

Residents to city: “Finish Loudon Avenue!”

Neighbors organize to have E. Loudon repair continued

NoC News

“It looks like 1930 out there.” This comment, tinged with frustration, came from a small business owner on E. Loudon Avenue. He’s right: E. Loudon from Shropshire Avenue to N. Limestone really does look *that* bad.

Unfortunately, it could be well after 2030 before the city undertakes the complete overhaul this section of E. Loudon desperately needs.

Concerned neighbors found this out at a March meeting convened by District 1 councilmember Andrea James. At that meeting, one city official informed area residents and business owners that it could be 40 years before this section of E. Loudon is renovated. To drive his point home (and maybe to protect himself from projectiles thrown by an angry audience), the official presented a tremendously large posterboard spreadsheet (in this reporter’s memory it was about the size of an office desk) showing just how far down the list the E. Loudon project was.

It didn’t take residents at the meeting long to do the math: they’d all be dead by the time the street was fixed. Needless to say, no one went home happy.

Nonetheless, a group of residents is organizing to try to spur the project along. They are looking to the hard-fought and successful campaign of their neighbors to the east: the Meadows-Loudon Neighborhood



CAPTAIN COMMONKERS

Busted curb and deep ruts on E. Loudon Avenue median.

Association, which after 10 years got major renovations done on the segment of E. Loudon running from Winchester Road to Shropshire Avenue.

That project, led by Larry Hamilton (then-president of the Meadows-Loudon Neighborhood Association) and supported by many other residents, has drastically changed the face of the area. As Hamilton told the *Herald-Leader* in 2008: “It’s changing the perception, changing the image of this end of town. Before this road project, water was running down each side of the street, there were worn paths on each side of the street, and ruts in people’s driveways. It’s just a complete change.... This shows that, if people band together, we can achieve what we want.”

The rehabilitation of E. Loudon from Winchester to Shropshire included replacing sewers, resurfacing the road, adding streetlights, creating a bike lane, and other improvements. The project also extended to 10 side streets in the area.

So, E. Loudon looks great — until you hit Idlewild Court. And then, welcome to the 1930s. The disrepair on this section of the street includes many eyesores and utility problems:

- Busted curbs on the median and along both sides of the street
- Utility strips that have been ground to dirt by on-street parking (Cars pull up on the utility strips to avoid being sideswiped by the many large commercial trucks that use E. Loudon as a

through-street. Consequently, utility structures get broken, which is why it is against city ordinance to park on utility strips.)

- Lumpy earth on the medians and grass that is badly trimmed
- Newly-planted trees, some of which are already failing
- Large ruts in the medians where, according to street residents, city waste management trucks jump the median in order to get through and avoid hitting cars

Finally, this reporter also noted lots of debris and litter left by, one assumes, residents and passers-by along the street and in the median. Even LFUCG leaves litter on the median of E. Loudon Avenue.

Inspired by the Meadows-Loudon Neighborhood Association’s mere 10-year saga (mere when compared the city’s projected 40 year timeline), residents have begun organizing to try to push E. Loudon closer to the top of the city’s list for repair. To show their absolute commitment to the task, many have refused to die until they see the rest of E. Loudon transformed into a beautiful street. City government, here they come.

If you are interested in helping work on the “Finish Loudon Avenue!” campaign, send an email to finisloudon@hotmail.com. You can also get more information at the next Castlerwood Neighborhood Association meeting, Thursday, June 24, 6:30 P.M. at Grace Baptist Church.

Locked and damned on the KY river

A post-navigational meander

By Wesley Houp

Cross-currents

On the morning of May 5, 2010, the *Dixie Belle*, a sternwheeler owned and operated by Shaker Village in Mercer Co., broke free of its moorings on the Kentucky River near High Bridge after being struck by a large concrete dock and other flood debris. The 20 ton, 65-foot, 100-passenger boat traveled downstream on the swollen Kentucky, passing safely over Lock and Dam #7 before rescuers eventually corralled it to the bank just above Brooklyn Bridge on state highway 68, where it held sway against the current as the river crested at 42 feet, approximately ten feet above flood stage, its highest point since 1978.

After several weeks the *Dixie Belle* was eventually pulled from the water several more miles downstream at Cummins Marina, where it was later inspected by the U.S. Coast Guard. Found structurally sound, the flood-stranded craft was partially dismantled and finally hauled overland, no small task given the extremely steep, narrow, and winding roads in and out of the river valley, not to mention the hilly, curvy roads through the Bluegrass Region atop the palisades. The thirty or so mile trip took two days, and the *Dixie Belle* once again rested its weight in the Kentucky near Camp Nelson, seventeen or so miles upstream from its home.

The *Belle*’s remarkable trip over Lock 7 illustrates two cross-current storylines for the present-day Kentucky River. The first line we know quite well: nature, without advanced warning,



TROY VILE

Author puts in on the Kentucky.

trumps the hand of man. No matter what objects and obstacles we stack in front, the river will make way. The fact that our river has, for the past century, been segmented by locks and dams has also helped to regionalize (sectionalize) further the damage flooding does: “It’s those people down in Valley View, High Bridge, or Frankfort that need FEMA, not us.”

The second story is much more contemporary: the Army Corps of Engineers’ and now The Kentucky River Authority’s “selective discontinuation” and “cut-off” of the locks along most of the Kentucky’s 255 miles, a process initiated in the late 90s, has created, in effect, isolated, slow moving segments, each with its own unique riverscape and, depending on accessibility, patterns of use. In a

post-navigational existence, it takes the force of a catastrophic flood to remind us that the river is one continuous ribbon of life running from the mountains of Eastern Kentucky to the Ohio. Had Lock #7 been functional, the ride home for the *Dixie Belle* would have taken no more than an hour.

The fact that the boat had to be transported overland is not the issue of interest, though. Of far greater interest is how closing and sealing off the locks has affected people’s interaction with and perception of the river is. While it is true that the locks have always promoted a sense of isolationism and boundary among those “river rats” living along the banks, the reality is that each pool truly is isolated. If you want to experience the river in its entirety today, you will have to paddle;

only a canoe or kayak can be portaged around the massive, aging concrete structures—and only with much difficulty as the terrain along most of the river’s length is steep and unforgiving, covered with stinging nettles by summer, scoured and caked in slippery mud by winter.

Slack water

On a Friday morning several weeks after the flood-waters have crested, some friends and I put in our kayaks and canoes below Lock #7, on a two-night search for the *Dixie Belle*. Though successive rains since the flood have slowed the water’s recession, the river is still running high. The raging current that scoured away large trees and boulders across the river below the lock has left the beach on the Jessamine Co. side untouched, even enhanced with fresh sand. The approach to the beach, our put-in, is steep; we first haul down the gear and, later, lower the boats methodically to the river’s edge. The water, still up several feet, still runs fast for the otherwise sluggish Kentucky.

In *Engineering the Kentucky River: The Commonwealth’s Waterway*, Leland R. Johnson and Charles E. Parrish talk about the “spectacular flight” of Captain Harry Todd’s *Blue Wing* during the flood of 1846. The Richmond Chronicle poeticized how the steamer “skimmed like a bird over the waters, and its beautiful prow cleaved its foamy track through the angry tide... The inhabitants stand aghast. The fire breathing monster is among them. The thundering of his loud bellow is heard

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Shopping at a city grocery Building a basil economy

By Danny Mayer

Along with the downtown Farmer’s Market, which I patronize through all four seasons, I do most of my grocery shopping at Wine+Market (W+M), a shop located on the corner of Jefferson and Second Streets in one of Lexington’s oldest (and priciest) city neighborhoods. When I tell people this, I’m often met with measured skepticism. Compared to other grocery stores, W+M seems both too small—I’d guess it’s about 2% the size of a place like the Euclid Kroger—and too pricey to function well as a grocery store. Shopping there is a good idea, most observe, but not a particularly practical model for everyone.

