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THIS MODERN WORLD

We’ve got to save this country from all the illegal immigrants!
And women! You sure can’t trust them!
Not to mention homosexuals!
And young people!

And we really can’t stand the appeasers and establishment lackeys in our own party!
Those rings make me sick!
Those rings make me sick!
Those rings make me sick!

And we could frankly do without most people who live in the Northeast.
Let alone California.
Or just about any big city.

And don’t forget college towns!
I’m not so sure about you.
BASICALLY, IT’S DOWN TO US.

---

by TOM TOMORROW
Consideration to be adopted, would force these lenders to keep a minimum distance of 1,000 feet from parks, churches, schools and day cares. Similar policies are currently in effect in Des Moines and Ames.

Why the constraints? Opinions vary. But, first, it’s necessary to understand how these lenders operate. So here’s how it works: A borrower goes to the payday lender and receives a short-term loan by writing a postdated check to the lender for the amount borrowed plus the amount of the lender’s fees. Often, the maturity date of the loan is the borrower’s payday, hence the name. So, on payday, the borrower is required to repay the loan. But if the borrower fails to repay, the lender can redeem the check.

What happens then? If the borrower doesn’t have the funds, he or she has essentially bounced a check, which leads to more fees and potentially higher interest rates on the loan. Keep in mind that because of the short-term nature of the loan, the APRs on payday loans are already in the 300-400 percent range.

When borrowers don’t have the ability to pay back the loan, they roll over the loan and incur more fees and interest payments. One study showed that 40 percent of payday borrowers roll over a loan five or more times in a year, thus entering a cycle of debt repayment.

Payday lenders target low-income neighborhoods when building offices, because that’s where cash-strapped folks tend to be. In Iowa City, the five existing payday lenders are all located in the south and south-east of town. To proponents of payday lending, it’s simply business. To detractors, it’s blatantly predatory.

A 2007 report by the New York Fed, however, did not find payday lending to be inherently “predatory,” citing the fact that payday lending can actually increase household welfare. This is true, provided everything goes according to plan and borrowers avoid the vicious cycle of rolled-over debt. But, of course, things don’t always go according to plan.

Back in Iowa City, opponents of the ordinance claim payday lenders are necessary simply because Iowa City has few other lenders willing to take on these borrowers. Community credit unions sometimes offer comparable services, but they are limited in number and still have more stringent credit policies.

So what’s worse, not being able to get the cash or the high risk of getting sucked into a spiral of debt? And what about the five existing payday lenders in Iowa City, which will be grandfathered in under the ordinance? Will less competition from traditional payday lenders leave current customers worse off?

Keep these questions in mind as the city council acts in the coming weeks.

Iowa City’s elementary schools are operating much nearer to their full capacity than their counterparts in North Liberty and Coralville, and student populations are growing at virtually the same rate.

Iowa City’s elementary schools are operating much nearer to their full capacity than their counterparts in North Liberty and Coralville, but student populations are growing at virtually the same rate. Despite that fact, no new neighborhood
color schools have been built in Iowa City since 1993, while five neighborhood schools have been built in North Liberty and Coralville since 1997, at a total cost of $32.1 million.

The asymmetric concentration of development (and spending) on the outskirts of the metro area is problematic for many Iowa Citians concerned with the future of their schools. While 78.7 percent of the property taxes that fund the Iowa City Community School District come from tax payers inside Iowa City, the school district has largely set aside the needs of Iowa City’s elementary schools in favor of saving up $25.6 million for the building of the new high school.

However, the school board may be becoming more receptive to the charges of inequity being voiced in the Iowa City community. In a Sept. 4 meeting, the board discussed using some of the tax funds set aside for a new high school to make improvements to the district’s elementary schools.

The Iowa City Community School District has consistently provided quality public education to Iowa City and the surrounding area. Keep an eye on the school board’s plan for renewing their facilities and decide for yourself whether they’re doing what’s best for students inside Iowa City and beyond.

Skaaren Cossé is an undergraduate at the University of Iowa studying Finance and International Studies.

Zach Tilly is an undergraduate studying Journalism and Political Science. He also writes for The Daily Iowan and the Washington Post’s swing-state blog, The 12.
When golfing, Kent Ball will drink Miller Lite because it’s refreshing, watery and usually cheaper than bottled water. It is a beer, he said, that he does not have to think about on hot, sunny days; all he needs to do is crack open a can and drink. But when patronizing his favorite pub, Ball prefers something “a little heavier and a little nicer”—something flavorful he can sit back with, contemplate and enjoy.

“Not that I wouldn’t enjoy a Miller Lite,” he said. “Every beer has its place and that’s what I am more or less trying to put out there.” Starting this September, Ball, a self-confessed “beer geek” with a decade of home brewing experience, will be sharing his knowledge through a new course at Kirkwood Community College.

“Beer Appreciation from Alt to Zwickel” is intended to be a starting point for anyone of-age that is interested in learning about beer, trying new styles and understanding the current craft-beer explosion.

From learning about post-Prohibition alcohol and distribution laws (eroding each year to the delight of brewers and drinkers) to sampling regional styles and understanding the factors involved in their crafting, the class offers students a beer education that Ball says will benefit Iowa’s beer culture as a whole.

John’s Grocery Manager Doug Alberhasky—the main organizer behind Iowa City Brewfest, in its 17th year this October—agrees that greater beer appreciation and open-mindedness is pivotal in making the state an attractive market for outside brewers and fostering a robust in-state brewing industry.

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Pedagogy on Tap
A new beer-tasting class at Kirkwood and the annual Iowa City BrewFest seek to satisfy beer snobs and perhaps make a few new ones, too.

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Refined Tastes

Dining Review

Bobalicious might just be the kind of place Anthony Bourdain is always searching for—a family-run, hole-in-the-wall, authentic pho joint. Rather difficult to locate, Bobalicious is attached to a Deli Mart service station out on Highway 6, across from Paul’s Discount. For all of you townies—it’s in the old Donutland location.

Upon entering Bobalicious, you may have the feeling that you just walked into a cool day care center. The place is small and cheery, the floor is a red and white checked patterned, the folding tables and chairs are mismatched and light—easy to arrange for various group sizes. Patrons are encouraged to use an array of colorful Sharpies and Post-It notes to create graffiti which are then taped to the walls. Half the fun is viewing the messages and drawings left by previous customers, like “U R SIN IS STINKY!!!” …Alrighty then!

Pho (rhymes with duh, not doe) is a Vietnamese noodle soup which would be akin in sentiment to chicken noodle soup. If you are sick, hungover or just need some comfort food, pho is the food you seek. At the family-run Bobalicious, the food is all made to order, one dish at a time by a reticent grandmother figure who only sometimes ventures out from the small kitchen. She doesn’t speak. She is magical. The pho, pure delight. You can go traditional with various meats or Buddhist (True fact: Buddhist monks created the vegetarian version) with tofu. Bean sprouts, red chili pepper and limes are brought on the side so you can customize your bowl. Multiple sauces—fish, chili and hoisin—are provided for customization. I added lime, bean sprouts, red pepper slices—for flavor only, it is outrageously spicy—and a lot of Sriracha. I like to shed spicy tears over my pho.

If pho isn’t your thing, other options include banh mi (akin to a submarine sandwich), and Bobalicious also offers a dizzying array of bubble tea flavors, including cookies and cream, lychee and avocado. If a nightmarish recollection of slimy, inedible, plastic bath beads is what comes to mind when hear the words “bubble tea” may I be so bold as to suggest another try? The avocado flavor was subtle and refreshing, and chocolate made for a perfect dessert treat. The pearls (tapioca beads) were soft and easy to chew like warm Gummy Bears.

The dishes are all made to order. Thus, do not expect your meal to pop out in two minutes. Trust—it is slow food well worth the wait for the quality. The staff is very congenial and treat you like a valued customer whose repeat business they want to earn.

To submit a review, contact: chickenlittle@littlevillagemag.com

Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City.

ID Please?

Plenty of fun waits for young revelers just across the parking lot at Kids Fest.

Brewmasters eager to personally interact with and offer their products to beer lovers. Another contributing factor, Alberhasky said, is the fact that more breweries are distributing to Iowa, thanks in large part to the state’s increasing beer knowledge, thirst for craft brews, and the easing of the state’s restrictive alcohol distribution law in 2010.

Ball said that festivals like Brewfest go hand-in-hand with the kind of beer appreciation and education he is offering in his class. Beer festivals, he said, offer an opportunity for curious drinkers to sample small amounts of beer they are unfamiliar with and are hesitant to buy in six-packs.

Ticket prices for Brewfest are unchanged. For $20, attendees will be given a 200-milliliter kolsch tasting glass and eight drink tickets. Those who purchase $40 “Brewmaster” tickets will be given a gold-rimmed, 250-milliliter pilsner glass, 20 drink tickets and the privilege to enter one hour early—a perk Alberhasky said is well worth the price because a number of brewers are bringing exclusive, “one-off” beers. Unlike other festivals, which offer rare samples at certain times, Brewfest is first-come, first-served starting when Brewmaster ticketholders are admitted at 11 a.m.

“Some of this stuff is so rare that if you don’t get the Brewmaster ticket, you’re not going to have a chance of getting some of these really good beers,” he said.

Tickets are limited to 3,000 and can be purchased online at johnsgrocery.com, in person at John’s Grocery, or at the festival if still available. General admission begins at noon.

Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City.
We all know there’s no better place to watch the Hawkeyes take the field than Kinnick Sweet Kinnick, but for those who aren’t season ticket holders or rich people, we offer a list of our favorite spots to catch the Hawks.

THE DEADWOOD >>>
6 S. DUBUQUE STREET

Every Saturday, a delectable fragrance wafts out the door of The Deadwood Tavern and into the streets: Sally’s famous chili. She makes it spicy, she makes it meaty or meatless, and, best of all, she makes it free!

Along with the free food, you’ll find a rau-cous mix of townies, hippies, fans of the ri-val team and just good folk. Ben, a six-year Deadwood employee, says “We don’t focus on the differences. We find common ground and drink together and let the better team be decided on the field.”

TV Accessibility: Five large TVs, and rumor has it a sixth will be installed facing onto the patio, so you can smoke yer cigarette and watch yer game outside, ya bums!

Service & Clientele: The staff is always on their game (unless they’re outside smoking, but that’s none of your business, get your own damn beer!). The fans are fiercely loyal and very vocal, so if you can’t take criticism of your Hawks, this might not be your place.

Food Options: Free chili, loose meat sand-wiches or tacos, every game day.

Crowd Enthusiasm: A row of jersey-wear-ing townies, all regular fixtures at the bar, will set the tone.

Seating Availability: Tons of seats, also lots of non-transparent wooden posts. As with anywhere, the best tables come to those who show up early.

THE SPORTS COLUMN >>>
12 S. DUBUQUE STREET

When I think of game day at the SpoCo, I think of butts. Big butts, small butts, old butts and young butts, all hanging out the window facing Dubuque street. But don’t let all those cornfed glutes intimidate you—every Hawk fan should stop in at least once for this classic game day experience.

