little village
Iowa City’s News & Culture Magazine

GOING FOR THE GOLD PAGE 16

INSIDE
VICTORY AT ANY PRICE? PAGE 6, 8
LOCAL CRAFT PROSPECTS PAGE 24
TREASURES IN OUR MIDST PAGE 32
Sat, December 3
**Drop the Bass** w/ Control Freqs
+ Hood-Tek + DJ Lay-Z + Rawdogg

Sat, December 10
**Heatbox** w/ Roster McCabe, Chasing Shade

Fri, December 23
Home for the Holidays Benefit for Crisis Center:
**Euforquestra, David Zollo, Dennis McMurrin and the Demolition Band**

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iowacityyachtclub.org

**THU**
12.01 Jon Wayne & The Pain

**FRI**
12.02 Kris Lager Band + Mutts
12.03 Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band
12.09 Mike Dillon’s GoGo Jungle
12.10 Talking Heads Tribute with This Must Be The Band + BJ Jagers
12.16 Brewgrass Festival
12.17 George Clinton P Funk Tribute with We Funk
12.31 New Years Eve with Dead Larry + 5 in a Hand + Item 9

**SAT**
12.21 Yacht Club 9th Anniversary Party w/ The Big Wu, OSG, Aaron Kamm and the One Drops, Whistle Pigs, Tallgrass, Limbs, Dream Thieves, Gone South, The Enz

**EVERY MON**
One Night Stand

**EVERY TUES**
Flight School

**EVERY WED**
Jam Session

**American Reason** Sundays 4–5 p.m.
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Last month’s visit to Iowa City by Jay Walljasper, author of All That We Share: A Field Guide to the Commons, was by all accounts—including, admittedly, my own—a great success. I once again thank Little Village for helping spread the word so effectively and I thank all who came to discuss the commons with us and who supported Jay’s visit in any way.

In this season of giving, I would ask that you indulge me one more reflection on the commons. I do so in part because of this very season—the time of year when sharing, the root idea behind the commons, is uppermost in many people’s minds.

During his visit here, Jay Walljasper would, whenever possible, practice the idea of the commons in his talks, turning the session into a shared experience by asking all audience members to share their favorite commons. As host, I refrained from responding and taking up too much time myself, but when Jay was giving his talk in Grinnell, I couldn’t help but put in my two cents. I thought that I was drawing together a few things in perhaps a bizarre way, but I forged ahead anyway.

This summer, we welcomed a new addition to our family: a six-year-old stray three-legged black labrador retriever named Mabel. So for my first example of the commons, I was grateful for the existence and expertise of the Iowa City Animal Care and Adoption Center. As a public institution, it is an obvious example of a public service, which is clearly part of the commons.

This led me to another commons connection. The compassion for animals—an ethical commons—is part of one of the most important aspects of our shared heritage here in Iowa, as well as the shared ethics of environmentalism that are our only hope for a clean, beautiful world—the heritage of Burlington native Aldo Leopold. Leopold’s most important idea—and arguably the most important environmental idea of the twentieth century, if not ever—is the “land ethic.” As Leopold said in the classic A Sand County Almanac, “A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise. … The land ethic simply enlarges the boundaries of the community to include soils, waters, plants, and animals, or collectively: the land.” No doubt many naturalists and environmentalists consider wild animals more than domesticated pets as part of “the land,” but I think Leopold would agree that we have this deep obligation to all life. It seems like such a simple, if not obvious idea, but it was profound in its first observation and altered the course of how we think about our relationship with nature—and literally everything around us.

Now I’m not saying that the person who picked up Mabel had read Leopold, or that his or her compassion couldn’t have originated more directly from sources other than environmentalism. But this person’s reaching out to a stray animal...
Brekenridge Brewery – Breckenridge, Colorado

Christmas Ale

BREW OF THE MONTH: DECEMBER

It is once again time for celebratory holiday beers and winter warmers. While some are sub-par and gratuitous (another excuse to add a truckload of hops to a handful of malts), others gain such praise that they are brewed year-round. Some are even worthy of cellaring and comparing with previous holiday vintages.

Though Christmas Ale, by Breckenridge Brewery of Denver, Colorado, is not necessarily ideal for cellaring, I think it is a well-balanced and excellent winter warmer. It provides a nice malt backbone to satisfy the seasonal craving and offers adequate hoppiness and spice without being too bitter. Unlike many holiday releases, which feature different and sometimes top secret recipes from year to year, Breckenridge’s Christmas Ale, as far as I know, does not change. It was runner-up for my December 2010 recommendation, so I decided it earned the limelight this year.

When poured into a pint glass, it is mahogany brown with copper tones; two fingers of buttery, thick and slightly tanned head dissipates slowly to leave a thin cap. Grapefruit and lemon citrus from the hops dominate the aroma and are seasoned with mellow holiday spices (pine and perhaps cinnamon). Underneath the hops are the malts and sweetness: caramel, cocoa, toffee and dark fruit cherry. The taste is not as hoppy or spicy as the smell, but the hops provide a nice, bitter bite. The backbone comes from flavors of caramel, a little cocoa, toffee and a hint of coffee.

Casey Wagner

ALCOHOL CONTENT: 7.4 percent ABV.
SERVING TEMPERATURE: 45-50º F.
FOOD PAIRINGS: The Breckenridge Brewery offers a recipe for “Christmas Ale Pork Chops” on its website. Besides that, it should pair well with chicken, turkey, holiday desserts and cheeses like blue and gorgonzola.
PRICE: $7-8 per six-pack

Try a new brew!
It’s in the final stage that things fall apart. The grad assistant lacked the necessary skills to act. He did not call the police and he may have failed to get the boy away from the rapist. We cannot know exactly why he failed to do these things. The research referenced in Berkowitz’s book gives some clues. It may be that the bystander was encumbered by the social influence of the people around him who were doing nothing, he may have feared embarrassing himself by coming forward, or embarrassing Penn State and its football

In many cases, one person is enough to abort an aggressive act, or to let a person know that he or she is not alone.

According to Berkowitz, the research suggests that people move through four stages in the course of intervening: First, they have to notice the problem. For example, in the Penn State case, the graduate assistant supposedly saw the perpetrator raping a boy in the shower. Second, they have to see what they observe as a problem. No one supposes that the Penn State grad assistant didn’t see what he saw, or fail to recognize its evil. He clearly saw the episode as a problem and no matter what the details of his immediate response, his later behavior shows that he felt responsible for dealing with it, the third of Berkowitz’s analytic stages.

In the rush and chaos of events, a bystander who wishes to intervene must have already imagined a way to step in.
program. He may have assumed that someone else would take care of it once he had reported it up the chain, he may have feared retaliation and he may have decided that no one wanted this to become public. While these do not excuse his silence, especially in such a horrific case, they do begin to explain it.

They also point to the lessons that Penn State and Iowa’s failures teach: It’s not enough to decry abuse, harassment, rape and silence. We have to do something about them. And in order to do something about them, we have to develop skills that will allow us to overcome our reluctance, fear and inertia.

For a long time, the Women’s Resource and Action Center (WRAC) at the UI has been mobilizing women and men to take on the responsibility of standing up against rape, the various -isms, harassment and other forms of violence. WRAC began using bystander intervention theory in a program called Iowa Women Initiating Social Change. For the last three years WRAC’s director, Linda Kroon, who is also Bystander Education Coordinator for the University, has been training people to intervene and to teach others how to intervene. WRAC formed the Men’s Anti-Violence Council in the fall of 2007, in part to further the goal of creating bystanders who can recognize problems and can act. MAC coordinator Jarrod Koon, together with members of the council, has delivered bystander training to many groups around campus, highlighting men’s responsibility for making our community safe and welcoming for all people. WRAC helped OnIowa, the university’s orientation program, develop and deliver a bystander curriculum presented by 180 student leaders to the incoming first-year class. There are organizations hard at work disseminating information and techniques for dealing with a multitude of situations, from thoughtless but harmful speech to physical confrontations. There is no excuse for ignorance and no excuse for inaction.

The first lesson of bystander intervention is that bystanders can make a difference. In many cases, one person is enough to abort an aggressive act, or to let a potential victim know that he or she is not alone. One person is frequently enough to make a harasser understand how his behavior is harming others. One person can frequently inspire or empower others to join together to defuse a situation. We have more power than we know and less to fear than we think.

The second lesson is that there are many ways to intervene. Some are immediate and direct, changing things as they occur. Some
For the boys

There is a man in my life who is 15 years younger than me. He is my brother—and he is a kid who was raised in youth sports.

From an early age, Patrick’s care and tutelage was entrusted to coaches. Adult men worked with him one-on-one to develop his skills and grow his potential, taking him from a spindly kid “raising the roof” when he caught a pop fly in t-ball to a capable junior-college catcher.

He was ten once and I remember him so vividly. He was goofy, charming ... with a sunny smile and the smell of the outdoors in his hair. Although he may have never been the star player, all his darling little-boy energy went into doing his best. He was naturally trusting, but there were moments, as there are in life, when that trust was betrayed. Maybe the coach’s son played while Patrick sat the bench, or a kid with more influential parents than ours made error after error, yet still stayed hard enough to earn a spot, but somehow didn’t get the call. Sometimes life just isn’t fair—we all learn that at some point.

But this was nothing, nothing, compared to the alleged violations of trust that occurred under the auspices of Penn State University, but as we all struggle to reconcile the disaster unfolding there, there is one thought that won’t leave my brain: One of those boys could have been our Patrick. Or could have been, and was, a boy just like Patrick.

Maybe his parents didn’t show up at every game, or struggled to manage multiple jobs, keep plates full and the family in shoes. Whatever the circumstances, we all, at some point, must trust another adult, alone, with our children; and there is an immense amount of faith involved. The men who coached and mentored Patrick were trusted members of our community, but so was Jerry Sandusky. He wasn’t a shadowy figure. When we learn that a man who lives in the public eye, surrounded by the very heroes that our boys rely on as role models for Cedric Everson and Abe Satterfield, two former-Hawkeye football players who admitted to having raped an unconscious woman in a dorm room. At the time, she was a member of the women’s swim team, so she and her family immediately reported the event to the athletic department. They were quickly interviewed by Head Football Coach Kirk Ferentz (pictured), Athletic Director Gary Barta and Assoc. Athletic Director Fred Mims, who are said to have advised her and her family against a formal process, promising a “swift” informal process led by the athletic department. After several letters from the victim’s family made the event public, the men were finally charged in 2008. Three years, one guilty plea and one conviction later, they were sentenced to a total of seven days in jail and $3,034 in fines and victim restitution. Phillip Jones, vice president for student services, and Marcus Mills, vice president for legal affairs and general counsel, were fired by UI President Sally Mason amid allegations that they had mishandled the case. Gary Barta, Kirk Ferentz, Fred Mims and Sally Mason still hold their positions today.

Could it happen here?

