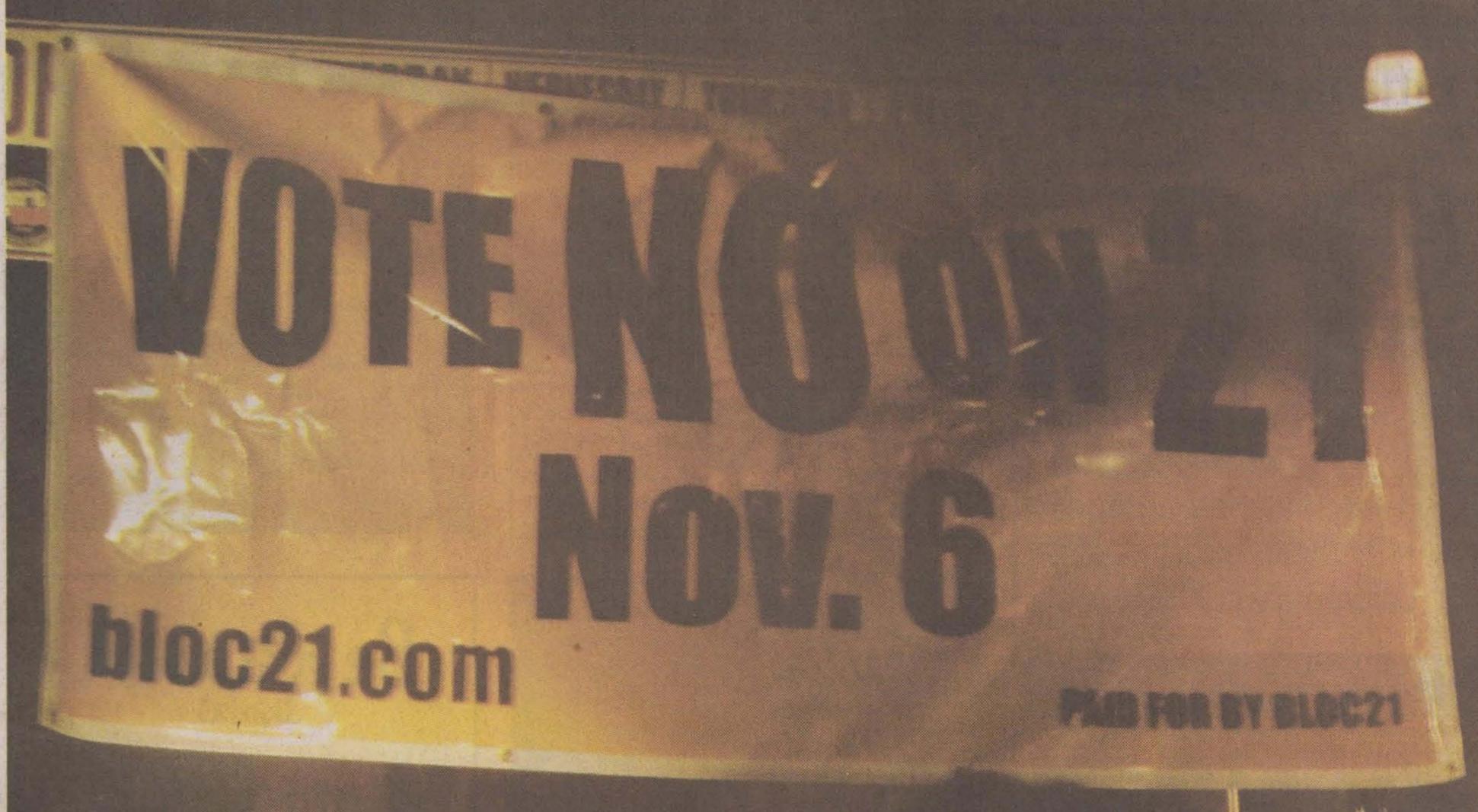


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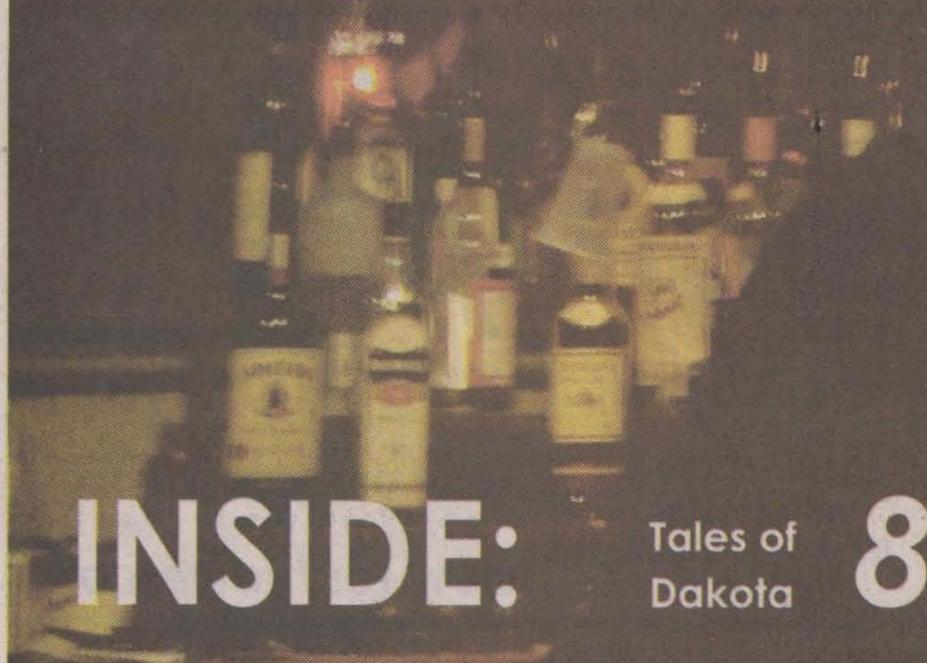
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Iowa City's proposed 21-only ordinance
fails in storm of election day confusion



