s actions seem crazy to all of the characters who populate the film, certain cues throughout the movie suggest that there may be some veracity to his visions. Like Curtis in *Take Shelter*, the viewer is forced to question whether Brad is a lunatic or a prophet.

Similar themes of paranoia emerge in the 2006 Michael Shannon film, *Bug*. Directed by William Friedkin and starring Ashley Judd (also a former Lexington resident...notice another trend?), the film explores the merging

lines of reality and delusion as two desperate people hole up in a motel room that they believe is infested by microscopic insects produced by the government.

Based on a play by Tracy Letts, the film is, depending upon who you ask, an exploration of the shared delusions that paranoia can create, a condemnation of losing oneself to romantic love, or a cautionary tale about crystal meth. Whatever your reading of the film, it is Shannon’s performance—intensely disturbed yet heart-wrenchingly vulnerable—that stays in one’s mind.

Whether Shannon has purposefully sought these roles, or whether his unique looks and intense presence have simply inspired the casting, the actor has, at a relatively young age, already amassed a substantial body of work that explores a number of interwoven themes. If the last five years are any indication, Shannon is well on his way to having one of the more interesting careers in Hollywood.

Henry Clay alumni, hang onto those yearbooks.

*Take Shelter is now playing at the Kentucky Theatre. For information on show times visit kentuckytheater.com.*



Michael Shannon in *Take Shelter*.

## Local film happenings

### BCTC Short Films Screening Program

Interested in learning more about the Bluegrass Community and Technical College Filmmaking Program? Come to Natasha’s Bistro & Bar on Friday, December 2 for the premiere of seven short films by graduating BCTC filmmakers. The screening program begins at 6:30 P.M. Guests are encouraged to arrive by 5:30 if planning to dine. The event is free and open to the public. Reservations are recommended.

### Appalshop Film Screening and Fundraiser

Join Appalshop at Natasha’s Bistro & Bar on Wednesday, December 14 for an evening of film to benefit their Appalachian Media Institute, a youth training program that focuses on the production and distribution of community-based audio and video productions. Watch films that have emerged from the program, and learn more about the efforts of Appalshop’s arts and education center. The screening program is free, although contributions

are always appreciated. The event will begin at 6:30 P.M. Reservations are recommended.

### Art21 Screenings at Parlay Social

It’s not too early to start marking your 2012 calendars. Beginning on January 9, Parlay Social will host a series of Art21 screening events in partnership with LexArts, KET, and Institute 193. Art21, a Peabody award-winning documentary series which showcases contemporary art and artists, will be screened for three consecutive Mondays in January at what is being called “21 Nights Happy Hour.” Each episode has a theme that will be integrated into the evening, and Lexington artists will be featured alongside the national artists in the films. The theme of the first event is “Transformation.” 21 Nights Happy Hours will run from 5 P.M. until 7 P.M.

*If you have a film or media event that you would like to announce in North of Center, please send an e-mail with all pertinent information to lucyjonesky@gmail.com.*

## The Great Dictator at BFS

On Wednesday, November 30 the Bluegrass Film Society will screen Charlie Chaplin’s 1940 satire of Nazi Germany, *The Great Dictator*. After a distinguished career as director and actor of silent films throughout the 1920s and 30s, *The Great Dictator* was Chaplin’s first serious foray into the world of “talkies.” Chaplin stars in a double role as a Jewish barber enlisted as a private in a fictionalized European war, and as the fascist dictator Hynkel (clearly modeled on Adolf Hitler) the Jewish barber has enlisted to fight. At the time of *The Great Dictator*’s release, the United States was still formally at peace with Nazi Germany. Chaplin’s film advanced a stirring, controversial condemnation of Hitler, fascism, anti-semitism, and the Nazis, whom he excoriates in the film as “machine men, with machine minds and machine hearts.” It ultimately became the silent-actor’s most commercially successful film.

Bluegrass Film Society screenings take place in the Oswald Auditorium

at Bluegrass Community and Technical College, located on Cooper Drive nearby Commonwealth Stadium. Screenings are free and begin at 7:30 P.M.



Italian movie poster for *Il Grande Dittatore*.



Parlay Social Club on Short Street at Cheapside. Photo by Danny Mayer.



NOVEMBER 23, 2011

# Sports

## Private sports (cont.)

*continued from page 1*

### Protesting and camping for sport

Before I move on, I'll say that the Jerry Sandusky case certainly represents humanity at its worst, and based on developments, it seems that the scandal runs far deeper than the four officials released by the university. But I am less interested here in the specifics of the case at Penn State than in the impact of sports culture on that university and others.

At the University of Kentucky last year, we saw a sustained protest effort that included homemade banners and t-shirts. During that protest, a painted bed sheet was draped between two second floor windows of a house on Woodland Avenue. Painted in blue, the words read, "FREE ENES," in defense of Enes Kanter, the Turkish basketball recruit ruled ineligible by the NCAA due to benefits (pay) received from a Turkish club team. Kentucky Sports Radio website (KSR) promoted a popular Internet meme related to the Kanter case. The meme featured people around the world—soldiers in Iraq, people on other campuses, and members of Big Blue Nation wearing t-shirts or holding up signs that asked the NCAA to "Free Enes" (declare him eligible to play so he could help guide UK to an NCAA championship).

When former President Bill Clinton appeared on campus with then-U.S. Senate candidate Jack Conway, students in the crowd held up "Free Enes" signs. It seemed that for many UK students, the effort to "Free Enes" was more important than any congressional race, even if the Tea Party candidates vowed that they would gut funding for education and go after student financial aid, especially grants intended to help students in the most financial need. Enes was never "freed," but Rand Paul and the Tea Party caucus had a successful fall. In the last 11 months, they have held true to their promises to attack public education.

Over the past few years, we've also seen tent encampments spring up on campus in the fall. In late September, about 10 days after the occupation began in New York's Zuccotti Park, tents began to appear on the UK campus. The campers stretched up and down both sides of the Avenue of Champions, spilling onto the band's practice field. These campers spent three brave nights outside to get tickets to UK's first basketball practice of the season. On September 30, the *Kentucky Kernel* exclaimed, "Madness Tent Count Sets Record" (this year's 570 tents broke 2010's record of 525). Similar weekly encampments pop up outside Penn State's Beaver Stadium during the football season, as students arrive at "Paternoville" early in the week to camp out for first row game tickets. Penn State's students are camping out for front row seats at a game, and UK's campers seek tickets...to a practice. These camps aren't practices of citizenship, but they reveal a zealous commitment to a school brand.

How would the UK administrators react if students attempted to set up an Occupy encampment to protest increases in tuition and the

privatization of the university? (Tuition has increased 130% in the last decade and 6% in each of the previous two academic years; Friends of Coal sponsors the Louisville-Kentucky football game and Kentucky Coal underwrote the basketball player dormitory.) Young to old, students to alumni to just fans, the campers waiting for Big Blue Madness tickets demonstrated their commitment to the UK brand. Just as Penn State football and its iconic former leader Joe Paterno are the face of Penn State for the nation, UK basketball is the most recognizable part of the UK brand. A friend recently noted on Facebook that he closed his account at a large bank and joined UK Credit Union (encouraged by the Occupy movement, nearly a million Americans have left large banks for credit unions in the last month), but he realized he was buying into another large brand when his debit card included the image of a basketball and basket.

