

900005

Erik L. Knight
English 571
3/4/08

Don M., an African American man in his late fifties, was thrown out of Newport Music Hall for wearing a baseball hat in April, 1992. In the course of the story, Don reveals that the actual reason for being refused entry and later being thrown out was due to his race. Don has lived in the University District since 1973 and was associated with the Ohio State University as a student and/or employee for the entire thirty-five years.

The story was collected in the apartment of Don's friend, Richard S. Due to their close friendship, the story-telling took the form of reminiscence of humorous, often shared, events. In this story, Don's story-telling is tinged with anger. Don, obviously still angry, often stood, paced the floor, and even re-enacted some the events while telling the story. The interviewer knew Don prior to the collection of the interview by their co-employment in the mail room of the Ohio State Library. The interviewer did not know Richard S.

43:52 to 53:27

Key:

- [aba] Overlap between the interviewee and the interviewer are distinguished by brackets
- ^ Signifies an ascending or raised tone for a specific word.
- Aba
- aba Font gradation signifies change in volume
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- Aba* Words given strong emphasis/stressed to provide meaning.
- {aba} Type of laughter; e.g. {hearty laugh} for a stronger laugh, etc.
- (aba) Other action, or explanation. E.g. (grumbles) or (spoken in falsetto).

DM I got kicked outta Newport for wearing a baseball hat. But then that's, well
 EK Oh yeah?

DM ^Yeah! I wanna say [1992]? ^No ^I got
 EK When was that?
 RS [I still] think that's my hat but that's ok.

DM This was given to me. No, uh, I'm not uh, originally from Cincinnati, ann opening
 EK Uhhm

DM thas, opening day's a tradition in Cincinnati.
 EK Absolutely, yeah. My my family's a Cincinnati fan [so. Yeah]

DM [OK] So, me and some buddies from ^here, had drove down to go to the game on opening day in 1992. Now, um. We had had tickets, for a concert, back here. In Columbus, opening day. The baseball game usually starts around 1 or 2 o'clock. And there's this guitar player named Al Di Miola who used to play with
 EK Uhhm.

DM Chick Corea, and, other people, That were playing here at the Newport atthat same day. So. We managedt, after. Getting to Cincinnati late but ended up. Seeing like. Thirteen

innings of baseball. We finally get here, back in time to make the show on time and as we're going into the show. (pause) "You can't wear a baseball hat in here you have to take off your hat." well what. I just came from a baseball [game]

RS {chuckle} [You did] tell me
EK {chuckle}

RS this story yeah.
DM ^I ^just ^came ^from ^a ^baseball ^game
"Well I'm sorry. You're not allowed to wear baseball cap in at in atda the way 'e put it, at the bar. [One] [^At-at] ^the ^Newport! Isays "Man, I don't see any
RS [This] s'over here at [Newport]

DM signs saying."
(lowered, imitative voice) "Well I'm not gonna let you in blah blah blah."
Isays "^I have my ^ticket!"
"Well, I'm not letting ya in here."
Isays "OK. *Fine*."
You know, I removed the hat. And I walk in there. And of course. I. Im-immediately go up to the bar, of course I put my hat on as soon as I get in.
"Well I can't serve you if you're-if you're wearing a baseball hat."
And I'm, I'm thinking this is the most absurd thing I've ever heard. And I'm
EK Yeah.

DM walking around and then, I see this guy with, a New York Yankees, baseball, helmet. Who go, {laughingly} who goes up to the bar and he gets a ^drink? I'mseein other people wibaseball hats on now ^wait a minute. Now ^what ^the ^hell was going on. And so. And, here's, you know, here's how McCoy mind thinks. I start seeing people that I know. And I should, I should add these are white people. A'says "Hey Rich, how you doin! Lemme buy you a drink. I-I'll you buy anything you want just so long as you wear my baseball hat up to the bar." {laughs}

"^FINE Don!?"

You know what I ^mean!? I give em-give em the hat give em the cash. He goes gets his drink comes back and thanks me gives me my hat back! I did this several times during the night. So FINALLY! The bartender catches on. I, coz they're seeing the same hat! {laughs} And. They're-they're observing these people come back to me! {laughs} And isfine, this guy comes out, ya well. "Come here, we-we need-we need to talk, we need to talk to you."
Ok, you can talk to me right ^here.

