

Thursday
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Fantastic.
Page 2



New interim UK police chief named

Doug Scott
KENTUCKY KERNEL

The UK Police Department appointed a new interim police chief Tuesday, relieving UK's public safety director, Ken Clevidence, of the post after 9 months. Capt. Kevin Franklin will serve as acting chief of police until a permanent chief is named later this fall, according to a UK press release.

Franklin, who has spent 21 of

his 22-year career in law enforcement with the UK Police Department, has said he is not interested in the permanent position and will not be a candidate for the position of permanent police chief.

He will return to his duties as captain of police operations once the new chief is hired.

"It's common to have an interim who is not a candidate for the permanent position, so as not to discourage internal or external

interest," said Jay Blanton, Executive Director of Public Relations at UK.

UK has enlisted the aid of an executive search firm to find the best qualified candidates to serve as a permanent chief of police.

"It's a pretty common practice when you're looking for people on the national level," said Blanton.

Blanton said that the search firm would be able to do more

thorough background checks and give the police department more choices.

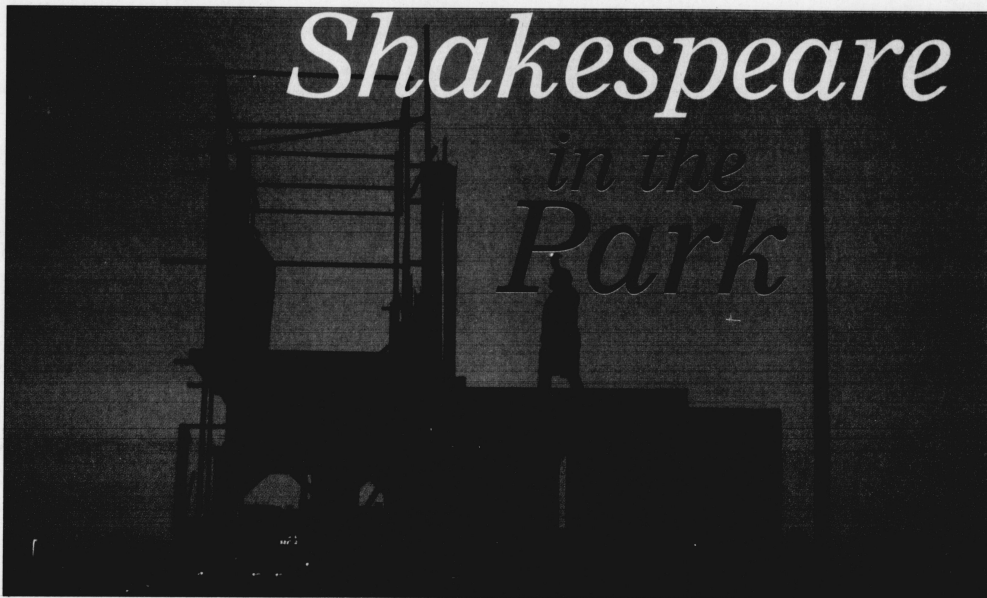
Clevidence stepped in as interim police chief last fall when former UK police chief Fred Otto III resigned in November.

Clevidence, in addition to his duties as interim police chief and director of public safety, also manages the departments of Environmental Health and Safety, Parking and Transportation, and

Real Property at UK as vice president of auxiliary and campus services.

Otto, who had served as police chief since July 2003, stepped down from his position after being reprimanded in October for getting a UK police employee to help him with coursework for his doctoral degree at Eastern Kentucky University.

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Technical director and set designer Rich Foley inspects another day's progress on the stage for the Lexington Shakespeare Festival, set up in the UK Arboretum. The festival has run annually since 1982, featuring a variety of Shakespeare's works as well as those of other playwrights.

SCOTT LOUTHERN STAFF



UK theater grad Danny Bowling and music education junior David Blanton hang lights on the stage for the Lexington Shakespeare Festival.

WHITNEY MATERS STAFF

Lexington Shakespeare Festival

When: "As You Like It," July 6 - 10, "Cyrano De Bergerac," July 13-17, "Fiddler on the Roof," July 20-24.
Gates open at 7 p.m., pre-show starts at 8 p.m., and shows start at 8:45 p.m.

Where: UK Arboretum

How Much: General admission tickets cost \$8 and may be purchased at the gate with cash or check, reserved chair seating costs \$12, reserved blanket seating for four costs \$48 (blanket not provided). Reserved seating is available through the Singletary Center Ticket Office.

Web Site: www.lexingtonshakespeare.org

Former vice admiral, Perot running mate dead at 81

By Martin Weil
THE WASHINGTON POST

James B. Stockdale, 81, the retired Navy vice admiral, teacher and thinker whose heroism in Vietnamese captivity won him the Medal of Honor and who later ran for vice president, died July 5 at his home in Coronado, Calif.

A statement released by the Navy said he had been suffering from Alzheimer's disease.

Embodying the virtues of both warrior and philosopher, Stockdale, an aviator, credited the tenets of Epictetus, one of the ancient Stoics, with helping him survive 7 1/2 years of abuse as the highest-ranking U.S. Navy officer to be held captive in Vietnam.