Of course, most people I encounter do not give much consideration to the idea that any modern day shopper could get by on a daily basis using a small market store as one’s primary grocery outlet. Even for those who have considered such things, the assumption is often that shopping at such markets is not affordable. In the case of W+M, it is assumed that most patrons who use the store simply buy expensive wines, cheese, and lunchtime deli sandwiches. To my students, who comprise a healthy community college mixture of ages and world-views rooted in the middle and working poor classes, shopping at W+M inevitably classes me as “someone who could afford to eat at that type of place.” Others, my foodie friends who are vaguely aware of my community college salary (a stable though perhaps not outrageous \$38,000 a year), are skeptical the other way around: they wonder whether I realistically could afford to shop regularly at such a place as W+M—no matter my idealistic reasons for doing so—on my take-home pay.

No doubt there is some truth behind the assumptions of size, cost

Mill flour, for example, will cost me way more here than at Kroger’s, Fresh Market or the Co-Op.

On the whole, though, I find the reflexive assumptions on cost and availability not particularly convincing. In a previous era not too distant from our own, small neighborhood markets like W+M functioned as the default provider of a household’s food needs—and in many U.S. cities they still do. Travel to Chicago, San Francisco—hell, I’d imagine even the saintly Pittsburgh—and small markets are a

markets such as Wine+Market are not affordable, diversified, economically viable and above all necessary for our city’s collective health. But perhaps the most subtle, and important, change has been the destructive way in which large grocery stores have altered our year-round diet expectations and sucked our wallets dry with useless semi-food junk.

Given access to the immense space of large grocery stores, it should surprise no-one that we have become a city of slothful grocery shoppers.



Underused market on corner of 5th and MLK.

primary source of food for a variety of social classes, particularly the working poor, and ethnicities. It’s a surprise to me that, for all the talk of urbanity, most of it focused on the city as a sight of consumption, middle-upper class Lexington city dwellers don’t take better advantage of the nearby capabilities of small urban markets.

Lexington groceries

Over the past 50 years, the small-scale grocery has all but disappeared from white Lexington view, with traces of successful small shops now nearly erased from the landscape and replaced with strip mall supermarkets. It’s hard to imagine, but only a couple decades ago Don Pratt ran a small grocery off Woodland (at present-day Ramseys), later moved it off Walton not too terribly far from the proposed present day site of an East End community market along Third Street, and stayed in business there for several years. Equally hard to imagine, our local Co-Op, which recently finished its expansion and renovation at its suburban Southland Road site, began as a small-scale venture involving less than a 100 people wanting to pool their collective resources for healthy food in Lexington. The venture was originally housed in the space along High Street near the downtown YMCA.

These places are no longer, and in their absence, a different way of organizing groceries has gained dominance in the landscape, here in Lexington as much as anywhere else in the U.S. The supermarket, as a specific landscape, is built upon different food principals: big, cheap, and containing a greater variety of products (though most not particularly useful for cooking and preparing meals). Even the Co-Op, after all, with a parking lot twice the size of its commercial space, essentially operates as a big box grocery store. The switch from small to super markets has relied upon a re-purposing of food markets into containers of TOTAL product availability and guarantors of relative price breaks (measured in dollar currency). In that supermarkets have been successful, it has been along these lines: greater selections and cheaper prices.

There are any number of observations that may be made regarding how this switch has negatively changed our driving habits, our demographic patterns, our increased reliance on global food markets to keep grocery prices artificially cheap—and colored our assumptions that smaller urban

Going into Kroger on Euclid or Romany over the years and walking down the many aisles skillfully filled with untold food products, one no doubt gets conditioned to expect, first, that all food can and should be made available to the consumer at all times (tomatoes in winter! Strawberries in August!), and second, that a high variety of products (seven types of frozen pizza! Twelve types of flour!) taking up untold square feet of shelf space is a sound substitute for a high density of goods packed into a small commercial space.

Grocery shopping at Wine+Market

I’ve been shopping at Wine+Market for about two years now, each excursion mini-lessons in what makes an effective grocery store and how I can become a more effective food shopper. The small open market space is packed with a number of basic cooking necessities, though it is rare to find more than a single variety of any one thing. I may not be able to get batteries at W+M (I can do that at the Fayette Cigar Store on Main or the gas station at 3rd), but I can buy flour, spices, and salt and pepper from the four moveable racks that comprise the “dry goods” section on one of the store’s walls. On the other side of the store, 15 feet away, I can grab milk, eggs, jams, cheese, meat, garlic and bread. Seasonable perishables? You bet ya!: greens and tomatoes, apples and squash, and other produce spill out from the open spaces near the cheese and meat counter.

At W+M these valuable staples, building blocks to basic meals like salads, soups, pastas and sandwiches that I can garnish using my own homegrown produce, contribute to a densely diverse offering of food market goods—infininitely more dense, it should be noted, than any retail size grocery store in Lexington. Shopping there, I have re-learned how to grocery shop—what to buy, what I do not need, what is in season and available for me to consume, what I can grow on my own. I’ve learned to make do without, to alter and streamline the ingredients in my meals, and in many cases to alter the very meals I make. And it’s been OK. I have not been measurably damaged by the process.

For the most part, I’ve shopped at W+M without significantly increasing my household food budget. I do pay more for products purchased there, but the price increase has made me shop

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Iconic entrance to Wine+Market, on corner of Jefferson and 2nd.

Castlewood Neighborhood Association Meeting

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and customer use that make my shopping at W+M seem out of the ordinary. Most people I’ve observed there do use the store primarily as a lunch destination or wine store rather than as a full-scale grocery; I cannot get, to cite one obvious example of unavailable store products, my bathroom tissue at W+M. Nor can I purchase there batteries, light bulbs, dog food and a variety of other small things that appear at least semi-regularly on my grocery list. In addition, from the cheese on down to the sandwiches, most food products are more expensive at W+M than at, say, Kroger’s or Fresh Market or the Co-Op; a sack of Weisenburger

Locked and damned (cont.)

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far echoing along the shore.” The *Blue Wing*’s historic trip up to Irvine rallied, once again, popular interest and support for extending what was known as the “Kentucky River Slack Water Project”—an early “plan for curbing the unruly Kentucky and transforming it into a placid servant of Bluegrass commerce.”

Also in 1846, the city of Richmond played host to a “Slack Water Navigation Convention” with delegates from nine counties adjacent the river, all considering how the river’s fluctuating water levels might be raised and smoothed, a sort of riverine ritalin to improve commerce from the state’s eastern innards to ports along the Ohio and Mississippi. The convention title sounds dim-witted, almost vulgar to 21st century ears, but the project was a reliable source of revenue for the state treasury in the pre-Corps days of the Kentucky, each slack water dam exacting a toll on passing craft and allowing Kentucky cargo, by way of New Orleans ports, entryway into nineteenth century global markets.