RS ^You ^ne'er told me this [story.
DM [Yes] I did. "No, we need to talk out here." And so he talks me to the lobby. And *finally*, when they get me by the door, they just shove me out the front door the Newport. {Laughs}

RS {Laughs} Thas the end
of [*that* story]!

DM [You know thas] Oh? No ^it's ^not! ^Because ^I'm ^pissed off at this point. Iduno “^What the ^*fuck* did I, yaknow, what the ^*fuck*^ did I do. you know what I mean?” Well *prior to that*. No. Prior to that I'm sorry. I got this,

EK Right.

DM the-the events. Juxtaposed so to speak. Eventually, they actually, carried me out, the back door. And I'm saying as they're carrying me out, I'm going, “I'll be back,” you know what I mean, I'm in my best Schwarzenegger thing. And uh. {laughing} So I sa, I get thrown out the alley and I'm pissed off now. I-I'd been there before. Um. For shows um that a buddy of mine played in a reggae band and I'd been in the dressing room so I knew, if I go up this fire escape, I might could get in through the [dressing room]. Course, I go up there, and there are two other guys {laughing} tryin ta do the same thing. I go well this ain't gonna work three's a crowd here. And then I'm sittin there thinking I'm going, wa wait a minute. I got my ticket with me. So I come back down the fire esaa, go around the corner, (building in volume) go in through the front door show my ticket! Well take off my hat. Show my ticket! {laughs} And go back in the club and

EK Yeah, right.

DM immediately go up into the balcony cause I don't wanna-I don't wanna be seen anywhere. And I'm sittin up there, and then I see the ^buddies. I see the buddies, who, uh, who I came to the show with. An I- I just had to go say, Hi let them know I got back in cuz they saw me being carried outta the place.

(falsetto)“Oh Don, you're back.”

“[Well, yeah man I told you I'd be back]” you know what I mean? {laughs}
So. I am then spotted, talking to them. Oh, that's when they said, well. The mana-this is the manager [this time] [Over] right there. Rather than the

RS [Where's] the ol, the bottle a hootch [ere]

DM bouncers, this is the manager. Wnnwnwn I need-I need to talk to you. Out here blahblahBlah blahblahBlah That's when he shoves me out the door and at the time, there's a paddy wagon out dere. And. Manager goes “Well he's being drunk and disorderly” I go I'm [jus] “I jus wore a baseball cap that's all

RS [AARREE] you kidding?!?

DM did.” And the cop says. “You can go home or you can go to jail.”

Take me to jail.

Yep, yeah, I did say that. Cuz, I'm going ^this is *ridiculous*! I need to tell somebody my ^*story*! You know what I mean? [cuz] ^I *didn't DO anything-I didn't do anything*! So. They put, put me in the paddy wagon. Put handcuffs on me.

RS

This all happened?

DM

There's a guy sittin across from me, that's got blood streaming off his face.

RS

Might be

Serpico motherfucker

DM

An I of course I say. "All I did was wear a baseball cap."

RS

You

SERPICO-LOOKING MOTHERFUCKER!

DM

Where-wh-where-wh-*Why* am I wearing *handcuffs* ^AND ^HE'S ^NOT! He's sitting there BLEEDING? An the dude goes "Shut up maaann. Just shut up!" {hearty laughter} Just shutup! {laughs} I juswanna know cuz this is all surreal. ^It was ^blowin my mind! I couldn't figure it out!

RS

Who is the surreal guy who did uh. Me-Metamorphosis [uhh] Kafka! Yeah. Kafka.

DM

[uh Kafka]

It was *exactly* like Kafka dude? It was! I-wh-when I tell the story, I tell people I felt like I was in a Kafka novel, man? Kafkeye-esque, very. Much so. And then.

RS

Kafka-esque

DM

I get down there, and of course you get one phone call, so, an I'm going well, "Yeah you can call your lawyer."

