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October '06

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INSIDE:

IA Confidential
part 2: trial by
jury

4

A new market,
a new Frail, a
familiar town

6

Goodies and
guises for
grownups

10

OCTOBER

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- 4 Local Legends**
Smokin' and drinkin' on IC's first jury—part 2 of our series
- 5 UR Here**
Thomas Dean has a question: "Um...are you in line?"
- 6 Prairie Pop**
Part 2 of Kembrew's search for reality in New Market's ruse within a ruse
- 9 It's About the Food**
Chef Friese on the imbalance of the harvest
- 10 Halloween Stories**
How to keep Halloween young at heart, no matter what your age
- 12 Cover Story**
Pickin' while the pickins' good—visit some of Iowa's most fruitful pickin' farms



- 16 Local CD Reviews**
The low-down on the latest local sounds from Robbie Reverb, Petit Mal, Rusty Buckets and Deathships
- 18 Calendar**
Get the haps in Iowa City's arts and entertainment guide
- 19 A-List**
Relive Iowa's goriest unsolved murder this Halloween on the screen or in person
- 23 Pink Cashmere Kink**
Queen Zelda says, Wear your costume on the inside: be a top/switch it up
- 23 Astrology**
Dr Star tells your October fortune

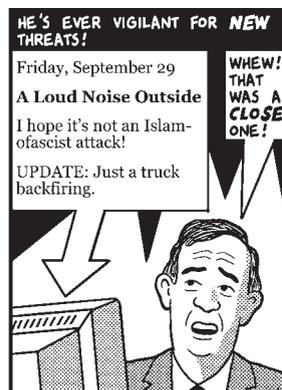
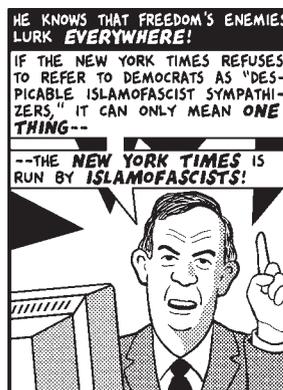
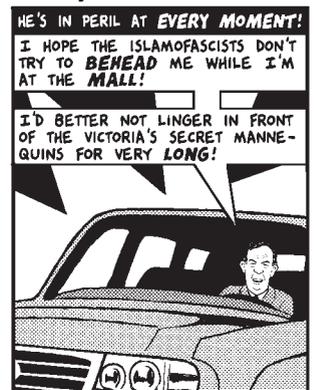
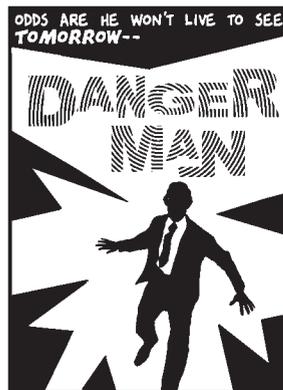
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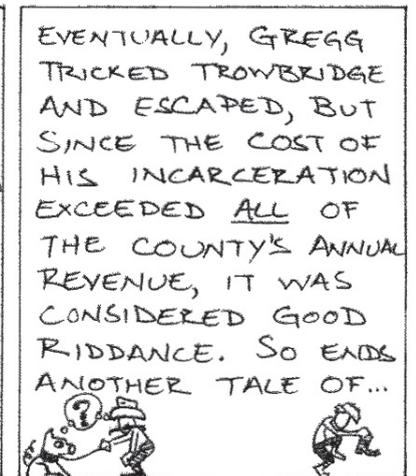
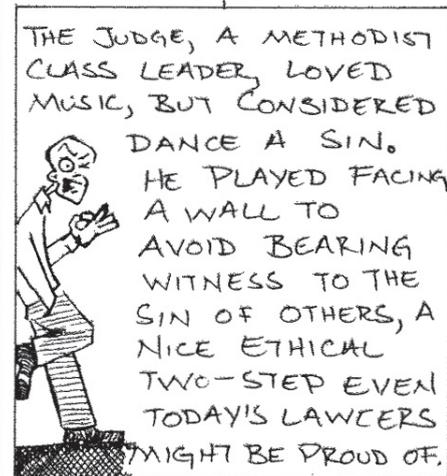
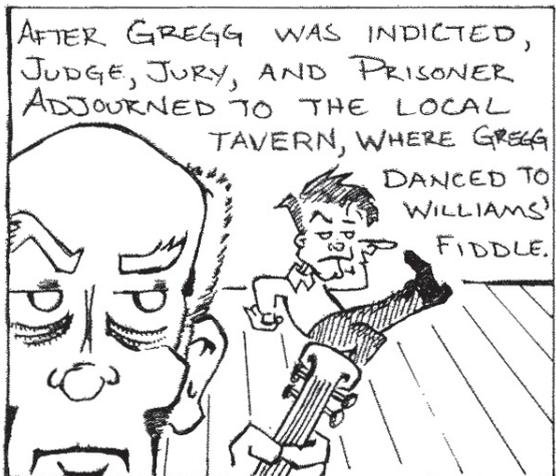
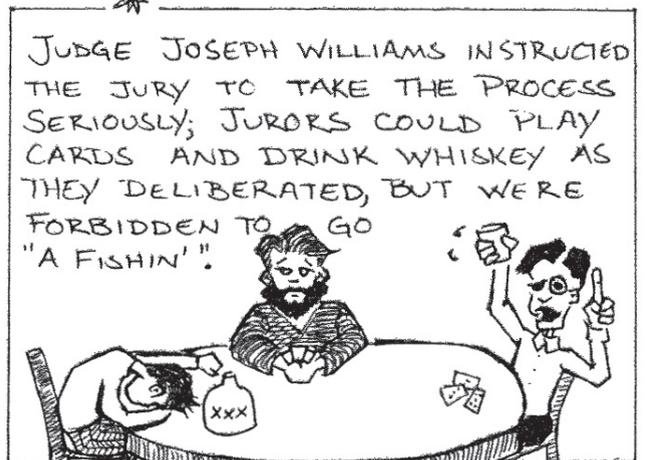
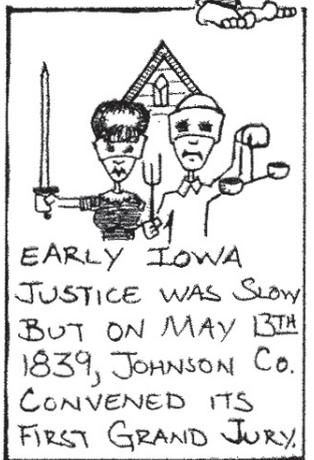
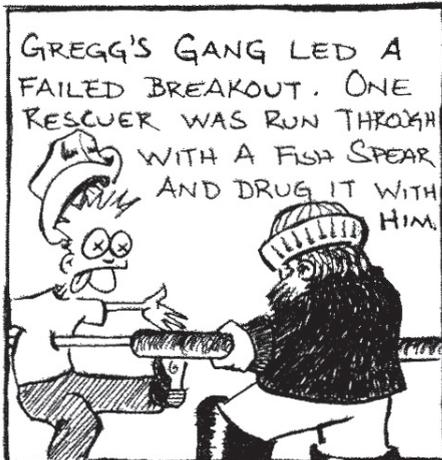
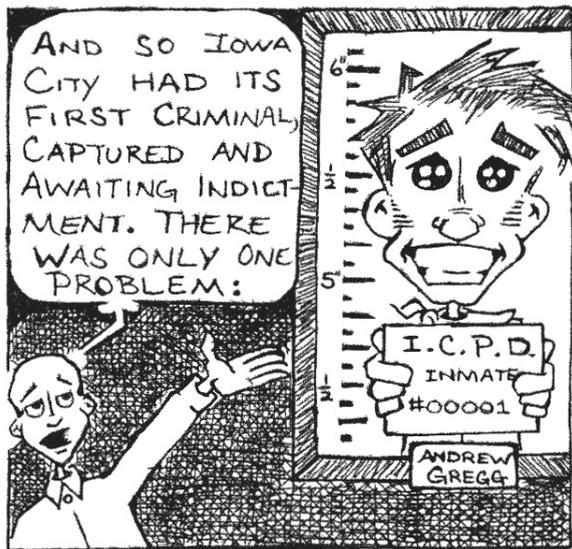
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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



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IA. Confidential

Adam Witte spends lots of time at the library, where he stumbled across several dusty

histories of Iowa City while trying to catch the eye of a particularly cute reference librarian. The research for this piece comes primarily from Irving Weber's collected Press-Citizen

articles. For more info on local history, and for a peek at the pretty librarian, check out the Iowa City Public Library.

You're out of line!

With the return of school and the return of thousands of people, something else also returns: lines. Lines to buy books, lines to pay tuition, lines to register for classes, lines at store check-outs, lines at coffeehouses, lines at banks and ATM's.

My gripe this month is: *When did people forget how to stand in line??!!!*

I've noticed this burgeoning phenomenon over the past decade or so. I go into a bank or coffee shop, or perhaps I approach an ATM, and there is a mob or a small cluster of a couple of randomly scattered persons in the general vicinity of my targeted object. Hello? Are you in line? I often ask this question of someone who is standing 15 feet and at a 45-degree angle from the patron currently at the counter. "Oh, uh, yeah," the mope will often grunt. My next step is often then to stand directly behind him or her, at an appropriately close and direct proximity. Sometimes this propels the person to a proper place in what should be a line, sometimes not. At least I've formed something that resembles a queue for the next person to come along.

Okay, okay, I know...this is probably not worth getting my underwear in a bunch while the Middle East burns. But I honestly think that a growing inability to form a proper line is a symptom of a larger, more disturbing growth in our obliviousness to others' needs and growing incivility.

So what's the problem with an incoherent line? First, it creates the situation I described above. When you're not clearly in line, you cause other people some moments of confusion and possible embarrassment if they inadvertently step ahead of you. Oh, sure, they'll live, but why inflict even these little problems on others when you don't have to? There are other consequences, too. When there's an undifferentiated gaggle of people, it becomes unclear to the poor clerk who's next. And when a number of people randomly occupy a large open space, like gas molecules

**My gripe this month is:
When did people forget
how to stand in line??!!!**

floating to the barriers of a jar, each person leaves that much less space available for others who wish to join the line, and the whole mess blocks convenient passageways for others. And the more people, the harder it is to figure out who's waiting in line, who's standing around waiting for Aunt Martha to finish shopping for support hose, and who's just admiring

those lovely potted plants. (One caveat: I understand that it's polite to step some distance back from a person at an ATM for privacy reasons, but you don't

have to leave room for a tank to roll between you.)

