Letters
Flip it over

5 The Hops
Trash/Treasure

Chicken Little
Full on vegan

8 Your Town Now
Will doves fly over new Justice Center?

10 American Reason
Who owns the road?

12 Townie Hawk
They’re just like you! (Athletic-prodigy you)

14 Lit Scene
Just order water.

18 Politics
Debatable Results

20 The Tube
Enter the void

21 Prairie Pop
Univ. of David Byrne

22 Hot Tin Roof
This month’s $100 winner.

23 Talking Movies
Landlocked Preview

26 On the Beat
Celebrate centennial style.

28 Local Albums
Iowa City takes a bow.

30 Straight Dope
Measuring the Lumber

31 News Quirks
You didn’t see them filming you!!!!!!!

34 Calendar
If you don’t have fun on Halloween you’re fired.

37 A-List
Rock out, Zombies! Rock out!

39 Rhyme Time
You’re a poet. Do you know it?
Vote No on Justice Center

Any voter who cares about our community should pay special attention to the referendum on the new “justice center”, which includes plans for a large expansion of jail capacity. The current jail has a capacity of 96; the new jail has a capacity for 243.

The current jail is overcrowded, with a nightly average of roughly 160 that requires the sheriff to send prisoners to neighboring counties, which all have excess capacity because of an epidemic of jail overbuilding in Iowa. With a capacity of 243, the new jail represents a 50 percent growth in the number of people incarcerated.

Who will be jailed? Johnson County is roughly 5% black, but 40% of prisoners on an average night are black. Right here in River City, the gap between the black population and the number of black people incarcerated is one of the worst in the entire nation.

What is driving the mass incarceration in Johnson County is the War on Drugs, which affects all young people, black and white. In Iowa City, where marijuana is the overwhelming drug of choice, drug arrests by the Iowa City Police Department soared from 332 in 2007 to 626 in 2011. According to Johnson County Attorney Janet Lyness, jail overcrowding is being driven by “recidivists”, i.e. marijuana offenders who fail to meet the terms of their probation or parole, or the terms of the drug “diversion” programs.

The University of Iowa police department, now fully armed with tasers and guns, is arresting more and more young people. Over the last decade their budget has doubled, from 2.5 million to 5 million. Over the last three years the number of University of Iowa students charged with a crime, a stigma that they will carry all over their lives, has grown by 25 percent.

It is time to put a stop to the preventable harm that we inflict on young people, including students and African-Americans. Jail advocates should go back to the drawing board and design a Justice Center with a jail for 160 inmates, which is the current demand.

—Jeff Cox, Iowa City

Vote Yes to Retain the Judges

Bob Vander Plaats recently announced he was getting the band (well, bus at least) back together for a reunion tour across the state of Iowa in an effort to remove Iowa Supreme Court Justice David Wiggins from the bench. We need to see this for what it is: an attempt to delegitimize the relationships of our fellow Iowans.

Mr. Vander Plaats might tell you this is about the judges, that it’s about gay marriage, preserving family values, protecting our traditions or even saving Western Civilization from utter collapse, but it’s much more simple than any of that. Fundamentally, to vote “No” on retaining our judges is to say that the love same-sex couples feel for each other is inferior to the love straight couples feel. It is to say that only some families are real families.

If Vander Plaats were sincere in his efforts to protect marriage, he might heed the thought of one of our neighbors to the north, Senator Al Franken, who likes to point out the obvious: “Marriage is the best thing that ever happened to me. Why would I ever try to rob that happiness from anyone else?”

Since its founding, the United States of America has been defined by its struggle to extend the rights that our founders claimed for themselves to the rest of our fellow citizens. There was a time when many states prevented non-land owners from voting—from engaging in the very liberty for which we had fought a war. As we have attempted to perfect our Union, we have continually moved in the direction of more freedom and more liberty. We have moved closer to, not away from, that shining city on the hill of which Presidents Reagan and Kennedy so often spoke, that last great bastion of hope and freedom.

Mr. Vander Plaats and his ilk would move us backwards. They would extinguish the light of that shining city. They see our country, our state, not as that last great bastion of hope and freedom but as some radical cesspool destined for moral oblivion. Their campaign is working to turn Iowans against the very people who are being oppressed, targeted and intimidated. We cannot let this happen. I hope you’ll join me in flipping over the ballot on Nov. 6 and voting “Yes” on judicial retention for the Iowa Supreme Court.

—Zach Wahls, Iowa City
The sun has yet to rise but the full moon still hovers over the western horizon. Its pale light illuminates the trash strewn parking lot behind Kinnick Stadium. Cars dodge garbage bags and piles of disposable plates; the crunch-crunch of stray cans and plastic cups under their tires echoes across the lot. A dozen people, none wearing black and gold, stand at Gate B, yawning, their arms crossed to stay warm. When a university employee unlocks the gate and swings it open, no one cheers. Everyone shuffles down the west concourse, grabs a plastic bag, broom or shovel, and begins cleaning the mess left behind after a Hawkeye home game.

Through four home games, both game day and Sunday morning removal efforts have collected a total of 48,810 pounds of waste.

Every post-game Sunday morning, a small army of local junior high and high school athletes, their coaches, and parents, descends on Kinnick Stadium to collect recyclables and sweep the rows clean of peanut shells, popcorn, and trays smeared with nacho cheese. It is a dirty job that not only nets the Iowa City Boosters funds for school district athletic programs, but is also a vital part of the Iowa athletic department’s goal of making the stadium greener, diverting as much as 57 percent of materials from the landfill.

For years I have heard about stadium clean-up from others but never experienced it myself. So last month I decided to tag along with my sister, a volleyball coach at City High, to clean Kinnick after Iowa’s games against Central Michigan and Minnesota. And though I expected it to be hell, it turn out to be painless and kind of fun — in spite of having to wake up early after a day of enjoying cold beverages and college football.

Sunday morning clean-up starts at 7 a.m. However, not everyone arrives that early. Volunteers trickle in and join the effort for about a half hour. Though parents are expected to participate, some opt instead to drop students off and wait in the littered parking lot. When I arrived for my first clean-up, I noticed a number of adults reading the paper in the warmth of their cars. Eventually, there are enough people to make quick work of the mess left behind by more than 70,000 football fans.

Armed with clear plastic bags and latex gloves, we joined South East and City High
athletes, coaches and parents in the north end zone. Little Hawks are also responsible for cleaning the west stand underneath press box, while athletes from Northwest, North Central and West High clean the south and east stands. We walked the rows, picking up plastic bottles, popcorn buckets, paper and drink cups for recycling. Students swept peanut shells, popcorn, wrappers and food-covered trays toward the aisles with brooms, some worn so badly that they looked like shuffleboard sticks. Buzzing in every corner of the stadium were gas powered leaf blowers, used by coaches and parents to blow trash into piles or push leftover crumbs toward the aisles.

Damian Simcox, the UI’s director of athletic facilities, said school district organizations and booster clubs have helped clean up the stadium for more than two decades. In return for their effort, the groups receive a per game payment of around $4,200. The money earned for stadium clean-up is then used for athletic funding across the school district. Outside the stadium, the university’s parking department uses a similar arrangement with the district’s marching bands to clean the parking lots, Simcox said.

Jan Genko Lehman, a volleyball and girl’s basketball coach at City High, said clean-up is well-worth it for the schools. Genko Lehman, who has missed only a handful of Sunday clean-ups since 1990, said she prefers cleaning Kinnick over other fundraising efforts, like bake sales. It is, she said, a win-win for both the school district and university.

Genko Lehman shared with me the kind of clean-up horror stories I heard from others. After a Minnesota-Iowa game played in a blizzard, Genko Lehman said Sunday morning crews needed to chisel beer cans from the snow. The worst clean-up, she said, was the day after a potato chip promotion. A bag of Lays was placed on every seat before the game, and by Sunday morning the bags, blown by the wind, were knee deep in the corners and front rows.

My clean-up experiences, thankfully, were rather tame and ordinary. I expected the stadium to be a trash disaster zone, and it was to a certain degree. But with so many people up to the task, it took a little time and effort to make the stands look respectable. It was, though, not without mess. Everything swept to the aisles is then pushed down the stairs into large piles of mixed debris. Shells, popcorn, chips, nacho trays, pizza crusts, and the unfortunate plastic bottles not picked out quickly enough come together and are shoveled into opaque plastic bags destined for the landfill.

Through four home games, both game day and Sunday morning removal efforts have collected a total of 48,810 pounds of waste—48.6 percent of which were recyclables or organics diverted from the landfill. Over 57 percent was diverted from the home game against UNI, the most so far this year. And though officials at the UI’s Office of Sustainability gloat about it, they say 57 percent is just the beginning. George McCrory, a communication specialist with the sustainability office, said 70 to 80 percent of waste is diverted at Ohio Stadium, the home of the Ohio State Buckeyes.

I was eager to see what kind of alcohol was smuggled into the stadium despite security’s best efforts, and was not disappointed. Peppered throughout the north stand were small liquor bottles and empty beers cans. Judging by the number of miniature Captain Morgan bottles, many Hawkeyes like to watch their team with a rum and Coke in hand. After
the Minnesota game, I ventured into the student section for evidence of drunken debauchery. Much to my surprise, though, I found it much cleaner than the north stands: less popcorn and peanuts, and the only tailgating contraband I found were a bottle of cinnamon-flavored whiskey and a couple cans of light beer.

Judging by the number of miniature Captain Morgan bottles, many Hawkeyes like to watch their team with a rum and Coke in hand.

including one that was unopened.

Coaches barked orders and observations across the sections. “I SEE A LOT OF STANDING AROUND. GET TO WORK!” After sweeping trash to the bottom of an aisle, a group of football players asked their coach to send a freshman to hold a bag for shoveling. The answer, yelled across 20 rows, was not what they wanted to hear: “I THINK YOU NEED TO QUIT WHINING AND DO IT YOURSELVES!” At times, clean-up gave me flashbacks to high school gym class.

When the stands are cleared, bags of trash and recycling are lined along the concourses to be placed in one of two Waste Management trucks. The worn brooms and leaf blowers are offered to the volunteers. By then the sun is up and the metal bleachers gleam in the fresh, early light. The parents who stayed in their cars to read the news and sports pages are parked along the curb, waiting as if they were parked in front of a school. Everyone leaves quickly and presumably goes back to bed. At least that’s what I did. lv

Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City.

Chicken Little

Reviews: Trumpet Blossom Cafe
(310 E. Prentiss St.)

As an ex-vegan I still love to frequent vegetarian/vegan restaurants and was delighted when the Trumpet Blossom opened. Trumpet Blossom is a fully vegan restaurant, meaning 100 percent plant-based using no animal products (yes, even butter, milk and eggs).

Upon entering the restaurant, the large windows and houseplants made for a very earthy feel. I noticed the bar was stocked with an array of local beers and liquors and also included an espresso machine. Trumpet Blossom often features entertainment on the built-in stage and hosts community events—check out their Facebook page for details. Beer and wine specials are run regularly and include seasonal selections.

As a friendly waitress seated my friend and me at a booth, I instantly honed in on the tempeh reuben sandwich, but then noticed it was only available at lunch, served from 11 to two. Brushing off the temporary disappointment, I ordered the hummus and veggies ($4) and the cumin tempeh with polenta in a lime and cilantro sauce served with chili butter ($18). My friend opted for the small sautéed veggies with ginger peanut sauce and grains ($12).

The server was attentive to our needs, as was the bartender, who was helping run food. Despite the chill of this fall evening, by the time our generous portion of hummus arrived, Trumpet Blossom definitely had us feeling the warmth. The hummus was delicious and (although we too quickly ran out of them) the radish and carrot slices were an excellent choice to go with it.

It didn’t take long before our waitress brought us our meals and both looked great. My taste buds sang with delight at the first bite of polenta and tempeh. Halfway through the meal, though, the flavors became a bit overwhelming. I found myself wishing they had used less of the cilantro lime sauce. My friend’s dish was also excellent but seemed to have the same issue—delicious, but a bit overpowered by the sauce. This preference for lower intensity could certainly be in the eye of the beholder (and, afterall, we asked for lime, cilantro, ginger and peanut, all strong flavors) but I was having a less-is-more moment.

In terms of taste and overall feel, Trumpet Blossom is one of the best restaurants I have been to in the year and a half I’ve lived in Iowa City. The positives far outweigh the negatives and, honestly, my biggest problem is they don’t offer the tempeh reuben at dinner. I suppose I’ll just have to go back for lunch—twist my arm.

Submit Reviews: ChickenLittle@LittleVillageMag.com

PRICE: 2
TASTE: 4/5
Golden Eggs ($10-20)
\nCLUCKS

SERVICE: 4/5
ATMOSPHERE: 4/5

Join Our Team

Plasma Donors Needed Now

Please help us help those coping with rare, chronic, genetic diseases.
New donors can receive $50 today and $100 this week!
Ask about our Specialty Programs!
Must be 18 years or older, have valid I.D. along with proof of SS# and local residency.
Walk-ins Welcome.
Increased fees!
New donors that bring in this ad will receive a $10 bonus on their second donation within the same week.

Biotest Plasma Center
408 S. Gilbert St.
Iowa City, IA 52240
319-341-8000
www.biotestplasma.com

Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City.
If you can cut through all the glittering doublespeak and rhetoric, you’ll find a deeply ambiguous set of truths about the proposed Johnson County “Justice Center” (read: jail) that will be put to a vote on Nov. 6. (Or right now, if you’re an early voter.)