As Stockdale's character and conduct in desperate circumstances became known after the war, he won praise as a national hero who transcended the divisiveness of the times.

When he was selected as the vice presidential candidate on the third-party ticket headed by Ross Perot in 1992, expectations were high.

"The brainy, selfless and distinctly unegotistical Stockdale, will make both Vice President (Dan) Quayle and Sen. Albert Gore Jr., the Democrats' No. 2 man, seem like callow youths" in their debate, David Broder wrote in The Washington Post.

However, Stockdale's debate experience reminded many of the

dangers of the format.

"Who am I?" he asked. "Why am I here?" The rhetorical nature of those questions were lost; they seemed amusing rather than instructive.

If anyone was suited to withstand such a setback, it may have been Stockdale. Before going to Southeast Asia, he had taken a philosophy course at Stanford University, learning from it, he once said, that man must reconcile himself to a life in which evil often is rewarded while virtue is punished.

Whatever hardships he experienced in politics, they appeared to pale in comparison to Vietnam.

On Sept. 9, 1965, his A-4 fighter-bomber was hit by anti-aircraft fire, and he ejected over a small coastal

village. A beating on the ground broke his left knee. It was broken again in prison, and he never regained its full use. In prison, he was tortured and suffered other injuries. He was placed in leg irons for two years and held in solitary confinement for four.

As recounted in the citation for his Medal of Honor, the military's highest award for valor, he mutilated himself to avoid appearing in propaganda photography. Later, he managed to slash his wrists, coming close enough to death to convince his captors that he would not give in. According to the Navy, the torture of other prisoners then abated.

Stockdale liked to quote from Epictetus: "Lameness is an imped-

ment to the leg but not to the will."

Secretary of the Navy Gordon R. England said in a statement Tuesday night that Stockdale's "courage and life stand as timeless examples of the power of faith and the strength of the human spirit."

Stockdale was born Dec. 23, 1923, in Abingdon, Ill. He graduated from the Naval Academy in the class of 1947. During his career, he was a test pilot, president of the Naval War College and a fellow of the Hoover Institution. He retired from the Navy in 1979. He and his wife, Sybil, wrote a book, "In Love and War."

He is survived by his wife, four sons and eight grandchildren.

FRAME X FRAME | In theaters and on shelves



Chris Evans, as the Human Torch of the Marvel dynamic quartet, the Fantastic Four, streaks across the New York skyline in search of people to save. Fantastic Four starts this Friday.

THEATRICAL RELEASES

Fantastic Four

After an accident during an experimental space voyage, 4 friends mutate into the Fantastic Four. Mr. Fantastic gains the ability to bend and twist his limbs like stretch Armstrong; the Human Torch gains the ability to, you guessed it, create fire; the Thing simply turns into a big giant rock creature; and the Invisible Woman can disappear and create force fields. For reasons unbeknownst to me, Dr. Doom decides he wants to destroy New York City, so obviously these astronauts turned superheroes are the only ones that can save the day. Also, Jessica Alba is in it, which is more than enough reason to see it. I mean, did you see Sin City? She's hot.

At Regal, Lexington Green, and Woodhill.

Murderball

Despite the name, this movie is in fact not about a ball that goes around murdering people. It is actually a documentary about a sport played at the Paralympics that is essentially rugby, but played by people in wheelchairs. The participants know it as Murderball. And this isn't your typical schmaltzy "oh pity me I'm in a wheelchair" story that would be an ABC Family movie of the week. This film points is more of a "guess what, we don't need your help, we're fine the way we are" story, with the backdrop of sports.

Dark Water

Jennifer Connelly stars in a remake of the Japanese film Honogurai mizu no soko kara, which just happens to be from the same writer as The Ring and The

Grudge (or at least their Japanese equivalents). A woman and her daughter move into a small apartment after a bitter custody battle, only to discover that they are being haunted by a former resident (Amityville Horror anyone?). The ghost makes its presence known by making the water dark. Scary stuff here folks.

At Regal, Woodhill, and Reel Deal.

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

This is not a remake of the Gene Wilder classic. Just in case you missed my first sentence, I shall shout it. THIS IS NOT A REMAKE! Writer Roald Dahl, who wrote the book back in the 1960s, thought the original movie was horrible and denied them the rights to film a sequel. Director Tim Burton and Johnny Depp are making this as a strict interpretation of the book. Say goodbye to

singing and dancing, say goodbye to the golden geese that do in Veruca, and say goodbye to those hideous orange-faced Oompas Loompas. Every Oompa Loompa is played by Deep Roy, who can also be seen in Big Fish.

At Regal.

Wedding Crashers

Vince Vaughn and Owen Wilson star in this film about a pair of guys who come up with the genius idea of meeting single women at weddings, whether they were invited to the ceremony or not. Of course one of the men falls for a bridesmaid and alienates the other, and a rivalry ensues. Expect to learn some serious life lessons.

At Regal.