The root cause of this problem is people just not thinking of others. I lump it together with the many other plagues of our everyday existence: grocery store shoppers who leave their carts smack in the middle of the aisle while they read every word of the soup can label on the shelf, groups of people walking (slowly) four or five abreast down a sidewalk so no one else can get past, yakkers in movie theaters, cell phone addicts who blab incessantly on the bus so every rider has to hear how they barfed all over the floor of the bar or how that jerk of a boyfriend left his dirty underwear on the kitchen table, potty

I honestly think that a growing inability to form a proper line is a symptom of growing incivility.

mouths who spew profanities at the top of their lungs while I'm four feet away from them with my kids . . . uh oh, I'd better quit before I shake my cane and tell all you kids to get out of my yard.

Whew! Glad I've got that off my chest. I now remove the stick from my posterior. And I'm not saying we should all put on our uniforms, become sheep or automatons, or even always act like good little apple-cheeked girls and boys of whom June and Ward Cleaver would be proud. But a whole lot of our new and old friends and fellow Iowa Citians are filling up the streets, stores, restaurants, banks, schools, malls and sidewalks. I just think it would be nice to be mindful of making life a little easier for everyone around us, even with the little things, like letting the next person know by your polite cooperation where the line is. **lv**

Thomas Dean serves on the Board of Trustees of the Iowa City Public Library. He spent endless hours at the branch library three blocks from his house in Rockford, Ill., when he was a kid. His younger brother accused him and his wife of spending their honeymoon in the library. When Tom goes to the library, he always makes sure he stands patiently in a clearly demarcated line, like a good boy.

The New Market Affair

The next big thing. It's the lubricant that greases the gears of the culture industry. The music business knows this well, which is why no record company wants to be left behind choking on the exhaust fumes of the latest trend.

As I mentioned in part one, rock writer Jim Greer wrote an April Fools' article for *SPIN* magazine in 1993 about how the rural town of New Market, Va., near where I used to live, was going to be the next hot music scene.

At least two (and perhaps up to four) major label talent scouts descended this rural area of Virginia, clueless that this new music scene was a fiction. Clearly, they were afraid of missing out on the next big thing.

In the case of the second A&R scout who visited, he flew from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. and then drove two and a half hours in a rental only to discover that he had been duped. The most remarkable thing about his visit was that he got punked twice.

Tooling around Harrisonburg with nothing to do, he was conned into attending a "special showcase performance" in the basement of my next-door neighbor's house, which occasionally hosted touring indie acts like Bikini Kill and Nation of Ulysses. This major label rep was led to believe that he would hear a radio friendly alt-rock group that was chomping at the bit to be signed.

I remember how the band members carried a La-Z-Boy recliner down to this skuzzy basement, an underground lair marinating in spilled, fermented beer, vomit, cigarette ash and straw. Cornrocket, the band, placed the La-Z-Boy in front of their instruments and amplifiers for maximum effect. Next to the leather recliner was an ashtray stand loaded with cigars because, as we all know, cigars are the accoutrements

of choice for major label employees. No other prop works better when exclaiming, "You're going to be HUGE!"

This A&R rep didn't make it through more than two songs before he vacated his chair, left the basement, and crawled back to his Harrisonburg hotel room. You see, Cornrocket was an abrasive band that made ears and noses bleed; they were inspired equally

Hunt IV).

Billy Hunt, who now plays drums for The Karl Rove, doesn't remember being very thrilled about this little two-ring circus. In fact, he doesn't recall much of anything: "I was pretty drunk that day," he laughs, thinking about the moment he missed his shot at the big time.

"The post-Nirvana period was especially weird, that's for sure. But that kind of thing happens all the time in the music business," says The Flaming Lips' Wayne Coyne. "Record companies are always desperate to stay one step ahead of—or more like one or two or three steps behind—what's going on in the culture."

"There's nothing worse than being an A&R rep missing out on the next big thing," Greer adds.

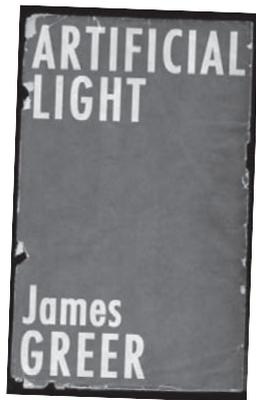
Take for example Exhibit A: the poor guy from Giant Records who failed to sign New Market bands like Frail, who was featured in Greer's article. WXJM music director Mike McElligott apparently took pity on him, and so he offered some advice.

"If you really want to find the area's biggest unsigned band, you should drive an hour to Charlottesville..."

Already weary, wary and annoyed, he cut Mike off with a curt, "No way." The artist recommendation? The Dave Matthews Band. Total DMB records sold since Mike's suggestion: 32 million.

"I wasn't a huge fan of Nirvana," Greer adds, "but they were nice guys, and they certainly had a coattail effect of bringing a bunch of marginal bands briefly into the mainstream."

For instance, Sonic Youth's journey through the early-to-mid-1990s offered them, as Lee Ranaldo tells me, "a wild, privileged vantage point for four punk flies on the wall." During this time Sonic Youth played before tens of thousands when they headlined the Lollapalooza music festival, and they also appeared as guest characters on *The Simpsons*—not bad for an arty, dissonant band



Artificial Light is certainly not an exercise in blind nostalgia.

by malt liquor, punk rock and James Joyce.

As for Cornrocket's prank-within-a-prank, not only was the band aiming to ridicule this particular cog in the culture industry machine, they also mocked their contemporaries who were all too ready to sign at the dotted line. But beneath the layer of slacker sarcasm was a feeling of undeniable excitement in the air; even I felt it, although I tried to mask it with a layer of ironic detachment. "Dude, you're totally gonna be famous," friends only half-



jokingly told Cornrocket drummer Billy Hunt (full name: William Powhatan Hunt III, the proud father of—yes—William Powhatan

that has never gone gold.

“For a couple years after Nirvana hit, it was exciting,” says Greer, “but then Kurt died. Around that time, stuff started to collapse. Bands with one hit ended up tanking on their second major label album, and what was left was a bunch of corporate-grunge bands, and then later Britney Spears and the Backstreet Boys. You know, just *total product*.”

Jim Greer’s novel *Artificial Light* is, in part, a backhanded homage to that brief moment in time.

band named *Frail*, from rural Missouri, not far from where I live. From what I can tell, since that *SPIN* article came out in 1993 there have been at least six bands named *Frail*.

To reconstruct this story, a memory that by all rights should have been completely erased by the sandblaster of time, I had to sift through artifacts pried from damaged and/or conflicting memories. This was made even more difficult because this story’s very foundation was built on a sinkhole deception.

For all you know, dear reader, this entire



“There are two sections of the novel that discuss how it felt to be living in that moment, to be a part of that. I was involved with Kim [Deal], and The Breeders were a beneficiary of the alternative rock explosion. And I was at *SPIN*. Being in the middle of that, and being with Guided By Voices, it was hard not to get caught up with the sense that ‘something was happening.’”

However, *Artificial Light* is certainly not an exercise in blind nostalgia, nor is it necessarily a book about music. When reading *Artificial Light*, and while talking to Greer, it’s clear that he is quite ambivalent about that period.

“In some ways,” he says, “the novel is my goodbye to all that. I don’t really write about music, and I haven’t in a while.”

Our story comes full circle with another thread that is woven into his novel *Artificial Light*. Making a guest appearance in the novel—13 years after the group was introduced in the pages of *SPIN*—is *Frail* (“America’s *best* new band,” you might remember).

It was the illusory promise of signing *Frail* that surely throttled the A&R weasels into my orbit many years ago, creating this implausible chain of events.

“If there isn’t or never was a *Frail*,” Greer tells me now, “there damn well should be.”

He has a proposal.

“How about you and I start a band called *Frail*? It should be death metal or something.”

To my surprise—no, utter disbelief—it turns out that *there already is a death metal*

“If there isn’t or never was a *Frail*, there damn well should be.”

— Jim Greer

story could be an elaborate ruse. I mean, come on, a company called Giant Records? A drummer named William Powhatan Hunt III who plays in The Karl Rove? However, I swear to you that I have not intentionally deceived you about anything. Well, okay, I confess that I have fabricated one very minor detail, just for fun, but you have my word that this piece contains no other misleading trapdoors (and if you dig hard enough, you’ll find a clue that clearly implicates me).

Further muddying matters, Greer’s *SPIN* article has not been recorded in any periodical index, which is perplexing because these indexes turn up other pieces he wrote for *SPIN*. According to the official record, the *New Market* article just doesn’t exist.

“I remember *SPIN* was really bad about saving old issues or archiving,” Greer tells me, “or otherwise preserving the deathless prose we produced back then. We used to just run out of back issues and that was that. No more.”

Multiple attempts to track the article down through interlibrary loan and, hence, convince

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Prairie Pop

myself that I was not completely delusional, came up dry. It wasn't until I called the Center for Popular Music at Middle Tennessee State University—a place with such an unlikely name couldn't possibly exist, right?—that a faxed copy of "Smells Like Scene Spirit" finally fell into my hands.

Sorting fiction from fact was hard, especially when a particularly surprising factoid seemed too good to be true. Often, I discovered that the most mundane details turned out to be fanciful, and some of the most unbelievable situations did in fact happen.

The biggest mind-blower, for me, was discovering that Jim Greer modeled the article not on the region of the Shenandoah Valley where I used to live, but on another remote place where I have now resided as a professor for seven years.

"I really liked the fact that Iowa City was in the middle of nowhere,"

- Jim Greer

"I originally set it in Iowa City," he reveals, explaining how he passed through the town when he was road tripping across the country.

"Driving through Iowa City, it reminded me of my very fond memories of Charlottesville. I've always liked college towns—the people, the community. I remember that in the original version of the story I also mentioned the town Council Bluffs, Iowa, because I thought the word 'bluff' would be a dead giveaway," though in the final edit New Market, Va., won out as the parodic town name of choice.

"I really liked the fact that Iowa City was in the middle of nowhere," he says, "and if the joke worked, then people would have to make a very, very long trek."

So, New Market is Iowa City? Is it possible that Jim Greer's story caused a small tear in the space-time continuum, folding together the middle-of-nowhere places where I was a student-prankster, then professor-prankster?