### Lessons from college sports

If the mention of UK elicits the image of a basketball and Penn State is synonymous with football, then what values are actually instilled in students by these institutions—both land grant public universities with an explicit directive to prepare citizens?

Lesson 1: *Remain loyal to the brand.* Part of the response at Penn State was that, instead of the usual "whiteout" at Beaver Stadium, fans attending the November 12 game were urged to buy special blue t-shirts, with the proceeds going to victims of child abuse. Rather than question the failure of the university's mission of teaching, research, and public service and perhaps miss a football game in the process, students and fans were urged to consume and purchase a special "blueout" t-shirt to help victims. While funds raised did go to victims, Penn State fans were really asked to further buy into the brand—and trust that the institution could atone for its mistakes.

Lesson 2: *Athletics are academic.* The "Free Enes" campaign and the Big Blue Madness encampment allow students to participate in shared public life that has no political implications. Students concerned about "freeing" Enes may never challenge the university or state in any substantive way. In teaching a number of first-year composition and intermediate writing courses at UK, I have seen this firsthand. During the fall 2010 semester, while helping students brainstorm writing topics in a course on public rhetoric, I asked them what public issues mattered to them. "Free Enes" was the first example. A number of students claimed that the first place they went for news was KentuckySportsRadio.com.

My critique here is not of the students, because some who have written about compensation for college athletes and the BCS system have written strong analyses. However, I am troubled by the fact that in six years at UK, I have read dozens of projects on college sports and not a single paper on the impact of tuition increases on students. I can't say if these numbers are representative of the student population at UK, but I can say that basketball defines rather

## Big balls, little balls at LGBL

### Benton sweeps first night of league play

#### NoC Sports

Under the distant gaze of two fans drinking at Sidebar, Michael Benton rolled his way to a pair of victories on the soggy grounds of Courthouse Fields for opening night of the Lexington Guerilla Bocce League (LGBL). In the night's first match, Benton and League non-commissioner Danny Mayer rolled a closely fought match. The two players traded leads until Mayer surged ahead 10-8 with a late-match perfect botch. At the ensuing rolling of the jack, Benton responded with a perfect botch of his own to pull off an improbable, thrilling, come-from-behind 11-10 victory.

Roll-time for this first match was unexpectedly delayed thirty minutes to 10:30 P.M. while players gathered at Occupy Lexington's JP Morgan Chase Plaza. League non-commissioner Danny Mayer's late arrival prompted one LGBL roller to write a pointed letter directed to league non-officials:

"Where is non-commissioner Mayer? After tonight's uncontested forfeiture of our first LGBL match, I can only surmise he is a Bocce Wuss. He must have heard about my gigantic Bocce balls and decided to keep his wrapped up in their tiny rucksack to avoid the painful humiliation I was prepared to rain down upon him. I hereby challenge "Little balls" Mayer to a guerilla boccee match to be held at a mutually agreed upon time and place. The gauntlet is cast, does "Little balls" Mayer answer the challenge?

As it turns out, Mayer did show (albeit late), and Charles "Big Balls" Bowsher, named for his controversial use of bowling balls in league play, was able to meet his adversary in the night's second match, a three-way between Bowsher, Mayer and Benton. The Bowsher/Mayer rivalry quickly fizzled, however, as Benton rolled his way to an easy 10-2-2 victory.

*The LGBL rolls on Monday nights at 10:00 P.M. Players gather at Occupy Lexington.*

than simply complements the college experience for many UK students.

And it's hard to blame the students for seeing the university this way, when the head basketball coach makes over \$4 million a year and the adjuncts and graduate students who teach most of these writing courses make between \$12,000 and \$24,000 a year. Nationally, tenure-line professors have seen their pay increase by 32% since 1984. Over that same period, division 1 football coaches have seen their pay go up 750%.

The videos from State College reveal a similar prioritization of the college experience. Asked why he was in the crowd, one student told a reporter, "Tears are in my eyes. [Paterno's] done so much for our university." Another student explained, "We're in support of our school. We're in support of Joe Pa. We think it's absolutely ridiculous that he got fired over this sort of situation."

The first example—"He's done so much for our university"—might be more accurate than the student knew. If serving the university means withholding crucial information that could protect additional children from victimization, then it seems that for at least nine years, Paterno has "done so much" for the Penn State brand. And Penn State Football is a brand—it's a business that rakes in over \$70,000,000 a year, with over \$50 million left as profit.

The second student, blinded by years of rhetoric about Penn State football, can't separate the university from Joe Paterno. For this student (and presumably many others), supporting Joe Pa is synonymous with supporting the university. The coach fosters this idea: when a crowd gathered outside Paterno's house (ownership of which was mysteriously transferred to his wife earlier this year for \$1), the tearful coach thanked his supporters and, before going back inside, gave the crowd a raised fist and a "We are Penn State" cheer.

(If you think these quotations are the result of young people late at night

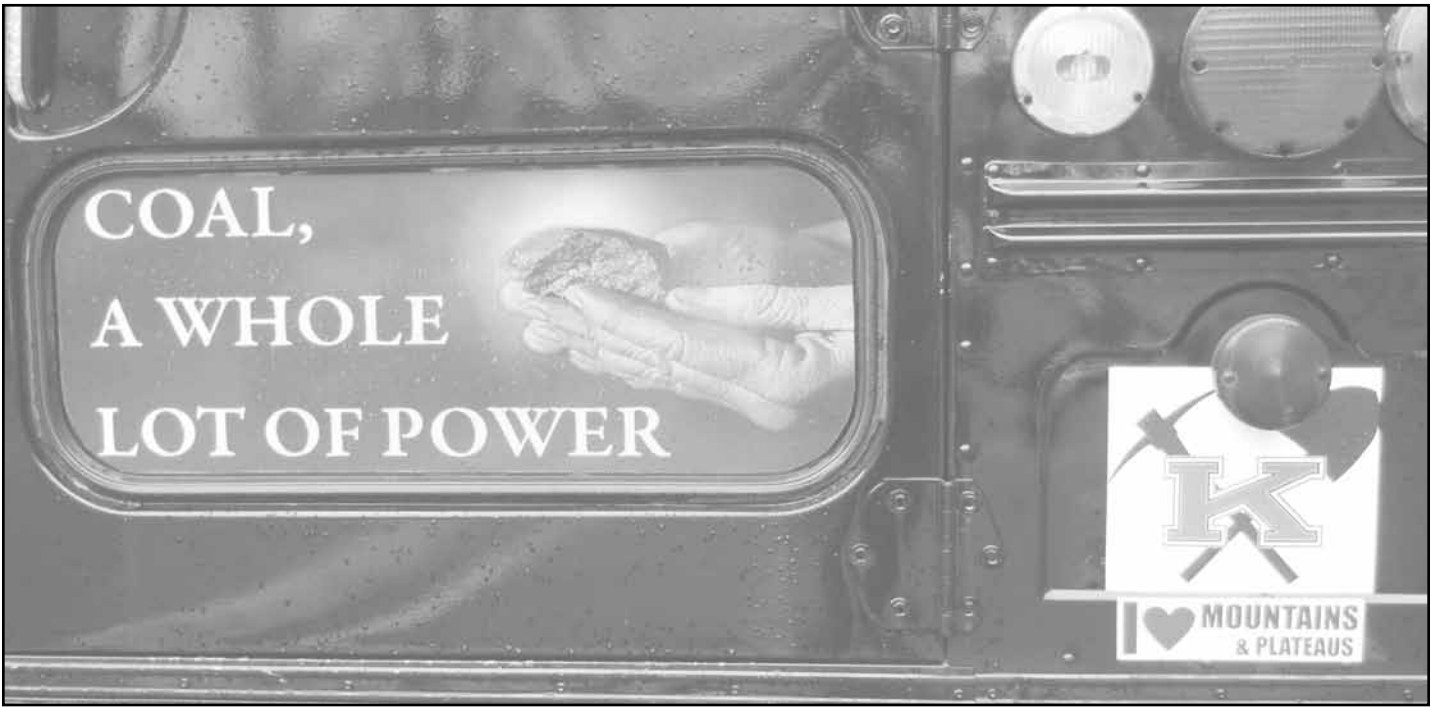
in an angry mob without time to consider what they're saying, then how would you account for the legions of fans at the game two days later holding up signs thanking Joe Paterno for his service to the university?)