Ryan, a manager at The Sports Column, says the bar made famous for its PAULAs attracts a surprisingly diverse crowd, including families and students. “It’s a great place to sit down,
watch the game, have a meal and hang out,” he says. You heard that right: “Hang out.”

**TV Accessibility:** Over 20 flat screen plasmas. If you come here for the game, you WILL see the game.

**Service & Clientele:** The wait staff is very busy, but your drink will be served with a smile. This bar is the quintessential student hang—various age groups might be in the mix, but the majority are either students or alumni still living the dream on Saturdays.

**Food Options:** A full menu of classic bar fare, including wraps, burgers, sammies and pizzas.

**Seating Availability:** Even with a 400-person capacity, you’ll have to get in early for a seat.

**Crowd Enthusiasm:** Their cheers can be heard for miles (well, blocks) around.

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GEORGE’S BUFFET
312 E. MARKET STREET

Super-relaxed, not super-packed. Filled with old folks, but don’t let their ages fool you—they really know their stuff! And if you are a casual fan who doesn’t necessarily need to bathe their eyes in sweaty, bloody black n’ gold every direction you look, did I mention there are only two TVs? That’s right! Because actually, George’s don’t care if you come here on game day. George’s don’t have no drink special! George’s don’t have no flat screen! George’s is gonna sell cheeseburgers to a mildly interested crowd and like it!

TV Accessibility: There are only two, but if you bring your binoculars you can see them from just about anywhere in the bar.

Service & Clientele: The wait staff is adorable and friendly. The students you’ll find here are art, film, creative writing and drama majors—you know, the kind of people you actually want to meet. And it’s fitting because there are always enough characters here on which to base your next novel.

Food Options: The most famous burgers in town (recently featured in Esquire magazine, ooh la la!). Wrapped in waxed paper and served with cheese and your favorite combination of pickle, onion, ketchup and mustard, the George’s Cheeseburger is the epitome of simple, perfect eats.

Seating Availability: There will be some seats. Not all of them will face the TV.

Crowd Enthusiasm: They will cheer for the Hawks, unless they start sucking.

SHORT’S BURGER & SHINE
18 S. CLINTON STREET

Iowa beer. Iowa meat. Iowa football. If you’re so local you’re practically loco, Short’s is the place where you can smear the state all over your face.

Here, Bartender Jake Lancaster says you’ll find “an educated Iowa crowd.” He adds it up for me: “Our intimate atmosphere, plus a large amount of TVs mean there’s never a bad spot. And how are you going to support Iowa more?”

TV Accessibility: Seven TV’s including a monster 55-inch flat screen not six feet away from the bar.

Service and Clientele: Some of the best bartenders in the city. Due to its limited capacity, the crowd is small and friendly, and you won’t be overwhelmed by drunken tailgating overflow.

Food Options: An incredible selection of Iowa-beef burgers, chicken sandwiches and black bean burgers.

Seating Availability: Very limited, arrive early.

Crowd Enthusiasm: Maximum Hawkeye passion.

THE VINE CORALVILLE
39 2ND STREET

It’s huge. There are about a million TVs and, best of all: maple hot wings. This traditional game-day hang takes you out of downtown, away from the students and into a 380-capacity throng of enthusiastic young adults and families.

“You can come here and have a good time, and it’s not too hard on your wallet” says Dan, manager at The Vine. Here, they’ve thought of everything: “We play the game in the bathroom. If nature calls, you still want to be able to hear the game!” Amen, brother Dan!

TV Accessibility: Approximately 20 downstairs and five upstairs, including two brand-new 70-inch sets.

Service & Clientele: Friendly service with spirit. The crowd is a collegial blend of young adults, though a bit older and more laid back than those you find downtown.

Food Options: The Vine is rightly known for their outstanding wings served with your choice of 12 unique sauces. There’s an extensive appetizer menu that will conquer any snack attack, plus dinner entrees, sandwiches, salads and wraps.

If none of these choices seem quite right for you, try your own house—if you’re a real American your TV is huge, your beer is cold and all your best yelling gets done at home anyway. IV

Stephanie Catlett will see you at The Deadwood.
What Will It Take?
Taking Back Our Food and Agriculture

JIM HIGHTOWER

Jim Hightower on what it will take to create a healthy, sane, and sustainable system that CAN feed the world.

New York Times best-selling author, nationally syndicated radio show commentator and newspaper columnist, former two-term Texas Commissioner of Agriculture, avid environmentalist, outspoken critic of factory farms...

This is Jim Hightower!

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CAFO: The Tragedy of Industrial Animal Factories
Of all kitchen appliances, the slow cooker ranks as “third most useful” in my book (coffee maker, wine opener, slow cooker). There was a time when it fell somewhere between pizza slicer and pastry blender, but those days were over as soon as my roommate brought an all-things-slow cooker cookbook into our apartment. This thing boasted slow cooker cookery you wouldn’t believe—everything from lasagna to your wedding cake, all done while you work your nine-to-five! I realized I had not even scratched the surface of my slow cooker potential.

If using your slow cooker for anything other than a stew is an abstract idea for you, then let me really freak you out—we’re going to make yogurt in it. With the help of darling little active live cultures, you can make yogurt on the cheap and on the fly.

**GOT (THE RIGHT) MILK?**

The milk mystery is the toughest part of assembling your yogurt-making supplies. Full fat or skim? Vat or ultra-pasteurized?

Some yogurt makers claim that ultra-pasteurization will interfere with the yogurt making process as the milk has already been superheated to kill off any microbes that might be swimming around. We Iowans are lucky enough to have Kalona Supernatural milk close at hand, which is non-homogenized and vat-pasteurized, so I play it safe and grab this good stuff. As for fat content, whole milk will yield a creamier yogurt, while the reduced fat version will be a little thinner.
DIY YOGURT

SUPPLIES
- 1/2 cup plain yogurt
- 1/2 gallon milk
- Slow cooker
- Thermometer
- Cheesecloth

Start off by pouring your half-gallon of milk into the slow cooker and heating it to 180 degrees. You want your milk hot, but not boiling. From there, cool your milk off to around 115 degrees—this will be our magic number for the rest of the process.

Once your milk has climbed down in temperature, scoop a cup of warm milk into a bowl. Add a half-cup of plain yogurt to the bowl and mix well — this will act as your “starter.” Add the mixture back to your slow cooker, give it a stir to combine, and throw the lid on top.

CROCK AND ROLL

This part should be easy: Leave your slow cooker alone. Let your yogurt brew for seven or eight hours, making sure to keep the temperature hanging around 115 degrees or so (you can even turn off your slow cooker, turning it back on for a few minutes at a time every couple hours). I know, I know. The suspense is killing you. But a watched pot never boils, so go away. Pretend your cultures are in a dark, steamy honeymoon suite and can’t be disturbed (not that that’s what I do or anything).

Fast-forward eight hours. You should be feeling a mix between Christmas morning and the judging portion of a science fair. Those feelings are normal—it’s not every day that you pour milk into a warm pot and get yogurt. This is the most dramatic you are ever allowed to be about yogurt, so really milk it (dairy puns!).

You can use a spoon to scoop off the liquid whey, or if you’ve hopped on the Greek yogurt wagon, strain it with cheesecloth for a couple hours. What will result is beautiful, creamy, delicious yogurt. Take a photo. Tweet about it (we’re listening at @LittleVillage). Hold up your parfait glasses for a toast: Here’s to doin’ it yourself.

Megan Ranegar would like to thank cows everywhere for making this story possible.
Matt Sowada: In this inaugural attempt to bring our radio debate series to the page for Little Village, I thought we'd start by discussing the notion of photo voter identification requirements. This is an idea that I know you've derided in the past, but if we are willing to look past the partisan histrionics that characterize the discussion in the national media, I think that there may be a hidden benefit to a strengthening of the voter ID system. I suggest that a photo ID requirement for voting may result in a higher quality electorate.

A civilization's fortune will rise or fall based on the competence of those primates that are vested with power, and in a republic, the quality of the electorate is what determines leadership. While we as a nation have correctly concluded that neither genitalia, skin pigmentation nor wealth levels are useful criteria with which to assign franchise, it still makes sense for us to attempt to maximize the number of informed and well thought-out votes. It is important to acknowledge that the act of voting matters, and it seems to me that requiring the acquisition of a photo ID would ensure that each voter is at least aware enough of the election to bother to do that.

Vikram Patel: Indeed, with election season upon us, nothing could be more pertinent than voting rights. However, I don't believe that requiring a photo ID for voting would improve the quality of the electorate.

The central assumption behind your suggestion is that it is easy for most anyone to get a government-issued photo ID. This may have been the case for the vast majority of people we know, especially because our first ID was attained with the guidance and help of our parents and school system. However, in a 2005 study from UW-Milwaukee, about 20 percent of voting age individuals living in each of Milwaukee's low-income zip codes had a photo ID compared to about 70 percent to 90 percent in more prosperous neighborhoods. These individuals don't lack ID because of negligence on their part, but because obtaining an ID can be very time consuming and resource intensive. The connection between possessing a photo ID and forethought in voting is tenuous.

It does seem to me that fighting against same-day registration would come much closer to what you intend without the unconstitutional poll-tax side effects. I, on the other hand, believe that our elections tend to have better results when more people are involved, because that makes it harder for special interest groups to disproportionately influence elections and candidates.

Matt Sowada: No, the central assumption behind my suggestion is that it is not an inconvenience-free process to obtain a government ID, although I would definitely demand a discussion on ways to make any proposed system for getting a voter ID card constitutionally convenient for a person with genuine interest. Comparing a non-existent system to the Department of Motor Vehicles is unfair since I never suggested that DMV necessarily be the model for a photo voter ID program. I am more interested in your second point. How is it that an electorate bolstered by legions of voters who may have no other reason to be at the polls than that they heard Obama was a Muslim would be better able to stave off the influence of special interest groups than an smaller electorate forced to expend some minimum number of calories in order to cast their ballot?

VP: In every electorate there are small but heavily organized groups that center around select issues. In an election with low voter turnout, these groups can organize their members in order to out vote the myriad other disorganized views. This generally ends with the election of representatives who do not hold views in line with the majority of the people in a given area or the passage of propositions that run contrary to the will of the majority.

After the 2004 Kansas Board of Education election, the members of the board introduced...
into the curriculum the teaching of Intelligent Design. In the following election in 2006, after copious amounts of media coverage inspired citizens of Kansas beyond the small group interested in Intelligent Design to vote for Board of Education, a pro-evolution majority replaced the Intelligent Design majority on the Board thereby reflecting the majority of Kansas’ citizens.

Also, if you are worried about voters who register on election day being uninformed, know that everyone has at least thought about their own relationship to the government and it is highly unlikely that any voter could avoid the coverage of the election, so no voter enters the booth in a state of ignorance.