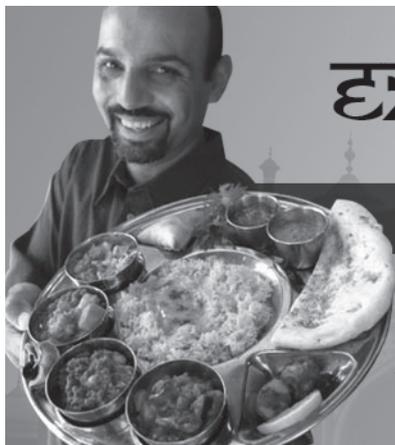
For the briefest moment, I wonder if he is putting me on. **IV**

Kembrew McLeod is a music critic and a UI professor of Communication Studies. His primary advice to the youth of America is the following: While it is important to reserve the right to rock, one should never rock it hard-core 24 hours a day. It's that simple.

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The sun peers through the chill morning fog to reveal the golden hues of corn stalks and soybean bushes, as they stand ready for the harvesting combines to claim the season's bounty. It is an autumn morning in Iowa. Feed corn and soybeans stretch out acre upon acre in every direction, the rich black earth yielding bushels of gold, the reward for sewing just the right seeds in just the right place and time, and giving them just the right care.

Today's industrial farmer has a lot to consider when working toward October's prize. Some would say that farming has much in common with baseball, because both start with the fresh expectations of spring and end with the cold, harsh realities of fall. Sometimes all the talent and skill in the world doesn't win the pennant, and sometimes a bumper crop can be a losing proposition.

The American economic system, which works brilliantly for making cars or appliances, behaves somewhat erratically when it comes to food. As with any commodity, when there is a glut, the price goes down, and when there is a dearth, the price goes up—provided of course that someone wants to buy the product. It's supply and demand 101. But what happens when a system becomes too efficient?

What happens when a system becomes too efficient? When something occurs to tilt the balance so that supply seems nearly limitless?

When something occurs to tilt the balance so that supply seems nearly limitless?

In industry, the equivalent might be cold fusion—the dream of infinite energy for no cost (violating a couple of the laws of thermodynamics, by the way). In baseball, perhaps it's steroids, brain cancer and the integrity of both game and player seeming a small price to pay to break Hank Aaron's record.

In farming, it's the bumper-buster. The crop yield gets so huge that prices fall below the cost to produce the product. At this point the farmer has a few options. One is to go ahead and sell his crop at the low price, take his lumps and hope the federal subsidies make up the difference. Another is to store his crop in silos, or what some farmers call "bankruptcy towers." The problem here is that not only is he waiting for prices to rebound in a market that has had record crops for decades, but it also assumes he has the finances to wait, as well as to cover the cost of storage, cost of money, cost of labor, cost of management time and spoilage loss. Historically, these costs are difficult to cover on corn and soybeans without a national short crop situation.

Another option—a bit more long term—is to find or create new markets. This is why we have seen such a push toward ethanol and soy bio-diesel in the last few years. Say what you

will about the viability of these fuels, and there are strong arguments both ways, but they certainly have created a whole new market for the farmer, whose crops have evolved over the last 50 years or so from feeding people to feeding cows to feeding cars.

The last alternative is a simpler one, and it has the advantage of having roughly 10,000 years of field testing and some good old economics behind it too: diversify. Some farmers are realizing the benefits of growing a variety of food and providing it to their neighbors. It helps the land because proper rotation and use of effective livestock make the soil healthier; it helps the farmer because there is a higher return on the investment, and there is no obligation to far-off GMO manufacturers or "middleman" commodities brokers; and it helps the community because more people can eat better, fresher food. It's a win-win-win. **IV**

Chef Kurt Michael Friese is the founding leader of Slow Food Iowa City and serves on the Slow Food USA National Board of Governors for the Midwest region. He has been chef and owner, with his wife Kim McWane Friese, of the Iowa City restaurant Devotay for 10 years. Friese's forthcoming book, Slow Food in the Heartland: A Cook's Tour will be published by UI Press in the spring of 2007.

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SMELL MY FEET!

Iowa City suddenly seems incarnated by pictures in Halloween children's books. Aging oak trees tilt, red-leaved, next to Victorian houses with porches. This occurs under a perfectly round, neon moon.

You suddenly long for a brightly colored spandex suit and a popcorn ball. As the harvest approaches, we so-called adults often become haunted with former versions of ourselves...versions that associate pillow cases with Tootsie Pops, and that, however garish and tacky, secretly delight in the sight of mass-produced Halloween décor in the center aisle of the supermarket. Perhaps you are one of these well-evolved adults, comfortable in their Halloweenity. But perhaps you're not. Perhaps between 10 and now, your desire to play dress-up has waned. For you, hallowfreak-a-phobes, I have compiled a simple three-step grown-person's guide to enjoying October 31st—grammar school style.

1. Procure a pumpkin. A fat one, a skinny one, a little-itsy-bitty one. Display it prominently in your dwelling. Contemplatively

approach the pumpkin every day for a week. Allow your squash to reveal itself to you... does your gourd exude a cheerful disposition, or is he more of an ugly-looker? On the final day of your observations, grab a knife, and give your new friend a face. Add some fire and poof! Instant holiday delight and/or terror.

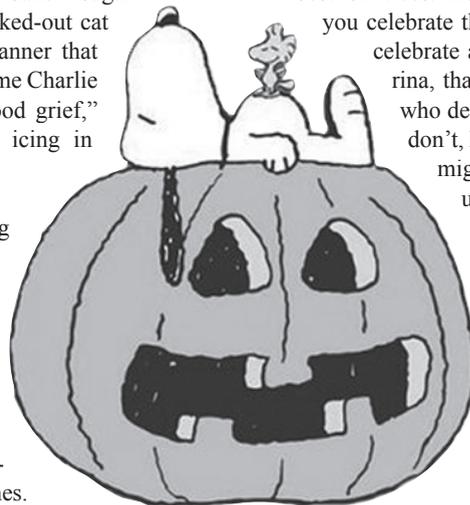
2. Arrange your schedule to include watching the *It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown* on television. This is very important. During the commercials, bake sugar cookies in bat and irked-out cat shapes. Frost in a manner that elicits a mess. By the time Charlie Brown says his last "Good grief," you should have orange icing in your hair.

3. If your living room does not yet resemble Santa's Workshop of Horror, make it so. Needles should be poking out from the carpet, scissors should lay splayed next to recently shredded t-shirts dyed red in splotches.

Do not, I repeat, do *not* purchase your costume. Store bought costumes are for sell-outs. Now, Halloween is the good kind of algebra. You have the stuff to the right of the equal sign, the idea that you want to be...say, 'Tom Cruise on his way back to the Mothership.' Then, on the left hand of the equals sign, you have a tin foil-covered funnel and movie star good looks. Now you just have to solve for the variable between what is given and The Best Costume Ever. Perhaps some *Risky Business* meets *Alien Invasion* skivvies are in order.

There are countless tricks that will ease you on your admirable pursuit of treat. For instance, there's the classic combination of plastic spiders and the unsuspecting, or how the cheapest, least absorbent double-rolls of tissue work best on trees. But friends, however you celebrate the undead this year, celebrate also that little ballerina, that miniature vampire who demands candy. If you don't, I don't care, but they might pull down your underwear. **lv**

Kristin Hatch was Courtney Love for Halloween last year. One day you will ache like she aches.



GHOSTESTS WITH THE MOSTESTS

Iowa City is host to a whole slew of phantom spirits, so raise a glass of spiked cider to those who strut and flutter among us:

1 Teen Witch
Much like the last '80s film except our leading lady hangs out in Greencastle Cemetery in North Liberty, where tombs are said to move by themselves.

2 The Pokey Poltergeist
Or rather, pull-y. Watch your hairdo on the 300 block of Brown Street.

3 The Friendship Ghosts
The Virgin Suicides, anyone? Three co-eds allegedly killed themselves in Currier Hall after discovering their competing affections for the same man. But instead of dishing out the creeps, these ladies haunt for peace.

THE BLACK ANGEL

Rodina Feldevertova has had an exhausting eternal rest. Or rather, the nine-foot hunkering Black Angel has had a surprisingly eventful social calendar since her erection in 1912. It's a wonder she actually flies back in time to greet your drunk bum when you stumble into Oakland Cemetery – what, with all her hootin' and hollerin' between Iowa City and The Afterlife. But between her bumping off foot fetishists and young lovers making out graveside, between adjusting her thousand-pound wings ever so coyly and then unrelentingly ripping into the souls of innocent visitors with her piercing zombie eyes, The Black Angel has joined so many of us stricken with the affliction of an unmanageable friend network.



Teresa Dolezal Feldevert commissioned the statue to mark the final resting place of her son, Eddie Dolezal and husband, Nicolas Feldervert. (You may be asking yourself what part Rodina had in all this ... no, she wasn't the other woman. Rather, "Rodina Feldevertova" translates from Bohemian dialect as "The Feldevert Family.") When Teresa died in 1924, she, in ashes, joined them. So it's one big happy family down in Lot 1, Block 24.

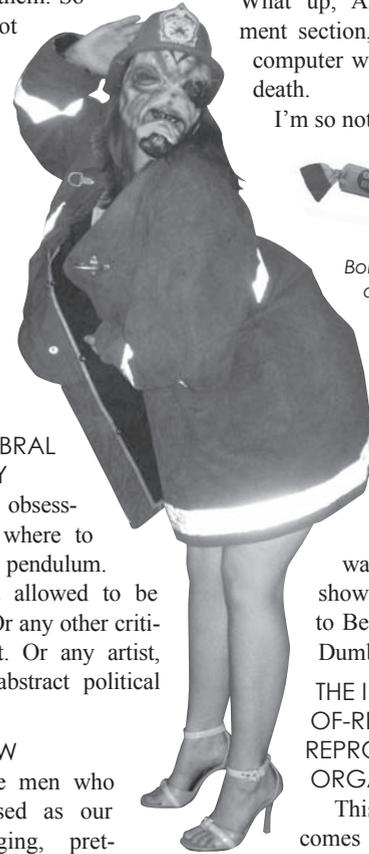
Except that somehow the bronze statue turned black. Skeptics might

tell you a simple oxidation process is responsible for this transformation. However, decades of visitors trapped under her spook can testify, mere chemistry is not the culprit. Oral history clearly informs us that our mystery girl turned black on the stormy night of Teresa's death, exposing Teresa's true evil. Or rather, that this enigmatic darkness may indeed have nothing to do with the poor Feldevert family, but instead that a passer-by swore fidelity on the Angel, and when she broke her oath, the statue forever absorbed the shadowy lie. There are a dozen other very reasonable super-natural explanations. Either way, it is fact that this Halloween, The Black Angel will mark another year of gloom and horror, turning even blacker at midnight.