—COMPILED BY
FEATURES CO-EDITOR
RYAN EBELHAR

ABC and life without Jennings

By Matea Gold
LOS ANGELES TIMES

NEW YORK — When ABC's Peter Jennings was forced to leave the anchor chair in April to seek treatment for lung cancer, the already topsy-turvy world of network evening news seemed poised for mayhem.

Dan Rather had retired from the "CBS Evening News" a month earlier, replaced temporarily by Bob Schieffer. And NBC had just gone through its own transition, when Brian Williams succeeded Tom Brokaw in December.

The shift at ABC was more jarring. After announcing his diagnosis, Jennings immediately took a leave to begin chemotherapy.

With no sense of when he will return, the network has relied on Charles Gibson and Elizabeth Vargas as substitutes on the anchor desk.

Despite the uncertainty caused by his illness, "World News Tonight" has held its own.

The gap between the top-rated "NBC Nightly News" and the ABC broadcast has remained essentially the same — an average of 224,000 viewers in June compared with 220,000 in March, according to Nielsen Media Research.

All the newscasts have lost viewers overall since last year, which network officials attribute to an expected drop-off after a presidential election year.

But the dynamics of the evening-news competition remain largely unchanged.

NBC continues to lead in the season averages, with ABC a close second and CBS a more distant third.

In the last six weeks, "World News Tonight" actually won the largest share of younger viewers, ages 25 to 54, the key advertising demographic for news programs. (This year NBC has held the lead among these viewers overall.)

That ABC has remained strong has forced the network into a difficult balancing act: touting the competitive nature of a show that is missing its leading man.

"It's absolutely awkward for them," said New York-based analyst Andrew Tyndall, who monitors network news.

"Conventional wisdom would say that a leaderless newscast — when people don't know who is going to be reading the news from one day to the next — would be one that would be jeopardized," he said.

"The fact that the ratings have proved that isn't happening is a real lesson about why people watch — for the news, not the anchor," said Tyndall.

But ABC News officials maintain that the program's strength is due to Jennings' ongoing involvement. The anchor frequently participates in the 9 a.m. editorial conference call and weighs in with suggestions throughout the day, executive producer Jon Banner said.

"We're still putting on his broadcast," he said.

ABC has not been shy about touting its standing.

Last month, the network ran a full-page ad in The New York Times on the occasion of its latest Edward R. Murrow Award and proclaimed the evening broadcast "America's Number One Network News." (Small print at the bottom of the page explained that the title referred to its recent lead in the key demographic.)

Banner said he believes the show's ratings are the result of changes he and Jennings began making two years ago, when he first came aboard to produce "World News Tonight." Since then, they have put more emphasis on investigative pieces and stories about the nation's culture wars.

"Viewers don't respond to those changes overnight," he said. "I think it takes time to build up."

ABC News President David Westin also stressed Jennings' continual influence on the program, adding that he is counting on the anchor to return as soon as he is well enough.

He would not comment on his prognosis, except to acknowledge the seriousness of his illness.

"He is an optimist," Westin said. "He has shown great strength and grace, but he's battling a very, very difficult disease."

There's no doubt Jennings' presence is still felt, even though he has been able to make only occasional visits to the newsroom.

Many ABC employees — including Westin — began wearing yellow "Live

Strong" bracelets after his diagnosis. And the network was flooded with letters and e-mails from viewers offering support.

In late April, Jennings posted a letter on ABC's Web site.

"Thousands of you have spoiled me rotten with your attention in the last couple of weeks," he wrote.

"Whether you have a cancer connection or not, your anecdotes, mementos, home recipes and general all-purpose guidance and concern have all been so deeply appreciated."

Jennings' forced absence came when he had hoped to be challenging NBC for its No. 1 ranking, a title it has held since the 1996-97 season. With Brokaw retiring, many analysts thought ABC had an opening to climb back on top this year.

But Williams maintained NBC's lead even before Jennings' departure.

"NBC Nightly News" has attracted the largest average audience every week since he took over the anchor desk Dec. 2.

"Brian is doing a terrific job," said Steve Capus, senior vice president of NBC News. "I see us in a very strong competitive position when nearly every expert said we wouldn't be here."

He dismissed ABC's recent gains among 25- to 54-year-old viewers, noting that the newscasts have swapped the lead in that demographic for the last three years.

But Capus admitted to some discomfort about touting NBC's wins, considering the changed landscape.

"All I've thought about in Peter's absence is that I wish him well," he said. "I feel the normal competitive games are secondary."

For his part, Williams had hoped to measure himself against Rather and Jennings, "the two lions" of the business.

"I would give anything for this current set of circumstances not to exist," he said.