**MS:** While I doubt that just consuming “coverage of the election” would result in effective voters, your other point may explain our difference of opinion. You successfully played upon my heartstrings with the example of creationists briefly gaining control in Kansas. That episode was just embarrassing. The thing is that you also mentioned the approaching election season, and I admit that it was through that lens that I was viewing this issue. My suggestion centered around the notion that establishing a system that helps less traditional groups gain influence would actually be greatly beneficial at a national level. At that level we call “small but heavily organized” groups “third parties,” and I think they are the answer to the inescapable stranglehold the two party system has on politics in the U.S. I’ll leave you with the last word.

**VP:** If our electoral system had viable third parties, it would lead to a more effective and representative government. However, the gains that come from strengthening third parties by requiring photo voter IDs on any level would also strengthen the kind of small interest groups that I alluded to earlier, thereby exacerbating the polarization and dysfunction we already have with two parties. There are other methods we could use to strengthen the power of third parties that would not require the hardship that would accompany the proposed transition.

Vikram Patel and Matt Sowada are the friendly adversaries behind the twice-weekly ethical debates series, *American Reason*. Listen on KRUI every Sunday from 4-5 p.m., and find an archive of the shows (as well as exclusive web-only content) online at LittleVillageMag.com.
Shopping for tea? Or tires? SoBo’s got it. Second-hand stores with first-class service? Iowa City’s South of Bowery district has that, too. Whether its everyday living or a special occasion, the shops, restaurants and people of SoBo will take care of you.

**Iowa City’s SoBo district:**
Off Gilbert St between downtown Iowa City and Highway 6
Shopping for tea? Or tires? SoBo’s got it. Second-hand stores with first-class service? Iowa City’s South of Bowery district has that, too. Whether its everyday living or a special occasion, the shops, restaurants and people of SoBo will take care of you.
Wayne Diamante, celebrated magician, cat lover and director of Mimes Out Loud: A Celebration of Gay Mime Culture fields tough questions this week with words that have meaning. Maybe you have a question you’d like answered by a medical professional? Does your guilty conscience keep you up at night? What are you wearing? These questions and more are the verdant landscape of Wayne Diamante’s weekday afternoons monitoring the bus station for suspicious activity. If you have a question, or suspicious activity you’d like to report, please send it to askwaynediamante@gmail.com

Dear Wayne,

My roommate consistently uses too much toilet paper. What should I do?
Sincerely,
Wiped-Out in West Branch

Dear WOiWB,
The earth shattering irony here is, of course, your roommate is the one wiping—but you are the asshole. Find a new hobby that doesn’t include counting how many sheets of toilet paper other people use, psycho.

—Wayne

Hi Wayne,

I’ve heard that Chinese and Canadian girls have horizontal vaginas. Is that true and if so, how can I get one? Does that shit from Weird Science really work?
Thanks,
Steve Shortsleeves

Dear Steve,

Puberty is a weird time, but you’ll get through it. If you’re talking about wearing a bra on your head, I say go for it. Do what feels natural. As for horizontal vaginas… I can’t say. But it does seem unlikely. In any event, good luck with your research.

—Wayne

Dear Wayne

How should I reply to offensive emails sent from family members espousing blatantly false right-wing paranoid political garbage?

—M

Dear M,

As a former paramilitary commander in a leftist junta, I can tell you this with all honesty: eliminating family members is never an easy, or enjoyable task.

Unless, of course, they are total shit heads.

Everyone is related to at least one shit head.

The sad thing is, M, mental illness affects one in five Americans. For many family members, the most difficult aspect of coping with a loved-one’s right-wing paranoia is realizing they are a douche, or worse—a moron. Time and time again, clinical randomized trials have shown sufferers of chronic rightist tendencies see the rest of us as primarily godless minorities, slutty pregnant girls and homosexuals bent on taking away their freedom through taxation, big government handouts, welfare programs and the whimsy of a Mohammedan president who, for all intents and purposes, was likely born in Timbuktu or some other place without running water, Christmas, or whites.

Unfortunately, M, there is really very little you can do. Except drink a lot. Good luck.

—Wayne
The mid-August debut of TLC’s “Here Comes Honey Boo Boo” (HCHBB) was surrounded by an inordinate amount of hype for a reality television show. However, the hype wasn’t because TV critics anticipated a quality television program to peddle to their Twitter followers, but rather they questioned what a show like HCHBB might say about the status of contemporary humanity. But how could one family and their “gay” pet pig inspire debate concerning western society’s decline? For answers, we’ll have to down some Go-Go Juice (the preferred beverage of the show’s titular character, a mixture of Red Bull and Mountain Dew) and start from the beginning.

“HCHBB” features June Shannon and Mike Thompson, better known as “Mama” and “Sugar Bear,” and their four daughters, Anna (“Chickadee”), Jessica (“Chubbs”), Lauryn (“Pumpkin”), and Alana (who goes by “Honey Boo Boo,” “Smoochie,” “Mootie Moot” and about 15 other nicknames). Alana and the Thompson family were featured in a January 2012 episode of the infamous TLC program “Toddlers & Tiaras,” which according to the show’s creators, features the competitive world of pageantry and families on their quests for “sparkly crowns, big titles and lots of cash.” The particular episode featuring the Thompsons resulted in some of the reality show’s highest ratings, received millions of YouTube hits and became a morning show hot topic. No one, it seemed, could get enough of June’s “redneckitude” or Alana’s Go-Go Juice-inspired stage antics.

Each episode takes place in the family home in McIntyre, Georgia (population 718). Storylines loosely revolve around whatever pageant Alana is currently preparing for, but the show focuses more on the family’s day-to-day activities and June’s commentary, which many argue requires a “redneckipedia” to understand. Intertwined in each episode is the family’s debate over whether they are, indeed, “rednecks.” In one episode Jessica points out as proof of their non-redneck status, “We all have our teeth, don’t we?” Yet, in other storylines, the family embraces their “redneck” status, delighting in projects like building a “redneck slip ‘n slide” with a tarp and some dish soap.

While the family sees itself in varying shades of “redneck,” the show’s visual elements attempt to construct them as nothing but. For example, “HCHBB” uses an ample amount of subtitling, and although there are moments where this does come in handy (Alana often talks quickly), these moments are few enough to render the subtitles as mere mockery. Additionally, most exterior shots reference the location of the family home right next to the railroad tracks, and Anna’s pregnancy is highlighted through regular discussion and close-ups of the pregnant teen’s belly. These images help in framing the family as economically impoverished and somewhat uneducated, two hallmarks of the redneck stereotype.

While these stylistic choices do most of the heavy lifting in terms of framing the family as a spectacle, narrative events manufactured specifically for the show also work toward the same end. For example, in the second episode, “Gonna Be a Glitz Pig,” June invites an etiquette coach from Atlanta to their home to help Alana with her next pageant, while teaching Lauryn some manners in the process. In what feels like the most contrived scene of the six episodes so far, goofy stock background music plays as the Thompson girls learn not to draw too much attention when putting napkins on their laps. While some viewers might agree that the Thompsons could benefit from some refinement, the important lesson taken from this scene is Lauryn’s retort to the etiquette coach: “I don’t care what people think of me. I am who I am, and if you don’t like me, you don’t like me.”
This honest comment from Lauryn demonstrates why “HCHBB” isn’t a signal for the coming apocalypse like so many critics thought it was. The show constructs them as unapologetically hillbilly, and seeks to exploit that for comedic value, never missing a chance to turn their culture into a punchline. But the Thompsons are, fundamentally, a normal family. The girls don’t always get along with one another. June’s got to make dollars last longer. Jessica struggles with her weight because she’s surrounded by pressure to be thin. This isn’t too different from many families we know, including our own. This normalcy is what makes the show interesting and keeps it from devolving into a sheer spectacle of misery and cultural dislocation found in past programs like Paris Hilton’s FOX show, “The Simple Life,” or VH1’s “New York Goes To Work.”

Let’s not kid ourselves. “HCHBB” will not be held up as a paragon of television two decades from now. Many might argue that it won’t even exist in two years. However, in the present, “HCHBB” does what all good television shows should do: provide a cast of characters that are both interesting and relatable. While they aren’t perfect people, “HCHBB” provides insight to a world most of us don’t know and into a family that bears resemblance to many around us.

So while some viewers might still think “HCHBB” is the lowest television program ever created, they would be wrong. That title goes to ABC’s “Are You Hot?”, a reality show starring Rachel Hunter, Randolph Duke and “international heartthrob” Lorenzo Lamas, who regularly used a laser pointer to pick on participant’s minute bodily flaws. If we as a nation could survive that, “HCHBB” should be the least of anyone’s concerns.

Plus, if “HCHBB” really is a sign of civilization’s end, we’d rather take a page out of the Thompson family playbook and spend our last moments riding around in a 20-person four-wheeler gang than spend them worrying about our table manners.

Melissa Zimdars and A.C. Hawley are doctoral students in Communication Studies at The University of Iowa, specializing in media and critical cultural studies.
O
n sale at TJ Maxx, $5 each—Uncle Walt’s Ant Farm Kit. I bought two
for my grandson, Dean, the Bug
Boy, so we could learn more about
nature together.

We unpacked the ant farms and read the
instructions carefully. We did just as Uncle Walt
said. We set up the ant farms on the living room
coffee table and hooked them together with the
clear plastic tubes that came with the kit. We
poured in the special sand. Along the top of
each ant farm, in green plastic, stood the silhou-
ette of a barn and silo, with an adjoining fence.
We named them North Farm and South Farm.

While we waited for the ants to arrive—we’d
sent off to California for special ant farm ants—
we learned all about them from a little booklet
that Uncle Walt had written. We learned how
they tunneled and made little rooms and what
they ate. We learned that they took naps and rest-
ed together. We learned how they communicate
by wagging their antennae at each other, how
they can smell each other, how they are part of a
single ant community, part of a great single ant
mind, how there is no such thing as a lone ant.

After two weeks, the special ant farm ants
arrived in two thin plastic tubes. Some of the
ants were dead, but it was hot and they had
come from California and then sat in the mail-
box until I went for the mail.

Dean and I poured the ants into their new
home, plugged up the hole, and watched to see
what would happen. The ants went right
to work making tunnels and little rooms. They
hurried back and forth through the tubes carry-
grasping the body parts, going back and forth
towards up the tun-
nels. The live ants would go back for the
missing parts and drag them up to the cem-
eteries, placing them with the other remains.

Soon the cemetery was a little hill with specks
of black right under the green, plastic barn sil-
houette in South Farm.

Each day there were more bodies in the
cemetery and fewer ants wagging antennae
in the tubes. Dean wanted to know about the
dead ants. I told him how death was a natural
part of living, that living things just got old or
sick, and how interesting it was that the other
ants took care of their dead friends, how they
must have cared.

I wasn’t comfortable talking about death to
either person. I stopped sharing the ant farms
with him. I moved them to a high shelf out of
sight and told him the ants needed privacy.

After a while he forgot about the them.