I was enjoying a cup of coffee and tending to my correspondence, when I found said MySpace profile. Excitedly, I led my mouse to the "Add as Friend" bar and clicked. A very short while later, I was officially friends with The Black Angel. It said so right there on the Internet. I was about to add a little "What up, Angie?" in the comment section, when suddenly my computer went black and still as death.

I'm so not kidding. **lv**

The Black Angel has made a MySpace account. Before dashing to your computer and signing on in hopes of exchanging virtual friendship bracelets with the Dark Side, there are some things to consider.



Bonus points for two costumes in one—the Sexy Alien Firefighter can double as the Stripper from Outer Space.

WHAT NOT TO WEAR

Or, How Not to Ruin Halloween

The unfortunate fact is we are not all contestants on "ProjectRunway." This means that this Halloween, we can't be sent home because our designs lack skill. However, if your costume design lacks imagination, you might find a preppers, pirate-chic Heidi telling you "Auf Wiedersehen!" Attempts to dress as any of the following may result in Halloween disqualification.

I'M MY ROOMMATE

Instead of putting on your blue Old Navy hoodie, you put on Steve's black one. When you get to the party and your friends ask you what your costume is, you answer "Steve." Hilarity does not ensue.

THE SEXY BLANK

This constitutes any costume in front of which the word 'sexy' has, or could, appear. This includes many varieties of cats, nurses, devils, witches, etc. Your costume should never be synergized by pairing a skanky pleather skirt with a stethoscope, nor should it be the product of your desire to wear the slinky dress you are too embarrassed to otherwise wear. Should you simply need to get mileage out of those \$4.99 cat ears you bought at Target last year, I implore you to think past 'sexy' as a modifier – what about 'gimpy kitty,' or 'skittish kitty'? Or, if you really can't shake the 'sexy'-part, try something new like 'sexy bacteria' or 'sexy inanimate object.'

THE CEREBRAL CELEBRITY

Stop obsessing about where to purchase a pendulum. You aren't allowed to be Foucault. Or any other critical theorist. Or any artist, writer or abstract political figure.

THE CROW

To those men who have dressed as our lover-avenging, prettyboy Goth hero, we ladies have truly enjoyed your sensitive darkness. But the movie is really old now. Perhaps you could reuse your black cape and white face paint by appearing as that V dude in that Natalie Portman action flick.

THE VICTORIA'S SECRET MODEL

Tyra called. She wants to have you on a show called, "Who Wants to Be America's Next Top Dumbass.?"

THE I'M-KIND-OF-RELATED-TO-REPRODUCTIVE-ORGANS COSTUME

This type of costume comes in various ill-conceived forms: the condom for instance, the tampon, diaphragm, etc. These types of tedious dress-ups serve only to dully annoy, second only to those plastic phallic hats they pass out at bachelorette parties. **lv**



After living in the South for the last two years among towering pine trees and perpetual swamps, I promised myself that when I returned to the Midwest I would take the time to stop and bask in the wide open spaces and big beautiful skies of my new home.

In my quest to rediscover the heartland, I've taken strolls through the pedestrian mall, browsed the unique little shops and antique stores, and purchased fresh vegetables at the farmers' markets. While I've had fun discovering the many interesting nooks and crannies of this town, the farmer's daughter in me wasn't satisfied with staying inside the city limits. I missed a sense of connection with the fertile land and the crops waiting for harvest. While I couldn't very well drive a few miles out of town and start romping through a muddy cornfield, I did find a good alternative.

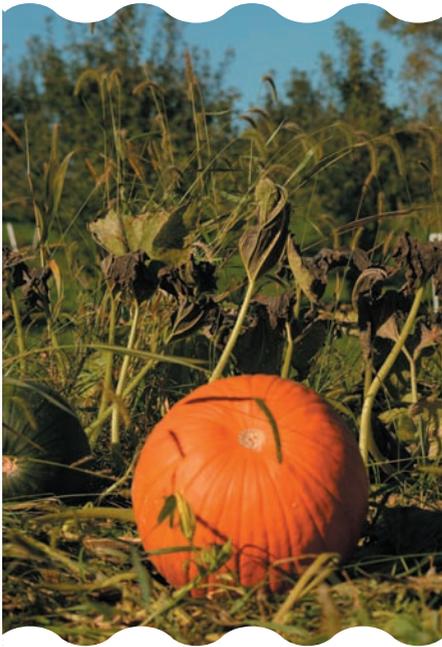
photos Andrew Sherburne & Sara Pralle

pick your own adventure

story by Sara Pralle

Cover Story

A few area farmers and gardeners were willing to let me wander around their property picking and gathering to my heart's content—I'm speaking, of course, of the "pick your own" farms in the area. These farms offer not only this tangible connection with nature but also produce that is organically grown and not treated with unnecessary chemicals on its trip to grocery store shelves. With autumn right around the corner, the month of October is your last chance to visit these operations before they close for the winter.



Maybe the most well known of these farms is **Wilson's Orchard** just north of Iowa City. If you go on a sunny Saturday afternoon, don't be surprised by the line of cars that greet you. The orchard is definitely a family friendly site. The trees are short with apple-laden branches extending to the ground, ensuring that even the littlest farmer in your group will be able to help fill your bushel basket. If you are planning to stock up on apples or are taking the family, prepare for an expedition. The orchard is just that—an orchard—and it's a long walk around the whole property. A knap sack and a good pair of walking shoes are a must. The orchard also offers tractor-pulled wagon rides that are a great way to take the tour with small kids in tow.

Students, if you don't have room in your dorm room for a bushel of apples, that's okay. Since there's no entry fee or minimum purchase required, feel free to roam the grounds, find a quiet spot to have a picnic and read a good book, or simply sit back and watch a piece of Americana unfold as families fill their

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great picks ~

Wilson's Orchard

2924 Orchard Lane NE, Iowa City
(319) 354-5651
Seven days a week, 10 a.m. to dusk

Sand Road Farm

5888 Sand Road SE, Lone Tree
(319) 358-8107
Seven days a week, dawn to dusk

St. Bridget's Flower Farm

1870 Saint Bridget's Road NE, Solon
(319) 624-3584
By appointment

baskets with fruit for pies and caramel apples. And the homemade apple tarts fresh from the oven aren't a bad reason either.

The orchard offers a small pumpkin patch, gourds and golden raspberries, but the main attraction is apples, and this is evident everywhere you look. They have nearly 150 varieties, and half of them are just starting to ripen. The main office/gift shop offers apple tastings so you can decide which variety you want to take home with you. The shop also boasts already picked apples if you're not into the trek, frozen apple pies, apple butter and orchard t-shirts. You can even buy everything you need to bake the apples when you get to your own kitchen, including pie tins, apple corers and peelers.

In contrast, **Sand Road Farm** is a quiet hands-off approach to the "pick-your-own" philosophy. Formerly known as "Bock's Berry Farm & Country Gifts" near Lone Tree, Iowa, this location features blueberries and apples. Although blueberry season is over, they have a small grove of apple trees available through October. This is the place to go if you don't want crowds. In fact, you may not even see the proprietors on your picking trip. The property has changed a couple times in the last few years, and current owners aren't out to make a profit. They're merely trying to keep good fruit from going to waste. There's actually a box and a scale in place for you to pick your own, weigh your own and pay your own. Scout's honor. At three pounds for one dollar, there's something to be said for this casual approach.

So you've heard of pick your own apples and even pick your own pumpkins and strawberries, depending on the season. But have



All of the farms mentioned in this piece are conveniently located in Johnson County. If you are interested in traveling a little further afield, visit www.pickyourown.org for a list of "pick-your-own" farms throughout the state. For more information on organic produce in the area, visit www.slowfoodiowa.org. This educational organization is dedicated to stewardship of the land and ecologically sound food production. The Web site features a list of "Slow Food" and "pick-your-own" operations throughout the area, specializing in everything from meat, dairy, herbs, vegetables, fruit, nuts and honey.

you ever been to a flower farm?

Although **St. Bridget's Flower Farm** is a little ways outside of Iowa City, the drive is a beautiful one on winding country roads with spectacular views of Iowa's green, rolling hills.

The owner, Cathy DeValk, is a former schoolteacher and park ranger who has found a great way to stay at home with her children and make the most of the six acres of land surrounding her farmhouse. She's been selling her organically grown flowers for the last two years at the downtown farmers' market and also supplies local florists. However, the "pick-your-own" option she provides is what makes St. Bridget's so unique.

Picture it. You're given a gallon bucket to fill to your heart's content with any combination of the colorful blossoms standing before you. I must confess, the experience is a little overwhelming. I felt like a kid let loose in grandma's flower garden. Here was the chance I would have died for 20 years ago: flowers all around me and absolutely no limits on what I could cut and take with me. For \$10 you can fill your bucket with zinnias, pincushion flowers, phlox, gladiolas, dahlias and more, all the bright vibrant flowers of fall that make it hard to believe winter is just around the corner. Sadly, their season will end with the first hard frost; so take advantage of these last few days of summer while you can.

Any future brides out there might want to keep St. Bridget's in mind for next summer, too. Teaming up with a fellow gardener in Morse, DeValk has entered the floral arrangement business as well. The self-dubbed "Flower Girls" offer a wide range of options from small bouquets to weddings and special events. Cost-conscious brides can pick their own flowers and handle the decorating



themselves or have the flowers arranged and delivered to the church on time. Either way, the Flower Girls provide competitive prices and beautiful results.

However, more than the flowers, or the apples, I walked away from these farms with a sense of belonging, of being a part of the ter-

More than the flowers, or the apples, I walked away from these farms with a sense of belonging, of being a part of the terrain, the local economy and the community.

rain, the local economy and the community. As I traversed the breathtaking landscape, I was welcomed by remarkable people who do what they love and choose to share their joy and passion with others. These people, hard-working, independent and generous, are the best reflection of the Midwest and the wealth it has to offer those of us who call it home. **lv**

Sara Pralle is a freelance writer and editor new to Iowa City. Originally from Kansas, she's very happy to again call the Midwest home after a long two years living in Tallahassee, Fla.