Lesson 3: *Mind your (own) business.* In the Penn State case, university officials seem to have minded their own business about Sandusky's alleged behavior in order to protect their business interests. At UK, we see similar patterns play out. The most infamous case is the Board of Trustees' acceptance of a \$7 million gift to pay for a new housing complex for basketball players, the Wildcat Coal Lodge, which will include a museum to coal's "positive" impact on Kentucky. This choice by the board, as most probably know by now, led Kentucky writer Wendell Berry to remove his collected papers from UK's special collection.

In a perhaps lesser-known case of dirty allegiances, UK Athletics Association continues its relationship with Nurses' Registry. Federal investigators accuse the company's president Lennie G. House of using UK game tickets as kickbacks for doctors who referred patients to the agency. Despite this ongoing federal investigation for Medicare fraud, Nurses' Registry remains a UK sports sponsor. Former coach Joe B. Hall and current head coaches Joker Phillips and John Calipari appear with House in TV ads for Nurses' Registry. The company is also being sued by a former employee for a pattern of alleged violence, sexism, and threats.

When questioned about the allegations, UK spokesperson Jay Blanton spoke in purely legal terms, saying the university was not involved in any wrongdoing. The *Herald-Leader* explains, "Blanton said House receives four season tickets every year to UK basketball home games because he is a 'significant contributor' to the K Fund, a donor program that supports UK student athletes." Of course, in legal terms, UK can't control how House uses his tickets. In legal terms, Penn State assistant coach Mike McQueary satisfied his obligations by reporting the sexual assault he witnessed to his superior. However, baseline legal terms often don't satisfy broader ethical concerns.

Despite the investigations, Coach Calipari and other UK representatives are willing to appear alongside an allegedly fraudulent business owner and to associate the university name and logo with a business under federal investigation. Here's the message: those who truly "bleed blue" are to accept that these sponsorships from Friends of Coal, Alliance Coal, and Nurses' Registry are good, and that rooting for the Wildcats requires implicit support of these sponsors.



UK bumper sticker. Photo by Danny Mayer.

*continued on page 8*

# OCCUPIED LEXINGTON HERALD

## A failure of leadership How we got here

By Austin Parker

A fifteen minute channel-surf of cable news will offer many villains for who's to blame for our collapse. There are Wall Street bankers who point their finger at irresponsible homeowners who signed off on loans they couldn't possibly pay back. There are the likes of New York City billionaire Mayor Michael Bloomberg who wag their proverbial finger at Washington, claiming that laws passed under prior administrations forced lenders to make loans to people who would not be able to repay. There are economists like Paul Krugman who look to the banks, accusing them of designing exotic financial instruments and then misrepresenting their value to prospective clients—all the while minimizing dangers and falsifying paperwork on their behalf in pursuit of larger bonuses at the end of the quarter. And then there are the centrists, people like Barack Obama and Ben Bernanke who say that it doesn't matter whose fault it is, that we just have to knuckle under and not point fingers—and certainly not investigate anyone in particular for malfeasance or wrongdoing.

I'm not an economist, a politician, a stockbroker, or a talking head on cable news, but I try not to be stupid. We didn't get to where we are overnight. Watching the collapse and free-fall of the global economy, I've been able to glean three primary reasons for how we got here. First, the government doesn't exist for the people's benefit any more. Private lobbyists, bankrolled by wealthy interests of bankers and multinational CEOs, have captured the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of our government. It now serves their corporate interests. Second, banks and multinational corporations have engineered the laws and regulations (or lack thereof) to benefit their bottom line at the expense of the taxpayer and citizens of our country. When they make a bad bet, these same players turn around, hat in hand, to the federal government and demand trillions of taxpayer dollars in order to cover their bad debts, pay their CEOs huge bonuses, and double down on their next risky gamble. Finally, these symbiotic relationships between the uber-rich, politicians, and their enablers have shut us out of the political and economic processes of the nation.

And yet, we pull the lever every couple years for someone wearing a red or blue jersey who makes a lot of noise about caring for us and understanding our needs, right up until they arrive in Washington or Frankfort or Topeka or wherever—and the lucrative lobbyist cash flows like water.

### A failure of leadership

So how did we get here?

Frankly, things have gotten as bad as they are because of the horror show that passes for American politics and governance. While our entire political system is deadlocked in futile debates on austerity and lower taxes for the 1%, our leaders continue to ignore joblessness, poverty, homelessness and our cratering economy.

## Affinity groups

Form your own support networks

By Danny Mayer

The Occupy Wall Street movement has deep affinities with anarchist principals. Anarchist anthropologist David Graeber, a widely popular teacher now in England after being denied tenure at Yale, helped coin the term “the 99%” while crafting the initial Adbusters call for people to occupy Zucotti Park. The anti-hierarchical, self-organizing principals championed by Occupiers also have roots in anarchist ideas of self-governance. (Who knew? Anarchists aren't just the violent, faceless, black-donn'd youths that the media portrays them to be.)

Chief among these is the concept of affinity groups, first used by nineteenth-century Spanish anarchists. Affinity groups are small groups of people who work along shared principals or goals. By definition, they comprise a small number of individuals--as few as three--with a firm commitment to the group goal.

Affinity groups act on specific needed tasks. An affinity group of culinary-minded friends might commit to tackling an Occupy dinner on a set night. Another might self-organize around making connections in the Latino community.

Michael Benton and I have an informal group to Occupy Mondays. We've reached out to friends and colleagues, implemented a media night, teach-ins, a bocce league and a sleepover. It's just a start. What might your affinity group do?

