

Gray’s mean hyzer

Disc golf politics

By Danny Mayer

Here’s the skinny on the skinny budget, and how disc golf came to represent the evils of citizen entitlement run amok:

In April, Jim Gray proposed a \$271 million city budget, which he described as a “businessman’s budget,” that represented a \$10 million dollar reduction from the previous year. The budget called for eliminating 56 city jobs, an overall 10% reduction in funding to partner agencies (mostly social services and arts groups), and an overall reduction in the city workforce to 2,835 budgeted jobs—the lowest city workforce since 1999, when the city had 35,000 less residents.

In June, the city council sent Gray a revised budget. They restored much of the 10% reduction in funding to social service agencies, restored several of the city jobs cut by Gray, and added 25 police recruits. Council also proposed bonding (borrowing) \$400,000 for the construction of 2 disc golf courses (\$150,000) and a lacrosse complex (\$150,000) on city owned parkland, and for handicap access at the Charles Young Center (\$100,000). All told, the council budget restored \$2.8 million, or 1% of the city’s general fund, a figure that still shaved \$7 million off the previous year’s budget.

Gray went on the offensive, declaring that the council had challenged his pro-business solutions (outsourcing, right-sizing, cutting social services). The *Herald-Leader* backed him up, accusing the council of lacking budget discipline. “This is the time,” its editorial admonished the council, “for belt tightening.”

Zeroing in on the money restored for the two disc golf courses, Gray’s message was simple: here we are going through a massive economic recession that has hit this city hard, and those out of touch council people are out securing \$150,000 for people who play a park game that involves throwing frisbees around? The nerve of those out of touch politicians, wasting our money like that! The “hard realities” of the current economy meant, the *Leader* quoted Gray saying, that “it’s not the right timing to take on issues like Frisbee golf.”

When Gray vetoed three line items from the council budget earlier this month, here’s the headline from the Mayor’s office: “Mayor announces veto, including frisbee golf.” The press release highlights cuts to disc golf and lacrosse, though curiously, the likewise de-funded handicap entrance for senior citizens at the Charles Young Center

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Waterbody

Short film nears completion



Still from Bianca Spriggs’ short film Waterbody.

By Barbara Goldman

If you’ve been doing double takes at what appear to be mermaids in downtown Lexington recently, your eyes aren’t betraying you. Sightings of the legendary long-tailed sirens of the sea have occurred in area creeks, pools, parks, restaurants, and even a clawfoot bathtub.

Local urban fantasizers and artists have found a way to bring the mythical creatures to life with the short film *Waterbody*, written by central Kentucky poetry/publishing diva Bianca Spriggs. The film concluded principal photography on June 12th and is anticipated to debut early this fall.

According to Spriggs, who also directed the production, the film is based on a poem she wrote of the same title. Spriggs describes the tale as a contemporary urban fantasy steeped in magical realism in which a lonely woman finds and adopts a sickly mermaid and nurses her back to health. In the process, the mermaid turns into a human and the woman turns into a mermaid.

At its core, Spriggs said, this is a narrative about the power of friendship, but also the power of reinvention and the discovery of one’s true identity.

The poem is available in her chapbook, “How Swallowtails Become Dragons.” Spriggs, who always has been interested in mythical creatures, “mermaids especially”, wrote the eight part poem in April 2010 during National Poetry month.

The poem took on a new life during a car ride from Louisville with

Spriggs and *Waterbody’s* Director of Photography, Angel Clark, this March.

“We kept talking about the visuals and finding ourselves saying ‘wouldn’t this make a good movie,’” says Clark. “By the time we got back to Lexington, we knew we could do this.”

Spriggs says she was ready to get started on the project immediately. The young writer/director is scheduled to begin the University of Kentucky’s PhD program in English this fall.

“This is my year to be an artist and writer full time,” says Spriggs. “This is my swan song.”

Pre-production meetings between Spriggs, Clark, and videographer Landon Antonetti began immediately to see if the vision would even be possible. No impediments were seen and more meetings involving more creative designers began. Soon after the show was cast, the wheels of this Kentucky creation really began to churn.

“No one told us no,” says Clark.

“We were probably over ambitious, as this was our first-time film endeavor. But the support has been remarkable and things have gone so smoothly. People are hungry to be creative,” says Spriggs.

The film’s creators describe it as theatrical with humorous moments. Bright color and texture paint a mythical tale that is open to interpretation. According to Spriggs, the story was shot in a form known as magical realism.

“We had to be really creative because of the budget,” says Clark.

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The phantom map

West Irvine to Drowning Creek

By Gortimer T. Spotts

We’d agreed to rally at dawn and attack the river before the unseasonably scalding June sun had a chance to fully preheat the western hemisphere. But a very small window is the dawn. I awoke at noon and hustled to Mayer Manor on the north side of Lex, well, just north of center, to rendezvous with the General and Northrupp, who were both convalescing with the Mayer family on a kind of sympathetic and extended maternity leave. General Dallas, bare-chested and unshaven, greeted me at the kitchen door holding baby Josie just like a nursing mother, a delicate white towel draped over the shoulder, a corncob pipe clenched in the jaw, unlit. “Good morning, young Gortimer. We’re just wrapping up the morning feed.” And just then

Northrupp appeared at the foot of the stairs with two loaded dry bags and two collapsible coolers slung over his arm. “Ah, Gorty, you’re early. Think we’re all ready.” With quiet goodbyes to the semi-roused parents, we made our break, the General plugging baby Josie back into her vintage General Electric Slumbersling and turning the dial to eleven, heavy drool mode.

The drive to Irvine

The drive to Irvine took longer than it should have due to the fragile condition of the borrowed Isuzu Rodeo, which seemed to be operating exclusively on escape velocity, that strange phenomenon whereby certain organisms and mechanisms seem just to elude death the older they get,

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Selling prisoners to balance the budget

NoC News Analysis

Well, now it’s shamelessly clear: prisoners are chattel.

Ohio is trying to close an \$8 million budget deficit, and, as necessity is the mother of invention, it’s trying something new: selling state prisons to private corporations to raise money for the state budget. However, this isn’t simply a property sell-off of outdated and unused prison buildings. Rather, the state is offering prison packages: buy the land, the buildings, and your corporation gets the prisoners, too!

The best (meaning astounding) part is that winning bidders can even operate their new prisons with 20-year contracts, which include a per-diem payment from the state. In order to win

the bidding, though, the corporations have to come to the table with all kinds of war-game plans like how they would engage in “hot pursuit of escapees.” (This quote from Linda Janes, the chief of staff for the Ohio agency responsible for the state’s prisons.)

Here’s how the Ohio plan goes:

1. Incarcerate a bunch of people.
2. Refuse to raise state taxes because the state has to “tighten its belt.”
3. Sell prisons and prisoners to private corporations.
4. Pay corporations to maintain prisoners.

Seems like a strange business plan to *NoC*. Forget the fact that it’s completely immoral.

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JULY 13, 2011

The Neighborhood

It’s getting dangerous around here

Misadventures in the city

By Beth Connors-Manke

Ok, it turns out to be true: a lady isn’t safe on the streets on the north side. And so now I’ve bought some pepper spray.

I’ll start by saying that it’s hard to find pepper spray. It’s not at Rite Aid. I suspended my Wal-Mart boycott and looked there, thinking “if Wal-Mart sells guns sometimes, surely they’ll have pepper spray.” Wrong. Not at Lowe’s either. Finally, I came upon my weapon at Meijer’s, which even stocks it in breast-cancer pink.

I haven’t carried pepper spray in years because it’s an awkward weapon. First off, you have to dig in your purse for it or isolate it from the jingle-jangle mess of your keys. Second, when do you pull it out, and how do you scare someone with it?

Criminal: Hey lady, your ugly purse or your life.

Beth: It’s not a purse, it’s my BAG. There’s a difference. A purse you carry on your shoulder. A bag you carry with the strap across your chest so you look more athletic and a little bit indie. This way, my hands are also free to pull my pepper spray. Yeah, that’s right, I’ve got

PEPPER SPRAY, you scoundrel! That’s right, you’d better run!

I didn’t have my pepper spray at the time of my assault so it wasn’t in play, but clearly the only way to deter an assailant with pepper spray is to spray it *in his eyes*. Then you’ve got another problem: drift. Will the wind blow it back in your eyes? Do you close your eyes while you spray him? (This seems a flawed strategy.) Do you lick your fingertip and check wind direction, like a golfer, and then let loose on the jerk?