For dramatic effect, it should be noted that the fight over the Justice Center has transcended mere City Hall drudgery, growing into a near-mythological battle between a well-intentioned-but-vaguely-sinister government and a small-but-feisty band of contrarians. Or so the story goes.

The Johnson County Justice Center, a proposed $48.1 million facility to be built near the historic courthouse, will address two crises currently facing the Johnson County justice system: an unsafe, overburdened courthouse and an overfilled jail.

According to the County, the current courthouse is insufficient in a number of ways. There are too few courtrooms and administrative spaces, security is lacking, and the building is not adequately accessible to individuals with disabilities. For the most part, however, the jail is the crux of this issue.

Currently, the Johnson County Jail is severely over capacity, and its design compromises the safety of both the inmates and jail staff. Built in 1981, the 92-bed jail is inadequate; the current average daily population is more than 160 inmates. Overcrowding in the county jail has had the effect of “reducing the level of safety for both inmates and staff,” according to a January 2012 report by the County’s Alternatives and Treatment Opportunities Subcommittee.

A summary of safety deficiencies at the current jail provided by the County cites a number of factors, including the jail’s “linear design” (read: long hallways lined with cells). This design limits the staff’s ability to monitor inmate behavior. A general lack of adequate cell space, also, has made more difficult the “legally required separation of inmates based on established classification criteria” and “behavioral isolation” (read: “the hole”).

Because of the current jail’s poor design and over-large population, jail staff and police officers must transport inmates more often than would otherwise be necessary, which raises both safety and financial concerns. In the current jail, for example, there is no shower in Block E, which means that inmates must be escorted to an adjacent cell block through an area that is not monitored by cameras.

When there is no room to hold an inmate, the typical response from the Sheriff’s Office is to “rent” space at other county jails in Iowa. In fiscal year 2010, Johnson County spent nearly $1.3 million to transport and house inmates outside of Johnson County.

The proposed Johnson County Justice Center attempts to address two crises currently facing the Johnson County justice system: an unsafe, overburdened courthouse and an overfilled jail.

The proposed Justice Center will house a 243-bed jail and Shierriff’s Office, six new courtrooms and additional office space. The jail is to be built according to a centralized “pod” design that allows inmate activity to be more closely monitored and reduces the amount of necessary inmate transportation. More cells, more safety for more inmates. The new, larger jail would address the existential threats facing the Johnson County justice system with what amounts to a “supply-side” solution.

To the center’s detractors, however, the construction of a new jail represents a massive investment in an unjust system. According to a statistical report analyzing Johnson County jail data, the average daily population of the county jail increased by 552 percent between 1983 and 2011. During the same period, the population of Johnson County increased by only 154 percent. Between mid-2004 and 2011, the average population of the Johnson County jail was growing at a record rate of nearly 10 percent per year.

Opponents of the Justice Center like Jeff Cox, a member of Citizens for Alternatives to a New Jail, argue that the new facility would only increase the number of people arrested and held in the county jail. Such an increase would almost certainly exacerbate one of the most unfortunate truths about the Johnson County justice system: Though only about five percent of Johnson County’s population is black, about 40 percent of those who passed through the county jail in 2011 were black.

Increased capacity, the argument goes, will lead to an increased jail population. And more people in jail would serve only to extend societal injustices. Instead, the county should deal with its jail capacity issue by incarcerating fewer people and expanding alternatives to jail for individuals awaiting trial.

Currently, the county jail holds many people who are awaiting trial, but can’t afford to...
post bail. The Justice Center’s opponents argue that jail alternatives including electronic pretrial monitoring would be a more cost effective solution to overcrowding than the construction of a new $48 million building.

The Center’s opponents, then, are proposing a “demand-side” solution to the problem. Maintain the current facilities, but reduce the flow of inmates to ease the burden on the system.

It is true, of course, that too many people are being arrested. But the fact that 160 people are being squeezed daily into a system built to hold 92 indicates that the laws of supply and demand do not explain the current problem. The “if-you-build-it-they-will-fill-it” argument is compelling, but as of now the relationship between the flow of inmates and the size of the bucket you’re using to catch them is only speculative.

It is also true that speedier trials would decrease the number of pretrial inmates in the jail. Paradoxically, one apparent solution to this problem—more courtrooms and more judges—would be served by the proposed Justice Center.

Opponents of the Justice Center are right to suggest that the popular argument for making the courthouse “more secure” is overblown. There are no recorded incidents of safety breaches at the courthouse, despite its apparently primitive safeguards. That does not mean, however, that the current facilities do not need improvement.

The messiest part of the issue may be the use of pretrial “jail alternatives” to ease overcrowding. Justice Center opponents support electronically monitored work release and home arrest as a viable jail alternative. In 2011, 117 inmates were granted work/school release, and five were granted home monitoring. According to the County, however, expansion of these programs is being held up by ... jail overcrowding. The county says the money that could be used on jail alternatives is currently being diverted to pay the high costs of transporting inmates to other Iowa jails. Why the county cannot transition from one solution to the other is unclear.

When reduced to its most basic state, the controversy surrounding the Justice Center looks like a series of frustrating Catch-22s: We imprison too many people, for example, but the best way to reduce that number may be to increase our capacity to try people.

The controversy surrounding the Justice Center looks like a series of frustrating Catch-22s: We imprison too many people, for example, but the best way to reduce that number may be to increase our capacity to try people. The Justice Center would provide a solution to a messy problem, but might in fact exacerbate its underlying causes. At the end of the day, we’re left with what looks like a tangle of paradoxes and the notion that maybe—maybe—the goals of the opposition and the plans of the county aren’t mutually exclusive after all.

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.
SHARING IS CARING
MATT & VIK DEBATE THE RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF IOWA CITY'S BIKERS AND DRIVERS

VIKRAM PATEL: Iowa City: Bike-Friendly City as designated by The League of American Bicyclists. As one who considers himself a member of the Iowa City biking community, I am particularly proud of this distinction. In the years since Iowa City first received this status, we have seen numerous infrastructure changes, like new bike lanes and sharrows, and I'm sure that Iowa City will once again be rewarded as it applies for renewal this winter. This focus on adding infrastructure, though, seems to assume that we have already answered a much more fundamental question: What should be the relationship between drivers and bike riders? If that relationship is one of equal responsibility and right to the road, then we should have infrastructure that leads to shared use and ubiquitous application of traffic laws. If there is an imbalance in the responsibility for safety and ability to use the roads respectfully, then we should build infrastructure that would separate bikes and cars, as well as laws that restrict the ways in which they can interact.

I tend toward the side that believes that bikes and cars should share the rewards and consequences of mutual use of infrastructure. Bikes should be able to use the road wherever traffic laws would allow a car and should also be held to the same or similar standard of adherence to those traffic laws.

MATT SOWADA: That is an intriguing way to frame the question: Is there an imbalance in the responsibility that cars and bikes share for safety and respect on the road? On one hand, I certainly enjoy biking and find it a safe and efficient way of getting around in certain circumstances. I by no means use my bicycle everyday, but I really enjoy using it to get to the farmers market or to a park on a nice day. I have never felt in the least bit of danger while traveling on low velocity, residential roads. The same cannot be said for higher traffic, high velocity routes. It just seems like a fundamentally unsafe situation when thousands of pounds of metal and plastic are whizzing by, inches away from a nearly unprotected human body at 45 m.p.h. It seems to me that bicycles are simply incapable of upholding a minimum standard of safety in those circumstances and should thus be banned from those roads.

Even if we expand this to Iowa as a whole and include state highways, the data still points to bicycle use being safe. Since 2005, there has been an annual average of five to six bicycle related fatalities, about 40 major bicycle related injuries and a little more than 400 reported bicycle related injuries in the entire state of Iowa. At worst, bicyclists who are riding in a lawful manner can be a rare inconvenience to drivers, but they are neither at risk nor create risk for anyone else.

The only major problems involved in regular bicycle-car interactions come from the rare bicyclists who openly flout traffic laws. Bicyclists who run stop signs, run traffic signals and erratically change lanes create an atmosphere of unpredictability. The unease that a driver gets when passing a bicycle doesn’t
come from concerns about the bicycle’s speed, but from a sense that they don’t know whether or not the bicyclist will do something dangerous. Most bicyclists ride in a lawful and safe manner and if we can change our biking culture so that it does not tolerate those who ride dangerously, then perceptions about the safety of bicycles will come to match reality.

MS: I admit that those numbers prove that I was operating under a false premise. It appears that I was radically misjudging the risks incurred by biking on busier streets. I agree with you that legislation is an inappropriate tool to deal with a set of behaviors that are so unlikely to result in serious injury or death. I still disagree with your notion that “lawful” bicyclists are “rare inconveniences” in Iowa City, but that only strengthens your point. I see bikers all the time and the fact is they are practically never injured or killed. This indicates that despite my perception they are fully capable of peddling around safely. I was wrong.

That said I still feel fairly anxious when I have to share the road with a bicyclist on say, Riverside or the Coralville Strip. I suspect that you have correctly identified the source of my unease: the possibility that an unexpected maneuver on his or her part would cause an accident in which I would likely kill someone. This is an emotional reaction and apparently not entirely rational so I suppose that you could just tell me to get over it, but I suspect I’m not the only one who feels that way. Do you have any specific ideas on altering this “culture” to make it feel more predictable to motorists?

VP: While I would prefer for these changes to be made through social pressure, I doubt it would be sufficient. The only viable solution I see would be through stricter enforcement of traffic laws, primarily on bicyclists. While this would make life a little less convenient for some bicyclists in the short term, it would have lasting effects that would create a safer and less contentious transportation environment for everyone involved.

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.
When it comes time for Hawkeye Football Media Day, Little Village always puts our Hawks to the test with a barrage of really tough questions, like “What’s on your iPod?” and “Where is your favorite place to eat in Iowa City?”

Through intrepid, hard-nosed reporting, we uncovered the team’s interesting array of personal tastes, from the inexplicably popular Rascal Flats to the always adored Panchero’s. Let’s peek inside the hearts and minds of the 2012 Iowa Hawkeyes and learn a little about their lives beyond the playing field.

**MIKE MEYER**
**JUNIOR KICHER • #96**
Bypassed Nate Kaeding for most consecutive PATs in Iowa history on Sept. 22.
On his iPod: A lot of oldies. Bruce Springsteen, Phil Collins, REO Speedwagon
Favorite restaurant in IC: Short’s

**MICAH HYDE • #18**
**SENIOR CORNERBACK**
33 tackles on the year as of Oct. 1
On his iPod: Rick Ross, a little Drake, Big Sean. Being in Iowa, I like country music a lot. They [my teammates] gave me some tunes to listen to and I really enjoyed it. It’s laid back and it’s chill.
Favorite Restaurant in IC: I’m a big Jimmy Johns fan. I mean it’s quick—it’s freaky fast. Wait, did I just promote them?
What will he miss most about playing in Kinnick? The fans. The fans here are so loyal, they’re crazy. They’re so much for the Hawks and I’m going to miss it.

**JAMES FERENTZ · #53**

Senior Center

The meat in an All-Iowa Offensive Line sandwich. Over 30 career starts as a Hawk.

On your iPod: The Black Keys: They just put out an album and it’s definitely one of my favorites. What’s it like having to do everything your big brother (Offensive Line Coach Brian Ferentz) tells you? It’s not a lot different. Not a lot has changed since I was younger. Now he’s just got an official title.

What will you miss most about playing in Kinnick? Coming out of the tunnel before games. It’s a really cool feeling—there’s nothing else like it. It’s a thrill I’m sure I’ll be chasing the rest of my life.

**ANTHONY HITCHENS · #31**

Junior Linebacker

Posted double-digit tackles in the Hawks’ first four outings.

On his iPod: I’ve got a mixture of everything: rap, Drake & Lil Wayne. Then I also listen to Kenny Chesney and Rascal Flats.

Favorite restaurant in IC: The only place I eat in Iowa City is Panchero’s, but in Coralville, if that counts, I like Applebee’s.

**KEENAN DAVIS · #6**

Senior Wide Receiver

35th Hawkeye wide receiver to catch for over 1,000 yards

On his iPod: J. Cole, Raphael Saadiq—I’ve got some blues on there. I’m trying to get more country, considering that I am here.

Most anticipated game of the season: Every game. We have to compete in every game.

Favorite thing about playing in Kinnick: The swarm. Coming out—nothing can replace that feeling. It never changes. I’ve done it a lot of times, and the same feeling comes back every time.

**KEVONTE MARTIN-MANLEY · #11**

Senior Wide Receiver

Caught Iowa’s first touchdown pass of the 2012 season vs. Central Michigan

Favorite place to eat in Iowa City: Pita Pit. I eat it, like, every single day. It’s a bad habit.

Favorite thing about playing in Kinnick: What I love most about playing in Kinnick is the consistency that the fans show. Every single game they show up and they’re electric. They’re ready to go, just like we are—and that’s the most fun.

**JAMES VANDENBERG · #16**

Senior Quarterback

Two-time Academic All-Big Ten honoree, second quarterback from the state of Iowa coached under Kirk Ferentz

On his iPod: Of Monsters & Men

Favorite place to eat in IC: I’m going to give a shout-out to my little sister here and say Hu-Hot. She makes me go there every time she’s in town.

**JAKE RUDOCK · #15**

Backup Quarterback & Likely 2013 Starter

Led his St. Thomas Aquinas High School team to the 2010 Florida Class 7A state championship.

