

# NORTH OF CENTER

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 2010

FREE

TAKE HOME AND READ

VOLUME II, ISSUE 1

## The great CentrePit snowball fight of 2010

By Patrick Smith

Bright, frigid, and windy, the sidewalks of downtown Lexington were nearly deserted last Friday after a winter storm dumped several inches of snow on the city. What seemed like a normal winter afternoon in downtown Lexington was offset by the tense, giddy energy of the few pedestrians making their way along Main St. and milling around the Courthouse lawn.

Suddenly, in what seemed like a case of spontaneous mass hysteria, groups of people descended on what appeared to be Lexington's smallest horse farm, the proposed sight of the Webb Companies' CenterPointe skyscraper, and began pelting each other with fistfuls of snow at exactly 12:30 P.M.. Within seconds, thirty to forty people had hopped the fence and began struggling to form the light, fluffy snow covering the ground into projectiles. Laughter and shouts of joy were punctuated by the hollow thumps of well-packed snowballs landing



Cold? They don't know the meaning of the word.

direct hits onto thick winter clothing, as participants struggled to make more ammunition and locate familiar targets in the crowd.

Fearing swift police retribution for trespassing on the hollowed ground of a stalled corporate develop-

ment, the snowballers fought with the frantic energy of people who are enjoying themselves at the expense of their rulers, and within minutes the blizzard of snowballs had subsided into a flurry as exhaustion and cold began to set in. The last few missiles of the day were

thrown not among the rowdy band of misfits, but at the billboards and fake security cameras stationed at the corners of the block, in weary "fuck-yous" to the robber-baron developers who

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## Exploitation and abuse at Otter Creek

### Women inmates in a Corrections Corp. of America world

By Beth Connors-Manke

The situation at Otter Creek Correctional Center in Floyd County, KY at once reminds us of the sordid history of female incarceration as well as presents us with a startling glimpse of its present state of affairs.

The *Herald-Leader* reported on January 8 that Gov. Beshear ordered the removal of some 400 female inmates from the prison due to "widespread allegations of sexual misconduct" by guards at the institution, which is operated by Corrections Corporation of America. This order came after Hawaii pulled 165 of its female inmates from the prison in July and after the Kentucky Department of Corrections had finished an investigation of 18 alleged cases of sexual misconduct by prison guards.

Part of the continuing privatization of U.S. prisons, Otter Creek is an

all-female minimum/medium security facility owned by Corrections Corporation of America (CCA) since 1998. CCA calls itself "the nation's industry leader of privately-managed corrections solutions for federal, state and local government" and claims to have founded the private corrections industry.

#### Penal Business in Distressed Regions

The CCA's website is full of the appalling, but evidently successful, rhetoric that has molded penal corrections into a big business that preys on failing economies and their side effects. Here are some examples:

"With nearly 17,000 corrections professionals, CCA provides high-quality rehabilitation, security, vocational, educational, health care and administrative services to the more

than 75,000 residents in our care." (Services? Residents? Care? Are they talking about prison or a nursing home?)

"A seamless and successful example of the public-private partnership in action, CCA achieves proven, accountable corrections solutions responsive to the needs of today's national, regional and local correctional climate." (How much more empty jargon could be packed into this sentence?)

It gets worse. CCA calls the states that contract it a "customer base"—which in the case of Otter Creek is Kentucky and Hawaii. Most shocking, CCA's website has a page for "Investor Relations" where it quotes its current stock price. (As of January 8: \$24.82 per share, down .15 (60%), volume 265,852.)

Reading like tourism material, CCA describes the Otter Creek facility

as "located in the town of Wheelwright, Ky., with a population of 1,048 (as of the 2000 census). Wheelwright is a historic coal mining camp town, characterized by coal camp town 'row houses.' Wheelwright's rural beauty is offset by its remoteness, the nearest large city being an hour's drive from Wheelwright. After the consolidation of two local high schools, the CCA facility is now by far the largest employer in the town."

My apologies to Wheelwright, but I won't be visiting soon. A town whose economy shifts from one focused on education to incarceration is a tragedy.

Unfortunately, Wheelwright isn't alone, as many distressed areas across the country have become convinced that the corrections industry is their best hope. Think of Illinois Gov.

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## Stitching the community together

### Transy students and North Limestone

By Kremena Todorova and Kurt Gohde

If you live, work, or study on North Limestone, you may have already encountered one of us or the two dozen Transylvania students who have already participated in "Community Engagement through the Arts." This course was created as a way to clear pathways and to open communication between two neighbors: Transylvania University and the North Limestone community.

Two years ago, we brought Transylvania students into the community for the first time. Because it is difficult to have pizza delivered north of Fourth Street and because our students, like everyone else, are influenced by this kind of social message, we crafted a course to address the visible and invisible walls erected to the north side of our campus. The already existing focus of our courses—literary narratives written from the American social margins in Kremena's classes

and interventionist art in Kurt's—allowed us natural connections to this form of community engagement.

In the first year, we met on Wednesday nights at Al's Bar (a once notorious neighborhood hang-out which had just reinvented itself under new and auspicious ownership) and tried to find out what the people in the neighborhood perceived as its biggest challenges. The area's unfounded

bad reputation emerged, almost unanimously, as the largest concern. We heard about it from the Commander of the Central Sector police force, from the owner of a brand-new gyro shop at the corner of North Limestone and 6<sup>th</sup> Street (since relocated to a different town), and from residents of the neighborhood with whom our students recorded oral history interviews.

#### Upcoming quilting bees

**Monday, January 18**  
Martin Luther King, Jr. Celebration and quilting bee  
418 Johnson Ave., 3-6 P.M.

**Saturday, January 30**  
Rosenthal Commons, Transylvania University, 1-4 P.M.

**Saturday, February 6**  
Third Street Coffee, 257 N. Limestone St., 1-3 P.M.

**Saturday, February 13**  
East 7th Street Center, 240 E. 7th St., 1-3 P.M.

To address this problem, our class produced a short documentary about the neighborhood. The documentary included on-the-street interviews with long-time neighborhood residents, excerpts from oral history interviews recorded by the students, and recorded short personal essays (written in the style of National Public Radio's *This I Believe* series). The class was joined regularly by a couple of graduate students from the University of Kentucky and by Marty Clifford, President of the North Limestone Neighborhood Association. Many people who spoke with us as formal visitors to the class—local politicians, journalists, activists—returned for subsequent class sessions.

Last winter, we met at the Capoeira Center on North Limestone (because of the growing crowds in Al's Bar, we could no longer hold class there. We were excited to witness Al's success!). The class project last year was designed to bring people from the community

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# The Neighborhood

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

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## Building a basil economy Seeding this year’s garden

By Danny Mayer

Although I am not a particular fan of New Year’s celebrations, I do enjoy the new year. January in Lexington is when the cold really sets in and my nighttime walks get magnificently quiet: no bugs, less auto traffic, fewer pedestrians. Perhaps because January is when winter starts to take hold that it is also when I begin to peruse the seed catalogs and actively start working my imagination toward the coming year’s garden.

For the past two years I have retreated to a small room built into a corner of my unfinished basement to choose my seeds and plot my immaculate (and never realized) spring and summer gardens. The room is essentially a 6’ x 10’ area, framed-in to separate it from the rest of the open basement (presumably as a grow room at some point in time). Just over half the square footage is taken up by a four foot high concrete ledge, already painted white to reflect light, which runs the entire length of the two back corner walls and leaves room for about 2-3 people to comfortably stand.