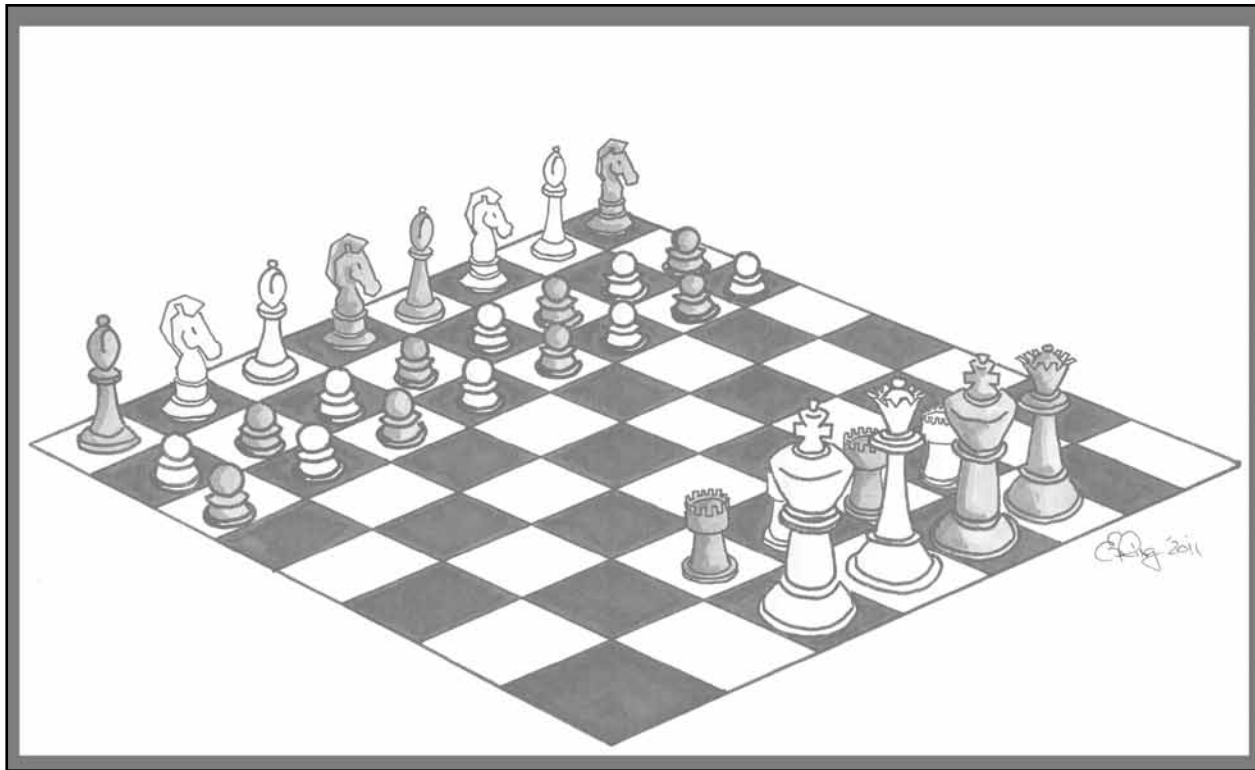


Illustration by Christopher E. Epling.

It wasn't that long ago, after all, that the US Congress held millions in disaster relief hostage to forge a suicidal pact on debt reduction. Not far back when our country was driven to the brink of default on our national debt over the notion that increasing taxes on millionaires—even by one penny—was a bridge too far for the political class that lairs in the US Congress. Not long ago that the Senate refused to budge on extending unemployment insurance to hundreds of thousands of Americans unless the government extend tax cuts for some of its richest citizens.

In 2010 as Americans saw their roads and bridges crumble, their educational opportunities priced beyond their means, and their meager unemployment insurance held hostage by an insane agenda of “Austerity now, Austerity tomorrow, Austerity forever!”, General Electric paid a grand total of zero dollars in federal income tax. Hedge fund managers, commodity speculators, and the parasitic class of investors who inhabit Wall Street paid 15% or less of their income in taxes--because of the capital gains tax and the carried interest exemption.

Every promise that's been made by the organized political machine in this country for the past thirty years has been at its most basic form a theft from the 99% into the bank accounts of the 1%. Insurance “reform”, banking “reform”, housing “reform”, education “reform”, public safety “reform”—behind each of these lurks a well-connected, influential, and incredibly wealthy series of power brokers who stand to profit

from our government's decisions. A tall claim, yes, but consider that the net worth of Congress is over 2 billion dollars. Presidential campaigns cost tens of billions to run. Senate races run in the tens and hundreds of millions.

Here at home, campaigns are also getting more expensive. Kentucky's winning gubernatorial candidate, Democrat Steve Beshear, spent over \$11 million dollars to retain power. For the first time in city history, a Lexington mayoral campaign (Jim Gray's) cost over \$1 million dollars. At the city council level, progressive Steve Kay's \$100 thousand campaign--between \$30 and \$40 thousand more than the other two winning at-large councilmembers—considerably upped the economic buy-in for being a city representative.

As the halls of power have become a rich man's playground, it should come as little surprise that rules get written to benefit these inhabitants.



No longer silent. Photo by Amanda Wallace.

## Letters from 99ers

### Scapegoating the occupation

There have been large amounts of pressure lately from pro-capitalist forces to shut down the Occupy protest encampments throughout the country. One tactic often used by these forces is scapegoating—attempting to send the message that the Occupy movement is a fringe group filled with the problematic misfits of society. For example, Oakland City Council President Larry Reid recently stated of his local Occupy protest that it has been a major setback for the area while attracting sex offenders, mentally ill and homeless people, and anarchists. In essence, Reid avoids discussion of the deeper issues and instead attempts to deter people from supporting the Occupy movement by associating it with persons in marginalized segments of society.

This biased argument is a microcosm of the greater narrative where those in power try to distract the American people from understanding the root causes of our increasing economic stratification and, at the same time, to blame the many for the wrongs of the few. Thus, while the 1% try to categorize Occupy as the sick people of society, in truth, Occupy represents courageous people coming together to bear witness to what IS SICK in our society—economic inequality, corporate greed, and political cronyism.

PS—Perhaps there needs to be a registry not only for sex offenders but also for the financiers

and their elected counterparts whose selfish and irresponsible actions led to an incredibly disproportionate amount of wealth and power in the hands of too few.

Sarah Rhomberg  
Stanton, Ky

### Bringing change to the system

This is how real change can come to the system (“Too big to fail, too big for me,” (October 26) . If everyone simply moves out of the too-big-to-fail, too-globalized-to-care-about-us banking system, it WILL fail. And the world won't end. Real change will come because the citizenry not only demanded it but acted to make it happen. A revolution need not be bloody to be effective.

Hedgehog2  
Smirking Chimp blog

Wall Street investment money is not insured. So, why are we keeping it there? When the economy tanks, all of those retirement plans are going to suffer huge losses of principal. By transferring it into a CD at a federally insured credit union or community bank, we are protecting our futures and screwing wall street at the same time. Naturally, check with a tax advisor, or someone you trust to make sure it is economically feasible to do so.