It's not uncommon to worry about an abnormal Pap test result, which could be caused by a number of things. This includes high-risk HPV (Human Papillomavirus), a common sexually transmitted infection which may cause problems of the cervix, and rarely, even cancer. A medical research study for women with cervical high-risk HPV is being conducted by physicians in your area. To find out more, call Dr. Colleen Kennedy and Regina Arthur,

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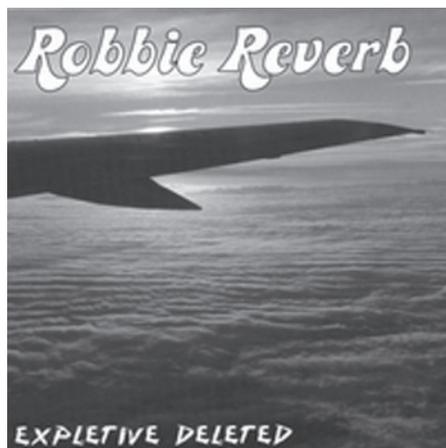
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Robbie Reverb

Expletive Deleted

Vesuvius Records

www.myspace.com/robbiereverberation

Robbie Reverb is the primary instigator of Johnathan Payne, from Iowa City bands Protostarr and veteran of '90s IC mainstays Pompei V. This solo project of electronic instrumentals goes a lot of different directions. It moves away from the hazy pop of Protostarr, into breakbeat, techno, and trip hop, but still maintains the same level of musicality.

Payne's not a sharp-stick-in-ear kind of guy, which makes this CD seem a lot smoother than the current state of the art in electronica. His stylistic inspirations hark back to early '90s music like that of the Orb and post-industrial Caberet Voltaire.

What separates Robbie Reverb from the rabble is the chops developed writing and playing more conventional pop music. He's making tracks with more structure and musical substance than is generally required (or supplied) in popular electronic music. Payne came of age as a musician during the rise of drum machines and synthesizers as creative tools. The tracks on *Expletive Deleted* are informed by the ambient, hip hop, and dance music that has been roiling up from the underground, but Payne doesn't let himself be bound by their conventions.

Techno purists won't probably be that impressed—the tracks don't last long enough to keep a dance floor going. But that can be a strength, too—a lot of people will like what Payne has done here, but have no desire to spend all night in a sweaty club being deafened by relentless beats. Robbie Reverb is the product of an eclectic old school studio rat, and this CD proves that electronic music doesn't have to hurt to be good.



Petit Mal

Prettier At Night

Hot Potato Records HPR 3

www.myspace.com/petitmal

Hard rock music is an extremely crowded field—nearly as many people want to play it as listen to it. The grinding roar of Fender guitars through Marshall stacks is well nigh irresistible to white kids growing up in white-bread America. They're aware of, and might even enjoy, hip hop or European imports like Radiohead, but that music seems to come from somewhere outside the world they've grown up in. Growing out your hair so you can head-bang over your Stratocaster isn't even much of a rebellion this late in the game, but damn, it feels good.

It's largely a boy's game, designed to sublimate testosterone poisoning. You can try to prove yourself in physical combat, or you can damage people's hearing and make them like it. When it's done right, rock music is an expression of aggression. Which makes Petit Mal's *Prettier At Night*, fronted by songwriter/guitarist Grace Sinclair—formerly of Mr. Blanding's Dream House—an interesting expression of the elemental urge to Rock.

Petit Mal's rhythm section, Chris Ford (bass), Don Brown (drums), and Jordan Wagner (guitar) are charter members of Iowa City's curiously un-glam Heavy Metal scene, veterans of bands like Breechloader and Burnout. So there's a lot of straight-ahead drop-D riffing going on here, but it's all in service of the songs, which have enough well-crafted musical twists and turns to keep things from getting mechanical. The engineering and production

on this CD done by Bronson Karaff—is first rate, and captures the gigantic guitar sound of Petit Mal's live shows.

Petit Mal's roaring guitar riffs call to mind Seattle Bands like Screaming Trees, Nirvana and Soundgarden, but before the early '90s grunge explosion and backlash. Petit Mal's sound is more SST than SubPop—indie-rock before it ossified into an empty commercial gesture. I wish sometimes Sinclair's moody lyrics were a few steps more in front of the bands physical assault, but she's never entirely buried in the mix. To say Sinclair brings a woman's perspective to these songs, as when she sings "I'd cradle you if you'd just be born" in "Safe To Say" is maybe too on the nose, but it is what makes this different from run-of-the-mill whiteboy rawk. *Prettier At Night* manages to be both thoughtful and powerfully physical rock music.



Rusty Buckets

Rusty Buckets

Peace Pig PP-01

www.myspace.com/therustybuckets

So what, really, is the true nature of rock and roll? Boy, I always wanted to start a review that way. But really, what is it? This CD is Rusty Buckets' answer to that question. Rock is loud. Rock is simple. Rock isn't serious or full of itself. Rock music is a party where things might get broken. Rock is dirty and sweaty. Rock is three chords, maybe four or five, but nothing fancy.

You can hear echoes of Ramones in "I Beat Up Mikey," the Blasters in "Howlin' Wolf," and the Cramps in "Now I'm a Werewolf." But just as all mid-sized sedans kind of look alike, any similarities come from solv-



ing the same design problems. In order to be Rock, like, really authentically Rock, you don't want to stray too far from Chuck Berry, or you'll end up with some kind of icky chimera like Primus or Rush. Rusty Buckets wants none of that—they make music to drink beer and smoke cigarettes to.

And the Rusty Buckets songs are damn funny, too. They don't fall victim to the toxic zaniness of Weird Al, or the manic surrealism of They Might Be Giants, but the cleverly counterfactual "Best Date That I Never Had" is the kind of silly that bears repeated listening. Above all this is a fun CD—but a sleazy, greasy kind of fun that complements all the rocking going on.

Kent Williams writes the software that makes the whole world sing. Or at least, the software that helps psychiatrists classify anatomic features of the brain. He also produces his own electronic music and writes for various publications. Turn ons: creative use of a ring modulator and cooking with garlic. Turn offs: Meat nuggets, CNN and Fox News.

The Death Ships have very quickly become the most talked about band in Iowa City, and it's clear that it won't be our little secret too much longer.



Death Ships Seeds Of Devastation

Faithful Anchor Music
www.deathships.com

Iowa City's Death Ships seem determined to keep us guessing. Their name suggests something far noisier than their catchy blend of folk and indie rock, a hilarious bit of misdirection so obvious that it had to be premeditated. The gorgeous barnyard scene by Luke Drozd that adorns the cover of *Seeds of Devastation*, their debut full-length CD, would be at home decorating something with a great deal more twang than the occasional eerie lap steel line found here. And did I mention that the record was produced by Atlanta hip hop producer Matthew Malpass?

After getting over any of these false expectations, perhaps the biggest surprise of all is how brilliant this moody masterpiece can be, considering the relative newness of the group. Initially a solo project for singer/songwriter Dan Maloney begun in 2001, the Ships have quickly grown into a band in the best sense of the word. Such a great band, in fact, that their first tour behind the record finds them sharing dual duties as openers and backing band for

headliner Jay Bennett (ex-Wilco multi-instrumentalist).

Seeds of Devastation manages to wear its influences proudly while forging something completely original, no small feat for a debut. "Little Mystery" begins as a simple, lovely ballad that could be a Lemonheads record and builds to a veritable orchestra of layered strings and keys, awash in thick reverb rarely heard outside of My Morning Jacket. The catchy "Symmetrical Smiles" hops along on keyboards straight from Graham Nash's "Our House," yet ends up sounding wholly contemporary.

It's no surprise that producer Malpass has a career built on hip hop, given the complex elements juggled in Maloney's deceptively simple songs, many built around a two-chord guitar part. This is a headphone record all the way, but the jumble of handclaps, guitar harmonics, distortion, crashing drums and even the occasional horns steals none of the intimacy from the singer and his songs. Those songs have a sneaky way of coming around to a single memorable vocal line soaring miles above the lush backdrop, like the great "you can ride with me" sing-along moment in "Great American." The effect is a lonely, futuristic ambience that's astounding in its effectiveness.

The Death Ships have very quickly become the most talked about band in Iowa City, and it's clear that it won't be our little secret too much longer. Dan Maloney and company have created nothing less than the best record to come out locally in a decade or more, although to think of them as local is unnecessary with something so universally appealing.

William Fare works and lives in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, pretending that rock music will someday provide a career. Like Lester Bangs, he mostly thinks that pop culture peaked with punk rock and has been coasting since Reagan took office. His friends find him reclusive and self-defeating, but they're wrong.

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Art/Exhibits

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863
Scrapbook of Memories: African American History in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, through Jan. 2 • *Africans in Iowa*, ongoing.

AKAR

257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-1227
Kathryn Finnerty, Charity Davis-Woodard, Norm Schulman, Ron Meyers, George McCauley, selected work, Oct. 6-26.

Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375
Nooks and Crannies, mansion tour, Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28, 9:30am • *The Families of the Brucemore*, ongoing.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
Rembrandt Magnified, through Dec. 31 • *Art in Roman Life*, through Dec. 31 • *Cedar Rapids: Day into Night*, through Jan. 7, 2007.

Chait Galleries Downtown

218 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 338-4442
Brad Krieger, paintings, through Oct. 22.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Three Czech Artists, paintings by Michael Rittstein, Boris Jirku, Josef Bolf, opening Oct. 18.

Falconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660
Left Behind, Angela Strassheim, Oct. 6-Dec. 10 • *Portraits from Asia*, Marco van Duyvendijk.

Herbert Hoover National Historic Site

110 Parkside Dr., West Branch, 643-2541
The Sixties: The Times they are a-Changin', through Oct. 29.

The History Center

615 1st Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-1501
Living Along the Tributaries, ongoing • *Timequest*, ongoing.

Iowa Artisans Gallery

207 E. Washington, Iowa City, 351-8686
Narrative Paintings, Les Bell, Oct. 5-Nov. 12.

Janalyn Hanson White Gallery

Mt. Mercy College, Cedar Rapids, 363-1323
Analog Boy Meets Digital Girl, Nathan Peck, through Oct. 11.