A war with Mexico would help spell the end of the project but only for a time. The opening up of the eastern coalfields and the buying up of river-front properties, particularly in the upper stretches, by Lexington businessmen would convince the state government, once and for all, of the economic efficacy of full scale impoundment. And in a strange twist of fate, the state’s decision to follow through on this commitment would, 150 or so years later prevent the *Dixie Belle* from making its own heroic flight up the flooded channel—this time to save itself.

The first stone in Lock #7 was lowered into place on August 4, 1896 and the lock opened for traffic on December 11, 1897. I’ve seen photographs of steam-powered derricks assembling the massive walls, raising and lowering booms like spiny insects working over a symmetrical hive, men, like ants, scurrying across the face of cut stones. In one photo, a man raises a hand to greet the block and tackle. It might be Nelson or Grant Horn, two ancestors of mine who poured their sweat through the sieve of modern progress. High Bridge and Lock #7 have, from the onset, been family affairs. In the decades following Lock #7’s completion, my ancestors, like most other residents in towns up and down the Kentucky would find work, pleasure, and rejuvenation in the rising slack water pools, none more so than my great-grandfather, Wes, who’s dancing feats on the *Falls City II*, an Ohio river-based steamer which plied from Louisville all the way to Valley View, have passed into lore. He was a thin, happy barber by trade and a dapper dandy in soft shoe by recreation, a swinging gal on each arm.

High Bridge to Brooklyn Bridge

But swinging gals are the last things that come to mind in the post-diluvial riverscape of 2010. We enter the current with low voices and no fanfare. It’s a quick float two miles to the mouth of Minter’s Branch, a nameless capillary on our navigational charts but a key landmark for me



Cummin’s Falls, across the river from Cummin’s Marina.

nonetheless. Minter’s Branch, locally dubbed for some earlier homesteaders at its headwater springs, cuts a deep, narrow gorge that marks the northern boundary of the farm my father sharecropped for 30 plus years. It’s the wooded, rocky, severe ground where I learned the basics of how to build a life—hammer a nail, turn a wheel, file a blade, make meaningful marks in the wood, in the soil, and above all, heed the river that’s been grinding past for more than 100 million years.

The first hour on the water is, arguably, the best, each paddler feeling his craft’s response to the *current* situation and rediscovering the precise energy needed to maintain his measured isolation from the group. Minter’s, at normal pool level, presents a shady towhead, well-suited for deadline fishing and wiling away the heat of a summer day. With the water up a few feet and the current pronounced, the towhead forms a riffle, blockaded by the bare length of a deadfall, a perfect corral. We wade in the cool water, and I cast a night-crawler in the upstream eddy of the towhead. More than fishing, we’re killing time, giving the rest of our party who couldn’t make the early put-in a better chance to catch us later in the afternoon. But after three hours and with several bass and a drum on the stringer, we push off and maintain a slow pace, thinking our comrades will surely overtake us by Brooklyn. The bridge at the small community of Brooklyn is the antithesis of its larger, northern namesake. Its molded concrete expanse was designed for expediency of assemblage, leaving its cumulative aesthetic impact so thoroughly underwhelming that beholding it from a kayak is on par with beholding a Wal-Mart parking lot from an airplane.

Waiting on Shawnee Run

After consultation with our river map, a packet of old barge maps

re-tooled for our purposes, we identify two possible campsites, Shawnee or Rocky Runs, both creeks conjoining the mainstream about mid-point on our 20-mile float. The afternoon wears on, and there’s still no sign of our rear-guard. Around 6pm we enter the mouth of Shawnee Run, a substantial and serpentine tributary that drains, among other land, the Shaker’s historic village at Pleasant Hill. This stretch is steeped in mineral history: above the stream’s mouth, an abandoned calcite mine, and across the river, several old fluorspar mines were once operated by the Chinn Mineral Company. The

long pulls of Laphroaig quarter-cask, it’s lights out. Must be midnight. Just as we’re retiring to tents, a voice from below, barely audible over the babbling brook. A flash from a headlamp. Lyle and Gary emerge from the darkness with bedraggled, exhausted expressions. Reunited. But no one’s ecstatic, least of all them. They had to paddle three and a half miles against the current in the new-moon dark to find us.

Disconnection

After another day and night exploring Shawnee Run, we break camp. On a rainy Sunday morning we

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old Chinn homestead looms through the trees on the Woodford Co. side at Mundy’s Landing, immediately downstream from Shawnee Run. William Ellis, in *The Kentucky River*, mentions Chinn’s mineral operation, which relied on the river for transport of fluorspar, used in making steel, and calcite, used in making putties, paints, and car tires. The vertical vein of calcite above Shawnee Run was “deposited by hydrothermal fluids moving upward along fractures and faults,” and the Chinn Company mined and then milled the mineral into a fine powder, known as “Spanish White,” shipped it up stream to High Bridge where it was conveyed up the cliff and loaded onto trains.

After losing close to four thousand dollars when a loaded barge sank near Mundy’s Landing 1920, the company’s days were numbered. With the impoundment of the river just barely complete, a century-long undertaking, local industries, like Chinn’s, were already disappearing. The slack water necessary for reliable transportation of goods finally filled the length of the Kentucky just in time for the railroad to render river-trade obsolete—an irony of modernist proportions.

We make camp above a sharp bend in the creek, deploy tents, start a fire and dinner, and wait. And wait. And wait. After a meal of river-rat mulligan stew (wild turkey breast, green onions, garlic, carrots, potatoes, kale) and several

push on toward Lock #6, catching just enough break from the rain to float for a while below Cummin’s Falls, the precipitous end of Cummin’s Creek, which is, unfortunately, made much less spectacular by Cummin’s Marina, a long and largely empty dock and concrete block store with an adjacent RV park located on the Mercer Co. shore. With more rain, we decide to take out at Nonesuch Landing, just around the bend, six miles short of our intended destination. Just past the marina, though, obscured by the tree-lined shore, we catch our first glimpse of the *Dixie Belle*.

Normally seeing the *Belle* ply upstream under High Bridge and past the mouth of the Dix River (a scene I’ve witnessed more times than I can count), it’s possible to imagine an earlier era on the Kentucky, an age when “fire breathing monsters” awed the river-folk with their sheer size and potential, an age when river-travel was extended by locks and dams, not shut off by them.

Seeing such a boat in dry isolation, its vitality neutered, reminds me that the *Belle* is, after all, a theme-park ride, a floating Potemkin village. The unbecoming condition this “prop” seems to hide is the river’s fragmentation. The image of a riverboat decommissioned and partially disassembled might be an apt symbol for the Kentucky as long as most of us only experience it through a drinking glass or the end of a garden hose.



Kayaks litter the shoreline at Shawnee Run.

Review: Get Him to the Greek

Move over ladies: the bromance is where it’s at

By Colleen Glenn

This summer’s bromance is *Get Him to the Greek*. Following the trend of *The Hangover*, *I Love You, Man*, and *Superbad* (to name just a few of the recent bromances to hit the big screen), *Get Him to the Greek* is a buddy film about dude love in which two men find themselves after finding each other. You’ve seen the films; you know the score.

But don’t get me wrong...I liked it. The latest collaboration from writers Jason Segel and Nicholas Stoller, who

delivered up the surprise hit *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* in 2008, features Jonah Hill as the lovable loser and Russell Brand as the hip, hypersexual, virile initiator (so dubbed because it is this character who initiates the loser into “cool.”) In formulaic fashion, the initiator, who started as the teacher, will learn his life is shallow and worthless compared to the lovable loser’s, but not before teaching the loser some important lessons about taking risks, yada, yada, yada.