"Well my lawyer, I was *supposed* to meet HIM AT THE NEWPORT!" {strong laughter} I was supposed to meet Mike at the Newport! So I knew he wasn't at home, yaknow what I mean? {laughter} So I had to call his home, and tell his dad "well when Mike gets home, tell him that Don McCoy called an is in the Franklin County Jail blahblahblah." You know, an I hadta confess this to his dad? You know what I mean. So eventually he did come and bail me out, even though I didn't want ta get bailed out cuz man I says man I wanta talk to a judge in the morning I wanta stay here.

Mike says "Don. I've signed your bond papers. *Sign* your bond paper. Let's get outta here, you're pissing these cops off." {laughs}

Ok. *Fine* Mike, youknow, cuz he'd already put up the money, you know what I mean? I just needed "I'm not gonna sign anything unless I read it first!"

"Don? Just *sign* your papers I'll tell you about it later! You're pissing these police off."

EK

Fine! You know whatI mean.

All over a damn baseball hat. And that

All over the hat.

DM

was like, another like, a minor, fffifty dollar fine that I had to pay, ^But you know what I mean, the whole thing was the principle, you know what I [mean]

Need copy

Erik L. Knight
English 571
3/4/08

In these narratives, Don M., an African American male in his late fifties, recalls being mugged on 13th and 8th Aves. Although he does not specifically mention it, these stories took place when he lived in that area, prior to c. 1998. The stories are told back-to-back in the presence of a close friend, Richard S. and the interviewer, a former colleague at the Ohio State Library. After asking the two men if they had any crime stories, Don was the first to reply with these two narratives.

The story was collected in the apartment of Don's friend, Richard S. Due to their close friendship, the story-telling took the form of reminiscence of humorous, often shared, events. The interviewer knew Don prior to the collection of the interview by their co-employment in the mail room of the Ohio State Library. The interviewer did not know Richard S.

25:32 to 27:34

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DM I have a good story. This is when I was livin on Thirteenth
EK Oh, go ahead, please.

DM Avenue. And I'm coming home, |of course| from a bar, from High Street, an I'm-and I'm walkin up Thirteenth, Avenue. And um. Two guys, step out, from the bushes. A black guy and a white guy. The black guy says to me "Give me your wallet. My buddy here has a gun."

Of course what does McCoy say? "Let me see the gun." {Laughs} ^And I mean to get clocked, ya-know a mean? {Laughing} I get clocked! and I'm. {laughs} An I'm on the ground they're grabbing my pants, and they eventually take the wallet. But there's no money in it, ya-know wha a-mean? So I- But 'awn. I'll be damned, if I'm jus gonna give it up, if ^I'm bout to get shot here, at least I wanna see. {Laughs} So no, I-but yeah, so that's my crime story, ya-know what I mean? Then there was another one,
EK yeah.

DM sim-well, Eighth Avenue I was walkin, back from a friend's house, late at night on Eighth Avenue. Annd. These guys, beat me up because I wouldn't buy any crack from 'em, they asked me if I wanted to buy some crack, well no. Is'ike, "Man, no I'm not interested at all."

Then I started gettin this uneasy feelin when they wassurrounding me. An I didn't realize until later. Maybe, like the next day or after, that was wearing a red bandana they probably thought I was a Blood. Ya know [whatta mean]? {laughs} They thought I was [ah right]

EK

DM part of a ^gang! {laughs} So-bu-But no, it was the ^summer, and I was just wearing the bandana because I was sweating, ya see what I'm sayin? So that was a case of mistaken identity. So I've been mugged twice. Since I've been here, so those are my crime stories.

Richard S. is a Caucasian male in his early- to mid-sixties. He lived in the area in the 1960's and early 1970's and again from the early 1990's to present. In this story, Richard recounts the time he and his friends were arrested (unjustly) outside of Dick's Den in Columbus under the Suspicious Persons ordinance.

This narrative was collected in his apartment in the presence of his close friend, Don M. The two spent the hour I sat with them sharing stories and a bottle of Komchatka Vodka. The mood was light, in the style of two old friends jovially reminiscing of their exploits and, especially, of their encounters with police officers.