The place has become my garden headquarters. The concrete ledge that brackets the inside of the room is wide enough to hold comfortably two seed trays twice over and still leave me enough space to lay out books and seed catalogs, write in my journal, draw

sketches of hare-brained ideas, collect stacks of pilfered Cricket Press, Holler and other art posters (to later decorate the room), lay down half-drunk bottles of wine, and store a bunch of old seeds for the next year’s garden. The place is my winter and spring refuge.

In what is beginning to resemble a seasonal habit, I began my return to my garden headquarters in December by

looking through all these, I make a list of everything circled and then compare it with my own catalog of seed.

I’m pretty exuberant, so I try and make a seed budget (how much do I want to spend on seed this year?). This helps me pare down costs but also allows me to sample new seed by buying from the catalogs. This year, I’m focusing mainly on different varieties



locating and corralling all my packets of seed, which I had gathered at different times during last year’s chaotic fall growing season and placed at different points throughout the house and my truck, and moving them downstairs. December’s chore finished, in the new year last week I began to sort and catalog bits of data in my log book. As the temperature dropped into the teens at several points during the past week, I sat in the basement, beneath the dirt and under some fluorescent light, and started preparing this year’s gardens.

I began with the seeds.

A look at my log book after cataloging both “field seed” (what I saved from last year’s harvest) and “packet seed” (seed from last year’s purchased seeds) shows that I was more diligent about saving seed this past year. That seems hardly possible—I’m a lazy gardener, almost as a matter of principal—but the log book doesn’t lie: 4 different varieties each of tomatoes and peppers, three each of beans and winter squash, and two types of watermelon. Not good, but better, and with names like big red and med pink (tomatoes), watermelon I and watermelon II (watermelons), and green, soup and bean 3 (beans), I’ve still got the lazy covered.

Combined with last year’s packet seed, all told I’ve got basil, beans, summer and winter squash, eggplant, watermelon, peppers, greens, a variety of herbs, and a ridiculous 15 varieties of heirloom tomatoes that I can begin under lights in late February. (My log book tells me that my first batch of seeds were started February 28; I’ll try a batch of peppers a little bit earlier this year.)

Subsequent nights I have spent perusing the seed catalogs, which began arriving to my door in mid-December. I normally begin by choosing a couple catalogs and circling anything that I might plausibly want. When I’m done

of greens, carrots, okra, cucumbers and sunflowers (4 varieties as a border for a natural labyrinth a friend grew into some uncut grass). In my early, teen-charged seed-spreading days, I spent close to \$150; I’m now down to around \$50, a number that does not include potatoes. (Ronniger’s Potato catalog has yet to arrive, but in conjunction with some friends I will be getting boatloads of their purple and yellow and red fingerlings.)

This number is way higher than most backyard gardeners; I happen to have access to a number of outlets for my seed. I am fortunate in that, along with four friends, I rent a 12 acre place 13 miles away in Keene, KY. We have developed over several years three or so gardens where we grow potatoes, corn, winter squash, watermelons, and other things that do not require constant harvest. In addition, off Leestown Road I have developed a sizeable (for the lazy amateur gardener, anyway) plot of land at Bluegrass Community and Technical College’s PeaceMeal Gardens. This produce feeds into my Free Store, which runs into the late spring and summer months when my teaching schedule relaxes considerably. (This garden will receive most of the okra and greens, two products in high demand last year.) And finally, I normally grow tomato plants from last year’s seeds and give them away to any of my 5 classes of students who desire them.

Combined with my backyard garden, these side-interests make for a considerably larger seed footprint than most non-professionals. But the basics are still there: start checking out seed catalogs now. If they treat you like they treat me, even in the dead of winter—and perhaps because of the dead of winter—the catalogs will inspire the living shit out of you. They’ll make you hungry, sure enough.

## Joe Anthony book signing at Jo-Beth’s

Next Friday, January 22, Lexington author Joe Anthony will read and discuss his recent collection of stories, *Camden Blues*. Anthony, a longtime northside resident who has been teaching literature and creative writing at Bluegrass Community and Technical College (formerly Lexington Community College) for several decades now, moved to Lexington from Hazard, where he also taught at the community college level. Before that, the affable professor and writer lived in New York, much closer to his childhood upbringing outside Philadelphia.

Anthony’s first novel, *Peril, Kentucky*, drew from his experiences

living and working as a teacher at Hazard Community and Technical College. *Camden Blues*, the book Anthony will read from at Joseph Beth, comprises a series of stories filtered through the author’s experiences growing up in the Philadelphia suburbs and New York City in the late 1950s and 1960s.

With two books set in Anthony’s previous hometowns, we’re left to wonder when to expect the Great Lexington Novel? Show up and make sure to badger him about it.

*Joe Anthony will read from and sign Camden Blues on Friday, January 22nd, 7 PM, at Joseph-Beth Booksellers*

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## Stitching community (cont.)

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onto the campus of Transylvania University. We created an exhibition in Transylvania’s Morlan Gallery to feature the collections of neighborhood residents. Working with students from the Lexington Traditional Magnet School, our class established contacts in the neighborhood and found people with collections of items ranging from black angels to refrigerator magnets. The show our class curated—*North Limestone Gathers*—also included furniture from the second-hand furniture store at 760 N. Limestone (owned and run by Marty Clifford), excerpts from oral history interviews recorded with the collection owners, and text from the *This I Believe* essays written by our students. Two long-time residents of the neighborhood joined our class every Wednesday night and for many of our community events (including a capoeira lesson).

This year our class will be quilting. We are inviting our neighbors from the North Limestone community to join us. We are inviting our neighbors from all of Lexington. Our class will host four quilting bees (box to left)

with a single goal: getting to know the people of our community while enjoying a craft with a long tradition in Kentucky. We aim to produce 33 quilts for Build-A-Bed, an AmeriCorps project that will build 500 beds for needy children in Kentucky. Before donating our community quilts to Build-A-Bed, we will turn them into slipcovers for the furniture in Marty’s second-hand furniture store. On Friday, April 2, we will host a reception for this one-day art installation from 5-8 P.M. Please come. In fact, join us for any of our class meetings. This winter we are gathering at the HopHop, located on the Northeast corner of North Limestone and Loudon. Our class meets every Wednesday, from 6-8 P.M.

You are also invited to join us for our quilting bees. No quilting, sewing, or stitching experience is needed. You will have to brave the wind and, at times, the snow of these wintry days in Lexington, but you will meet and become reacquainted with your neighbors. Join us and relax into the stories shared while decorating 9-inch squares of fabric: the building blocks of a community and of our community quilts.



Otter Creek (cont.)

*continued from page 1*

Pat Quinn’s ready acceptance of the transfer of Guantanamo detainees to the maximum-security (but soon to be supermax) Thomas Correctional Center, 150 miles west of Chicago. The move means cash in the bank for the state because the federal government will buy the prison from Illinois. And, Quinn believes it will provide more jobs.

But what is the cost of trying to prop up dying economies with prisons? What happens when most of a town works at an institution that is dedicated to surveillance and barely controlled violence (by guards and inmates)?

In their excellent documentary *Up the Ridge*, Nick Szuberla and Amelia Kirby answer those questions. Simply put: it ruins people. Focused on the Wallens Ridge State Prison in Big Stone Gap, Virginia, the documentary shows the devastating results of shipping prisoners far from their home states to be caged in the supermax. It also shows how the prison lures residents eager for a steady job but who are often unequipped to deal with the toll the prison environment takes on everyone involved. For both the inmates and the Virginians trying to survive the collapse of the coal industry, the prison chips away at the fragile hold they have on their lives.