I continued to feed and water the ant farm
and the ants continued to die until there was
only one left. It loafed in the tubes as though
hoping to meet someone. It tunneled and
made rooms for a while then became lethar-
gic, spending more and more time in the tubes
doing nothing. It didn’t seem to have the heart
for tunneling anymore.

Sometimes it didn’t even change tubes. It
just sat there not moving.

I imagined it realizing that it was alone, the
only one of anything, the last one of a family,
a species, a race. I imagined the silence of an
ant world with only one ant voice.

As I thought about my single ant I remem-
bered the Borg on Star Trek, a compound or-
ganism as big as a planet floating in infinite
space composed of individual beings constant-
lly tuned in to each other, constantly hearing
and feeling all of the other beings, simultane-
ously, in a kind of tinnitus of consciousness. I
remembered a captured Borg, a creature with
a human eye, part of its face normal flesh, the
other part black metal with tiny, blinking
lights. We saw the Borg alone in a stark white
cell. We saw the fear and hopelessness in its
one human eye. We knew it was unable to hear
or feel the other Borg.

We saw it totally and completely alone in a
silent, empty, endless universe.

And then one day, the last ant died.

There wasn’t another ant to carry him to the
cemetery at the top of the ant farm under the
green plastic barn and give him a decent
burial so I disconnected the tubing and took
the ants, North and South, outside, took
off the top with the green plastic barn and
emptied the sand into my garden under the
tomatoes. I scratched the sand and the black,
broken ant bodies into the rich black soil and
patted it smooth. I put the ant farm and the
tubing and the green plastic barn in the attic
with the Christmas decorations and outgrown
children’s clothing.

Deanne Wortman lives between North Liberty
and Iowa City surrounded by critters and trees
and greenery. She received her degrees in Art
from the University Of Iowa but spent twenty
plus years in the Children’s room of the Iowa
City Public Library where she became a story-
teller. This is her first published story!
One of nature’s greatest wonders is the ability of the human ear to distinguish among the millions of sounds around us. Each sound has a distinctive pitch, loudness, and quality—these characteristics are determined by the frequency, intensity, and of sound waves which your ears pick up and analyze.

So begins The Science of Sound, a double-album released in 1959 by Folkways Records. Unlike their more famous recordings of folk and blues pioneers, this album was not recorded in some rural American scene, but inside the research facilities at Bell Telephone Laboratories. The album comes across as a series of short lectures in a course that might be titled Sound 101—starting with a track called “How We Hear” and moving through topics such as echo, delay, filtering, scales and, finally, the Doppler Effect. If you have the patience or interest to make it through all four sides of the record, a Bell Labs spokesperson tells you. “We hope you have found these acoustic phenomena entertaining as well as instructive.”

Two albums worth of sound lectures might only entertain a very small number of listeners today, but The Science of Sound first arrived during a period of intense interest in the physical and psychological properties of sound. The development of “hi-fi” stereo culture had enthusiasts assembling temples of audio fidelity in their living rooms; to make sure those systems were set up correctly, they needed a bunch of specialized sounds to play back on them. So-called “demonstration” or “test records” featured all kinds of sonic material at all kinds of volumes, from quiet, mechanically-generated tones to the booming of thunderstorms or locomotives. One such record boasted that it could help the listener identify problems with speaker phasing, channel balance, frequency response, cartridge evaluation, stereo separation, stereo spread, effective hum, rumble and flutter.

Even though very few people today have listened to The Science of Sound or other records like it, nearly everyone has been impacted by the science behind those recordings. According to Jonathan Sterne’s new book, MP3: The Meaning of a Format, the science of psychoacoustics and its connection to telecommunications research has shaped how we hear things for the better part of a century, from voices on the telephone to contemporary music through our headphones.

For those of us that never lost our fascination with sound, MP3 is certainly one of the most pressing books of 2012.

spends a refreshingly small amount of time retreading debates about the mp3 that have become predictable and tiresome: What does the mp3 “mean” for the music industry? For enthusiasts of fidelity? For “the album”? For fans? For music pirates? These questions do get addressed, but the guiding questions behind the book are actually much different: How does an mp3 get to be such a small file? What data is lost when a music file is compressed? How is that decided? What ideas guided that research? Where did these ideas come from?

The answers to many of those questions point back to psychoacoustics, a scientific field that studies how humans perceive what they hear. An important early practitioner in this field was Carl Seashore, the man who now has a hall named after him on Iowa Avenue. In 1899, he patented the first widely-used “audiometer,” a device that could mechanically generate tones, which could then be manipulated in both pitch and volume. Such a device was long sought-after by practitioners in the field, who were generating sound in less consistent ways, including using their own...
The people who have really changed music—sometimes in radical, and nearly universal ways—are the Carl Seashores of the world, whose work was not in music studios, but in labs.

voices. The legacy of Seashore’s audiometer has not only impacted how music albums get mixed (there are certain frequencies that we hear better than others), but also how hearing tests are administered in schools.

The mp3 has become a primary format for music consumption, and we all remember putting on headphones and pointing to our ears in elementary school. For those who never lost their fascination with sound, MP3 is certainly one of the most pressing books of 2012. As I write this, it is the eve of what would have been the 100th birthday of John Cage, the experimental music pioneer who has been widely celebrated in concerts and remembrances all over the world throughout the year. Yet, significantly, his name does not appear in the index of this book. Cultural types, the critics and music fans and what have you, are quick to their keyboards when presented with the opportunity to name people who have “changed music.” But in fact, the people who have really changed music—sometimes in radical, and nearly universal ways—are people whose names you haven’t heard, the Carl Seashores of the world whose work was not in music studios, but in labs. This book peels back the curtain on the work, revealing how what we hear has been shaped by how our brains decode sound itself. iv

Craig Eley is all ears.
It’s another hot Iowa City summer night and in the woods, the trees hang tired and droopy. Black leaves gently shiver against a cascade of smoke rising from a 10-foot-high bonfire. Sparks of flame jaunt into the sky and crackle alongside an endless drone of mating insects. A huge hand-painted mural covered in dreamlike poetic sequences hangs on a thick branch, proudly overlooking a burning shopping cart filled with newspaper and watermelon.

The scene may seem like a surrealistic vision of post-apocalyptic milieu, but for University of Iowa art professor and Walnut Farms curator David Dunlap, as well as the other attendees at this evening’s fiery art occasion, it’s just another night at Walnut Farms and another celebration of Iowa City art.

Tonight’s event features Tyler Luetkehans’ Watermelon Moon. Luetkehans, a recent art student undergraduate, has set up the aforementioned bonfire surrounded by watermelon patches he’s grown all summer.

“I like to think of what I do as arts and crafts,” Luetkehans explains. “We’re trying to protect our watermelons and gourds from the rays of the moon,” he explains. “So they won’t become ‘were-melons.’ We’re celebrating growth and life. And watermelon.”

Walnut Farms owner Dunlap emphasizes that it is this state of creative play, experimentation and childlike wonder that drives his farm’s life.

David Dunlap has lived in this house and raised his two daughters here on this wooded property (located directly behind the Dodge St. Hy-Vee) since 1999. A well-spoken and kindly man with a preference for plaid and a friendly gait, he’s taught art at The University of Iowa since 1977 and has a deep commitment to his students.

“Claes Oldenburg said everything he learned he learned as a child, and I know that all children make art,” Dunlap says. “So [art is] a language that you get to have a conversation with yourself. I say, remember that time we built that fort?”

Acting as a space for student artists and visitors to work, Walnut Farms hosts MFA shows and occasional events beyond serving its central purpose as David’s actual house—a house that feels like it’s in a constant state of play with rooms curated by artists who have come and gone through its doors. But whether classified as an organic art factory, a home, a sanctuary or an off-grid hipster happening, Walnut Farms is a vital gallery where the undercurrent sap of art can be extracted from Iowa City’s greater body locale.

Dunlap points to his surroundings. “Iowa City is this,” he continues. “Iowa City is free art school to me—Public Space One, ps+z and everything Tyler’s doing, leaving a roaring fire unattended out there.” David pauses to roll his eyes at Tyler, who laughs. “These are the ways we make art happen.”

In reality, the fire pit is safe and well-constructed, and its implementation requires, as in a real gallery, a tremendous amount of...
faith in the artist. Countless artists have plied their trades out here. Surrounded by expansive woods, the grounds feel surprisingly isolated when you think of how close to town they are.

Tripping over murals and boxes of art supplies into the woods, and using my iPhone as a flashlight, it occurs to me that the best way to describe the farm isn’t to say that the air is thick with art, but rather the art is thick with air. The open circles of woods provide amazing natural gallery spaces that have held paintings, prints and massive installations of all sorts. Even the fire pits and cob ovens have roots in UI student work. It’s the artists who are the soil and the yield of this locale.

“People ask me if the students have changed a lot in the years I’ve been here,” Dunlap reflects. “I say our students are eternal—art students don’t change a bit. Every year wonderful students enter my life, and all their forms are different, but this energy bubbles up.”

Russell Jaffe is filling in for R.A.D Wudnaughton, a shameful excuse for a correspondent whose mortal foibles have finally caught up to him and kicked life’s proverbial sand onto his theoretically wimpy frame.

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From Broadway to Boise, all new plays face the same obstacles. The writer agonizes over when the play is finally complete. The director struggles to combine the writer’s intent with their own artistic vision. The actors breathe life into characters that have only been words on the page.

In the Fifth Annual All-In-A-Day Play Festival, a joint effort between Dreamwell Theatre and City Circle Acting Company of Coralville, all of the artists agree to face these obstacles at lightning speed. They must write, rehearse and perform a 10-minute play in 24 hours.

On August 31, the writers, directors, and 35 actors were randomly assigned into seven teams. Each team had to incorporate three elements into their play: a genre, a setting, and a dramatic trope. These elements were also assigned randomly, leaving the artists without the safety of working with familiar partnerships or subject matter. The writers had a deadline of 8 a.m. on Sept. 1 to finish a script, which they handed off to the directors and actors for rehearsal. After the performances, the plays received awards given by a judging panel that included Dreamwell founder Matt Falduto, former City Circle president Chris Okiishi and Mayor Jim Fawcett of Coralville.

The only consistent element in all the plays is, indeed, randomness. The commitment to leaving every element of the plays up to chance brings to mind the work of Dada, an avant-garde art movement that swept Europe from 1916 to 1924. According to the movement, the universe is a series of coincidences. As a protest against artistic conformity, artists would create works based on unplanned combinations, such as a collage of unrelated pictures. They would then see how audiences attempted to find meaning in these coincidental combinations.

While the seven plays in the festival did not completely embrace a Dadaist aesthetic—after all, they still had linear plots—they reflected the human desire to find meaning in our given circumstances, even when they do not make sense. They took on the challenge of creating plays in which the wildly different elements come together organically. (Teams might not always succeed in this task. When I participated in a similar 24-hour play festival during college at Indiana University, one team realized at the literal 11th hour that they had forgotten to include all three elements. They ended their play with a conga-line dance and chant of the missing elements.)