53:27-1:00:06

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RS ^Well another story is, annn. Don's heard a couple of these, that I had this friend, his name is Richard Sterling and I'm Richard Stelling. And we were both married to the same woman at different times, and we were friends an

EK This-this ^one time. We went-we were at Larry's and then we went to Dick's Den. We were fairly drunk, I suppose. And we were with Kay Buchanan. And the place, Uhmm.

RS across the street, they later became Little Brothers, er, um. Dike's or I [forget]
DM [^Stash's!]

RS Stash's! Later became Stash's, yeah. Uhhhhmmm. There was a robbery there. And the robbers got away and the cops were really pissed. An So it's 2:30 and Dick's Den is letting out. ^And ^Annnnn ^you ^knoowww ^weeeee are a little uuhhhh.Tumble-y? {chuckles}

EK And-an-an at this time, they had a suspicious person. Ordinance, on the books so you could be arrested for being a suspicious person. [{laughter}]
DM Right. [{laughter}]
I resemble that remark. [{laughter}]

RS {laughing}AND YOU LOOK LIKE ONE! Yeah. Yeah. [Walkin] in the dark being
DM {laughing} [yeahyeah]

RS [dark]. So. Starling gets arrested first. (long pause) Yeah. He
DM [{laughing}] Right. Righ-Right.

RS gets arrested first. An then I get arrested. Cuz I said “^What’re you ^arresting ^him
for?” [Ffffffffooooohh {laughin}]
DM [{laughing}] Of course! {laughing}

RS An then KAY BUCHANAN comes up, and says (falsetto)“WWWWHAT’RE YOU
ARRESTING THEM?” KkkPOOOW! {laughing}
DM {laughing}

RS And she goes “I’VE NEVER BEEN ARRESTED BEFORE!” KkkPooow! {laughter}
So. Ok. They take, uh. Kay to the women’s place and they take Starling and me
downtown. And we’re there in jail. An by the way. Starling at that time, God bless his.
RIP, ya. Uhhhhhmm, He had a lo-a lot of money cuz he’d just done a good dope deal. And
uh. We were in jail there. And we knew we had enough money to get bailed out tha was
no, ain’t no thing. And so we’re sittin there and there’s this guy named Fred Clause. And
he’s in a, he’s a ^salesman, he’s a traveling salesman for [Union Carbide]. And he got
arrested because he looked-t, like a suspicious person, (louder) cuz he was at a ^motel,
and he [was a little] drunk, and he didn’t have socks on. He jus had, his penny loafers
{laughing} on. So. They arrested him. {laughing} Ok. So. Here’s Fred Clause, he’s
scared to death. I-se- He’s *never* been to jail. He’s scared to death. (long pause)

So ok, we make friends with him, and we get bailed out right away. An I say “[well, you
know], Richard let’s. Let’s get Fred. Let’s get Fred outta jail.” There’s plenty-a money,
cool. So Fred comes down the elevator. (Showing fist) Cool fre- well we didn’t do that,
know what I’m saying, I probably shook his hand I said, “ ‘K cool we Fre-we bailed you
out.”

An he goes “^What?”

I says “We just ^bailed you ^out. We don’t leave people in jail?” (long pause)

An he goes “Nobody’s, ever done anything, like this for me, in my ^life, not even my
^wife.” An he. Starts ^crying. (motioning tear down cheek)

AN I se, “It’s ok it’s ok it’s ok. Now. Do you-would you like to ^come with us cuz
we’re gonna go over to ^Richard’s house, its a 348 North, uher West 8th” we used to call
the lab the Laboratory for Moral Experimentation. {chuckle} So. So we take Fred
EK {laughing}

RS over there. And by this time we’ve also gotten Kay, bailed out. Somehow so
everybody’s here at the Laboratory for Moral Experimentation. Including Fred.
{chuckle} Annnd this other jerk, who’s a friend of our’s wants to give him drugs, an

nnnnnnn no, we're |not gonna do that|. |I can't remember his-| ^I can't remember his name. But anyway, uh. Kay was there. (long pause)

And either she said or I said. "Well, wha. Whadda you ^think of this."