On his iPod: I just downloaded the song “Home” by Phillip Phillips.

Favorite place to eat in IC: Takanami. I’m really into sushi.

**KIRK FERENTZ**

Head Coach Since 1999

Recently broke the 200-game mark at the University of Iowa. 3-time Big Ten Coach of the Year

On his iPod: I’ve got a lot of stuff on my iPod right now. Doesn’t everybody? I mean, everything. Whatever my kids program in there.

What’s your jam right now?: I’m a Bruce Springsteen guy. It is summertime, right?

Favorite place to eat in IC: You know I’m not answering that.

**GARY DOLPHIN**

Voice of the Hawkeyes Since 1996

Named “Iowa Sportscaster of the Year” by the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters Association in 2000 and 2010

On his iPod: Frank Sinatra

Favorite place to eat in IC: I love the Wig and Pen, that’s where I usually hang out after the game.

Most anticipated game: Michigan. They don’t think we can beat ’em four times in a row, we’ve only kicked their butt three times in a row. So we’re coming up there, they think they’re going to pound us—we’ll see.

—Stephanie Catlett
I sat down on behalf of Little Village to catch up with Marilynne Robinson in her office at the Iowa’s Writers’ Workshop, in advance of her upcoming talk at the Englert Theater on Wednesday, Oct. 24. The acclaimed novelist, essayist and professor has received more awards, fellowships and prestigious visiting lectureships than can be tallied here, including a Pulitzer Prize and an Orange Prize for her fiction. She is the author of the award-winning novels *Housekeeping*, *Gilead* and *Home*, and of several best-selling collections of essays. Her most recent work of non-fiction, *When I Was a Child I Read Books*, was published by Farrar, Straus, and Giroux earlier this year.

Though Robinson most often works at home, she can occasionally be spotted out and about enjoying a relaxed constitutional, or making her way to or from the university, always with her characteristic poise. Everything about her behavior conveys tranquility—a profound sense of peace with herself and her surroundings. What’s most striking about Robinson, though, is the vibrancy of her mind. She pauses only briefly for my queries, replying with the assurance of one who’s already spent years considering them.

**How do you feel about living in Iowa City?**

From the time I was first invited to teach here I felt very at home. Aside from the fact that the people in the workshop themselves are so interesting and cordial, all of them seem so devoted to the place. The longer I stayed and the more I developed connections and studied the history of Iowa the more I bonded with it. I enjoy going other places, but coming here always feels like coming home.

**What are you working on now?**

I have a novel that is probably four-fifths done, assuming I write the same length novel as I have done. I haven’t worked on it in the last couple weeks, which makes me unhappy, but at the same time sometimes you just have to stop and think.

**You teach classes on Moby Dick. Why that book?**

Because it is the most spectacular exploration of the metaphorical acts of consciousness—the hypothetical constructions of the world that consciousness creates and explores. I think that the most beautiful language is recruited to the purposes of the most beautiful thought, and *Moby Dick* is an exemplar of that, certainly in Western letters. Every time I read it I feel as if my mind is larger.

**Are there flaws you perceive in the unusual construction—the cetology, the sections written in the form of a play, etc?**

Well, I love the cetology chapters, which I think are meditations of a subtle and beautiful kind. I get uneasy with the quasi-Shakespearean passages, but it’s not perfect. With so much at stake, these kinds of bad joints you find in it from time to time are incredibly forgivable.

**What do you believe to be the three greatest works of American fiction?**

I’d have to think about that because my inclination is to say *Moby Dick*, *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sound and the Fury*. (Smiles.) Now I think Faulkner probably did not write two out of three of the greatest books, but he is very wonderful.

**When did you know you were going to “be a writer.” Meaning: I know why I am here, I was put here for this, if you will.**

(Still laughing) Yes, by now I guess I’ve realized I do have a trade. I wanted to write, in the sense of having a physiological impulse to write, long before I knew there was any such thing as writing as a profession. I had that sort of feeling when I was a child writing bad little poems and so on. I wrote *Housekeeping* thinking it would not be publishable, and then it was actually very kindly received, and I suppose I could have taken that to mean that my career had been laid out for me as a novelist. But I really didn’t feel like writing fiction until I had a fuller conviction that what I was saying was really earned, in effect. And this was after I’d already gotten my Ph.D. I still had this feeling of being inadequately prepared to actually write. In the interval I wrote things that were studies of what I saw in the world, of background research, or of things that I was reading. For whatever reason, after two-and-a-half decades, I had a strong fictional idea and a very strong impulse to explore it.

**Many find reading the Bible a daunting proposition, but you seem to take great pleasure in it. What do you find so compelling?**

A lot of it is very beautiful simply as poetry or as a rich narrative found nowhere else in antiquity. Take the Book of Ruth, for example. Something that helps is that I read other ancient works, Babylonian mythology, Egyptian mythology, and so on. I read a lot on works that study the ancient near East. I have books that allow me to
do word studies so I can find out etymologies of crucial words and things like that. So my reading of the Bible is supported by all sorts of lore that surrounds it, making it a much richer thing. Reading [the Bible] with these other kind sources to see how they are in conversation helps contextualize it. Without that you can’t possibly read it in terms of its richness as a text. I was attracted to it because when I was a child I heard the Bible read out loud often. A lot of it just has very beautiful language, to which I’m indebted, but I would make an argument that it’s sometimes misread because its actual formal structure is not perceived by critics. It tends to be taken down to little moments. I’ve actually written about 60 pages of interpretation that I hope to make into a longer work after I finish my novel.

Jack Boughton figures into two of your novels. Did the prodigal son idea have a particular resonance or need to be investigated, or was this mere coincidence since you were revisiting the same characters?

Except for the parable of the great judgment at the end of Mathew 25, the prodigal son is probably the most theologically embracing of all the parables. It addresses something that Jesus brings up all the time, that the tax collectors and the prostitutes will enter heaven before you do—this insistence that the people who are discounted and problematic from the point of view of the righteous are, in fact, dear to God. And in a way it’s an explanation of this relationship. People who try to be righteous I utterly admire. The world depends on them. But the people who for some reason or other are askant of this understanding of the world, who can’t embrace it and can’t make sense of it, I think they’re precious too. I’m Calvinist (laughs). Others say it of me so I say it about myself, though nobody else really says it about him or herself. Anyway, of the things that [Calvin] says, one that I find most striking is that when another person is presented to you or given to you—he uses that language—God is posing a question to you. And the question is, what does God want from this encounter at this moment? I think that’s a very rich way to look at human interaction. It takes the word, was attending on another self, an obsessive self. It has one thing or another in mind, and wants to do it (laughs). It’s not a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of thing. I’m perfectly happy to be associated with this other self. But it’s not from every state of mind that I can write fiction, and I can’t induce in myself the state of mind to write fiction. But I know it when I feel it.

When waiting for those moments, then, you just think, and read, and teach and...

...take naps (laughs).

You’ve spoken of the idea of God’s grace. How do you see this notion of grace fitting into your writing? For example, in Housekeeping Ruth’s grandmother creates bread that was tender and jam that was tart, demonstrating how she tries to surround her recently motherless children with a—what she perceives to be—a kind of grace.

Grace is something that can be talked about on any number of scales. There is the amazing verse in the Gospel of John, “For God so loved the world; that he gave his only son.” People have a way of treating that as if it were a formula for an exclusivist Christianity. For me the emphasis falls on the first part “For God so loved the world,” and I think one of the hardest exercises that we have is to believe that and see how it could be true. If you can, then you are sensitized to all the free-floating beauty there is, and all the graciousness and poignancy of human beings. I think that when you share with someone else a good thing, like tender bread or tart jam, in a way that’s an almost sacramental participation in the grace of God because these things exist and we can be articulate in their terms. And if you think of everybody that way, you can understand that people who might be disappointing if judged by normal standards, may also be very articulate in material, verbal, or other ways, in certain circumstances or toward certain people, and that this could be the real life—the gracious life that we tend not to see in each other.
How do you think God might see us, if you don’t mind anthropomorphizing in that way?

Well, [if I were to anthropomorphize] I do sort of like the idea of God’s consciousness as timeless. The way we experience ourselves or other people [chronologically] you might think: bright child, charming youth, disappointing adult, dreadful old person. (Laughs) In this sort of Beckettian fashion, after the world has stripped us of our charms, we must arrive at judgement. But if you think of God as knowing a human being altogether, then the most beautiful moments in that life are probably the salient ones, no matter where in the course of life they might have happened.

When asked in 2010 about the recent discovery of the Gospel according to Judas you quipped, “Well if he didn’t write one, somebody should.” Have you since read it?

I did read the Gospel of Judas and as I recall it’s very fragmentary and similar to most of the non-canonical texts of that sort. I think it would be very interesting if the early Christian imagination turned to Judas in that way, as though trying out [his Gospel] without applying for a place in the canon. I know that, in Coptic Christianity, Pilate is a saint. An East Indian Christian man was talking with a man [of the lowest caste] who said that without Judas, nothing could have happened. He was demonstrating loyalty to his status in Indian society, as if saying, “We’re necessary, without Judas there could be no Christianity.”

And it bothers me that these old texts, when they are found, tend to be treated like things that are suppressed, when probably they were someone’s idea of an interesting question that didn’t circulate or reach far. The bible really doesn’t make much of Judas. When they talk about replacing him in the Book of Acts they are very oblique [as if to say], “Well, we’re missing a disciple at this point…” (Laughs) They demonstrate a lot of tact, considering. I think that’s interesting.

You’ve taught several classes on the Bible, not only at the Writers’ Workshop, but also at your local church. How do you approach the different audiences with the same material?

When I teach the Old Testament in church, it’s very much like what I teach here. Frankly I’m less at ease teaching the New Testament in this setting because more people are sensitive to different interpretations. When I’m teaching in my church, even though it’s open to the public, I can more or less assume that I’m elaborating on theological opinions that are shared there, rather than getting into any kind of controversial relationship about it. But in both cases I use various translations and other kinds of scholarly materials. One of the reasons I do that is because the Bible is the foundational text for a very great part of Western civilization. It is not a simple text. And it is vulnerable to being undervalued on the one hand, and abused on the other. What I hope to do is make people competent readers in their own right, so that it’s not so intimidating, not so closed to them, as it might be if you are not introduced to it as what it is—an ancient text with a long translation history.

What would you say to someone who wanted to write fiction who has never done it? What should they read?

I wouldn’t know what to say…. I’m interested in how the mind works, in consciousness, which precipitates what it will in the way of dreams, or in the way of something practical,
such as how to build a machine. And in some people it precipitates a haunting sense of character that has to be externalized in some way. I think that how to go about writing fiction is a new question every time it is done. [There are two tiers, of course, or three, or ten.] And some people write basically imitative fiction, but there are how-to’s for doing that sort of thing. And sometimes people can use them to step toward something that is more interesting. I’ve been reading John Locke, Descartes, and Maimonides. They are pre-modern in the sense that they do not have our assumptions about what the mind is or about what a human personality is. They have what is for me a much fresher language about consciousness and perception. For me it stimulates fiction, because it’s about strategies of knowing, which is what it all depends on. When I encounter this situation or I encounter this person, how am I to understand or to respond? It’s all basically about consciousness.

What do you recommend to recover from a cold, a broken heart and a tough economic break? It need not be the same thing for all three.

(Laughs) Okay, that’s good. One thing about writing fiction, or even non-fiction in some cases, is that you can have a really bad experience and then you can say, ‘Oh, that’s what that feels like. I now have a bond of understanding with humankind that I did not have before. So that’s a broken heart, or that’s a bad economic turn.’ There’s a sort of transvaluation that goes on, a very healthy one I think, something related to wisdom, where you can actually step back and understand yourself as a human being. By the grace of misfortune, you can make something of it. As for a cold… hot lemonade.

Rumor has it you are a fan of HBO’s The Wire. Any other shows or guilty pleasures have you hooked these days?

(Laughs) Guilty pleasures… right. I watch old movies. I just found Bitter Rice, which is an Italian film, made just after the war. The reason I was so pleased to find it was because when I was little kid, very small, the film came out and my mother was desperate to see it because there was a lot of talk about this art film from Italy. It was considered very risqué at the time. She smuggled me into the theater and said, ‘Don’t tell anyone!’ So of course I remembered it in uncanny detail. And I can see why my mother thought I should perhaps not be in the theater—it’s a pretty dark film. But it was wonderful to watch. That’s what I have been doing lately. Finding films that I saw when I was a child or a teenager, and re-exploring the emotional experience or whatever it was that haunted the film, causing it to stay in my memory. It’s an interesting thing to do. It’s not like following a series but it has its own satisfactions.

I was hoping we could make a joke together.

(Smiles) Okay, let’s make a joke.

I’ll give you the intro. Jesus, Calvin and Buddha walk into a bar….

(Laughs) Calvin says, ‘How disappointing, this is a juice bar.’ Buddha says, ‘What’s wrong with a juice bar?’ Then Jesus says, ‘Just order water. I’ll take care of it.’

Andrés Carlstein is a graduate of the Iowa Writers’ Workshop, and the author of the motorcycle travel book Odyssey to Ushuaia. He currently lives in Iowa City.

www.LittleVillageMag.com
It all began with a British tourist’s trip to Miami. The man noticed the movie he was watching one night was actively connected to two other movie trailers that played during commercial breaks. The man’s name was Raymond Williams, and the way he made sense of this would come to be recognized as one of the most important ideas in the academic study of television: “flow.”