Eyuckk  
Smirking Chimp blog



## Would a UK prof dare pen this?

Open letter to UC-Davis Chancellor Linda P.B. Katehi

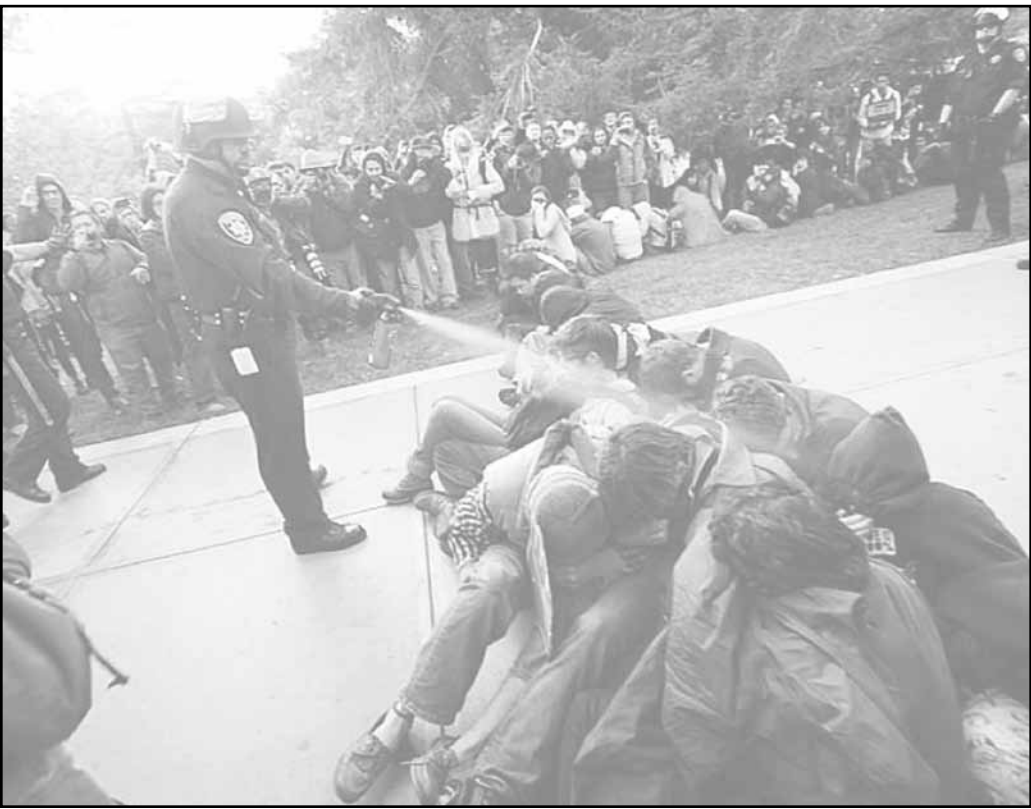
I am a junior faculty member at UC Davis. I am an Assistant Professor in the Department of English, and I teach in the Program in Critical Theory and in Science & Technology Studies. I have a strong record of research, teaching, and service. I am currently a Board Member of the Davis Faculty Association. I have also taken an active role in supporting the student movement to defend public education on our campus and throughout the UC system. In a word: I am the sort of young faculty member, like many of my colleagues, this campus needs. I am an asset to the University of California at Davis.

You are not.  
I write to you and to my colleagues for three reasons:

1. to express my outrage at the police brutality which occurred against students engaged in peaceful protest on the UC Davis campus today
2. to hold you accountable for this police brutality
3. to demand your immediate resignation

Today you ordered police onto our campus to clear student protesters from the quad. These were protesters who participated in a rally speaking out against tuition increases and police brutality on UC campuses on Tuesday—a rally that I organized, and which was endorsed by the Davis Faculty Association. These students attended that rally in response to a call for solidarity from students and faculty who were bludgeoned with batons, hospitalized, and arrested at UC Berkeley last week. In the highest tradition of non-violent civil disobedience, those protesters had linked arms and held their ground in defense of tents they set up beside Sproul Hall. In a gesture of solidarity with those students and faculty, and in solidarity with the national Occupy movement, students at UC Davis set up tents on the main quad. When you ordered police outfitted with riot helmets, brandishing batons and teargas guns to remove their tents today, those students sat down on the ground in a circle and linked arms to protect them.

What happened next? Without any provocation whatsoever, other than the bodies of these students



Police pepper spray nonviolent protestors.

sitting where they were on the ground, with their arms linked, police pepper-sprayed students. Students remained on the ground, now writhing in pain, with their arms linked.

What happened next?  
Police used batons to try to push the students apart. Those they could separate, they arrested, kneeling on their bodies and pushing their heads into the ground. Those they could not separate, they pepper-sprayed directly in the face, holding these students as they did so. When students covered their eyes with their clothing, police forced open their mouths and pepper-sprayed down their throats. Several of these students were hospitalized. Others are seriously injured. One of them, forty-five minutes after being pepper-sprayed down his throat, was still coughing up blood.

This is what happened. You are responsible for it. You are responsible for it because this is what happens when UC Chancellors order police onto our campuses to disperse peaceful protesters through the use of force: students get hurt. Faculty get hurt. One of the most inspiring things (inspiring for those of us who care about students who assert their rights to free speech and peaceful assembly) about the demonstration in Berkeley on November 9 is that UC Berkeley faculty stood together with

students, their arms linked together. Associate Professor of English Celeste Langan was grabbed by her hair, thrown on the ground, and arrested. Associate Professor Geoffrey O’Brien was injured by baton blows. Professor Robert Hass, former Poet Laureate of the United States, National Book Award and Pulitzer Prize winner, was also struck with a baton. These faculty stood together with students in solidarity, and they too were beaten and arrested by the police. In writing this letter, I stand together with those faculty and with the students they supported.

One week after this happened at UC Berkeley, you ordered police to clear tents from the quad at UC Davis. When students responded in the same way—linking arms and holding their ground—police also responded in the same way: with violent force. The fact is: the administration of UC campuses systematically uses police brutality to terrorize students and faculty, to crush political dissent on our campuses, and to suppress free speech and peaceful assembly. Many people know this. Many more people are learning it very quickly.

You are responsible for the police violence directed against students on the UC Davis quad on November 18, 2011. As I said, I am writing to hold you responsible and to demand your immediate resignation on these grounds.

On Wednesday November 16, you issued a letter by email to the campus community. In this letter, you discussed a hate crime which occurred at UC Davis on Sunday November 13. In this letter, you express concern about the safety of our students. You write, “it is particularly disturbing that such an act of intolerance should occur at a time when the campus community is working to create a safe and inviting space for all our students.” You write, “while these are turbulent economic times, as a campus community, we must all be committed to a safe, welcoming environment that advances our efforts to diversity and excellence at UC Davis.”

I will leave it to my colleagues and every reader of this letter to decide what poses a greater threat to “a safe and inviting space for all our students” or “a safe, welcoming environment” at UC Davis: 1) Setting up tents on the quad in solidarity with faculty and students brutalized by police at UC Berkeley? or 2) Sending in riot police to disperse students with batons, pepper-spray, and tear-gas guns, while those students sit peacefully on the ground with their arms linked? Is this what you have in mind when you refer to creating “a safe and inviting space?” Is this what you have in mind when you express commitment to “a safe, welcoming environment?”