“The Worst Slumber Party in the West,” the first play on the program, was an example of how random chance can be interpreted by one person. Audience members likely have a clear picture come to mind when they see the words “Western” and “slumber party” in the program. Writer James Trainor, however, decided to go in a different direction, turning the play into a coming-of-age story about a preteen girl who moves to Nevada with her single father and tries to make friends by throwing a Western-themed slumber party.

“Seizing Decisions,” was the result of drawing “melodrama,” “mineshaft” and “interrupted suicide.” While working on a high school
On Stage

Mark your calendar with these upcoming theatrical events!

**True West**
Sam Shepard
Riverside Theatre
September 9-30

**Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson**
Michael Friedman and Alex Timbers
Theatre Cedar Rapids
Sept. 28 - Oct. 20

**The Fantasticks**
Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones
Iowa City Community Theatre
Johnson County Fairgrounds
Sept. 14 - 16, 21 - 23

**The Women of Lockerbie**
Deborah Brevoort
Dreamwell Theatre
Unitarian Universalist Society
Sept. 14 - 15, 21 - 22

**God of Carnage**
Yasmina Reza
Old Creamery Theatre Company
Studio Stage | Amana
Sept. 20 - Oct. 7

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The award for Best Ensemble went to “Funhouse,” a play about inmates of the Adventureland Jail who suffer psychological deterioration after being incarcerated for such crimes as skee-ball fraud and possessing contraband trail mix. The play had a balanced mix of characters, as well as effective use of stage combat directed by Jason Grubbe, who completed the three-way tie for co-Best Director.

The final play was “Put Some Clothes On, God is Watching,” a comedy of errors in which Christian missionaries visit a lesbian couple on the eve of a visit from an adoption agency. Comedy of errors, like mystery, is a genre that can suffer from a short writing period and even shorter performance length, but writer Elizabeth Breed did a skilled job at creating a complex story within the time constraints. The young Serina Collins won the Best Actress award for playing the lesbian couple’s daughter, a sharp performance with immense energy.

While the audience did not directly participate in the creation of the festival plays, they left feeling that they had been part of something truly unique and ephemeral. The Iowa City/Coralville theatre season has only just begun, but there will never be performances like these until next year’s festival.

Jorie Slodki earned her MA in Theatre Research from University of Wisconsin-Madison and has past experience in acting, directing and playwriting. She is currently the Audience Education volunteer for Riverside Theatre, writing their “Between the Lines” dramaturgical blog.

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Science project at a mineshaft, a girl decides to end her project partner’s string of accomplishments by murdering her and making it look like a suicide. The victim is saved by her brother, no thanks to her brother’s propensity for quickies with his girlfriend along the way.

Although no overall award was given for ‘best play,” the closest the festival had was “All My Problems,” which garnered a near sweep of the awards. It was a subway soap opera by (Best Writer winner) Amy White and directed by (co-Best Director winner) Elijah Jones. The play—in which Dr. Ridge Parkway (portrayed by Best Actor winner Duane Larson) deals with a web of affairs and long-lost daughters—made excellent use of the resources available in such a short time. The lighting design helped facilitate the complex editing of the scenes and the actors showed great comedic timing.

The feel-good play of the night was “True Hero,” a sci-fi tale about an inventor who creates a machine that bestows superpowers on innocent bystanders, directed by another co-Best Director winner, Mary Sullivan. When a group of people at a bus station breaks out into a musical number, the inventor realizes that he was the only person who got the full force of the machine, leading the others to conclude that “bring- ing out the best in people” is the best superpower of them all. (This elicited an “Awwww” from the audience, while the inventor responded, “Well, that’s lame! I wanted to stop bullets!”)

“Phobos,” a mystery in which the captain of a Jesuit mission to Mars tries to determine who is sabotaging their work, was the only play that went for a strictly dark tone without any intentional humor.

On Stage

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Talking Movies

SCOTT SAMUELS

The origin myth of cinema is that when the Lumière brothers gave the first public screening of their 50-second documentary The Arrival of a Train at La Ciotat Station in 1896, the audience screamed and ran to the back of the theater in fear of the image of the oncoming locomotive. As hexing as the movies are on me, I’ve never felt them come alive—except once: in a magical scene in Chris Marker’s La jetée.

Chris Marker, the great French writer and director of “essay films,” as his friend André Bazin called them, just died on July 29, his birthday. Christian François Bouche-Villeneuve, who was born 91 years earlier, began going by a pseudonym at some point in the ’40s, perhaps because he liked markers. We don’t know a lot about his life, because he cultivated secrecy, only once granting an interview. The few pics of him show him with a camera, or behind a camera. “My films are enough,” Chris Marker said.

After World War II (it’s said that he fought in a guerilla band in the French Resistance), Marker published poems, short stories, a novel, leftist journalism and various essays. Befriending the various writers and filmmakers who became known as the Left Bank Film Movement, he collaborated with Alain Resnais on Statues Also Die (1953), a lyrical documentary of the meaning of African art and how it has been appropriated by Western audiences, and Night and Fog (1955), one of the few movies that is spiritually equipped to have the Holocaust as its subject.

In 1959, Marker alchemized his personal style of filmmaking in Letter from Siberia, collaging startling bits of newsreel footage, cartoons and stills to intelligent, elliptical narration. In one scene famous among devotees of Marker, he shows the same banal images of a Siberian city and its workers three times in a row, each time with a different narration and soundtrack: the first in the tones of a spirited Soviet celebrating the happy workers and the well-run town, the second in the tones of an anti-communist denouncing the oppressive conditions, and the last in his attempt at an honest description, which he immediately admits is insufficient. The scene is a neat introduction to Marker’s central obsessions: the blending of imagination and reality, the politics of freedom and his own desire to know the contours of truth.

From the ’60s onward, Marker worked at a steady pace, averaging over a film a year, though only a precious few ever became widely available. His most famous movie is almost not a movie at all. His only foray into fiction, La jetée (1962) is a “photo-novel,” 28 minutes long, told in still images about a post-apocalyptic Paris where the few remaining humans’ only hope of survival lies in the possibility of time travel. Because of the protagonist’s powerful childhood memory of a woman on an airport peer with her hair gently blown across her face, he is selected as the experimental time traveler. If you haven’t yet seen La jetée, be forewarned: This absolutely unique document in the history of cinema very well may obsess you, as it has Terry Gilliam, who based Twelve

Now Showing

Office Space
Mike Judge (1999)
Starlight Cinema, City Park Festival Stage | Sept. 21 | Dusk

How many Americans of working age have never asked, like Samir Nagheenanajar, “Why does it say ‘paper jam’ when there’s no paper jam?” Unfortunately, Mike Judge’s 1999 cult classic is as relevant and funny as it was when it was released. Join FilmScene for the latest installment of Starlite Cinema, their outdoor film series at City Park. The movie shows at dusk. Ceremonial destruction of an office printer before the show.

Elena
Andrey Zvyagintsev (2011)
Bijou | Sept. 21 - 27

This stylish noir-ish thriller is all about what the Russians do best: crime, punishment, and how every unhappy family is unhappy in its own unique way. Plus, there’s a cool score by Philip Glass.

Beasts of the Southern Wild
Benh Zeitlin (2012)
Bijou | Sept. 28 - Oct. 4

The debut of director Benh Zeitlin, who worked with a New Orleans-based collective called Court 13, Beasts is a unique fable of what happens to six-year-old Hushpuppy (played with intensity and gusto by Quvenzhane Wallis) when a Katrina-like hurricane strikes the Bathtub, a fictitious bayou community. Probably the most eagerly awaited movie at the Bijou this fall.
Monkeys (1995) on it; David Bowie, who centered a weird video around it; various contemporary sci-fi authors, whose time-travel tomes are invariably variations on it; and film buffs like me who know it by heart.

Though viewers sometimes still watch his Grin Without a Cat (1977), a panoramic documentary about the beautiful energy and ultimate failure of 1960s leftist movements, and A.K. (1985), an interesting documentary about Kurosawa during the making of Ran, there’s really only one film besides La jetée for which Marker is well known: Sans Soleil (1982), the quintessence of his art.

Sans Soleil (or Sunless) can’t be neatly described. When you start trying to list its subjects (time, a memory of three girls on a road in Iceland, obsession, video games, Tokyo, Guinea Bissau, things that quicken the heart, Hitchcock’s Vertigo, freedom, Mussorgsky, revolution, death), you quickly realize that it’s simply about being alive.

Not only that, Sans Soleil itself is a kind of living thing that moves with the density of time. It’s certainly not for everyone, particularly not for those who reasonably demand a dose of entertainment in their movies. But if you believe that film can be a medium for the poetic and philosophical exploration of the world, Sans Soleil is a miracle. Though it’s not without cinematic influences, the predecessors I think of are the classic solitary walkers of human experience: Basho, Montaigne, Rousseau.

One of Marker’s gifts is his ability to film the products of culture—from ceramic cat statues to video games to African masks—as if they were living things. They glow with their own uniqueness, energized by the memories and obsessions that created them. After watching enough Chris Marker movies, you eventually realize that these things really are alive. For time is what all experience is made of, and imagination—which also goes by the name memory—weaves and repairs time.

So it’s no surprise that, in my book, he’s the filmmaker who has most successfully conjured life from a few celluloid frames. If you’ve already seen La jetée, you know which scene I’m talking about. The time traveler has finally made it back to the living woman whose face he could never forget. She’s asleep. Like the rest of the movie, the scene is told completely in still images; we see still after still of her sleeping face. Suddenly one of the still images blinks. And the heart skips a beat.

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College and blogs about music with his son at billyanddad.wordpress.com.
As summer begins to wind down and the population of Iowa City rises to full student capacity once again, it can feel a little stuffy. This feeling passes though, with the awareness that more bodies also means more demand for entertainment. Each new impressionable mind has the potential to be swayed into a seeing a band like Grand Funk Railroad on the Pentacrest or checking out an indie rock show at the Mill.

One thing that I think is important for seasoned music snobs (such as myself) to remember is that a continued interest in live music keeps live music happening. Welcome the new faces. Invite them out to a show. Here are a few to keep in mind for the next few weeks:

You might recognize Loudon Wainwright III’s face from the many minor acting roles he’s landed in the past 40 or so years. Recently he has made appearances in NBC’s Parks and Recreation and the films Big Fish, The Forty-Year-Old Virgin and Knocked Up. Perhaps his most prominent acting role was the “singing surgeon” in a string of M*A*S*H episodes. His primary artistic endeavor though, is his prolific musical career. Three of his albums have been nominated for Grammy Awards, and his 2009 album, High Wide and Handsome: The Charlie Poole Story won the award for Best Traditional Folk Album.