We don’t have to look far for evidence that The University of Iowa is capable of putting itself first. The school received national press in 2010 and 2011 for the athletic department’s alleged cover-up of a sexual assault case that occurred in 2007. Earlier this year there were high-profile convictions, at last, but low-profile punishments for Cedric Everson and Abe Satterfield, two former-Hawkeye football players who admitted to having raped an unconscious woman in a dorm room. At the time, she was a member of the women’s swim team, so she and her family immediately reported the event to the athletic department. They were quickly interviewed by Head Football Coach Kirk Ferentz (pictured), Athletic Director Gary Barta and Assoc. Athletic Director Fred Mims, who are said to have advised her and her family against a formal process, promising a “swift” informal process led by the athletic department. After several letters from the victim’s family made the event public, the men were finally charged in 2008. Three years, one guilty plea and one conviction later, they were sentenced to a total of seven days in jail and $3,034 in fines and victim restitution. Phillip Jones, vice president for student services, and Marcus Mills, vice president for legal affairs and general counsel, were fired by UI President Sally Mason amid allegations that they had mishandled the case. Gary Barta, Kirk Ferentz, Fred Mims and Sally Mason still hold their positions today.
models, is actually a semi-well-known predator, every parent in the world must now be asking, “Who else?”

I feel, too, for the people of Penn State who have been dealt multiple blows, including the loss of their revered head coach. It’s hard to watch an idol fall, especially one as seemingly lovable and straight-up as Joe Paterno. But Paterno’s lack of follow-up on the molestation that was reported to him back in 2002 is inexplicable. I feel devastated and betrayed; I can’t even imagine what the folks in Happy Valley are going through. No one wanted to see Joe Pa go out like this, but it’s clearly time for all of us to change our minds about the man.

There is hardly a branch of society that didn’t fail those boys in Happy Valley. What do we owe them? What can we do for those who bravely came forward?

“Shut down the program!” some decry. “Cut it, destroy it, smash it to bits as a lesson for history.”

It’s hard not to agree with the sentiment; my instincts fall in much the same category. But where does that leave those victimized kids? Without a star player to inspire them, without a mascot to wave to in the stands? I’m not saying it’s right—if we’ve learned anything, we’ve learned that dreamy-eyed hero worship will get us nowhere. But maybe, if we get started on the hard work of ensuring something like this never happens again, we can build something better, more worthy of the adoration and admiration it inspires.

I’m concerned by any reaction that could keep victims from coming forward, victims who don’t want to break up their families, or don’t want to hurt their teams. The lawyer of one victim revealed that the boy has been “torn apart” by what has happened to the Penn State football community. In order to save future victims, these young men risked the collapse of an institution they cherished. If we allow these institutions to crumble, what message does that send?

I’m certainly not saying that continuing to over-support and over-fund these programs is the proper course, but I can’t stop thinking about that distraught little boy, after all he’d been through, still so affected by the epic downfall of Joe Pa and the chaos in Happy Valley. To him, I say this is not your fault. Those men were not heroes, you are the hero. I would like to be able to tell him: As a result of your actions, state laws and university guidelines around the country—and likely the world—are improving. Penn State University will be a safer, better place, because of you.

For me, college football has never been as much about wins and losses or X’s and O’s, as it is about connection, conversation, loyalty and spirit. There is community here, and that makes it valuable. But with each disturbing new detail that emerges, it becomes more difficult to don our team colors for a game that seems to have lost (or maybe sold) its heart. Suddenly, it’s hard to participate in such a brutally unjust culture; one where billion-dollar paydays for both school and community, national prestige and fundraising opportunities can mean more than the health and well-being of children.

Perhaps something will come of Penn State that will help reignite our faith in the integrity of college sports. I will continue to hope that if any small good can come of something so horrendous, it is a reevaluation and restructuring of the soulless money machine college football seems to have become. Maybe then we can all start to feel okay about being football fans again.
Winter is a time of deep stillness and inner reflection. Yet for the first months of the season, we often end up feeling anxious, sick or depressed. Some attribute these feelings to holiday stress, or to a lack of vitamin D. Others say it is a lack of motivation to stay active throughout the chillier months. Whatever the cause, Midwesterners naturally have less energy to burn during the winter.

Build up your energy reserves, increase lubrication of your creaky joints, ligaments and tendons, and reduce holiday anxiety and seasonal depression through a regular yoga practice.

To get started, experiment with a few different styles until you find what’s right for you. **Hot Yoga** is extremely popular over the winter months. Our joints are stiffer because of the chilly outdoors, and these warm classes help you loosen up. Rooms range from 85-100 degrees.

**Vinyasa Flow** is a style in which you build heat through vigorous movements that link to your breath.

**Power Yoga** is a flow-based approach focusing on strength and flexibility. The stable and controlled postures produce a concentrated mind.

In the Iowa City area, we have a wide variety of yoga studios suited for all types of students. Here are a few that I would recommend:

**Zenergi Hot Yoga**
1705 South First Avenue, Iowa City
www.zenergihotyoga.com

These instructors are some of the friendliest I’ve found in one location and the studio’s environment is non-competitive. Your first class is free and they have a weekly community class for just five bucks. The facilities are welcoming and convenient. With showers available and plenty of parking, it’ll be difficult to say no to another class at Zenergi this winter.

Zenergi offers Vinyasa, hot yoga, hot pilates and power classes. They have morning classes and evening classes at the affordable drop-in rate of $12 and $10 for students.

**Downward Dog Yoga & Fitness**
120 Second Street, Coralville
www.downwarddog-yoga.com

Downward Dog has everything you need to keep your body in shape and your mind relaxed this holiday season.

Classes are offered in the early morning, throughout the day and into the dinner hour. They offer a variety of six-week sessions for various levels.

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**Winter Poses**

To reduce your stress level, try these three poses:

**Child’s Pose**
This pose works on your hips and your thighs to naturally release stress, anxiety and fatigue. This pose relaxes your mind; the longer you hold the pose the better the effect.

**Easy Pose**
This crossed leg position promotes a sense of ease, grounding and well-being.

**Cobra/Up Dog**
All backbends have a heart opening effect. Notice your posture when you're down and tired. When you open your heart, you elevate your mood.

*Photos by Mike Stenerson
Illustrations by Ansel Cummings/Luminous Flower*
Ah, to be young, rebellious … and poor. If that tattoo you’ve been wanting is sinking to the bottom of your budget, it’s time to take matters into your own hands. Now I can’t, with good conscience, send you on a do-it-yourself mission that involves ink-filled needles and questionable freehand skills. I can, however, lead you towards the next best option: have a friend do it. No, not your everyday group of chums (we already know the artwork they create with the help of a few beers and a sharpie). I’m talking about new friends.

Being buds with a tattoo artist has all sorts of perks. They possess a perfect mix of toughness and creativity that makes you feel cooler just by being in the same room. You’ll feel better getting inked by someone you trust, rather than a stranger (wait, this isn’t the Chinese symbol for harmony?). Plus they might cut you a deal, ‘cause hey, that’s what friends are for. To help you in your quest for a parlor pal, we asked these local artists what they look for in a friend.

**Heartland Yoga**

221 East College Street, Suite 213
Iowa City
www.icheartlandyoga.com

Heartland Yoga has classes for all ages and experience levels. They offer the widest range of yoga styles including, but not limited to: Kundalini, Yin Yoga, Anusara, Kripalu and Tantra Yoga.

Four of their classes each week cater specifically to the community and are donation-based. This is an excellent way to keep the studio full despite today’s economic troubles. The large windows add to the meditative ambience, especially if you glance up during a snowfall.

Heartland has plenty of workshops to suit all needs, a variety of punch cards for all budgets and a $10 rate for students. Try any class, any day.

Victoria Florence Watson is a certified yoga instructor and studio manager of Robin’s Nest Yoga Studio. She was introduced to yoga alongside meditation at Maharishi University in Fairfield, IA in 2002. Her passion and enthusiasm has been supporting individuals in discovering their own inner strength through the practice of yoga. No one ever regrets practicing yoga.

**Friends with Benefits?**

Photos by Adrianne Behning

>> **DANNY IANNUCCI (NEMESIS STUDIO)**

“The majority of my friends are either tattoo artists or are in general nerds, geeks and rejects. I try to associate myself with people who are less handsome than me so I look better in public.”

<< **MATT COOPER (NEMESIS STUDIO)**

“I look for intelligence. A sharp lip, sarcasm and mutual interests.”

>> **KRIS EVANS (ENDORPHINDEN TATTOO)**

“It’s refreshing for me to meet people who don’t have tattoos and don’t want tattoos. I like to connect with people with other things like bicycle riding or music. I look for true friends, not users who want free tattoos.”
Professional wrestler Gorgeous George, the self-proclaimed “beautiful” showman, was a man out of time. Few entertainers—or anyone, for that matter—can claim such an eclectic and iconic list of devotees: James Brown, Bob Dylan, Muhammad Ali, Andy Kaufman and John Waters. Each borrowed a different element from George’s transgressive persona and style, adding their own spin to it.

He stood out, to say the least. A 1948 Newsweek article noted that “both in and out of the ring he affects a … swishy manner, and effeminate fragrance.” After arriving in town for a match, the wrestler often held court with reporters in women’s beauty salons while getting his hair done, long curly locks and all. It was always good for a few column inches.

With Gorgeous George’s narcissistic, over-the-top personality and fluid sexual identity, this preening wrestler was likened to “a Liberace in tights.”

As part of the wrestler’s pre-bout ritual, he dressed head to toe in a frilly woman’s nightgown, which was slowly and suggestively removed by his valet. As his manservant sprayed the ring with an oversized canister filled with perfume, George pompously bowed to the audience, mocking them. “Sissy!,” they screamed. “Who do you think you are?” The blue-collar crowd went even more berserk when he delayed the fight by very sloooooowly and meticulously folding his clothing with snobbish care. “The more they yelled,” he later recounted, “the more time I took.”

Even though audiences retaliated with projectiles and verbal taunts, Gorgeous George was also quite beloved. A Boxing Illustrated profile noted that many in the arena “jeered him with a smile and hated him with affection.” His outrageous behavior gave the audience a license to respond to him with their own bizarre displays. In the late-1940s, televised wrestling matches aired every night on prime time—making him as famous as just about any American celebrity. All the comedians of the day, from Jack Benny to Bob Hope, told Gorgeous George jokes.

During the 1940s and 1950s, his campy gender-bending act helped move the shocking and outré from the fringes of culture to the televised mainstream. “He was bizarre, I’d never seen anything like it,” John Waters said of the first time he saw the wrestler, at the age of eleven. “A man who wore women’s clothes, who had bleached hair, who made people scared but also made them laugh.” As Mr. and Mrs. Waters shouted at the television, offended by George’s abominable behavior, the future film director sat there mesmerized.

That night, John Waters decided to go into show business. He started making underground films as a teenager and, eventually, gross-out classics like Pink Flamingos, Female Trouble and Polyester. “Gorgeous George inspired me to think up bizarre characters with humor,” he told biographer John Capouya, pointing to the roles he created for his cross-dressing muse, Divine. “In my films, I’m beginning to realize, all of my characters have something to do with him, subliminally.”