Although it may not be terribly original, *Get Him to the Greek* truly

delivers as a fun and engaging comedy, and it owes its success to the captivating Russell Brand. The hilarious and extremely talented Brand, who is a British actor, comedian, tabloid-headliner, and all-around controversial celebrity, steals the show as the sympathetic scoundrel, a role he knows something about. Drug addiction, arrests, debauchery, Shagger of the Year Award 3 years in a row...you name it, Brand has done it. Gossip aside, Brand has got “it,” that elusive quality that separates stars from actors, and he’s a delight to watch.

Reprising the role of Aldous Snow from *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, Brand plays an out-of-control British rock star whose career has completely stalled and his personal life fallen apart. His last album, the racist and ill-conceived “African Child,” we learn, was described as the worst thing to happen to Africa since apartheid. It was also ranked third after famine and war as the worst things ever to happen to Africa.

However, there was a time when Snow was a legitimate rock star, and when entry-level talent scout Aaron Green (Hill) suggests that his company throw a concert to celebrate the 10th

anniversary of Snow’s legendary multi-platinum “Infant Sorrow: Live at the Greek,” his boss, Sergio (Sean Combs) gives him the thumbs up, but with this additional instruction: Green must go to London, pick up Snow, get him to the

Today Show the next morning, and to LA the following day for the concert. Easy, right?

Wrong. Spoiled celebrity that Snow is, it’s almost impossible to get him on the plane to NYC. Several drinks, shags, and

vomits later (there is a lot of vomit in this film, that is my only complaint), Green finally manages to get Snow on the Today Show. Hilarity ensues as the earnest recent college grad prevents Snow from getting smashed before his live TV performance the only way Green can think of: drink all the liquor and smoke all of the marijuana, leaving none for Snow. Needless to say, Green stumbles drunkenly all over the set of the *Today Show*, offending everyone in sight with his vomit-caked suit jacket and clumsy antics. But, as in the case of each one of these episodes, Green’s solid advice and willingness to take one for the team result in success: one more check on the list of getting Snow to the Greek.

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COURTESY UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Jonah Hill, Sean Combs, and Russell Brand in *Get Him to the Greek*.

Grocery shopping (cont.)

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smarter. The store’s cheese products, for example, are priced by the half-pound; if you do the math, most cheeses W+M offers—an international selection ranging from Kenny’s local products to New York mozzarella balls, French stinky cheeses and Italian parmesans—run between \$15 and \$20 a pound, a prohibitively expensive price for someone who normally bought a parmesan, a blue, a swiss, a mozzarella and some other “craft” variety of cheese for home use. Rather than throw in the towel, I re-adjusted my cheese expectations. Sliced cheese went out the door; so did too buying several cheese varieties. Instead, I began to focus on using less cheeses in more different ways. The high prices, in effect, forced me to rethink what I valued—and how I used—the cheese in our household.

Currently, I’ve pared back to two main cheeses, purchased every other week or so in “hunks” that I can slice or grate at home according to my needs. I make pasta at home regularly, so my main cheese is a hunk of pecorino, at \$5.95 a half pound the cheapest hard Italian cheese available, grated into plain pasta and accompanied by any trash (herbs, garlic, onions, salt/pepper) that I happen to have at hand. The pecorino also works as an excellent cheese topping when grated on top of an open face Sunrise Bakery focaccia (\$3?) slathered in my last year’s garden variety tomato sauce.

My complementary cheese is a Danish Blue Cheese, at \$4.95 a half pound the cheapest cheese in the store, which I likewise get in “one hunk” increments. I’ve found that when crumbled upon lettuce from my garden, the Danish Blue helps make a super cheap and flavorful salad. It also works as a topper for plain omelettes made with eggs (\$5 for a dozen) purchased weekly either at the farmer’s market or the W+M. All told, I spend less than \$10 a week on cheese products, yet these two different cheeses normally play a significant part somewhere between 15 and 25 home-cooked meals—quite a value for the home shopper.

Of course cheese is just one product. I’ve had to re-value my costs for just about everything I purchase. I’ve found that, at \$8, a sack of Weisenburger white flour suits most of my needs, making it a small cost to pay for a locally produced product

that can be stored for months. Owner of a notorious sweet-tooth, I’ve found that \$3 cookies are only valuable to me as an ultra-rare treat, and that I can get my sweets instead through a cheese danish for \$2 at Sunrise Bakery. I now use much less butter and olive oil, traditionally staples in our kitchen but pricey to buy at W+M (though I do), as I’ve begun to substitute the bacon grease stored from big Sunday morning breakfasts for use as oil and flavor.

In aggregate, the results have been interesting: I buy less, I pay slightly more, and I eat much better (and with better products) now that I’ve mostly refrained from shopping at larger grocery stores and started retraining myself on how to adequately and economically stock my kitchen.

The big picture on small markets

I don’t want to come off as having things figured out. I do, of course, still shop at Kroger and the Co-Op, and I am still developing my home economics skills, so I’m not as thrifty as the above statements suggest. My interest in food economics dates back to my first trips to the Lexington Farmer’s Market in 2002, when my wife and I first began to set aside a \$20 weekly “market” fund to purchase summer produce. In the intervening eight years, I have begun to grow most of those products I once bought—tomatoes, beans, cucumbers, squash, potatoes, herbs, watermelons—and so we’ve been able to switch and grow that fund to other products: locally produced bread from Sunrise, chicken and brats and pork from Carey Farms at the farmer’s market, Weisenburger flour purchased at Wine+Market. It’s been a process, one that continues, and my shopping at Wine+Market is an outgrowth of that process and how I want to support my community businesses.

And while W+M is incredibly doable as a primary grocery, its historic district location means that it does cater to a more upscale clientèle. I wouldn’t suggest to Victor, my recently unemployed neighbor across the street, to travel the 7 blocks from our home on MLK to buy his groceries at W+M—at least not right away. But I do think that we can work harder toward tailoring what W+M offers to the needs of other distinct neighborhood communities.

This means, I think, first acknowledging how far off Lexington’s need

for “an urban grocery store” is from the reality of needs for the large downtown area. The singular description, “an urban grocery” rather than the use of the plural, “urban groceries,” worries me. As a singular vision, it doesn’t fit the area—physically, socially, or economically. First, the very concept of a downtown anchor is striking suburban, a concept seemingly adapted from descriptions of Sears or JC Penny’s as mall “anchors.” A single urban grocery store, located perhaps near Buster’s in the Distillery District or nearby urban warehouses alongside Jefferson Street or Loudon Avenue, only contributes to our reliance on box store thinking: more products, more driving, and because of the high price of land and the need for shitloads of it, expensive prices. The very reason there’s been no grocery downtown, after all, is because it’s too damn expensive to locate anything downtown requiring that much space. In the words of economists and business leaders, such a venture at that scale is un-affordable and therefore not practical.

A far more workable solution to the uber-money shot of “a downtown grocery store,” would be to emphasize the development of ten, fifteen smaller groceries, housed in already-built market buildings, and patronized by neighborhood populations on a daily basis for immediate cooking goods. Admittedly one that would require a vastly different approach by you and me to our current big-box way of grocery shopping—we would need to actually patronize and small compact markets similar to W+M.

