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One of the best things to happen to Iowa City this fall has been the mountain lion. I know, I know. There may not even be a mountain lion. Maybe people saw a big kitty, or a deer, or, heck, even a dog. It doesn’t matter. Whether ol’ Snagglepuss is as real as a downtown parking ticket or as imaginary as the white-cuffed-and-collared, pink-hued cartoon cat who just wants to exit stage left, it doesn’t matter. He (or she) has contributed much to the sense of the commons in Iowa City.

I’ll talk more about “the commons” next month in anticipation of the visit to our community by Jay Walljasper, author of the recent book *All That We Share: A Field Guide to the Commons*, on Nov. 8 and 9. (Mark your calendars!) Suffice it to say for now that “the commons” is, most simply, what we share. What we share brings us together and what brings us together strengthens our community. Our common interest in and “ownership” of clean air and water is one of the most significant examples of the commons. But the commons is also about the stories and experiences we share. And for the last few weeks, we’ve shared “the mountain lion.”

For those of you who have been living in a den for the past month, our community has been subject to several (unconfirmed) reports
The world is rife with UFOs, Nessies and Sasquatches, so why not a mountain lion in Iowa City?

of a mountain lion prowling the streets, trails and grocery stores of Iowa City. In early September, the cat was spotted near Horn School on the west side of town. By later in the month, Kitty had moved on up to the east side, when a patron and two First Avenue Hy-Vee employees spotted the elusive feline on the grocery store grounds. (Hey, that’s my neighborhood!) These sightings spurred several other reports in subsequent days.

There might be a mountain lion (or cougar, or panther, or puma or catamount—I don’t know my cats well, but my understanding is these are all about the same thing) in Iowa City. It would be somewhat rare, though, especially if it were wild, as they are rather solitary and territorial and greatly prefer low population densities. If Big Kitty is lurking about Shakespeare’s Pub and Mayflower Hall, as the most recent reports (as of this writing) suggest, he or she is probably an escaped exotic “pet”—which is probably a bigger problem than a wildcat on the loose, as it really wouldn’t quite know what it’s doing and is more habituated to people.

Or there might not be a mountain lion. We have surprisingly impressionable and suggestible minds. The world is rife with UFOs, Nessies and Sasquatches, so why not a mountain lion in Iowa City? It wouldn’t be the first instance of extraordinary popular delusions and the madness of crowds.

So, Louie, welcome to Iowa City. I don’t care if you’re real or not. You’ve already provided a lot of social capital for our community. Some people have laughed with each other. Some people have been legitimately frightened and drawn their children and pets a little closer. Some people have posted funny things on Facebook. Some people have shared their stories of running or biking or walking past Iowa City police officers patrolling the trail behind Hy-Vee with shotguns. Some people have made a temporary hobby of looking for new cougar reports on the daily police log and sharing that information with friends and loved ones, just because. Some people have gone on the radio and TV to share information about what mountain lions are, their likelihood of being in our community or not and what you should do if you encounter one. Some people have engaged in “did you hear...?” conversations—out of concern or bemusement or amusement—over the backyard fence or in the grocery store.

And in the course of all these exchanges, the mountain lion has entered Iowa City lore and has provided a common experience, fanciful or not, for us to share, helping us weave small but important threads of story and community together. In so doing, the mountain lion has contributed to the Iowa City commons, in its own small way. Thanks, Kitty Kitty, wherever you are. Come on back anytime.  

Thomas Dean has never seen a mountain lion in Iowa City, but his wife once saw a monkey in their backyard tree in Downers Grove, Illinois, when she was a kid.
I guess all it takes is one hard-fought and terrifically exciting triple-OT upset to get some folks riled up enough to write off the remaining ten games of the season. Oh well, take your black and gold gear down to Mizzou for all I care. There’s plenty of us still interested.

Because for those of us willing to stay the course, well, there was Pitt. Enough said.

In preparation for the season ahead, I’ve taken a few notes that may help all of us keep our disappointment in check, and force us to recognize that college football is an imprecise, unpredictable sport where 100 percent of the time, half of the teams lose. For every Hail-Mary pass on fourth and seven that ends in fans erupting onto the turf and dragging down the goalposts, there are a hundred fourth-and-desperate face-down flops. Some points to keep in mind:

1. In Kirk we must trust. No matter how distasteful some fans find it, it’s best we all wrap our brains around the fact that Kirk Ferentz is not exactly a risk taker. If you’re looking for a long-ball style offense, field-goal faking and running backs who serve more as blockers, you best be catching another bus. But if you’re looking for a coach who plays it straight, one whose confidence in his team’s ability is evident, then Ferentz is your man.

Prime example: When asked in the post-ISU press conference about not going for it on fourth and one in overtime number three, Ferentz responded, “Obviously I was banking on us being able to keep them out of the endzone. Knowing what I know now, I’d have done it differently.”

I was watching the same game as Kirk that infamous Saturday and I had very little faith that our defense could hold ISU out of an endzone they’d been fancy-dancing into all day long. But Kirk’s confidence in his players’ ability to perform shows real grit and heart, even if that confidence was obviously placed on the wrong side of the ball. If there’s anything we Iowans respect, it’s a man who proceeds with clear-eyed, unflinching confidence into the terrible mistake he’s about to make. One who takes note of each epic failure, then tries his best to do better next time. That, as our mothers never fail to remind us, is life.

2. Duh do run run run. I like to regard the performance of our Hawkeye football team as a direct reflection of the character of the state. It helps me better understand the sometimes unfathomable direction we are driven in by one Ken O’Keefe and it also keeps me from getting bored by a team that can be, let’s face it, a little repetitive. Plus, who doesn’t like a little narrative substructure to keep the ol’ brain active on multiple levels? Oh, literary city, I know you do …

So think about it … the roads here, they run straight, right? Straight up the gut. Narry a turnpike or cloverleaf in sight. And the people? They’re straight shooters, too. Upright and true, and if there’s a six-foot wall of muscle standing in our way (or some equally impenetrable force), by golly, we will barrel into the heap, scratching and clawing our way through until we either get squashed like a bug too blind to see the shoe, or emerge shimmering Goliaths in the corn-colored sun.

Iowans like to keep it simple. O’Keefe can be predictable, but that’s not exactly a characteristic we detest. If you’re going to get into an argument with your neighbor, wouldn’t you rather know if the gun under his bed is loaded? In O’Keefe’s case, we all know it’s not. So, hey, no surprises.

3. Van’s the man. I don’t know if you were paying attention, but James Vandenberg is, um, kind of a stud. Lest we forget, Pitt was
October is my favorite month. Sweatshirt weather, colorful foliage, Big Ten football and Halloween spookiness. It cannot be beat. The evening air is tinged with the campfire-like smoke of wood-burning stoves and far-off burn piles in the country, giving the month its own aroma. Whenever I catch that scent, I think of cool October evenings when the clouds are illuminated by deep, sunset hues and the fallen leaves are rustling in a light breeze. It also reminds me of a beer, one that perfectly embodies every-thing I love about October: Aecht Schlenkerla Rauchbier Märzen, brewed by Schlenkerla Heller-Bräu Trum of Bamberg, Germany.

A former beer guru at John’s Grocery described Schlenkerla Märzen as, “Campfire meets märzen meets bacon.” Brewed with malts smoked over beechwood fires, the smell of campfire and smoked bacon or ham is immediately noticeable after opening a bottle. Ideally poured into a mug or stein (a regular pint glass will do, too), the color is dark caramel topped with a couple fingers of dense, tan foam. The smoky aroma is so intense at first, it is enough to water ones eyes. Later, as the senses adjust to the smokiness, scents of caramel and chocolate emerge to assure and entice. The taste is not as smoky as the smell, but the smoked malts provide an excellent backbone of bacon, ham or sausage on which flavors of chocolate, caramel and coffee are added.

Schlenkerla Märzen is a little intimidating. Perhaps it can even be called scary. It is a campfire in a bottle, liquid bacon. But once the initial disbelief and sensory assault subsides, it is very enjoyable.

Casey Wagner

ALCOHOL CONTENT: 5.1 percent ABV
SERVING TEMPERATURE: 48ºF or a touch warmer
FOOD PAIRINGS: Any smoked meat. Smoked ham, sausage or bacon. The incredible landjägers sold at the Kalona Cheese Factory or meat shop in Amana may also be a good pairing. For fellow vegetarians, I recommend another bottle of rauchbier.

WHERE TO BUY: John’s Grocery and most area Hy-Vee stores.

PRICE: $5 per 500 ml bottle, and $40 per “partykeg.”
Give John Millar this much: The man doesn’t know when to quit. Unfortunately for us, Millar—the business-development consultant recently hired by the city and the university—also doesn’t know much about working with college-town audiences. Which is a shame, seeing as the city’s Planning & Community Development Department, The Daily Iowan and Millar himself tout his expertise in developing business in college towns.

The August YTN examined Millar’s track record and found it wanting, but that didn’t stop Millar from drafting a survey and blasting it to the entire university community (surveymonkey.com/s/Downtown_Iowa_City). I won’t spend a lot of time describing my opinions about the survey; you should see it for yourself. My own misgivings led me to contact some city officials about how the survey came to be and how we got mixed up with Millar in the first place.

University towns are odd ducks when it comes to the census. Most students report little or no income, but as a stroll through the Ped Mall on a Saturday night will tell you, students have decent chunks of disposable income. A scholarship here and a student loan there might cover your basics, leaving you dirt-poor on paper, but still honorably able to blow off some steam and some dollars when the weekend hits.

Bare-bone census data, then, doesn’t really capture the true number of consumer dollars being spent by residents of our fair city. So Millar’s approach is to look at the census figures for students’ hometowns and work them into a composite intended, as the city’s economic development coordinator, Wendy Ford, told me in a recent phone call, to enhance the city’s pitch to businesses that might want to set up shop here.

This isn’t really about more accurate demographics, and it’s not about measuring actual levels of disposable income. If it was, it would identify levels of student aid—scholarships, loans, things known to the university. It would factor in known and estimated room and board costs and use those to adjust the census’ official numbers. This is about identifying spending habits and presenting the most impressive numbers possible to potential retailers. That’s why the study presumes that a student from, say, West Des Moines would be most gratified if Iowa City looked like West Des Moines.