Mythos

9 S Linn St., Iowa City, 337-3576

Buffets & Exorcisms, Olga Balema, through October; opening reception, Oct. 13, 5pm • Jake Miller, Ben Vilmain, Briita Urness, drawings & paintings, Oct. 13, 5-9pm.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500
Homelands: The Story of the Czech and Slovak People, ongoing.

Science Station

427 1st Street SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-IMAX
Hunters of the Sky, through Dec. 10 • *Whodunit? The Science of Solving Crime*, through Dec. 30 • *Fossil Lab*, Iowa fossils and a T-Rex, through Dec. 30 • *Lights at Night*, ongoing.

UI Hospitals and Clinics

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
All exhibits, Patient & Visitor Activities Center, 8th floor John Colloton Pavilion unless noted otherwise.
28th Annual U of I Hospitals and Clinics Staff Art Show, two-dimensional work & photography, through Oct. 31, Gallery II • *Tiny Prints of All Media*, through Nov. 1, Gallery I • Wilford Yoder, photographs, through Nov. 27, Gallery III.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Drawings, 2000-2006, Peter Feldstein, through Oct. 7 • *Iowa Journey*, Chuck Hindes, through Oct. 29 • *The Need to Dream of Some Transcendent Meaning*, Jules Kirschenbaum, through Dec. 10 • *Animal Expressions*, International Perspectives from the Collection, Oct. 21-Dec. 31.

Music

Clapp Recital Hall

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
All music 8pm unless noted otherwise.
Composers Workshop, Oct. 1 • Piano Extravaganza, Oct. 6-7 • UI School of Music Centennial: Faculty Chamber Music, Oct. 8, 3pm • UI Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 8 • Maia Quartet, Oct. 12 • Constantin Volostnov, organ, Oct. 13 • Philharmonia Orchestra, Oct. 15, 3pm • Center for New Music, Oct. 15 • Parry Karp, cello, Oct. 19 • Katie Wolfe, violin & Ketty Nez, piano, Oct. 21 • Maia Quartet, Oct. 22, 3pm • Tricia Park, violin, Oct. 27 • Choral Collage, Oct. 28 • Ksenia Nosikova, piano, Oct. 29, 3pm.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
All music 8pm, except Sundays, 7pm.
Les Yeux Noirs, Oct. 3 • Jane Siberry, Oct. 4 • Phil Heywood, Tim Sparks, Oct. 8 • Catherine Russel, Oct. 9 • Dan Bern, Oct. 13 • Hamell on Trial, Oct. 16 • Terri Hendrix, Lloyd Maines, David Zallo, Oct. 19 • Ray Blue, Oct. 20-21 • Connie Kaldor, Oct.

22 • Natalia Zukerman, Oct. 25 • Chris Pureka, Rachael Sage, Oct. 29.

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
Air Force Band, Oct. 18 • Orquesta Alto Maiz, Oct. 19 • Iris Dement, Oct. 28.

First Presbyterian Church

2701 Rochester Ave., Iowa City
Messiah, Chamber Singers of Iowa City, Saturdays, 7:30pm & Sundays, 3pm, through Nov. 5.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, 335-1160
Marvin Hamlisch, Oct. 6, 7:30pm • UI School of Music Centennial: Choirs and Quintets, Oct. 18 & 25, 8pm.

Harper Hall

Voxman Music Building, UI Campus, 335-1603
All music, 8pm unless noted otherwise.
Susan LaFever, Oct. 4 • Sylvia Smith Percussion Duo, Oct. 5 • John Bailey, flute, Oct. 8 • Larry Palmer, harpsichord & organ, Oct. 14, 4pm • Ryan Fogg, piano, Oct. 16 • Illinois Brass Quintet, Oct. 24 • Deanna Swobada, tuba, Oct. 29, 2pm • Masterclass: Gilbert Kalish, Oct. 31, 7pm.

The Java House

211 E Washington St, Iowa City, 335-5730
WSU's "Talk of Iowa Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10 am.
Ellery, Oct. 6 • Edie Carey, Oct. 13 • Dave Zollo, Oct. 20.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Open Mike Mondays, 8 pm • 2nd & 4th Wednesdays Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, 7 pm • All music, 9pm unless noted otherwise.
Songwriter Swap Shop: Sam Knutson, Eric Langley, Tim Krein, Oct. 3 • Gilded Bats, Oct. 4, 7pm • Mandarin Dynasty, Deertick, Oct. 5 • Bo Ramsey, Stranger Blues, Oct. 6 • The Diplomats of Solid Sound, Oct. 7 • Mayflies, Oct. 8 • Patrick Brickel, Oct. 13 • Randall Davis Benefit: 12 Canons, Burnout, Nate Basinger, Zollo Solo, Renaissance, others TBA, Oct. 14, 7pm • Gilded Bats, Oct. 18, 7pm • Kelly Pardekooper, Oct. 21 • Dave Zollo, Highway Shelter, Oct. 26 • Paleo, The Silent Years, Dead Larry, Oct. 27 • Wylde Nept Halloween Show, Oct. 28 • 12 Canons, Oct. 31.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
"He Wears Black," Johnny Cash Tribute, Oct. 5, 7:30pm • Puttin' On the Hitz, Oct. 10, 7:30pm • Cedar Rapids Symphony Pops Concert, "Reel Music: A Symphonic Film Festival," Oct. 14, 7:30, Oct. 15, 2:30pm • United States Air Force Heartland of America Band, Oct. 17, 7pm • Cedar Rapids Symphony Discovery Concert, Oct. 21, 9:30 & 11am • Masterworks II, with guest artists Philip Smith, trumpet, Oct. 28, 8pm.

A-LIST



The Moore house in Villisca

Villisca, Living with a Mystery

Film and Discussion • Iowa City Public Library, Meeting Room A • Oct. 30, 6–9 pm

It was a quiet night, like most nights in the small town of Villisca, Iowa—a town, where everyone knew each others' names. The trusting citizens of Villisca left their doors unlocked until the morning of June 10, 1912. The grisly murder of eight people stunned and horrified the town, as these prominent residents of Villisca were found bludgeoned to death in their beds.

Villisca, Living with a Mystery examines Iowa's greatest unsolved crime. The film is polished and professional, a tribute to producers Kelly and Tammy Rundle, who researched and shot the film over more than a decade. The film moves deliberately, but their diligence shows in a complete examination of the events surrounding the brutal mass killings.

The most fascinating part of the movie is not the gory axe murders themselves but the lasting effects on the small community. The Rundle's film shows us the many sides of the human condition in the aftermath of the killings as neighbors battle over the murderer's identity and motive.

Nearly a century later, it is evident that, for better, or more likely for worse, the town of Villisca will forever be defined by that one gruesome night.

The axe from the Villisca murder will be turned over to the Des Moines, Iowa State Historical Society until it finds a permanent home for display.

The Villisca Axe Murder House and the Olson Linn Museum, which carries historical artifacts from Iowa as well as the Villisca infamous murder and much more, are open for the 2006 Season.

For more information on the Villisca Axe Murders, and the Olson Linn Museum visit www.villiscaiowa.com.



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--Every Monday--

--Every Wednesday--

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Fri 09.29

Sat 09.30

Tue 10.03

Wed 10.04

Thu 10.05

Fri 10.06

Sat 10.07

Sun 10.08

Wed 10.11

Thu 10.12

Fri 10.13

Sat 10.14

Wed 10.18

Fri 10.20

Sat 10.21

Wed 10.25

Thu 10.26

Sat 10.28

Tue 10.31

The Mill Pub Quiz ! @ 9pm General knowledge quiz w/ cash prizes!

Open Mic w/ J. Knight

Bluegrass followed by **Readings**

New Riders of the Purple Sage The Cosmic Country Legends!

Dan Colehour w/ Scott Cochran & Flannel Country Songwriters

Dave Zollo & the Body Electric Iowa's rock superhero-songwriter

Songwriter Swap Shop Various super songwriters – see the web..

Gilded Bats-Bluegrass 7-10, then Talk Art Cabaret

Mandarin Dynasty/ Deertick Southern California Indies

Bo Ramsey and Stranger Blues CD Release for Bo's new record!

The Diplomats of Solid Sound w/ the Diplomettes - smooooth...

Mayflies Sunday Brunch Jam Bluegrass jam and brunch!

Burlington St. Bluegrass Band 7-10, then the Poetry Slam

Dave Loeb sack Benefit various artists TBA

Patrick Bloom roots/Americana hybrid pop

Nate Basinger and Friends, 12 cannons, Burnout, Solo Zollo

Gilded Bats-Bluegrass 7-10, then Talk Art Cabaret

To Be Announced

To Be Announced

Burlington St. Bluegrass Band 7-10, then the Poetry Slam

Dave Zollo w/ Highway Shelter Americana rock marathon

Wyld Nept Halloween Show Irish Pub Party Music

Halloween Party w/ 12 Cannons Spooky indie /art-rock party!

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8PM RESERVED SEATING WWW.UPTOELEVEN.COM **ELEVEN PRODUCTIONS**

The Picador

330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788
Physical Challenge Dance Party, Thursdays, 9pm. All music, 9pm unless noted otherwise.
 Suicide Girls, Tsu Sho Mo Mi Re, Oct. 6 • Lady Espina, C-Minus, Nate Unique, Oct. 7 • Dead To Fall, Shai-Halud, Twelve Tribes, One Dead Three Wounded, Phoenix Mourning, Oct. 12, 5pm • Adult, A Vague Sound, Viki, Oct. 16 • The Plot To Blow Up The Eiffel Tower, Lazer Mountain, The Puritanicals, Oct. 17, 6pm • Ed Gein, Heavy Heavy Low Low, Ligeia, Nights Like These, Oct. 18, 6pm • Bound Stems, Band Camp, The Lion in Rome, Oct. 18, 10pm • These Arms Are Snakes, Mouth of the Architect, Oct. 19, 5:30pm • Jay Bennet, Deathships, Oct. 20 • Youngblood Brass Band, Oct. 21 • Schaffer The Dark Lord, Coolzey, Witch Hat, Death By Sexy, Oct. 24 • Victor Wooten, Oct. 25, 8pm • FT(Shadow Government), The Tanks, STNNG, East Side Guys, Oct. 28 • Pleaseasaur, Oct. 29, 8pm.

Sanctuary

405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692
All music, 10pm.
 Saul Lubaroff Quartet, Oct. 7 • Steve Grismore, Brian Harman, Oct. 14 • Captain's Verses with David Rogers, Oct. 28.