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THE FANTASTIC FOUR (PG-13)	CRASH (R)	THE FANTASTIC FOUR (PG-13)
REVENGE (PG-13)	MOVING AND SLEEPING (PG)	CLASH (R)
BEWITCHED (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE TRAILING GARDEN (PG)	CLASH (R)
THE FANTASTIC FOUR (PG-13)	THE PERFECT MAN (PG)	HERNIE, FULLY LOADED (G)
HERNIE, FULLY LOADED (G)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)
THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)
BATMAN BEGINS (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)
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CINDERELLA MAN (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)
THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)
MADAGASCAR (PG)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)
THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)
STAR WARS EPISODE III: REVENGE OF THE SITH (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)
THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)	THE BROTHERHOOD (PG-13)

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MOVIES YOU MISSED | Go rent them

By Tiffany Stephens
THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

Vanity Fair. Legally Blonde and the dismal sequel *Legally Blonde 2* (insert obnoxious subtitle here). *Sweet Home Alabama.*

All of these films have one thing in common: they star sweet, bubbly, pointy-chinned Reese Witherspoon.

Well, forget everything sweet and bubbly about Witherspoon. This week's obscure movie selection portrays the regular romantic comedy star in a much, much different light. The Oliver Stone light.

This week's selection is the demented, trashy but thoroughly entertaining *Freeway* (1996), directed by Matthew Bright and executive produced by Oliver Stone, among others. The film features leading lady Reese Witherspoon as the white trash princess Vanessa Lutz.

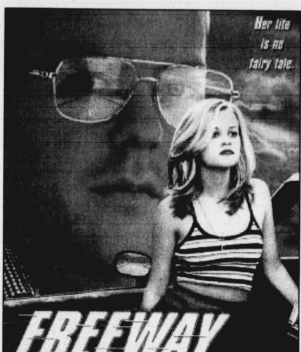
Freeway also includes the acting talents of Kiefer Sutherland (Bob Wolvertson), Dan Hedaya (Detective Garnet Wallace), and the surprising Brittany Murphy, who plays the gas-huffing lesbian, Rhonda. Now that has to spark your interest in the movie's plot.

The story begins with troublesome Vanessa, an illiterate teen girl with a highly dysfunctional home life and reckless past. After returning home from alternative schooling one day, she finds her mother on the street corner, selling her body in

order to pay for her and Vanessa's "stepfather's" methamphetamine habit.

After the cops bust Vanessa's parents for drugs and prostitution, she is left with no place to go but an equally dysfunctional (if not worse) foster home. So, "little red riding hood" begins the long and dangerous journey to her grandmother's home.

As you can tell by my blatant comparison in the previous sentence, this film retells the classic story of a red-hooded heroine (the red cape is replaced with a bitchin' red leather jacket) on her way to her grandmother's house.



Kiefer Sutherland plays a creepster in *Freeway*.

On her perilous journey, Vanessa hitchhikes a ride with well-spoken, charismatic Bob (Sutherland), a counselor at a boy's home. While riding in the car together, Bob gets Vanessa to spill the beans about her troubled past. When Vanessa finds herself trusting this complete stranger, Bob reveals his true identity as the infamous "I-5 killer."

I will not reveal what happens after this point for suspense purposes. But, I will say that the film is definitely not over with the revelation of Bob's true identity. In most

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E-mail: features@kykernel.com

Special edition unrated DVDs all the rage

By Patrick Goldstein
LOS ANGELES TIMES

HOLLYWOOD — When New Line had its first research screening of *Wedding Crashers* in nearby Pasadena last fall, the studio knew it had a potential hit on its hands. The raucous romantic comedy, which stars Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn as a pair of lovable rogues who get their kicks from partying at strangers' weddings, got a resoundingly enthusiastic reception from a theater full of young moviegoers.

One of the studio's only concerns about the film, which arrives July 15, was its rating. The film's director, David Dobkin, was contractually obligated to deliver a PG-13 movie, largely because R-rated comedies today rarely perform as well as PG-13 films. But when the audience filled out a research survey after the screening, most of the scenes they checked off as their favorites—including one featuring a furtive sexual act performed under the table at a formal family dinner—clearly put the movie into R-rated territory.

According to Dobkin, when members of an audience focus group were asked what rating they thought the movie should have, it was not a hung jury. "Twenty out of 20 people said they wanted the film to be rated R," Dobkin recalls. "After that, New Line never raised the issue again. The scenes people liked the best were the R-rated ones."

New Line's decision to release a potential summer comedy blockbuster with an R rating has raised eyebrows at rival studios—and with good reason. In recent years, thanks to political and demographic pressures, the R rating has been in a precipitous decline. Since 1999, when R-rated movies made up 41 percent of all box office, the R-rated business has dropped 30 percent, while PG and PG-13 films have risen considerably. The drop in R-rated movies has been especially dramatic since Hollywood chiefs were hauled before Congress in September 2000 following the release of a scathing Federal Trade Commission report accusing entertainment companies of cynically marketing R-rated movies to children.

This being Hollywood, the decision to pull back is rooted more in marketing concerns than in moral ones. Even though Congress has moved on to more pressing issues, like trying to pass bills against flag burning, many of the studios' self-imposed marketing restrictions remain, notably that R-rated

movies can't be advertised on TV before 9 p.m. *Wedding Crashers* for example, was able to advertise on "The MTV Movie Awards" only in a segment of the show that aired after 9.