I am writing to tell you in no uncertain terms that there must be space for protest on our campus. There must be space for political dissent on our campus. There must be space for civil disobedience on our campus. There must be space for students to assert their right to decide on the form of their protest, their dissent, and their civil disobedience—including the simple act of setting up tents in solidarity with other students who have done so. There must be space for protest and dissent, especially, when the object of protest and dissent is police brutality itself. You may not order police to forcefully disperse student protesters peacefully protesting police brutality. You may not do so. It is not an option available to you as the Chancellor of a UC campus. That is why I am calling for your immediate resignation.

Your words express concern for the safety of our students. Your actions express no concern whatsoever for the safety of our students. I deduce from this discrepancy that you are not, in fact, concerned about the safety of our students. Your actions directly threaten the safety of our students. And I want you to know that this is clear. It is clear to anyone who reads your campus emails concerning our “Principles of Community” and who also takes the time to inform themselves about your actions. You should bear in mind that when you send emails to the UC Davis community, you address a body of faculty and students who are well trained to see through rhetoric that evinces care for students while implicitly threatening them. I see through your rhetoric very clearly. You also write to a campus community that knows how to speak truth to power. That is what I am doing.

I call for your resignation because you are unfit to do your job. You are unfit to ensure the safety of students at UC Davis. In fact: you are the primary threat to the safety of students at UC Davis. As such, I call upon you to resign immediately.

Sincerely,

Nathan Brown  
Assistant Professor, UC Davis

## What’s going on

Occupy activities at JP’s plaza, Main Street

Please contact [occupylexky@gmail.com](mailto:occupylexky@gmail.com) to add an activity to the calendar. Unless otherwise noted, all meetings at the Occupation site, 201 E. Main Street.

### Every day

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

### Working Groups

- Technology: Wednesdays and Saturdays, 7:30 PM.
- Media: Tuesdays and Thursdays, 8:30 PM. Contact Austin Parker at [Austin.I.Parker@gmail.com](mailto:Austin.I.Parker@gmail.com)
- Education: Sundays, 1:00 PM. Contact: Michael Benton at [mdbento@gmail.com](mailto:mdbento@gmail.com)

### Thanksgiving Dinner

Saturday, November 26. 4:30-6:30 PM. Potluck dinner. Bring food or just show up and eat.

### Regular Events

Saturdays

*Drums for Peace*. Noon. Drummers, dancers, hoopers, jugglers, or other movers and shakers invited. Drums, rattles, shakers, and other noise makers available. Come enjoy the music and energy.

Sundays

*Knit-in*. 3:00 PM. Love to knit? Want to learn? As winter approaches, Occupiers will need warm scarves and hats. Ample yarn, needles of all shapes and sizes, and instruction provided.

*General March*. 7:30 PM. Weekly march held directly after General Assembly.

Mondays

*Occupy City Council*. 5:30-7:30 PM. Start organizing a democratic, participatory politics in Lexington. For info, contact Martin Mudd at [Martin.Mudd@gmail.com](mailto:Martin.Mudd@gmail.com)

*People’s Media*. 5:30-7:30 PM. To help produce and foster citizen media.

*Guerilla bocce*. 10:00 PM. Occupying sports.

Not sure what's going on?  
Wonder why we're here?  
Turn off the news.  
Tune into the  
movement.

**Occupy Lexington**

24/7 @ corner of Main + Esplanade  
General Assembly @ 6:30 PM daily

[facebook.com/OccupyLexKY](http://facebook.com/OccupyLexKY)  
<http://www.occupylexky.org/>

## Battle Cry

By Justin Cooper

they gathered together like primal peoples  
their village filled the small patch of land  
the message was loud, the answer simple  
“your house you’ve built was built on sand”

NOW HEAR them as the drum crescendos  
voices raised in downright DECREE  
refuse to move until you are heard  
“better to die on your feet than  
live on your knees”

bullets & tear gas urge the chaos  
deflections from our true cause  
fleece of this thing called money  
but you will answer to the people’s law

this 1% has hid its power  
behind a veil of complexity  
our voice is out here in reality  
our strength is standing right next to me

YOU WILL COME OUT AND ANSWER US!  
you will admit you’ve met defeat  
so when the next time you are asked  
you will reply... whose streets ?

OOOOOOUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRR  
STREETS!!!!!!



# Opinion

## Not in our name (cont.)

*continued from page 1*

be several flaws in the reports circulated by city leaders.

It is clear to us that whoever wrote these reports were not city walkers. The reports claim that one-way streets create dangerous situations for urban walkers, and conversely, that two-way streets provide bi-pedalists a relative measure of safety. Our experiences as walkers suggest the opposite.

If you have ever regularly walked in areas with one-way streets, you have learned that stoplights are safer for walkers because cars have fewer options for turning. With traffic moving in two defined directions, you have fewer chances of being hit—not withstanding the now-and-again bicyclist refusing to follow traffic laws. This is, in fact, one of the best arguments for one-way streets: they are generally safer for peds.

Case in point: Beth’s pedestrian commutes from Chevy Chase and Castlewood, both densely developed areas.

When she followed two-way Fontaine as it becomes two-way Euclid and finally two-way Avenue of Champions (all in little over a mile) to UK, she had to dodge manic traffic. The stoplight at Fontaine and High is a death-defying traverse for any traveler regardless of mode of transport, but it is particularly precarious for the urban pedestrian

having to navigate the chaotic confluence of four separate two-lane streets. Things don’t get much more pedestrian friendly on Euclid and Avenue of Champions. At the Euclid Kroger, auto danger comes from the two-lanes of traffic moving in opposite directions, the middle “turn lane” (also bi-directional), and the two-way neighborhood streets intersecting Euclid. The two-way flood of automobiles and bicyclists, whose demographic becomes increasingly erratic as you get to campus with its many unschooled student cyclists, significantly decreased her ability (and desire) to cross Euclid as a pedestrian.

In comparison, her current two-mile trudge down one-way North Limestone to UK does less to addle her already overtaxed brain. At each stoplight, traffic is predictable and visible. It always moves north. No one zooms in or out of a grocery store or gas station, but that is not to say that Limestone isn’t busy, especially as it reaches downtown. Here at high-traffic crossings with Short, Main, Vine and High, the intersection of one-way streets makes for easy crossing routes. The streets are busy, but they are also orderly, which is to say that they are safe for pedestrians. This is perhaps the reason why Lexington’s one-way downtown streets tend to have greater pedestrian density than any other place in the city: they are more open and inviting to we walkers.

**Street sense**

Almost immediately upon moving onto the 400 block of North Martin Luther King Boulevard, Danny began using North Limestone for his daily trek to Bluegrass Community and Technical College, located at the back of UK’s south campus. Since North MLK dead-ends into the center of UK campus nearby the Student Center, Danny’s choice to hike Limestone was, literally, a decision to make a daily 2-block detour on an already 2-mile walk.

Part of this is personality. Danny can’t do anything straight. But one-way Limestone also provided a strong commercial pull. Walking to school in the morning, he could stop at Third Street to purchase a newspaper and say a quick hello to Hendrick. He could eat breakfast at Giacamo’s, order an Old World “Make Me” at Sunrise for an office lunch, say hi to Eric at the library, or deposit a check at Bank of the Bluegrass. On his way back, if interested he could check in on CD Central, buy books or pipes at Special, grab a beer at Sidebar. Since none of these were located on MLK, his natural north/south two-way artery into campus, one might say that he gravitated to North Limestone *even though it was out of his way*.