Lexington markets

Luckily for us, downtown Lexington is already well-suited to such markets. Though the north-side has been described by University of Kentucky researchers as a food desert, small markets are in abundant supply here. Beyond the Wine+Market, you just have to get over thinking white (high capital cost suburban grocery with plenty of parking and shopping aisles) and start thinking ethnic, small budget, and city. Hispanic markets like ones open on North Limestone, Bryan Avenue and Sixth Street are already in operation but await a downtown population sophisticated enough to know how to shop locally at them. In the East End along Third Street, Becca Self has reported for Progress Lex on the

coming appearance of a community market that will sell local produce and allow neighborhood residents to sell home-made products to a larger market.

Other urban models might look to better use of the city’s current small urban markets. A number of prominent brick corner markets dot the downtown landscape, most notably for me the Progress Market, located a block away from the street where Victor and I live, that simply do not provide necessary food. Most of these small places are located amidst dense city neighborhoods, but not all. Many successful small markets are found in the suburbs. The African grocery at Eastland and other international markets located at strip malls ringing New Circle certainly can offer sound local ideas for food density and product diversity for both suburban and urban shop owners.

There are plenty of models; things are already happening. The new Lexington food economy awaits either a population smart (creative) enough to know how to use its markets, or owners willing to value their communities enough to make their livings providing affordable good food in addition to beer, cigarettes and lottery tickets. Not all the stores need to look alike or have the same price-point of products. Not everything needs to be the W+M.

What will you do?

Markets are a funny thing. They shape our desires and needs, and at the same time they reflect those desires. Big grocery stores have arisen through both market pulls. We’ve been told that we need all the crap in them in order to have our food needs met, while at the same time, we’ve bought, and desired, the superficial cheapness and accessibility that 40,000 square feet of shopping space and a 10 minute drive can offer. Here in the city, we will continue to be ill-served by these overly large groceries so long as we do not change our buying habits, routes and assumptions.

A good start in pushing for local markets, then, might be as simple as re-asking negative questions as positive ones: not, what do stores like Wine+Market not carry, but rather how much of value do they carry; not what can I not afford in here, instead, what can I afford? Different questions, after all, elicit different responses and enable different actions.

Music

GWAR invade Lex

Friday June 25
GWAR w/ Dirge Within
and Mobile Deathcamp
Buster's. 899 Manchester St. \$18 in
advance, \$20 day of show. Doors
@ 7:30 P.M.; show 8:30. 18+

Whether you know it or not, GWAR coming to Lexington is a special occasion. Here are some Do's and Don'ts to enhance your experience.

DO: Give them a listen before the show. You should at least know what you're getting yourself into.

have a spaceship that runs on crack, you will go to jail for selling crack to children, and no one has stolen your Cuttlefish of Cthulhu.

DO: Wear a white shirt. One that you no longer want, need, or care about. GWAR's shows are notorious for massive blasts of fake blood, slime, semen, guts, and sundry other liquids. Standing towards the back will not save you. Wearing a white shirt will ensure that you remember your evening no matter how much you are driven to drink.



COURTESY GWAR.

GWAR.

DON'T: Listen to them too much. The music is only about 15% of why you should be going to see GWAR. And truth be told, it's not that good.

DO: Watch at least one of their movies. I recommend *Phallus in Wonderland*. If you cannot stomach an entire movie (which is perfectly legitimate) at least get on Youtube and watch some of their fake commercials from the late 90s. *Sperm 'n Slide* is a classic.

DON'T: Attempt to recreate any scenes from any of the movies. You don't

DON'T: Wear a GWAR shirt to the GWAR show. This advice goes for seeing any band. It is the ultimate way to be "that guy."

DO: Bring earplugs. These dudes are loud, and Buster's can be a deafening venue.

DON'T: Expect any modicum of political correctness. It is not uncommon for GWAR to execute puppets of famous people like Michael Jackson or George W. Bush.

—Patrick Bigger

Sarah Borges at Green Lantern

Wednesday, July 7
Sarah Borges and the Broken Singles
The Green Lantern 497 W. Third
St. \$5. Doors @ 9:00 P.M. 21+

Getting tagged as Americana, or anything for that matter, can be so limiting. People love to compartmentalize with their Sirius stations and Pandora paths. So, if you are an Americana band, I guess you have songwriting upfront with some elements of country-tinged instrumentation or twang in the delivery?

Granted, some acts don't mind getting pigeon-holed, because they do what they do and aren't going to shy away from that fact, but others, like Sarah Borges and the Broken Singles have their ears pointed in all directions.

The strong, hook-laden songwriting is still there, and yes, they can circle that purty pedal steel around some sweet front porch harmonies, but this group is not interested in settling in there.

—Captain Comannokers



COURTESY SARAH BORGES AND BROKEN SINGLES

Sarah Borges and the Broken Singles.

Free July concert at Phoenix Park

Nick Kidd

Local businesses CD Central, Morris Book Shop, Void Skateshop, and Buster's are presenting the 3rd of July Concert at Phoenix Park.

For my money, there's no better way to spend your Independence Day afternoon than at Phoenix Park. Whether or not you're amongst those of us who take this opportunity to drink downtown with impunity, the Fourth 'o July at Phoenix—now in its eighth year—is your chance to check out some great live music smack in the middle of downtown Lexington. Just like Americans, this music is free. But, for a few reasons, this year's festivities will be a little different than in years past.

For starters, the Fourth will actually be celebrated on the Saturday the Third. Don't screw this up; 3 is the new 4.

Second, it will be hotter than ever this year, as the park's only grassy area, once a popular spot for picnicking and lounging, has been paved over to create a new firefighter's memorial. An eternal flame dedicated to firefighters seems ironic and paganistically

sanctimonious to me. But the park is, I'm assuming, dutifully approximating its namesake with the extra-radiant concrete standing in for the burning pyres of the Phoenix myth; We, The People will have risen from the ashes when we peel our smoldering keisters off this concrete parkland—should we dare sit.

Third: there should be a new sidewalk completed on the corner of Main and Limestone by Independence Day Eve. This offers a sexier, sleeker place to survey the exotic flatland known as The Centrepointe, or to marvel at the simplicity of the fountain before the new courthouse known as "the bum shower."

Lastly, there are more new bands playing this year, and you're likely to hear something you've never heard before. Here's the lineup:

- 11 A.M.—The Bleats (melodic pop rock)
- 12 noon—Randy Tuesday & the Two Two Tuesdays (50s/60s pop covers)
- 1 P.M.—Ford Theatre Reunion (vaudeville rock)
- 3:30 P.M.—Rough Customers (ska/punk)
- 4:30 P.M.—Frank Rocket (punk/surf)

Wanted: Music Editor

By Nick Kidd

North of Center needs a new editor for its Music page effective July 15. After helming the post for 13 months or so, I can tell you that it's a sweet gig even if the pay is, well, non-existent.

There are lots of writers who have expressed interest in contributing to the paper and dozens have already done so. As *North of Center* grows, it's safe to assume more writers will come forth seeking to add to the Music page, making the Music Editor's position an influential and enviable one.

I've cherished being a part of *North of Center* and will miss it dearly. My editorial colleagues have become a group of great friends whose company (and content) I've enjoyed since day one.

As a note to you, reader: you are an instrumental part of this paper's future. Thanks for picking us up, hearing us out, and spreading the word. I'm confident that the contributors to this publication will continue providing reason to do so.