As he explains in his 1974 book *Television*, flow is generally understood as the idea of putting television programs into a sequence, so one flows naturally into the next. This is so viewers are not tempted to navigate away from a particular channel. A concrete example of flow would be Must-See TV on NBC Thursdays, a grouping of disparate shows linked together through advertisements and other means.

Some people like to get lost in books, exploring the worlds of people different than themselves, or ones with dragons and large explosions. Others like to watch movies or go camping. My favorite thing to do is to get lost in my television. As much as those other experiences appeal to their enthusiasts, there is nothing more exciting to me than exploring the dark crevices of my television and finding out what bizarre, horrifying, tantalizing and/or bewildering programming hides within. Sometimes, I’ll end up watching “Ancient Aliens” and “The Soup.” Others, episodes from a cycle of “America’s Next Top Model” and reruns of “Hee Haw”. But more often than not, I have no idea what I’ll end up watching when I turn on my television.

I can turn my television on right now and choose from nearly 300 channels. The idea of watching only one channel’s programming for an entire night seems antiquated—especially in this age of the digital video recorder and Internet services like Netflix. However, the idea of watching television programs in a particular sequence—even if it is across different channels—is one that is important and unique to the medium. Unfortunately, this experience is being lost to many in this era of expanded television-viewing access.

With the expansion of digital conveniences such as Hulu and Netflix, that sensation of exploring the television’s disparate offering is gone. Before I continue, I want to make it perfectly clear that I have no fundamental problem with either of these services. I have used both of them and they do their jobs very well. The issue that I take with them is that they remove an important component of the television-viewing experience: spontaneity. There is something viscerally exciting about navigating this television stew: viewers could be transported to someplace as close as Kinnick Stadium or halfway around the world. We can enter worlds from our imagination or our history. With online services, that sense of randomness is gone.

Services like Netflix recommend movies and shows based on ones a viewer has previously seen and enjoyed. But there are some more unpredictable finds that can’t be figured out with an algorithm. I could have only discovered some of my favorite television shows by taking specific flow trips at specific but random times in my life. For me, that is television at its best. No matter how strange a show might seem at first, I am usually up for taking the trip.

I once got lost in the quirky world of Stars Hollow when I watched the entirety of “Gilmore Girls” when I was in college. While I enjoyed the experience, there was admittedly something disorienting about watching so much similar television in such a compressed period of time. Television is still designed to be watched one episode per week. For example, I love the show “Revenge,” but there are so many twists and turns that watching multiple episodes would grow exhausting over a short period of time. And there is something fun about waiting those seven days for the next episode. The waiting period seems to make the time spent watching every week more special.

I encourage those of you who watch TV on your laptops/video game consoles regularly to not do it for a night and experience the majesty of flow. Make friends with someone who watches an actual television—one with more than just IPTV and the local networks—and have a night of channel surfing. There will be programs you’ll want to watch. Go surfing again when those programs are over. Shoot a remote at the tube, see what you stumble across. I assure you it will be more exciting than knowing what is going to come up next.

A.C. Hawley has two particularly memorable experiences from flow. The first was watching open heart surgery on television. The second was watching a show called “When Cars Attack”.

In contrast to online services, more often than not, I have no idea what I’ll end up watching when I turn on an old fashioned television.
I recently watched David Byrne give a Power Point lecture on the economics of the music industry. That a man with a flair for dramatic presentation, a wisp of a man who famously wore an outrageously large suit in a concert documentary, a punk-rocker who was singing at CBGB’s since before his new collaborator, St. Vincent, was born, an artist and producer who counts Brian Eno among his close friends, a man who defines “cool” by most definitions of that word, a man who is among a handful of living people deserving of the title “musical genius,” would adopt the technology of choice for boardroom douchebags is in itself a testament to just how pressing the issues surrounding recording, touring, and digital distribution have become for musicians of all sizes and statures.

Once pitted as a series of “us vs. them” standoffs—fans vs. corporate suits, independent musicians vs. music pirates, “free culture” advocates vs. copyright law loyalists—the debates about who should pay for music when, and where, and why, have finally evolved into more nuanced reflections about the nuts and bolts of “how music works.” This, conveniently, is the title of Byrne’s new book, which transmutes his near-unrivaled music and arts industry experience into a definitive resource on the creative, technological, and economic processes that shape the organized sounds we identify as “music.”

Byrne’s book arrives at a time when first wave of legitimate “post-Napster” online businesses is starting to really flourish. Apple and Amazon’s digital storefronts are leading the market of mp3s for sale, and Swedish startup Spotify has successfully made the leap to the United States, competing with and in some cases overtaking some of the other players in the streaming and renting market like Rdio, Rhapsody, and Pandora.

Yet Byrne’s slide show dramatically, but perhaps unsurprisingly, illustrated that the growing marketplace for digital sales does not, in most cases, translate into more money directly into the pockets of working musicians—even as costs for physical duplication and distribution have essentially disappeared.

This is because everyone has their hand in the pie, from the digital stores, to the record labels, to all other variety of middlemen.

Byrne, being David Byrne, didn’t let these slides tell the whole story. Instead, after his brief presentation, he sat down in conversation with David Lowery, frontman for 90s college rock band Camper Van Beethoven and subsequent crossover project Cracker. The conversation, which started off as a combination of friendly banter and the most honest appraisal of personal finances I’ve ever seen—at one point, Lowery’s quarterly royalties statement was displayed—soon devolved into a soapbox for Lowery to blame nearly every tech company he could think of for why artists weren’t making the money on records that they made in the 90s. First among his targets were Google and Apple, who, in his appraisal, have built billion-dollar industries (iTunes and YouTube) on the backs of working musicians who receive far too little composition. This is position that Lowery has advanced before: after an intern named Emily at NPR wrote a relatively innocuous post about the widespread availability of free music and her generation’s inclination to take it, Lowery penned a 4000 word diatribe that at one point blamed music piracy for the death of two of his friends (seriously, Google it).

Lowery’s penchant for exaggeration and seemingly blind rage became apparent during the Q&A, as the audience pressed him on issues related to touring, the internet as a marketing tool, and the accessibility of music technologies to a wider variety of people. Lowery couldn’t really adequately address any of this, and ultimately just blurted out, “Why can’t we all just pay for music again?” While the response received a smattering of applause, it was indicative of his inability to imagine a future outside of 1990s models (and ridiculous label overspending), which, not coincidentally, was when he was the most successful.

Thankfully, Byrne provided a saner, and ultimately more humane counterpart to these positions, and though at some point he couldn’t get a word in edgewise on stage, his ideas and general attitudes permeate How Music Works. To paraphrase fictional Detective Lester Freemon, David Lowery is a man who follows the pirates, and when you follow the pirates you get music addicts and internet service providers. David Byrne, on the other hand, follows the money, and if you follow the money, you don’t know where the fuck it’s going to take you. Which is why How Music Works, to its credit, doesn’t claim to search for definitive “answers,” but instead outlines a world of possibilities for musicians to think about and explore. Just on the one chapter devoted to “Businesses and Finance,” he presents no less that 6 kinds of business deals that a band might make. To call the book thorough is an understatement.

Through all of this, though, Byrne’s strongest argument, and the book’s overarching thesis, is that music is something that emerges out of specific times and places, with specific content forms in mind, like the anthemic 3-minute pop song in London, the twangy country ballad in Nashville, the basement electro-psych jam in Iowa City. Rather that believing that work comes fully-formed from label overspending), which, not coincidentally, was when he was the most successful.

Thankfully, Byrne provided a saner, and ultimately more humane counterpart to these positions, and though at some point he couldn’t get a word in edgewise on stage, his ideas and general attitudes permeate How Music Works. To paraphrase fictional Detective Lester Freemon, David Lowery is a man who follows the pirates, and when you follow the pirates you get music addicts and internet service providers. David Byrne, on the other hand, follows the money, and if you follow the money, you don’t know where the fuck it’s going to take you. Which is why How Music Works, to its credit, doesn’t claim to search for definitive “answers,” but instead outlines a world of possibilities for musicians to think about and explore. Just on the one chapter devoted to “Businesses and Finance,” he presents no less that 6 kinds of business deals that a band might make. To call the book thorough is an understatement.

Through all of this, though, Byrne’s strongest argument, and the book’s overarching thesis, is that music is something that emerges out of specific times and places, with specific content forms in mind, like the anthemic 3-minute pop song in London, the twangy country ballad in Nashville, the basement electro-psych jam in Iowa City. Rather that believing that work comes fully-formed from the heads of geniuses, Byrne argues that there are institutional and environmental forces at work. This may seem commonplace, but the reverberations are significant: musicians need to work for audiences and money, and audiences need to repay those efforts. I think that is a commonsense idea that most of us can get behind.

Craig Eley is a graduate student at the University of Iowa currently residing in Washington, DC.

Craig Eley is a graduate student at the University of Iowa currently residing in Washington, DC.
Behind the Peking Buffet, just to the west of a Papa John's Pizza in one of 2nd Avenue's many strip malls, sits the Johnson County GOP Headquarters in Coralville. I travelled there to watch the first of the three presidential debates. The twenty-plus gathered enjoyed a generous spread and conversation.

Once the debate began, staffers turned off the lights to accommodate the large screen projection. As the weak and woefully incompetent Jim Lehrer introduced the contender, one in attendance exclaimed “Rip him a new one Mitt!” As we witnessed in the following 90 minutes, that’s more or less what the Republican candidate did.

For the second time in a month, a U.S. President delivered a game-changing performance. The first took place on the second night of the Democratic Convention when Bill Clinton turned on his considerable southern charm and down home common sense to spell out the accomplishments of Obama’s first term and the faulty logic of the Romney campaign. In this first debate, it was President Obama’s listless performance that would result, at least in the week that followed, in an unprecedented reversal of fortunes for the two campaigns.

Clearly being the president involves a different set of expectations than running for president. Romney at this point may well be more fit for the latter task—withstanding that supporters and opponents alike are still unclear about his policies and perspectives on most issues.

As Little Village goes to press for mid-October publication, there is still plenty of time—and three debates before all votes are cast and counted. The “Big Mo” has clearly swung to the Romney camp, and most polls show the candidates locked in a tie for the popular vote. That said, Electoral College math still appears to strongly favor the incumbent, and the smart money over at the Iowa Electronic Markets still registers a 63% probability of Obama returning to the White House on January 21, 2013.

—Jon Winet
All Power to the People?

2008: The website of my hometown’s daily newspaper shows people in Detroit celebrating—black people celebrating our new, smart, black president. Professional news videos touch me, but it’s the homemade ones that devastate. For the first time in my life, I am proud of America.

Fast forward four years—protracted fights along party lines, a handful of victories and some real disappointments—President Obama and Governor Romney contend for the title. I watch the debate at a shop specializing in books of the “Afro perspectives”-bent called Nandi’s Knowledge Café. Ten or so regulars and a few first timers gather for the debate party and Nandi’s fried okra, black eyed peas and red hot Jamaican ginger beer.

As the evening slumps along, our President plays dead. The smirking football team captain charms and evades. The incumbent is docile. We sit surrounded by books by Stokely Carmichael (aka Kwame Ture) and Eldridge Cleaver, watching our great black hope shrivel up under pressure.

I’m deep in Obama-country here; in the heart of the Highland Park enclave of Detroit, where the city recently turned off its streetlights to save money. This is a black (94%) working class—or lately, looking for work-class (22% unemployment)—town where people know damn well that Mitt Romney doesn’t care about them. But does President Obama?

The media chatters about the relevance of race today. President Obama himself has flirted with the idea of a post-racial society. But, here, in America, in poor America, in Black America, in Indian Country, in los barrios, in shutdown white factory towns, and in all the places subaltern voices fail to be heard; race is alive.

Post-debate I am angry about the disparities that exist in these United States. This is not the stuff of the books that surround me at Nandi’s, nor the emancipatory spirit of hope to which so many of us have subscribed. Like the streetlights in Highland Park we need you, President Obama, to turn back on.

—Katie Grace McGowan

Detroit-based Katie Grace McGowan watched the debates at Nandi’s Knowledge Cafe and Bookstore in Detroit’s Highland Park neighborhood.

Mark NeuCollins collected these thoughts at a debate watch party at the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local Union 405 Hall in Cedar Rapids. For complete video interviews and other media gathered by the “First in the Nation” crew, visit LittleVillageMag.com/fitn

Framing the Debate: Voices from the Union Hall

Frank Reynolds
Conservative Democrat

I really do believe that Mr Romney will simply peddle as he has been, and not give out much substance. I don’t expect to hear too much from him. I think that he has tried to misstate as many of the comments as he can, to mislead general voters, folks who are not as well-tuned to campaigns. If he can misstate and misdirect, then indeed I think that is what the plan is.

Joe Stutler
Veteran

Yes, I am my brother’s keeper. I like that idea. When it comes to that saying "a rising tide will lift all boats," no, it will only lift the seaworthy boats. The boat that already has a hole in it is not going to rise no matter how high that tide goes. I tend to be more Democrat than Republican because, let’s help fix these people’s boats so that they can

Diane Hoffmann
Chair of Linn County Democrats

float, so that when the tide goes up they can get something out of it, not floundering on the bottom getting worse.