These are important considerations for me, as now I know just how likely I am to be hurt on the street by a stranger.

The Incident

Over the summer, I’ve been exploring new walking routes in my neighborhood. I walk down side streets and loop around the park. My theory is that you don’t really understand if a street is safe until you walk down it. Driving doesn’t give an accurate assessment because it isolates you, allowing you to feel simultaneously protected by your ability to speed away and scared of strangers outside your window. If you walk, you’re more vulnerable, but you

see things more clearly—you have to more precisely discern friend from foe.

About a month ago, I’m almost finished with my walk as I come down a street of cute little brick and stone houses. I hear a dog bark. It’s across the street, without leash or owner. I look away from it, hoping it won’t get interested in me. That’s my street strategy: pretend to look away from aggressors or solicitors, which has worked pretty well with men on N. Limestone lately.

Not so with this little, muscular dog. He runs across the street, bristles up, barking and jumping forward at the same time. He’s getting closer.

Street strategy number two: talk in a calm, nonchalant way, but keep walking.

Beth: Hey doggie. Hey doggie. (Again, strategy works better with men than with this dog.)

Now he’s growling. I know I’m in trouble because no one else is on the street, and I know he wants to bite me. My only recourse is Jedi mind state: my senses sharpen, my mind becomes utterly clear, and I yell at him in as deep a voice as I’ve got.

He bites me.

It’s a quick bite, so I keep calmly walking before he can go in again, deeper this time

When I get home, I’m pissed. I’ve spent the last year and half negotiating the hazards on N. Lime so I could make the streets safer for myself, and now someone’s damned dog has made my walks dangerous again. Seriously, I’d rather have a drunk yell profanity at me three times a week than have some lame-o’s loose dog take a big chunk out of my calf.

I told my neighbor about “the incident” and about my pepper spray purchase, making a sarcastic remark about the real dangers of the north side. She then regaled me with a scarier story. A while back, a loose pit bull had to be shot on “the ‘wild” (that’s what we call our street) because it was attacking another woman’s dog. My friend was protector to the woman and her blood dog as a cop put the pit bull down. Thank goodness the blood-thirsty pit bull hadn’t gotten to a kid yet.

After I heard this story, I again reconsidered my Wal-Mart boycott. Maybe I need a gun. It’s dangerous around here.

Phantom map (cont.)

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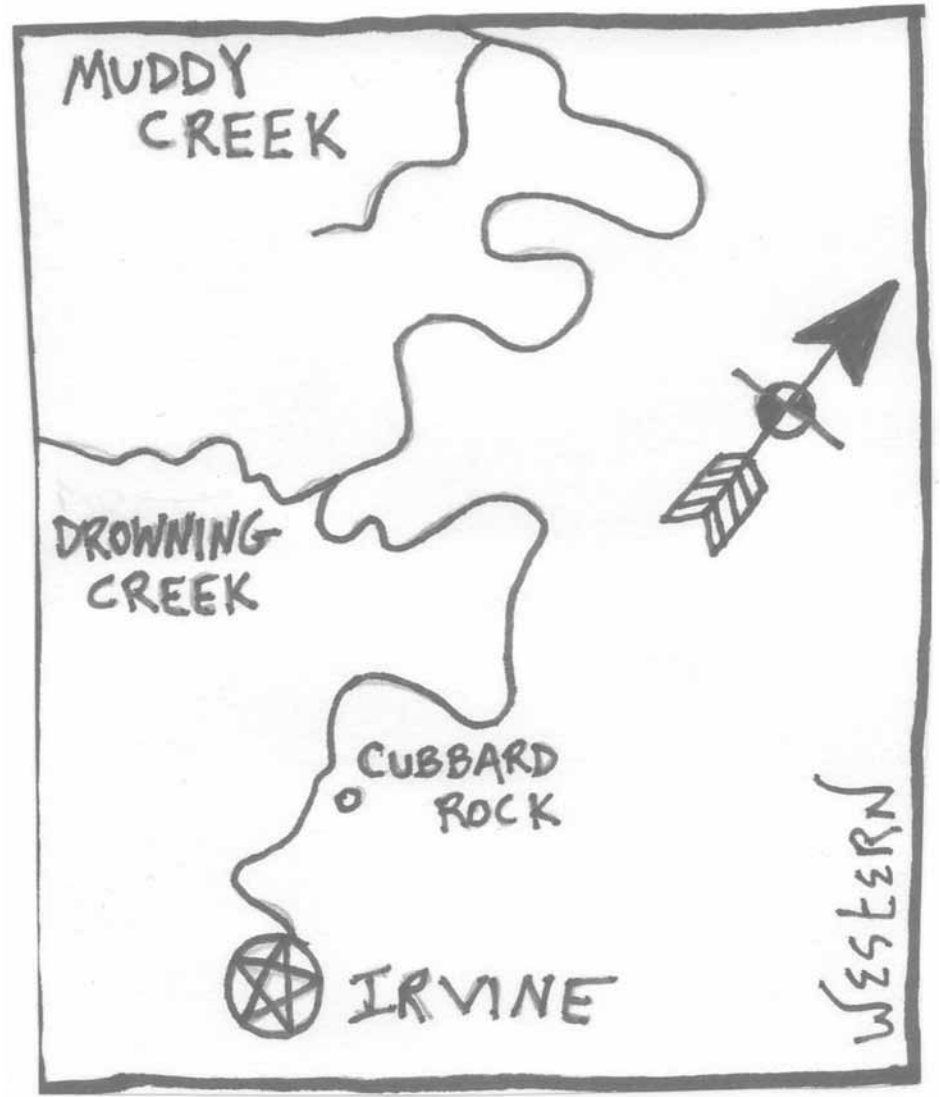
beating the odds the rest of us organisms and mechanisms are doomed to fail against. Northrup massaged it ever onward, and we reached West Irvine by 2 p.m. just as the clouds that were threatening rain dissipated to the south. At the gas station nearest the 52 bridge, we stocked up on last minute essentials, an extra jug of water and two heat-lamp corndogs. “Better eat ‘em quick or these dogs will want something in return,” Northrup muttered as we loaded back into the Rodeo.

Within twenty minutes, we were on the water, shuffling and restowing gear, checking trim and draft, just off the state ramp, a mile or so down stream from the mouth of Station Camp Creek, where

Coca from Patoka

“If we’re going to keep the General in our sights, we’d better chew some of these. I picked ‘em up on a layover in Bolivia last week.” Northrup gently sidled his canoe up to mine, extending the opened end of a brown paper bag in my direction. “What’s this?” I asked as I reached in and grabbed a handful of little waxy leaves. “Coca from Patoka,” Northrup grinned, his lower lip and jaw already stuffed green. Within minutes, we were grinding away at the river, small scale Vikings with newfound chemical vigor.

Between Locks 12 and 10, the Kentucky River threads three distinct geographical regions, the Cumberland Plateau, the Knobs, and the Bluegrass, with the Pottsville Escarpment cut-




the ancient “Warrior’s Path” crossed the river and where in 1750 a very self-satisfied Doc Walker made camp, having recently named the Cumberland Gap the Cumberland Gap.

“Boys, we don’t have time for sightseeing around here. Too much river to cover today. Better get under-way.” And with that, General Dallas set off like a torpedo, his long, thin Old Town Dirigo slicing the water with but a shimmer of wake. “I’ll see you at Cubbard Rock,” he called as he shrunk into the developing summer haze.

ting through at a southwest to northeast angle. But these different regions don’t announce themselves; from the surface of the river, they seem to dance and mingle, a knob to the north, rolling savanna to the south, a long narrow ridge appearing in the next bend, followed by tree-lined, pasture bottomland, and so on and so forth. Each new bend seemed to offer a new type of terrain. The river has autonomy; the land to either side just seems to form and reform its identity like a deep green condensation, and in the condensation

Castlewood Neighborhood Association Meeting



Thursday, July 28
6:30pm at the Loudoun House

we glimpsed the acts of man played out in theater of the absurd.

Case in point: the Southeast Coal Company’s processing operation above Cubbard Rock, near the hamlet of Calloway Crossing. Northrup and I cleared the ever so slight mile-long dogleg bend downstream from White Oak Creek and between the four of our nearsighted eyes, spied the General in riverine stasis, his tie-die colored Old Town cloaked muddy by the intensity of his concentration, his gaze fixed on what appeared to us (a half mile upstream behind him) to be the leading ledge of Cubbard Rock. “What the hell is that thing?” General seemed to ask the sky. “It’s...it’s...shitting yellow water into the river...”