But West Des Moines, we ain’t. For that matter, we’re not Coralville, either, and competing directly with a local mall is a horrible idea. For better and for worse, we’re our own weird animal here in the People’s Republic of Johnson County. For now.

The survey, which was reviewed by university and city officials, is designed to complement this bean-counting with a look at what people in the community really want.
It suggests that this might include a national book store chain, never mind Prairie Lights, IowaBook & Supply and the many terrific used-book stores near downtown. Or a children’s apparel store, never mind that most of the folks being surveyed haven’t yet had kids. The sorts of places that might look good in, say, West Des Moines.

Millar’s game is becoming depressingly clear. So why are we trucking with the guy in the first place?

Turns out that some university officials met Millar last year at a conference in California. They were impressed enough to invite him to speak earlier this year to a group of townies and gownies. The hook firmly set by now, they put him up for a couple of days. During his stay, Millar met City Manager Tom Markus, who appears to be the city’s prime mover on the Millar front.

Interestingly, no official record of Millar’s visit, or of Markus’ subsequent plans to hire him, seem to have been retained. What we do know is that, after Markus met Millar, Councilors Connie Champion and Mike Wright brought Millar’s consultation and its $50,000 price tag up for a vote. That was May 17. The motion was deferred until June 7, when Councilors Regenia Bailey and Susan Mims brought an identical proposal up for consideration … identical but for the price tag, which had increased to $55,000. The measure passed unanimously.

**WHAT IS TO BE DONE?**

If university officials buy some snake oil at a conference, that’s one thing. If the former city manager of an astonishingly wealthy suburb likes the idea of building up corporate retail in a comely college town, he could just be playing to his strengths. But when that town’s city council endorses and funds those little hyper-ventilations, someone’s dozing at the switch.

The trouble here, in other words, isn’t that the university set seized on a bad idea, or that Markus jumped at the possibility of adding a little something to his come-to-Iowa-City pitch. After all, if you’re not coming up with a few bad ideas a month to go along with all of your good ones, you’re probably not thinking hard enough. The problem is that the city council let the university and Markus run with a bad idea.

Fortunately, this is election season and four of the council’s seven seats are up for grabs. The primary for at-large seats will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 11; the general election will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 8.

Here’s who’s running:
- Regenia Bailey’s District C seat is being contested by former councilor Jim Throckmorton and … that’s it.
- Ross Wilburn’s District A seat is being contested by Professor of Family Medicine Rick Dobynas and KCJJ Owner Steve Soboroff.

Two at-large seats are in play. One is currently held by Mayor Matt Hayek, who hopes to remain on the council; the other is being vacated by Mike Wright. Along with Hayek, the contenders are:
- Recently-minted MFA and PATV employee Josh Eklow
- Rockwell Collins Project Manager Richard Finley
- Developer and Realtor Mark McCallum
- Wake Up Iowa City Owner and urban chicken champion Jarrett Mitchell
- Student and 21-ordinance bemoaner Raj Patel
- Zoning commission member Michelle Payne

The primary will knock this list down to four; the general election sends two of those to the council.

Read up on ‘em, talk with your friends about ‘em, inform your opinions of ‘em. And if you’d like to learn anything right from the horse’s mouth, contact information for each candidate is available at www.icgov.org/default?id=1124. I’ll be devoting most or all of the November column to the general election.

**OFF YR DUFFS!**

Wendy Ford heard you when you barked about Millar’s survey. When I spoke with her about the latest flap, she stressed, as if to everyone who’s posted an online comment regarding the matter, that her office is not looking to flood downtown with big-box national retailers.

Early returns on the survey, Ford related, seemed to indicate that folks don’t see much need for a national bookstore outlet downtown. And when the survey mentions Urban Outfitters, that’s just a way of describing a type of store. Shorthand for Urban Outfittershiness, for “faux-rebellious clothing store whose CEO has contributed lots of money to Rick Santorum,” not any sort of indication that the responder wants an actual Urban Outfitters right smack downtown.

The study might help, she suggested, to bring in regional business: A hip new business in Cedar Rapids might want to expand here; an outfit in Davenport might want to relocate.

It’s great to hear that some folks are speaking up about the Millar mess and that some important people are listening. But that gives us half the picture: It tells us what some rightly outspoken Iowa Citians don’t want.

That’s not enough. Tell me that you live in a town without an Urban Outfitters and I don’t know if you live in Iowa City or Muleshoe, Texas. The full response includes...
local businesses: supporting them, yes, and also developing them.

So I asked Ford about another effort in which her office and Tom Markus’ are involved: CoLab, a co-working facility due to open soon. Co-working scales down the cost of freelancing and entrepreneurship by inviting people to work independently in a shared space.

CoLab is intended to house the co-working effort led by the Iowa City Area Development Group, a private organization founded in 1984 to encourage economic development in the area. After months of study and negotiations, the group is close to choosing a permanent home. The city is interested in helping out but, according to Ford, Markus has let it be known that the city’s will be “the last dollars in.”

So the consultant got the easy money and the locals are finding it tougher. Consultants provide little more than cover for nervous executives and Millar seems to have found some takers. That is what it is. More importantly, if at any point when reading this column or perusing Millar’s survey you thought “No, no, you dummies—what we need is a ______,” then it’s up to you to fill in the blank.

Talk the idea up, enlist some friends, get a business plan together, figure out what you’ll need to get started and fill in that blank. Someone’s going to and that someone ought to live in Iowa City.

Bob Burton is loaded for bear at bob.burton@littlevillagemag.com
LISTENING TO JOHNNY CASH WITH EDDIE

I could tell he had been a big man, but the cancer had eaten away at him, thinning him to an elongated skeleton in the bed. His eyes were red-rimmed and, as he slept, his right one didn’t close all the way, so I could see the eyeball between the lids. I pulled the chair close to the bed. After a while, I stood and took the sponge, soaked it in water and asked, “Eddie? Are you thirsty? Do you want some water?”

An inarticulate grunt told me he did. I placed the sponge in his mouth, which he immediately clamped shut. He sucked in the water from the sponge, making satisfied noises. I soaked the sponge again, and a third time. Finally, “Oh, that’s good,” he said, “Thank you.”

The volunteer coordinator had told me that he had hours to live, a day at the most. It was midnight and volunteers would be with him around the clock, until his last breath, except when his daughter, his last remaining relative, could get away from her job. I was surprised that he was still around at midnight the next night. I was even more surprised that he was awake. He didn’t speak much, and he fell asleep within a half an hour, but not only was he awake, but he said he knew I was a hospice volunteer and he knew he was dying. His sleep was troubled. He called out a name “Lisa,” and moaned, “I’m sorry.” I’d have taken his hand, but he was a seventy-five year old man from rural Iowa.

I was surprised again two days later when I arrived to find him wide awake and eager to talk. Lisa, it turned out, had been his wife. She had had a stroke and died five years prior. He watched her die as he waited for the ambulance. But that’s not what bothered him. “I never really said I was sorry for the way I treated her when I was still drinking.”

People who know they’re dying know they don’t have time to waste. If they’ve got something to say, they usually say it right away, even if they don’t know you very well.

As he sat in the chair in my discharge planner’s office, Richard was clearly exhausted, but his shirt was flawlessly ironed and his tie was tight. It was clear why the family had chosen him to speak for them; he was all composure and competence. “It’s difficult to coordinate all these services,” he said, “and it’s frustrating to have to give the same insurance and financial information to all of these different people.”

“You know what I’m going to say.”

“I know. I realize that mom isn’t going to live much longer than a couple of months, and I know you’re going to suggest that we talk to the hospice at home.”

“It’s a great hospice, one of the best in the state. If I call them now, I would be surprised if they didn’t have the hospital bed and oxygen in your mother’s house by tomorrow.”

“I can’t. My mom can’t. None of us can. To us, it’s giving up. Even knowing what we know, we still hope for a miracle.”

The last time I saw Eddie, he was home in Kalona. He was excited. His daughter had just given him a Johnny Cash compilation, The Sun Years, the one that had the hits from the ’50s on it, from when he and Lisa were first married. “I wanted to play these songs for you. You said you’d want to listen to some Johnny Cash, and I wanted to make sure I played him for you. I’ve always felt that he knew what it was like. Life. The world. Trouble. You know.” We went quiet as “Folsom Prison Blues” began.

When the CD ended, and I was getting ready to go, Eddie said, “I wasn’t ready to die when I was in that hospital. This last month has been a gift. I got saved. And when I got saved, I realized that Lisa wouldn’t have stayed with me if she hadn’t forgiven me. I believe she’s waiting for me. I’m ready now.”

Eddie died, of course, not too long after I last saw him. But he got a miracle, probably a better one than a cure. He took the extra weeks that he lucked into, looked at his life and found a meaning and a forgiveness that he could embrace. Ceasing to pursue a cure meant that he could turn his attention from prolonging his life to making his death mean something. Richard’s mother? I don’t know. I hope so, but I worry.

Listening to Johnny Cash now, especially the dark and guilty songs, I always think of Eddie, who loved Cash and passed that love on. And I think that many of the things that we call “entertainment” engage us precisely because they look into the darkness and the heaviness of life and find a way to convey it in a way that we can embrace. We look or listen and say, “this singer, or writer, or whatever knows what it’s like. Life. The world. Trouble.” I think of Eddie when I watch Deadwood or read King Lear.

Guess things happen that way.

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Guess things happen that way.

Pat Dolan teaches Rhetoric at The University of Iowa. He has been an Iowa City Hospice volunteer for the last decade. In another lifetime, he worked briefly as a discharge planner for a teaching hospital in the Midwest. The people depicted in this essay are composites: Nothing is true about Eddie except his guilt and his love of Johnny Cash, nothing about Richard except his family’s sorrow and reluctance.
KEMBREW MCLEOD: What are the origins of sampling in hip hop?

CHUCK D: Sampling basically comes from the fact that rap music is not music. It’s rap over music. So vocals were used over records in the very beginning stages of hip hop in the ’70s to the early ’80s. In the late 1980s, rappers were recording over live bands who were basically emulating the sounds off of the records. Eventually, you had synthesizers and samplers, which would take sounds that would then get arranged or looped, so rappers can still do their thing over it.