**History Lesson**

With Otter Creek, we see the convergence of the history of women’s penal institutions and the newest evolution in U.S. incarceration. And very little seems to have changed, despite CCA’s smooth and vapid business marketing.

In the mid and late 1800s, the small numbers of female prisoners were often housed at the same institutions as men, although with differential treatment that often left the women locked in congregate rooms with little opportunity for fresh air, exercise, supervision, or protection from sexual exploitation from male guards. In one Illinois institution, women prisoners were relegated to the fourth floor of an administration building where they did the mending and sewing for the male convicts as well as knitting and light manufacturing. They were only allowed out once a year to take a walk.

Then as now, some male prison guards preyed on female inmates. The sexual exploitation of the women in early penitentiaries led to pregnancies and in some cases sexual servitude. Eventually, female prisoners’ presence was deemed so troublesome

(they couldn’t be well integrated into a system of mostly men) that women’s prisons were established. Designated for women and run on a daily basis by a female staff, these types of institutions mimicked the practices of labor and discipline from men’s prisons.

The conditions for women prisoners, especially the sexual exploitation, drew the attention of middle

What these reformers wanted, and what they got for a time, was the ability to detain women of supposedly questionable moral character and retrain them in new women’s reformatories, which were intended to be less harsh than male penitentiaries. In theory, the reformatories were to be more suited to women’s “character”—i.e. more domestic. This reform movement was also motivated by a desire

lives of working-class women was through the advent of indeterminant sentencing for women who committed petty crimes. Indeterminant sentencing meant that, within time certain parameters, the reformatory administrators got to decide when a woman was released. Depending how well an inmate’s “reformation” was going, matrons could release a prisoner or extend her stay.

Before the reformatory movement, both men and women convicted of fornication, drunkenness, or vagrancy were only briefly jailed and not sent to prison. After the women’s reformatory movement, a double standard was firmly in place; women began going to prison for things that men did not.

Once women’s institutions were established and sentencing laws supported more and longer incarceration of women, the tendency to imprison women increased.

This evolution in women’s imprisonment paved the way for Otter Creek.

Otter Creek Prison Today

A facility with over 650 beds, Otter Creek is the fruit of the U.S. obsession with incarceration. We relegate more people to prisons than most any other nation. We do it for serious crimes; we do it for small offenses. And now corporations and citizens alike make no bones about trying to make money off it. For private companies that want to expand their market, the next logical horizon is more and longer imprisonment of women, a group which has traditionally made up a small portion of the total prison population. Or, in business lingo have been an under-utilized raw material.

That’s what is strange about conceptualizing incarceration as a private business. Where do the prisoners fit into the schema? They’re not the customers—the states are. They’re not the services—those are provided by corporations like CCA. They aren’t even really a product; why would a profit-oriented prison want to reform criminals when criminals are the corporation’s reason for being? It seems that prisoners are simply a raw material that gets processed to make the system go.

The exploitation, both sexual and capitalistic, at Otter Creek isn’t new. The history of U.S. prisons is a long history of punishment, exploitation, and profit—whether that be through convict labor or government contracts. In its newest incarnation, imprisonment is also proudly sold on the stock exchange. That may be even more horrifying than guards who sexually abuse captive women.



class reformers after the Civil War, who promoted the treatment and rehabilitation of misdemeanor prisoners. Believing that women and men should have “separate spheres,” these reformers continued to argue for women’s facilities where female prisoners would be protected from sexual assault by men. They also proposed a new approach to disciplining women.

to instill middle-class values in lower-class women whose relatively minor crimes were seen as a violation of social norms.

In the process, these 19<sup>th</sup> century reformers and their early 20<sup>th</sup> century successors made the incarceration of women more popular and more prescribed. One of the mechanisms by which the women’s reformatory gained more social control over the

Dodging snow and the po-po at CenterPointe (cont.)

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manage to ruin everything they touch in the heart of our city. As quickly as it began, the Great CenterPointe Snowball Fight of 2010 dissolved.

**Lexington Sports History**

This is not the first time a public sporting event has been organized in defiance of that pit of shame in the center of downtown. Last summer, a similarly sized group of people gathered at Phoenix Park decked out in shorts, sneakers and sweatbands for the inaugural CenterPointe Parke kickball game. Participants quickly slid through a gap in the chain link fence into the then dusty demolition zone, divided up into pre-arranged teams, and began what would be the shortest game of kickball in Lexington history. After just two pitches and some impressive base running, nearby police officers entered the play field and escorted our athletes away. The ease of promotion allowed by social networking sites like Facebook and Twitter turned into a liability for the CenterPointe kickballers, the open

publicity of the event drawing the attention of Lexington’s web-savvy cops.

Organizers learned a valuable lesson from the swift police response to the kickball game, limiting the publicity for Friday’s snowball fight to word of mouth. Text messages and blog postings reading “Centrepitte snowball fight 1230 tomorrow – DO NOT PUT THIS ON FACEBOOK!” and “Snowball fight, call me for time and location” were passed from person to person in a sort of rapidly evolving phone tree, a phenomenon that techno-fetishists of the last decade have dubbed “flash mobbing.” This simple, low-tech application of high-technology managed to serve the organizers of the snowball fight well, allowing for a rapid and confidential mobilization of dozens of protesters, and such techniques are likely to be useful in the future of activist sporting events in Lexington.

Ironically, the secretive organization of this snowball fight may have been completely unnecessary. Though there were police circling the downtown block during the snowball fight,

they were more concerned with issuing parking tickets and getting lunch than hassling a group of twenty-some-things having a good time. Perhaps local disappointment with that

blighted block has become so intense that even the police having stopped caring about the property rights of the Webb Brothers.

One can dream.



*The appearance of surveillance: as effective as actual surveillance?*



Hidden horrors and assured ambiguity

Michael Haneke's *The White Ribbon*

By Brandon Colvin

Michael Haneke's cinema is one of elision and obfuscation. From *The Seventh Continent* (1989) to *Caché* (2005), the Austrian auteur's oeuvre hinges, formally and narratively, upon withheld information: off-screen occurrences, inscrutable interiorities, fragmented framings, cryptic (in) conclusions. Haneke has frequently remarked that his style—owing much to work of Bresson and Tarkovsky—is intended to activate the viewer, to burden her with interpretive responsibility, thereby inciting creative participation. Crucial gaps are left unfilled. Cracks are allowed to widen, opening up the narrative. Cinematic space and time are made malleable in their uncertainty—a result of ambiguous implication and deliberate deception.

Haneke's newest film, *The White Ribbon*, a beautifully crafted, black-and-white, Palm d'Or-winning period piece, is a continuation of the director's interest in oblique storytelling and is as visually/aurally precise, emotionally intriguing, and interpretively demanding as his best films, presenting the viewer with a moral and epistemological puzzle of devastating intensity.

Set in a provincial north-German village of Eichwald during the months preceding the onset of World War I, *The White Ribbon* details the mysterious and violent deterioration of a community terrorized by what might be best described as the wrath of oppression. Narrated as the dubiously remembered experiences of a young schoolteacher (Christian Friedel), the film is populated with despicably self-righteous, callous control-mongers and their justifiably reactionary victims—not the least of which are their own psychologically and physically abused children, whose collective sense of justice has been disturbingly deranged.