Inquire at mayer.danny@gmail.com.



COURTESY FRANK ROCKET

Frank Rocket plays Phoenix Park.



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Battle of the sexes, disc golf style

Co-ed tourney provides rare chance for men & women to compete together

By Troy Lyle

Having fun is a concept seemingly lost in modern sports where winning trumps sportsmanship and losing is simply unacceptable. But fun was exactly the reason for the 3rd annual Winchester-Clark County Parks and Recreation (WCCPR) His & Her

“This venue is a great opportunity to expose more women to the sport of disc golf,” said Lewis Willian, BDGA member and tournament organizer. “It’s a fun, social and non-threatening way to get women playing for fun competitively.” But don’t let all this talk of fun fool you. All 16 teams put forth a

ranged from 10 to well into the 40s, three teams were made up of fathers and daughters, one was a mother and son, one a brother and sister, four consisted of dating couples, another a set of friends and six were comprised of husband and wives. This year’s total was the largest turnout on record for the free

All the tournament’s participants received mini disc markers from the BDGA and the top 8 teams left with discs from the WCCPR.

Up Next

Up next for disc golf in the area is the Bluegrass State Games (BSG). The 36 hole BSG Disc Tournament is slated for July 17 with 18 holes scheduled to be played at Shillito and Veteran’s Parks. Pre-registration is \$20, onsite will be \$25. There will be no discs presented at this non-Professional Disc Golf Association event. Instead gold, silver and bronze medals will be awarded for each of the tournament’s 22 divisions.

For more information on the BSG Disc Golf Tournament visit www.bsg.org/sports and click on the disc golf link. For more information on the BDGA and its upcoming schedule of tournaments, events and activities visit www.bdga.org.



COURTESY BDGA

Saturday’s participants in the His & her Doubles Tournament at Ironworks Hill.

Doubles Tournament sponsored by the Bluegrass Disc Golf Association (BDGA). For the 16 teams of two that participated at the Ironworks Hill course in Winchester on Saturday, June 12, fun wasn’t the only reason for the tournament’s format. The alternate shot setup provided a rare chance for girls and guys to play and compete together.

whale of an effort to break the tournament’s record of 68 (even par for the course, 14 over par for pros) set by the mother and son duo of Evan and Emily Bennett. And many of the girls took the challenge head-on. “Many of the girls were more competitive than the guys towards the end of the tournament,” Willian said. Of the 32 competitors whose ages

event, up 6 teams from last year, said Willian, who pointed out that if the weather had been more cooperative participation could easily have broken 20 teams. He said despite the intermittent chances of rain the event went off without a hitch. When all was said and done Team Mike & Jorden and Team Mark & Debbie co-managed the win finishing at a 2 over par score of 70.

WCCPR His & Her Final Standings	
1.	70, +2 - Mike & Jorden
1.	70, +2 - Mark & Debbie
3.	71, +3 - Colin & Ariana
3.	71, +3 - Adam & Kirsten
5.	76, +8 - Lewis & Carol
5.	76, +8 - Zack & Melanie
7.	77, +9 - Thomas & Julie
8.	79, +11 - Rob & Deb
8.	79, +11 - Chad & Wendi
8.	79, +11 - Tracy & Colleen
11.	81, +13 - Jacob & Kim
12.	82, +14 - Jason & Laura
13.	95, +27 - Michael & Tina
13.	95, +27 - Greg & Victoria
15.	109, +41 - Greg & Susie
16.	121, +53 - Devon & Jess

ROCK gets best of VCV in home opener

By Troy Lyle

If you weren’t at the Lexington Ice Center this past Saturday you missed the hottest show in town. Literally! With temperatures indoors reaching well into the 80s, a sold out crowd of 500 plus sizzled with anticipation as the Rollergirls of Central Kentucky (ROCK) took the floor for their home opener. Their mission was simple. Put on one hell of a show and let Lexington and all of Kentucky know who rules the rink. Their opponent for the evening, the Vette City Vixens (VCV), a young league named for the Corvette factory in their home town of Bowling Green, were hoping to play spoiler. They too eyed the prize of state bragging rights and desperately wanted to prove that though new to the sport, they knew a thing or two about winning roller derby.

Round 1

After a beautiful cello rendition of the national anthem provided by ROCK’s Abigator Deathroll, both teams took to the flat track with hopes of scoring early and often. Ellie Slay started off right where she always does for ROCK, effortlessly skating her way to the front of the pack for lead jammer. Three passes later she and ROCK blockers Ragdoll Ruby, Rainbow Smite

and Sharon Moonshine had set the tone for the evening scoring two grand slams (five points each) for a total of 14 points. ROCK 14, VCV 0 Sugar Shock wasted no momentum as she, Smite and Ryder Die took turns weaving and crisscrossing their way through VCV’s Knit 1 Kill You, Ally Shank-A-Bitch, Lil Nitro, Rembrat and Brunette Bombthreat. Three jams into the bout and ROCK made it known that tonight they meant business. Tonight VCV would pay in pain for every point they were to score. ROCK 26, VCV 12

A few back blocking penalties on Sugar and Die, combined with some illegal elbow calls on Sissy Bug, left the door open for VCV, allowing Rembrat, Bombthreat and Nitro to wheel off nine points for the vixens. But as quickly as the door opened Bitty Bast’rd and Die slammed it shut. Bast’rd used every ounce of her 90 pound frame to her advantage as she slithered and slipped her way through VCV’s blockers for four more points. But VCV’s Nitro wasn’t done. She countered with a nifty inside slink of her own before Bast’rd feverishly called the jam off by banging her hands to her hips. By this time the ice center was starting to melt from several back to back full jams and a highly charged and ignited crowd. ROCK took full advantage of the crowd factor as Die blasted off the jammer line like a rabid banshee hell bent on devouring VCV’s winded defense. She blazed her way through attempted block after block and managed an outside juke to secure lead jammer. When the dust and steam settled she had rung up another two grand slams and several more points for ROCK. ROCK 45, VCV 21

But VCV wouldn’t go quietly. On the deft skates of Nitro, Murderface Monroe and Chelsea Dagger the vixens won jam after jam as ROCK’s penalties



JACK KING

Rainbow Smite reaches out to Sidebar Girl to set up a whip.

started to mount. Four points here, another nine there, and ROCK’s lead was dwindled down to just 13 points with five minutes left in the half. Slay, Moonshine, Kitty O’Doom and Rebel Red had all they could stand. In a determined effort punctuated by some crushing and bruising blocks by O’Doom and Moonshine, Slay returned ROCK to form as she blistered her way to the front, all while banging VCV’s jammer Bombthreat out of bounds. That blow let VCV know ROCK was queen of this arena and wasn’t about to relinquish its

crown. Not in front of all their loyal fans. Two grand slams later Slay added another 13 points pushing ROCK’s lead back to more than 20. ROCK 66, VCV 39

Sugar ended the first half in style for ROCK, as she angled her way to the front in less than a lap. When the whistle blew both teams were in much need of a break and some hydration, but not before Sugar could add another four points to ROCK’s lead.

continued on page 8

Final score
Saturday, June 19, Lexington Ice Center

- ROCK 158
- VCV 89

• ROCK MVP - Ellie Slay
• VCV MVP - Brunette Bombthreat

Up next for ROCK is another home bout at the Lexington Ice Center on July 10 versus Derby City Rollergirls. Doors open at 7 P.M. Bout begins at 8 P.M. Tickets \$7. Kids 12 and under free. If you’d like ticket information for the bout, more information on ROCK, or would like to buy some of ROCK’s new merch, visit www.rocknrollergirls.com.