KM: Those synthesizers and samplers were expensive back then, especially in 1984. How did hip-hop artists get them if they didn’t have a lot of money?

CD: Not only were they expensive, but they were limited in what they could do—they could only sample two seconds at a time. But people were able to get a hold of equipment by renting time out in studios.

KM: How did the Bomb Squad [Public Enemy’s production team, led by Shocklee] use samplers and other recording technologies to put together the tracks on It Takes a Nation of Millions?

HANK SHOCKLEE: The first thing we would do is the beat, the skeleton of the track. The beat would actually have bits and pieces of samples already in it, but it would only be rhythm sections. … I kind of architected the whole idea. The sound has a look to me, and Public Enemy was all about having a sound that had its own distinct vision. We didn’t want to use anything we considered traditional R&B stuff—bass lines and melodies and chord structures and things of that nature.

KM: How did you use samplers as instruments?

CD: We thought sampling was just another way of arranging sounds. Just like a musician would take the sounds off of an instrument and arrange them their own particular way. So we thought we was quite crafty with it.

HS: “Don’t Believe the Hype,” for example—that was basically played with the turntable and transformed and then sampled. Some of the manipulation we was doing was more on the turntable, live end of it.

KM: Did you have to license the samples in It Takes a Nation of Millions before it was released?

HS: No, it was cleared afterward. A lot of stuff was cleared afterward. Back in the day, things...
was different. The copyright laws didn’t really extend into sampling until the hip-hop artists started getting sued. As a matter of fact, copyright didn’t start catching up with us until *Fear of a Black Planet* [1990]. That’s when the copyrights and everything started becoming stricter because you had a lot of groups doing it and people were taking whole songs. It got so widespread that the record companies started policing the releases before they got out.

**CD:** Corporations found that hip-hop music was viable. It sold albums, which was the bread and butter of corporations. Since the corporations owned all the sounds, their lawyers began to search out people who illegally infringed upon their records. All the rap artists were on the big six record companies, so you might have some lawyers from Sony looking at some lawyers from BMG and some lawyers from BMG saying, “Your artist is doing this,” so it was a tit for tat that usually made money for the lawyers, garnering money for the company. Very little went to the original artist or the publishing company.

**KM:** There’s a noticeable difference in Public Enemy’s sound between 1988 and 1991. Did this have to do with the lawsuits and enforcement of copyright laws at the turn of the decade?

**CD:** Public Enemy’s music was affected more than anybody’s because we were taking thousands of sounds. If you separated the sounds, they wouldn’t have been anything—they were unrecognizable. The sounds were all collaged together to make a sonic wall. Public Enemy was affected because it is too expensive to defend against a claim. So we had to change our whole style, the style of *It Takes a Nation* and *Fear of a Black Planet*, by 1991.

**HS:** We were forced to start using different organic instruments, but you can’t really get the right kind of compression that way. … Something that’s organic is almost going to have a powder effect. It hits more like a pillow than a piece of wood. So those things change your mood, the feeling you can get off of a record. If you notice that by the early 1990s, the sound has gotten a lot softer.

**CD:** Copyright laws pretty much led people like Dr. Dre to replay the sounds that were on records, then sample musicians imitating those records. That way you could get by the master clearance, but you still had to pay a publishing note.

**HS:** See, there’s two different copyrights: publishing and master recording. The publishing copyright is of the written music, the song structure. And the master recording is the song as it is played on a particular recording. Sampling violates both of these copyrights. Whereas if I record my own version of someone else’s song, I only have to pay the publishing copyright. When you violate the master recording, the money just goes to the record company.

**CD:** Putting a hundred small fragments into a song meant that you had a hundred different people to answer to. Whereas someone like EPMD might have taken an entire loop and stuck with it, which meant that they only had to pay one artist.

**KM:** So is that one reason why a lot of popular hip-hop songs today just use one hook, one primary sample, instead of a collage of different sounds?

**CD:** Exactly. There’s only one person to answer to. Dr. Dre changed things when he did *The Chronic* and took something like Leon Haywood’s “I Want a Do Something
> CONTEST OVERVIEW
Each month a selected piece of creative writing up to
1,000 words will be published in the pages of Little Village,
Iowa City’s News and Culture Magazine.

Oh, and the author will receive an honorarium of $100.
That’s right, $100, to one writer, every month.

> SUBMISSION GUIDELINES
Judges will consider creative work in all genres and formats
up to 1,000 words. These might include short fiction, short
literary nonfiction, poetry, or even two pages of dialogue
from a play or scenes from a graphic novel. Work may be
pulled from a larger piece, but it will be judged on its ability
to stand on its own. We are only interested in work that has
not been published elsewhere—in print, online,
or otherwise.

The series is designed to highlight new work produced
in Iowa City, so entrants must live or work in the Iowa City
area at the time of submission. Please include your current
address with your submission.

Submit your work to: htr@littlevillagemag.com. Please
attach your work as a Word Document, PDF or Rich Text
file. Your name and contact information will be removed
from your entry and it will be judged anonymously. Judges
will be Andre Perry (UI Nonfiction MFA graduate and
executive director of the Englert Theatre), Hugh Ferrer
(associate director of the UI International Writing Program
and board member at Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature)
and Matt Steele (publisher and managing editor of Little
Village magazine).

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Ranking system: At least two
judges will read every submission.
Finalists will be read by all
three. Deadline will be the
last day of the month, every
month. For example, work
to be featured in January will
have been received between
November 1st and 30th; author of
the work selected will be notified by December 15th.

Work will not be rolled over for consideration in the next
month, no matter how highly it was ranked. However, if
your piece is not selected, you may resubmit the same
piece for consideration in another month, including the
following month.

Winners are eligible to enter again only after 12 months
have passed since the publication of their work.

Little Village does not publish in July. Work submitted
between May 1st and June 30th will be considered for
August publication.

> RIGHTS
Submitted work must be the intellectual property of the
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I wish I could say
You stand out
Like the brightest star in the sky
But you don’t.
You stand out
Like a pink plastic flamingo
Lonely against the Fourth of July
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The white tiles
Of your kitchen floor
—stained by our dirty steps,
our aimless fumbling in the night—
You don’t shine
Like you used to.
Our feet
Pirouetting like nobody’s business
And
Making us feel ashamed.
Our inflatable heads
Next to nothing
Drive
Away from nothing
Pasty fingertips pressed against
The windows of your cross-country
Getaway car.
If a cardboard cutout rooster
Is an owl
We are all just
Open eyes
Open ears
Open hearts and open mouths
Gazing into the
Blackness
Of the night
Silently chanting Whoooooo? 

Nicole Loisi is a senior on the Creative Writing Track, with a minor in Cinema. She blogs at www.wordcarnival.com.
Kangaroos and ostriches. That’s what I hoped to see during the second Full Moon Bike Ride through Iowa City on Sept. 12. As a recent transplant to this fair town on the Iowa River, I was ready to enjoy a different breed of wildlife from the creatures inhabiting northern Indiana. Mountain lions? In Iowa? So I figured what the hell. I’m keeping my eyes peeled for kangaroos and ostriches.

Kasey Bullerman, a ceramics instructor at Kirkwood Community College, brought the idea of a full moon ride with her when she returned to Iowa City from Carbondale, Colorado. In Carbondale, scores of folks hopped on their bikes for the rides.

“People would dress up,” she said. “And someone would bring a boom box along so there was music. People came out of their homes to watch us go by. It was like a parade.”

There’s nothing particularly groundbreaking about riding at night, full moon or not.

Nocturnal cyclists have slammed into parked cars, crumpled rims in unseen potholes and been chipped into ditches by unobservant drivers for decades. But they’ve also delighted in the joy of whipping along in the dark like goblins, startling pedestrians and tomcats, then disappearing into the night.

The plan was to meet in College Green Park at 9 p.m., then head out on a route Kasey had scouted earlier. I rolled into the park around 8:45 not knowing what to expect. I saw people sitting on the grass and other cyclists pedaling through. Then I spotted a road bike parked atop a table under the light of the gazebo and saw a guy with a camera and tripod taking pictures.

“Hi, I’m Ofer,” he said. “You Mark?” Ofer was hoping to frame a shot of the bike and the quickly rising moon.

After few minutes a guy rode up on a utility bike with shiny fenders and polished rims. Bill, who works with the Iowa City Bike Library, said he learned about the ride from a flyer he found in his seat post. “It sounds like fun,” he said.

Before long the rest of the riders—Hannah, Vicki and A.C.—arrived and we were off. Kasey led the group out onto College and we glided downhill toward the center of town. We took a right at Linn and a left into the alley. I watched for beady eyes peering out from among the dumpsters but saw none. At Dubuque we turned right and scooted past pedestrians strolling along the sidewalk, and imbibers enjoying the warm night with a beer outside the Deadwood Tavern. Streetlamps lit the way, with bright full-moon globes.

We took another right onto Iowa, ducked left between Van Allen and Seashore Hall, then merged right onto Jefferson. My attention drifted for a while as I took in the tidy houses...
shaded from the moonlight by the tree canopy, and before I knew it Kasey had guided us into a parking garage near Mercy Hospital. She whooped once or twice in the empty concrete cavern and I followed suit, adding my echo to hers. A few laps around the glowing lower level and we shot through the gated exit, back into the night.

Kasey led us north on Governor, left onto Fairchild and right onto Lucas toward Happy Hollow Park, where we took another right onto Brown. The streets were deserted and nearly silent. The only sounds came from our quiet conversation, the whirring chains and humming tires of our bikes. As we jiggled up the bricks on Brown Street, Oakland Cemetery hove into view.

We pushed between the limestone-capped entrance columns and into the graveyard. Here, A.C. took the lead because he apparently knew the layout of the place. Narrow cemetery lanes designed to discourage speeding may work for cars and hearses but not for bicycles. He whipped us from one tight path to another, zipping past tombstones and monuments, crypts and crosses. More whoops. We moved like sprites. Headlights illuminated headstones for split seconds. The light of the harvest moon fell in odd shapes among the graves. Trapezoids, crescents, lampshades, kangaroos, ostriches. Aha!