Whether suffering the totalitarian indulgences of the local pastor (Burghart Klaußner), the resident baron (Ulrich Tukur), or the town doctor (Rainer Bock), the villagers are subject to constant exploitation, a circumstance that grows even more horrifying once a series of brutal, seemingly connected, incidents befalls

the community, culminating, suggestively, just as the news of Archduke Ferdinand's infamous assassination reaches Eichwald.

In trademark fashion, Haneke leaves the viewer with many more questions than answers regarding the various mutilations, deaths and defilements that arrive in bursts of agonized ferocity throughout *The White Ribbon*. Though clues abound, the culprit(s) are never specified. Motivations are never made explicit. Events are frequently left unresolved. The heart of the matter is tactfully skated around, preserving its dark complexity while provid-

ing an ominous outline for the viewer to fill in. maturity and heartbreaking depth; Haneke and his casting directors (Simone Bär, Carmen Loley, Markus Schleinzer) certainly deserve recognition for the remarkable acquisition of such capable adolescent performers, young actors who certainly make the film come alive.

The most lauded of Haneke's collaborators on *The White Ribbon*—and definitely on par with the uniformly excellent cast—are production designer Christoph Kanter and cinematographer Christian Berger, both of whom contribute to the film's impeccable visuals. Though Haneke creates shot-

Two of Berger's shots have haunted me for months: the first, a stationary composition, depicts a peasant farmer viewing the corpse of his deceased wife, partially concealed by a foreground wall and held in an aura of light defused by a hanging curtain; the second, a complex steadicam shot that gracefully reveals the same peasant farmer's shocking demise before gliding away to find his son, who remains tragically unaware, nearby. Both shots are precisely lit and paced, and both pack an indelible emotional wallop achieved through understatement and implication—two of Haneke's most effective narrative tools.

Just as astonishing as *The White Ribbon*'s visuals, however, is its sound design, crafted by Haneke along with sound editor Vincent Guillon and Haneke's frequent sound mixer Guillaume Sciamia. As in many of his previous works, Haneke is prone to keeping many moments off-screen, seducing the viewer's imagination and allowing representational ambiguity to flourish as a series of sonic intimations replaces visual certainty. With this narrative mode in place, Guillon and Sciamia's contributions become absolutely critical to the success of numerous scenes, providing an evocative soundtrack that intersects and complicates visual information rather than merely accompanying it.

The film's aural environment expands the narrative beyond the frame, initiating a dual perception of the seen and heard, each informing the other in striking ways. A painful scene depicting the pastor's abuse of his young children exemplifies this technique. The camera lingers outside the room where the lashings occur, yet the sounds of the beatings make the remote spatial area as palpable as the pictured hall, doubling the simultaneous space of the scene and sparking an imaginative curiosity in the viewer, imploring her to mentally construct the unseen, yet heard, components of *The White Ribbon*'s cinematic world, those lying beyond the frame's edge. Haneke's stated aims of activating the viewer are fulfilled in such instances

*continued on page 8*



COURTESY X-FILME CREATIVE POOL

Children focus the narrative regarding violence, its victims, and its perpetrators in *The White Ribbon*.

ing an ominous outline for the viewer to fill in.

Of course, Haneke is not alone in creating his note-for-note, pitch-perfect symphony of cruelty. The ensemble cast never misses a beat, maintaining a consistently subtle performance style throughout—never showy, always measured—imparting an appropriate sense of communal as well as individual existence to the characters by limiting the ability of a handful of charismatically dominate the narrative. As a result, the story is effectively forged as the confluence of a multitude of fragmented perspectives (regardless of the fact that the entire film is ostensibly the memory of the schoolteacher).

Most impressive are the many child actors in *The White Ribbon*, all of whom handle Haneke's emotionally challenging material with startling

by-shot storyboards for all of his films, determining the vast majority of their appearance before ever using a bit of celluloid, the deft execution of his plans by Kanter and Berger (aided by certain digital effects) is masterful.

Intricate and impressive, Kanter's work convincingly captures the film's 1914 atmosphere without flashily emphasizing period detail, allowing the characters to exist in a lived-in environment, one that appears as if the filmmakers had somehow stumbled upon a hermetically isolated, unchanged locale, existing on a mythic plane of parable and preserved past. Berger's efforts in actualizing Haneke's compositions and photographing Kanter's production design are perhaps the best in any film this year, replete with carefully obscured framings, fluid movements, and gorgeous lighting.

Avatar: the 3D Western

By Stan Heaton

By now, most of you have either seen James Cameron's *Avatar* or have chosen not to. For the rest of you who just haven't had time over the holidays, it's still in theaters, and it's still in 3D. I can't help but recoil a bit when I hear that a movie is showing in 3D. So often, it's a cheap gimmick to fill theater seats with people who like axes hurtling toward them or who want to see a hallway look all weird and stuff. Yes, I'm talking to you, laser light show stoners. *Avatar*, in contrast to other 3D movies, uses the technology much more adeptly. It's used for the depth it provides and to immerse the audience in the film world. The scenery, both in the jungle and aboard the array of war machines, absolutely pops throughout the movie. If you're going to see it, it needs to be in 3D.

Now for the movie itself. In case you didn't see the onslaught of advertising, *Avatar* follows a paraplegic Marine named Jake Sully (Sam Worthington) as he inhabits an alien shell—his *Avatar*—and infiltrates an indigenous humanoid population known as the Na'vi. The humans come to the Na'vi moon in order to obtain unobtainium, a rich mineral used for energy. As Jake learns more about the Na'vi, he becomes one of them, eventually falling in love with Neytiri (Zoe Saldana), Jake's mentor and the Na'vi princess. Chaos ensues as the greedy humans attack the Na'vi's home, killing anyone

in their path in order to get the unobtainium.

The story is predictable; it's a western at its core. If you've seen *Dances With Wolves*, there won't be any surprises here. The pioneer on the outskirts of American civilization familiarizes himself with the natives in the process of clearing them out for western expansion, resources, land, Manifest Destiny, etc. The pioneer

have trouble making these connections while helicopters explodes and aliens ride atop dragons (oh yeah, they ride dragons!), unobtainium is oil. America wants oil, and we kill people to get it.

All of this should be fairly obvious as the film progresses. More interesting and subtle is the way *Avatar* handles the fact that its main character is a paraplegic veteran. Jake lost the use of his legs in battle and is promised sur-



COURTESY TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOX

*Avatar is playing in theaters everywhere, but you'll want 3D.*

becomes the native and must confront his society as such. He is no longer welcome, people fight, and the story ends. The recycled story isn't necessarily a bad thing, though, because America doesn't seem to be learning anything from it. One of the strengths of *Avatar* is the way it adapts this quintessential American tale to argue against our current Middle Eastern wars. If you

gery to fix them by Colonel Quaritch (Stephen Lang) so long as he gives the Colonel tactical information about the Na'vi's jungle home. As more and more veterans return from the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, some physically injured and some not, America has to find a way to reintegrate these soldiers back into society, lest they suffer the fate of the old pioneer. In the film's

terms, the military solution to this dilemma is "fight for us a little bit longer, and everything will be okay." We'll see how this pans out in America's renewed effort in Afghanistan. I have a sneaking suspicion that things won't be hunky dory anytime soon.

The alternative to the military solution, again in the film's terms, is the Na'vi solution: reconnect to nature, value life above resources, and love the people around you. By this method, and by becoming the *Avatar*, Jake regains the sensation of leg use and comes to learn the failure of Colonel Quaritch's system.