Yes it is, came a voice from nowhere. “Yes it is what?” General turned ever so slightly in his yak. *Yes it is shitting yellow water into the river, and it has been for many, many years. You can’t wash coal without fouling the water table for good. That’s the nature of unnatural things.*

“Northrup, is that you?” The deep blue storm front that had dissipated at our put-in reinserted itself with a light spattering. Northrup and I had just come upon the General, we two in an elevated and tad bit giddy state but determined like seasoned water mules. “No, that definitely wasn’t me, General.” Northrup interrupted. “It wasn’t me either.” I added.

“There’s something else paddling with us, boys. It’s giving me signals, information.” The General was pale-faced, serious. “This is some serious-bad fouled earth we’re looking at. I’m hearing the ghost of waters-past.” Cubbard Rock presented itself beneath the remains of a massive water intake and tipple.

“This view sucks” Northrup said, shaking his summer mane. Renewing his coca leaf cud, he cut a fierce wake around the next sharp bend. He was right. The entire bank—the entire bend—seemed an open wound, oozing a rust-colored acidic goop accumulated

under decades of coal piled house-high. This was a grand mess to last a life time and all of it right on the water’s edge. “I wonder if Southeast Coal had to pay for the mess they made?” I thought out loud. *Don’t be silly*, replied the ghost-voice. With a wave of disgust from the General, we pushed off in pursuit of Northrup.

[See sidebar on the next page for more. —Ed.]

This is not the RINY-B

The next two miles clipped by in a coca-leaf blur, and at last Northrup came into view just as the bow of his canoe disappeared into the mouth of Calloway Creek. The light spattering of rain picked up into a heavy drizzle, backed by deep rumbling to our east. “It would appear we’ve flanked the brunt of the storm, Gortimer.” The General cut his yak hard to starboard and entered the creek mouth. “Let’s wait out this little squall under the canopy here.”

Fifty or so yards in, a massive deadfall closed off navigation, and there Northrup stood upright, his feet balanced on the gunnels of his boat, his gaze fixed on the train trestle looming overhead above the canopy. “Is this part of the old RINY-B railroad?”

“It’s the L&N. This line runs up through Winchester and north. The RINY-B would have run on the south side of the river from Richmond to Irvine.” General Dallas was shuffling through his maps, drifting slowly back toward the mouth. “Looks like the weather’s breaking, boys. Better cut a choagie if we want to make Drowning Creek by sundown.” And he was right. It was already 4:30 and we’d barely made five miles. We hit the mainstream with the General forcing a hard pace.

Up on Drowning Creek

Richardson and Shaving Machine Bend’s came and went, and just when

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Phantom map (cont.)

continued from the previous page

I thought my biceps would explode, Northrup cut hard to port and pointed in the General’s direction. “Follow his lead. Looks like he’s found the mouth of Drowning Creek.” Drowning Creek, the jagged boundary between Estill and Madison Counties, empties into the Kentucky at a 45 degree angle, all but hidden from upstream approach. The General seemed to disappear into a tangled bank. Once inside the mouth, however, the creek opened up, fifty feet wide with maples and sycamores on either side interweaving an arched canopy overhead. We eased our way up and around several large bends with broad bottomland on the Madison county side, rising to high meadow and wooded hillock, and steep, wooded palisade and outcropping on the Estill County side. At last we came upon a riffle and shoal, and General gave us the “this place and no farther” nod.

Having paddled half the Kentucky’s 254 some-odd-mile main-stream over the years with my current comrades, we had honed river camping to a fine skill. Each outing seemed a fine tuning of the balance between necessity and comfort. We unpacked our gear in neat piles according to use: tents, tarps, bedding over here, stoves, utensils, country provender over there. The only luxury I’d afforded myself was Big Black Johnson, the incredibly cheap, laminated, jet black acoustic guitar I’d acquired as final payment on an old debt—the perfect instrument for a river bivouac. Should it succumb to the elements, be needed as a paddle, life preserver, or even emergency kindling, it would be no great loss.

It was 7:30 when we entered the mouth of Drowning Creek. By 8:30 it was dark and our camp was set. Northrup and the General foraged for firewood while I arranged a flat rock for cooking and unpacked the two single burner stoves from their dry bag. The General treated us to an amazing dinner: thick, perfectly marbled ribeyes and a medley of collard greens, kale, bok choy, borage, and green onions from his award-winning garden, flash-wilted in steak-grease delicately cut with olive oil. One large Idaho baker, sliced in thick chips and fried in the remaining grease rounded out the feast. In all, the meal was a pleasant vacation from our staple river rat mulligan stew. For desert, we set about soaking our livers in various distillations, but ever the thoughtful provider, General’s New Amsterdam Gin shots with lime wedges seemed most complimentary to the coca cuds we couldn’t seem to relinquish.

Uncle Ranck’s Tales

After a few river ballads on Johnson, we settled back around the fire like civilized gentlemen, and this trip being my turn to provide the pre-slumber reading, I unpacked the copy of George W. Ranck’s 1901 *Boonesborough: Its founding, pioneer struggles, Indian experiences, Transylvania days, and revolutionary annals* for post-nosh ponderance.

The General turned in his gravelyly repose. “Ah, Uncle Ranck...” Northrup stared a thousand miles into the fire. I began: “Gentlemen, fellow rafters of the sixth life of the Kentucky River, slackwater paddle-venturists, tonight I’m pleased to offer selections from Lexington’s own Mr. Ranck, esteemed member of the Filson Club. This is the sweeping account of the Henderson Company’s saga and the travails of Dan’l Boone, our colonial hero-king-pioneer-revolutionary... explorer, uh, hero.” I adjusted my reading lamp. “I’ll begin with ‘The Great Grant’, March 17th, 1775”:

“Boone, who had been commissioned by the Company to open a road to the Kentucky River, never ceased collecting woodmen in Powell’s Valley for the work, and concentrated them at Long Island, in the Holston. While arrangements for the expedition were being made, provisions for the entertainment of the Cherokees went on to the appointed conference ground, and so did the Indians and the white men, and early in March, 1775, the biggest crowd that had ever gathered in the Watauga Settlement of North Carolina was encamped about the stockaded cabins of Sycamore Shoals... The negotiators in behalf of the Company were Henderson and Boone, Nathaniel Hart and Luttrell. The most prominent representatives of the Indians were Ocanostota, the aged, crippled, and distinguished head of the Cherokees; the remarkable Attacullaculla, withered and even more aged, but still reputed the ablest of the Indian diplomatists; Savanooko, and Dragging Canoe.

“Days were consumed in the consideration of the boundaries and extent of the territory the Company desired, the price offered, and the wisdom of making such a sale, and interpreters were kept busy translating “talks” and documents and speeches. Earnest protests against the treaty were made by orators of the Cherokees, and especially by the eloquent and prophetic Dragging Canoe, but without effect, and on the 17th of March “The Great Grant” was signed, and for the merchandise then stored on ground and valued at £10,000 Henderson and his associates were declared owners of territory south of the Kentucky River, comprising more than half of the present state of Kentucky. The twelve hundred Indians present assented to the treaty, and, though a few of them grumbled that they had received only one shirt apiece for their share of the territory, the transaction seems to have been open and fair, and certainly they all joined at the close of the meeting in the big feast the Company had provided.”

I paused for a moment to listen to the gurgling shoal-water. Northrup eased back onto the creek-cobble and re-fixed his stare on the fireflies’ million-strong strobe through the canopy. Just as I returned my headlamp to the text, the General spake:

“Ah, Uncle Ranck. You know, boys, my maternal grandmother was

The United Mine Workers of America v. South East Coal Co., Inc.; etc.

Dear Gortimer,

Returned is your wonderful manuscript, “The phantom map,” with some minor GUM revisions in thick red ink. You may be interested in the story behind the demise of the great South East Coal Company that you mention us passing nearby Cubbard’s Rock.

The company was incorporated in 1915, when Henry LaViers, an immigrant from Wales, secured the mineral rights needed to organize five coal camps. The most well known of these, apparently still generally intact, is located at Seco (renamed “South East Coal Company Operation 1” upon its purchase in 1915), on the banks of Boone Fork, a tributary of the Kentucky River’s North Fork and not far from Whitesburg in Letcher County.