In 1972, Wainwright put out his first single that brought him into the spotlight. It was a lighthearted folk jam called “Dead Skunk,” and as you might imagine is about smelly road kill. His approach to songwriting is often a comedic one, though it would be foolish to write him off as a novelty musician. While songs like “Dead Skunk” admittedly have very little poetic value, much of his work is injected with personal struggle and political undertones. For instance, his 2010 album is called 10 Songs for the New Depression, which is exactly what it sounds like—a collection of songs about the financial crisis and recession. No matter the subject at hand, Wainwright lays it all out on the table and tells it as he sees it. His latest album, Older than my Old Man Now, was released earlier this year and centers around the sole idea of “getting old.” He expresses an uneasiness about aging and death. He talks about developing closer relationships with his children, Rufus, Martha and Lucy, all of whom have incidentally developed careers as musicians.

A lot was happening for indie music in the early ‘90s. Bands like Pavement and the John Spencer Blues Explosion were hitting their stride in the U.S., exploring the possibilities of what a rock band could be. They weren’t the only ones that were doing this, but I mention these two specifically because they helped bring Australian band, The Dirty Three into that scene. The Dirty Three set off on a string of U.S. tours with these bands in 1994, and their first self-titled album was released that summer to widespread critical acclaim. They’ve collaborated with Cat Power, Bonnie “Prince” Billy, Low and PJ Harvey. Violinist Warren Ellis has been a longtime collaborator and member of fellow Australian, Nick Cave’s band. In fact, Nick Cave has said that The Dirty Three is his favorite live band, “no contest.” With just drums, guitar and a violin, the Melbourne-based trio

WELCOME THE NEW FACES, INVITE THEM OUT TO A SHOW. HERE ARE A FEW TO KEEP IN MIND

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
w. Dar Williams | Englert | Sept. 21
8 p.m. | $35 | All Ages

HOMECOMING SHOW
w. Grand Funk Railroad | UI Pentacrest
Sept. 28 | 8:30 p.m. | FREE

GOLDENBOY
w. Slip Silo | The Mill | Oct. 2
9:00 p.m. | $8 | 21+ After 10:00 p.m.
create instrumental music that ranges from noisy post-rock to down tempo atmospheric soundscapes. They have eight studio albums under their belt, the latest of which came out earlier this year.

Opening for The Dirty Three is a band that is currently rising in the ranks of the American indie music scene, Mission Creek alumnus Dark Dark Dark. The Minneapolis ensemble is often described as folk-pop and noted for their sensibility of New Orleans jazz throughout their catalogue. Speaking of which, their catalogue is about to expand on Oct. 2 with the release of their third full length album, Who Needs Who. They’ve received positive critical press from Pitchfork, NPR and Paste Magazine.

Every year The University of Iowa’s Scope Productions puts on a big outdoor show on the Pentacrest to celebrate Homecoming Week. The lineup generally always consists of two bands—one currently popular and the other a classic staple. This year they’ve picked up another pair of acts that fits this mold: Grand Funk Railroad and Matt & Kim. Grand Funk Railroad are certainly a classic. With a number of hits in the 70s including “We’re an American Band” and “The Loco-Motion,” the band was met with absurd popularity. They sold out arenas across the country, even selling out Shea Stadium faster than the Beatles previously did. After enduring a few decades of breakups and lineup changes, Grand Funk Railroad is back and ready to roll into town.

Co-headliners Matt & Kim started out as a couple of friends in college who decided to date and make music together. Their 2006 self-titled album did okay nationally, but it wasn’t until their sophomore release, Grand (2009), that the duo came to be such a powerful force in indie pop. Their highly percussive songs are loud, emotive and catchy as all hell. Their music has been featured in multiple commercials as well as the television shows Community, Entourage and Skins. They currently reside in Brooklyn, N.Y., and will release their fourth album, Lightning, in early October.

Southern California band, Goldenboy is a real treat. Front man, Shon Sullivan’s mission is making 90s inspired pop-rock. What kind of cred does he have? Well for starters, he’s worked/toured extensively with ex-Weezer bassist, now Rentals front man, Matt Sharp. Many have compared his musical style to that of Sparklehorse. The latest Goldenboy album, Sleepwalker (2011), was mastered by the same guy who did all of Elliott Smith’s albums. Sullivan has also toured with Elliott Smith, The Eels and Neil Finn. Goldenboy is kind of like discovering one more M&M in what you thought was an empty bag—you didn’t really know it was there, but you’re so glad you found it.

Steve Crowley is a red blooded Wisconsinite marooned in the fetid morass of Iowa City that had to make due with the yokels and, over the course of five years, came to quite like it here.
Beginning sometime in the late 90s, a loose confederation of Hip Hop MCs, producers and DJs began meeting Monday evenings at Vince Woolums’ (founder of the Rotation party crew) home. It came to be known as the Iowa City Beats & Rhymes Society. It was the epicenter of musical ferment in Iowa City, gathering together people who were as excited about house, techno and drum and bass, as they were about hip hop. It was a place to premiere your latest beat, listen to fresh freestyles and strike up collaborations.

Rahlan Kay was a regular attendee, and stood out even then as someone who had his eyes on the prize. He was never there just for the party. He was an accomplished MC, but also produced his own beats and had a sober-minded focus on making his mark as a performer and musician. As others moved away or fell by the wayside, Rahlan Kay kept focused, producing several full length CD releases, several of which have been reviewed in Little Village.

Relationships marks a departure from previous releases in that Kay has focused on his writing and vocal performance, picking beats by other producers to back him up. 500 Benz, Josh Michalec and Austin Switalski all contribute varied textures. Benz starts things off with a bang on “Break The Chain” with a cheeky (and uncleaned) Fleetwood Mac sample. Michalec’s “U” beat weaves 70s R&B with a stutter-swing beat. Rahlan Kay’s flow over these varied, always deeply melodic beats is as self-assured as ever, but he’s become more relaxed and authoritative. Over the years he’s tried on various vocal styles, but on Relationships he’s in the zone, using a simultaneously conversational and poetic cadence reminiscent of Jay-Z.

Each track is a tale of love: delirious, unrequited, lost, or on the edge of becoming real. Rahlan Kay isn’t Barry White, or Rick James. He’s open hearted and romantic while staying clear-eyed about the promises, challenges and dangers of love. Relationships is a concept album about the most tired preoccupation of pop music, but he pulls it off.

Alexis Stevens’ sophomore album is almost endlessly poignant. Stevens’ self-titled album has turned my daily commute into a bittersweet epic whose only disappointment is when work comes into view and the dream of a road trip ends as I punch the clock. There’s a reason I smell the Atlantic Ocean during my landlocked trek to work: Alexis Stevens is brimming over with wanderlust.

Stevens is famished for travel, for new experiences. She can “remember the smell of the open road,” as she sings on “(I Can’t) Follow You,” and that restlessness is all over the album. However, the easy shuffle of the drums and the wistful lap-steel lines give this folk album a comfortable lullabye feel.

Even darker tunes, like album standout “Canary,” get a lift from the impeccable arrangements. “Canary” is a stark song about being trapped, but the almost rock-like configuration lends the track some grit, and gives Stevens’ vocal performance some strength. The driving rhythm—relative to the laid-back folk styleings on the rest of the album—make it more of a winking kiss-off.

Alexis Stevens harmonizing with herself. Somewhere it gets to the repeated chorus at the end, with Stevens harmonizing with herself. Somewhere there’s an indie road-trip film looking for a closing song. I can almost see the credits rolling as this song plays.

Listening to the new record from Tuff Jerks makes me really want a Miller High Life. While I fully respect the sawdust tang of Pabst Blue Ribbon, it fails to fill me me with the same schmaltz Miller High Life does. I view High Life as the ideal beer for dancing in a dank sweaty basement or singing songs in a creek bed.

For its fun, occasional irreverence and sheer quality, Tuff Jerks new record reminds me of that beer. Jason Hennessy and his cadre of Iowa City awesomes have put together a record of loose but well-developed rock songs that are built on a foundation of songwriting that is buoyant and catchy. While some of Tuff Jerks songs don't take themselves that seriously, they always manage to avoid smirking immaturity.

The record's sparse rock instrumentation is filled out with occasional string flourishes and sunny backing vocals, while Jason's warbly and occasionally effete voice has enough range to successfully pull off both goofy and sincere. I have a lot of respect for a someone who can pull
off a song like “Malt Liquor and Cheese” and then turn around and present a song as honest and sweet as “Learned My Place.”

As far as mixing, the drums and bass on this record largely take a backseat to the straightforward guitar parts and vocals, which gives the album an intimate garage vibe and adds to the backyard barbecue feeling of the album.

While it may be silly to say that Tuff Jerks’ records reminds me of drinking a specific beer, I mean it as the highest compliment. One of the ways music can succeed when it maintains a cohesive aesthetic is by tying itself directly to the sensory memory of the listener. Fantastic music can do this on the first listen. So, until you have your next High Life, this album should be able to tide you over.

Lucas Williams was born and raised in Iowa City but now works as an environmentalist in Chicago. He likes bicycling and beer.

**Dave Olson**

*No October*
daveolsonmusic.com

“What’s that place that she came from? A little town a couple miles from where the plane of Buddy Holly went down.” - Dave Olson, on “Buddy Holly”

“Buddy Holly” with its Clear Lake reference wraps up No October—the latest album from Dave Olson, a Twin Cities-transplanted former Iowa Citian. Though he’s been away for a while, it’s clear that Iowa still provides him with inspiration. Living in Iowa and Minnesota provides Olson with a superstar backing band made up of Pieta Brown (who duets on the Tom Waits cover “Georgia Lee”), and the similarly-transplanted Benson Ramsey (The Pines, The Honeydogs) contributes keyboards. Carl Broemel of Kentucky band My Morning Jacket steps in for some help as well.

Olson shows shows his Iowa roots in his songwriting and music. He’s primarily an acoustic folk-country-blues guy with lyrical storytelling that reminds me of Greg Brown and Dave Moore. But his vocal style is closer to Joe Henry, or Glen Phillips from Toad the Wet Sprocket.

The care Olson takes with his lyrics make his songs stand out from the crowded field of singer-songwriters mining the same vein of earnest Americana. I find myself smiling at the neat turns of phrase and subtle humor found in lyrics like “I drive to Tulsa the same time each year. October makes me think of her and there’s no October here,” from the title track.

Olson’s mix of effortlessly economical songwriting and polished performances makes No October a wonderfully compelling listen each time. While Olson may have no October for himself, he perhaps has provided the perfect soundtrack of the coming falling leaves for the rest of us.

Michael Roeder is a self-proclaimed "music savant." When he’s not writing for Little Village he blogs at http://www.playbsides.com.
Could an attacking 50-foot woman actually exist?

The science fiction movie *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman*—that could never happen, right? Her bones would cave in under the weight of all that meat. —Monkey Mule

You might have expressed that more elegantly, Monk. However, you’ve put your finger on the problem. Though *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman* has attained a certain camp cachet, some still consider it the worst science fiction flick ever made. Even in 1958 audiences walked out of theaters muttering, "This movie lacks a plausible scientific basis." Had the filmmakers had a better grasp of physics and instead made *Attack of the Woman of Somewhat Above-Average Height*, their picture would surely rank among the classics of the cinema now.