Science Station

427 1st Street SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-IMAX
 X-Tet, Oct. 3, 8pm • Iowa Vanguard Jazz Collective, every 1st & 3rd Thursday, 7:30pm.

Scope Productions

UI Campus, Iowa City
 Secret Machines, Oct. 13, 7:30pm, IMU 2nd floor Ballroom • OAR, Army of Me, Oct. 24, 7:30pm, UI Fieldhouse • Michael Franti & Spearhead, State Radio, Oct. 26, 7:30pm.

Third Base

111 E. College St., Iowa City
 Euforquestra, *Stop Making Sense* performance, Oct. 25.

Trinity Episcopal Church

320 E. College St., Iowa City, 335-1603
 Elizabeth Field, baroque violin & Charlotte Mattax, harpsichord, Oct. 23, 8pm.

UI Hospitals and Clinics

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
John Colloton Pavilion Atrium, 12pm.
 Tempered Brass, Oct. 27 • The Heartbeats, Oct. 31.

Uptown Bill's Small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Open Mic Night, every Friday, 8-11pm.

U. S. Cellular Center

370 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, 398-5211
 Trace Adkins, Billy Currington, Jason Aldean, Oct. 20, 8pm • Indoor Marching Band, Oct. 23, 6:30pm.

Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464
Blues Jam, Sundays, 9pm; Throwdown: Free Dance Party, Tuesday nights; Open Jam, Wednesdays, 10 pm. All music, 9pm, unless noted otherwise.
 Highway Shelter, The Trollies, Greg Thompson, Oct. 5 • The Jensen Connection, Spare Parts, Oct. 6 • Dennis McMurrin and the Demolition Band, Oct. 7 • The Station, Topeka Shiners, Oct. 12 • Critical Hour, Storytyme, Oct. 13 • RAQ, Oct. 14 • Big Time Sarah & The Women of Chicago Blues, Oct. 21 • Funkmaster Cracker, Oct. 26 • Sublime Tribute: Reclining Buddha, Slaughterhouse 6, Oct. 27 • The Greyhounds, 3 Lbs of Love, Oct. 28 • Hunab Ku, Dr. Z's Experiment, Oct. 31.

**Theater/Performance/
Dance/Comedy**

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
 Latin Dance, Salsa and Merengue, taught by Gloria Zmolek & Ananda Adams of Baile Latino, Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28, 3:30-6pm.

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
Seussical: the Musical, Oct. 5, 12, 7pm, Oct. 8, 14-15, 2pm, Oct. 13-14, 8pm.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, 335-1160
 Martha Graham Dance Company, Oct. 3, 7:30pm • Bayanihan Philippine National Dance Company, Oct. 12, 7:30pm, Oct. 13, 10am • Batsheva Dance Company, Oct. 19, 7:30pm • *Rent*, Oct. 21-22, Saturday at 2pm & 7:30pm, Sunday at 2pm.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Amber Brown is Not a Crayon, Oct. 26, 9:45am.

Riverside Theatre

213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
The Lonesome West, Oct. 27-Nov. 19.

Space/Place Theatre

North Hall, UI campus, Iowa City
 Afro/Cuban Drum and Dance Ensemble, Oct. 20-21, 8pm, Oct. 22, 3pm.

UI Theatres

Theatre Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
David's Redhaired Death, Oct. 1, 2pm, Theatre B • *Manna*, Oct. 5-7, 8pm, Oct. 8, 2pm • No Shame Theatre, Oct. 6, 9-13, 20, 27, 11pm, Oct. 14, 8pm, Theatre B • *Red Noses*, Oct. 12-14, 18-21, 8pm, Oct. 15 & 22, 2pm, David Thayer Theatre • *Global Express*, International Writing Department/UI Theatre Department, Oct. 14, 8pm • Undergraduate Director's Festival, Oct. 19-21, 8pm, Oct. 22, 2pm, Theatre B • *Bloody Lies*, Oct. 26-28, 8pm, Oct. 29, 2pm.

U. S. Cellular Center

370 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, 398-5211
 Larry the Cable Guy, Oct. 22, 7:30pm.

Words

Dey House

UI Campus
 Brenda Hillman, "Revision," Writers' Workshop Lecture Series, Oct. 6, 4pm.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, 335-1160
 Sarah Rothenberg, *Epigraph for a Condemned Book*, Oct. 11, 7:30pm.

Iowa City Public Library

123 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
International Writing Program panel discussion, Fridays, 12pm.

The Java House

211 E Washington St, Iowa City, 335-5730
WSUI's "Talk of Iowa Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10 am.
 "What Was I Thinking?!" Oct. 6.

John Pappajohn Business Building

Buchanan Auditorium, UI Campus, 335-0416
 Michael Chabon, Ida Beam Lecture Series, Oct. 18, 8pm.

Macbride Auditorium

UI Campus, Iowa City
 Nick Kristof, Oct. 4, 7:30pm.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
 Talk Art Cabaret, Writer's Workshop Student readings, Oct. 4, 18, 10pm • Poetry Slam, Oct. 11, 25, 10pm.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
 David Sedaris, Oct. 19, 8pm.

Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 337-2681
All reading 7pm unless noted otherwise.
 International Writing Program joint reading, Oct. 1, 5pm • Ian Michael Koontz, Oct. 3 • Gretchen Legler, Oct. 4 • Carolyn Burau, Oct. 5 • Jon Kabat-Zinn, Oct. 9 • Nell Freudenberger, Oct. 11 • Kevin Moffett, Oct. 13 • Mark Danielewski, Oct. 15 • Deborah Tall, Dara Horn, Oct. 16 • Kelly Link, Oct. 17, 5:30pm • Kathleen Peterson, Oct. 17, 7pm • Patrick Irelan, Oct. 19 • Alice McDermott, Oct. 20 • Heidi Julevits, Oct. 23 • Jane Hamilton, Oct. 24 • Barry Lopez, Oct. 25 • Joe Miller, Oct. 26 • Fred Turner, Oct. 30 • Patricia Hampl, Oct. 31.

Shambaugh House

UI Campus
International Writing Program, 5pm.

UI Art Building West

UI Campus, Rm. 116

John Toth, lecture on his work, Oct. 9, 8pm.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

Gallery Talk, *Animal Expressions*, Oct. 27, 7:30pm.

Van Allen Hall

UI Campus

Denis Johnson, fiction reading, Oct. 12, 8:15pm •

James Tate, poetry reading, Oct. 26, 8pm.

Film/Video

Adler Journalism Building

UI Campus

Summer Palace, IWP Cinematheque Series, Oct. 8.

Alexis Park Inn

1165 S. Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 337-8665

Only Angels Have Wings, Oct. 3, 7pm • *The High and the Mighty*, Oct. 10, 7pm.

Bijou Theatre

UI Memorial Union

UI Campus, 335-3258

The King, Who Killed the Electric Car, Sept. 29 thru Oct. 5 • Free Screening and discussion, An Inconvenient truth, Oct. 5 • Quinceanera, Look Both Ways, Oct. 6 thru 12 • The Bridesmaid, Army of Shadows, Oct. 13 thru 19 • 13 Zmeti, Mouchette, Oct. 20 thru 26 • Screening, Workshop, The Angry Filmmaker, Oct. 20,21 • Half Nelson, Spirit of the Beehive, Oct. 27 thru Nov. 2.

Iowa City Public Library

123 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200

Meeting Rm. A

Villisca: Living with a Mystery, film & discussion, Oct. 30, 6-9pm.

Uptown Bill's Small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401

Movie Night, Sundays, 6pm.

Misc.

Chauncey Swan Park

Gilbert and Washington Streets, Iowa City

Farmers' Market, Wednesdays, 5:30-7:30pm, Saturdays, 7:30-11:30am, through Oct. 28.

Crisis Center

1121 Gilbert Ct., Iowa City, 351-2726

Suicide Support Group, Self Care during Grief, Oct. 5, 7-8:30pm.

S.T. Morrison Park

1512 Fifth St., Coralville, 354-3006

Farmers Market, Thursdays & Mondays, 5-8pm, through Oct. 5.



6 October – 10 December

Angela Strassheim

LEFT BEHIND

6 October – 10 December

Marco van Duyvendijk

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Left: *Angela Strassheim, Untitled (Savannah on Window)*, 2004. c-print, © Angela Strassheim, Marvelli Gallery, New York
Right: *Marco van Duyvendijk, Untitled*, 2006. c-print, © Marco van Duyvendijk, Galerie Cokkie Snoei, Rotterdam

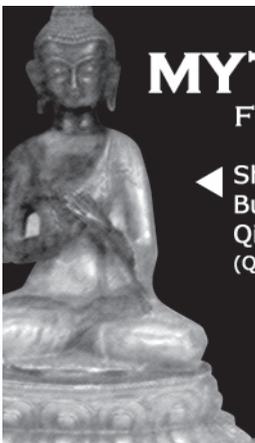
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New tops for fall

Queen Zelda wants you to switch things up.

It's to be a man, to be a top? Most people think about tops and bottoms only when they're talking about queer men. Conventional wisdom thinks gay tops don't threaten masculinity the way gay bottoms do. If it's a hole, it's a hole, as the rationale goes. Gay bottoms, however, subvert the power norms of hetero-centric culture as they submit their bums to their partners.

Truth be told, hetero's can be tops and bottoms, too. Most commonly, these labels frequent the BDSM community (those who are into bondage, domination, sadism and masochism), but we corn-fed hussies can identify as the sexually dominant or the submissive one, as well.

In less feminist-sophisticate days, assumptions regarding top-nations fell heavily along gender lines: man-or bear-man-small top was always dominating—and “manly”—one, and the bottom accepted the action more passively.

In other words, whereas the top fucks, the bottom gets fucked, and the more weak-gendered person would always “get fucked.”

As gender-role consciousness grew, however, so did the number of possibilities. We don't even have to pick between two genders anymore, much less settle for being on the top or bottom each time we have sex.

Topping and bottoming is about more than the missionary position—it's a disposition BDSM'ers have perfected and the more traditional lovers have neglected.

Some think of BDSM only in extreme contexts, like when a bottom dons a horsehair-strewn butt-plug and gallops around whinnying beneath his top. Queen Zelda has been a self-proclaimed, non-whinnying bottom for a while now but hasn't had the opportunity to test out her own proclamation.