South East Coal remained a family business; Henry’s son Harry LaViers was a particularly hands on boss. In the late 70s, one report relates, as retaliation against his workers’ attempts to better their working conditions, Harry “got into trouble for running down a picket line with a coal truck.” By this time, South East was selling most its coal, so-called “compliance coal” because its use absolves power companies from installing expensive sulfur dioxide scrubbers, to the Kentucky Utilities Company (KU).

The LaViers family interest in the health of their workers continued into the 1990s, when on October 12, 1992, Harry filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy. This act authorized South East Coal to pay its creditors (banks, individual investors) by selling off its assets, “free and clear of any and all liabilities whatsoever...including, but not limited to, any successor liability for claims for benefits under the Federal Black Lung Benefits Act or the Kentucky Worker’s Compensation Act.”

This last statement was important to DLX, inc., the company who shelled out \$5.75 million, paid out in lump sums to several creditors, for South East Coal’s preparation plant at Irvine, the Lexington office, the mine and all other real property, inventory, equipment and other intangibles necessary to keep coal production profitably engaged. While DLX bought the land and operations, they were not beholden to the purchase of South East Coal’s labor history. In the case of *The United Mine Workers of America v. South East Coal Company, Inc.; DLX, Inc.; and Newco, Inc.*, this interpretation translated into a \$707,315.06 savings, or the amount DLX did not have to pay into a required pension fund for former miner’s working on the site.

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the bastard sister of George Ranck. Yes, apparently old man Ranck had a drunken tryst with a lowly maid at “The Lucky Clover” down on De Roode Street. This maid, my ancestor, hailed from the heart of Irish Town on Lexington’s lower west side. The product of this lusty liaison grew up impoverished, never once enjoying the genteel graces the wealth of her “unknown” father could have provided. Meanwhile, her half-brother, George Ranck, rose on the calm swell of age-old affluence, gaining prominence as a narrativist of history and conspirator to provincial myths.

“When Darla, my grandmother, came of age, she was hired by none other than George Ranck, her own flesh and blood yet unrevealed, to serve as housemaid and nanny. In this capacity, she learned a great deal about the settlement of Kentucky, as Uncle Ranck was given to dictating his notes with voluminous gusto to his ever-present secretary, young Nimrod Richardson. In her feather-dusting, Darla relived the tribulations of those early days.

“When I was but a sprout, she recounted verbatim the tragic demise of one Richard Calloway, companion to Boone, and heroic defender of Boonesborough. You’ll remember the creek we sheltered in earlier today, Calloway Creek? It takes its name from poor Richard.”

The General paused, the fire reflecting on his wire-rimmed spectacles. “It was the spring of 1780, and the Indians were, alas, not too happy with life. And here I’m quoting grandma Darla quoting Uncle Ranck”:

“Early in March Colonel Calloway began preparations to establish his ferry, and on the eighth of the month while he, Pemberton Rawlings (or Rollins), and three negro men were building a ferryboat on Canoe Ridge, about a mile above Boonesborough, a volley of rifle shots was heard, and shortly after one of the negroes rushed, panting and terrified, into the settlement with the news that the boat-builders had been attacked by Indians. A party of riflemen, headed by Captain Holder, and including young Bland Ballard, then just commencing his career as a scout and spy, galloped to the rescue, but were too late.

“Colonel Calloway had been instantly killed, scalped, and robbed

of most of his clothing. Rawlings had been shot down, tomahawked in the back of the neck, and scalped, but, though mortally wounded, was still alive, and the two negroes were prisoners, destined for savage slavery. They were heard of no more. The Indians who, almost as a matter of course, were Shawanese, and who successfully eluded pursuit, had evidently watched the movements of the boat-builders, and fired with impunity from a nearby place of concealment.

“There was sudden, crushing grief in two homes, and sorrow throughout the settlement as the stricken forms were tenderly brought in, and there was even deeper gloom soon after, for the terribly wounded Rawlings died before the setting of the sun. The gallant old leader and his brave lieutenant were buried in one grave back of the fort they had helped to defend, and where the soil they loved overlooks the beautiful river that is consecrated to the memory of the pioneers.”

General paused again to gather his thoughts and light the corncob pipe. Northrup expelled a large coca-cud and sipped from a chilled bottle of Svetka.

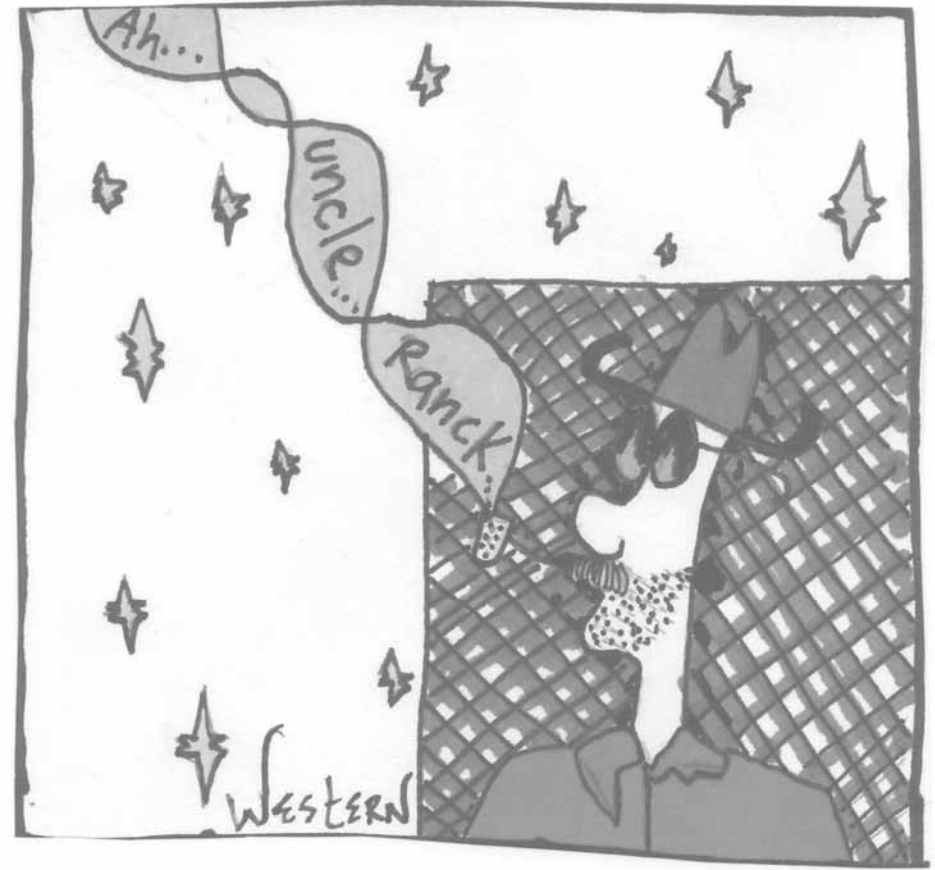
“Colonel Calloway’s hair was noticeable both for its length and for its peculiar shade of gray, and when the scalp was carried by the exulting savages to their town across the Ohio it was recognized with horror and sadness by Joseph Jackson, one of Boone’s unfortunate party of salt-boilers of the Blue Licks, who was still a captive.”

“And that, my comrades,” General waved off the story as though done with it, “is the long and short of Richard Calloway’s last day on earth.” The fireflies continued their grand synaptic display while the gurgling riffle on Drowning Creek offered its hypnotic counterpoint.

“What a marvelous coincidence, my choosing to bring along Ranck and Ranck being your...illegitimate great-uncle. Simply marvelous. With friends like you, who needs popular culture?”

I waited for some reply, but the two dark forms before me had lapsed into post-paddle comatose, sawing logs befitting a godly fortress in the savage wilderness.

To be continued...



JULY 13, 2011

Music

Live music to saw wood to: 7/14-26

Thursday, July 14

Jacykl *with* The Nigel Dupree Band *and* Switchmen *Buster's*; 899 Manchester. 9 P.M.

When we were still impressionable youths, under Reagan, we decided, all of us, that we were going to like, listen to, and purchase music produced by blow-dried, androgynous men wearing spandex trousers and sequinned vests. So we did, and that arrangement carried on for the best part of the decade. But the quality of the music declined over time: early Crüe gave way to early Posion gave way to early Warrant, or just Warrant in totality. So goes rock 'n roll, in cycles. And since this cycle of rock had reached low ebb by '89 or so, we realized we wanted something new, something serious. Something to reflect the gravity of the times.