Who’s to blame? The film schools, of course. They spend too much time on Hitchcock, Kurosawa, and Coppola while Galileo gets short shrift.

Yes, Galileo. The Renaissance astronomer is justly renowned as a fearless champion of heliocentrism, but his rightful place in the filmic arts continues to be denied him.

Toward the end of his life, Galileo wrote *Dialogues Concerning Two New Sciences*, in which he laid the groundwork for what we now call kinematics, which is only one letter off from *cinematics* and has the same Greek root, *kinema*, motion. You think I’m joking? Not entirely. In his book Galileo explains why women, men, and critters in general can only get so big.

It’s called the Principle of Similitude. It says doubling the size of an animal while keeping its proportions the same increases the cross-sectional area of its muscles and bones by a factor of four while increasing its weight by a factor of eight. Simply put, strength increases with the square of height while bulk increases with the cube. This principle explains (among many other things) why people can’t fly like birds—our weight is too great in relation to our strength.

Likewise, if a woman starts off at five feet and 100 pounds and then grows to 50 feet, she’ll have 100 times the bone and muscle area but weigh 1,000 times as much—50 tons. Far from being an avenging angel ready to smite her cheating husband, our heroine would barely be able to stand, and might snap a femur if she tried.

Even more likely, she’d pass out. A five-foot woman in good health has blood pressure somewhere around 110 over 60, which means each time her heart beats, it creates a pulse pressure of 50 mm of mercury (110 minus 60). If we assume the relative resistance of our 50-foot woman’s心血管系统 stays constant, then for her heart to be able to pump blood to her brain and extremities, her pulse pressure would need to be 469 mm of mercury, or nine pounds per square inch. A heart of normal human proportions could never manage it. The entire cardiovascular system would need to be many times as large.

So would everything else. There are basically two ways in which a 50-foot woman might cope with the stresses of size. The first is to live in the water, whose buoyancy would support her weight—one reason the largest extant animals are whales. If full-time residency in the deep is too restrictive, she might go the hippopotamus route and spend most of her day in the nearest river, lake, or swamp.

Not the world’s worst lifestyle, but perhaps not one that lends itself to an action-packed film treatment. Let’s assume our 50-foot woman had to spend most of her screen time on dry land. Given the physical realities, how would she be built?

A brick shithouse doesn’t begin to capture it. In order to keep up with a doubling in body size, you’d need to increase bone and muscle thickness by 2.8 times, which is to say, the square root of 8. This works up to a point, as in the case of thick-legged and heavily-muscled creatures such as elephants and rhinoceroses. Our 50-foot woman, however, would need thighs 32 times as thick, making her a veritable grain elevator of flesh.

One may object that some animals cope with large size by evolving to become relatively thin and light for their height, such as giraffes. True, but think what that approach would mean if scaled up to 50 feet. You’d need limbs the thickness of soda straws supporting a piano-sized chest for the massive heart.

Let’s not forget heat buildup. Since body mass increases with the cube but surface area—and thus cooling capacity—with the square, it’d be tough shedding excess heat. A 50-foot woman would want minimal clothing, which on the plus side provides a scientific justification for the skimpy bathing suit depicted in the iconic 1958 movie poster.

But sustained exertion would result in overheating. Though the heroine might briefly reuse herself to swat a rival, she’d want to spend the rest of the film recuperating in the above-mentioned swamp. The ennui! Think what a Godard might have done with it. Instead, mere cheesecake. It’s sad.

—CECIL ADAMS

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

• Less than an hour after Richard Owens, 18, was released from jail in Land O’ Lakes, Fla., a sheriff’s deputy saw him trying to break into a car in the jail parking lot. “He knows Richard because he released him from jail earlier in the evening,” the Pasco County Sheriff’s Office reported, adding the car belongs to another deputy. (Tampa Bay Times)

• After a man stole a 32-inch TV from a Walmart store in Port Charlotte, Fla., two detectives in separate vehicles spotted the suspect fleeing on a bicycle. One pulled ahead of him while the other gave chase on foot. While watching the detective behind him, the suspect failed to realize the vehicle in front had stopped and slammed into it. Wal-Mart security personnel identified Jonathan Ryan Fontaine, 32, as the suspect, and he was arrested. (Sarasota’s WWSB-TV)

Felonious Haberdashery

Authorities who know Richard Henry Bain, 61, the man accused of opening fire at a political rally in Montreal, described him as “a little eccentric” because he wore a kilt. “Certainly, when you see someone in a kilt in this region,” Marie-France Brisson, the municipal director general in La Conception, Quebec, where Bain lives, “it’s not like New York. It stands out a bit more.” (Reuters)

Government Enterprise

• Treasury Department investigators estimated that the Internal Revenue Service paid $6.5 billion last year to identity thieves who filed fraudulent tax returns. In one instance, the IRS issued more than $3.3 million in refunds for 2,137 separate tax returns listing the IRS issued more than $3.3 million in refunds for 2,137 separate tax returns listing the same address. In another, hundreds of refunds were deposited into the same bank account. (Associated Press)

• The U. S. Postal Service wastes at least $2 million a year by printing more commemorative stamps than it sells and then destroying the unsold stamps, according to USPS investigators. It wasted $1.2 million in printing costs in 2009, for example, by issuing 1 billion 44-cent stamps commemorating television’s “The Simpsons” It sold 318 million. Responding to the report, the USPS said it already addressed the problem by creating the “forever” stamp, whose value increases with postage rates. (Bloomberg News)

Wrong Arm of the Law

A man suspected of fatally shooting two men and seriously wounding two others in Detroit turned himself in at a fire station two hours after the incident. Fire officials called police, but, according to a police statement, “due to area patrol units being busy handling high priority runs, no units were dispatched to the location.” The 36-year-old man eventually went to a police station, where he was arrested. (Associated Press)

God Almighty

Kentucky’s Supreme Court declined to review two challenges to state laws requiring the state to credit God for its homeland security that were passed in the wake of the Sept. 11, 2001, terrorist attacks. The first stated the “safety and security of the commonwealth cannot be achieved apart from reliance upon Almighty God.” The second created the state’s Office of Homeland Security and required its executive director to publicize “dependence on Almighty God.” The group American Atheists insisted the laws violated constitutional bans on state-sponsored religion. A judge agreed, but the Court of Appeals reversed the decision, declaring the law “merely pays lip service to a commonly held belief in the puissance (power) of God” and doesn’t advance religion. (Louisville’s The Courier-Journal)

Blind Faith

A man driving off a ferry in Whittier, Alaska, went about 400 feet, then obeyed his GPS unit directing him to make a hard right turn and drove down a boat ramp into the harbor. Whittier public safety director Dave Schofield said the Subaru was fully submerged, but a man jumped in the water and broke open a window, allowing the unnamed driver and his two dogs to escape. A cat inside a carrier drowned. (Associated Press)

Hoarding Hordes

Fed up with Canadians crossing the border to use their high Canadian dollar to stock up on comparatively cheap gas, milk and other items, some residents of Bellingham, Wash., started a Facebook page calling for American-only shopping hours at the local Costco. It reports that Canadians not only are loading up on goods, leaving little for the locals, but also are taking up more than one parking space in the store’s lot. Some even complain that Canadians are behaving rudely. But Chamber of Commerce Ken Oplinger urged patience, pointing out, “In the last two years, our sales tax generation has doubled or tripled the pace in the rest of the state, and it’s almost entirely because of the Canadians coming south.” (CBC News)

Facebook Follies

People who aren’t on social networking sites are “suspicious,” according to increasing numbers of employers and even some psychologists, and may be abnormal and dysfunctional. The German magazine Der Tagesspiegel pointed out that Colorado theater shooter James Holmes and Norwegian mass murderer Anders Behring Breivik lack Facebook profiles, and Slate.com advice columnist Emily Yoffie cautioned young people against dating anyone who isn’t on Facebook. (Britain’s Daily Mail)

Lucky Dozen

A small twin-engine plane crashed in Taylorsville, Ill., killing the pilot but sparing all 12 passengers, who were skydivers and jumped from the plane before it went down. (St. Louis’s KSDK-TV)

Slightest Provocation

Police arrested Kevin Michael Reyes, 27, for beating up his 40-year-old father at home in Spring Hill, Fla., after becoming upset because his parents hadn’t cooked dinner for him. (Tampa Bay Times)

C-H-I-E-A-T-E-R

Planetary Resources has developed a three-step plan to mine asteroids. Step one is to find the right rocks. Since asteroids don’t reflect much light, making them hard to spot from Earth, the company, backed by Google chief executive Larry Page and “Avatar” director James Cameron, hopes to launch a series of telescopes to spot potential targets. Then a robot probe will be dispatched to assess the targets’ potential value and, if promising, stake a claim. Finally, robot miners will be sent to collect rocks. The goal isn’t ore but water, which can be broken down into its elements to produce rocket fuel. (Popular Mechanics)

What Could Go Wrong?

The Texas Transportation Commission has approved an 85-mph speed limit for a 41-mile toll road near congested Interstate 35 between Austin and San Antonio, two of the state’s largest metropolitan areas. (Associated Press)
# Calendar

## Music

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<td>Fielded, Alex Body, Goldendust</td>
<td>Gabe's</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>$7, 10 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 19</td>
<td>Little Village Live w/ Milk &amp; Eggs</td>
<td>Public Space One</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>5 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 20</td>
<td>Garage Rock Night</td>
<td>Gabe's</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>7 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 21</td>
<td>Jazz After Five with Jim Oatts</td>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>6 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 22</td>
<td>Brighton MA, Bermuda Report</td>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>9 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 23</td>
<td>Mono, Chris Brokaw</td>
<td>Gabe's</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>$10/$12</td>
<td>8 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 24</td>
<td>Symphony Orchestra</td>
<td>Iowa Memorial Union</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>7 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 26</td>
<td>Burlington Street Bluegrass Band</td>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>6 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 27</td>
<td>Dirty Three, Dark Dark Dark Gabe's</td>
<td>Gabe's</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>$15/$20</td>
<td>8:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 28</td>
<td>Nellie McKay</td>
<td>Legion Arts</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>$25/$30</td>
<td>7 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 29</td>
<td>Empires</td>
<td>Blue Moose Tap House</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>$8/$10</td>
<td>6 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 30</td>
<td>Passafire, Fire Sale</td>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>9 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>The Henry Clay People</td>
<td>Legion Arts/Green Square Park</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>9 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 2</td>
<td>Goldenboy, Slip Silo</td>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>8 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 3</td>
<td>The Curtis Hawkins Band</td>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>7 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 4</td>
<td>Two Gallants, Papa</td>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>7 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 5</td>
<td>Mondays: Open Mic with J. Knight</td>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>9 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 6</td>
<td>Thursdays: Flight School Dance Party</td>
<td>Yacht Club</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>7 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>Wednesdays: Little Village Live</td>
<td>Public Space One</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids</td>
<td>Free</td>
<td>5 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Mondays:** Open Mic with J. Knight  
**Thursdays:** Flight School Dance Party  
**Wednesdays:** Little Village Live
**ART EXHIBITIONS**