The numbers speak for themselves. According to data compiled by Exhibitor Relations Co., since the 2000 congressional hearings, 15 comedies have made more than \$15 million at the box office. Only one, *American Pie 2*, had an R rating. 2004 was an especially miserable year for R-rated comedies. *Eurotrip*, *The Girl Next Door*, *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle* and *Team America: World Police* were all box-office disappointments, with only *Team America* making more than \$20 million in its theatrical release.

Studio marketers say the R rating puts them at a clear disadvantage. Many exhibitors are reluctant to play trailers for an R-rated movie in front of a PG-13 film. Even worse, R-rated humor is verboten in TV commercials, so it's impossible to show a film's raunchiest scenes on TV. Despite these restrictions, the R-rated comedy is beginning to make a comeback. *Wedding Crashers* will be followed in August by *Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo*, with Rob Schneider, and *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, starring Steve Carell. More R-rated comedies are due early next year.

The reasons for this mini-comeback are simple. In recent years, the real action in the movie business has shifted from theatrical box office to DVD sales, which now make up more than 60 percent of studio revenues. One of the hottest profit centers is a new genre devoted to raunchy "unrated" DVD versions of R-rated films. As *The Times*' Elaine Dutka reported recently, the unrated versions of such R-rated comedies as *Bad Santa*, *Harold & Kumar* and the *American Pie* series accounted for nearly 90 percent of their video sales.

This trend speaks volumes about the tendency in America to say one thing but do another. People claim they want wholesome family entertainment, but the big money on the Internet and in pay TV comes from pornography. In the rare instances when a studio puts out a feel-good valentine, like *Because of Winn-Dixie* or *My Dog Skip*, the movie dies on the vine. For all the talk of our country's obsession with moral values, nothing succeeds with the American people like the salacious promise of a little extra nudity or hanky-panky in their DVD packages.

This unlikely boom in raunchy videos has been made possible by the

fact that the Motion Picture Association of America, which rigorously regulates the ratings of theatrical films (and, just as important, their trailers and TV spots), has taken a see-no-evil, hear-no-evil approach to the video marketplace. Former MPA chief Jack Valenti, who still oversees the ratings board, told Dutka that as long as the packaging is honest, he has no problem with unrated movies. Apparently the same goes with Wal-Mart, which has long refused to carry hip-hop CDs with parental advisory warnings but now happily stocks unrated DVDs, at least as long as they are assured by studios that the videos would be rated R if they had received a rating.

As you might suspect, this boom in unrated videos is quietly playing a role in the studios' renewed interest in R-rated comedies. Whatever a studio loses in theatrical business could easily be made up for on the home-video end.

In fact, all of those R-rated comedies that underperformed at the box office last year were big hits in their DVD release. Kornblau says the *American Pie* DVDs, largely on the strength of sales from unrated videos, are the biggest-selling home-video franchise in the studio's history. *American Wedding* the third installment in the series, had a 20-minute "bachelor party sequence" that was scripted specifically for the unrated DVD.

It's always possible that some moralist like James Dobson may someday try to put the kibosh on this new pot of gold, shocked by the presence of a naked girl in a shower or a puppet sex scene (one of the additions to the unrated *Team America* DVD). But the studios now have a great card to play in order to get Congress to stiffen penalties against piracy: they agreed to legislation that allows businesses to market family-friendly censorship devices like ClearPlay, which allow skittish parents to edit sex, violence or bad language out of their DVDs. Having embraced ClearPlay, studios can spiritedly defend this new generation of unrated videos, saying that if some parents have the right to defang saucy movies, why can't others enjoy a little extra sex or violence in an unrated version?

Despite New Line's jitters about marketing *Wedding Crashers*, you can bet the studio will make its money back selling an unrated DVD of the movie. In America, if something is forbidden fruit, you'll always find plenty of people eager to take a bite out of the apple.

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Reporter's fate a black eye for free speech

When the iron bars or steel door or whatever slams shut on Judith Miller's world tonight, the founding fathers will shudder.



Derek Poore
KERNEL COLUMNIST

Two days after America celebrated its 229th year of independence, the government Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin helped create jailed someone they'd hoped to protect when they dipped into their ink wells and wrote the Declaration of Independence, the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

Miller, a reporter with the New York Times, told a federal judge Wednesday that she wouldn't reveal the name of her source and it didn't matter how long she was in jail, either.

"If journalists cannot be trusted to guarantee confidentiality, then journalists cannot function and there cannot be a free press," she said in a prepared statement in court.

"The right of civil disobedience is based on personal conscience, it is fundamental to our system and it is honored throughout our history."

Then, she was whisked away to a detention center in Alexandria, Va. Joseph Pulitzer tended mules and was a waiter before studying English and eventually buying what would become the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His name is emblazoned on the most esteemed prize a reporter can dream of. As a young man Benjamin Franklin ran around seeking gossip as a publishing pioneer in colonial America, having broken apprenticeship with his brother in his teens. He would write letters under sarcastic pen names, stirring up whatever he could wherever he went. He perfected the art of public relations.

Humble beginnings for important people. Nobody is above the law. No journalist, no police officer, no lawyer, no athlete, not even the President.