James Brown was also directly influenced by “the rassler, Gorgeous George,” whom the soul music legend said “added a special flamboyance to his matches.” He inspired the singer’s wardrobe choices and other aspects of his stagecraft, including Brown’s famous cape routine. Brown also loved the wrestler’s boastful nicknames (“The Toast of the Coast,” “The Sensation of the Nation”), and developed...
memorable ones of his own (“The Godfather of Soul,” “The Hardest Working Man In Show Business”).

Another in the long list of improbable pop-culture trickster figures he inspired was Bob Dylan, who witnessed the wrestler’s act in Hibbing, Minnesota during the late-1950s. “It was Gorgeous George, in all his magnificent glory,” the musician recalled in his memoir *Chronicles, Volume One*. “He had valets and was surrounded by women carrying roses, wore a majestic fur-lined gold cape and his long blond curls were flowing.”

Dylan was performing in the National Guard Armory, the same venue where a wrestling match was also taking place. As the beautiful man walked by with his entourage, the singer says that George winked at him and appeared to mouth the following words: “You’re making it come alive.” He could have been saying anything, but Dylan insists that this chance encounter “was all the recognition and encouragement I would need for years to come.”

When Muhammad Ali (then known as Cassius Clay) first witnessed George, he was awestruck. The wrestler walked down the aisle to the tune of “Pomp and Circumstance” while dressed in a formfitting red velvet gown covered by a lush white satin robe. With his nose held high, he regally surveyed his domain and addressed the crowd: “Peasants!” George relished the insults, screams and foot stomping.

“Oh, everybody just booed him,” Clay recalled. “I looked around and I saw everybody was mad. I was mad! I saw 15,000 people coming to see this man get beat, and his talking did it. And I said, ‘This is a good idea.’”

For Christmas, Kembrew McLeod is looking forward to wearing his matching father/son pentagram t-shirt/onesie set that his lovely wife Lynne made for him and Alasdair (their infant son, who is not scheduled to be sacrificed to the Lord Satan this year).
It was a home game a few years ago when I first saw Dog, whose real name is Frank Webb, guiding his bike and cart loaded five feet high with the day’s haul. He was winding his way between dense crowds of fans, ignoring the noise as he stopped intermittently, and adding to his already massive pile.

“I don’t go up to the games anymore,” Dog said when we met years later at the Salvation Army on Gilbert Court. It was a Sunday evening during the five o’clock dinner service. “People try to give you drinks, you end up with more full cans then empty ones. I don’t need that.”

“They’re doing another story about me for the paper,” he announced to the dinner crowd as we walked in and sat at the table with the pre-made salads. It was 4:45 and people were already lined up to the door. He told me about how he’d been homeless since getting out of an Illinois reform school in 1983. “They never convicted me of anything, but the judge said I was incorrigible and they ended up not letting me out till I was 21.”

At 21 years old and without any work experience or education, Webb ended up back in an institution after being convicted of armed robbery of a convenience store. When he got out a few years later, he found himself in a similar situation as before.

“I never had a job before and no one would hire me. So I ended up riding the rails.”

Webb told me of how he had bisected the country riding rail, learning the routes and tracks via maps in the public library. He told me about visiting Times Square on New Year’s Eve, New Orleans on Mardi Gras, and Sturgis during the great motorcycle rally. “One year I went down to South Padre Island during Spring Break. That place was one big party.”

He agreed to let me follow him on his can-collecting route, so on Saturday morning around 7 a.m., as the game day tailgating was just starting, I met Webb at his campsite (he asked me not to disclose the location).

The tarp on his dome tent is covered with layers of blankets to help keep in the heat of his small gas stove. The tools of his trade consist of a 15-speed Huffy mountain bike with which he pulls a small aluminum-framed, two-wheeled cart. The cart is a three-foot by five-foot platform supported by two 10-inch wheels. It is attached to the bike with two metal eye hooks, allowing the whole thing to move and turn without tipping over. Elastic cables hold down bags of cans and bottles as they rise higher and higher from the platform.

His route, which he completes every day of the week (except on Tuesdays when he does laundry), begins on Ellis Avenue, where eight
or so fraternity houses face over the river. On this Saturday morning at 7 a.m., pregame festivities have already begun. Taxis pull up and leave and a few young men stand around in Hawk gear drinking. “You guys ready for the game or what?” Webb yells out to them as we go by. Referring to the area as “frat row,” he lists it as one of the most profitable places on his route. “After game day, I’ll come up here and all of these dumpsters will be full of cans.” That morning, however, pickings are slim. As Webb closes the lid to the dumpster he yells back over at the guys, joking that they haven’t left him any cans to pick up. “We’ll leave them out here on the porch once they are empty,” one of them yells back.

As we roll away, he tells me this is part of his strategy, “Now when I come back they’ll have all those cans bagged up and waiting for me. Saves me a lot of trouble. That’s why I say hi to everyone, try to be friendly. You don’t know who might be able to help you out.”

Webb recognizes and deals with the many challenges of living outdoors year-round. He recalls rescuing a friend who had fallen through the ice into the river. “We pulled him out and took him up to Mercy, and they took really great care of him.” Still, he does not wish to move inside. “I tried living inside for a while and I just kept coming back to the streets.” He recalled leaving his wife for days at a time. “She would always come and make me go back inside but eventually I just told her, ‘That’s not me. That’s not what I want to do.’”

After leaving Ellis we proceeded across the river to Dubuque Street and a few more fraternity dumpsters. From there we went South to the Wesley Campus Ministry, where in the basement, as part of the Free Lunch Program (FLP), breakfast was being served. Mary Palmberg, who coordinates the FLP, says they have over 900 volunteers. “Between the FLP, The Crisis Center and The Salvation Army there is a lot being done to help people like Frank.” While Webb’s lifestyle speaks volumes of self-reliance, it is not one he lives without assistance, as he is patron of all three organizations.

After breakfast, we sat outside as Webb smoked one of his hand-rolled cigarettes and imparted some of his more colorful experiences. One winter, in Fargo, North Dakota, he encountered temperatures of -40 degrees. “A cop came up to me and said ‘You’ve gotta get inside,’ and so I told him I was homeless. He asked me if I had any beer and I said that I did and I’d be drinking it soon,” Webb smiles as he recalls the story. “He came back an hour later, asked me ‘Drunk any of those beers yet?’ ‘Yeah, I had a few,’ I said and he took me into detox and let me spend the night.” In the morning Webb walked out of detox, well-rested and without another blemish on his record. “That was a nice thing for them to do.”

Clint Coggins is a 25-year old reader/writer/denizen of Iowa City. Contact him at clintcoggins@msn.com

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1.65 billion
Estimated number of cans redeemed annually in Iowa (iowapolitics.com)
Represents 86% of all possible returns (bottlebill.org)
He wanted to fly to Cedar Rapids or Moline and get a hotel room. He would bring his scissors and a female friend to film the process. He said it could be just the three of us and that no one would need to know. I’d drive to the hotel with my own camera-bearer and cutlery, in this case men with swords. He would trim the ends of my hair then wash and dry it. Without brushing, he would grab great snarls of hair, hack them off, flinging them to the floor and leave me with a half-inch pixie cut and a thousand dollars.

It’s not exactly sex work, and it’s not exactly not. I had posted my hair for sale online in hopes of paying for a writer’s workshop, and the man I nicknamed Skeezy replied.

I knew what I was getting into. In June 2010, I was fed up with people telling me to donate my hair and listed it at thehairtrader.com. I had done enough research to know that the human hair market is, at this level, not wigmakers or Victorian hair artists but hair fetishists. It’s a niche market, but it is a market.

In the month before the site went down, I received four innuendo-filled offers. I insisted to my friends that I was okay with my leap into ... whatever, but I also insisted that the sellers at least pretend they weren’t interested in that. In the end, I didn’t sell my hair or even enter serious negotiations.

A year later, with a monetary goal in mind, I decided to give it another try. This time with buyandsellhair.com, which could be considered the primary website for hair sales, functioning much like Craigslist.

There are currently more than six hundred ads on buyandsellhair.com, with three-to-five more posted every day. According to a customer service representative named Sandip, about forty percent of the members post ads—mostly women, mostly brunettes. More than three-quarters of the hair on the site sells, typically for between ten and fifty dollars an inch. He guessed that hair like mine could sell in less than a month.

The language of hair selling is bizarre. Browsing the ads, I saw flowery words—“tresses,” “locks”—and an emphasis on the quality of the seller as well as the hair. The almost-universally female sellers list age, how often they wash and how deeply they condition their hair, that they take prenatal vitamins full of hair-promoting folate, that they don’t smoke or do drugs, that they are vegetarian or vegan, that they, and presumably their hair, are healthy. And virgin. “Virgin” means that the hair hasn’t been treated with chemicals or heat. It’s untouched, unsullied and expensive.

I used all the right words, though compared to other ads mine was fairly tame. Healthy, young, great highlights, virgin. I asked a
friend to take pictures of my hair. I wore my favorite boots and hot jeans—surely my hair would sell better if it fell straight to an attractive rear end—and did my best to look salable. I wasn’t just putting my hair on the market. I was selling myself.

When I saw the pictures, I was shocked. My hair gleamed. It poured over the back of a kitchen chair and pooled in the seat like a river of light. Coiled into a bun, its highlights leapt out at me, pale gold to dark, and when it hung loose, I finally understood its true length. I spent the next few days extremely proud of my hair. It was long because I ignored it, but now, it became an accomplishment. My realization was not unique. Most of us don’t see our own hair. It’s tucked behind ears and under scarves, tied out of our faces and reserved for those who look at us.

In my case, there was a series of potential buyers, mostly scams and stingy offers but also a very nice man who agreed to send $800 via PayPal, gave me an address in Michigan and then evaporated—Flaky. And Skeezy, of course. He wasn’t the only man who wanted to cut my hair, only the most ambitious. Others limited themselves to requests for pictures, ostensibly to verify that the hair was still attached to my head—cut-to-order hair brings a better price than off-the-rack—or to better see the quality. After the second request for pictures of my hair thrown over my head to show the underside, I realized that the pictures were pornography, though I doubt most people would know it when they see the pictures.

I stopped demanding discreet, polite fiction and started asking for honesty: “If, on the other hand, the pictures are less to evaluate my hair than for something else, I’m still willing to provide them,” I wrote to one picture-seeker. He didn’t reply.

The fundraising project took on a life of its own. David Dunlap, an art professor, learned about my attempt at hair sales and he offered to buy twenty strands for a dollar each as art. I spent an evening playing Rock Band while a friend tugged twenty long hairs from my scalp. A little later, I decided to participate in Public Space One’s annual silent auction. I planned to use the money for a writer’s workshop—why not sell individual strands of hair, pieces of me, with individual sentences, pieces of a story? One afternoon, another friend singled out fifty hairs and plucked them. After each one, she said, “I’m sorry,” and I replied, “It’s okay,” and glued it to an index card. I also sold $1 U-Pluck-Its at the Public Space One auction’s closing party. I laughed a lot about it.