Around in a circle at the far end of the cemetery and back to the entrance we went. A right followed by a left put us on Summit, past the Hilltop Tavern and onto Prairie du Chien. We looped through a neighborhood to our left and headed back down Prairie du Chien, then onto Dodge. The long slope of Dodge got us rolling fast. At some point speed exceeds a headlight’s reach and you give yourself over to trust: trust that the front wheel bearings won’t suddenly seize, trust that a squirrel won’t decide to dash into your path for a juicy nut and trust that the road crews filled all of winter’s craters.

In no time we arrived in one happy bunch, back at College Green Park. I was pleased to have seen Iowa City in a new, more intimate light. Kasey was pleased with the turnout, though small, and the general mood of the riders.

“I think it was good,” she said. “Everyone was excited about it. But we need to get more people involved. It’s nice to discover different spots, new places. We all know different areas of town. And maybe get someone with a boom box.”

The next full moon, the hunter’s moon, arrives October 11.

Mark Hunter rode his bike here from northern Indiana. He was aiming for Florida.
Dear Little Village Reader (34, 33†),

Presented here (→over there) for your momentary quandary is a labyrinthine meditation on graphic language, or (as I found to call it): A (5†) Photo to Enforced (22A) High Art (27†) Trail (♠). It is designed to be read in multiple directions (16†) while holding (37, 25, 3A, 36A, etc. for example ) the rules (or key (7)) for negotiating the intended intentions or artists’ articulations within it. I (11†) hope you (11†) enjoy multiple readings (34, 33†) and the opportunity to de- and re-construct these images into meanings both of my knowing and beyond it. What follows in the post(internet)script is an ex(32†)ension of the (whisper key (7), or maybe, simply, an ex(32†, again) tradition(16†)venture.

Sincerely,

John E. (28†, 32†)

PS I— When faced with an unruly parade of pricks (10†) wear a Zen condom (3†), repackage your old artifacts with a new slant (8†, 9†, 10†, 11†, 12† x), and follow all the empty signs (28†, 31†) around (33†) and around (33†).

John Engelbrecht is a mix of German and slang literally meaning: Broken Angel Head. He is the broken angel head behind Negative Baby, a local da dadeaddada zine.

Get Artsy

Graphic Language:
The Art and Literature of Comics
Sept. 24 – Dec. 11, 2011
Please check online for updates at uima.uiowa.edu/comic-symposium

Symposium on Comics, Creativity, and Culture:
International and Interdisciplinary Perspectives
Throughout campus | October 5-8

A highlight of the month is this symposium featuring major comics creators and scholars, including Phoebe Gloeckner (A Child’s Life and Other Stories), Joe Sacco (Palestine), and Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez (Love & Rockets). From the UIMA website: “This event will bring together international scholars and artists to discuss comics, in order to foster dynamic exchange between the creative practices of making and publishing comics and the critical practice of analyzing the cultural function of comics for diverse readers around the world.”

Public Reception
South Room, Iowa Memorial Union
125 North Madison St., Iowa City
Sunday, Oct. 2 | 2 p.m.

The public reception for the exhibition will feature local “graphically-minded” artists as the UIMA pairs with local gallery Public Space One to program this interactive event. Russell Jaffe & John Engelbrecht will present their new cultural, collectible phenomenon: The Nosters, monster shaman buttons for a new generation. Free @rt School will also be on hand to instigate a free letter-writing session.

Thought Balloons:
Talking About Comics
1st floor of the UI Main Library
Tuesday, Oct. 4 | 11:30 a.m. – 1:30 p.m.

Come and talk about comics with others that share your interest. The UI Main Library has made a selection of their comic collection readily available throughout the month and is holding this event to give fans a moment to speak their mind about comics. Five minutes is all you get!
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Dance incorporates a feature that other performing arts lack: athleticism. A dancer’s instrument is his or her body and, like professional athletes, there is a limited window of time in which dancers can perform at the highest level of the art. This adds to the emotional gravity of a dance performance. To be in the room when a gifted dancer performs is to bear witness to a concrete manifestation of Hericlitus’ idea that everything flows, nothing stands still. It is also intensely personal; there’s no dry paint on the canvas, no sound of instruments, there’s just the dancer’s self-expression written in pure physicality.

This month, Public Space One will be hosting events and exhibits as part of the third annual Works-in-Progress Festival. Unlike most exhibitions, at WiP it is the feedback that is on display, as local and visiting artists present unfinished works, seeking inspiration and unforeseen collaborations with guests. In this spirit, one of the festival’s more intriguing events will feature a live, largely improvised collaboration between local experimental music duo Lwa and UI Dance graduate students Analía Alegre-Femenías and Elizabeth June Bergman. The performance involves the two dancers performing in shallow pools of water accompanied by, and interacting with, the music of Lwa.

According to Chris Wiersema of Lwa, the performances will present “collaboration in the purest sense—we are going to create an audio environment and textures to accompany these women’s dance pieces, which will change on the basis of the audio we’re presenting.” While the dancers and musicians will meet and map out the performances, the actual performances will be “instantaneous collaborations, improvised on the basis of each other’s work.”

The dance/Lwa performances will take place Fridays, Oct. 7 and Oct. 28 at 7:00 p.m.

Poetic Rebound Performance Company is an independent dance company founded by Nicole Morford in 2007. The company’s stated goal is to make modern dance accessible to new audiences. To achieve that goal, the company tries to make a direct emotional connection with audiences through their work. “After seeing a lot of different work … I’ve found my work is much more visceral, much more guttural. It comes from a more emotional place rather than being laid out as more of a story structure. I always have some sort of inspiration behind everything I create. A lot of it’s very personal stuff, but when it’s created as a whole, I don’t necessarily want the audience to get one particular emotion from it. It’s really quite open to interpretation.”

Poetic Rebound will present their home concert at Riverside Theater on Oct. 8 at 7:30 p.m.

“‘It’s called ‘Violet Dreams’ and it’s an evening of six original dances, some of which we’ve performed in the past,” Morford told me. “Last year’s show was kind of dark and heavy and there was a lot of emotional content and there’s still a lot of that … but there’s also some lightheartedness, some wackiness, and some fun.”

Most of the pieces that will be presented at the October showcase are by Morford, but Mareva Minerbi and Jessica Wagner also choreographed new works that will be premiered at the show.
Poetic Rebound’s dances are set to an eclectic variety of music. “A pillar of [Morford’s] work is that it’s purposefully dynamically against the music, or with the music, or there’s no rhythm whatsoever and the movement falls in the middle of the music somewhere.” Some of the music Morford mentioned that will be used in their October show are a guitar piece by Derek Trucks and a meditation piece called “Crown Chakra,” by Jonathan Goldman. Opening the show will be the roots rock band Tallgrass, who may also be involved in an improvisational collaboration with Poetic Rebound’s dancers.

The DIY Effect

A common attribute of both the WiP dance events and Poetic Rebound’s performance is that they are original works, mostly performed by the dancer who created them. While The University of Iowa provides training programs both in the forms of ballet and modern dance, and encourages students to develop their own work, the emphasis is on classical technique and established styles. The works presented this October are more closely related to the do-it-yourself cultural movement that grew originally out of punk-rock music in the 1980s. The dancers and choreographers of these events are driven by an independent, non-academic impulse towards self-expression, taking their traditional training and applying it to something personal and new.

Kent Williams cares.
THE SHORTEST TRIP ACROSS THE POND

ONE MAN, TWO GUvnORS
Oct. 1 | Englert Theatre | $15 for students/seniors; $18 general | 7 p.m.

Photos by Johan Persson
The Englert Theatre

One Man, Two Guvnors

a high definition rebroadcast from the National Theatre in London | Oct. 1 | 7 p.m.

An English adaptation by Richard Bean of The Servant of Two Masters by Carlo Goldini, recorded live on September 15, beamed to 400 theatres live at the time, and now available here. The wonders of technology never cease. The original play was written in Italy in 1743 and is your basic guy in disguise tries to keep everybody guessing while ironing out everyone’s romantic problems. A twenty-first century British update shown in the American Midwest should either create enormous cultural dissonance or be completely hysterical. Or both.

Working Group Theatre

Was the Word: Things That Go Bump in the Night

Oct. 16 | 7 p.m.

The second edition of Working Group’s series of live storytelling events melding spoken word, live music and improvisation. There are six straight months of these on the books so get in early, get back often and see how the series develops from September 2011 through March 2012.

Theatrical performance, spoken word, live music—all benefitting a good local cause. Could you get more Iowa Citian? This month’s show benefits The James Gang, the community-building service organization that brings us Public Space One, the Mission Creek Festival, Roots and Works-in-Progress. Admission is donation style—none too big or too small. So, if you got a dolla’… holla!

Riverside Theatre

The Cripple of Inishmaan

Oct. 28 – Nov. 13 | 7:30 p.m. and Sundays at 2 p.m.

Martin McDonagh’s play takes place on an island off the Irish coast in 1934, when a film crew comes to town and the local disabled kid, Billy Claven, tries out for and gets a starring part in their production. Assorted eccentric townspeople (Billy’s guardian “has been known to talk to stones”) fill out the cast. The play premiered in London in 1996 and New York in 1998, and now it visits Iowa. The Coralville Public Library’s Stage on the Page discussion group will host a discussion of the play on October 27 at 10 a.m. Jody Hovland and Ron Clark from Riverside Theatre will be on hand to share insights about the play and their production.

Laura Crossett is a writer, a librarian and an Iowa City native. She has been a theatre-goer since she was tall enough to climb on a seat.
Marcus, whose idea of culture rarely rises above *Hangover 2*. But there’s hope, real hope. Andy Brodie and Andrew Sherburne (disclosure: Sherburne is a former publisher of *Little Village*), two filmmakers based in Iowa City, have just founded FilmScene, a nonprofit organization dedicated to bringing a full-time, community-supported cinema to downtown Iowa City.

Right now they’re hunting for a good, accessible place to accommodate two screens, which would show the best movies around: first-run independents, documentaries, foreign films, classics on restored or archival prints and the most interesting Hollywood features.

Obviously, there are some hurdles yet to be cleared. Besides the big one of locating an appropriate space, FilmScene needs to be sustainable in an age of instant streaming and instant streaming and instant streaming.