I would be remiss if I didn't let the fanboy nerd inside of me have a few lines to talk about the special effects and the action. *Avatar* is a spectacle in the best sense of that word. Pandora, the home moon of the Na'vi, is full of amazingly brutal creatures, bioluminescent wildlife, and lush jungles, all expertly rendered and brought to life in 3D. The fight scenes are incredible. Dragons and six-legged horses battle attack helicopters and mech-warriors. Time will tell, but this seems like a movie that won't show its age by its special effects (much like Terminator 2, another Cameron classic).

The acting is solid—look for Sam Worthington in a slew of action movies in the future. The plot, while not new, is very relevant. And the visuals are breathtaking. The movie is pretty long, but if you're up for almost three hours of 3D, sci-fi awesomeness, this is a must see before it leaves theaters.



# Music

## Live music you need to know about

NoC’s music staff breaks down the next two weeks

**Thursday, January 14**  
Shortwave Society  
Cosmic Charlie’s, 10 P.M. \$5. 21+

This is the “other band” of Curtis and Grant Geren, the lead singer and rhythm guitarist/vocalist, respectively, from the Talking Heads tribute band Same As It Ever Was. If you’ve seen S.A.I.E.W. then you already know these guys can play and know a thing or two about showmanship, but this band has few similarities with Talking Heads and new wave. Rather, it’s more along the lines of the Athens, GA left-field neo-psychedelia (think Elephant 6 Records), splicing heavy doses of Beach Boys/ High Llamas chamber-pop with an obvious Stereolab influence (minus the Kraut-yness). They’re a less-flamboyant Of Montreal type band that packs plenty of sugary-sweet harmonies into every tune to make your Thursday night feel a little warmer. —*Nick Kidd*

**Friday, January 15**  
These United States w/ The Swells  
Cosmic Charlie’s, 10 P.M. \$8. 21+

Cowboy boots and skin-tight jeans. This ain’t Texas, it’s These United States, a band anchored in both Washington D.C. and Lexington, KY, with a sound equally at home in the quintessential indie rock sounds of bands like D.C.’s Fugazi as in the quirky alt-country of Kentucky’s My Morning Jacket. It’s tough to peg exactly where in the balance between roots and indie rock These United States lies: it’s psychedelically inclined here, sing-song-ish pop there, and unabashed bluesy rock



Shortwave Society

everywhere else. Though (not accidentally) tough to pin down, it’s safe to call the music of the States *sincere* if not neatly apprehensible.

TUS has been on a virtually nonstop tour since mid-2006, finding audiences everywhere more than happy to soak up their broadly appealing sound. (Apparently we can all agree that’s it’s cool to see a band with no trouble busting out Stones-style bawlers and turn on a dime to play punk-inspired anthems, all without reeking of posturing.) So how do the States make it work? The key ingredient, as it should be, is chops.

The Lexington boys holding together the rhythm section (Justin Craig on guitar, Colin Kellogg on bass, and Robby Cosenza on drums) are the glue that

makes These United States work. These dudes could elevate the most wretched of indie frontmen into real-deal contenders, but this band is more than that. Lead singer Jesse Elliot has grown by leaps and bounds since the more stripped down sounds on *A Picture of the Three of Us at the Gate to the Garden of Eden*. More than one critic has compared his vocal style to M. Ward, but it’s kind of hard to pull off the Ward style when you’ve got such a muscular-sounding group backing you up. Elliot has responded by writing more grandiose pop rock songs, sucking listeners in



These United States visits Cosmic Charlie’s on January 15.

with catchy-as-hell hooks and sensing, perhaps, that the group is well suited for playing aggressive numbers. We’ll find out soon just where the States are taking their sound: they’ve just written *another* new record that, when released, will be their third LP in less than 3 years. Of course you could always just head out to this show to hear some of the new stuff before it hits the shelves. These guys sound better live than they do on their records anyway.

Showing off more of Lexington’s chops, local favorites The Swells will be filling out the bill as openers. These heavyweights of the local scene (they’ve played *everywhere* in town at one time or another) are as talented a five-piece group you’ll find in town and one that boasts original material that holds its own next to their impeccably selected—and tastefully wrought—cover songs. Gram Parsons, Johnny Cash, Hank Sr, and Tom Waits are amongst the bevy of artists in The Swells songbook, and every song is played with class in The Swells’ unique style, meaning nothing feels forced or out of place. Trumpet, clarinet, and keys are staples of this throwback act whose music is like an old friend you’ve always loved hanging around. —*NK*

**Saturday, January 16**  
The Star Devils  
The Green Lantern, 9:30 P.M. \$5. 21+

Drive north on I-75 and just before you hit Ohio, you’ll pass one of the filthiest-sounding exits this side of the Mississippi: Big Bone Lick. Appropriately, that’s the home of the The Star Devils, a devilishly traditional hillbilly-rockabilly act that’s trudging down I-75 to The Green Lantern for a performance fans of old-time country and western swing surely won’t want to miss. The Star Devils dabble in the music of early Sun Records, touching

on Elvis, Carl Perkins and Charlie Feathers (usually without drums), but they mostly stir up tunes of toe-tapping rockabilly and hillbilly bop they penned themselves. This band moves comfortably from steel guitar-driven country tunes to reverb-heavy, hiccup-inflected 2-minute rockers featuring some smoldering quick lead guitar. These hepcats have taken their southern-fried sound around the world (they’ll be touring the UK and Japan in the coming months), but this Saturday show brings them slightly down south to good ol’ Lexington. Lucky for us,

the Devils will be playing 2 sets of tunes since this might be our last chance to catch ‘em for a while. —*NK*

**Thursday, January 21**  
The Butchers and Idiot Glee  
Split-Cassette Release Party  
Al’s Bar, 9 P.M.. Free. All Ages.



The Star Devils wowed The Green Lantern on January 16.

Despite the frosty weather, Al’s bar will host a beach party on the 21st with local reverb rockers The Butchers and Idiot Glee. Idiot Glee, the solo-project of Bedtime front-man James Friley, mixes the melancholy of 50s Doo Wop with the sun-bleached harmonies of the Beach Boys in simple ballads for organ and drum-machine. The Butchers amp up the energy with their approach to surf psychedelia, crafting straightforward yet infectious beach punk anthems.


Local kraut-rock dance heroes Tiny Fights will be accompanying The Butchers and Idiot Glee for their tape release, stretching the echo soaked sounds of 90s shoegaze and indie rock into long format, hypnotic head-nodding jams. Attendees will also get

a chance to snag the latest offerings from The Butchers and Idiot Glee as they celebrate the completion of a new spilt cassette release—the perfect medium for capturing the faded Polaroid nostalgia aesthetics of their music. —*Patrick Smith*

**Thursday, January 28**  
Killing the Noise  
Al’s Bar, 9 P.M. Free. All ages.

There’s an exotic darkness to Latin Heat, like they’re some bastard offspring from a Blues-Rock marriage gone awry a couple decades back. But these mutant scions have forsaken homage to their forebears by focusing on their own breed of proto-rock, outclassing the endless post-everything (post-punk, post-rock, post-grunge, whatever) parade, touching on something raw and primitive. They specialize in longer, Trojan Horse instrumental jams that draw the listener into warm, delicate, amorphous melodic pastures only to turn, in due time, the curtain back and unleash some heavy, irascible, chunked-out mathy-riff onslaught they’ve been hiding all along. They’re the fucking ocean of rock: something you should check out before you die, but also a thing that doesn’t give two shits about you because it abides by its own logic and, after all, you’re just there to check out the show and maybe catch a wave-ride and hopefully not get sucked into the undertow.