My ad on buyandsellhair.com expired in September. Neither of the two serious offers I got, Skeezy and Flaky, resulted in a sale. In the end I made thirty-seven dollars selling my hair as art and none selling my hair—or myself—as a sex object. I’m satisfied with that.

Seeing my hair through so many other eyes gave me a better idea of what it looks like through my own, and adjusting to the many ways people wanted to claim it made me realize that it really is mine.

The next time a stranger asks if I’d ever cut my hair, I can answer, “Honey, you couldn’t afford it.”

But if they have $1,000? Then maybe I will rock that pixie cut.

Catherine Krahe lives in Iowa City. She plans to save the world by telling stories and planting trees.

**There are currently more than six hundred ads on buyandsellhair.com ... It’s a niche market, but it’s a market.**

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> 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).

WWW.LITTLEVILLAGEMAG.COM/HTR

WIN $100 + GET PUBLISHED

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.

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Submitted work must be the intellectual property of the entrant only.

For all published pieces we buy first North American serial rights for the print magazine and first worldwide serial rights for our website. All subsequent rights revert back to the author.

Submit your piece now to htr@littlevillagemag.com

HOT TIN ROOF

A PROGRAM TO SHOWCASE CURRENT LITERARY WORK PRODUCED IN IOWA CITY
The car crossed over the median and crashed, head-on, into the passenger van—empty, you find out later, of its typical brood of children, who were spending that evening at a soccer tournament.

The thunderous crash, a deafening concussion of metal, was worse than you could have imagined, and then you saw it—Was it? Yes. It was—A man. You saw a man flying through the air and for a second, maybe, you hoped he would float smoothly away with the flock of birds spraying from the wild roadside brush.

Still somehow driving, you pretend the man is something you saw under the big top with your father when you were six years old. A man given ephemeral flight; propelled upward into the sky to arrive safely at his net.

What a lark! What a plunge! you think, and you hate the inner workings of your goddamned mind, this constant sink of literature, this frenzied need to live like a book, and you watch this man, car-crash acrobat, hurtling through the air. You realize, later, that even then, with a man dying, you felt sorry for yourself! You thought back to your childhood, to that moment at the circus when you learned to identify with fictions. On the ride home that night, you’d suddenly imagined yourself propelled through the air, flying, like the man shot out of the cannon.

You wish you could just fly away. It is only hours since you were handed a heavy stack of papers—part of the procedure following sexual contact between student and professor. Your wife will soon know about the suspension without pay. The children you never wanted, never expected to have, will hate you forever.

And like them, you hate your father. In this instant, you hate your father. You hate him because, as you gape at the man flying through the air, you think back again, to that car ride in your childhood, staring at the stars, and telling your father that you, too, will one day fly like the man in the circus. And your father—this man who had seen men exploded out of trenches and left rotting on foreign soils—still had the love and selflessness to indulge in his son’s caprice, to encourage his dreams. Maybe someday you will, he said.

You wish he would have scolded you, would have taken you down a few pegs, so that one morning, at 32, you wouldn’t have to look in the mirror and confront this single, unsettling fact: You are a nub of a man. You are namby-pamby impotent man. To think, your father: Black lungs. Coal mines grown inside and metastasized. And you: wasting time with “the world of ideas,” the “life of the mind.” What an idiot you were, pretending books could take you on flights to greener pastures. You thought that recklessness was a thrill, that it was pure fiction. You were wrong.

Your father would have never done what you did. Your father had nothing to prove. You realize you don’t hate your father. You wish you were more like him. It is yourself you hate.

You want to go after the man. For a split second—is it disgust? Atonement?—you want to cross the median as well, propel yourself through the air at astonishing speeds in the hope that, with this final gesture, you will fly gracefully through the shit of this world and land gently in another fiction. Then, you snap out of it. You realize instead that you want to shake the car-crash acrobat, dead-on-impact man, and tell him what a fool he’s been. There is no greener pasture. This is the only life there is.

You forget about the man. You exit the road, pulling calmly onto the shoulder. Later on, you will shudder at the carnage, and at that odd ability of yours to remain calm, to pull a body from a vehicle on fire. You will never admit it—because you refuse to even talk about it—but you will be shocked that you remembered everything—everything—you learned from your brother, the first responder, as first you pull from his burning van this other, unsuspecting father, and then incredibly, miraculous, keep him alive.

Your story will be printed on the front page of the paper. You will be called a hero. Your wife, too shocked by the news of that day, will refuse to comment, will be unable to comment. Then, in the next paper, on page three, will be the other lurid story—hushed-up, but there in full nonetheless. You will live some time in semi-public disgrace and adulation. But that is later.

For now, you decide, I will help.

Steven Flores is a social worker in Iowa City. He holds degrees from the University of Chicago and the University of Iowa. He is Assistant Fiction Editor of Contrary Magazine.
ASSAULT continued from Page 7 >>

involve recruiting support for a victim, or bringing a perpetrator’s behavior to the attention of authorities who can stop it. In the rush and chaos of events, a bystander who wishes to intervene must have already imagined a way to step in. He or she must have a plan and the courage and the ability to carry it out. In the aftermath of an event, someone who wishes to intervene must know that there are resources available for victims and institutions for punishing bad behavior. He or she must have information, a plan for followup and the persistence and courage to carry it out.

- 60% of sexual assaults go unreported to police
- 15 of 16 rapists will never spend a day in jail
- Every two minutes, someone in the U.S. is sexually assaulted

Source: rainn.org/statistics

The University of Iowa attempts to help its students, faculty and employees acquire information and skills to reduce violence of all kinds, especially sexual violence. In the end, though, it’s up to us as a community to recognize the value of the skills we are being offered. It’s our responsibility to make sure that we pay attention and educate ourselves so that we can intervene. The skills are relatively simple and, once fixed in the mind, enhance our ability to help. Without critical forethought, however, we risk paralysis and failure.

The people best situated to end violence, harassment and rape are the perpetrators, who could and should stop. As a community, we have a responsibility to let perpetrators know, firmly, compassionately and continuously that such behavior is intolerable. We should be clear that we can and will do whatever is necessary to stop victimization in all its forms. The skills are available to us all. Whatever Penn State reveals about the American university, or football, or American culture, it makes clear the horrors that result when people stay silent.

Pat Dolan is a lecturer in the Rhetoric Department. He is a member of the Men’s Antiviolence Council and the Council on the Status of Women at The University of Iowa.
The Englert Theatre

The Nutcracker
Dec. 2 | 7:30 p.m.
Dec. 3 | 2 p.m., 7:30 p.m.
Dec. 4 | 2 p.m.

December in any town in the United States large enough to have a ballet school means one thing: the annual ritual of The Nutcracker. In the imagination of young dancers everywhere, it’s always the New York City Ballet under George Balanchine. When I was growing up in Iowa City, that meant the Joffrey Ballet at Hancher. When I lived in Wyoming, it meant the local dance studio at the high school auditorium with an imported ballerina playing the Sugar Plum Fairy and a recorded soundtrack. This year at the Englert it means the Nolte Academy of Dance and a live 30-piece orchestra performing Tchaikovsky’s classic.

If your holidays aren’t complete without the swirling veils of coffee from Arabia and the Russians jumping so fast you can hardly tell they hit the ground and all the rest of the gifts brought from all over the world for Clara and her prince, you won’t want to miss this production—or really any production, in whatever town you find yourself in.

Tickets are available at Englert.org or by calling 319-688-2653.

UI Dept. of Theatre Arts

A Hamlet
Dec. 1-3 | 8 p.m.
Dec. 4 | 2 p.m.
Dec. 6-10 | 8 p.m.

At the David Thayer Theatre in The University of Iowa’s Theatre Building

If The Nutcracker is the world’s most famous ballet, Hamlet is perhaps its most famous play. While productions of The Nutcracker tend to be steeped in tradition and to deviate but rarely from the established order...
and choreography, productions of Hamlet tend to be all over the map. There are the lavishly staged and costumed Elizabethan dramas, the adaptations in modern dress, the version put on by prisoners in ___, and a thousand other permutations.

This December, the University of Iowa Department of Theatre Arts offers A Hamlet, directed by Carol MacVey, “a powerful, radically condensed version. . . like you’ve never experienced.” Since the play in its entirety takes a full four hours, almost everyone condenses it somewhat. What constitutes “radical” condensation remains to be seen. My bet is that in addition to cutting the political parts (goodbye, Fortinbras), they will also be cutting the minor characters—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, the Players, the gravediggers—but I may be proven wrong.

Calling the production A Hamlet is certainly wise, and it might be a better title for almost any rendition of Shakespeare’s best-known tragedy. Being not of an age but for all time means also being not of any one interpretation but open to all. Check out this version Dec. 1-3 and 6-10 at 8 p.m. and Dec. 4 at 2 p.m., at the David Thayer Theatre in The University of Iowa’s Theatre Building.

Working Group Theatre
Telling: Iowa City
Oct. 16 | 7 p.m.
At Riverside Theatre

If you missed Telling: Iowa City this past month, you have another opportunity to see the show that’s based on interviews with dozens of area veterans and acted entirely by current and former service members. It will be back for a limited run at Riverside Theatre from Dec. 2-4 at 7:30 p.m. More information is available at workinggrouptheatre.org and you can order tickets by calling 319-338-7672.

Dreamwell Theatre
Writer’s Skirmish
Playwright Contest Deadline: Dec. 15

Finally, while you are hunkering down for the winter, have you ever given a thought to writing a play of your own? Dreamwell Theatre is hosting a “Writer’s Skirmish,” a contest for area playwrights, and the deadline has just been extended until December 15. You must be an Iowa resident (or someone with “a strong connection to the state”) to enter. Plays should run 30-60 minutes and be connected to the theme of this season at Dreamwell, “Here I Stand.” The prize for winners is $100 and a full production of the play next summer at Dreamwell. More information and specific requirements are at dreamwell.org."

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.
On Saturday, Dec. 10, the artists, crafters and organizers of What a Load of Craft will take over Building C at the Johnson County Fair Grounds and turn it into a holiday locavore’s delight.

Iowa City’s original “punk rock craft fair” should be on everyone’s to-do list this holiday season. Trust us, we should know—we helped get the series started back in 2006. (That counts as a disclosure, right? Thank you!)

As always, there will be a huge variety of regionally and locally handmade items for sale—everything from jewelry to photography, knit items, ceramics, clothing, paper crafts and probably lots of things you’ve never seen before that would make interesting, beautiful gifts.

In true WALOC style, a live music stage will feature some of the area’s best musicians, providing an amazing alternative to the mindless muzak of the shopping mall. Throw in Craft Deathmatches—hilarious displays of originality in categories like speed knitting, human gift-wrapping or stuffed-animal Frankensteining—and you’ve got the wildest holiday event since the Jingle Bell Hop.