When he began *North of Center* over two years ago, he grew readership

by placing papers along the same one-way thoroughfares: Limestone, Short and Main Streets. Part of this was pedestrian-based—as a walker, he knew which streets people frequented—but part of the reason was commercial. These streets were where businesses were located.

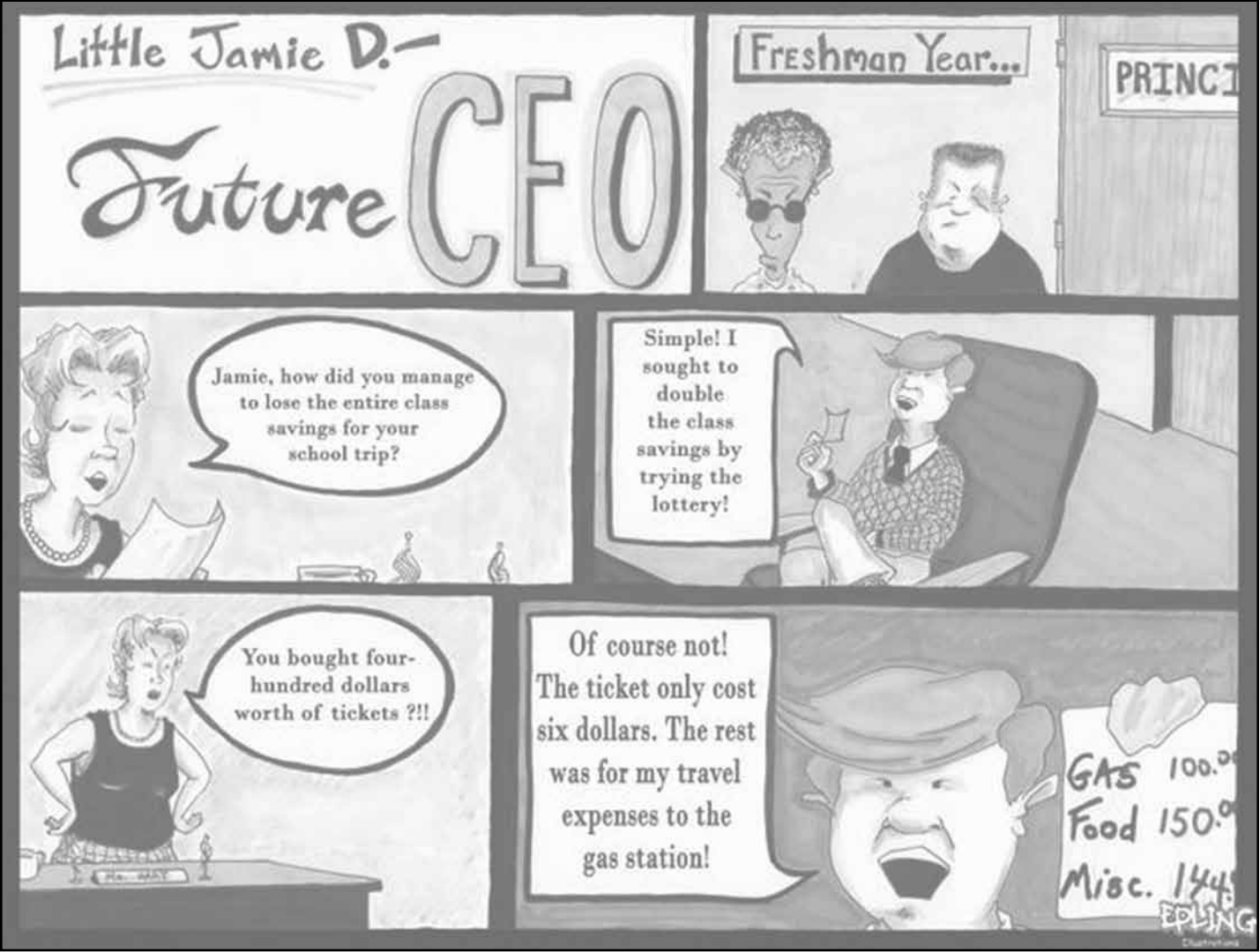
His chief downside in operating the paper continues to be his trip to Danville to pick up the papers. It’s a straight shot down Limestone, turning into two-way Nicholasville Road nearby the UK coal plant, and then more prominently into Highway 27 as it crosses the Kentucky River at Camp Nelson. The only two parts of Nicholasville Road that aren’t a bitch for him to drive are the one way portion that goes through UK and downtown, and the highway-like empty corridor crossing Camp Nelson. The worst part, the nightmare that is two-way Nicholasville Road at the mall, represent all the reasons that suburban development and multi-lane two streets ruin a city.

**Creative contemplation and participation, not consumption**

Three summers ago, Beth began a regular Saturday morning stroll to Third and Elm Tree when the London Ferrell community garden opened. On the way to work, she now regularly assesses the progress of public art and gardens on North Limestone between Fifth and Seventh, picks up trash, tree-gazes, and hatches plans for litter clean-up and urban re-forestation. Danny is an avid visitor of city parks, a past-time he picked up while walking to Coolavin Park to cover Lexington bike polo. He now takes weekly constitutional morning walks with his friend Martin Mudd.

We see moms walking their children to school and meet strangers who care to strike up a conversation. Walking around the city has made both of us more invested in the public art, urban agriculture, parks, and city development taking shape around us. Our type of observational meandering is the direct product of safe walking conditions, i.e. we have stretches of sidewalk without the threat of a turning car.

As thinking, observing walkers, what we see is a community in bad need of city investment, a city that should be less invested in turning walkable one-way streets into car-friendly, commercial two-ways, and more invested in transforming affordable housing, creating access to locally produced food, and developing better park systems.



The adventures of little Jamie Dimon, current CEO of JP Morgan Chase. Illustration by Christopher Epling. Visit christopherepling.com for more.

# Letters to the editor

**Abolish the death penalty**

We are writing to witness our opposition to the Death Penalty and, in particular, our revulsion at the recent execution of Troy Davis by Georgia officials who refused to grant a re-trial when new circumstances came to light that made his guilt extremely doubtful. Quaker Testimonies on peace and justice strongly oppose the death penalty and all other cruel, degrading and irrevocable acts of vengeance by the State.

Criminologists and others who have seriously studied crime and criminal justice systems agree that among the primary purposes of a criminal justice system are: (i) the restoration of

victims, (ii) the rehabilitation of wrongdoers, and, (iii) the deterrence of future crimes. It has been conclusively found that the death penalty contributes to none of these purposes.

Many men and women have been executed—but later proved to have been wrongly convicted. Consequently, the death penalty has been abolished by a number of states and by most democratic nations, including all the nations of Europe. Troy Davis’ execution is only one of many that have taken the lives of clearly (or apparently) wrongly convicted men and women. But, even if Troy had been guilty and had been convicted in a fair trial, that would not have justified his death or the death penalty. It would, to the contrary, have provided a model and justification for the killing of individuals by other individuals.

We urge our fellow Lexingtonians and Kentuckians to join us in supporting abolition of the death penalty in Kentucky and nationally.