This show is hosted by local emcee Sheisty Khrist, a Madd Militia crew-member and a hella-tight artist in his own right. Also performing will be Lexland hip-hop duo the Loose Change DeveloP.M.ent Crew (former



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# Lex Bike Polo league forms

NoC Sports Desk

Sunday, January 3rd marked the first day of league play for Lexington Bike Polo. Tiffany Morrow announced the formation of a winter league series back in November, with players settling on a post-holidays startup date, and with Sundays being the designated for league play on one of the two courts at Coolavin Park.

Teams started forming shortly before the Holidays and some are still in the process of being formed, even though league play has officially begun. Many players are still filtering back into town from the Holiday break, and some are still working through injuries that were recently received.

In order to maintain a flexible playing schedule to account for weather and absences, league games are informally scheduled out each Sunday as teams are available. One substitute

player is allowed for each team if not all team members are present. There were a total of six teams present for the first day of league play.

**Chris Simpson: city rep**

Chris Simpson, formerly of Triple Lexxx though now with Lex Offenders, has been elected as a city representative for the Midwest Region of the League of Bike Polo. He will join regional representative and current Bluegrass State Games Commissioner of Bike Polo Brian Turner as they operate as a conduit to the larger national and international bike polo scenes.

Though Turner expressed support for Simpson, he also issued a stern challenge to the newly minted city representative and Dogtown owner. On a recent LexRides online forum, Turner told Simpson, “[I]f you want the ‘Commissioner of Bike Polo’ title, you’ll have to arm-wrestle me for it.”

Turner had better watch out. Simpson’s trademark move, as many know, is the reacharound, a trick that requires some serious wrist and forearm strength, not to mention endurance. It only stands to reason that Simpson would be well-prepared for that arm-wrestling match.

**Bike Polo travels to St. Louis**

Many Lexington Bike Polo players will be heading to the Saint Louis Dead of Winter Indoor Lock-In, held on January 15-16. The Lock-In, held at a skating rink, is limited to 80 participants. Games to 10 minutes will be played all day and night, with 80% of the games being straight pick-up. Once an hour, a distributed lottery will determine who plays. The Lock In also features “quiet rooms” to roll out a sleeping pad are provided for anyone wanting to get some sleep at some point.

## Bike Polo League Results

- Teams**
- Hallelujah Holy Sh\*t (Brad Flowers, Shane Tedder, Brian Turner)
  - Cash For Gold (Tiffany Morrow, Rich Lopez, Jared Baize)
  - Allison Richardson, Katie Joe Doerfler, Jessi Connors
  - Drunk A-holes (Will Mullins, Scott, Kyle Hord)
  - Lex Offenders (Chris Simpson, Nick Redbeard, Kevin Klimment)
  - The Sh\*t Squad (Henry Huffines, Boyd Shearer, Matt Burton)

**Game 1**  
Lex Offenders vs Allison, Katie Jo & Jessi  
Goals scored: Katie Jo 0, Jessie 1, Allison 1, Chris 2, Nick 2, Kevin 1  
Lex Offenders wins 5 - 2

**Game 2**  
Hallelujah Holy Sh\*t vs Cash For Gold  
Goals scored: Brad 2, Shane 2, Brian 1, Tiffany 0, Jared 1, Rich 0  
Hallelujah Holy Sh\*t wins 5 - 1

**Game 3**  
Drunk A-holes vs Allison, Katie Jo & Jessi  
Goals scored: Will 1, Scott 2, Kyle 0, Allison 0, Katie Joe 1, Jessie 1  
Drunk A-holes wins 3 - 2

**Game 4**  
Hallelujah Holy Sh\*t vs Lex Offenders  
Goals scored: Chris 0, Nick 1, Kevin 0, Brad 2, Shane 1, Brian 1  
Hallelujah Holy Sh\*t wins 4 - 1

**Game 5**  
The Sh\*t Squad vs Drunk A-holes  
Goals scored: Henry 1, Matt 1, Boyd 1, Will 1, Scott 0, Kyle 0  
The Sh\*t Squad wins 3 - 1

**Game 6**  
Lex Offenders vs Cash For Gold  
Goals scored: Chris 1, Nick 1, Kevin 2, Tiffany 0, Jared 2, Rich 0  
Lex Offenders wins 5 - 2

**Game 7**  
The Sh\*t Squad vs Allison, Katie Jo & Jessi (with Tiffany as a sub-in)  
Goals scored: Henry 1, Boyd 1, Matt 0, Tiffany 1, Katie Joe 0, Allison 0  
The Sh\*t Squad wins 2 - 1

**Game 8**  
Hallelujah Holy Sh\*t vs Drunk A-holes (with Chris as a sub-in)  
Goals scored: Will, 1, Chris 1, Scott 0, Shane 1, Brad 1, Brian 1  
Hallelujah Holy Sh\*t wins 3 - 2

# Stanton and Hord skate to Alley Cat victories

## New Year’s Disillusion a warm affair during frigid night

Saturday, January 9  
Downtown Lexington

Megan Stanton powered past a small field of cyclers and edged out a dumbstruck Kyle Hord at the finish line to win the New Year’s Disillusion Alley Cat Bike Race this past Saturday night in downtown Lexington.

The night’s disillusionment started at 8:12 P.M. as seven hardy participants grabbed their manifest, a hand-lettered card offering clues to a series of checkpoints throughout the city manned and womaned by volunteers, pedaled away from the snow-packed sidewalks in front of the Sidecar bar enroute to their first stop on the race: Gratz Park, refreshments, a figure 8 along the park’s sidewalks, and more refreshments. The short distance from North Limestone to Gratz Park kept the riders bunched together, but the two refreshment breaks thinned the lead pack by one,

as participant Ali Harnish fell behind, never to catch up.

After getting their manifest signed by a registered volunteer, the lead pack raced away from Gratz and headed, as it turns out, in the wrong direction. Their manifest informed the bikers to proceed with haste from their Gratz Park refreshments to the Ventilator, described as “the highest [parking] tower near Gratz Park.”

Because they soared away with such speed, it was difficult to observe which rider was, in fact, the leader of the dense lead pack. Whoever it was can (and should, publicly) take credit for leading the pack astray, as the next firm sighting was of them cresting the open-air top floor of the parking garage on the corner of Main and MLK—what some hip suburban drivers might know better as the parking garage of choice for the Kentucky Theater Summer Classics movie nights. This garage is, to be sure, a tall tower,

and as Checkpoint Oinky it was to play a part in the Disillusion Race at a later moment, but it’s not the tallest garage, and relative to other garages it’s certainly not near Gratz Park, so it was not Checkpoint Ventilator.

After cresting the MLK lot, the pack quickly realized that they were in the right place, but that it must have been the wrong time, and thus quickly descended down the coiling back exit ramp that lent the MLK garage its Disillusion Alley Cat name of Oinky.