If I haven’t convinced you that this is the best event of the holiday season, then your heart has grown two sizes too small. To further entice you, here are some sneak-peeks at four statewide vendors who will be appearing at WALOC 8.

Adrianne Behning lives for thrift stores, hand-rolled cigarettes and local live music.

**WHAT A LOAD OF CRAFT**

## Craft Deathmatch

Hosted by Kevin Koppes, Jarrett Mitchell and the Craft Deathmatch House Band, Super Sonic Pissmas, who will provide the soundtrack for your crafting.

**Round 1: Roller Derby Gift Wrapping.** You must beautifully gift wrap a roller derby girl while she is on her skates!

**Round 2: Portrait of Super Sonic Piss.** You must draw a portrait of the house band that is album cover-worthy!

**Round 3: Holiday Wreath Decoration.** You must decorate a beautiful holiday wreath using only chewed gum. Better start exercising that jaw now!

**Round 4: Strobe Light Gingerbread Man Grim Reaper.** (Exactly what it sounds like.)

**First Prize:** $240 gift certificate from Nemesis Studios

**Second Prize:** Wake Up Iowa City Gift Certificate

**Third Prize:** Wake Up Iowa City Gift Certificate

Match starts at 5:45 p.m. All contestants must do all four rounds!
**Tshirt Booyah**

Iowa City’s own Tshirt Booyah will be there with a fun selection of graphic tees to make you smile.

Visit tshirtbooyah.com for a look at their Iowa native—er, transplant—shirts, and other locally minded, tongue-in-cheek prints. Skip Spencer’s this year and instead hit up Tshirt Booyah to find gifts for all your t-shirt sporting friends.

**June Craft**

Kayanna Nelson of Cedar Rapids will offer a bounty of items with mid-century charm.

You’ll have tough choices to make between things like cut-and-sew ornaments and stuffed animal kits, prints, calendars and screen-printed textiles.

June Craft items are an aesthetic dream, inspired by vintage design but with a modern edge. Find a preview of Kayanna’s crafts at etsy.com/shop/junecraft.

**SCHEDULE**

10 a.m
Doors Open
12 p.m. - 1 p.m.
Knitting/Crochet Competition
sponsored by Home Ec and hosted by Ramona Muse
2 - 3 p.m.
Santa Visits!

Come chat with him, tell him what you would like for the holidays, take a picture!

3:30 p.m. - 4 p.m.
Skye Carrasco performs

4:30 - 5 p.m.
Pennyhawk performs

5:45 p.m.
Craft Deathmatch

**All Day:** Old Capital City Roller Girls Present: Kids Gingerbread Land. Kids are invited to build and decorate gingerbread houses made of cardboard!

**Handmade Pretties**

Des Moines’ Lara Newsom will bring playful, colorful Christmas essentials like stockings for stuffing, sweater skirts for trees (and people ones, too!), and other fun, fleece, fluffy sewn items.

Check out etsy.com/shop/handmadepretties if you want to feel like a little kid all over again, anticipating the joy of the holiday gift-giving season.

MERRY PISSMAS
Paige Harwell wishes you some super happy holidays.
Y
ou’re likely to feel some righteous indignation immediately after watching Andrew Haigh’s Weekend—the new British, mumblecore, gay-romance movie—at the Bijou from Dec. 2-8. No, I don’t mean that you’ll be bothered by the gay sex. Regardless of your sexual politics or persuasions, you’ll be struck by the movie’s candor and humanity. Nor do I mean that you’ll balk at the twenty-something British mumbling and vérité style. I’m pretty sure that the aesthetics and meanings of the movie will eventually sweep you to all the places you want a romantic movie to go. Your problem will be that because Weekend will have glowingly evoked the unmistakable, unfakeable spirit of falling in love, you’ll fill with disdain for all the cheap substitutes we’ve had to accept over the past decade or so.

Weekend, Andrew Haigh’s second feature, begins unassumingly, like most momentous things. The gentle, abashed protagonist Russell (played pitch-perfectly by Tom Cullen) smokes pot, mills around a party, drifts off to a bar and then tries to hook up. In fact, I suspect that those under the age of thirty will be unable to distinguish the movie’s first fifteen minutes from reality itself.

Suddenly Russell is waking up next to the handsome, feisty Glen (played just as brilliantly by Chris New), who after a cup of coffee pulls out a tape-recorder and asks Russell to talk about last night for an art project he’s working on. The casually-hooked-up pair proceed to chat, argue and exchange affections. Glen awkwardly mentions that he’s moving to America in a couple days. Before you know it, they have fallen for each other and are forced over an intense weekend of conversation, drugs and sex to deal with the barriers, internal and external, to their coupling.

Love—at least the kind that thrills and tyrannizes us—is a shuddering dialectic of similarities and differences.

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

Within Our Gates
Oscar Micheaux (1920)
Bijou | Dec. 7–10
By the author, director and producer Oscar Devereaux Micheaux (1884-1951), Within Our Gates is an astonishing document of America in the grip of Jim Crow and a devastating rejoinder to Birth of a Nation.

Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory
Mel Stuart (1971)
Englert | Dec. 10 (midnight)
As weird, sparkle-eyed and magical as Johnny Depp’s Willy Wonka is, he lacks Gene Wilder’s profound inscrutability. Mel Stuart’s take on the Roald Dahl classic is perhaps the only movie adaptation that bears comparison with The Wizard of Oz.

A Very Harold & Kumar Christmas
Todd Strauss-Schulson
Sycamore Cinema 12
A tasteful, intelligent, wise movie destined to become a holiday classic. Well, it’s actually not even as good as Harold and Kumar Escape from Guantanamo Bay, let alone Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle, in part because it departs from the ancient archetype of “two guys + a big bag of weed + some kind of task to complete = awesome times,” as formulated by Marisa Meltzer. Still, it’s appropriately irrelevant for the holiday season. In 3D.
sixteen he told his parents: “Nature or nurture, either ways it’s your fault; so get over it”). Though the couple tend to conflict over questions of society and identity, there’s nothing schematic in their conversations; in fact, the movie touchingly shows how they share in each other’s differences and sometimes even switch roles.

The main theme of Weekend, introduced by Glen’s tape-recorder, is how our erotic lives command and negotiate the private and the public. Obviously, this theme is more painfully felt by those who must worry about being in or out of the closet. But it’s endemic to all love, which is largely why the romantic comedy, where the private dilemmas of desire are finally reconciled in public marriage, is such a seductive genre.

Moreover, straight or gay, we’re living through a radical revision of what’s public and what’s private. Ubiquitous cell-phones and computers bring the whole world to us and us to the whole world. Those who have come of age in such a strangely-omnipresent, endlessly-opening, always-mediated world have serious trouble binding together what they’ve barely known to be separate.

Shallow romantic comedies like Friends with Benefits and No Strings Attached at least show forth one deep dimension of the problem: the difficulty of connecting our sexual drive with the rest of our identity. Weekend deals with this problem more heroically. The two lovers give it their all in wrestling—verbally, psychologically and sexually—with who they are and what they want to become.

While the movie explores plenty of big themes, Weekend couldn’t feel further from the anxieties of politics, even those surrounding gay issues. It’s first and foremost a love story that wields the uncanny ability of cinema to enter into the most intimate, fleshy moments and connect them up with the rest of life. As I watched the two main characters occupy Russell’s scruffy bed, a loud bar, an eerily-lit bus, I found myself suffused with memories of scruffy beds, loud bars, eerily-lit buses—exactly where the tragicomedies of love are enacted.

I’m not going to give away the ending. But let me say that if you’re a weeper, you’re likely to cry twice, once at love’s quiet triumph and once at its quiet tragedy. You know early on that you’ll have to endure both. The only question is which will come last.

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College and blogs about music with his eight year-old son at billyanddad.wordpress.com
Quick Hits
Put these shows on your calendar for the month of December.

DAVE ZOLLO
w/ Euforquestra, Dennis McMurrin
Dec. 23 | Gabe's | $10/$15 | 9 p.m.

LYDIA LOVELESS
w/ Grand Tetons, Milk & Eggs
Des. 3 | The Mill | $8 | 9 p.m.

WHITE RABBITS
w/ The Olympics
Dec. 5 | Gabe's | $8 | 7 p.m.

DIPLOMATS OF SOLID SOUND
Dec. 31 | The Mill | $10 | 9 p.m.

DEAD LARRY
w/ 5 in a Hand, Item 9 | Dec. 31
Gabe's | $10 | 9 p.m.

In February 1852, John Sullivan Dwight, a transcendentalist and graduate of Harvard Divinity School, decided to start a music magazine. In a pamphlet outlining his ideas, he wrote that his journal would cover the developments of “the Musical Movement in our country, of the growing love of deep and genuine music, of the growing consciousness that music...is intimately connected with Man’s truest life and destiny.”

*Dwight’s Journal of Music* was launched in the following month and under Dwight’s direction was published until 1881, cementing his reputation as one of the first great American music critics. But his most enduring legacy is probably his 1855 translation of “Cantique de Noël,” a French Christmas carol composed by Adolphe Adam. Dwight called his version “O Holy Night.”

100 years later, on April 6, 1956, Nat King Cole was physically attacked while on stage, performing for a white-only audience in Birmingham, Alabama. Four men, shouting “Let’s go get that coon!,” ran down the aisle and jumped on Cole, knocking him off of his piano bench. Even though plainclothes police offers stopped the attack before much harm was done, Cole stopped the show. “I just came here to entertain you,” he said. “I thought that was what you wanted. I was born here.” The next night, Cole resumed his tour, mostly in Jim Crow-segregated venues, to much backlash from African American activists, including the NAACP.

It’s hard to not hear traces of that history in Cole’s rendition of “O Holy Night,” recorded for his 1960 album *The Magic of Christmas* and later repackaged on the compilation *The Christmas Song* (1962). Cole delivers the song with the kind of solemnity that someone like Bing Crosby (who also had a popular version) could only dream of, which fits perfectly with the song’s main argument, that the joy of the season is so great because the world itself

One way that music and activism are made explicit is in the long tradition of the benefit show, of which there are plenty this holiday season.
is so terrible: "A thrill of hope / the weary world rejoices." Cole's version channels that weariness in his delivery of the first verse, which makes the breakout high note in chorus ("deee-viiiiiiine!") that much more powerful and uplifting.

Significantly, the 1855 version of the song carries specific political and racial overtones, as Dwight was an ardent abolitionist. The rarely sung third verse, which Cole doesn't include in his rendition, includes the following lines: "Chains shall He break for the slave is our brother / And in His name all oppression shall cease." I'm not sure if the omission was a political one in 1960, or simply the decision of the arrangers; popular versions of the song during that period only included the first verse.

In recent years, though, the inclusion of this verse has been resuscitated, though perhaps depoliticized—it was sung on national television by Josh Groban at the annual White House tree lighting ceremony in 2002.