| Fri., Sept. 21 - Gaia Nardie-Warner Opening Reception | Public Space One, 6 p.m. |
| Sat., Sept. 22 - Symposium: "Is My Black Beautiful?" | Figge Art Museum, 1-4:30 p.m. |
| Sun., Sept. 23 - "Faces of Napoleon" Lecture by Heidi E. Kraus | Figge Art Museum, 2 p.m. |
| Tues., Sept. 25 - "Josephine at Malmaison" Lecture by Bernard Chevallier | University of Iowa Museum of Art, Art Building West, UI campus, Free, 5:30 p.m. |
| Wed., Sept. 26 - Marvin Cone: Panel Discussion Cedar Rapids Museum of Art at Coe College (Hickock Hall) | Free, 7 p.m. |
| Thurs., Sept. 27 - "Posing Beauty in African American Culture" Curator Discussion | Figge Art Museum, 7 p.m. |
| Fri., Sept. 28 - Exhibition Preview - Marvin Cone: An American Master Cedar Rapids Museum of Art | Free, 5 p.m. |
| Sept. 28-Oct. 12 - Judith Duff and Ron Meyers Akar, Free |
| Sept. 28-Sept. 30 - American Indian Jewelry Trunk Show Beadology, Iowa, Free |
| Sept. 29 - Jan. 20, Marvin Cone: An American Master Cedar Rapids Museum of Art |
| Thurs. Oct. 4 - Downtown Cedar Rapids Walking Tour Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (Meet at History Center), $5/$7, 6 p.m. |

**THEATER/DANCE/PERFORMANCE**

| Thursdays, Artvaark (Art Activities) Uptown Bill's, Free, 6 p.m. |
| Thru Sept. 30 - True West Riverside Theatre, $15-$28 |
| Thurs., Sept. 20-Sept. 21 - Word Becomes Flesh | Hancher Auditorium (Space Place Theater) $10-$35, 7:30 p.m. |

**Venues**

| Akar 257 East Iowa Ave., Iowa City, (319) 351-1227, akardesign.com |
| Beadology 220 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 338-1566, beadologyiowa.com |
| Bijou Cinema The University of Iowa, 166-B Iowa Memorial Union, Iowa City, (319) 335-3041, bijou.uiowa.edu |
| Blue Moose Tap House 211 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, (319) 358-9206, blue moo seec om. |
| Cedar Rapids Museum of Art 410 3rd Ave. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 366-7503, crma.org |
| Coralville Center for the Performing Arts 1301 5th St., Coralville, (319) 248-9370, coralvillearts.com |
| Coralville Public Library 1401 5th St., Coralville, (319) 248-1850, cor ali ve publiclibrary.org |
| Englert 221 East Washington Street, Iowa City, (319) 688-2653, englert.org |
| Figge Art Museum 225 West Second St., Davenport, (563) 326-7804, figgeart.org |
| FilmScene Starlite Cinema - Festval Stage, City Park, Iowa City, icfilmscene.org |
| First Avenue Club 1550 South First Ave., Iowa City, (319) 337-5527, firstavenueclub.com |
| Frank Conroy Reading Room The University of Iowa, Dey House, 507 N. Clinton, Iowa City |
| Gabe's 330 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 351-9715, icgabes.com |
| Hancher Auditorium (Space Place Theater) The University of Iowa, North Hall, 20 W. Davenport St., Iowa City, (319) 335-1160, hancher.uiowa.edu |
| Iowa Artisans Gallery 207 East Washington St., Iowa City (319) 351-8686, iowa-artisans-gallery.com |
| Iowa City Public Library 123 South Linn Street, Iowa City, (319) 356-5200 icpl.org |
| Iowa Theatre Artists Company 4709 220th Trl, Amana, (319) 622-3222 iowa the atreaists.org |
| Johnson County Fairgrounds 4265 Oak Crest Hill Road Southeast, Iowa City, (319) 337-5865, johnsoncofair.com |
| Legion Arts (CSPS) 1103 3rd St. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 364-1580, legionarts.org |
| Mendoza Wine Bar 1301 5th St., Coralville, (319) 333-1291, facebook.com/mendozawinebar |
| Penguin's Comedy Club 208 2nd Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, (319) 362-8133, penguinscomedyclub.com |
| Prairie Lights 15 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, (319) 337-2681, www.prairielights.com |
| Ps-Z 120 N Dubuque St, Iowa City, (319) 331-8893, ps-z.com |
| Public Space One 129 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 331-8893, publicspaceone.com |
| Red Cedar Chamber Music (Ballantine Auditorium, Kirkwood, Cedar Rapids) 1495 Douglas Ct., Marion, (319) 377-8028, www.redcedar.org |
| Redstone Room, River Music Experience 129 N Main St., Davenport, (563) 326-1333, rivermusi cexperience.com |
| Riverside Theatre 213 N Gilbert St., Iowa City, (319) 338-7672, riverside theatre.org |
| Rozz Tox 2108 3rd Ave, Rock Island, IL, (309) 200-0978, rozztox.com |
| The Mill 120 E Burlington St., Iowa City, (319) 351-9529, icmill.com |
| Theatre Cedar Rapids 102 3rd St, Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 366-8591, theatre.rc.org |
| Theatre Building The University of Iowa, 200 North Riverside Dr., (319) 335-1160 theatre.uiowa.edu |
| University of Iowa Museum of Art 1375 Hwy 1 West, Iowa City, (319) 335-1727, uima.uiowa.edu |
| University of Iowa Museum of Natural History MacBride Hall, Iowa City, (319) 335-0480, uiowa.edu/mnh |
| Uptown Bill's 730 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, (319) 339-0804, uptownbills.org (Spoken Word Wednesdays at 6:30, Artvaark Thursdays at 6 p.m., Open Mic Thursdays at 7 p.m.) |
| Yacht Club 13 South Linn St., Iowa City, (319) 337-6464, iowacityyachtclub.org (Flight School Dance Party on Tuesdays, Jam Session on Wednesdays) |

Submit venues and events: Calendar@LittleVillageMag.com
Sept. 27 - Stew & The Negro Problem Hancher Auditorium Club Hancher, The Mill, $10-$27, 7:30 & 10 p.m.

Sept. 30 - Was the Word Englert, $10 (Suggested), 7 p.m.

CINEMA

Fri., Sept. 21 - Office Space FilmScene Starlite Cinema (Festival Stage, City Park), dusk, $5

Sat., Sept. 21 - Sept. 27 - Ai Weiwei: Never Sorry Bijou Cinema

Thurs., Sept. 21 - Office Space FilmScene Starlite Cinema (Festival Stage, City Park), dusk, $5

Mon., Sept. 21- Sept. 27 - Ai Weiwei: Never Sorry Bijou Cinema

Thurs., Sept. 27 - Proseminar in Cinema and Culture Becker Communication Studies Building, UI campus, Free, 6:30 p.m.

Sept. 28- Oct. 4 - Beasts of the Southern Wild Bijou Cinema

LITERATURE

Fri., Sept. 21 - Atina Diffley Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Mon., Sept. 24 - T. Geronimo Johnson Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Tues., Sept. 25 - All Iowa Reads Discussion: Tracy Kidd's Strength in What Remains Coralville Public Library, Free, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 27 - Lan Samantha Chang & Linda Kerber Frank Conroy Reading Room, UI campus, Free, 4 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 27 - Kerry Webster & Joseph Compana Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 27 - 50 Shades of Grey and its Impact on Intellectual Freedom - Panel Iowa City Public Library, Free, 7 p.m.

Sat., Sept. 28 - Anthology Englert, Free, 9 p.m. Cole Swenson & Cal Bedient Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. Seagull Society Public Space One, 7 p.m., Free

Sun., Sept. 29 - Poets Theatre: Joyelle McSeeneey, Mary Austin Speaker, Chris Martin, Mark Mayer, Ashley Colley and Dan Poppin City Park Theatre, Free, TBD

Mon., Oct. 1 - Robyn Schiff, Margaret Ross Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. Strange Cage Englert Theatre, 8 p.m., Free

Wed., Oct. 3 - Andrew Porter Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

One Community One Book: The Latehomecomer Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Thurs., Oct. 4 - John Koethe Prairie Lights, Free, 5 p.m.

Wednesdays - Spoken Word Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 p.m.

COMEDY

Fri., Sept. 21- Sept. 22 - Claude Stuart Penguin's Comedy Club, $12, 7:30 p.m.

Sun., Sept. 23 - Steve-O First Avenue Club, $27, 7 p.m.

Mon., Sept. 24 - Catacombs of Comedy Yacht Club, $3, 9 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 28 - Paperback Rhino Public Space One, $2, 10:30 p.m. Bluebird After Dark Bluebird Diner, $5, 10 p.m.

Sept. 28-Sept. 29 - Vince Morris Penguin's Comedy Club, $12, 7:30 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 3 - Comedians of Chelsea Lately Penguin's Comedy Club, $22.5, 7 p.m. & 9 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 4 - Mike Birbiglia - My Girlfriend's Boyfriend Englert, $30/$32, 8 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 5-Oct. 6 - Rob Little Penguin's Comedy Club, $15, 7:30 p.m.

KIDS

Sat., Sept. 22 - "The Reluctant Dragon" Puppet Show Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Wed., Sept. 26 - Doodlebugs Preschool Program - Art Program Cedar Rapids Museum of Art at Marion Public Library, Free, 1 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 27 - Stage on the Page: The Fantasticks Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Thurs., Oct. 4 - Toddler Story Time at the CRMA Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:30 p.m.
PUZZLER!

Listed below are two synonyms for two words that rhyme followed by the number of syllables in each of those rhyming words. Your challenge is to guess what the two words are based upon the clues provided:

For example, “Obese Feline” (1,1) would be “Fat Cat.” Good luck!

Simple Windy (2,2)
(Easy, Breezy)

Toad Journal (1,1)

Acne Tantrum (1,1)

Crooked Team (2,1)

Average Food Type (1,2)

Relish Exam (1,1)

Bite Fight (2,2)

Strip Spectacle (2,2)

Recondite Calumny (2,2)

Glutinous Officer (5,4)

Pretenion Aggregate (4,3)

Flim-Flam Rejection- (3,3)

Challenger

If you got drunk with your friends and sang off-key songs about pasta in public you’d be engaging in (3,3 or 4)

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KRONOS QUARTET

FRIDAY, OCT. 19 - 8 PM
ROSANNE CASH
WITH PIETA BROWN

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24 - 7 PM
MARILYNNE ROBINSON
WITH EULA BISS

NOV. 2 (ENGLERT) - 8 PM
NOV. 3 (MOTLEY COW) - 11AM + (MILL) - 8 PM
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