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Post-game shenanigans at Al’s

Opinion

COLT transit: solution without a problem

Big Brother, can you spare a trolley?

If you want to see the nexus between spend-happy government, liberal urban boosterism, and misplaced priorities, look no further than COLT, the newest addition to the Lexington public transit bus fleet: two fake trolley cars and three hybrid fake trolley cars patrolling the inner downtown between Transy and UK from 11:30-2:00 weekdays and from 6:00-1:00 or 3:00 A.M. Thursdays-Saturdays.

COLT is what you get when too many people go to too many cities and return home, raging, with too many good ideas and all heck to pay. Downtown development? Check. Feel good public transportation? Check. Strong whiffs of environmentalism? Check. Public/private partnerships? Check. Grant funding? Check. Old-money nostalgia? Check. The project is only just short of scoring a perfect 100 on the Richard Florida Creative Class Solutions scale.

So why the hell doesn't it work? We here at NoC have been pondering this question in earnest for some time. We're still preparing our final report, but we thought we'd share some ideas not yet excised from our working drafts.

The COLT premise

The COLT system is designed to bring in the sort of new-age knowledge economy urban worker/player that 43% of U.S. cities are screaming for right now. This becomes obvious with a brief glance at where and when the COLT lines run. The north/south

running COLT Green Line might be better named the Education Pays (Us) Line. It literally begins and ends at the edges of UK and Transy, which would be great if both schools didn't clear out for three months each June. The east/west running Blue Line (blue...original) is not much better in its single-constituency-mindedness. It should be renamed the Convention Guest Line. After getting picked up near Broadway and Vine, lucky hotel visitors and conventioners get to travel down lovely Vine Street before turning around at Thoroughbred Park and coming back down Main Street (future franchise home of CVS). It's kind of like a float on a lazy river, only its shorter, hotter, and slower.

The COLT schedule

COLT is kind of miraculous in a way. It created a system of public transportation that completely sidesteps the city's poorly served transportation customers—the urban working poor, the working class, and comfortable but conscientious suburbanites who use it to leave for work in the morning and again at night on their return. Once again channeling Creative Class/Knowledge Economy needs, City Fathers decided that running a trolley during lunch and at drinking hours would somehow inspire people to....do what exactly? It isn't clear. COLT leaders designed a compact trolley system that serves the few, ignores the many, and caters to the needs of the city's leisure class over

the needs of its laborers. The city now provides a service that, despite public image-building, wasn't wanted or needed by the group it was intended for in the first place, and that simultaneously insults the many Lexingtonians who toil going through the city's poorly routed and funded city bus system.

Problem: Buses are slow; walking and biking are not

Even assuming that, say, a UK employee really, really wanted to hit the downtown shops during lunch hour, or a lawyer at the courthouse wanted to grab a bite to eat at Gumbo Ya Ya's on Main Street, why grab a trolley to do so? The trolleys take about 20 minutes, on average, to complete their routes. With two trolleys on each line, trolleys arrive at and depart from their stops every ten minutes. Thing is, in ten minutes that UK employee could already be at the downtown pasture. By the time the trolley might catch up to them, any UK diners jonesing for Sunrise Bakery or Sam's Hot Dogs or Sidebar would most likely be there already, or at least be close.

But that's a good scenario. The lawyer working at the courthouse is even more inefficient if s/he tries to use the trolley. The Green/Education Pays line goes north/south and is of no use, while the closest stop for the Convention Centre line is Main Street, which travels west, away from Ya Ya's. This busy lawyer, if s/he were to use the "convenience" of the trolley would be considerably late getting back to

work: the line would have to travel around Triangle Park, pass the 6 or 7 red lights on Vine Street and make the turn back onto Main before exiting before Rose/Elm Tree at Ya Ya's. This could take between 15 and 25 minutes to ride, or it could simply be a pleasant ten-minute walk. And if that lawyer or UK worker had a bike, well, get out. No contest. Bikes smash COLTs. In a city context, they are infinitely more efficient, though not necessarily safe. But that's another subject.

Is it environmentally friendly if nobody uses it?

This may seem like sand in the face here, but we've got to ask it. The COLT system has sold itself as an environmentally friendly project.

Conclusion

These, of course, are just some draft points. We offer them because we hold little hope that the buses will be discontinued before out of town WEGers (their real audience in all this) leave the state in late September. So we want to offer our appraisal of the problems inherent to the COLT lines. To repeat: they engage a mostly disengaged and self-centered audience (the "Creative Class"); they do so at the expense of Lexington citizens scattered in neighborhoods near and far who actually use the bus system and would like to see it work better; they are slow, inefficient and environmentally nonsensical.

Lunch at the COLT tracks

Dear Danny,

Many thanks to you and Julie for letting my wife and I stay at your house. I am writing to ask your help in settling some old accounts.

As you know, around mid-April, my good friend Gorttimer T. Spotts and I began laying bets on your downtown Lexington Trolley Lines. The games first started at Taste of Thai when Spotts and I, while on a dinner-date with our wives, began laying odds on the over/under for passengers riding by on your city's rugged COLT faux trolley busses. This being within the first weeks of the COLT line's opening, it soon became apparent to the both of us that anything other than the under on any passenger line was a sure loser.

The bets quickly dried up and the game died, until a month later when Spotts and I mysteriously began frequenting Sidebar for lunch and drinks on the front porch, which faces the courthouse across North Limestone. What began as an honest hobby of trolley spotting soon developed into weekly gambling sessions involving the shuttling back and forth of hundreds of dollars between Gorttimer and me. Through our trolley spotting, we began to notice patterns for specific trolleys and times of day. Jockey 1 on the north/south running Green Line, for example, was cautious with his COLT, stopping at all major yellow lights for as far as we could see. This resulted, we both noted, in lap times that were slightly longer than Jockey 2.

Unless they weren't, of course, because traffic on South Upper was bad, which sometimes happened between 12:15 and 12:30. Or because a wreck (unseen to us) occurred near South Limestone and Maxwell, bucking the COLT and its jockey from their 20 minute average schedule. Even the unthinkable could happen: it could have to slow to allow passengers to embark.

There were always variables, which inevitably led to our renewed interest in gambling. By week 2, Gorttimer had begun printing up special "sheets" which provided all sorts of information he claimed were helpful in setting lines and making bets. These included anything from daily in-depth analyses

of courthouse press releases, used to gauge the always latent potential of TV stations to arrive suddenly and create time-draining traffic barriers, to area dew points, pollen counts and seismic activity.

By last week, my last here in Lexington before embarking for home, Spotts and I had spent quite a considerable amount of time on the Sidebar front porch, betting on the COLTs. By this time, we had both perfected the odds and added on a considerable architecture of side-bets. Using the Short Street traffic light as the starting line and the front porch as the finish line, one could bet on split times, attempt a three-trolley trifecta, double up on time-coordinated passenger over/unders, etc. The sky was the limit and Spotts, a known gambler, played to my base instincts. Accordingly, we spent the past six weeks trading IOUs and other papered instruments of debt back and forth as we gambled throughout the lunch track times.