No matter what your feelings are on Christmas (and its songs), or your ethical foundations more generally—religious, political or otherwise—it's hard to look around right now and not feel that "long lay the world, in sin and error pining." As I was writing this, I saw video of peaceful student protestors being pepper sprayed by campus police, and then the unapologetic response of the administration.

Maybe simply going out to support the artists we love, in basements and in ballrooms, is in and of itself a political act. Maybe not.

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.

I'm not particularly interested in asking (let alone answering) what specific role music, recorded or live, plays in moments like this. First of all, what moment isn't like this? And second of all, as guitarist Louisa Black once told me, in a cultural war, everything artists do registers on one side of the divide or the other. Maybe simply going out to support the artists we love, in basements or in ballrooms, is in and of itself a political act. Maybe not.

One way that music and activism are made explicit is in the long tradition of the benefit show, of which there are plenty this holiday season. One of them is at Gabe's on Dec. 23, where Euforquestra and Dave Zollo will play to benefit the Johnson County Crisis Center's Food Bank program. That's the beginning and end of live music shows that I'm going to talk about this month, but hopefully the information bubbles on these two pages can point you in some helpful directions, as will other sections of this mag.
Lady KillAZ
Dynamic Duo
www.reverbnation.com/ladykillaz

Lady KillAZ is Lyssa and Klymaxx, two young women who reside in Cedar Rapids, and Dynamic Duo is their debut mix tape. Since I’m a middle-aged white guy my taste in hip hop runs to the classics from the ‘80s and newer ‘conscious’ rap. Lady KillAZ on the other hand are ghetto and proud. They don’t give a F*ck what a geezer like me might think of their beats and rhymes.

Which is why I find them irresistible; Lyssa and Klymaxx are two bad bitches and I mean that with the utmost respect. They lead off with their declaration of purpose “Shifted On Them,” where they opine “I don’t bite my tongue for no one, that shit hurts! Walk round town being fake yeah that shit’s worse. These girls swear up and down that they know me but real recognize real that you haven’t shown me.” All righty then!

The booming Atlanta-style 808 beats are perfectly filthy. They’re other artists’ instrumental or perhaps originals by their DJ, DJ Mondo, but it’s all trunk-rattling cream. Lyssa and Klymaxx have fluent, fluidly phrased flows and their voices are so similar that I have to listen closely to tell them apart. They make that a strength; they sound like one MC with two voices, which is a hell of a trick.

Hip hop has always been split between music intended for a mass audience and music by and for black folks that makes no apologies for not representing positive family values. Lady KillAZ are that second kind. Cursing? The N word? Obsession with money? Threats of violence? Sexism? Everything about hip hop that makes folks uncomfortable, Lady KillAZ is slinging by the pound. In “Booty Wurk” the ladies spit from the point of view of exotic dancers with really bad attitudes: “I blow your brains out like Nintendo, F*ck a Wii.” They’re even mean about your choice of video game console! This is some nasty, low-down ghetto shit and I wouldn’t want it it any other way.

Kent Williams has been occupying pants for years.

Clancy Everafter

If there is one thing that you can say about the current generation, it is that it has a disturbingly high proclivity towards chilling. Don't take this as everything being alright. For all of the fun it sounds like everyone is having, the chill vibe is laced with malaise, anxiety and wanderlust. This ambivalence towards the good life can be heard on Clancy Everafter's excellent Iowania.

Iowania is slinging by the pound. In “Booty Wurk” the ladies spit from the point of view of exotic dancers with really bad attitudes: “I blow your brains out like Nintendo, F*ck a Wii.” They’re even mean about your choice of video game console! This is some nasty, low-down ghetto shit and I wouldn’t want it it any other way.

Kent Williams has been occupying pants for years.

Grand Tetons
They Do Move in Herds
www.grandtetons.bandcamp.com/

The debut album, They Do Move in Herds, from Grand Tetons is a quintessential 20-something's album. The quartet has composed a paean to the lost years between college graduation and the “real world.” It’s clear from the opening organ strains of “Honey Don’t Know” — the aural equivalent of the sun cutting through the blinds and peeling open the lids glued to your eyes by a whiskey-soaked sleep — that Grand Tetons are sucking down experiences like well whiskeys and $2 tall boys. There isn’t a whole lot of restraint: too much to drink, too quiet, too loud, too many instruments; there’s a lot of life, and
Ex-Action Model

Dropland
http://exactionmodel.com/

Brendan Hanks’ full-length debut under his long-running nom-de-plume, Ex-Action Model, is a testament to the years Hanks has spent perfecting his programming and sequencing abilities. Dropland is a diverse collection of electronic pieces that manages to cram a wide variety of sounds and textures over the run of the album without feeling schizophrenic and fractured. Hanks manages this feat through complex melodies and counter melodies and impeccably produced rhythms; there's an almost orchestral quality to the depth and breadth of the arrangements.

“Years” feels small without being compact; there’s an organized confusion to the piece, noises fluttering about, as though Hanks is just warming up and tuning his keyboards and synthesizers before a performance. However, as the track progresses, a warm, conversational structure emerges from the echoing confusion, as the circling, chaotic elements begin prompting and responding, creating a serene, harmonious conclusion.

Hanks gives equal attention to the haunting interlude, “Drifts.” The ebbing and flowing notes of what could have been a short stop-gap of a piece provide an unnerving, moody break following two of the album’s more propulsive tracks. The electronic flips, scrapes and wobbles on “Drifts” give the billowing keyboard drones an almost teeth-gritting sense of danger, the most frightening trip to the chill out tent imaginable.

But highlighting two of the more understated pieces on Dropland would be a disservice to the smart, dense, playful and upbeat cuts which comprise the bulk of the 36-minute album. Tracks like “Nightfall,” “In a Foreign City” and “Don’t Panic” build lush soundscapes on strong, pulsing beats and nimble, darting melodic lines, yet each have distinct personalities and atmospheres.

“The aural equivalent of the sun cutting through the blinds and peeling open the lids glued to your eyes by a whiskey-soaked sleep.”

John Schlofjelt does all his googling on Altavista.

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LITTLE VILLAGE LIVE

Join the studio audience at Public Space One
(129 E. Jefferson)

12.7 TBA
12.14 Colloquialisms
12.21 Cop Bar
12.28 Item 9 & the Mad Hatters

Free / All Ages Snacks Provided by New Pioneer Food Co-op
Can we fight global warming with artificial global cooling?

In your recent column on conspiracy theories about the government injecting chemicals into the atmosphere, you disparaged the idea of geoengineering, or at least using sulfur dioxide to counter global warning. But you don’t defend your position. Is it a good or bad idea, and why?

—Rob, via the Straight Dope Message Board

One problem at a time, muchacho. First I had to explain why it was unlikely that aliens had absconded with Earth’s gold using genetically engineered man-monkey slaves. Having dispatched that issue, we now turn to the advisability of shooting crap into the atmosphere to solve the problem of crap in the atmosphere. Call me crazy, but I don’t think this is the world’s best plan.

The basic idea is simple. Our problem is global warming, right? We know when volcanic eruptions blast vast quantities of sulfur dioxide into the atmosphere, the pollution blocks sunlight and the earth noticeably cools off. Therefore, if we create artificial volcanoes to pump sulfur dioxide or other substances into the air on purpose, the resultant global cooling will cancel out global warming and we can go on happily burning fossil fuels and generally making a mess of the environment just like before.

Even in summary you can glimpse the dubiousness of this scheme, and the more you dig into it the worse it sounds. The core issue is this: Although everybody calls what’s supposedly happening global warming, the more precise term is “anthropogenic global climate change”—a critical difference. While increased greenhouse gases are expected to lead to a warmer environment overall, that’s just on average. Some areas will get wetter and some dryer. Many will get hotter; a few will get cooler.

Not to be parochial, but yourcolumnist, who lives in Chicago, analyzed weather service data a couple years ago and found average late-spring temperatures in northern Illinois, hardly tropical to start with, have gotten noticeably cooler over the past 60 years. Is that due to human-caused climate change?

I have no idea, but I do know the 1991 eruption of Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines was followed by cooler summers in the midwest, which climatologists attribute to blocked sunlight. If we start heaving volcanic gases aloft on a regular basis, that doesn’t just mean fewer days at the water park; we take the chance of screwing up the weather in one of the leading agricultural regions of the world.

That brings me to my larger point: Even if you can get past the idea of fighting pollution with pollution, we’d be fooling with a complicated system we don’t fully understand. I’m not the only one to be alarmed about this. In 2008 Rutgers meteorology professor Alan Robock contributed a piece to the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists called “20 Reasons Why Geoengineering May Be a Bad Idea.”

Among his concerns:

- Effects on regional climate. This is essentially what I said above. Robock points out that while volcanic eruptions may have brought about some global cooling, they’ve also led to disastrous reductions in rainfall. “The eight-month-long eruption of the Laki fissure in Iceland in 1783-1784 contributed to famine in Africa, India, and Japan. . . .” he writes. “At the fall 2007 American Geophysical Union meeting, researchers presented preliminary findings from several different climate models that simulated geoengineering schemes and found that they reduced precipitation over wide regions, condemning hundreds of millions of people to drought.”
- Ozone depletion. More pollutants in the upper atmosphere will lead to the destruction of more ozone and thus to more dangerous UV radiation making its way to the surface.
- Less sun for solar power. Geoengineering could make the earth not only cooler but darker, reducing the output of the solar power systems touted as an alternative to fossil fuels. “Following the eruption of Mount Pinatubo and the 1982 eruption of El Chichón in Mexico,” Robock reports, “scientists observed a direct solar radiation decrease of 25-35 percent.”
- Environmental impacts of implementation. Proposals for getting all that sulfur dioxide up there involve huge amounts of airplane exhaust, 12-mile-long hoses dangling from immense balloons, and 16-inch naval guns shooting one-ton shells of dust straight up in the air. Even if these nutty measures worked, you can imagine the side effects they might have on the environment if carried out on a global scale.

Wild as geoengineering sounds, it’s attracted a surprising level of interest among scientists. I’ve already mentioned the work of hydrogen bomb pioneer Edward Teller and associates, who proposed a variant of the artificial-volcano scheme involving aluminum oxide. Nobel laureate Paul Crutzen has said stratospheric sulfur deserves further study. Climate researcher Tom Wigley published a feasibility study of the idea in the prestigious journal Science. President Obama’s science adviser has said the administration would consider trying it if things got desperate.

You may say: What’s the harm in studying these things? Surely no one would actually launch such a project without thinking through the possible consequences. Maybe so, but that’s what they said about the war in Iraq.