Mike Olson
IBEW Local 405

I am 62 and the Republican party I grew up with, well we disagreed, but we’d sit down at the table, argue a little bit, get a compromise going, and pass important legislation. It can’t be done with this radical right group. It is not in them. We know [Romney’s] record of saying one thing one day and another thing the next day. Tonight his sudden switch to the middle is hypocrisy on his part. It has been hypocrisy from the beginning. Do I trust him? Absolutely not.

OCT. 17 - NOV. 6 2012 | LITTLE VILLAGE 21
daughters

i am a daughter of women.
the product of centuries of four-part harmonies in church choirs,
can’t nobody do me like jesus, no--
can’t nobody do me like tha lord
a carrier of hope for the daughters of daughters who wanted their children to be masters of their own destinies.
beholden to none.
i am a new age.
my voice comes from king james bible verses
the lord is my shepherd
from motown (because marvin gaye and the commodores are good, true, solid sounds)
from poetry (langston hughes and gwendolyn brooks and maya angelou--names as lush as the lemon chiffon pies that used to glow on countertops for holidays)
from the connoisseur of sorrow my mother named me after,
christening me “the dawn” in greek.
mistress of prose.
my mother is proud.
head held high, she never let me pity myself, not even at the food bank,
much-loathed loaves of potato bread in tow.
a quiet soul who begat a quiet soul--she, a lover of books, read to her small daughter nightly. (a being that loved her so desperately that the charred remains of a jello mould and a kitchen full of acridburningplastic smokesmell stemmed from a single thought: “I should bake my momma a cake.”)
their hearts are mine.
single mothers who just can’t leave for school on time, gospel-humming aunties in alwayswarm kitchens who hold you because it’s never as easy to tell your mother your heart is broken as movies make it seem, godmothers of self-conscious children who never want to leave their beds.
safe in a lockbox for precious, diligent things, their dreams are mine.
my mother worked long hours.
how to make stovetop cocoa so rich it hurts, how to make perfect sandwiches, how to fold shirts.
she and God would have intimate discussions in the wee hours of the morning when she thought I was sleeping. her silhouette in the living room paced and murmured and raised hands to heaven.
complaints were never uttered.
she sang beautifully.
hers was mine.
i am her child.
i am the daughter of women, and the greatest of them all held my newborn self and whispered my name.
a secret joy passed between her eyes and mine.
joy was no stranger.
Zora B. Hurst is a senior at West High School.
Since its inception in 2007, Landlocked, Iowa City’s film festival, has taken place in late August. This year it runs from Oct. 25-28th. Hopefully, it will lure more students, who ought to appreciate not only the admission fee (it’s free!) but also the crazy variety of films: animation, docs, features, music videos, shorts and spirited films by students.

This crazy variety of films—showing at a variety of locations, though centrally at the Englert—has an upside and a downside. The downside is that Landlocked lacks the coherence and camaraderie of a festival like Tipton’s Hardacre. The upside is that Landlocked gives you a chance to find your own way, to seek out interests and surprises and—if you’re up for it—to take the measure of contemporary independent filmmaking.

Certain loose themes do emerge: American politics, as you might expect in an election year (Party Crashers about the rise of the Tea Party and As Goes Janesville about the battle over unions in Wisconsin); the attempt to find hope amid upheaval (Words of Witness about a young journalist in Egypt, Today We Saw the Face of God about medical volunteers in Haiti during an earthquake, and Madres 0.15 el Minuto about poor Central American immigrants to Spain); football, both kinds (Gridiron Heroes about head injuries, How Do You Play Football on a Floating Village about playing soccer on a small Thai island, L’équip petit about a Spanish soccer mystery); and violence (particularly the big feature films, like the Western Heathens and Thieves and the German film Schlafende Hunde [Sleeping Dogs]).

A big part of the fun is dipping in and out, mixing and matching independent films.

Here’s our guide to some of this year’s offerings.

**THOR’S HAMMER**
Fenar Ahmad (Denmark)

*Thor’s Hammer* is a great film if you like dark brooding teenagers and dark brooding Danish cinema. I have to say that I am a fan of just about everything that Denmark has to offer the film world and this film was a not a disappointment. The short focuses on the events of one fateful night in Copenhagen and how three friends handle the emotional and legal fallout of their actions. Well acted, beautifully shot and surprisingly well scored this film is a great watch.

**POW POW POW**
Dianne Bellino (USA)

*Pow Pow Pow* is a creative and entertaining short film that is both a jab at the failing artist and at the widening income gap in the United States. The film focuses on a down on his luck painter that has lost his job and is forced to work as a clown to help make ends meet. Though he likes to think of himself as a painter, he has never “made it” professionally. After taking a birthday gig for an affluent family in the suburbs he comes to realize that he isn’t the man that he thinks he is and that perhaps you can’t call yourself an artist if you can’t make a living as one.

**ANIMATION WORKSHOP**
Various (Denmark)

These Denmarkians really know how to take a few billion zeroes and ones and make them dance. While lacking some of the high-beam shininess and crack-beaver perkiness of the Pixar flicks we’re used to, these shorts retain most of the charm and oddly-proportioned humans. *Wing* stars a child flautist with an enormous head and only one wing (yes, only one). In addition to this malformation, the encephalitic-headed tot is beset upon by scarier versions of the pointy-faced Spy Vs. Spies.

*Will he ever fly away from this wretched life? Watch and see!*

**LOAD**
David Rene Chrisensen (Denmark)

*Load* features a bedraggled office drone seemingly comprised entirely of Post-It notes. Will our hero stay mired in a hyper-bleak corporate world until he collapses under the weight of a million Post-Its or will he escape

---

**HEATHENS & THIEVES**
Englert Theatre | Oct. 26
7 p.m. | $7

**LOCKED & LOADED**
LANDLOCKED FILM FESTIVAL: OCT. 25-28

---

Talking Movies
and regain his humanity? Watch and see!

HEATHENS AND THIEVES
John Douglas Sinclair, Megan Peterson (USA)

If you like movies where dudes on horses shoot guns at each other, bad guys dress in black, and people say “I reckon”, you might like this slick-lookin’ western (or any other western ever made). This one begins with two “businessmen” outlaws on the run. One is a morally-deficient old coot who cackles after every sentence he completes. The other is a man who may be secretly handsome behind his beard and who does entertain notions of honor and ethics. When they learn of an opportunity to rob gold from a wealthy Chinese couple’s ranch, the secretly-handsome man faces that classic three-headed ethical hydra we all must face at some point in our lives that stems from wanting to have money, not wanting to murder people and noticing that the Chinese lady is pretty. Find out whether or not the hero decides to racistly slaughter a family to get their wealth! Bonus: Try to decide whether the man in black is actually an albino or just pale and bald!

LEAK
Benny Freman (Denmark)

Denmark once again with a surprisingly high, some might say disproportionate, representation at the Landlocked Film Fest this year. Leak is a short psychological thriller that starts off, thrillingly, with a little girl washing a whole bunch of blood off her hands, indicative of her severe psychological issues (see where I’m getting psychological thriller?). Her mom is a little concerned that the six-year-old may be a dog-murdering psychopath. But what can you do? Well, hypothetically, and I’m not saying this happens in the movie (although it definitely does), if a doctor said he could erase a brain’s traumatic memories and your little kid was obviously messed up from either suffering or causing some trauma, would you take that doctor up on the offer? This flick has got it all: blood, hitting, experimental brain zapping, attractive actors and intrigue. Be warned: It will make you uncomfortable. Don’t bring kids. For the love of God, please don’t.

—Kit Bryant

AS GOES JANEsville
Brad Lichtenstein (USA)

If you thought that the entrepreneurial class was the best answer to current economic problems in the U.S., As Goes Janevilles may make you reconsider. A documentary distinctly in the tradition of Roger & Me, this film follows factory workers, political operatives, pro-business lobbyists, members of the ‘Recall Scott Walker’ campaign, a state senator and the governor himself, in a tableau approach to understanding the events that followed the closing of the GM Assembly Plant in Janesville, Wisconsin in 2008. As Goes Janevilles’s approach is both broader and more subtle than Michael Moore’s inaugural effort, and it is somewhat more nuanced in its portrayal. The opinions of the film are perhaps best illustrated in its satire of the sloganeering of its right-wing partisans—Scott Walker repeatedly announces that Wisconsin is “Open for Business,” despite the closing of many of its high-capacity factories in the 2008 economic collapse; pro-business boosters refer to themselves as “Ambassadors of Optimism,” even as they endure insults at the hands of GM workers on the picket lines they drive past. The film asks pointed questions about the role of unions and common Americans versus the increasingly shrill demands of the entrepreneurial class.

HUND I HIMLEN
Jeanette Norgaard (Denmark)

Janette Norgaard may have had an extremely scarring experience with organized religion at some point in her life, but it probably wasn’t as bad as the one her main charter, Lora, has in her animated film, Hund I Himlen. Lora is orphaned and sent to a nunnery, at which the hilariously short mother superior murders her dog (imaginatively named “Hund”). The remainder of the story frames how Lora comes to terms with this loss, and loss in general, and somehow makes it a point of departure for improving life and attitudes at the nunnery: more soccer, better food, etc. It must be hard to love a dog that looks essentially like a triangle with a nose, but geometry—in all the film’s settings—is a big part of its visual appeal. The overall effect is quite beautiful—grey, spare, flat, all the qualities that we like to think the Danes are especially good at. The sound in this film does as much to paint the picture as the animation itself. In Thomas Richard Christensen’s score, we hear not only swells of strings to accent the strong emotions of the film, but also every drip of a faucet, every chair slide, the inevitable dog barks, every footfall down the nunnery’s absurdly austere hallways, all of which ingeniously serve to deepen Hund I Himlen’s visual experience.

ELECTION YEAR SPECIAL
As Goes Janesville w. Party Crashers
Englert Theatre | Oct. 27 | 3:30 p.m. | $5

AXMAN
Kelly Rundle (USA)

Being known as an ‘ax murder expert’ must be sort of strange for Edgar Epperly, the central figure of Axman, Kelly Rundle’s short documentary about the Villisca ax murders...
of 1912 and a follow up to Rundle’s earlier Villisca: Living with a Mystery, a longer feature about the same crime. Iowans will be familiar with the facts of the case: an unsolved murder of no less than eight people, adults and children, residents and houseguests at the Josiah and Sara Moore home in what is now Red Oak, IA.

After 100 years of investigation, some three trials, much division and accusation amongst citizens of the town and several documentaries, the crime remains famously unsolved. Rundle’s film focuses less on the crime itself than the obsession of Epperly with its history and resolution. Epperly has been studying the case since his days as a college student and Axman explores his methods, personality and personal history with the case.

—Warren Sprouse
I try to collect as much Iowa City music as I possibly can. When I can’t buy a record at a show, I scour Bandcamp pages for the ones I don’t have yet. I spend hours creating and editing mixes of my favorite songs for my friends and family—people who aren’t familiar with the Iowa City music scene, but should be. Everyone should be. That’s my attitude, and apparently the Englert Theatre feels the same way. Instead of dragging songs into an iTunes playlist, the Englert commissioned 31 artists to write songs for a compilation album about Iowa City. The appropriately named Iowa City Song Project features an eclectic track listing of original music by some of the most respected Iowa-rooted talent, including William Elliott Whitmore, Greg Brown, Pieta Brown, The Poison Control Center, Wet Hair, Brooks Strause and many more.

This project is far too grand to be packed into just one album release event, which is why the Englert decided to make a weekend out of it; they will hold three events over the course of two days. On Friday, Nov. 2, the Englert will host the first release show featuring Pieta Brown & the Sawdust Collective, Caroline Smith & the Goodnight Sleeps, Brooks Strause & the Gory Details, Christopher the Conquered and Chasing Shade. Anyone who likes brunch will get up the following morning and head to The Motley Cow for a bite to eat while enjoying an intimate show by The Feralings and Sam Knutson/Milk & Eggs. The final record release show will take place at The Mill on Nov. 3, where We Shave, Emperors Club, Skye Carrasco, Lwa and Tallgrass will perform. Over the course of the past few decades, Iowa City has proven itself to be a nurturing environment for music makers of all genres. Even artists passing through tend to recognize this community as something unique. On that note, let’s move on to some of this issue’s out of towners.

There are so many bands out there that will try to tell you that they cannot be categorized. This is almost always false, so I was a little wary when I read a review of Balmorhea’s latest album, Stranger that called the band “genre-defying.” Yeah right, I thought, challenge accepted. As it turns out, these guys are actually very unique. Named after a tiny town in West Texas, Balmorhea is an ambitious project that has grown to be one of the most interesting bands making instrumental music right now. On a surface level, you might call it post-rock. The Austin-based group’s sound moves between subtle minimalism and grand orchestral composition, but often using instrumentation that you wouldn’t expect out of a post-rock band. For instance, the first track, “Days” from the new record features a steel drum. The band appropriately cites Max Richter, Arvo Pärt and John Cage as major influences. Balmorhea takes the stage at Gabe’s on Oct. 18.

If you live in Iowa City, you might not need me to tell you about Paleo. In the spring of 2006 the sometimes-Iowa City resident, David Strackany embarked on a year-long journey across America. He performed over 200 shows in that time under his moniker, Paleo. As if that wasn’t enough of an undertaking, he wrote and recorded 365 songs, one for every day he was on the road, and posted them to his website. It became referred to as “The Song Diary” project and generated all kinds of media buzz and effectively put Paleo on the map. Paleo will play at Gabe’s on Oct. 21. His voice is weathered and passionate and his relentless love of his art is apparent in his delivery. In a world where the “singer/songwriter with a guitar” has been beaten into the ground, Paleo is one of the few who can still really pull it off.