At the corner of Dubuque and East Washington Streets I’m often haunted by the Ghost of Cinema Past, remembering a clear night in 1989 when I cast my gaze eastward at the opposing marquises of the Englert and Astro Theaters—Woody Allen’s *Crimes and Misdemeanors* at one, *Enemies: A Love Story* at the other—then westward to see what was new on the screens at the Old Capitol Mall. Now, the mall’s upper level is colonized by offices, the Englert is a community performance space, and the Astro has melted into a bank.

Set aside the Bijou, which is tucked away in the IMU, and there’s no film scene to speak of. Denizens of Iowa City and Coralville are at the mercy of someone or something named Marcus, whose idea of culture rarely rises above *Hangover 2*.

But there’s hope, real hope. Andy Brodie and Andrew Sherburne (disclosure: Sherburne is a former publisher of *Little Village*), two filmmakers based in Iowa City, have just founded FilmScene, a nonprofit organization dedicated to bringing a full-time, community-supported cinema to downtown Iowa City. Right now they’re hunting for a good, accessible place to accommodate two screens, which would show the best movies around: first-run independents, documentaries, foreign films, classics on restored or archival prints and the most interesting Hollywood features.

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Now Showing
Add these selections to your October to-do list.

**Tabloid** – Errol Morris
Bijou | Oct. 7–12
The director of *Fog of War* and *Standard Operating Procedure* turns his truth-sleuthing prowess to a more important topic than empire or torture: Did the beauty-queen Joyce McKinney kidnap and rape her virgin Mormon lover? (In her defense she claims that raping a man would be “like trying to put a marshmallow in a parking meter.”) In all seriousness, *Tabloid* is about something of importance: how stories are told and sold.

**Passing Strange:**
**The Movie** – Spike Lee
Bijou | Oct. 12 and 13
Spike Lee’s movie-musical, based on a Tony-winning musical, is about an L.A. teenager’s road to becoming a singer-songwriter. Stew, the writer and star of the show, will host a Q&A after the screening. “You wake up one morning,” he wisely observes, “and realize that your entire adult life is based on a decision made by a teenager. A stoned teenager.”

**Drive** – Nicolas Winding Refn
Sycamore Cinema 12 & Coral Ridge 10
An eerily-suspenseful, sometimes-poetic film in the tradition of Jean-Pierre Melville, this tale of a stunt-driver by day and heist-driver by night gives us another opportunity to appreciate the cool presence of Ryan Gosling. Despite a few flaws, the movie has what most big releases lack: drive.
Iowa City. Let me know if I can pimp out desperate for a good place to see movies in overheard us and broke in, “I’m absolutely at Deluxe Cakes and Pastries, the owner be able to in our UNESCO City of Literature? Tree of Life in Bellingham, why shouldn’t you Missouri and the Pickford Film Center in Tucson, Ragtag Cinema in Columbia, els around the country like The Loft Cinema Yet to Come. Moreover, shouldn’t Iowa City—home to then, he has worked as a filmmaker, promoted films and served on staff at the Telluride Film Festival. We discussed some successful models around the country like The Loft Cinema in Tucson, Ragtag Cinema in Columbia, Missouri and the Pickford Film Center in Bellingham, Washington. If you can go see The Tree of Life in Bellingham, why shouldn’t you be able to in our UNESCO City of Literature?

As I was talking with Brodie and Sherburne at Deluxe Cakes and Pastries, the owner overheard us and broke in, “I’m absolutely desperate for a good place to see movies in Iowa City. Let me know if I can pimp out your coffee shop for you!” Doesn’t that more or less express what most of us are feeling? A couple of years back, while reading best-of lists at Christmas, I was inspired to write my own: The Best Movies I Didn’t See Because They Didn’t Come to Iowa City. Just think if we could see some of those films and then talk about them in a pimped-out café!

The idea is that FilmScene would be a place to hang out, see interesting movies, chat over wine, exchange creative ideas, establish a deeper relationship to the images of our culture, run into filmmakers. In short, everything you don’t do at a multiplex and can’t do on Netflix. The flood has given us a chance to re-envision who we are as a city. We have an opportunity to make downtown an even more vital cultural space. We’re doing pretty well on Netflix.

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College and blogs about music with his eight year-old son at billyanddad.wordpress.com.
Freaky to You” and revamped it in his own way but basically kept the rhythm and instrumental hook intact. It’s easier to sample a groove than it is to create a whole new collage. That entire collage element is out the window.

**HS:** We’re not really privy to all the laws and everything that the record company creates within the company. From our standpoint, it was looking like the record company was spying on us, so to speak.

**CD:** The lawyers didn’t seem to differentiate between the craftiness of it and what was blatantly taken.

> "Something that’s organic is almost going to have a powder effect. It hits more like a pillow than a piece of wood."

- Hank Shocklee

**KM:** As you probably know, some music fans are now sampling and mashing together two or more songs and trading the results online. There’s one track by Evolution Control Committee that uses a Herb Alpert instrumental as the backing track for your “By the Time I Get to Arizona.” It sounds like you’re rapping over a Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass song. How do you feel about other people remixing your tracks without permission?

**CD:** I think my feelings are obvious. I think it’s great.

Excerpted from Kembrew McLeod’s co-edited book, *Cutting Across Media: Appropriation Art, Interventionist Collage and Intellectual Property Law* (Duke University Press, 2011). Four mixtapes were commissioned as companions to this book, including a free career-spanning compilations by Negativland and the Tape-beatles, a rockin’ audio bibliography by Steinski, and an epic six-hour history of sound collage pieced together by People Like Us. They are available at creativelicense.info/mixtape.

Kembrew will be spending the month of October preparing for the singularity.
This October marks the tenth anniversary of the first time I bribed my way into a show. The show was beyond sold out and my friend and I were underage, but in retrospect there was nothing bad-ass about it—the bouncer simply named his price after watching us beg passersby for tickets like parking-lot hippies. As I recall the whole thing was his idea; I think I was still too naive to consider that here, right in front of me, was a man who was for sale. But he was, and we pooled our resources, and we went into that little club and saw an amazing, unforgettable night of music. And the person who made that music was Robert Randolph.

See? We weren’t acting “like” parking lot hippies that night, we were parking lot hippies! Well, not really, but we did like their music, and Robert Randolph had just crossed over in a major way from his gospel-music origins to being the closest thing the jam band scene had to a hype band. His injection of lap steel, church music (the “sacred steel” tradition), and nonwhite people into the free-form rock scene was a welcome breath of fresh air. It’ll be interesting to see how the last 10 years have treated Randolph and his “Family Band,” now that they’ve fully transitioned from being upstart wunderkinds to full-on rock royalty, working with T-Bone Burnett on their latest album. They take the stage at the Englert on Oct. 15.

...NO FEWER THAN FIVE (!) BANDS COMING THROUGH THIS ROCKTOBER RELEASED SOME OF THEIR BEST MATERIAL IN THE 1990S. LUCKILY FOR US, THOUGH, THEY’VE MANAGED TO REMAIN FRESH AND VIBRANT THROUGHOUT THE NEW MILLENNIUM.
Anyway, sorry for that wistful reminiscence, but I really couldn’t help myself; compiling my notes for this month’s column was like stepping back in time, since no fewer than five (!) bands coming through this Rocktober released some of their best material in the 1990s. Luckily for us, though, they’ve managed to remain fresh and vibrant throughout the new millennium.

First among these is Rhett Miller, frontman of Austin’s Old 97s, one of the truly great bands in the alt country movement. Unlike Wilco, who dabbed in art rock, the Old 97s dabbled in power pop, such as on their should-be-considered-classic albums *Too Far to Care* (1997) and *Fight Songs* (1999). Miller’s solo career has been slightly less consistent, even though he’s had help from star producer Jon Brion. Still, his heartfelt lyrics about breakups and one-night stands, coupled with his charismatic stage presence, is tough to beat. He’ll be at the Blue Moose on Oct. 19.

Nov. 1 sees ’90s rock legend Low Barlow bring his band Sebadoh to the Mill, after previously playing Gabe’s with his other project, Dinosaur Jr. Four of Sebadoh’s albums have recently gotten the deluxe reissue treatment—*III* (1991), *Bubble and Scrape* (1993), *Bakesale* (1994) and *Harmacy* (1996)—and been lavished with praise. My tendency is toward the latter two, when the rawness of their sound gets a little more studio polish, but there are those who certainly feel the opposite. Either way, this is pioneering indie rock, and well worth your $15.

And last in our tour de old, Smoking Popes will be at the Mill on Oct. 14. Their style, which is like The Replacements fronted by Morrissey, isn’t always my bag, but two of my favorite local bands open this one: veteran punkers Lipstick Homicide and newcomers The Emperor’s Club, who have a new EP about to come out, which is really good. And speaking of really good local releases, Iowa City’s resident IDM guru Brendan Hanks will release his debut full-length, *Dropland*, at the Mill on Oct. 15.

If you’re into embracing the new, and I hope that you are, then there actually are some shows this month that feature, you know, active young people making and releasing new records. One of those is the hip-hop trio Das Racist, who have just released *Relax*, one of the most anticipated debuts in recent memory. Following up on their bonkers Mission Creek show, they’ll be at the Blue Moose on Oct. 23. Lo-fi songwriter Ty Segall, whose album *Goodbye Bread* is one of my favorite releases this year, also plays the Blue Moose this month, on Oct. 4. Also on that day is Iowa Writing Workshop grad Alex Dezen, whose band The Dammwells is playing Gabe’s.

KRUI continues their “Low Frequency Series” this month by featuring two bands from a local record label, Shawn Reed’s Night-People Records. Reed’s own Wet Hair headlines the night, with Wisconsin band and blog darlings Peaking Lights also on the bill. If I had to guess, I would say that they’ll play many of the frequencies, not just the low ones.

Craig Eley is a music writer, promoter and American studies grad student, usually in that order. Got news on the music scene? Write to him at craig@missionfreak.com.
The Wheelers

*Bubix* EP

bewarethewheelers.com

The Wheelers are a pan-Iowan band with members scattered between Iowa City and Ames. Other joint efforts between these two cities often result in heavy drinking, name calling and injuries and, while I can’t confirm that The Wheelers encounter a similar fate when they get together, the teetering energy here is very much the same.

*Bubix* is the title of The Wheelers’ latest 4-song effort and their third release since the band formed in 2004. The lineup has tended to shift over the years as members assumed other roles or stepped out, but each release seems to hold on to their basic formula derived from equal parts Pavement and Sonic Youth.