I'm the first person who'll tell you, part of the reason journalists get a bad rap is

because they can, at times, act and appear high and mighty. They can seem like they're God and creator.

But they aren't. And most know this. Miller didn't reveal her source. She did this of her own volition.

Time Magazine's Matthew Cooper, also facing the same fate as Miller, did agree to testify before a grand jury — only after his source told him to.

Both were conscious decisions. "There are times when the greater good of our democracy demands an act of conscience," New York Times publisher Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., said in a statement. "Judy has chosen such an act in honoring her promise of confidentiality to her sources. She believes as we do, that the free flow of information is critical to an informed citizenry." The free flow of information.

Perhaps as the public digests this free flow of information — the information about how a reporter doing her job, under the ethical guidelines of her employer, is now sitting in the Alexandria Detention Center in Virginia — they may be swayed that Miller

performed a service to them.

I won't wax patriotic anymore than I already have about the freedoms of the United States.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744) wrote: "Let fortune do her worst, ... as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence."

What Miller did and what other journalists do in their every day jobs is seen as sleazy by some, honorable by others. Sometimes, journalists can border on the sleazy, but most times, they're just happy to serve the public silently.

I doubt Miller will be cast into the general population of the detention center she's in — but you never know. I don't know how she'll come out of that type of ordeal.

But I'm hoping the fortune she was dealt — her sacrifice — was worth it. I'm hoping people will see it for what it was. Even to those who don't realize it was a sacrifice at all.

Derek Poore is a journalism senior.
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ONLINE POLL QUESTION

Should New York Times reporter Judith Miller be imprisoned for refusing to testify before a grand jury investigating the leak of a CIA operative's identity?

Yes

No

VOTE ONLINE AT WWW.KYKERNEL.COM

A liberal reading of the Ten Commandments

I am the new ruler of everyone, which has brought thou out of slavery to backward, out-of-date faith and into a new age of peace and redefinition of universal terms for all.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me, unless it's in the name of tolerance, diversity and respect for all manner of faiths, and supposed "non-faiths" whose core doctrine includes negating all public references to a monotheistic deity in an effort to respect an establishment of their own religion.

Thou shalt not erect before nor within thine courthouses any graven image of the former edition of these Commandments, nor of Nativity scenes and such, for that is detestable to me. Neither shall such symbols adorn any location outside, whereupon they may be seen and recognized by persons not in allegiance to the faiths behind those symbols, after which all hope will evaporate and the sun itself will appear to darken in their eyes and they may begin to whine. Making them do this is detestable in my sight.

(Exceptions: educational backgrounds of Eastern religions, National Endowment for the Arts-sponsored desecrations of Judeo-Christian symbols, public television documentaries exposing the "Real" Jesus, secular humanism, etc. See Appendixes 4-D to 98.156-X.)

Thou shalt not misuse the name of the Lord thy God, unless thou art really mad. Remember the Sabbath day by keeping it holy. For in six days ye shall labor and ignore the sovereignty or principles of God or whatever throughout the week and instead use thine own judgment in matters of morality and daily living, but the seventh day is a Sabbath on which thou shalt go to a place of worship of thine choosing and close thine eyes and sing and act all religious.

Honor thy father and mother, by ensuring that in their old age they will have government-subsidized prescription drugs and all funds provided by unmodified federal welfare systems of 60-year antiquity. However, thou shalt not feel obligated to honor thy father and mother if they have lived long in the land, by taking them into thine own houses and caring for them by thine own self, that is the task of The System. I have spoken.

Thou shalt not kill any living thing in a foreign country in any war that a conservative-leaning president is presiding over; neither shalt thou raise thine hand to strike any enemy in such a war. Instead thou shalt first seek to learn from the enemy why he is angry at you and attempt to negotiate and

make a treaty, after which he shall strike and break the no-killing commandment himself, but at least thou art safe. However, thou shalt surely kill a living thing if it is not viable on its own or it is unwanted; also, thou shalt feel freely to kill based on concerns of Overpopulation.

Thou shalt not commit adultery, unless it's consensual and if the two participants really really feel like it. Also thou shalt not infringe in any way whatsoever upon the rights of persons to gaze lustfully upon suggestive and naked images and commit adultery within their hearts, for that is not at all detestable to me as long as such persons somehow refrain from converting their repulsive thought lives into actual actions.

Neither shall there be any intolerant definitions of what constitutes "true love" or "family" in My sight, for that is detestable.

Thou shalt not steal, unless it's for a good cause and the poor will benefit, or if the object of the theft is property that could be used much more effectively by a benevolent city council for the welfare of all.

Thou shalt not give false testimony against thy neighbor, unless it's about sex, or doesn't have anything to do with thine job as president.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbors' houses, nor their spouses, nor their servants, oxen, Rolexes, private jets or 401K plans, unless of course thy neighbors are much more successful or wealthier than thou, in which case they are Evil. In that event, do not hesitate to try obtaining some of their things also, by political stealth or redistribution, or by getting thine own self into debt up to thine eyeballs.