This, she attributes, to not knowing when to pop the question: Are you a top or a bottom?

For conservative folk who want to settle down, pucker up and procreate, this is not the most important question to ask their mates. But for those who want to keep the passion alive for the week, year or lifetime of sexual pleasure they are seeking, they might want to pop it before the third date.

In sex talk, “top” is more of an action rather than a location, and guys who the question with, guess I like to be of action—at educating themselves sexually.

Queen Zelda has been continuously disappointed by the lack of individuals willing to be proactive with their sexual happiness. When half the Iowans she meets cannot distinguish between “top” the person and “top” the place, it might be time to relocate.

Topping is not a difficult feat; it can be as easy

as throwing the bottom against the wall to plant a wet one (or two or three).

Topping is not a permanent role, either, but the BDSM world calls these folks “switches.” A top can be a bottom with the aid of one simple question, “Baby, will you take control tonight?” And bottoms, don't just accept control, take it.

Since the lack of Iowa City BDSM Web sites indicates that there must not be a huge hardcore community here, this month's Pink Cashmere Kink has some lighter ideas for wannabe kinksters to try.

Queen Zelda surfed Babeland.com, the online store for the women-friendly sex shop Toys in Babeland, and she found some treats that even the tamest bottom could top with. The Starburst Tickler titillates with (what else?) feathers, and the 20-inch handle allows enough distance for the bottom to fully gaze at her titillating top—if she's not blindfolded, that is.

Taking the trust-level up a notch, a handy dandy do-me-daddy pair of Door Jam Cuffs will restrain a loved one with the softness of fleece and the flexibility of doing it in any doorway.

However light or hard a wannabe kink session is, the best lovers have fun by being creative. A successful sexual relationship takes far more time than anyone ever expected or planned for. Schedules clash, fetish expenses add up, and fresh ideas have to come to mind in order to keep up the momentum.

One guy friend of mine decided to switch things up by being the spread-eagle bottom. His female partner would then squeeze her legs tight and top him missionary-style. It's as if the vagina is thrusting onto the cock, rather than the cock thrusting into the vagina, changing the gender-biased direction of the sex act completely.

It's a body-, gender- and mind-fuck all in one, and lovers can't accomplish this without safeguarding each other's vulnerabilities, which is the key element in a BDSM relationship, as well.

In the trans world, gender-fucking gets more complex.

A female-to-male (F-to-M) trans was teeter-totteringly trying to hook up with my total-bottom, super-femme les' friend, prompting her to retort, “If he really wants balls that bad, he better show it. Looking like a man doesn't make you a man.”

That goes for hetero's, too.

Our culture tells us judge manliness based on bulging biceps or buzzing power tools. Even the more sensitively minded point to characteristics like responsibility and confidence when defining a man. For a male human (or a wannabe male human) to be a “man” in the bedroom, different rules apply: Be sincere, be curious, and be flexible.

Topping is just another option. **lv**

Pink Cashmere Kink is Iowa City's only column for sex positive ranting and ravings. Queen Zelda does it for the love and loves what she does. For questions and comments, email queenzelda.lv@gmail.com.

FORECAST FOR OCTOBER 2006

♈ ARIES—You will energize and direct events this month--sort of. People might oppose you strongly, and you won't get your way exactly. However, people will sympathize strongly with your basic message, they will resonate with your energy and they will get motivated. You will produce many good outcomes indirectly. But in complicated times, success will require discipline, careful planning and endurance. There is a lot of margin for error. So let friends, work associates and family members run a bit. In the end, finances will limit unwise risk taking.

♉ TAURUS—You need to make some changes, and the planets are allowing you to make them pretty much without risk. You have a surprising amount of influence over events this month. Try to rid yourself of some annoying responsibilities. Work to change the attitudes of people who are bothering you. But don't replace somebody else's annoying ego-based preferences with your own. Make adjustments in a high-minded way, with your own best, humanitarian instincts to guide you. You can achieve a new harmony between work responsibilities and your personal life.

♊ GEMINI—This is a lucky month for Gemini. You will feel driven, perhaps even obsessed, and others might protest your forcefulness. Tight finances will probably limit you somewhat, however, you can see all the pieces and how they need to be connected, and others might not understand this. The unexpected will also play a lucky role. This is an ideal time to make some major adjustments in your life, the kind that will make your life more enjoyable and personally fulfilling. The planets will help protect you from risk.

♋ CANCER—This month, it might pay to let your temper show a bit. Your input is important, but unless you get a little pushy, people might not get the message. Your contribution will produce a surprising and useful result, even if you are a little feisty. For the absolute best results, offer advice based on your highest inner guidance--otherwise you might get people going around in circles. Be sincere, be careful, keep an eye on the finances, and all should be well. You are in a safe spot.

♌ LEO—You will feel strong love and strong anger, probably at the same time and toward the same individuals and situations. That's OK. You have to motivate others, whether it takes a little ego boost or a little kick in the butt. I think people will understand that you mean well in either case and like you the better for it. There is a continuing emphasis on improvement and innovation in long-term financial issues. Examine spending habits closely. You should be saving more for a rainy day, or retirement--whichever.

♍ VIRGO—You will experience a strong impetus to change this month. It will come primarily from financial areas. You have a chance to rearrange the economic pieces so that you have more comfort, security and freedom of movement. You must continue to work hard at achieving your basic financial goals. However, it will get easier. Despite the progress, you will still be in the mood for a hard look at things and some serious talk. Facts undermine naive optimism. It's time to get long-term financial concerns out in the open.

♎ LIBRA—You have a lot on your plate this month, and you're really at ground zero. You have a great deal of influence over people and events. Despite Libra's famous emotional balance and diplomatic ability, it will be hard to keep your feelings in check or to keep events from getting out of control. There is a big margin for error, though, so don't worry unduly about bad outcomes. Meanwhile, give some serious thought to how you want to fit into the larger picture. Idealism will help you help others.

♏ SCORPIO—Scorpio can make important adjustments in key relationships now. You can address issues that are bothering you and work out a better deal for yourself, especially where power and authority at work and/or at home are concerned. However, you should speak softly and use gentle persuasion during negotiations. You'll have to bring up some stuff nobody wants to deal with, and you won't have as much direct influence as you like. Don't get insecure. Be genuinely humble instead and leave yourself open to suggestions. Show your willingness to cooperate.

♐ SAGITTARIUS—There are big changes coming. You are in tune with them, more or less. But there are hidden costs connected with these changes, and it is impossible to foresee all of them. Use your heightened ability to look into these issues to the extent that you can. Meanwhile, the planets will help you get more comfortable in your present situation. They will make it easier to do what you have to do. These accommodations will relieve the pressure to make changes you might not feel quite ready to make.

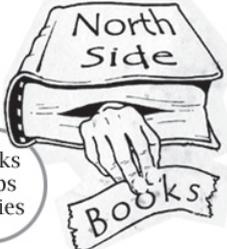
♑ CAPRICORN—It is normally hard to make significant changes in even one of our basic life arrangements--work, family, investment arrangements and so on--without risk and inconvenience. However, October offers Capricorn the chance to make changes in all of these areas simultaneously in response to present conditions. The results will not allow you to retire immediately in the lap of luxury. However, you should find your chief responsibilities easier to fulfill with something left over for rest and recreation. This might help compensate for your lack of control over recent events.

♒ AQUARIUS—Events in your immediate neighborhood might well be at odds with your values and ideals, and you might just be in the mood to fight about it or, in fact, to take flight. Adding to your unease is a lot of worries that your closest associates and partners aren't doing much to help. However, you have lots of options and much flexibility. The planets suggest that small, timely and helpful accommodations are possible. Under the circumstances, that would be better than a big move. You would benefit from revamping long-term financial arrangements.

♓ PISCES—You have the impulse to do something, the sense that it's the right thing to do, and the ability to do it. Your insight and understanding are especially keen. And you have an extra-added guarantee from the planets that everything will come out okay. You are being nudged gently to take the next step, to go beyond where you have been. The events and opportunities of October will give you a leg up. But there are many levels, many layers and many steps, so be patient and be careful.

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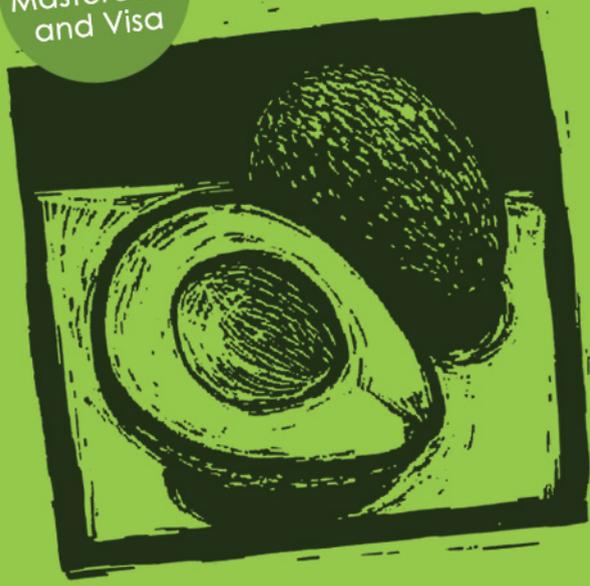
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ANTIQUES & ODDITIES features an assortment of vintage wierdness, from autographed cymbals to Harley pipes. 319.330.7118

EXILE TATTOO is the home of award-winning tattoo artist Stingray and Lurch. 319.325.8540

FERAL! - vintage bicycles, lowriders, bike parts, jewelry & accessories, outsider art, Day of the Dead & Tiki art, agit-prop t-shirts and organic catnip & toys. 319.530.6052

FOCUS BODY PIERCING - jewelry & piercing by Bil, one of Iowa City's most experienced piercers, with over 12 years in the biz.

THE KONNEXION features an awesome selection of smoking accessories, incense, t-shirts and gifts. (Please remember to bring ID.)

RUSTY RECORDS offers a huge selection of affordable vintage vinyl, used CD's and tapes... and now vintage clothing - "cool threads mostly for dudes"!



Live Music at the Hall Mall:

9.29 - Slanty Shanty
Benefit Show

10.1 - WS Burn, 12 Canons,
Evan Miller

10.11 - Hivemind,
Cadaver In Drag

10.19 - Outlaw Con Bandana,
Kick Ass Tarantulas,
Vela Nova Ed Gray

11.19 - Charalambides