Things were all even until the last couple rides of the day, when I lost \$200 on COLT Jockey 2 as he got caught at the top of Bank of the Bluegrass (BoB) Hill, at the Lime/High Street traffic light. In our betting log, this split occurred at 1:07pm. I had a sure victory with a 1:10 bet, and Spotts was going to be on the line to me for two c-notes. Then the COLT got gunked up at Vine for a light. Then it got caught at the Main Street light. Spotts, nearly blind drunk by this time, roared with increasing delight and derision at every stopped light. The day's log records that COLT Jockey 2 crossed the Sidebar line at 1:11 PM, a 22 minute round trip, a dismal 4 minute backstretch split, and absolutely no passengers. I lost \$200.

Absolutely stunned and stupidly feeling my manhood challenged, I loudly called for a second bet, twice as large at \$400, taking the over on an 18 minute round trip for Jocky 1, who was already somewhere enroute having passed the starting line (our betting logs indicated) at 1:02 PM.

It was a sucker's bet and I didn't expect Gorttimer, that filthy retch, to take it. Jockey 1 had been running average all day at about a 20 minute round trip. Given the frothy



COLT Green Line storms across Sidebar finish line in record 16 minutes.

get-back-to-lunch traffic conditions at 1:00 PM and reportedly poor traffic light-alignment conditions on North Upper all the way through Main Street, this was a pretty impressive time, but it was no 18 minutes, a record under the day's conditions. Gorttimer, however, still aglow from his previous miraculous victory, took the bet. And wouldn't you know it, Jockey 1 ran an all-time course

record, 16 minutes; I lost another \$400, bringing my total paper owed to the old chap to \$600. I'm curious if you could take care of that for me until my return sometime later this summer, when I plan to return and enjoy your generous hospitality again. Love to Julie.

Sincerely,
Northrupp Centre

Letter to the editor

Up in Smoke? No shit? Really?

It's nice to see that the Kentucky DEA and State Patrol (SP) are developing a sense of humor about naming their marijuana eradication efforts with a nod to the pot-culture classic from Cheech and Chong. Kudos, coppers! Finally, you serious dudes in, uh, camouflage, are seeing your "supplementary" employment for the joke that it really is (or at least for the billion dollar pun that it really is now). But I write this more as good-citizen dialogue than diatribe: DEA/KSP, please be careful! Some may see your nod to pot-culture as a not-so-subtle attack on popular Latino pastimes. Or maybe even racial profiling. You might consider a name-change, in which case you'll also want to avoid "Operation Friday." All young African Americans do not live in East L.A. and spend their waking hours baking. Really, the only safe alternative is to rename your assault on botany

as *Reefer Madness* and give a nod to another classic film aimed more at protecting white kids. I'm not sure about the racial composition of the DEA or KSP, but I can say with some surety that the criminals you seek are, in fact, bored white kids with re-creative ways and financial means. Can't go wrong with them culprits cuz they actually pay fines! In fact, *Reefer Madness* would dramatically (and appropriately) signify the insanity of America's longest war, the one "on Drugs." At 40 billion dollars a year, continuing to wage an open-ended war against a valuable commodity is truly madness.

Gortimer T. Spotts

Send letters to the editor to noceditors@yahoo.com; 430 N.MLK, Lexington, KY 40508; or just post on our website, at noclexington.com



FUNK. ROCK. BLUES.

Lipstick Pistol

SQUIRE'S TAVERN

FRIDAY 6/25

BAR LEXINGTON

SATURDAY, 6/26

Get Him to the Greek (cont.)

continued from page 4

Many more shenanigans develop as the unlikely pair—one, sexy, gorgeous, flamboyant, and rude, the other, fat, sweet, and extremely anxious—make their way to LA. An unplanned stop in Vegas (Snow insists he reunite with his father after hearing Green talk proudly about his dad) puts them so behind schedule that Sergio appears on the scene in order to “mindfuck” the star into wanting to leave Vegas and get to LA.

Once in LA, things take a more serious turn, as Snow realizes the futility of the hedonistic life he has been leading, and Green tries to win back his estranged girlfriend. In the end, both men are better for having met one another, and they form a lasting partnership as a romantic couple.

Just kidding. They don't. Bromances always have girlfriends and wives who are waiting in the wings or

willing to overlook infidelity, so that the genre never truly goes where it's heading: an ending in which the guys get together. (Although they come pretty damn close.)

Before you balk, consider the buddy/bromance flick that took this genre-tease and brought it to fruition: *Y tu Mamá También*. Some hetero-males cringed, but many other viewers delighted in its willingness to go all the way in a genre that had been playing coy for 50 years.

Don't misunderstand me. I've always liked buddy films, and their stepchild, the bromance, maintains the inherent philosophy of its parent and grand pappy (the Western): dudes rule.

But that's OK. I like boys. And given that the only film that celebrates female friendship recently is *Sex and the City 2*, well, hell, I'll stick with the boys.

Colleen Glenn is working on a screenplay for a girl-mance.

ROCK v. VCV (cont.)

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Lexington's own rockabilly, country and surf cover band, The Rally Cats, kept the crowd buzzing as they ripped off several up beat classics for the halftime show. allowing both ROCK and VCV time to strategize how they would approach the second. *ROCK 70, VCV 45*

Round 2

Before the echoes of The Rally Cats' searing halftime set could fade, ROCK went to work again on VCV. This time it was on the wheels of Deathroll, Sidebar Girl and Meracle Whip.

Deathroll proved she was much more than a cellist when she hit the flat track for her first jam. She made short work of Shank-A-Bitch, Kill You and Blackout Brandi as her teammates Slay, Smite and O'Doom protected her every move with bone crushing blocks and key skate outs. *ROCK 108, VCV 64*

Scoring her first points ever, Sidebar Girl skated like a wide-eyed, wild woman as she used every inch of the track during her jam. But she wasn't alone, as VCV's Bombthreat skated close behind. Both jammers managed points for their respective teams, but it was Sidebar's nine points that had everyone on ROCK's bench elated and out front for a string of high fives.

After some slipping issues were brought to the referees' attention, the veteran crew decided to stop the action and check the track. This was a quality call since no one wants to see an injury. Moments later the skaters were back on the concrete and set to pick up right where they left off. *ROCK 117, VCV 75*

With the crowd as crazed as ever, Whip managed her first double point jam of her young career as she used ROCK's wall made up of Jessie Maims, Ruby and Bug to perfection. She skated with authority and purpose as her teammates yelled her on to 14 points and two grand slams.

Not to be outdone, Nitro and Brandi scored another 10 points for VCV, showing the exhilarated crowd that though new to roller derby, they would scrap and skate to the end. But with only 3 minutes left in the bout, ROCK's lead was insurmountable. That didn't stop Slay, Sugar and Die from adding several more quality skates to the mix.

The final skate of the bout was indicative of ROCK's dominance on this Saturday night. Sugar pounced her way through VCV time and time again to end on a high note with 14 points. *ROCK 158, VCV 89*

The After Party

You hear it from all the girls, there's nothing like getting together for some beers, shots and good food after a hard fought derby bout. It's one of the truly great aspects of roller derby -- the fact that after beating each other into submission, everyone can come together as friends and family.

On this night everyone convened at Busters for some Cajun food provided by Gumbo YaYa. The Rally Cats picked up right where they left off laying down hell a good tune after tune. And if creole, rice and rockabilly weren't enough the girls decided leg wrestling would be the perfect ending to the perfect night. When all was said and done ROCK's bench coach, Junk Drawer, reigned supreme.

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