At 8:35 P.M., a determined and huffing lead pack finally found Checkpoint Ventilator, the parking tower located on Barr Street behind the second new courthouse. After getting their manifest signed by another volunteer, the riders were instructed to scan the south horizon for two sets of red blinking lights—their final two destinations before a return trip to

continued on page 7

# Mapman blows out the competition

## Wins coldest PF Open on record

By Troy Lyle

I wasn’t ready.  
I wanted to be. I even tried to be.  
I competed in an impromptu Pro Am the week prior. I practiced every weekend for a month. I even arrived an hour early so I could loosen up, stretch and get in some extra throws. I badly wanted to win this year’s PF (People’s Farm) Open, the annual fall disc golf tournament held at my friend’s and my 12 acre farm in Keene.  
I didn’t!  
Mostly because I didn’t do any of the previously mentioned practicing, stretching or throwing. Nope. I showed up, grabbed my three discs, stepped onto the first tee and flung my driver right into the tree that blankets the left side of the fairway.  
*Great beginning you numbnutts!!!!*  
To be honest nothing would have prepared me for that Saturday, December 19, 2009. No amount of experience could have readied me for the latest PF Open on record. How does one prepare for 29 degrees, windy, overcast and flurries. I have a hard enough time throwing a disc in perfect conditions, let alone in a deep freeze. There were times I couldn’t even feel my fingers. Coupled with the fact that my 14 layers of clothing left me feeling like the Shoney’s Big Boy, wrapped inside the Michelin Man, wrapped inside Jabba the Hutt, and let’s just say I struggled.



PF Open entrants cross the 13th fairway at the Keene course.

*Struggled? Don’t you mean sucked! Stank!! Reeked!!!*  
Most ‘normal’ people would have stayed home to read a book wrapped in their favorite snuggly, or drink some hot tea or cocoa, or attend a log by a cozy fire. Anything but braving the

elements for disc golf. But none of my friends, nor myself, are normal. That’s the allure of our friendships.  
So we play on a 22-hole course, four more holes than the rest of the disc golf world. Think of it as the neurotic result of ‘yes, but ours go to eleven’

syndrome: one too many wild nights spent barking at the moon and yelling lines from Spinal Tap. I like to think we were pioneers in the principles of disc golf course design, where the lay of the land dictated that 22 holes necessary for achieving harmonic balance.  
I’m not sure who named all 22 or when each hole received its designation, but I do know each hole’s title is befitting. There’s Downward Giant (#10) with its tee box that ascends some 100 or more feet. The Asshole (#4) with its stump marker that looks amazingly like ... well, someone’s asshole. There’s Inner Nebulous (#3) with its convoluted maze of honeysuckle and debris. And 420 (#22), the only par four on the course, with its long, straight and narrow fairway. My favorite is The Dream Crusher (#11), aptly named for what happens to one’s scoring expectations upon completion.  
*Sorry, I’ve digressed. Back to my horrific play.*  
It didn’t take me long to leave my stench on the course. Holes 1 and 2 are by far the easiest holes to birdie being short par 3s. I parred both. And from there managed to mostly single and double bogey my way to a 13 over (+6/+7), the worst score I’ve ever recorded in more than two years of tournament play in Keene. If there’s anything consistent about my disc golf play here of late, it’s that I’m average one minute and awful only seconds

continued on page 7

# Opinion

## What to do with our broken budgets?

Readers of the Saturday, January 9, *Lexington Herald Leader* were met on the front page with the news of the day: at the national level, “The Employment outlook remains bleak” read the headline; at the state level, we found out that corrections officers were accused of raping women inmates at the Otter Creek Correctional Complex and that Greg Stumbo is looking to reform the state’s regressive tax policies; while at the local level, the main headline reported on Mayor Jim Newberry’s proposed budget cuts and city furloughs to balance the city budget in the face of declining revenue.

While these headlines are all part of the larger story of our national crumbling infrastructure—both physical and social—the stories regarding Stumbo and Newberry’s respective attempt to deal with crumbling state and city revenues seemed particularly connected, if only for their differing responses.

Stumbo, Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives, has begun asking fellow legislators who have pushed for tax reform at the state level to develop a proposal for the next legislative tax session. Newberry, meanwhile, announced at a Friday afternoon press conference \$12.5 million in cuts to the city budget. Though

Beverly Fortune’s article did not elaborate (suggesting that the idea did not deserve sufficient space), it did state that cuts were made with two goals in mind: “to avoid tax increases and layoffs.” Unlike Stumbo, for Newberry the idea of tax increases is not yet on the table.

We understand of course that Newberry’s position against raising taxes could be in the best interest of the city. State governments, like federal governments, collect taxes in different ways. What works at the state level doesn’t necessarily have to work at the state level.

But surely even the consideration of raising taxes here is worthy of a serious discussion, whether by Newberry himself or through his absence as we, the engaged public and its media sources, direct that dialogue.

*Balancing the Scales*, the publication put out by Kentuckians for the Commonwealth, reported on December 17 about a new study by the Institute of Taxation and Economic Policy (ITEP) entitled *Who Pays?* The report offers a composite breakdown of the percentage of income that different economic groups pay in taxes. The story at the national level, as an aggregation of the states, is not all that hopeful. At the state level, Kentucky

is in the middle of the pack in terms of distribution of taxes across income levels.

Here’s what middle of the pack nationally means in Kentucky: the lowest 20% of incomes—those making less than \$15,000—pay a little over 9% of their income to state and local taxes; those in the top 1% of wage earners in Kentucky pay just over 6% of their income to taxes. In fact, on the whole, Kentucky’s tax system is regressive, which means that as one moves up the economic ladder—gets richer—s/he pays less in state and local taxes (thus placing a larger burden on middle and lower incomes to cover this paying of less taxes). In Kentucky, the big cutoff for the great fuck-over is at the top 4% of state earners, those making between \$140,000 and \$346,000, who pay the second lowest percentage of their wages in taxes: 7%. Most who make less than that generally pay near the lowest income rate of 9%.

These are a lot of numbers, but they’re numbers Newberry and the media reporting on him should be aware of. Do these numbers apply in Lexington? Who knows, but Newberry and the rest of us should be doing that work. If budget cuts are on the table—as they always are—then considerations of tax allocation should also be on the

table. It’s the job of the Fourth Estate to disseminate ideas to the public, irrespective of whether it gets onto a rich politician’s agenda or not.

Let’s be quite clear here: the way we collect and distribute taxes does not work. We should have serious reservations about the mental acuity of any public official or thinking human to not catch wind of this fact. We are bankrupt at all levels of governance, with each level shuffling bad debt all the way down a damaged and leaky municipal pipeline.

At the national level, our federal government is trillions of dollars in debt because it spends more than it collects from its citizens and makes up for the rest by getting loans from other governments and corporations. For their part, states have only weathered the Great Recession, to the degree that they have, because of huge infusions of money by the federal government into educational and other projects; they, too, are going broke, faster than Kentucky even. And at the local level, we have budget cuts and furloughs, TIF funds and WEG funds that mortgage future taxes at the expense of today’s immediate needs. Want a garden and some small grocery stores? Buy a giant downtown hotel instead. Or a distillery.

### PF Open (cont.)

*continued from page 6*

later. Hence the reason I chose to enter my score under the pseudonym Discus de la Malo.

In addition to myself, the six other participants included Northrupp Center, T-Bone, The Mad Mapman, Big English, The Candyman and Yung Mee. Rather than bore you into submission with mindless details, I’ll cut to the brass tax and say that no one other than The Mad Mapman faired well in this PF Open; he finished with a 4 over (+2/+2). Although Center nearly recorded a hole-in-one off the eighth tee, he was generally abysmal on the back eleven.

One of the seven participants barely even finished. The Bone officially recorded a 29 over (+7/+22) when all was said and done. But earlier that day he withdrew. He entered the tournament with a severely jammed thumb on his right throwing hand that he sustained when he jabbed it into his kitchen ceiling while dancing to Wolfmother at 3:00 AM the week before. Combine that injury with the

freezing cold, the ice and snow, and the fact he re-injured the thumb after banging it into a honeysuckle branch on his second throw on hole 5, and as he put it, “It hurts too bad to throw. I’m going in.”