Another name that immediately comes to mind when thinking about exceptional singer/songwriters is the Mountain Goats, and it just so happens that they’re stopping in Iowa City this month too, at the Blue Moose on Oct. 26.
Front man John Darnielle is the creative force behind the band, and has released consistently exceptional records for over a decade. His lyrics/knack for storytelling have almost always been the backbone of the project. The songs often tell tales about love, life and religion, and Darnielle delivers with an honest urgency. There is a spell that is cast over anyone attending a Mountain Goats show. The passion and electricity of the live performance is so damn captivating and it’s hard to look away.

Halloween is rapidly approaching and Halloween weekend will be upon us in no time at all. If you don’t have a costume or a plan yet, I have suggestions for both. Public Space One’s new project, PSZ (Wesley Center) will be hosting a haunted house/rock show on Oct. 27. The “Haunted Hall” will be constructed by local special effects guru, Corbin Booth, and there will be an extravagant stage built specifically for this show. The musical lineup includes HOTT, Conetrauma, Lipstick Homicide (who recently opened a show for Green Day! What?!), Other Band and The Blendours. HOTT will also be hosting a “zombie wall of death.” I’m not exactly sure what that means, but I do know that fake swords and shields will be involved. So if you’re stuck on costume ideas, consider the zombie. The show is all ages and will benefit PS1 and United Action for Youth.

Wisconsin trio, The Daredevil Christopher Wright seems to like it here in Iowa. Last month they played the Maximum Ames festival and they will stop in Iowa City for the third time this year on Nov. 1. Brothers/band mates, Jon and Jason Sunde are both classically trained vocalists and that training is apparent in their artful folk-rock songs. There are few bands currently making music that have such an intricate ear for arrangement as The Daredevil Christopher Wright does. On stage you will see guitars, a drum kit, a xylophone, keyboards/synths and innumerous percussive tools. They are constantly moving around and trading out instruments, some only to be touched for two measures in one song. Like many of the other artists covered in this issue, main songwriter Jon Sunde turns to storytelling for lyrical content, and the final product is unlike anything else happening in indie music right now.

A while back there was an issue of Spin magazine that discussed “The Changing Face of Hip Hop.” It discusses an emerging brand of the genre—one that includes skinny jeans and hip haircuts. Among some of the artists mentioned were Big K.R.I.T. and Curren$y, both of whom have worked closely with rapper Freddie Gibbs, who will perform at Gabe’s on Nov. 3. Gibbs works within a space that effectively embraces both the fresh elements of the evolving hip hop scene and classic gangster rap. It’s a fine line to walk, but the Gary, Indiana native is recognized as one of the most proficient hip-hop artists out there today. His latest album, Baby Face Killa was released in September to widespread critical acclaim.

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.
They might have a three-chord skeleton as in to take the songs in unexpected directions. I still hate country music but I think God, Sin, Whiskey and Women points out what’s wrong with it: a lack of imagination. They show what can happen if good musicians take the tradition as a starting point instead of an end. If commercial country barrels straight down the interstate, Tallgrass is out cruising the gravelies, fishtailing a little on the curves but always keeping it between the ditches.

I hate country music. Sort of. If you drive around Iowa with just FM radio in your car, you hear a lot of what they call “country music” and that music is to the real music of the country folk of the United States what the Matterhorn in Disneyland is to Switzerland. But if all country had the independent-minded freshness of Tallgrass, I could be persuaded to reconsider my prejudice against it.

What sets Tallgrass apart is hard to put my finger on. They certainly have some of the blues influence picked up from bands like Allman Brothers, but where that band indulges in western-shirt-ripping grandiosity, Tallgrass is more subtle, sly and lateral, more likely to sneak up on you than hit you over the head with wailing guitars.

They’re also a band with a peculiarly funky brand of country-folk. The liquid, swinging fluency of Adam Morford’s drumming drives every song without ever dominating the mix. He inverts the traditional balance of the trap set, pounding out patterns mostly on floor toms, using the kick, snare and cymbals for accents and sparse fills. Austin Morford and Matt Skinner’s guitars percolate and mutter in tight counterpoint to the drums.

Tallgrass’ songs have some country blues moan to them, but hints of jazz chords sneak in to take the songs in unexpected directions. They might have a three-chord skeleton as simple and direct as a Waylon Jennings song, during one of my first trips to the Record Collector where I purchased an LP titled It’s Another Iowa Compilation: Uncharted Territories on the now-defunct SouthEast Records. It included locally legendary bands like House of Large Sizes, The Dangtrippers, The Tape-Beatles and Full Fathom Five. By the early 90’s it seemed for a minute that there would be a major label feeding frenzy like Athens, GA and Seattle before it.

I hate country music. Sort of. If you drive around Iowa with just FM radio in your car, you hear a lot of what they call “country music” and that music is to the real music of the country folk of the United States what the Matterhorn in Disneyland is to Switzerland. But if all country had the independent-minded freshness of Tallgrass, I could be persuaded to reconsider my prejudice against it.

What sets Tallgrass apart is hard to put my finger on. They certainly have some of the blues influence picked up from bands like Allman Brothers, but where that band indulges in western-shirt-ripping grandiosity, Tallgrass is more subtle, sly and lateral, more likely to sneak up on you than hit you over the head with wailing guitars.

They’re also a band with a peculiarly funky brand of country-folk. The liquid, swinging fluency of Adam Morford’s drumming drives every song without ever dominating the mix. He inverts the traditional balance of the trap set, pounding out patterns mostly on floor toms, using the kick, snare and cymbals for accents and sparse fills. Austin Morford and Matt Skinner’s guitars percolate and mutter in tight counterpoint to the drums.

Tallgrass’ songs have some country blues moan to them, but hints of jazz chords sneak in to take the songs in unexpected directions. They might have a three-chord skeleton as simple and direct as a Waylon Jennings song, during one of my first trips to the Record Collector where I purchased an LP titled It’s Another Iowa Compilation: Uncharted Territories on the now-defunct SouthEast Records. It included locally legendary bands like House of Large Sizes, The Dangtrippers, The Tape-Beatles and Full Fathom Five. By the early 90’s it seemed for a minute that there would be a major label feeding frenzy like Athens, GA and Seattle before it.

I hate country music. Sort of. If you drive around Iowa with just FM radio in your car, you hear a lot of what they call “country music” and that music is to the real music of the country folk of the United States what the Matterhorn in Disneyland is to Switzerland. But if all country had the independent-minded freshness of Tallgrass, I could be persuaded to reconsider my prejudice against it.

What sets Tallgrass apart is hard to put my finger on. They certainly have some of the blues influence picked up from bands like Allman Brothers, but where that band indulges in western-shirt-ripping grandiosity, Tallgrass is more subtle, sly and lateral, more likely to sneak up on you than hit you over the head with wailing guitars.

They’re also a band with a peculiarly funky brand of country-folk. The liquid, swinging fluency of Adam Morford’s drumming drives every song without ever dominating the mix. He inverts the traditional balance of the trap set, pounding out patterns mostly on floor toms, using the kick, snare and cymbals for accents and sparse fills. Austin Morford and Matt Skinner’s guitars percolate and mutter in tight counterpoint to the drums.

Tallgrass’ songs have some country blues moan to them, but hints of jazz chords sneak in to take the songs in unexpected directions. They might have a three-chord skeleton as simple and direct as a Waylon Jennings song, during one of my first trips to the Record Collector where I purchased an LP titled It’s Another Iowa Compilation: Uncharted Territories on the now-defunct SouthEast Records. It included locally legendary bands like House of Large Sizes, The Dangtrippers, The Tape-Beatles and Full Fathom Five. By the early 90’s it seemed for a minute that there would be a major label feeding frenzy like Athens, GA and Seattle before it.

I hate country music. Sort of. If you drive around Iowa with just FM radio in your car, you hear a lot of what they call “country music” and that music is to the real music of the country folk of the United States what the Matterhorn in Disneyland is to Switzerland. But if all country had the independent-minded freshness of Tallgrass, I could be persuaded to reconsider my prejudice against it.

What sets Tallgrass apart is hard to put my finger on. They certainly have some of the blues influence picked up from bands like Allman Brothers, but where that band indulges in western-shirt-ripping grandiosity, Tallgrass is more subtle, sly and lateral, more likely to sneak up on you than hit you over the head with wailing guitars.

They’re also a band with a peculiarly funky brand of country-folk. The liquid, swinging fluency of Adam Morford’s drumming drives every song without ever dominating the mix. He inverts the traditional balance of the trap set, pounding out patterns mostly on floor toms, using the kick, snare and cymbals for accents and sparse fills. Austin Morford and Matt Skinner’s guitars percolate and mutter in tight counterpoint to the drums.

Tallgrass’ songs have some country blues moan to them, but hints of jazz chords sneak in to take the songs in unexpected directions. They might have a three-chord skeleton as simple and direct as a Waylon Jennings song, during one of my first trips to the Record Collector where I purchased an LP titled It’s Another Iowa Compilation: Uncharted Territories on the now-defunct SouthEast Records. It included locally legendary bands like House of Large Sizes, The Dangtrippers, The Tape-Beatles and Full Fathom Five. By the early 90’s it seemed for a minute that there would be a major label feeding frenzy like
station’s tastemaking show, Night Music.

The album was recorded by Iowa studio legend Tom Tatman (Stone Sour, House of Large Sizes, among many others) at Catamount in Cedar Falls. Tatman managed to capture the band’s dynamic and loose live sound to great effect. Overall, the self-titled release has a sound not unlike Fat Possum bands like The Black Keys and Junior Kimbrough, or any of Jack White’s bands.

Standout tracks for me are the stompin’ four-on-the-floor album opener, “Sinner,” with its dirty wah-wah solo and the slow suggestive note-bends in the junk-grinding “Last Night Stand.” Another track that I like is the moody, atmospheric “Devil Dreaming,” which comes off more like The Cult or The Screaming Trees than the other songs.

The White Elephant has played Iowa City a couple of times recently and I would recommend checking them out next time they’re in town.

Michael Roeder is a self-proclaimed “music savant.” When he’s not writing for Little Village he blogs at www.playbsides.com.
Why aren't two-by-fours two inches by four inches?

Why is a two-by-four not actually two inches by four inches? I went to our local hardware store (no Home Depots in our little burg) and asked for a piece of lumber that was, as I had measured it, three-quarters of an inch by three and a half inches. The girl looked at me funny and said, "You mean a one-by-four?" I said, a little embarrassed, "Um, yeah, I guess that's what I need." Then I got to looking around, and it dawned on me that lumber sizes have nothing to do with their actual dimensions. With all their professing to "measure twice and cut once," why don't carpenters seem to care about the actual size of the stuff with which they work? — Hunter, Craig, Colorado

Oh, they care. In fact, they've developed a special vocabulary to deal with the situation. Those in the building trades know one-by-four, two-by-four, and so on are "nominal" dimensions—that is, in name only. If you want an honest-to-Jesus one-by-four-inch board rather than the usual anorexic stick, the magic words are "true size." Better yet, tell the clerk you want "five-quarter" stock. Five-quarter boards, commonly used for exterior trim, are actually four-quarters of an inch thick—that is, one inch true size.

That's absurd, you say. Few carpenters would argue. However, they have reality to contend with. Also greed. You'll appreciate these two factors show considerable overlap.

First reality. Years ago, cutting logs into lumber involved a lot of guesswork. The chief variable was the moisture content of the wood—green lumber shrinks as it dries. How much depends on how wet it was to start with. Typically a two-inch green board loses an eighth-inch of thickness once seasoned, but the actual difference may be more or less.

When sawmill operators adjust the "set-off" on their equipment—that is, the amount the log is advanced after each pass through the blade—they must allow for the kerf (or width) of the blade plus shrinkage. In the 19th century, they lacked an accurate way to gauge moisture content. So they made the set-off a little wider than the nominal size, knowing the true size of the seasoned lumber would probably be a little less. The difference between nominal and true size was known as "scant" allowance.

The process was far from exact. I know this from examining the boards in the museum of antique lumber known as my house, which was built in the early 1890s. The nominal thickness of rafters and such clearly was two inches, and I'd say on average true size was slightly less than that. But there's quite a bit of variation, from one and three-quarters inches to two and an eighth.

Carpenters in the 1890s dealt with this as best they could, judging from my house. They used thicker lumber as headers—that is, the horizontal boards above windows or on top of a line of studs, which carried a lot of weight.

As time went on, builders began demanding lumber of uniform dimension, so sawmill operators began planing boards after cutting them. Assuming you waited till the boards dried out and adjusted your planer accordingly, you'd wind up with a product of reliable size. However, it was also thinner. Now the true size of lumber wasn't slightly less than nominal, but a lot less.

How much less? That's where the greed comes in.

Whether you're milling lumber or making Hershey bars, smaller is cheaper. The driving concern at the turn of the century wasn't so much the wood itself but the cost of freight.

The virgin forests close to civilization had been cut down, and lumber had to be shipped from increasingly distant locations. In the early 1900s you might pay $10 per thousand board feet at the mill and $20 to ship it. It occurred to lumber tycoons that if they did all their finishing out in the woods, thereby reducing the product's bulk, they'd save a ton of money on freight. So that's what they did.