—CEcil ADAMS
Curses, Foiled Again
Police in Portland, Ore., found it worth their while to raid a residence for suspected drug activity after they received fliers advertising “Heroin for sale” that listed the dealers’ names and address. Lt. Robert King said officers who searched the home found nearly 20 grams of marijuana, more than 10 grams of heroin, a sawed-off shotgun, thousands of dollars in cash and materials for a methamphetamine lab. They arrested six adults inside the home during the raid. (Portland’s KGW-TV)

Respect—Or Else
• Thailand’s new government directed the Office of Prevention and Suppression of Information and Technology Crimes to step up its crackdown on Internet insults against King Bhumibol Adulyadej and his family, who offline are openly adored but online often mocked. Since coming to power in July, the government has increased OPSITC’s budget and announced it will increase the staff to allow 24/7 monitoring. Ten computer specialists currently scour the Internet for photos, articles, Facebook posts and other offensive material. They’ve blocked 70,000 Internet pages in the past four years, according to Cyber Inspector Surachai Nilsang, who said 60,000 of them insulted the monarchy, and the rest were mostly porn. “The thing that drives us to do our duty,” Surachai added, “is that we love and worship the monarchy.” (The New York Times)

• Ugandan authorities charged George Kiberu, 35, with “abusing the presidency” because he built a pigsty using campaign posters for President Yoweri Museveni for the roof and walls. The posters were left over from last February’s election. (Associated Press)

Forgotten Memories
Eight years after his wedding photos were delivered minus the last 15 minutes, New Yorker Todd J. Remis wants H & H Photography to return the $4,100 he paid, plus pay him another $48,000 to re-stage the entire wedding and fly the participants to New York so another photographer can re-shoot the missing scenes, including the bouquet toss. Since filing his suit in 2009, he and his bride, Milena Grzibovska, have divorced, and she is thought to have returned to Latvia. “It was unfortunate in its circumstances,” Remis said, “but we are very much happy with the wedding event, and we would like to have it documented for eternity, for us and our families.” When the case finally was heard in October, Justice Doris Ling-Cohan of State Supreme Court in Manhattan dismissed most of the grounds, such as “infliction of emotional distress,” but allowed it to proceed to determine whether there was a breach of contract. (The New York Times)

Deflated Pleasure
The Oklahoma Supreme Court ruled that former Creek County District Judge Donald D. Thompson, who was caught using a penis pump to gratify himself while presiding over jury trials and served 20 months in prison for indecent exposure, isn’t entitled to his $7,789-a-month pension. “Court re-

When Guns Are Outlawed
Having stabbed two previous defense attorneys with pencils, Joshua Monson, 28, was assigned a third one — and promptly stabbed him with a pen while listening to the prosecutor’s opening statement. Refusing to declare a second mistrial, Snohomish County (Wash.) Superior Court Judge David Kurtz told Monson he had forfeited his right to an attorney and would have to defend himself. He ordered Monson strapped to a chair and denied him access to any writing implements. The judge then instructed the jury to ignore Monson’s restraints, the attack and the defense attorney’s sudden absence from the court. (Everett’s The Herald)

The Big O
A traditional football cheer at the University of Oregon has taken on new meaning for varsity players who elected to fulfill their foreign language requirement by learning sign language. Fans in the stands often show their support by using their hands to form the letter “O,” for Oregon.

But in their American Sign Language class, the players learned that the two-handed, spade-shaped sign represents the word vagina. “I did the ‘O’ once, and I never did it again,” running back LaMichael James said. (The New York Times)

Slightest Provocation
• Police in Des Moines, Iowa, charged Jennifer Christine Harris, 30, with arson after they said she set fire to the garage of a former friend. The friend, Nikki Rasmussen, told investigators “the two are no longer friends due to a dispute over Facebook.” Detective Jack Kamerick said, “Jen asked Nikki to create an event on Facebook for a party. Nikki did that. As the date for the party approached, there were a lot of ‘declines’ on Facebook. It was looking like the party might be a bust. The dispute apparently blossomed.” (Des Moines Register)

• Chicago police accused Ledell Peoples, 55, of stabbing Maria Adams, 49, multiple times after he became enraged over a missing bag of Halloween candy. (Chicago Sun-Times)

Charitable Giving
• After a woman was murdered by her husband, her brother, Peter Harris, began a 150-mile walk to Edinburgh, Scotland, to honor her memory by advocating better treatment for crime victims and their families. He injured his foot during the trek and had to be hospitalized. He was released and finished the journey, but after returning home to Kent, his wound became infected. Doctors had to amputate his leg below the knee. Afterward, he declared that if his walk helped win support for victims’ rights, “It means that, forever and a day, people will benefit from this, and that’s more important than my right leg.” (BBC News)

• After collecting money to help a 19-year-old man who was set on fire by his mother’s boyfriend in St. Paul, Minn., the victim’s mother, Jodi Ann Stewart, 40, and uncle, Jeffrey Allen Stewart, 43, stole $2,500 from the relief fund and spent it on gambling and drugs, according to Dakota County authorities. Jeffrey Stewart admitted taking the money, telling police the mother “talked him into” it. (Minneapolis’s Star Tribune)

Compiled from mainstream news sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand. DECEMBER 2011 | LITTLE VILLAGE 35
ART/EXHIBITIONS

Akar
257 East Iowa Ave., Iowa City
www.akardesign.com
30x5: 30 Artists, five pots each, Nov. 11 through Dec. 2

Amana Heritage Museum
www.amanaheritage.org
705 44th Ave, Village of Amana
See website for times and locations.
Glimpse of Amana’s Christmas Past, Dec. 2-3

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
www.crmra.org
Face 2 Face: The Contemporary Face of Portraiture, Dec. 1, 7pm • Open Studio Thursday Nights, Dec. 1, 4pm • Art Labs at the CRMA ~ Mixed Media Portraits for Wee Ones, Dec. 3, 10am • Collectors’ Circle Purchase Meeting, Dec. 7, 7pm • Art Bites "Community Portraiture" with CRMA Curator, Sean Ulmer, Dec. 7, 12:15 pm • Open Studio Thursday Nights, Dec. 8, 4pm • Open Studio Thursday Nights, Dec. 15, 4pm • Last Chance to Visit the Grant Wood Studio for the Season, Dec. 17-18, 12pm • Open Studio Thursday Nights, Dec. 22, 4pm • How Artists See Colors (3-Day Mini-Camp), Dec. 28-30, 1pm

Figge Art Museum
225 West Second St., Davenport
www.figgeart.org
"Thursdays at the Figge," Thursdays at 5 pm • Bookmarking Workshop, Dec. 3, 10am • Museum Highlights Tour, Dec. 4, 1:30pm • Annual Member Dinner, Dec. 8, 6pm • Advent Tour, Dec. 18, 1:30pm

Legion Arts/CSPS
1103 3rd Street SE, Cedar Rapids
www.legionarts.org
See website for more information TBA.
SPT Theatre Writers’ Room: Trivial Pursuit, Dec. 2-3, 8pm

UI Museum of Natural History
10 Machrath Hall, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
UI Explorers Seminar: Art Bettis, Department of Geoscience, Dec. 15, 7pm

MUSIC

Blue Moose Tap House
211 Iowa Ave, Iowa City
www.bluemoosetaphouse.com
Jungle Fever Awareness Dance Party, Dec. 1, 9pm • Backdrop, Endless Summer, Final Alibi, Hello Ramona, Dec. 2, 6pm • Dirty Talk, Jesse Jamz, Dec. 3, 8pm • Jit and the Chosy Mothers, Dec. 10, 9pm • Chimaira, Unearth, Skeletonwitch, Molotov Solution, Dec. 16, 4:30pm • The Diplomats of Solid Sound, Dec. 31, 9pm

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts
1301 5th St., Coralville, Iowa
An Evening with Jojo Mayer, Dec. 1, 5pm • Christmas Oratorio, Dec. 3, 7:30pm • A Baroque Christmas, Dec. 4, 2:30pm

Englerth
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.englerth.org
See theatre and cinema sections for Englerth events.

Gabe’s
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.iowacitygabes.com
See website for events and times TBA.
SPT Theatre Writers’ Room: Trivial Pursuit, Dec. 2-3, 8pm

Hancher Auditorium
www.hancher.uiowa.edu
Club Hancher: Catherine Russell, Dec. 8, 7:30pm • American Beauty Project, Dec. 9, 7:30pm

Legion Arts/CSPS
1103 3rd Street SE, Cedar Rapids
http://legionarts.org
See website for more information TBA.
Irish Christmas in America, Dec. 6, 7pm • Jeffrey Foucault, Dec. 9, 8pm • Kenny White, Dec. 17, 8 pm

Little Village Live at Public Space One
129 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.publicspaceone.com
Colloquialisms, Dec. 14, 5pm • Cop Bar, Dec. 21, 5pm • Item 9 and the Mad Hatters, Dec. 28, 5pm

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com
Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted
Study Hall, the game, Sundays, 9pm-Midnight; Open Mic with J. Knight, Mondays, 5pm, call 338-6713 to sign up: Tuesday Night Social Club, Tuesdays, 9pm UI Jazz Performances, Dec. 1, 7pm • Santah, Chasing Shade, Homebody Fury, Dec. 1, 10pm • Lydia Loveless, Grand Tetons, Milk & Eggs, Dec. 3, 9pm • White Rabbits, Dec. 5, 8pm • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Dec. 7, 7pm • Club Hancher Presents: Catherine Russell, Dec. 8, 7:30pm • Jazz After Five, Dec. 9, 5pm • Daryl Hance, Dec. 11, 8pm • Josephine Foster, Dec. 18, 14 • Ugly Sweater Christmas Party, Dec. 19, 8pm • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Dec. 21, 7pm

Old Capitol Museum
Pentacrest, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~oldcap
See website for locations.
Piano Sundays resume on Feb. 5
**A-List**

**Iowa City Community Supported Art (ICCSA) Launch Party**
Dec. 18, 7:30 p.m. Leaf Kitchen

If you’ve spent any time at Public Space One over the past few years, you’ve probably noticed some of the remarkable ways in which the art gallery has evolved. The public art space takes its next leap this month with the unveiling of Iowa City Community Supported Art.

The ICCSA borrows its basic concept from Community Supported Agriculture, a program in which “shareholders” pledge to support local farmers in return for a cut of the season’s harvest. In this case, the “shareholders” are local artists. ICCSA subscribers will receive six unique pieces of art over six months for their (tax deductible) donations.

The ICCSA launch event will be on Dec. 18 at Leaf Kitchen (301 1/2 Kirkwood Ave., Iowa City), where $50 will buy prospective subscribers a fancy dinner, a special-edition print of art over six months for their (tax deductible) donations.

Not every community has a program like this and the fact that a city of our size is making it happen speaks volumes about our collective appreciation for the arts.

For more information, including how to reserve your seat for the dinner, subscribe to the PS1 mailing list at www.publicspaceone.com.