INSIDE:

Tales of
Dakota

8

Nine local
CDs in review

16

QZ makes
the grade

22

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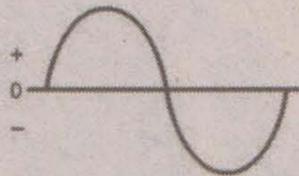
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- 4 **UR Here**
Bringing IC full circle
- 6 **It's About the Food**
KMF levels with the vegetarian crowd
- 7 **Community Spotlight**
The history and future of AME
- 10 **Nonfiction**
A look back at a reservation summer
- 12 **Cover Story**
The "No's" have it . . . for now
- 16 **Local CDs**
Nine local and area artists under the microscope
- 18 **Calendar**
- 20 **A-List**
- 22 **Pink Cashmere Kink**
- 23 **Astrology**

Letter from the Editor

A wise – and probably pretty exhausted – individual once said, “Nothing worth doing is ever easy.” While this person may have been referring to humanity’s greatest challenges or a personal quest of self-realization, I have found out just how true this statement is in my undertaking as new owner and operator of *Little Village*.

Prior to taking over, I had been doing layout and graphic design for this publication. The work was challenging, the hours were long and late, and there were always little hiccups along the road to each issue’s completion. In spite of this, the job provided a great deal of satisfaction for me. So much so that I offered to take over for Alissa Van Winkle when she decided to go back to school this semester.

The last couple months have led to a new set of challenges. Though an issue of *Little Village* didn’t go to press in either September or October, I was continually amazed by how much time and energy this publication required of me and those who choose to contribute to its creation.

In light of all of this, you might be thinking that this is an attempt to arouse some pity or sympathy for a newly relaunched enterprise. This couldn’t be further from the truth. Rather,

I recount the work and stress of this job in an effort to pay homage to those who preceded me.

Getting this November issue to print, while something of a hardship, has revealed itself to be nothing if not an exercise in appreciation. I always knew how hard Alissa and associate editor Melody Dworak worked on each issue. I have fond memories (though it certainly didn’t seem so at the time) of getting late night emails with corrections and updates from them, only to get more updates at the crack of dawn. With practically no financial incentive, these two worked themselves to the bone on a project that they felt needs to exist in Iowa City.

It is my intention to keep this tradition of putting community interests over personal comfort alive in this publication. It does, of course, go without saying that I have every intention of growing *Little Village* into a bigger and better operation with each passing month. But, for now, I can take comfort in knowing that I have already learned the most important lesson this magazine might ever have to offer: nothing worth doing is ever easy.

Kevin Koppes

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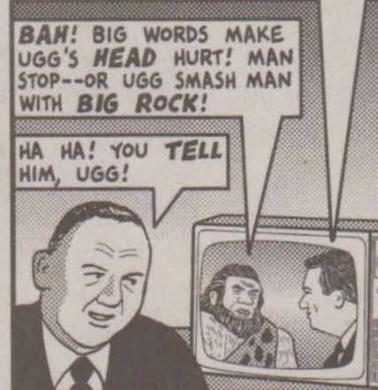
THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

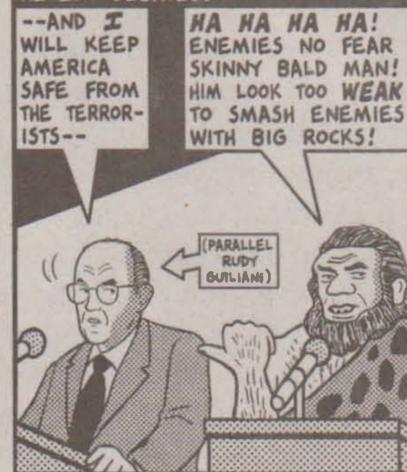
IT'S TIME TO CHECK IN ON **PARALLEL EARTH**--WHERE, DUE TO A SERIES OF EVENTS MUCH TOO COMPLICATED TO RECOUNT HERE, AN **ACTUAL NEANDERTHAL** HAS JOINED THE RACE FOR THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION!