But a problem soon emerged: once nominal and true sizes parted ways, everything was up in the air. Southerners argued that southern yellow pine was stronger than northern white pine, and therefore could be cut thinner. Thus while two-by stock was one and three-quarters inches thick in most of the country, southern yellow pine manufacturers made theirs an inch and five-eighths. As lumber became a national commodity, builders complained about getting wood of different sizes. After World War I a push for standardization began.

Years of wrangling ensued, as lumbering regions jockeyed for competitive advantage and debated arcane issues, at one point arguing over a thirty-second of an inch. It wasn't until 1963 that modern sizes were agreed on, but the standard has endured ever since. Today nominal one-by-fours are three-quarters by three and a half inches, while nominal two-by-fours are one and a half by three and a half—confusing for novice carpenters, and a bother for those rehabbing century-old houses, but otherwise a triumph of rationality over nature and the buck.

—CECIL ADAMS

Send questions to Cecil via straigntdope.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

• Detectives investigating an armed robbery at a convenience store in Greentown, Ind., caught a break when one of the crooks left his credit card at the crime scene. When they executed a search warrant at the suspect’s home, they found evidence leading to the other three suspects, along with money, guns, clothing and other items associated with the robbery, as well as a home video surveillance system.

“Examination of the system’s memory showed all four suspects preparing for and returning from the robbery,” reported investigators, who arrested Luke K. Spence, 22, Elliott V. Shoffner, 22, Christopher A. Taylor, 26, and Gregory M. Riley, 25. (Kokomo Tribune)

• Shahid Mohammed Kalam, 22, deposited a $1,000 forged or stolen check at a credit union ATM in Hernando, Fla., then tried to withdraw cash, according to police, who noted his ATM card had expired and that he was using an improper personal identification number. When the machine took the card, Kalam backed his vehicle against the building, tied a seatbelt to the ATM and tried to rip it from the wall. When that tactic failed, he fired a stolen .25-caliber handgun through the front door. Police used the ATM surveillance camera to identify Kalam as the suspect and arrested him when he returned to the credit union for other business. (Hernando Today)

Modesty First

The Wreck Beach Preservation Society asked municipal officials in Vancouver, British Columbia, to ban ogling at Vancouver’s best-known nude beach. Society spokesperson Judy Williams told the Metro Vancouver environment and parks committee that party boats and jet skis have been flocking to Wreck Beach and spoiling its secluded ambiance. (CBC News)

Slightest Provocation

Robert Hagerman, 56, called 911 in Pinellas, Fla., to report his daughter was hitting him, throwing things and using drugs. Sheriff’s deputies determined he was lying after his daughter played them a cell-phone recording of his threats to make false statements under state law as “live dramatic or musical arts performances.” An administrative law judge agreed with Nite Moves, pointing out, “The fact that the dancers remove all or part of their costume … simply does not render such dance routines as something less than choreographed performances.”

But the state Tax Appeals Tribunal disagreed, as did an Appellate Division court, which ruled Nite Moves didn’t establish that private dances offered at its club are choreographed performances and noted Nite Moves dancers aren’t required to have any formal dance training. “It’s definitely a form of art,” one dancer, who declined to give her name, insisted. “Some girls are up there practicing for hours.” (Associated Press)

Adding Insult to Injury

A Tennessee judge arraigned Stacy Duggan for child neglect after her 11-year-old son apparently shot her in the head at their Loudon County home. Her husband, Daniel Duggan, also faces charges after the shooting, for leaving the gun where the boy could find it. (Knoxville’s WBJR-TV)

New York’s Finest

When New York City police spotted Tamon Robinson, 23, digging up decorative paving stones, he fled on foot, only to be struck and killed by a pursuing police cruiser. The city billed his family $710 for the damage his body did to the vehicle. City officials eventually acknowledged the collection notice was sent in error and apologized. (The New York Times)

Lost Soles

Neglect, termites, mold and tropical humidity are destroying the shoes of Imelda Marcos. After she and her husband, President Ferdinand Marcos, fled the Philippines in 1986, they left behind his clothing and at least 1,220 pairs of her shoes. Two years ago, staffers at the presidential palace noticed the apparel was threatened, so they transferred 150 cartons of clothes and shoes to Manila’s National Museum for safekeeping. There, the items deteriorated even further because the boxes were abandoned in a padlocked hall that had no facilities to protect the relics and was inundated by tropical rains due to a leak in the ceiling. An extensive rescue effort is under way, although many of Imelda Marcos’s shoes are beyond repair.

Meanwhile, in suburban Marikina city, where officials borrowed 800 pairs of the former first lady’s shoes in 2001 for a shoe museum, about 765 pairs survived floods and still look almost new due to the museum’s meticulous care, which includes displaying them in airtight and dust-free glass cabinets in an air-conditioned gallery, away from direct sunlight. Noting the shoe collection draws a daily crowd of 50 to 100 Philippine and foreign tourists, museum manager Jane Ballesteros said, “The first word they utter is, ‘Wow,’” adding, “Her shoes never fail to astound people years after.” (Associated Press)

Recipe for Disaster

In a recorded interrogation presented during the Los Angeles murder trial of David Viens, 49, the chef admitted boiling the body of his 39-year-old wife for four days until little was left but her skull. His motive was to hide evidence of her death. A jury convicted Viens of second-degree murder. (CBS News)

Fetish of the Week

Police who arrested Eric Carrier, 24, in Hampton, N.H., said he posted an ad on Craigslist seeking a female caregiver because he “could not control his bowel movements due to a brain injury.” According to investigators, he “indicated that he required assistance in changing soiled under garments.” After he met with a woman and asked her to change his soiled underwear, she became suspicious and called police, who learned that Carrier isn’t disabled and was convicted of a similar ploy this summer. (Boston’s WBZ-TV)

Compiled from mainstream news sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.
**MUSIC**

Wed., Oct. 17 - Judgement Day Gabe's, $5, 9 p.m. Anthony Stoops, double bass guest recital Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. In This Moment: Women and their Songs Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 18 - Kronos Quartet Englert, $40-$50, 8 p.m. Balmorhea, Haunter, Kill County Gabe's, $7, 9 p.m. Steve Grismore Trio Mendoza Wine Bar, Free, 7 p.m. Mason Jennings Redstone Room, River Music Experience, $25/$30, 8:30 p.m. The Steel Wheels The Mill, $10, 7 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 19 - The Olympics, Danger Ronnie & the Spins, The Wheelers Blue Moose Tap House, $5, 8 p.m. Roseanne Cash Englert, $42/$45, 8 p.m. Dueling Pianos: Fundraiser for Crisis Center of Johnson County First Avenue Club, $8, 8 p.m. Roster McCabe, Zeta June Gabe's, $7, 10 p.m. Gay Men's Chorus of Los Angeles presents "It Gets Better" Main Lounge, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, $10-$35, 7:30 p.m. Kantorei and University Choir Second Floor Ballroom, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. Jazz After Five: The Rapsody/Sandy Quartet The Mill, Free, 5 p.m. Joe & Vicki Price The Mill, $8, 8 p.m.

Sat., Oct. 20 - Yelawolf, Rittz, Trouble Andrew, DJ Vayra Blue Moose Tap House, $20, 7 p.m. Dave Olson Englert, $10/$12, 8 p.m. Family Groove Company, Indigo Sun Gabe's, $8, 10 p.m. Shade of Blue The Mill, $10, 9 p.m.

Sun., Oct. 21 - Electronic Music Studio Recital Becker Communication Studies Building, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. Paleol, Cartright, Mirror Coat Gabe's, $6, 8 p.m. Amy Helm Legion Arts, $17/$21, 7 p.m. Modern Convenience The Mill, $6, 9 p.m.

Mon., Oct. 22 - Live at Birdland Englert, $20-$35, 7 p.m. Violet Lights Gabe's, $6, 9 p.m. Alejandro Ziegler Tango Quartet Legion Arts, $15/$18, 7 p.m. Rachel Joeselson, soprano; David Hsu, piano Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. Open Mic with J. Knight The Mill, Free, 8 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 23 - Pee Wee Moore & The Awful Dreadful Snakes Gabe's, $7, 9:30 p.m. Melody Walker The Mill, $6, 9 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 24 - SCOPE Productions Battle of the Bands: Lewis Hogan, No Coast, The Olympics, Conrad Boscom Gabe's, $2, 7 p.m. "Under the Hood" – Behind the scenes with the Jack Quartet Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 12:30 p.m. Burlington Street Bluegrass Band The Mill, $5, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 25 - The Envy Corps Blue Moose Tap House, $8/$10, 8 p.m. Greg Bates, 8 Seconds First Avenue Club, $10, 8:30 p.m. Claire Lynch Trio Legion Arts, $16/$19, 7 p.m. University of Iowa String Quartet Residency Program: Jack Quartet, guest composer Roger Reynolds Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. Mike Mangione & the Union: Crushed Out The Mill, $8, 10 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 26 - Mission Creek Presents: Mountain Goats, Matthew E. White Blue Moose Tap House, $18/$20, 9 p.m. Cornmeal Blue Moose Tap House, $12/$15, 9 p.m. Tomorrows Bad Seeds Gabe's, $10, 9 p.m. Shorty B's B-day Bash: Mike Page, Bam Musik, DJ Pat, Darius Bowie Gabe's, $5, 9 p.m. Tuba Euphonium Studio Recital Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. Jazz After Five: Steve Grismore Trio The Mill, Free, 5 p.m. We Funk - George Clinton Tribute Yacht Club, $5, 10 p.m.

Sat., Oct. 27 - The Hush Sound, Jjammz Blue Moose Tap House, $15, 6:30 p.m. Halloween XIII: Dance Party: Goldendust Record Release, Cuticle, Lady Espina, Carnap, Nemnock Gabe's, $5, 10 p.m. Camerata and Women's Chorale Second Floor Ballroom, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. Yacht Neple The Mill, $10, 8 p.m. Halloween Hoe-Down: Evergreen Grass Band, WhiteWater Ramble Yacht Club, $5, 9 p.m.

Sun., Oct. 28 - Sphinx Virtuosi Hancher Auditorium (at West High School), $10-$40, 2 p.m. Center for New Music guest artists: Tony Arnold, soprano; Michael Norsworthy, clarinet Old Capitol UI campus, Free, 2 p.m. Iowa Percussion Fall Concert Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 3 p.m. Weekend Warriors Presented by West Music and The Mill The Mill, Free, 6 p.m.

Mon., Oct. 29 - Kaki King Englert, $16/$18, 8 p.m. Iowa Brass Quintet Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. Open Mic with J. Knight The Mill, Free, 8 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 30 - Polish Ambassador Gabe's, $10, 8 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 31 - Human Aftertaste, Item 9 & the Mad Hatters, Caterwaulla Gabe's, $7, 10 p.m. Symphony Orchestra Main Lounge, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. 4th Annual Halloween Tribute Show The Mill, $6, 8 p.m. Neal Corwell, euphonium University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 4 p.m. KRUI Halloween Bash: Zeta June, Das Thunderfoot, Gone South, Velcro Moxie, Mirror Coat Yacht Club, $5, 8 p.m.

Thurs., Nov. 1 - Datsik, Terravita, Xkore, Getter Blue Moose Tap House, $20/$25, 8 p.m. The Daredevl Christopher Wright, Cuddle Magic The Mill, $8, 10 p.m. Jonah Smith Yacht Club, $5, 10 p.m.
Fri., Nov. 2 - Iowa City Song Project Record Release Show Englert, $12/$15, 7 p.m. Sims, Imperfect Gabe’s, $8/$10, 7 p.m. Black Skies, Caltrup, Snow Demon, The Oculus Gabe’s, $7, 10:15 p.m. Brian Stokes Mitchell Hancher Auditorium (at Riverside Casino & Golf Resort), $10-$42, 7:30 p.m. Phish Tribute with Dr. Z’s Experiment Yacht Club, $6, 10 p.m.

Sat., Nov. 3 - 3rd Annual Blues & Boogie Woogie Piano Stomp Englert, $30, 8 p.m. Freddie Gibbs Gabe’s, $15/$18, 8 p.m. Iowa City Song Project Brunch Motley Cow Cafe, Cost of food, 11 a.m. - 2 p.m. Iowa City Song Project Record Release

Sun., Nov. 4 - Indigo Girls Englert, Sold Out, 7 p.m. Gina Forsyth Legion Arts, $12/$15, 7 p.m. The Kickback The Mill, $7, 9 p.m.

Mon., Nov. 5 - Horse Feathers The Mill, $12/$15, 9 p.m.

Tues., Nov. 6 - Band Extravaganza Carver Hawkeye Arena, UI campus, $5-10, 7:30 p.m.

Wed., Nov. 7 - Craig Owens, Bearcat, Final

Submit venues and events: Calendar@LittleVillageMag.com 33

Facebook.com/LittleVillageLive

Snacks Provided by New Pioneer Food Co-op
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 it’s everyday living or a special occasion, the shops, restaurants and people of SoBo will take care of you.

**Leaf Kitchen**

Breakfast & Lunch 7 Days a Week
8 A.M. TO 2 P.M

**TEA TIME**

Starts EVERY DAY at 2 P.M.
Walk-in “CREAM TEA”
Afternoon Tea parties reservation requested

**Afternoon Tea $15**
Truffle, mini cake, finger sandwiches, scone and a pot of tea

**Cream Tea $7**
2 scones served with local jams and whipped cream and a pot of tea

Also available: Quiches, soups, desserts, tea, coffee & wine

On Facebook & Twitter.com/leafkitchen

(319)338-1909

301 1/2 Kirkwood Ave.
Iowa City, IA 52240
(319) 338-1909

**Technigraphics**

…for all your printing needs!