Well, as you know, what happened is that we decided the blow-drying and androgyny had to go, and with them the cartoonish lyrics and sophomoric subject matter, because in '89 the world was changing, sometimes in unsettling ways. We needed rock tough enough to carry us through uncertain, unstable times. Kip Winger didn't write that music, you know?

This cultural need generated two primary responses. First, the remaining hair bands wiped off the makeup, washed out the mousse, and tried to get tough. Most failed, but two of those who succeeded went on to be considered among the most important heavy rock bands of their generation: Guns N' Roses and Pantera.

The second response came from Seattle, where the '80s narrative of the drug-fueled orgy had long since given way to the narrative of the overdose, and so the Seattle bands played loud guitars but sang sensitive lyrics, about real feelings and such. Of those bands, the first couple were excellent, and also went on to be considered among the most important heavy rock bands of their generation: Audioslave and Foo Fighters.

So that was the scene, back then: shooting up, grabbing an espresso, and headbanging to songs with nuanced, contemplative lyrics.

But then, in 1992, came Jackyl and their hit song "The Lumberjack," and it was as though 1989 had never happened. Nuanced? Contemplative? No, man: drug-fueled orgies. Which was actually refreshing, because Eddie Vedder was really starting to harsh our buzzes with all the social-consciousness stuff, and all Jackyl apparently wanted us to do was drink beer and get laid. And bless them for that.

And they're still at it, bearing the same message of happiness and fulfillment, even as the world has continued to change, almost always in unsettling ways. They're still at it. Maybe rock doesn't need to reflect the times at all. I don't know. I don't know anymore.

Friday, July 15

Churchill Jax *Cheapside*; 131 Cheapside. 9 P.M.

Since I went on and on about Jackyl, the remaining bands listed in this calendar will receive one-word previews to save space. This word will be the best possible word in English to describe to experience of attending the listed show, and you should simply read the word, close your eyes for a moment, and apprehend how you *feel* about the word. Happy? Sad? Melancholic? Sanguine? Let your feelings be your guide. Ready?

Homegrown.

Orgone *with* Oh My Me *Cosmic Charlie's*; 388 Woodland. 9 P.M.

Sexual.

Monday, July 18

Cinderella *Buster's*; 899 Manchester. 9 P.M.

Nostalgic.

Friday, July 22

Asylum on the Hill with Truckfighters and Valley of the Sun *The Green Lantern*; 497 W. Third. 8 P.M.

Cocksure.

—Buck Edwards

Tickets on sale for third annual Boomslang fest


NoC Music

Tickets are now on sale for WRFL's third-annual Boomslang Festival, a three-day, multi-venue music and arts extravaganza scheduled for September 23-25, 2011 at various Lexington venues. Early Bird Weekend Passes will be on sale at a discounted rate of \$35 until July 8. After the Early Bird passes are gone, weekend passes will be available for \$40 for University of Kentucky students and \$50 for the general public. Single day passes will also be available for each of the three days. Tickets are available in person at the UK Student Center ticket office, by phone at (859)257-TICS, or online at www.boomslangfest.com.

The Early Bird Weekend Pass provides admission to all of the weekend's festivities, including concerts from New York avant-rock legends Swans, Chicago instrumental rockers

Pelican, New Orleans bounce artist Big Freedia, San Francisco garage-rockers Ty Segall, and the British new wave group The Psychedelic Furs. Other artists confirmed for this year's lineup include Secret Chiefs 3, Tom Tom Club, Sir Richard Bishop, Julianna Barwick, Cough, Horseback, SSION, and Woodsman, as well as local and regional talent. The final line-up will be announced in the coming weeks.

Additional Boomslang events include the Lexington Fashion Collaborative's haute couture art installation; community "skill share" workshops; Stars with Accents: A Literary Celebration, in conjunction with the Kentucky Women Writer's Conference; and the inaugural Queerslang Festival, a series of concerts, film screenings, presentations, and other events geared toward Lexington's queer community and its supporters.



BOOMSLANG



Oh My Me close out the official opening of the Lexington Rescue Mission's artist bazaar. Photo by Lucy Jones.

Film & Media

Review: *Green Lantern* Disappointing adaptation scores low on Tufnel scale

By Kevin Martinez

Yeah, it's yet another comic book movie. But, unlike all the other entries this summer, this one is from DC Comics. And it's not a Batman or Superman movie. Finally, Warner Brothers has decided to dip into the stable of characters that they own and pull out something new.

I'm a big fan of Green Lantern. I have to admit that it comes from being a kid and discovering the Justice League comics. I knew Superman and Batman, but when I found that they teamed up with guys like the Flash, Green Lantern, and Hawkman, suddenly comics became much cooler to my young mind. Green Lantern always looked very elegant—his costume didn't have a clumsy looking cape. Then you discover that he's one of many Green Lanterns who are part of an intergalactic police force guided by small blue men in red robes.

Yeah, this is a movie I've wanted to see all my life. Unfortunately, when casting began for the movie, they screen tested three actors for this role: Bradley Cooper from *The Hangover*, the always unimpressive and most hated Justin Timberlake, and the man who ruined *Blade Trinity*. Yeah, Ryan Reynolds. I was very disappointed that the choices to play Hal Jordan centered around these guys. I had hopes for *Firefly* star Nathan Fillion, or *Farscape* star Ben Browder. Instead, they choose the most annoying dude they could find.

To me, Reynolds was the Jar Jar Binks of the *Blade* series. The first two *Blade* films were big favorites of mine. The third one turned into a festering pile of crap the minute Reynolds shows up. But, in all fairness, I didn't expect much out of Heath Ledger when he was cast as the Joker, so I admit I can be wrong. Not that I think that Reynolds could be anywhere near that great in his role, but he may show me something I'm not expecting.

Unfortunately, Reynolds isn't the problem with this movie. He's not great, but neither is anything else in the film. This movie is the biggest letdown I've had since Ang Lee's *Hulk*. I mean, they do get the characters right. And they keep all the familiar elements of the comics. Test pilot Hal Jordan gets his power ring from dying alien Abin

Sur, portrayed by Temura Morrison (Jango Fett in *Star Wars Episode II*). He becomes part of the intergalactic police force known as the Green Lantern Corps. He meets his alien counterparts and they train him. The Guardians Of The Universe are little blue people who give the Green Lanterns their power and their orders. It's all there, but it doesn't work.

I don't know where they found this actress, Blake Lively, who plays Hal Jordan's love interest, Carol Ferris. But this chick makes Denise Richards' performance as Dr. Christmas Jones in *The World Is Not Enough* look like it was an Oscar-winning role by Meryl Streep. I mean, this woman is just plain awful. I bet there are porn actresses who are more convincing and on the mark than this vacant twit.

Hammond's father, and it's astounding how bad he is. He really deserves to be beaten with an air conditioning unit, after having seen this. Angela Bassett is playing Amanda Waller but, if they are planning to go the same route Marvel has gone with Samuel L. Jackson's Nick Fury, well, they better think again. There is no way we are getting a Justice League movie out of this insipid mess.

This film, in some ways, reminded me of the issues I had a couple of years ago with *Watchmen*. There, the performances were very flat at times and it made it hard to really relate to the characters. The saving grace of that film, though, was that it was based on the most solid story in comics. The effects also didn't distract, they enhanced the film. *Green Lantern*, on the other hand, has really jarring CGI.

better than, say, the ones in *Avatar*. The 3-D actually looks great in this film but, again, only if you can get past the fact that none of it ever really makes you feel like you are seeing something with a true physical form. The depth is what makes the 3-D better than most.

I really wanted to like this movie, but I'd recommend *Sucker Punch* before I would this one. I love the Green Lantern characters, but this movie ranks up there with *Howard The Duck*, *Red Sonja*, *Spawn*, *Catwoman*, and *Batman and Robin*. Sometimes there are the comic book movies that are bad but entertaining—like *Swamp Thing*. But this isn't one of those.

In a summer with movies like *Thor* and *X-Men: First Class*, you would think that the competition would give Marvel something with which to con-



Ryan Reynolds as Green Lantern.

You would expect better from a film directed by Martin Campbell. He directed *Casino Royale* and *Goldeneye* for the James Bond franchise, as well as *The Mask Of Zorro*, and he usually understands how to tell a story and make you care about the characters. This film is the exact opposite of that.