Postscript, from the soon-to-be-released *Liberal Enlightenment's Favored Translation (L.E.F.T.) New Testament*:

A new commandment I give unto you: never judge one another, especially if one another is a liberal. That is detestable in my sight. Neither shalt thou ever actually read the rest of the passage of the often-distorted Matthew 7 and learn that the original Jesus Christ actually asked his followers to judge everything, as long as they have not judged hypocritically and their consciences are clear in those areas.

Neither shalt thou apply simple logic to such a revised moral construction as "never, ever judge" and thus rule out the deciding of what is right and wrong for any reason because all judging is banned — except the judging of Christ-followers, conservatives and those who attempt to judge liberals, of course.

Thus saith this almighty international Supreme Court.

Signed this Feb. 16 of 2016, Sovereign Chief Justice Vojislav J. Carpathia, The Hague, Netherlands.

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Confessions of a Potter addict

I have a college degree. From this university. I'm 22 years old.



Hillary Canada
KERNEL COLUMNIST

And I'm reading all of the Harry Potter books. I'm not really sure why that is so embarrassing to me, but for some reason its almost easier for me to admit that I want to go see *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants* than for me to even up to rereading all of the magical antics of the messy haired wizard in anticipation of the July 16 release of "Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince."

Maybe it's because last summer I spent my entire break drugging through a Tale of Two Cities and *The Fountainhead*, that I feel as though I'm wasting precious brain-power devouring these children's books.

Or maybe it was because I was ridiculed by a co-worker who was rifling through my purse and found my copy of "The Sorcerer's Stone." I honestly think he would have been less aghast, (but probably more turned on) if he had found porn in my purse.

Perhaps it's the idea that in the grand scheme of things, there is an invisible clock over my head, quickly heading toward zero, and I'm spending a considerable chunk of time flipping through the pages of books I've already read three times over.

Or it could be my irrational fear of being one of those adults who shops at the Disney store or wears a Foghorn Leghorn watch, and/or dresses up for the release of movies adapted from Sci-Fi film series. Because, let's just face it, those people are annoying.

Either way, I find myself fumbling around for an excuse or an explanation as to why any of the books are in my hand at any given moment.

But in all honesty, I don't think I really need an excuse. The books are just good. Dickensian plot-twists, believable and

archetypal characters and chock full of fanciful fun.

Despite my embarrassment, I always attempt to win people over to the Potter campaign. But the reply is always the same. Donning the same skeptical look, with narrowed eyes, and a shake of their head, each would-be convert comes back with the same predictable and annoying line. "Well, I saw the movie, and I didn't really like it."

This is where I freak out, kind of like my friend who always asks for sweet tea at restaurants, and gets angry when servers tell her they have regular tea and there is sugar on the table. It's insulting to the intelligence of myself and any reader of any other book in the world to think that the book is not in some way more rewarding than the movie.

With the exception of "Fight Club," and "About a Boy," I would be hard pressed to name a movie I've seen that was better than the book upon which it was based. And those books were only surpassed by their movie counterparts because of brilliant casting and excellent direction, not really through any deficiency in the actual books themselves.

Point being, using "I saw the movie, and I didn't like it," to get out of reading the book is like saying "I was drunk" to get out of trouble for knocking boots with your significant other's sibling and/or best friend. It's a non-excuse. Just don't use it.

Just join the Potter party already. It's more exciting and rewarding than the Donner Party, less fattening than a pizza party, and far less awkward than a cuddle party.

Because if you join then I will no longer have to pretend like I don't hate children, and in fact am reading the book so that I can better communicate with them. Because I don't like kids, just their literature.

So listen to me, I know what I'm talking about. I have a college degree.

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Tony Stewart: Mellowed Out?

By Lee Spencer
THE SPORTING NEWS

Imagine the adrenaline it takes to fuel a man up a 20-foot chain-link fence after he has battled a field of 42 cars in the Florida heat and humidity in a 400-mile race.

Tony Stewart was boiling over with the thrill of conquering the beast that is Daytona International Speedway -- so excited he climbed to get the checkered flag. He was so dominant in the wee hours last Sunday morning that even Jamie McMurray and Dale Earnhardt Jr., who finished second and third in the Pepsi 400, were awestruck by Stewart's performance and the power of his racecar.

Stewart is a wheelman. The car control he exhibited when taking his opponents four-wide and diving for the lead was nothing short of spectacular.

Stewart, 34, not only has hit his prime

as a racer, but -- at least from most outward appearances -- he also has left his childish ways behind.

Yes, it has been a gradual evolution from his early days in NASCAR, when members of the media -- myself included -- were quick to dismiss his brash behavior and peg him with names such as "Tony the Terrible."

It's easy to forget the Tony who races at small dirt tracks generally is a different guy than the one who shows up to race in NASCAR.

At those small dirt tracks Stewart doesn't have endless sponsorship commitments, and he's better able to relax.

Stewart traces his new approach in NASCAR to a frank conversation with his team and crew chief Greg Zipadelli at the end of last season.