Peeling away the flesh of the guitars and vocals you expose the gleaming bones of *Bubix*: the martial drumming of Dave Olson (who now has a full-time gig in Poison Control Center) and the dry, but slightly distorted lockstep bass of Phil Young. Dave and Phil deftly assemble the skeleton of the songs on which Greg Meister and Ian Williams drape their slippery vocals and guitars.

Blood On The Vinyl—the label owned by the guys in The P.C.C.—released 200 copies of *Bubix* in packages that recall the D.I.Y. aesthetic of early punk singles. It comes with a 7” vinyl, a CD-R, a color photo of the band and photocopied cover art and lyric sheet. Look for it on the band’s website, at shows, or in Iowa City at The Record Collector.

While it is convenient that you get a CD with this release, the most effective way to listen to *Bubix* is letting the stylus of your turntable follow the spiral scratch, thereby releasing the adrenaline-fueled mayhem from the vinyl.

When Mike Roeder isn’t writing for Little Village, he’s blogging at www.playbsides.com

**Acoustic Guillotine**

*Self-Titled*

acousticguillotine.bandcamp.com

Billy Mac and Pete R are veteran Iowa City musicians, going back to the 1980s punk/hard-core heyday. Though this self-titled album is more metal than anything else, I have to plead ignorance as to which metal sub-genre Acoustic Guillotine pledges their allegiance to. Their bass-and-guitar-dou sound lacks metal’s trade-

Pete’s drumming has the sort of detail and nuance you’d expect from a jazz drummer and he’s following Billy’s playing just as much as he sets the tempo for Billy to follow.

Billy’s bass is pushed to the foreground by the duo format, and his playing doesn’t try to fill all the holes left by the absence of other instruments. Instead, he concentrates on focused riffing punctuated with occasional double stop chords. The recording (done at Luke Tweedy’s Flat Black Studio) captures the subtle tonal changes that Billy achieves solely with his playing technique.

Billy’s growled vocals obscure most of the lyrics unless you listen very closely, but the few bits that stick out are droll, like “Lazy and stupid is no way to go through life” (from “Asbestos Burritos”), and what seems to be a curse in binary code, “One Zero One Zero Zero One Zero” (from “Heavy Bolts Of Electric Death”).

Acoustic Guillotine plows its own crooked musical row on this release and I highly recommend giving it a chance. Turn it up and piss off your neighbors.

**Rahlan Kay**

*Now You Know*

rahlankay.com

Rahlan Kay is the new hip-hop handle for Rowland Gibson, who has in the past been known as Genuyne, DNA and Testfyi. Rowland is a producer and MC from Cedar Rapids who has been a regular in the Iowa hip-hop scene for over ten years. He’s nothing if not persistent. There’s more than a few sketchy MCs around who are legends in their own minds, but Rowland’s different—he’s church folk, a family man and dead serious about his craft.

I’ve always known the man could rhyme, but previous releases have felt a bit too safe. On *Now You Know*, his beats are built out of dirty samples, put together with a looser rhythmic style. Tracks like “Dream No More” will get trunk lids rattling with the big 808 kick and his inventive cut-up job on R-&-B samples is major league. This is the first of Rowland’s CDs that rates releasing the instrumentals.

Rowland’s vocal flow has evolved as well. At the outset, “Begin” boasts a new drawing
The Resist Evil horror movie, which starred another Iowa City hip-hop head, Coolzey, Adam’s verbal gymnastics and bent sense of humor, in full effect on Oh! What A Miracle! owes a debt to Coolzey and his Sucker MCs posse, but he’s cinematically deranged in his own special way.

Oh! What A Miracle! is chock full of hilarious rudeness, set to beats by Samlive & Krang. “True Romance” stands out as the single, with a great vocal hook sung by Esther Lavonne, a song about a player falling in love against his will. This is some great dance pop, borrowing Prince’s synth lines and even name-checking “Little Red Corvette.” Of course he also cops a line from Buzz Lightyear, and the fade-out is a ridiculous ad-lib about Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, but that’s just how P-Tek rolls. Even so, “True Romance” beats “Bad Romance” any day.

“Don’t Let Me Fade Away” is anchored by a stand-up bass and a crunchy, hard-swung beat. “How did I become a split personality? I used to murder ciphers now it’s me battling me” pits P-Tek against himself, making high comedy of narcissism and self-defeat. “Meiko Kaji” is another dancey raver with P-Tek where he declaims “I’m flying on stage and crawling on land I’m buying my way with pockets of grandiose posturing and I’m buying my verses with pockets full of punchlines.”

The title track closes the CD, beginning with spooky synths and horror movie sound effects, then kicking into a dub-steppy beat and telling a sort of fractured Adam-and-Eve myth. “I used to hate what I saw but I love it with distaste.” With such ambivalence as a recurring theme, this CD is one glorious train-wreck of P-Tek boasting like he’s supposed to, but at the same time worrying he’ll end up like an old lady counting out change.

Kent Williams knows the value of pi to 3 digits.
I’m taking a physics course, and we discussed how objects with hollow cores revolve slower. So I was wondering: Exactly how much dirt would I have to dig out of the ground and move to the surface before I’d notice the days getting longer?

—Mark D. Baragary, Ames, Iowa

Your question inspired my assistant Una to new heights of invention, Mark. She announced you’d given her an idea for an advanced recreational concept that would improve your life and the sucky economy, too.

First, she declared, let’s acknowledge basic principles. It’s true a hollow earth would spin slower than the current solid version, due to conservation of angular momentum. The standard example of this is a spinning figure skater. To start her spin, a skater initially flings her arms wide. Then, once spinning, she pulls them close, causing her speed of rotation to dramatically increase. The crowd having been suitably impressed, she spreads her arms wide again to slow down.

Planets work the same way, Una went on. The more of a planet’s mass you can concentrate at its axis of rotation, the faster the spin and the shorter the day. Conversely, if you shift mass from the core to the equator—in effect, hollowing out the planet—it’ll slow down.

That’s the basis of my scheme, she declared. Think how often you’ve been awakened from a sound sleep by the alarm and punched the snooze button for a few more Zs. That doesn’t solve your problems, it merely postpones them. With less time to get ready, you arrive at work in a groggy and unproductive state.

How much better if, instead of the snooze button, you flip on some turbines and cause magma to be pumped from the center of the earth to the surface, thereby slowing the planet’s rotation. No short-term fix here—the day would actually become longer. Everyone would get more sleep and show up for work full of vigor, significantly increasing the nation’s GNP.

A useful byproduct of this concept is that the earth would now be hollow, and anything inside it would be completely weightless.

This woke up Little Ed, my other assistant. You mean in the exact center, he asked, because there’s equal mass on all sides?

No, everywhere, said Una.

Get out, said Ed.

Spoken by somebody who obviously didn’t get a 5 on the AP calc test, Una said. Think of it this way: Suppose we place you at a random spot inside hollow earth that isn’t the center. The part of the earth’s mass nearest to you—call it mass A—pulls you toward itself, but there’s a larger mass, B, on the opposite side of the planet pulling you in the other direction. Yes, B is farther away, which lessens its gravitational attraction compared to A’s, but its greater size compensates for that.

In fact, if we examine the illustration that for any two masses on opposite sides of you, the smaller but closer mass A and the larger but more distant mass B pull on you with precisely equal force. Ergo, all such forces cancel out, and you’re weightless anywhere inside hollow earth.

Oh, said Ed.

This brings us to the advanced recreational concept of which I spoke, Una continued. Why kill yourself working out after a hard day at the office, when it would be so much more aerobic to carom weightlessly around inside hollow earth like a human jai alai ball? In no time we’d be as fit as gods. True, the interior surface of hollow earth, assuming a way could be found to prevent the whole thing from caving in, would consist of molten iron at a temperature of close to 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. However, Ed, you live in Chicago. In winter that won’t sound half bad.

Huh, said Ed. But here’s a practical question. How much of the earth’s core would you have to pump out?

Well, said Una, suppose we want to slow the earth’s rotation by 15 minutes per day. The amount of magma we’d have to pump from the core to the surface would be 59 million trillion tons, a little less than 1 percent of the planet’s total mass. If we spread it out evenly, this would give us a layer of iron covering the earth’s entire surface eight miles thick.

No doubt environmentalists will squawk about the deleterious impact on the quality of life. However, the problems aren’t insurmountable. If we pump the magma back down in the afternoon, things will be just as good as new, plus quitting time will arrive 15 minutes sooner. To assuage the persnickety, we can keep the Statue of Liberty and the Wisconsin Dells permanently pristine. Meanwhile, come on. You think Ecuador is really going to be missed?

—CECIL ADAMS

Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. Subscribe to the Straight Dope podcast at the iTunes Store.
Curses, Foiled Again

- When Colby Wade Cardoso, 20, came upon a car crash that killed two people in Hillsborough County, Fla., authorities said he parked his vehicle near the scene and tried to steal a pickup truck belonging to a witness. The truck wouldn’t start, however, so he ran, only to be chased by sheriff’s Deputy Carl Luis, 53, and arrested. (Tampa’s WFLA-AM)

- Dionette L. Price, 26, jumped on the hood of a car in Kansas City, Mo., pointed a gun at driver Rayna Garrett and ordered her to “drive, or I will blow your head off,” according to Jackson County prosecutors. She headed to the Kansas City police station, nearly two miles away, and honked to alert officers. The suspect leapt off the hood and fled, but police soon spotted him waiting at a bus stop. (Reuters)

Schlemiel, Shemozzle, Hasenpfeffer Incorporated

After the Australian Defense Force took 12 years to complete the purchase of MU90 anti-submarine torpedoes, ADF officials admitted they have no idea how the European-designed weapons work because secret technical documents pertaining to them are written only in Italian and French. As a result, Australia’s Defense Materiel Organization now has to hire a translator, at a reported cost of $110,000 (US$114,000). “They’ll be having to look for somebody who has the technical ability to translate technical documents, and that is not straightforward,” Andrew Davies, director of operations and capability for the Australian Strategic Policy Institute, said, adding, “I believe the technical term for this project is a shemozzle.” (Australian Broadcasting Corporation)