An. Fred Claus says, uh "^^Wha-you-you're all people, you people're very nice but how come you say 'fuck' all the time." {laughs}

DM {laughs}

RS (Nearly shouting) An Kay Buchanan (now shouting) SAID "WE FUCKING SAY FUCKING ALL THE FUCKING TIME!?! CUZ WE FUCKING FUCKING FEEL LIKE SAYING FUCK ALL THE TIME!!! SO WHAT THE *FUCK* DO YOU THINK OF *THAT?!?!?!?*" {laughter}

EK {laughter} Oooh that's great.

DM {laughter}

RS That turned out to be a good story didn't it?

980003

Audio Index: Donald McCoy, Richard Stelling, 3/1/08

- 0:00 Introduction; "How long have you lived here?"
- 0:48 RS moved to front row at Bill Clinton rally, 1992
- 1:31 "Would you like to hear stories about how crazy Woody Hayes was?" Woody in the library, a story that made it into Sports Illustrated
- ***
- 2:45 President Fawcett used tunnels under campus, segue into subjects' personal information. RS worked on RFK's campaign, held him in his arms on Mt. Vernon Street.
- 10:42 "How'd you two meet?" "We drink." Their meeting, their gang, their drinking.
- ***
- 15:59 South Gateway project, bars there before.
- 17:36 Cables along sidewalks on High on weekends to keep drunks out of streets.
- 18:34 Tear-gassed outside of Larry's during protests; RS, as editor-in-chief of Lantern, was go-between for sit-in students and police at administration building (more at 25:08).
- 19:32 DM part of later student sit-in at administration building, students were chained in building by occupants. DM felt group didn't accomplish anything.
- 23:13 Marshmallow pelt-in and grovel-in; novel forms of student protest.
- 25:08 More on job as editor of Lantern, covering protests, sit-in.
- 25:32 DM mugged on 13th and 8th Ave. Once for being a smart ass, once for mistaken identity
- 27:43 RS crime story: Heroin addicts upstairs arrested while armed.
- 29:35 DM arrested (and released) for setting off M-80's in his neighborhood.
- 32:52 Randy Mason story: Man on drugs killed after shooting police officer.
- 37:17 Murders on 11th Ave (c. 2003), arson on 17th Ave;
- 39:18 Back to lighter side of crime; DM's ex-girlfriend breaks into house.

- 42:18 Firefighters from this area are “gang-busters;” “false props” in order to secure job as “honest broker.” Examples of joking between old friends.
- 43:52 DM kicked out of Newport Music Hall for “wearing baseball hat,” actually racially motivated discrimination (c. 1992!). Great narrative.
- 53:27 RS arrested on “suspicious person” charges with friends and a stranger (who seems straight-laced); partying at “Laboratory of Moral Experimentation” on West 8th Ave.
- 1:00:06 More “Car-42” stories; interacting with the police; a friend hides the stash when DM is arrested.

*** Portions removed at request of interviewees.

Need copy

Erik L. Knight
Englisht 571
3/4/08

In this story, Don M. tells a story of Woody Hayes being refused a book at the Main Library on Campus. The story was told early in an hour-long interview with Don and his close friend Richard S. The story was collected in the apartment of Richard S. I am only including this narrative because I don't know if any other of our group contributions are "light" enough for the reception. Hence, this is a short and incomplete introduction.

1:31 to 2:44

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RS Would you like to hear stories about how crazy Woody Hayes was?

EK Ab-Absolutely.

{laughs}

RS {laughs}

Heh, Your go

DM I gotta-I gotta good Woody Hayes story. ^Oh. This is when, uh, I was workin, in, the Main Library, and, Woody Hayes, came in, to charge out a book. And, he didn't have his I.D. with him, and the student, and at the time I had had my first staff job so I was supervising the desk. And the student, who was, checking out the book, asked for the I.D. he didn't have the I.D. And they searched his name on the computer, and couldn't find it? Cuz it was under Wayne [Woodrow] rather than Woody.

EK [ah right]

DM {Laughs} So- So she couldn't find his name, and didn't let him charge out the book. I says "Do you realize who you just turned down here?" ^Nowhattamean? But she was following policy, see what I'm saying. And that story eventually made Sports Illustrated.