Zippy, a close friend of Stewart, told his driver (I'm paraphrasing here), "You

don't realize what your behavior is doing to this team." The message sunk in.

Although Stewart still doesn't relish his trips to the media center, he has accepted the task as part of his job. That has made the media members more accepting of Stewart.

When he entered the post-race press conference last Sunday morning, I looked at him, shook my head and said, "That was amazing."

"It wasn't me," he replied and pointed to Zippy.

Stewart was completely selfless and credited the team.

He says the key this season is "to not put pressure on ourselves and go out and race."

"If we have a bad day, it's a bad day," Stewart says.

"There's a lot of guys out there having bad days," Stewart said.

"Seems like the worst thing that can happen is to let it get to you and get you down, and that's something that Zippy has worked really hard on -- with all the guys and me as well. Now the morale of the team is up even when we have a bad day."

"It doesn't mean we accept losing better, but we don't let it dictate the rest of our week or the following weeks after that."

"We just shrug it off and say, 'OK, now we have to work on next week and try to find something to make us better than the week before.'"

Stewart has put that philosophy into motion, jumping from 10th in the points standings to third in the past three races.

At this pace, the kinder, gentler Tony Stewart will be the new Nextel Cup champion.

Shuffle Up for this Series

By Dave Kindred
THE SPORTING NEWS

Picked up The Washington Post the other day and read a Norman Chad story saying the World Series has started.

Not in St. Louis or Boston.

In Las Vegas. And now comes the grand finale, the "Main Event," where as many as 6,600 poker players will ante up more than \$60 million of their own money. That's \$10,000 each to buy in.

The winner might push away from the green felt with \$10 million.

So I called my man Chad, who is to poker what John Madden is to football, only funnier and with a mustache.

"Tell me about poker," I said.

"There's an onslaught and an avalanche," he said.

Causing me to duck under a chair. "Especially among young people," he said.

Millions of Americans play. Chad wrote about the Vegas gathering of "poker pros, local heroes, gambling wannabes and dead-money drifters."

The New York Times has hired a weekly poker columnist, James McManus, whose first published sentence was a paraphrase of Jacques Barzun's famous line on baseball: "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America had better learn poker."

The Travel Channel -- the Travel Channel -- covers poker.

So, a couple years ago, ESPN answered the demand by televising poker.

When it needed a color commentator, the casting call went out. It went out like this: "Hey, Norm, come here."

Everyone knew Norman Chad played poker. Once upon a time, he had been a semiregular sportswriter, first at The Washington Post and then writing a football-betting column for the dear departed National Sports Daily.

The column, a riot of comic images, survived the National's demise and soon decorated newspapers across the land.

Meanwhile, Chad played cards before, during and after two marriages, usually in Los Angeles at the Hollywood Park Casino's poker room.

"It's the room of broken lives," he said. "Out of work, divorced, you go there and see friendly faces. It's a safe harbor, 24 hours a day. I usually went two days a week 50 weeks a year."

Here, perhaps, I said, "Really?"

"I never told my friends back East. In Los Angeles, they said, 'Only twice a week? What discipline!' In Washington, D.C., they

would've had an intervention."

The climactic shufflings of this World Series take place at the Rio Hotel and Casino in "a room the size of Montana," Chad said. It begins with three daily sessions, 2,200 players in each, and grinds on until nine players come to the last table.

"They'll all leave millionaires," Chad said. One will win maybe \$10 million, an amount usually associated with performance-enhancing drugs. The intriguing difference is poker players risk their own cash rather than Steinbrenner's.

"Like Lee Trevino said about golf," Chad said, "Pressure is a \$20 Nassau when you've got \$5 in your pocket."

I spent many a sunny afternoon in the smoky darkness of a pool hall in a small central Illinois town where wizened men took my pennies at euchre, gin rummy and poker.

Since those days of innocence, I have played poker for money ones. It happened at a World Series (of baseball). Poker veterans invited me in. They could sit on a bed and fill an inside straight. I figured my buddy Bill Millsaps of the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch, would protect me. We'd been at it, oh, 13 minutes when I had lost that night's dinner money.

Soon, I'd lost the next morning's breakfast money. I looked at Millsaps sitting by the headboard.

On his handsome face was a look of surpassing contentment.

Cards were shuffled. Heartless men, dashing knights of the keyboard, arranged their cards into pairs and flushes and whatever else was necessary to rob a rube -- me -- of his next week's paycheck.

Meanwhile, Millsaps talked in his charmin' Virginia gentleman way. And, y'know what? I listened. As to when it dawned on me that I listened too much to the charmin' Virginia gentleman -- he won, I lost -- I can tell you precisely when I figured that out. Like, NOW.

I learned what Norman Chad has known forever. Poker is more than the luck of the draw.

It's who's paying attention. The best players are human polygraphs. They detect changes in body temperature, breathing rhythms and pulsations in forehead veins. Those are "tells."

They tell when a player has bad cards and good, unless you have made the mistake of hooking up with dudes so cool and impervious they can fake "tells."

So I asked Chad if he could spot "tells."

"If I could," he said, "I'd play five times a week."

And he sighed.

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