Low-Rise Living

Hindered by the world’s most expensive real estate prices and strict zoning laws that forbid changing the perimeter of a house or adding to its height, well-to-do Londoners eager to enlarge their homes have begun excavating beneath them. Extending as many as four levels, underground expansion includes not just swimming pools, but also home theaters, fitness centers, gyms, wine cellars, bowling alleys, squash courts, climbing walls, servants’ quarters, saunas, waterfalls, Jacuzzis, hair salons and multicar garages with elevators to move vintage car collections to and from the surface. Projects involve hauling away as many as 400 truckloads of dirt. (The New York Times)

Second-Amendment Follies

- Garrett Bauernschmidt, 75, tried to shoot a large snake near the front door of his house in Volusia, Fla., but missed. While he was manipulating the safety on the .38 caliber handgun, the weapon accidentally fired, wounding his left hand. (Daytona Beach News-Journal)

- Three tourists were hospitalized after being shot while watching an Old West shootout in Hill City, S.D. Authorities couldn’t say whether bullets or shrapnel from a blank caused the injuries and won’t speculate until they complete their investigation, which Pennington County sheriff’s Lt. Marty Graves indicated could take months. (Rapid City Journal)

Rules, Rules, Everywhere a Rule

- Mayor Ray Alborn of Ruidoso, N.M., issued an executive order prohibiting anyone from entering a village building with a firearm. When citizens protested that the gun ban is unconstitutional, Alborn refused to change his mind, declaring, “I don’t care where they carry the guns, they just don’t need to carry them in village buildings.” (El Paso’s KVIA-TV)

- When Principal Traci Williams banned mini-skirts at Piedmont Hills High School in San Jose, Calif., she explained the policy meant cheerleaders would have to cover their newly shortened uniform skirts with sweat pants except at games. Some cheerleaders objected, insisting that not being able to wear their uniforms to classes would dampen school spirit, but Williams defended the dress code, declaring, “Cheeks are hanging out.” (San Jose Mercury News)


- Florida Gov. Rick Scott said he wants the Legislature to repeal more than 1,000 state rules and change more than 1,200 others. Many of the rules duplicate federal regulations, or are obsolete or unnecessary and hinder the state’s economic growth, Scott noted, explaining they’re “so complicated people have to hire consultants to figure out how to comply.” (The Miami Herald)

Love on a Collision Course

Pilots Kristen Sprague, 26, and her boyfriend, Scott Veal, 24, were talking to each other while flying separate planes, when they collided in midair over Nightmute, Alaska. “They meet up in the air,” National Transportation Safety Board investigator Clint Johnson said. “The next thing she knows is his airplane strikes her right wing and nearly severs the right wing.” Veal’s Cessna 208 crashed and burned, killing him, while Sprague managed to land her Cessna 207 and escaped injury. (Anchorage Daily News)

Enhancement Follies

After a 26-year-old woman’s silicone breast implant burst when she was shot in the chest by a paintball, UK Paintball, which operates 50 paintball centers, began asking “surgically enhanced female participants” to identify themselves when making reservations so they can sign a disclaimer and be issued extra padding to protect their implants while paintballing. “We want as many people to enjoy paintball as possible, regardless of whether their breasts are fake or real,” a company official said. Noting that paintball bullets travel “at around 190 mph,” the official added, “Part of the fun of paintball is that it hurts a bit when you get shot.” (Britain’s Daily Mail)

Fred Flintstone Wannabe

Police in Roseville, Mich., said a 26-year-old roofer stopped to check his brakes, which apparently had failed, then continued driving, using his feet outside the car door as brakes. He wasn’t able to stop in time to avoid running a red light at an intersection and hit two cars. He drove off, still using his feet as brakes, and hit two more cars at another intersection. He then stopped and was arrested, according to Deputy Chief James Berlin, who said the man would face a judge “to explain his moronic decision making.” (Detroit Free Press)

Compiled from mainstream media sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.
See website for volunteer details.
Blacksmith Demonstrations, Oct. 20-21, 9:30 a.m.

Amana Heritage Museum
www.amanaheritage.org
705 44th Ave, Village of Amana
See website for times and locations.
Passport to History: GPS Adventure, Saturdays, Oct. 1-31

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
www.crma.org
Art Labs at the CRMA: Beginning Pastel Portraits with Mona Muse (Art Class), Oct. 1, 1 p.m. • Art Bites “Seeing & Remembering: Portraits and Their Stories” with CRMA Curator, Sean Ulmer, Oct. 5, 12:15 p.m. • @ the Studio: “Picturing Washington: Interpreting His Role in the Making of the Constitution” (Lecture), Oct. 6, 7 p.m. • Portrait Academy, Oct. 15, 10 a.m. • Exhibition Opening: Raising Expectations, Oct. 15, 10 a.m. • Portrait Academy, Oct. 16, 10:30 a.m. • Fall Metro Gallery Tour, Oct. 20, 5 p.m. • Art Beyond Sight, Oct. 22, 12 p.m. • Opening Reception for Raising Expectations, Oct. 23, 1 p.m. • Cirque des Senses: Sight & Sound 2011, Oct. 29, 6:30 p.m.

Figgie Art Museum
225 West Second St., Davenport
http://figgieart.org
“Thursdays at the Figgie,” Thursdays at 5 p.m. • Exhibition: Museum for Innovative Objects of Design, Aug. 27 thru Oct. 23 • Lecture: The History of the Pencil, Oct. 1, 11 a.m. • W(h)ine and Art, Oct. 6, 6 p.m. • Art Talk: Edouard Duval-Carrie, Oct. 13, 7 p.m. • 2011 Teen Anime Day, Oct. 22, 12 p.m.

Herbert Hoover National Historic Site
110 Parkside Drive, West Branch
www.nps.gov/heho

UI Museum of Natural History
10 Machide Hall, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
UI Explorers Seminar Series: Connie Mutel, IIHR-Hydroscience and Engineering, Oct. 13, 7 p.m. • National Archaeology Day Festivities, Oct. 23, 1 p.m.

Blue Moose Tap House
211 Iowa Ave, Iowa City
www.bluemooseic.com
Mayer Hawthorne & The County, Oct. 2, 7 p.m. • The Anatomy of Frank, Oct. 3 • Ty Segall with Mikal Cronin, Solid Attitude, Samuel Locke-Ward, Oct. 4, 8 p.m. • The Envy Corps with The Olympics, Oct. 7, 8 p.m. • Walk the Moon, Oct. 8, 7 p.m. • Na Palm, Oct. 13, 9 p.m. • Snow Demon with Confused Little Girl, Swamp Sitters, Blizzard at Sea, Raw Mojo, Oct. 13, 7 p.m. • Mad Monks with The Maw, Oct. 14, 10 p.m. • J Trey with Attic Party, Taj, Oct. 15, 9 p.m. • New Boyz, Oct. 17, 7 p.m. • Rhett Miller, Oct. 19, 7 p.m. • Das Racist with Danny Brown, Despot, Oct. 21, 7 p.m. • Kristy Lee, Oct. 21, 9 p.m. • Orquesta de Jazz y Salsa Alto Maiz, Oct. 22, 8 p.m. • Screaming Females with Underground Railroad to Candyland, Strong City, Oct. 23, 7 p.m. • The Dean’s List with OmCue, Gilbere Forte, Oct. 25, 8 p.m. • Dead Cat Bounce, Oct. 26, 8 p.m. • After the Burial with Veil of Maya, Misery Signals, Within the Ruins, Your Memorial, Oct. 27, 4 p.m. • Mayday Parade with We Are The In Crowd, You Me At Six, There For Tomorrow, Oct. 28, 5:30 p.m. • Lydia with Speak, Austin Gibbs, Oct. 28, 9 p.m. • Middlegear from Mars with Hott, Oct. 29, 9 p.m. •
**Rubblebucket**  
Oct. 17 | Gabe's | 8 p.m.  
$10 (Adv.), $12 (Door) | 19+

Rubblebucket may be based in Brooklyn but, considering the amount of sweat they have exchanged here, members of this Afro-beat band ought to consider themselves honorary Iowa Citians. With the occasional help of the UI marching band, they've brought the good times to Iowa City on multiple occasions. Their Oct. 17 show is a proper, if unofficial, kickoff for homecoming week.

**Trombone Shorty & Orleans Avenue**  
Oct. 22 | Englert Theater | 8 p.m.  
$18 (Adv.), $20 (Door) | 19+

The return of Troy "Trombone Shorty" Andrews and his band, Orleans Avenue, is another homecoming of sorts; their performance at the 2010 Iowa City Jazz Festival was simply unforgettable. Later in that year, the 25-year-old band leader released his debut album, *Backatown*, which was nominated for a Grammy as best contemporary jazz album. But "contemporary jazz" doesn't tell the whole story; I prefer Andrews' description: Supafunkrock. Emphasis on the Supa. And the Funk. And the Rock. The Englert will not be needing any chairs for this show.

**The Mill**  
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City  
www.icmill.com

Shows at 9 p.m. unless otherwise noted  
Study Hall, the game, Sundays, 9 p.m.-Midnight; Open Mic with J. Knight, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., call 338-6713 to sign up; Tuesday Night Social Club, Tuesdays, 9 p.m.  
Zoe Muth and The Lost City Rollers with TBA, Oct. 2, 8 p.m. • James McMurtry with Jonny Burke, Oct. 4, 8 p.m. • University of Iowa Jazz Performances, Oct. 6, 7 p.m. • Anna Vogelzang, Oct. 6, 9:30 p.m. • Will Hoge with TBA, Oct. 8, 9 p.m. • Melt-Banana with Super Sonic Piss, Oct. 11, 8 p.m. • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Oct. 12, 7 p.m. • Smoking Potes with Emperors Club, Lipstick Homicide, Oct. 14, 8 p.m. • Lake Street Dive, Oct. 16, 8 p.m. • Chamberlin with Fort Frances, Chasing Shade, Oct. 19, 9:30 p.m. • Rich Robinson, Oct. 21, 8 p.m. • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Oct. 26, 7 p.m. • University of Iowa Jazz Performances, Oct. 27, 7 p.m.

**Old Capitol Museum**  
Pentacrest, Iowa City  
www.uiowa.edu/~oldcap

See website for locations.  
Piano Sundays, Oct. 9, 1:30 p.m.