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**Performing Arts at Iowa**
[www.performingarts.uiowa.edu](http://www.performingarts.uiowa.edu)

*See website for times and locations.*

- Clarinet Studio Recital, Dec. 1, 5pm • Johnson County Landmark, John Rapson, director, Dec. 1 • Andrew Hardy, violin and Uriel Tsachor, piano, Dec. 2 • Composers Workshop, David Gompper, director, Dec. 3, 7:30pm • Trumpet Studio Recital, Dec. 4 • Center for New Music, David Gompper, director, Dec. 4 • Chamber Orchestra and All University String Orchestra, Dec. 4 • University and Concert Bands, Mark Heidel, director, Dec. 5 • Scott Conklin, violin; Alan Hucklebery, piano and Jason Sifford, piano, Dec. 5 • Latitude Ensemble, Dec. 6 • Jazz Repertory Ensemble, Dec. 6 • Chamber Winds Recital, Dec. 7 • Steel band II and III, Dec. 8 • UI Afro-Cuban Jazz Summit Concert, Dec. 8 • Horn Studio Recital, Dec. 8 • High School Latin Jazz Festival, Dec. 9 • Saxophone Studio Recital, Dec. 9 • Bass Studio Recital, Dec. 11 • Iowa Percussion Semi-Annual Last Chance Concert, Dec. 11 • Electronic Music Studio, Lawrence Fritts, director, Dec. 11 • Tricia Park, violin and Scott Dunn, piano, Dec. 16

**Riverside Casino**
3184 Highway 22, Riverside
[www.riversidecasinoandresort.com](http://www.riversidecasinoandresort.com)

Jingle Bell Rock with Eddie Money, Lou Gramm and Mickey Thomas, Dec. 10, 8pm

**Uptown Bill’s**
401 South Gilbert Street, Iowa City
[www.uptownbills.org](http://www.uptownbills.org)

Readers & Writers Group, Wednesdays at 6pm • Spoken Word Open Mic, Wednesdays at 7pm: Art & Music Night, Thursdays at 6pm; Open Mic, Thursdays at 7pm Irish Sessions, Dec. 3, 4:30pm • The Mayflies, Dec. 3, 7pm

**Yacht Club**
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City
[www.iowacityyachtclub.org](http://www.iowacityyachtclub.org)

*Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted.*

Open Mic every Monday; Dance Party every Tuesday; Jam Session every Wednesday
Jon Wayne & The Pain, Gone South, Dec. 1, 9pm • Kris Lager Band, Mutts, Dec. 2, 9pm • Dennis McMurrin and the Demolition Band, Funkmasta, Dec. 3, 8:30pm • Mike Dillon’s GoGo Jungle, 5 in a Hand, Dec. 9, 9pm • Talking Heads Tribute, This Must be the Band, BJ Jaggers, Dec. 10, 9pm • Brewgrass Festival, Dec. 16, 9pm • We Funk George Clinton P Funk Tribute, Dec. 17, 9pm • New Year’s Eve with Dead Larry, 5 in a Hand, Item 9, Dec. 31, 9pm

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**Theater/Dance/Performance**

**City Circle Acting Company**
[www.citycircle.org](http://www.citycircle.org)

*See website for times and locations.*

A Christmas Carol, Dec. 9-11, Dec. 16-18 • Holiday Cabaret, Dec. 16-24

**Coralville Center for the Performing Arts**
1301 5th St., Coralville, Iowa
A Christmas Carol, Dec. 9-11, Dec. 16-18

**Englert Theatre**
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
[www.englert.org](http://www.englert.org)

The Nutcracker, Dec. 2-4 • Festival of Carols, Dec. 15, 7pm • National Theatre Live: Collaborators, Dec. 17, 7pm

**Penguin’s Comedy Club**
Clarin Hotel, 525 33rd Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids
[www.penguinscomedyclub.com](http://www.penguinscomedyclub.com)

America’s Got Talent’s Melissa Villaseñor, Dec. 2-3 • Ms. Pat, Dec. 9-10 • Steve-O, Dec. 15 • Mike Merryfield, Dec. 16-17

**Performing Arts at Iowa**
[performingarts.uiowa.edu](http://performingarts.uiowa.edu)

*See website for times and locations.*

- Dance Department Collaborative Performance, Dec. 1-3 • A Hamlet, Dec. 1-4, Dec. 6-10 • Interpretation of Non-German Art Song, Dec. 9 • Vaudeville Dreams by Janet Schlapkohl, Dec. 8-9 • Opera Scenes, Dec. 10 • Graduate/Undergraduate Dance Concert, Dec. 8-10 • Dance Forum/UI Youth Ballet Winter Concert, Dec. 17-18

**Theatre Cedar Rapids**
4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids
[www.theatrecr.org](http://www.theatrecr.org)

A Christmas Carol, Nov. 25 through Dec. 17

**Working Group Theatre**
[www.workinggrouptheatre.org](http://www.workinggrouptheatre.org)

Telling: Iowa City, Dec. 2-4, 7:30pm at Riverside Theatre

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**Cinema**

**Bijou Theatre**
IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City
[http://bijou.uiowa.edu](http://bijou.uiowa.edu)

*See website for showtimes*

Weekend, Dec. 2-8 • Within Our Gates, Dec. 3-7 • Bellflower, Dec. 2-3

**Englert**
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
[www.englert.org](http://www.englert.org)

Midnight Movie Series: Willy Wonka and The Chocolate Factory, Dec. 10, 12am • Aseemah’s Journey: Iowa City Premiere, Dec. 16, 8pm

**Herbert Hoover National Historic Site**
110 Parkside Drive, West Branch
[www.nps.gov/heho](http://www.nps.gov/heho)

See website for volunteer details.

Journey: Iowa City Premiere, Dec. 16-18, Dec. 24-25, Dec. 31
We accept the Iowa Family Planning Waiver
Confidential appointments
Monday-Saturday & Thursday evening

safer sex
starts with talking

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Public Space One
129 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.publicspacenone.com
Chicago Loves Iowa City: Recent Short Film & Video Work from Chicago, Dec. 3, 7:30pm

UI Museum of Natural History
10 Macbride Hall, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
Movies@MNH: "Night at the Museum," Dec. 4, 2pm

LITERATURE

Bluebird Diner
330 E Market St., Iowa City
Strange Cage reading, Dec. 8, 8pm

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

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com
Talk Art Reading Series, Dec. 7, 10pm • blue//green Reading Series, Dec. 14, 8pm

Uptown Bill's
730 S. Dubuque St.
www.uptownbills.org
Readers and Writers Group, Wednesdays at 6pm • Spoken Word Open Mic, Wednesdays at 7pm

KIDS

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
www.crma.org
Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Cedar Rapids Public Library, Dec. 2, 10:30am • Preschool Story Time at the CRMA, Dec. 6, 11am

Washington Street
Chiropractic and Wellness Center
Dr. Kyle Deden, DC
Traditional and Low Force Technique Chiropractic Physiotherapy
www.washingtonstreetchiropractic.com
Dr. Jason Bradley, ND, DC, FLTC
Naturopathic, Nutritional and Chiropractic Medicine
www.drjbradley.com
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ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR DECEMBER 2011

FOR EVERYONE—Go with what's counterintuitive. December's vibes are asking each and everyone of us to avoid doing what comes most naturally to us. They are urging us to break our habitual patterns and embrace the chaos that is surrounding us. When challenged like that, we usually try to stick with what we know. This time, staying with the comfortable and the familiar, doing what comes natural, will have exactly the wrong result. It won't be easy to change because so many of us are feeling exposed and vulnerable. Also, many are tempted to force their will on others. It's not all bad. There are new opportunities opening up and luck will lend a helping hand. But to benefit, we're going to have to maybe suppress some of our own strongest impulses and try something different.

SAGITTARIUS—Nitty-gritty is good. Fussy details, caution, intense teamwork—these things come hard to free-spirited Sagittarius. But if you find yourself mired in such sycophantically un-Sagittarian things, please lean into it. People need to network heavily and discuss things endlessly and in excruciating detail. People need to "drill down" through the same old stuff to fresh ideas and unexplored realities. It's the only way to work through existing challenges and harness emerging possibilities. Rest assured that underneath it all, what they're getting at is exactly the kind of thing Sagittarians live for.

CAPRICORN—Tread lightly. You are working from a place of strength, it's just that you're facing strong resistance. And things are moving forward, now, although the obstacles multiply faster than the opportunities. The key is to take an unconditionally positive, open approach to people and issues that normally annoy the heck out of you. These issues won't yield to the kind of... um... power plays that Capricorns sometimes prefer. People are feeling vulnerable and exposed. Some tender loving care will work wonders. A thoughtless word could send negotiations back indeﬁnitely. People are feeling vulnerable and exposed. Some tender loving care will work wonders. A thoughtless word could send negotiations back indeﬁnitely.

AQUARIUS—Like magic. Today's big issues are all Aquarian issues. That's true even if a veritable blizzard of pesky, real-world issues obscures that fact. And even if everybody is focused obsessively on simple, day-to-day, un-Aquarian matters. People kind of have to be that way right now. So release your idealistic Aquarian focus for the time being. Address people's immediate concerns. Engage others on their terms. Aquarian vibes are so pervasive, Aquarians can't help but synergize everybody's efforts. Your intuitively inspired input will help folks find the missing pieces they're looking for.

GEMINI—Holding cards. You need to help people forming new support networks to realize unfolding opportunities. But egos are getting in the way. Suspicions are easily aroused. People are making unilateral demands. Still others are very defensive. And it would be hard to underestimate the level of misinformation. Work hard to avoid the appearance of unfairness as you work through this maze. Luck will lend a hand, but, frankly, the planets aren't making your job easy. Your ability to think and speak clearly is your most valuable asset under these circumstances.

CANCER—Stealthy support. You are confronted everywhere by people in motion. People are dealing frantically with urgent challenges and unfolding opportunities. These folks dearly need Cancer's insightful, nurturing input to succeed and you want to provide it. For better or worse, though, you somehow can't participate directly in their efforts and you don't have much leverage. And even if they weren't all super busy, they are headstrong and both pushy and touchy. Your mission is to find new and subtle ways to help others cope in these exciting but turbulent times.

LEO—Embrace chaos. People are scrambling to meet urgent challenges and stay on track to prof from emerging opportunities. Things are more than a little chaotic. Outdated and rigid attitudes are blocking progress, however. There could be trouble. The planets are empowering you to dissolve those rigid and outdated attitudes. They are also empowering you to block those who would simply impose their own will. But there's a catch. It's something Leos will find especially challenging. To access your powers, you'll need to suppress your own ego and avoid center stage.

VIRGO—Trust your instincts. You might feel like the foundation of your existence is shaking badly. Maybe it is. But everyone else's foundation is shaking worse. Also, others don't have the advantage Virgo does. Like, the car is skidding out of control. Maybe you are pretty dazed and confused. But everyone but you and the driver is in the back seat. At least you're within arm's reach of the steering wheel.

SCORPIO—Hold your fire. Scorpios have sensitive antennae and they prefer calm and quiet. Their instinct is to tighten control of a situation before others even suspect a problem. They aren't afraid of a fight, either, if that's what it takes. So, December won't be easy for Scorpio. You'll need to let others speak out more loudly and act out more aggressively than you would ordinarily. It's easier to keep the peace if you know what's bothering people and to find that out you'll need to let people disturb the peace.
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