Peter Sarsgaard's performance as Hector Hammond is just ridiculous. A villain should be somewhat interesting, instead of a dull and annoying freak. The actor playing Sinestro, Mark Strong, is much better in his role but, unfortunately, this film is a set-up for his character to be the villain in a sequel that will hopefully never get made. You also have Tim Robbins playing Hector

Nothing really works while this film is earthbound. Special effects should make the viewer think they are actually seeing the impossible as if it were taking place in front of them. Instead, you have scenes where Reynolds' costume is so obviously not real that I almost felt as if I were watching *Pete's Dragon* or *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*. Yeah—hokey Disney flicks from the 1970s with dated special effects. Which goes to show you that, regardless of how much money you spend, if you can't make something that's an improvement, you shouldn't do it at all.

I will say, in all fairness, that the scenes in space looked great, and so did the planet OA. The alien characters were

tend. Instead, DC gives us a frustrating mess and lets down all of their fans—which is something they are doing in their upcoming comics, as well. So far in recent years, DC has only gotten the Batman films right. All other efforts seem to fail. Remember last year's *Jonah Hex*? Yeah, I don't really either since I didn't bother. My advice to you is to save your money and go to a roller derby bout instead. ROCK vs Chemical Valley is coming the Lexington Convention Center on July 30.

On the Nigel Tufnel scale of 1 to 11, I'm giving this one a very generous 2, only because it does get so much right with the characters, but gets everything else so wrong.

Waterbody (cont.)

continued from page 1

“There are no special effects, no green screen. This leaves more room for fantasy and wild, untamed images.”

The Kentucky production has been made possible in large part to the successful fundraising program Kickstarter, the largest funding platform for creative projects in the world. Every month, tens of thousands of dreamers and do-ers pledge millions of dollars to projects from the worlds of music, film, art, technology, design, food, publishing and other creative fields.

The program is based solely on commerce and patronage, not investment

or lending. Project creators keep 100% ownership and control of their work. All projects must reach their funding goal before time runs out or no money changes hands.

“We want people to support local art by local artists,” says Spriggs. “Support is validating the art, as well as the artist, to keep doing what they’re doing.”

Waterbody was funded successfully within 24 hours of the official Kickstarter launch. The campaign ultimately raised \$731 dollars, taking the project \$231 over the original goal.

“We’re paying for stuff we already paid for. We all believed in it so much. We’ve all donated something. We

wouldn't have if we didn't believe in this so much,” says Spriggs. “It's a labor of love.”

“Everyone has asked what they can do—there has been no hesitation from people. They all want to know how they can help,” says Clark. “That's how we raised the money so fast. People wanted it for us. They wanted to see it succeed.”

Filming was concluded after three intensive 13-hour days of camera work.

“We were all a little nervous at first,” says Spriggs, who added that everyone became more and more comfortable. “There were some intense moments. Girls were in mermaid tails for eight hours, which is a lot to ask of anyone. People pulled out amazing things. There was no pretension.”

The film is currently being edited in Lexington. Actually, everything about the film is Kentucky based, even down to the basic backbeat of the picture. The entire soundtrack will include area artists and original music from Michelle Hollis and Scott Wilmoth, Mason Colby and Art Mize, Coralee and the Townies, Bunny Day and the Mercy Buckets, and N.W.L.

Spriggs confesses that the only things about the project that aren't entirely Kentuckian are the mermaid tails. Spriggs said she found them online and they are beautiful.

“This is why people leave Kentucky and go to New York,” says Spriggs. “And it's all been done here in Kentucky...We all have big dreams. A lot of it we do, usually on our own from concept to

execution. But we did it. Nothing fell apart. No one was arrested. The worst that happened was two people got parking tickets.”

Waterbody fans will be able to find hard copies, DVD's, mermaid tail auctions, a prospective concert featuring the soundtrack's artist, and even a photography exhibit when the film debuts this fall.

“It's not over for this group,” assures Clark. “We hope this will kick off a collection of tales.”

Both Clark and Spriggs agree that this experience has given them and the participating artists “a gift that keeps on giving.”

“We all want to start something,” says Clark.

“If you're a true artist,” says Spriggs, “You want to do things that make you grow and curious.”

Spriggs says that, in the weeks to come, viewers should look forward to two trailers and one teaser. The film's ultimate length is estimated to be around 25 minutes.

“We need people to see it when it comes out,” says Clark. “Support local art by being present.”

“There are so many artist avenues in Lexington, we want to keep that spirit alive,” says Spriggs.

For more information go to Waterbody: A Short Film at www.kickstarter.com or visit www.biancaspriggs.com. If you need further details, you also can e-mail parkourdesign@gmail.com.



Still from Bianca Spriggs' short film Waterbody.

Freedom derby fireworks

BBRG blockers control bout, best ROCK

By Sunny Montgomery

The Fourth of July weekend is perhaps my favorite weekend of the year. It encompasses everything I love best about Lexington: the barbeques, the downtown festivities, the closing of the streets, all my friends in one place and of course, the excuse to start drinking at 11 o'clock in the morning. This year I added another event to my list of favorites: ROCK's Saturday night bout against Covington's Black-n-Bluegrass (BBRG).

I'd attended only one roller derby prior to this one. I remembered how frenzied I'd felt trying to keep up. But while ROCK's style on the track is fast and strong, BBRG is known for their slow play. This means that when the pack begins to move, BBRG will not. The strategy is used to run down the clock. It is particularly advantageous when your team has the lead, which BBRG did for most of the bout. I could see frustration creasing the brow of Ragman, ROCK's coach. I felt a little frustrated too. I missed the fast-paced drama of my first roller derby. But alas, Covington's roller girls were formidable and they won the bout: 202 to 90.

Afterward I asked ROCK's Meracle Whip if they'd beaten BBRG the last time but she couldn't remember. [Editor's Note: BBRG bested ROCK by a score of 167-113.] "They're great girls," she told me. "They invite ROCK for scrimmages all the time."



ROCK forms a wall.

Later I learned that Coach T of BBRG used to coach ROCK in 2007.

Scrapes and bruises aside, there are no hard feelings. Every person involved in the roller derby is involved for love of the sport. They are all volunteers: the skaters, the referees, the jam timers and even Lexington's beloved announcer, Bill Widener. At the end of every bout, both teams head to Buster's after-party and celebrate together.

My mother asked if it would be appropriate for her to bring her twelve year old step-granddaughter to the next bout. "Of course it is," I tell her. For the same reason that the Fourth of July weekend is my favorite weekend of the year, the roller derby is about community.

It is about having all your friends in one place.

When I wander downtown that following Monday for the parade and

later for the fireworks, I will be proud to live in Lexington. And after a morning of Magners on ice, I too will have already forgotten who won and who lost last Saturday's bout.

So let us look forward to the next one!

ROCK's next bout will take place Saturday, July 30 at Heritage Hall. Bout begins at 7. Doors open at 6.

Disc golf (cont.)

continued from page 1

gets mentioned only as "other capital projects."

To date, the council, bombarded by outraged citizens who had read the coverage in the *Herald-Leader*, have no interest in revisiting the topic of disc golf course construction.

The rest of the story

"A few years ago we approached Parks and Rec with the proposal of installing a course at Jacobson Park with the assistance of Councilman George Myers," says Drew Smith, president of the Bluegrass Disc Golf Association (BDGA). "We helped to install Riverhill in his district and he was very interested in the idea that disc golf could help the city generate money through tourism. This was all on the heels of the Equestrian Games and the original intent was for Lexington to host a huge international disc golf tournament each year but in order to do this we simply needed more courses."

Drew Smith is the person you should have read about in the *Herald-Leader*. The current president of the Bluegrass Disc Golf Association (BDGA), Smith is frustrated by the way the media has allowed Gray to frame the story. Though he and other BDGA members have attended council meetings to voice support for the new courses, their perspectives have received scant focus in regional coverage.

This is interesting because Smith and members of the BDGA express a genuine desire to model the lofty rhetoric of non-mainstream, niche sports-tourism that the city's backing of WEG promoted. As BDGA members began scouting out potential locations, Jacobson Park seemed like an easy choice. The park, which Kentucky American Corporation all but dumped on the city last year, contains untold un-used acreage.