**Performing Arts at Iowa**  
www.performingarts.uiowa.edu

See website for times and locations.  
The Orchid Ensemble, Oct. 2, 2 p.m. • Oni Buchanan, Oct. 4 • Ben Pierce, Oct. 5 • Johnson County Landmark, Oct. 6 • Anthony Amone and Christine Dore, Oct. 7 • Ksenia Nosikova, Oct. 8 • Nicole Esposito and Michel Bellavance, Oct. 9 • Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 9 • Randall Hall, Oct. 10 • Symphony Band, Oct. 11 • Kantorei and Women's Chorale, Oct. 14 • Piano Sundays, Oct. 17 • University Choir and Camerata, Oct. 21 • Greg Crowell, Oct. 23 • University Symphony, Oct. 24 • Tuba and Euphonium Studio Recital, Oct. 30 • Jack Quartet, Oct. 30 • Wolfgang David and David Gompper, Oct. 30

**Red Cedar Chamber Music**  
www.redcedar.org

Music for Seniors, Oct. 5, 1:30 p.m. • Rural Outreach Concert, Oct. 5 & 6, 7 p.m. • Production Floor Performance at Rockwell Collins, Oct. 7, 12 p.m. • Rural Outreach Concert, Oct. 7, 7 p.m. • Circle the Wagons, Oct. 8, 8 p.m.

**Riverside Theater**  
www.riversidetheatre.org

The Beggarman, Oct. 15, 7:30 p.m.

**Uptown Bill's**  
401 South Gilbert Street, Iowa City  
www.uptownbills.com

Readers & Writers Group, Wednesdays at 6 p.m.; Spoken Word Open Mic, Wednesdays at 7 p.m.; Art & Music Night, Thursdays at 6 p.m.; Open Mic, Thursdays at 7 p.m.
For inclusion, please email Calendar@LittleVillageMag.com

Calendar


Theatre Cedar Rapids
4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids
www.theatrecr.org
Superior Donuts, Sept. 23 thru Oct. 15 • Damn Yankees, Oct. 7-29

Working Group Theatre
www.workinggrouptheatre.org
Make it Better, Iowa: Leadership Summit, Oct. 1 • Rust, Sept. 29 thru Oct. 8 • Was the Word: Spoken word, story telling and music show, Oct. 16

CINEMA

Bijou Theatre
IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City
http://bijou.uiowa.edu
See website for showtimes

UI Museum of Natural History
10 Macbride Hall, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
Movies@MNH: “Lost Nation-The Ioway,” Oct. 2, 2 p.m.

LITERATURE

Englert
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.englert.org
Susan Orlean, Oct. 20, 8 p.m.

Figge Art Museum
225 West Second St., Davenport
http://figgeart.org
Art Lovers Book Club, Oct. 5, 1 p.m.

Live from Prairie Lights
15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City
www.prairielights.com/live
October events not listed at time of publication. See website for events TBA

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com
blue/green Reading Series, Oct. 5, 8 p.m. • Talk Art, Oct. 12, 10 p.m. • Talk Art, Oct. 26, 10 p.m.

Sanctuary Pub
405 S Gilbert St
www.sanctuarypub.com
Speakeasy: UI Graduate Nonfiction Reading Series, Oct. 4, 9 p.m.

KIDS

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
www.crma.org
Preschool Story Time at the CRMA, Oct. 4, 11 a.m. • Doodledubs Preschool Program at the Cedar Rapids Public Library: The Write Stuff, Oct. 7, 10:30 a.m. • Preschool Story Time at the CRMA, Oct. 11, 11 a.m. • Art Labs at the CRMA: Kids’ Portrait Party, Oct. 15, 1 p.m. • Preschool Story Time at the CRMA, Oct. 18, 11 a.m. • Preschool Story Time at the CRMA, Oct. 25, 11 a.m. • Doodledubs Preschool Program at the Hiawatha Public Library: Artbeat in My Feet, Oct. 28, 10:30 a.m.

Figge Art Museum
225 West Second St., Davenport
http://figgeart.org
Free Family Event, Oct. 1, 1 p.m. • 2011 Teen Anime Day, Oct. 22, 12 p.m.

Iowa City Public Library
123 South Linn St. Iowa City
www.icpl.org
Storytime at 10:30 Monday - Saturday, 2 p.m. Sundays

Red Cedar Chamber Music
www.redcedar.org
Music for Kids, Oct. 6, 9 a.m.

UI Museum of Natural History
10 Macbride Hall, Iowa City, IA
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
Night at the Museum: “Archaeology,” Oct. 14, 6 p.m. • Storytime Explorers: Animals from Down Under, Oct. 16, 3 p.m. • Creepy Campus Crawl (see website for details), Oct. 28, 6:30 p.m.

misc

Old Capitol City Roller Girls
www.oldcapitolcityrollergirls.com
See website for details
Match vs. Mad Rollin’ Dolls Team Unicorn, Oct. 15, 7 p.m., Coralville Marriott

Ricardo Calvo and Sandra Messina
Tango workshop
120 N. Dubuque St., Iowa City
www.TangoVia.com
Fundamentals classes Oct. 14, 6:30 and 8 p.m. • Classes, Oct. 15 & 16 at 1 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 4 p.m. • Dance and Tango performance, Oct. 15, 7:30 p.m.
ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR OCTOBER 2011

FOR EVERYONE—The darkness before dawn. Let’s be honest. A lot of situations have reached their limits. So have a lot of people. Suspense and tension are peaking. Rhetoric is getting ever more intense. Nerves are taut. But there’s still no realistic solution in sight. The turn will come in November—next month. The planets need more time to dot the i’s and cross the t’s. Meanwhile, in October, people just have to hunker down and work even harder to hold things together. Just be aware that November will bring relief in the form of true inspiration and new directions that we really do want to go in. Meanwhile, persevere. Hold on. Don’t settle for any of the half-baked options going around now.

LIBRA—Improve. The uncertainty and doubts about work and finances generally, continues. Budgets remain tight. Worse, disorder seems to be the rule, now, almost to the point of chaos, sometimes. Rhetoric is much more intense, too. There is a great need for the kind of fair-minded, balanced thinking Librans do best. However, you will need to choose your moments carefully. With persistence, you can shape opportunities from the disorder and uncertainty that will benefit yourself and others. Your own most personal and cherished hopes will make up for the occasional awkwardness. The advantages your efforts bring for you and others will depend solidly on your ability to build alliances and support partnerships. People need better, more open lines of communication that will help others manage the changes in their lives. Your intervention might be all that stands between the status quo and chaos. One thing: You’ll need to set aside your own ego.

CANCER—Stay the course. Cancerians are safely out of the intense crossfire in October—more or less. You should also be able to deflect any stray threats. Still, your job or income could be affected by strains related to current tensions. Nerves are frayed. Tempers are showing. Open confrontations seem possible. It’s enough to keep your mind clear and do what you need to do. Don’t get swept into the current. At this point, deeper involvement in the issues is probably unwise. Wait until people seem ready for sensible discussions.

SCORPIO—Reach out. It seems you need to extend your social circles in ways that are not yet comfortable for you. You might also have to go back on any promises you make. This month it would be best to listen closely and speak seldom. When you do speak, it should be to calm the waters.

VIRGO—The next level. You’ve stayed aloft in pretty rough seas. The planets will continue to support you despite all the risk factors. You just need to dig deeper—intellectually, emotionally, psychologically and, yes, spiritually. It isn’t that the planets suddenly don’t like you anymore. The situation is just getting more and more complex and turbulent. You need greater self-knowledge, more self-control and greater knowledge of the issues. If not, you could lose your way amidst the rapidly growing confusion. Many people, both high and low, are counting on you.

SCORPIO—Reach out. It seems you need to extend your social circles in ways that are not yet comfortable for you. You might not realize it, but as you push beyond your present social boundaries, you will create lines of communication that will help others manage the changes in their lives. People need better, more open lines of communication to deal with the changes now taking place. Don’t let the occasional misstep undermine your confidence. The advantages your efforts bring for you and others will make up for the occasional awkwardness.

SAGITTARIUS—Small moves. Countless small issues and a few big ones are combining to block progress on every front. Nerves are on edge. The obstacles won’t yield to force. Untying a tight knot often requires many small tugs. If you pull repeatedly but gently at these knots from enough different angles, they will give way. Don’t lose confidence. Don’t be put off by the anger, resentment or frustration others are expressing, either. Encourage others to seek the truth you know is there. Sometimes, mild-mannered Sagittarius just has to show some ego.

LEO—Mediate, or else. Grievances, self-righteousness and feelings of entitlement are driving confrontations all around. People want satisfaction, they want the truth and they want change. Now. No matter the cost. You are in touch with the forces of change and sense the truth of what is being said by all sides. You can speak to those in power. You also know how to work with intense emotions. Your intervention might be all that stands between the status quo and chaos. One thing: You’ll need to set aside your own ego.

TAURUS—Silence is golden. Your job situation will improve significantly in some ways. In other ways, not. Relations with work associates could get very dicey. Feelings are running high. This isn’t the time to simply impose your will, either. Going ahead with your plans as they are would probably only lead to greater debt in the end. Prepare for a lengthy give and take. Refine your ideas. Strive for trust, build consensus, seek cooperation. Some quiet work on personal issues will help things along, too.

AQUARIUS—Coach. The Aquarian spirit is alive and well. Near term, though, success will depend solidly on your ability to build alliances and support partnerships. Money will probably continue to support you despite all the risk factors. You just need to dig deeper—intellectually, emotionally, psychologically and, yes, spiritually. It isn’t that the planets suddenly don’t like you anymore. The situation is just getting more and more complex and turbulent. You need greater self-knowledge, more self-control and greater knowledge of the issues. If not, you could lose your way amidst the rapidly growing confusion. Many people, both high and low, are counting on you.

PILES—Inspiration. Where others might see only obstacles, Piscians see possibilities. You can help others see beyond the confusion, uncertainty and obstacles. Your enthusiasm is contagious. It could also have a synergistic effect, setting many things in motion at once. This is especially true on the job front, but it isn’t just confined to work. Continue to refine your vision so it stays relevant and understandable. Continue to refocus your efforts, too, so the project stays doable. Let others take over the bits that don’t interest you directly. Leave room for improvisation.

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