Center, Candyman and myself managed to coax him back out onto the course after finishing our own rounds. We agreed to walk along with him, a kind of support group, if he agreed to finish. It wasn’t easy for the Bone, but he did it.

In keeping with form Center managed his usual ‘Mayer Fade,’ consisting of outstanding early round play (note the previous mention of a near hole-in-one) followed by a complete and utter choke-fest, usually occurring on a single hole. In this case it was a combination of three holes that were his undoing. He double bogeyed holes 15, 19 and 22 (a par 4), and after a solid 1 over start, limped in with a 12 over on the back eleven.

Only Mapman managed a respectable score that day. To be honest he is really the only consistent player among us. He and Dr. Bass. But Bass was busy



that Saturday and unable to attend. The two are like the Bird and Magic of our disc golf circuit. Competing more with each other than the group as a whole. Both are extremely long and straight off the tee, have great touch on approach shots and are dead-eye accurate with the putter. Watching them play disc golf is like watching Michelangelo paint the Last Supper, or better yet the Sistine Chapel. You’re in utter awe. Something for the rest of us to aspire to.

Here’s the official rundown:

1. The Mad Mapman +4 (+2/+2)
2. NorthRupp Center +13 (+1/+12)
3. Discus de la Malo +13 (+6/+7)
4. The Candyman +19 (+8/+11)
5. Big English +21 (+8/+13)
6. Yung Mee (+8/+15)
7. T-Bone (+7/+22)

Last year’s PF Open winner was ‘the people.’ I like to think the same goes for this year. Because we all won by getting off our lazy asses, suiting up and having the time of our life. Even if it was colder than hell.

### Alley Cats (cont.)

*continued from page 6*

Gratz Park for more refreshments and a mad-dash sprint back to the Sidecar and a chance for glory. The first blinking light, on Oinky a short distance away, was easily spotted. The second, Checkpoint Cyanide at the top of the Central Bank parking garage in the southwest corner of the horizon, took more time to locate. But with eyes like frozen hawks, each member of the pack spied the prize and—like that—began traveling back down Checkpoint Ventilator and towards Oinky and later Cyanide.

Stanton’s victory push was set up by two incredible events: first, Stanton inexplicably broke from what remained of the lead pack on her return trip through Gratz. As the rest of the bicyclists traveled up North Upper Street while leaving Gratz, Stanton turned onto Mechanic, sped past her workplace at Third Street, and exploded up North Limestone unbeknownst to the rest of the lead pack.

But it wasn’t just Stanton’s bold move; Hord actually arrived to the Sidecar first, but—inexplicably—stopped to lock up his bike before entering to claim victory in what race volunteer Alex Brooks called “Kyle’s chump P.M.ve.” Whether an act of hubris or the early deranged onset of hypothermia, we may never know, but

it allowed Stanton, nauseous and dehydrated, the chance moment she needed to race in and claim a Disillusionment victory.

#### Notes

*Cold weather shrinks racers*

Temperatures at race time registered below 20 degrees on the Fahrenheit scale. The cold weather, part of more than 11 days of sub-freezing Lexington weather, apparently had a negative effect on race participation, as it did several weeks earlier at the PF Open Disc Golf tournament in Keene, KY. But it wasn’t just the weather. Boyd Shearer, one of the organizers of the Disillusion race, suggested that the third annual Frozen Chosen ride that took place two days earlier, in which bikers pick what they project will be the coldest night of the year and take a long ride in it, may have “zapped people’s constitution” and left some riders physically unable to take on another night of frigid temperatures.

Shearer’s story seems plausible. On race day, Bluegrass State Games Commissioner of Bike Polo Brian Turner publicly announced on BikeLex, a forum for underground bike events, that after riding the Frozen Chosen, his body was not up for the race. Specifically, the Commish said that he “probably shouldn’t risk it again...so soon after” the Frozen Chosen.

#### Crack police work

At 8:45 P.M. the Lexington police shutdown Checkpoint Ventilator at the top of the Barr Street courthouse parking garage. According to the officer, the garage has “tons of cameras” on it; what’s more, the city is “filled with cameras.” Presumably, after watching for over an hour at someone sitting suspiciously on top of a public garage located next to a big city courthouse and signaling to two other suspicious-looking folks with red blinking lights atop other nearby parking garages, the crack staff operating all those cameras finally took notice enough to dispatch a cop car to see what was what.

Apparently, the cop explained in no uncertain asshole terms (which both he and the checkpoint person agreed was within his rights, as it also was in the checkpoint person’s rights, both agreed, to acknowledge the cop was presenting himself as an asshole) that while the parking garage is city property, it is not citizen property and thus off limits to anything resembling fun—for liability’s sake.

#### Bikers eat Audra’s cookies

Audra Pace, bartender at Al’s Bar, donated some homemade Vegan Chocolate Chip Cookies for the race contestants to eat at Gratz Park. As both the bikers and (later) Sidecar patrons enjoyed Audra’s cookies

immensely, here is the recipe for anyone wanting to make and eat Audra’s cookies for themselves:

- Combine and mix 1 cup vegan buttery spread (Earth Balance), ¾ cup brown sugar; ¾ cup white sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1/3 cup apple sauce.
- Next, combine and mix 2 ¼ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt.
- Add one 12 ounce bag chocolate chips, mix, and bake at 370 degrees for 7-8 minutes.

#### Latin Heat warms Sidecar

After Boyd Shearer passed out the donated prizes for first place in the girls and boys division to Megan Stanton and Kyle Hord, Latin Heat began playing at 11:15 to a nearly packed and quite enthusiastic crowd at the Sidecar. As the band began to kick into high gear, fans took bets on when and if drummer Drew Combs would get hot enough to take off his shirt. North of Center editor Danny Mayer beat out Josh Miller and Kevin Kliment in taking the 11:40-11:50 time slot. Combs un-shirted at 11:47 P.M..

Combs plays a mean drums, and with his shirt off, resembles either a leprechaun or a mythic miniature he-goat. Either way, it makes for great music. The band’s last song, “Losing Control,” had the crowd bouncing around the bar.





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The White Ribbon (cont.)

*continued from page 4*

of audio-vision, encouraging cooperate creativity from the viewer in completing his narratives while demonstrating absolute technical virtuosity.

Indeed, from script to acting to image to sound, *The White Ribbon* is a masterpiece, one that recalls the sober works of classic art film directors from Bresson and Tarkovsky to Bergman and Dreyer. Refreshingly, Haneke has made a serious film with serious intentions. No winking. No self-reflexive evasion. No postmodern playfulness. *The White Ribbon* is as unflinching, sophisticated, gripping piece of cinema—revealing not only a trust in the active viewer, but also a confidence in the ability of a film

to be successfully crafted in complete earnest.

Some have criticized Haneke as being too “didactic” as a result of his undiluted solemnity, but *The White Ribbon*’s sincerity and gravity strike me as indications of a filmmaker with sustained conviction and moral purpose—traits absent from far too many modern movies. Here’s hoping Haneke never loses his severity; if he does, we will lose something even more devastating: one of cinema’s greatest artists.

The White Ribbon *isn’t playing anywhere near Lexington, as it’s subtitled, black and white, and very European in that gloomy way, but it will be released only DVD/Blu-ray eventually.*