"It's low maintenance and we had the idea that the course would generate traffic in areas where they have been having problems with "Cruising" or picking up people for sex in the woods or bathrooms. This would help eliminate the seclusion factor," says Smith, channeling his best Jane Jacobs. "For us there's enough room to install a top of the line course bigger than Veterans or Shillito."

Smith and the BDGA prepared three budget proposals, beginning at

\$25,000 and going to \$50,000. But there was a catch. The city, which had seen how cheaply the Shilito and Riverhill courses had transformed under-used park space, asked BDGA to prepare a plan for Coldstream, too.. "This came as a shock to us," Smith recalled, "as we had originally only been bidding for one course and now it looked like we were possibly getting two."

Coldstream was trickier. The south end, where the city wanted the course built, has no facilities. It would require the construction of an entrance road, parking and bathrooms. It would be more expensive, but even so, Smith claims that the estimate BDGA handed to Parks/Rec was much smaller than the \$150,000 that ultimately made it onto the bond, closer to \$100,000 for both parks. If the city had stuck with BDGA's original request, just Jacobson, the price tag could have dropped as low as \$25,000.

Keep these figures in mind. *The cost to the city, bonded, for the inflated \$150,000 price tag for two disc golf courses amounted to \$30,000-\$35,000 a year for 5 years.

*The cost to the city, bonded, for the expensive price tag of \$50,000 for one disc golf course would have amounted to \$10,000-\$11,000 a year for 5 years.

Another economic development report

At the urging of Myers, the BDGA produced an economic development report on the Lexington Open, the group's largest annual tournament, which played at Lexington's Shilito and Veteran's parks, and at Nicholasville's RINY-B course. The document, prepared by former BDGA president Lewis Willian, was short and simple. It divided the 138 player field into different groupings in order to arrive at an average dollar amount each player spent in Lexington for the tournament. The number: a conservatively-arrived at \$53 per player per day. (Dollar amounts take into account gas, lodging and food spent while in Lexington over the 2-day tournament.)

"That totals \$14,640 that was spent locally (a VERY conservative estimate.) This does not take into account trips to Walmart for Sunday rain gear," the report reads, "or stops at Hobbytown or Phillip Galls to buy extra discs, or movie tickets in the late afternoon, or

shopping at Fayette Mall Friday and Saturday night...etc..."

"Interestingly," the report concludes, "in April of this year, Bowling Green, KY hosted a tournament over 3 days for 458 players. [T]hey are able to do this because there are 9 18-hole courses within Bowling Green. Using the \$53 figure above as a per-day cost, that 3-day event would have put approximately \$73,000 into the Bowling Green economy."

By way of conclusion

After a decade in operation, the Cardinal Valley Center closed its doors for good this past month, resulting in the layoff of four employees and the loss of what *La Voz de KY*, the newspaper covering Lexington's Latin-American population, described as "an iconic center" for many of the city's Latino communities, a victim of Lexington's first round of austerity cuts. City council did not attempt to include Cardinal Valley in their unsuccessful attempt to restore funding to (mainly social service) partner agencies. Peggy Hanson, city council rep for the Cardinal Valley area, supported the closure. The *Herald-Leader* ran one story, a Friday, June 3, 2011 article by Valerie Honeycutt Spears, which appeared in the City/Region section, A-3.

Writing in *La Voz*, Andres Cruz credited the center with having played "a decisive role for many families that later made Lexington their home. For many people that had just arrived to the city, the Cardinal Valley Center provided very important help and orientation."

"Thanks to the Cardinal Valley Center," Cruz observed, "other important institutions of our community were born. The Bluegrass Farm Worker Clinic (assisting more than five thousand people per year) and the Hispanic library, later the Village Library (which became the most visited library in the city), had their origins there. Moreover, in the Center many students, social service providers and activists had their first hand-to-hand contact and training to serve Latino immigrants in the Bluegrass. The Lexington Police Department had officers there as community volunteers and educators..."

The lost future of the Cardinal Valley Center is what we should have been discussing as a community when Jim Gray unveiled his get-tough, business-tight austerity budget to city

council. The new census confirms what we already knew: Latinos are this city's fastest growing demographic. Cutting the Center at Cardinal Valley, while at the same time loudly lobbying for expensive infrastructure upgrades to entice (certain) out-of towners to visit and relocate to the area, seems to strike a discordant tone. Message and (funded) action seem out of whack.

But alas, Lexington didn't really want to have that discussion about which demographics are really valued in this city. Led by Mayor Gray, it instead got tough and hacked away at low cost, low impact leisure sports that enliven suburban city parks and seem to have at least some economic impact on the city. For his foot in the sand, this will not stand moment, Gray saved a grand total of \$150,000 in a \$271 million budget.

City leaders now preaching austerity take the line that borrowing money to pay for sports leisure is a waste of city money. While the line sounds good, it holds little more value than Tea Party rants about Obama's "wreckless spending," as if it were a new phenomenon.

Lexington is one year removed from the borrowed extravaganza known as the World Equestrian Games. Estimates range between 100 and 200 million dollars in federal, state and local funds. Gray's concerns over \$150,000 sports-tourism infrastructure seems a bit over-blown.

This is also the same Mayor who has spent \$30,000 of his own money helping to fund a \$300,000 study of Rupp Arena renovations. A cynical person might suspect that, having been tapped out after last year's WEG infrastructure spree, Gray's gone austerity to save up for the inevitable commitments of city money that will be required to (1) renovate Rupp, and (2) provide infrastructure for the newly formed Distillery District. You can lay good odds that Gray will take those economic impact reports seriously.

So remember these numbers: between \$25,000 and \$125,000. Use them, as comparison, when Gray hits the city up for a Rupp loan. Look for him to use the same sports/economy argument as Smith's BDGA folk used. Except Gray will ask for untold millions, not tens of thousands, which will of course guarantee it gets funded.

Think big, spend big, be big, as the big business leaders always remind us.

Opinion

Open letter to KCTCS prez Michael McCall

On the occasion of a 3% raise for faculty and staff

Dr. McCall:

First of all, I'd like to thank you and the Board of Regents for the recent approval of a 3 % salary increase for FT regular faculty and staff "who earn the Fully Met Job Requirements (M)' rating in the 2010-11 KCTCS performance evaluation system (or at least the "Achieves (A)" rating in the 2010-11 evaluation process piloted in 2010-11." The recognition of hard work and sacrifice is deeply appreciated.

My appreciation, however, is tempered by my disappointment that there was no similar financial reward for the adjunct instructors who are responsible for providing at least 60%, if not more, of Kentucky Community and Technical College System (KCTCS) course offerings.

As an English Coordinator at Bluegrass Community Technical College (BCTC), I sat in on many of the writing courses offered by adjuncts and reviewed the course evaluations submitted by their students. Their tireless support of BCTC's mission and their dedication to their students is remarkable and inspiring. Despite this, they have not received any financial recognition of their work in the form of a raise or bonus in almost 10

years. An e-mail I received from a veteran adjunct expresses this disappointment much more eloquently than I can:

"I have been employed as an adjunct instructor . . . for the last 12 years. After the first few years, I almost always taught 4 or 5 classes a semester, earning excellent evaluations. I've also taught every summer for those

12 years, including this one. Surely there is some way you can recognize my hard work and dedication, as well as the work of similarly-situated adjuncts, many of whom have been teaching for as long or longer than I have (we used to get a pen and a tote bag at Christmas, but now we don't even get that!).

"My students--and there have been hundreds of them over the

years--recognize me as a valuable part of their education. I am asking that you do the same. I am aware that times are hard; in fact, since I haven't had a raise for 9 years, I'm more aware than most (I taught 10 classes for you in 2010 for a gross pay of \$19,575.) This, to you, may just be "good business", but please know that we are people, not machines, and recognize us in some way for our efforts. If nothing else, maybe you could delete us from the list of future announcements about something we will not get. Again. (There's really no point in rubbing salt into the wound.)"

I respectfully urge you and the Board of Regents to validate the work of adjuncts by correcting this demoralizing oversight and providing a raise or a bonus for adjunct faculty. I would be willing to serve on an action committee to address this problem.

Adjunct faculty deserve to be recognized and rewarded. The mission of the college cannot be sustained without them.

Thank you for your time.

Gerry Adair
BCTC Associate Professor,
Humanities



Letter to the editor: cut to the bone

Dear Editor:

In your June 22 editorial, "Austerity comes to Lexington," you wrote: "Austerity is always sold as disciplining government through the use of good business practice."