Tom Marco and Claire Carpenter, Co-Clerks  
Lexington Friends (Quaker) Meeting

**Gilo Black Stem**

That sounds like a wonderful adventure (“Heirloom vegetable punk’d,” October 26). I am curious: did you save and dry the Gillo Black Stem [eggplant] for decoration?

Jerena, Smirking Chimp Blog

*Author responds:*

No, I passed on the drying. I talked to a few local florists to see if they were interested, but no one seemed to even know what to do with them. I think they’re only used extensively in Asian flower arrangements.

BOB McKinley

**Comment-less**

I feel that this story (“Reckoning with feminicide,” October 12) begs for comment, but for the life of me I can’t think of anything I could say that would make an adequate or meaningful comment on these horrors. But it is a good thing to get this story out, and I hope that it will help to spur the necessary action to catch the perpetrators, and assure that this will not happen to any more of these young women.

AntiSpin, Smirking Chimp Blog

**Correction**

The photographs accompanying Beth Connors-Manke’s article in the last issue, entitled “Ciudad Juárez,” were incorrectly attributed. Dana Rogers took the photographs of Diane Kahlo’s exhibit. Our apologies.

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

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Lexington Public                      Stacey Earley

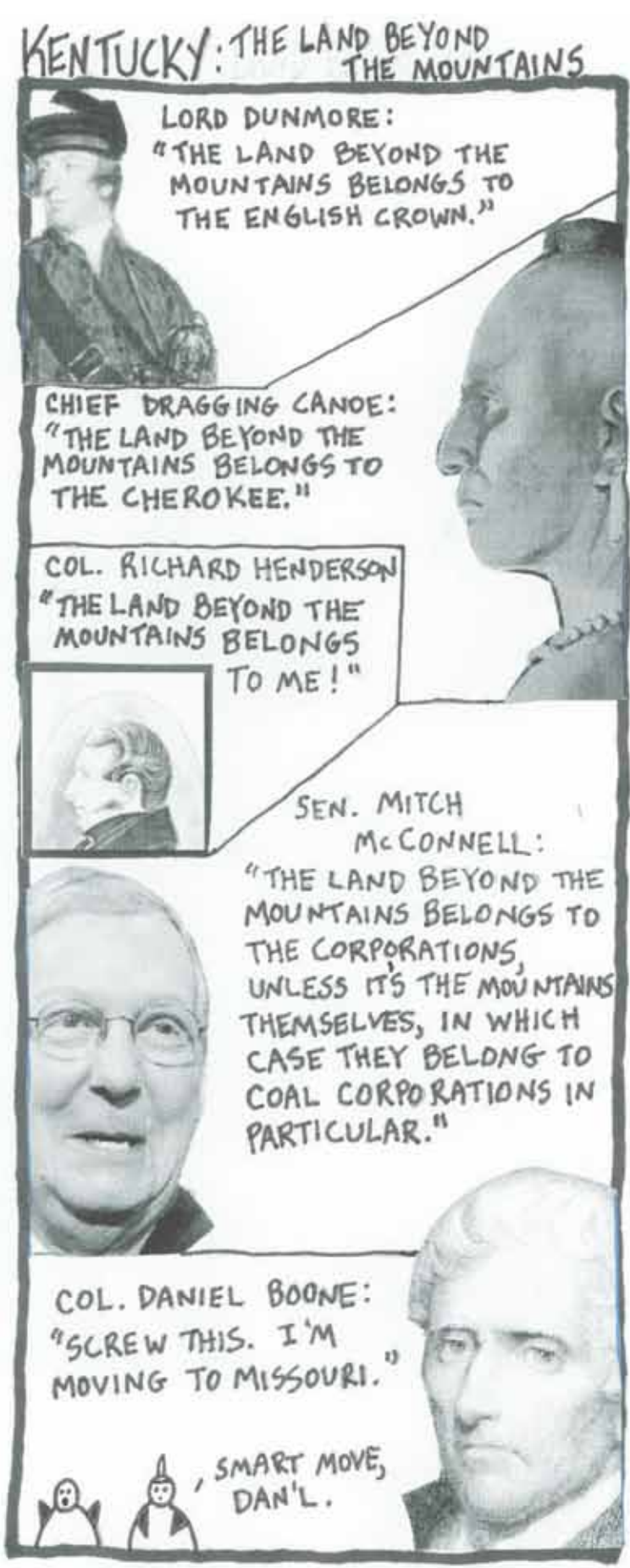
# Jim Looney

## Burgoo King

Jim Looney's Burgoo Recipe

- 600 lbs lean soup meat (no fat, no bones)
- 200 lbs fat hens
- 2000 lbs potatoes, peeled and diced
- 200 lbs onions
- 5 bushels of cabbage, chopped
- 60 ten-pound cans puree of tomatoes
- 24 ten-pound cans puree of tomatoes
- 24 ten-pound cans of carrots
- 18 ten-pound cans of corn
- red pepper and salt to taste

Use squirrels in season (a dozen squirrels to each 100 gallons).



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## Private sports (cont.)

*continued from page 6*

Lesson 4: *Contracts before students.* During the 2010 football season, UK's student newspaper the Kentucky Kernel was outraged when UK Athletics declared that the paper could no longer be distributed at football games because IMG, an outside agency with which UK Athletics has an \$80 million contract, is awarded full media and advertising rights for the games. Has it ever been more apparent that the commons (Commonwealth Stadium, which is on publicly owned property) are for sale? The contract with IMG suggests that the privatization of public entities is a positive business deal. However, we live at a moment when the real ramifications of privatizing the commons could eliminate the existence of public roads, hospitals, and schools.

Consider this: a lesser known section of Wisconsin Governor Scott Walker's "budget repair bill" has granted him the unilateral ability to sell state commons if deemed in the state's best interest (as determined by him). This could include public parks, highways, or university property, including Camp Randall Stadium, home to the Wisconsin Badgers football team. The student educated by college athletics, where a public institution like UK enters an \$80 million contract to privatize media rights,

may never question a right-wing power grab like Walker's.

### Hope beyond the hoops

I agree with *The Nation's* Dave Zirin that the Berkeley students who linked arms, stared police brutality in the eye, and chanted "Stop Beating Students" represented the best hopes of a generation. When I watch the Berkeley video, it's hard not to feel a swell of pride for students who faced down police officers' batons and vowed to return to their protest site.

When I watch video of the Penn State riot, I see the worst of a generation and the worst of higher education.

Penn State and Cal-Berkeley show us two approaches to student engagement—the former defends the status quo and the latter argues that the status quo is no longer acceptable. If another decade goes by and the price of attending UK (and other state universities) again goes up by 130%, then it might be too late for the land grant mission to endure. Writing for *North of Center*, Guy Mendes recalled UK's most dangerous moment, when Kentucky was on the verge of being just like Kent State. Today, again, we stand at a crossroads that might be UK's defining moment. Will we stand for economic justice and affordable education, or will we stand in line for tickets?



*Friends of Coal short-bus greets visitors on Broadway traveling past Rupp Arena. Friends of Coal is a big UK Athletics Association donor and bigger supporter of mountaintop removal. Photo by Danny Mayer.*