**NOW IN SOBO!**

Come see us at our new location!
415 Highland Avenue • Suite 100
Iowa City • 319.354.5950

**Rumours Salon**

Celebrating Twenty Years 1992 - 2012

IOWA CITY 930 S. GILBERT ST.
PHONE 319.337.2255
ONLINE RUMOURLSSALON.COM

**AVEDA**
Alibi, Hello Ramona: Blue Moose Tap House, $12/$14, 6:30 p.m. Giant Giant Sand, The Old Ceremony: Gabe's, $16, 9 p.m. Trombone Choir: Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. Mission Creek Presents: The Helio Sequence, Ramona Falls: The Mill, $12/$15, 9 p.m.

Mondays - Open Mic: The Mill, 8 p.m., Free

Tuesdays - Flight School Dance Party: Yacht Club, 10 p.m.

Wednesdays - Little Village Live: Public Space One, Free, 5 p.m. Jam Session Yacht Club, $3, 10 p.m.

Thursdays - Mixology: Gabe's, Free, 10 p.m. Open Mic Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 p.m.

Saturdays - Saturday Night Music: Uptown Bill's, 7 p.m.

**Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis. For inclusion, please email Calendar@LittleVillageMag.com**

**Art/Exhibitions**


Thurs., Oct. 18 - Fall Metro Gallery Tour 2012 Cedar Rapids Museum of Art + Additional Galleries, Free, 5 p.m.

Oct. 19-21 - Works in Progress Festival: Various downtown venues, Free

Mon., Oct. 22 - Lecture by Richard Hull, visiting artist in Painting and Drawing: Art Building West, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Oct. 22-26 - Advanced Photo Group Show: Art Building West, UI campus, Free

Tues., Oct. 23 - Bernini's Terracotta Sketches and the Fire of Art, lecture by Steven Ostrow, visiting speaker in Art History: Art Building West, UI campus, Free, 5:30 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 26 - Creepy Campus Crawl: Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free, 6:30 p.m.


Thurs., Nov. 1 - Portraits of Maquoketa: The Dimensional View - Opening Reception & Artist Lecture: Figge Art Museum, 6 p.m.

Sat., Nov. 3 - Rose Frantzten - Artist Demo (Painting): Figge Art Museum, 12:30 p.m. Fossil Guy: "Twilight of the Dinosaur Age" Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free, 2 p.m.

Nov. 5 - 9 - Exhibition of work by Leeeyeon Yoo, graduate student in Jewelry & Metal Arts: Art Building West, UI campus, Free

Nov. 9 - 11 - Trunk Show: Stone, stone and more stone: Beadology Iowa, Free, 6 p.m.

November - Joe Pankowski: Public Space One

Ongoing - Interplay: Material, Method and Motif in West African Figge Art Museum (thru Oct. 21) Driftless and the Floodplain: Joshua Dumas and Elizabeth Boyne: Public Space One (thru October)

Frankenstein: Penetrating the Secrets of Nature: University Centre, UI campus, Free (thru Nov. 2)

Posing Beauty in African American Culture: Figge Art Museum (thru Nov. 4)

Patricia Knox (Jewelry): Iowa Artisans Gallery (thru Nov. 4)

New Works by Stacy Snyder Akar, Free (thru Nov. 12)

Unsinkable Stories: 100 Years Later: Brucemore (thru Nov. 16)

Midwest Matrix - Symposium & Exhibitions: University of Iowa Museum of Art (thru Dec. 9)

The Only One: African American Museum of Iowa (thru Dec. 15)


Charles Barth: A Kaleidoscope of Culture: Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (thru Jan. 5)

Marvin Cone: An American Master: Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (thru Jan. 20)

Napoleon and the Art of Propaganda: University of Iowa Museum of Art (thru Jan. 29)

Never Underestimate a Monochrome: University of Iowa Museum of Art (thru Jan. 31)

Clary Illian: A Potter's Potter: Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (thru Feb. 17)

Iowa City's Metropolitan Playhouse: Celebrating the Englert Theatre's 100th Anniversary: Johnson County Historical Society (thru Mar. 3)

Sculpting with Fiber: Figge Art Museum (thru Mar. 18)

Gone to See the Elephant: The Civil War through the Eyes of Iowa Soldiers: Old Capitol Museum, UI campus (thru May 17)

Thursdays - Artvaark (Art Activities): Uptown Bill's, Free, 6 p.m.

Saturdays - Nooks and Crannies Tour: Brucemore, $12-$15, 9:30 a.m.

**Theater/Performance**


Thurs., Oct. 18 - Stopping By Woods: The Life and Poetry of Robert Frost: Brucemore, $5-$10, 6:30 p.m.

Oct. 18 - 21 The Stellification: Theatre Building, UI campus, $5 (Students free)

Sun., Oct. 21 - Was the Word: Englert, $10 suggested donation, 7 p.m.

Oct. 25 - 28 - Cost of a Goat - A UI Theatre Gallery Production: Theatre Building, UI campus, $5, 8 p.m.

Oct. 26 - Nov. 4 - The Hobbit: Company of Coralville: Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, $12-$27

Nov. 1 - 4 - red/a thing about the heart: A UI Theatre Gallery Production: Theatre Building, UI campus, $5, 5 p.m. Nov. 4; 6 p.m. Nov. 1, 2, 3

Nov. 2 - 3 - SPT Theatre: Legion Arts, $20/$25, 8 p.m.

Wed., Nov. 7 - The Last of the Haussmans - National Theatre Live: Englert, $15-$18, 7 p.m.

Nov. 9 - 17 - Spring Awakening - UI Theatre Mainstage Theatre Building, UI campus, $5-$20

Ongoing - November Theatre Cedar Rapids, $10-$20 (thru Oct. 13)

Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson Theatre Cedar Rapids, $15-$30 (thru Oct. 20)

Lady M Theatre Building, UI campus, $5-$17 (thru Oct. 21)

**Cinema**

Thurs., Oct. 18 - Proseminar in Cinema and Culture: Becker Communication Studies Building, UI campus, Free, 6:30 p.m. Barbershop Punk: Iowa City Public Library, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 19 - Psycho: FilmScene Starlite Cinema - Festival Stage, City Park, $5, 6 p.m.
Rockin’ Haunted House Halloween Extravaganza ft. HOTT, Conetrauma, Lipstick Homicide, Other Band, The Blendours

ps-z (Wesley Center) 120 N. Dubuque St | Oct. 27 8:00 p.m. | $6

Five bands for $6? It’s a deal.

This all-ages, alcohol-free show is going to be the most fun you have ever had at a fundraiser, all to benefit two of Iowa City’s most important arts organizations, United Action for Youth (UAY) and Public Space One (PS1), which will also be hosting the Works in Progress Festival this month, Oct. 18-21.

For this event, HOTT, well-known for their decorating abilities, have built a “crazy new Sparkle Glam stage.” Who can resist a crazy new Sparkle Glam stage? Not us.

The cover charge also grants attendees access to the Haunted Hall, fake-blood-drippily-done by Iowa City-based special effects artist Corbin Booth, whose work has been seen on local and national productions like the Resist Evil trilogy and the TV version of Children of the Corn.

For HOTT frontman "Action Man" Ed Nehring, this benefit is a way to say thanks and raise awareness of both organizations’ efforts.

The space hosting the night’s events is ps-z (on the bottom floor of the Wesley Center) which recently opened its doors to art studios, educational programming, special events and the Zenzic Press, a community printing press press recently Kickstarted to the tune of $10,000.

To all that contribute, and to all that enjoy, come down and raise a non-alcoholic glass to all that you’ve accomplished. And enjoy some haunted house punk rock while you’re at it!

Sat., Oct. 20 - FilmScene Presents: Home Movie Day Iowa City Public Library, Free, 1 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 23 - IWP Cinematheque Adler Journalism Building, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 25 - Proseminar in Cinema and Culture Becker Communication Studies Building, UI campus, Free, 6:30 p.m.

Sat., Oct. 27 - Rocky Horror Picture Show Englert, $16, Midnight (Doors at 11:30 p.m.)

Tues., Oct. 30 - Apart Together Bijou Cinema

Thurs., Nov. 1 - Proseminar in Cinema and Culture Becker Communication Studies Building, UI campus, Free, 6:30 p.m.

Thus., Nov. 1 - Student Film Showcase, presented by Student Video Productions Bijou Cinema

Oct. 19 - 25 - Detropia, V/H/S Bijou Cinema

Oct. 25 - 28 - Landlocked Film Festival Englert, Bijou, Iowa City Public Library, Gabe's

Nov. 3 - 8 - Alps Bijou Cinema


Literature


Thurs., Oct. 18 - Art Lovers Book Club: The Lost Painting Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 4 p.m. One Community One Book - The Late Homecomer: A Hmong Family Memoir Coralville Public Library, Free, 7 p.m. Laird Hunt Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.


Sun., Oct. 21 - Kenneth Goldsmith Prairie Lights, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 23 - Joseph Dobrian Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 24 - Marilynne Robinson, Eula Biss Benefit for the Englert Englert $10, 7 p.m. Talk Art, IWW reading series The Mill, Free, 10 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 25 - Stage on the Page: Steel Magnolias Coralville Public Library, Free, 10 a.m. Justin Cronin Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 26 - IWP Panel gerber lounge English and Philosophy Building, UI campus, Free, 12 p.m. Bob Grunst Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Sat., Oct. 27 - Even My Voice Is Silence: Reading by Soha Al-Jurf Coralville Public Library, Free, 2 p.m.

Mon., Oct. 29 - Don Share Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 30 - Sylvia Plath Reading in honor of the 50th Anniversary of the Ariel Poems Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Nov. 1 - Brett Anthony Johnston Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri. Nov. 2 - IWP Panel Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 p.m.

Sun., Nov. 4 - IWP Reading Prairie Lights, Free, 4 p.m.

Mon., Nov. 5 - Salgado Maranhao and Alexis Levitin Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

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

Comedy

Wed., Oct. 17 - Paul Wiese, Darius Bowie, Shawn Mcgee, Yale Cohn Gabe's, $7, 10 p.m.

Oct. 19-20 - Dusty Diamond ("Screech") Penguin's Comedy Club, $16.50, 7:30 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 26 - C4: The Cross County Comedy Competition The Mill, $5, 9 p.m.

Oct. 26-27 - Tim Harmston Penguin's Comedy Club, $12, 7:30 p.m.

Need more entertainment news? Subscribe for weekly updates, in your inbox, every Thursday

LittleVillageMag.com/Weekender
Sun., Oct. 28 - Comedians of Gabriel Iglesias: Stand Up Revolution First Avenue Club, $15, 7:30 p.m.

Fri., Nov. 2 - C4: The Cross County Comedy Competition The Mill, $5, 9 p.m.

Nov. 2-3 - Willie Ferrell Penguin’s Comedy Club, $15, 7:30 p.m.

Mondays - Catacombs of Comedy Yacht Club, $3, 9 p.m.

**Kids**

Mondays & Tuesdays - Toddler Storytimes Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Occasional Fridays - Book Babies Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Saturdays - Family Storytime Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Saturdays - Family Storytimes Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Sundays - Family Storytimes Iowa City Public Library, Free, 2 p.m.

Wednesdays & Thursdays - Preschool Storytimes Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Thursdays - Wee Read Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:15 & 11:15 a.m. Pre-school Toddler Story Time at the CRMA Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:30 p.m. Storytime Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

**Dance**

Oct. 25-Nov. 4 - Dance Gala 2012 Space Place Theatre UI campus, $10-$100, 8 p.m. Oct. 25, 26, 27; and Nov. 1, 2, 3, 2 p.m. Oct. 28 and Nov. 4

Thursdays - UI Swing Club Public Space One, Free, 8 p.m.

**Misc.**

Sat., Oct. 20 - Autumn Landscape Hike Brucemore, $7-$10, 10:30 a.m.

Tues., Nov. 6 - 2012 Election Night Coverage The Mill, Free, 06 p.m.

Thru Oct. 18 - Intellectual Freedom Festival Iowa City Public Library, Free
PUZZLER!

Simple Windy
(2,2)
(Easy, Breezy)
Bloodsucker Chorus (2, 1)
Monster Pond (1,1)
Granular Sweets (2, 2)

Average Food Type
(1, 2)
(________, Cuisine)
Sanguinary Tale (2, 2)
Wraith Traitor (2, 3)
Afflicted Pagan (2, 2)

Recondite Calumny
(2, 2)
(________, ______)
Crane’s Race (3, 4)
Evil Device (3, 3)
Gruesome Crush (2, 2)

Challenger: Count-em Leap

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” or “Banshee Salute” (1,1) would be “__________ Toast.”

NBC is reviving an old hit and jumping on the latest vampire craze with their new show coming out this month which follows a Transylvanian physicist from six years in the future who becomes lost in time following a time-travel experiment, temporarily taking the place of other people to “put right what once went wrong” and drain the blood of the local townsfolk. The show stars (1-3) as (1-3).
SATURDAY OCTOBER 27TH

LIVE MUSIC BY UNIPHONICS  $5 FUNDRAISER

$100 CASH PRIZE

12AM COSTUME CONTEST

HEROES & VILLAINS

DEADWOOD TAVERN

HALLOWEEN NIGHT

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 31ST

NO COVER

$100 CASH COSTUME PRIZE CONTEST 10 PM

6 S. DUBUQUE ST

IOWA CITY