Your comment reminded me that austerity is really a disciplinary practice of the body—not of governments or businesses, abstract entities that know nothing of being "austere" or "spendthrift." We tend to treat governments and businesses as if they are living and breathing entities, and they're not. We live and breathe; they do not.

The point of this distinction is that governments and businesses do not suffer the pain of economic "austerity measures"—citizens (those breathing things called "humans") do.

Now, Lexington's citizens haven't been uniformly affected by the pains of the recession. Some have felt little effect. Others have had to choose a public school over a private one for their child or been forced to buy a cheaper car. For still others, the recession has come in the form of losing a job or a home.

For these people, the pain is partially the pain of change, as they move to a lower-paying job or have to become a renter again. Yes, things are rough for a while, but most of them will survive.

And then there are those who have *already* been living the austere life: living off beans and cheap bologna, taking only half a dosage to make medication stretch longer, selling more and more belongings at yard sales. All this, even before politicians started trumpeting austerity as "a matter of financial responsibility."

If you have ever lived this life, you know that it's not a healthy one: it degrades body and mind.

Austerity doesn't "right-size" (the business speak that our politicians use) anybody; rather, sustained over time, it pares one down to skin and bones—literally and figuratively. And when you cut too close to the bone, you're in danger of killing a living creature.

Even a cursory survey of public discussion about austerity measures in various countries, states, and cities shows how abstractly most are treating the anxiety attack that has paralyzed and sometimes choked parts of the U.S. and Europe. The discussion is full of calculations about bailouts, deficits, tax scales.

Now, I'm not about to suggest that, if we concentrate more on individuals' stories of woe, we'll solve this financial problem and create a more humane system. I think that type of idea is often a lark. Systems are not humane or inhumane; rather, they are simply systems – sometimes purposely created by people, sometimes just a cluster mash of circumstances born of time and chance.

I will suggest, though, that austerity imposed abstractly from the top by politicians and institutions like national and local governments, the European Union, and the International Monetary Fund (IMF), will push into revolt those who already live lean and desperate lives. It happened in Greece; it has threatened to bubble up in Ireland.

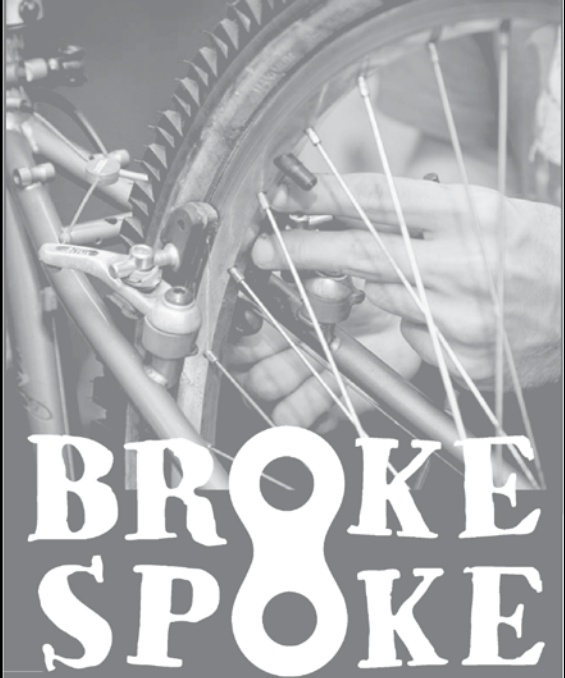
Perhaps in response to Ireland's austerity program that was created to please foreign creditors, someone very prominently and professionally painted on a bridge near the Port of Dublin: "Greed is the knife & the scars run DEEP." Sounds like a warning to me.

Lexington isn't Greece or Ireland, but I think the same warning holds: Don't fool yourself with righteous rhetoric about "belt-tightening" and "financial responsibility"; think about the effect of austerity on flesh and blood. More than just sad stories about families losing their homes come out of austerity. Anger comes, too.

Mary Grace Barry



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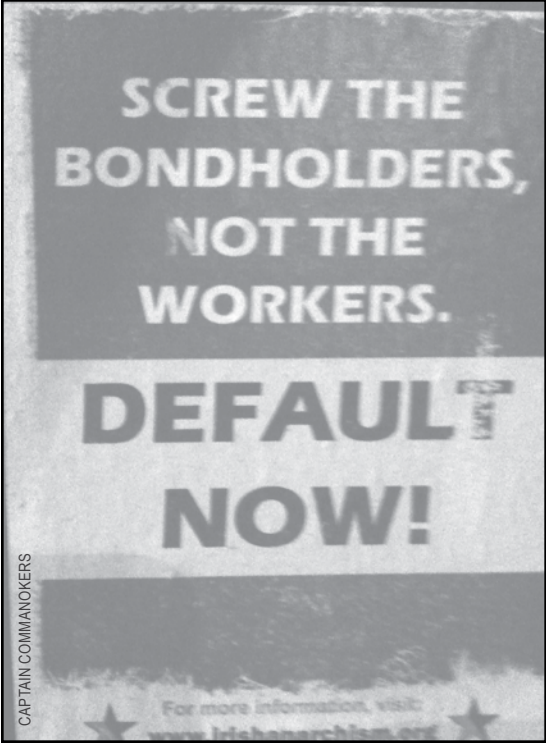
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photo by Stacy Borden

Al's Bar proudly sponsors Lexington Bike Polo

Wednesdays & Sundays at Coolavin Park



Post-game shenanigans at Al's



Resistance to bailout austerity program in Ireland in January 2011.

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

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Fierce Company (part 11) by Kenn Minter

BIG MAN, HUH? ...MAKE YOU FEEL STRONG? PUMMELING WOMEN... POWERFUL?

I... WELL... DON'T CONFUSE ME.

YER MASCULINITY, YER SEXUALITY CONFUSES YOU? WHY IS THAT NOT SURPRISING?

WHA?!

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GENERAL DALLAS: CHIP FLINT RETURNS BY: WESTERN

HEY, GENERAL. WHERE ARE THE REST OF THE BOYS?

WELL I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! CHIP FLINT! WHERE YOU BEEN, LAD? THE BOYS HAVE BEEN SEARCHING HITHER AND YON.

IT'S A LONG STORY, GENERAL. I WAS PORTAGING LOCK #9 AT VALLEY VIEW AND GOT CAUGHT UP IN... A GREAT CONFLAGRATION OVER...

OVER WHAT, PRECIOUS GEMS...?

United Mine Workers (cont.)

continued from page 3

DLX, Inc., was a real family affair. Formed only months before purchasing South East Coal's assets, the Kentucky corporation listed Donald and Stephen LaViers as its owners and operators. Papa Harry LaViers sold his bankrupt company, its assets any way, to his own sons. This turned out to be a shrewd move: Sons Donald and Stephen, it seems, were also vice-presidents and (indirectly) large stock holders in the South East outfit. In purchasing South East Coal assets used to pay back creditors and investors, and simultaneously casting off the obligations Papa Harry's company neglected to pay, the brothers were, essentially, paying off themselves.

To be sure, I can't say for sure if the site we passed on the Kentucky was the same South East Coal Company quarters. The tippie, acidic water and markings on the barge map lead me to believe that it was; that we passed what the Mine Workers lawsuit referred to as the "preparation plant at Irvine."

I should look closer at it. Thinking back on our last trip, I recall my revulsion at passing the bend around Cubbard Rock. The orange rock banks, scalded and utterly lacking life, brought to mind that iconic image of Rick Handshoe and Steve Beshear in Floyd County, their backs to the camera, staring at a settling pond nearby Rick's home, the water reflecting back orange and clear. At Cubbard's bend, slackwatering past bankrupt South East Coal's orange, leaky rocks, I got a better sense of what Rick and the Governor were looking at. Death.

I wasn't just revolted; I was also pissed. Earlier that afternoon while surveying our Kentucky River barge map, I had made a mental note to drop a line around Cubbard, tether up to the boat, ease into the water and get started on a river rat kind of day. Those plans, along with any notions of fishing for the next bend-and-a-half, were snuffed out. South East Coal now has the distinction of being the second coal plant to fuck up my summer plans for a quick dash of Kentucky Bathing.

At any rate. Thanks for sending over your piece. It was a most delightful read and nice treasure of an even more fantastical weekend.

Take it easy, but take it,

Rupp



Rick Handshoe points out tainted water to Kentucky Governor Steve Beshear. Photo courtesy of Kentuckians for the Commonwealth.