HE'S QUICKLY BECOME THE **RUNAWAY FAVORITE** OF THE PARTY'S BASE! MR. UGG, WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE APPARENT SCIENTIFIC CONSENSUS ON GLOBAL CLIMATE CHANGE?



HE'S BEEN THE **CLEAR WINNER** AT RECENT DEBATES!



PARALLEL REPUBLICANS APPLAUD HIS NO-NONSENSE VIEWS ON SOCIAL POLICY!

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Cultivating complete community

When “frills” fall by the wayside, holism is sacrificed to finance



Photo by Kevin Koppes

First, I would like to welcome and congratulate Kevin Koppes as he takes up the editorial reigns of *Little Village*. I am grateful that he is willing and able to keep this important community publication going, and I look forward to seeing how he keeps up the great LV traditions and puts the stamp of his own vision on our future.

Since we're entering a new editorial regime, since there's been a bit of a hiatus between issues, and since I've been doing this column for over five years now (meaning many readers have not been on board from the beginning), I thought I would start out this month with a short reiteration of what “UR Here” is all about.

My main interest here is in the idea of “place,” which I define as the interconnected web of environments—social, cultural, built, and natural—in which we dwell. In a world of homogenization and globalization, I am of the camp that believes we need to re-localize. This doesn't mean becoming insular or provincial (in the negative sense). We need to be open to the great wide world and embrace the global flows that bring new ideas, new people, and new energy, as long

as they do not destroy our local uniqueness, our local interdependence, our local community, our local cultural traditions, the natural environment, social justice, etc. But we are all fundamentally, inescapably, “in place.” We need to tend that place—and its uniqueness—with care and affection, creating a community of respect, richness, and particular wonder.

So this column explores how we can do that, and how we *do* do that. We look at issues of place, community, and place- and community-building in the abstract, and we look at the specific people, locations, institutions, ideas, events that create our particular place in the Iowa City area. In his book *Writing for an Endangered World* (2001), literary critic Lawrence Buell said, “There never was an is without a where.” “UR Here” is about the where-ness of our is-ness.

When you read this, we in Iowa City are either on the verge of a City Council election or celebrating—or recovering from—one just past. My purpose here is not to comment on any particular candidates—or victors—but to enter a plea for a holistic vision of our community.

I issue this call because of the rheto-

ric surrounding some of Iowa City's most pressing issues in recent years, especially the call for an expanded police department and a fourth fire station. I am in no way advocating against either of these. Public safety is indeed paramount, and it is indeed a major responsibility of our City Council.

Police and fire protection are community fundamentals, no question. But when we talk about community needs, I advocate for a holistic rather than hierarchical discussion. Some Council and community members in the past have argued that certain city services should be attended to before others. Specifically, programs like public art sometimes take a beating in discussions about a new fire station, for example. That is, “we need to build a new fire station before we commit to public art.”

I understand where this linear thinking comes from. We are a culture of prioritization. Our self-help books and our business seminars tell us to make lists and attend to item #1 first. There is value in that. But just as often, if not more, holistic thinking is healthier for a community than hierarchical. I base this claim on observation and experience. The problem with suggesting that we attend to “essentials first” is that we rarely

move beyond them.

This is the huge flaw in our thinking about public education, for example. Since my high school days in the 1970s, “back to basics” has been a mantra in public education—the idea that before we worry about things like art and music in our schools, we must first shore up student performance in readin’, writin’, and ‘rithmetic. There’s absolutely nothing wrong with the three “R”’s, and I am duly upset if our schools fail to teach them effectively. However, the outcome of this “back to basics” mindset is often the starving—or elimination—of things like art and music. “We’ll worry about those ‘frills’ later!” people cry. The problem is, later never comes. Over 30 years later, we’ve morphed from “back to basics” to “No Child Left Behind.” And the “frills” keep getting shafted.

We must attend to all our needs simultaneously, not linearly. Let me invoke an analogy. Let’s say you have an infant. It’s true that your infant will not survive without food. So let’s say you decide that, for the next two years, the *only* thing you will do is feed that infant, because he or she cannot survive otherwise. Playing with her, touching him, loving her, singing to him, telling her stories—those are all frills and can come later once the baby has been well fed and has a good physical foundation. Well, I pity the poor child who would reach

age two without those “frills” of human development.

When I advocate for a holistic vision of community, then, I am calling for the equal prioritization of all that makes our communities—and our community here—livable and enriching. Sure, different aspects of an enriched community are different in their very nature. Arts and culture are not the same things as police and fire protection. But they are equally essential in their own ways. Iowa City proudly lays claim to an enviable status—one of the most attractive communities in the country. Excellent

We must
attend to all
our needs
simultaneously,
not linearly.

public services—like police and fire protection—are essential to that status. But so are our arts festivals, our public library, our recreational services, our public art, our mass transit program, and so forth. We need to attend to *all* of these needs – *needs* – simultaneously, holistically.

I know that public funding is tight. I know that things are expensive. I know that communities, their public servants, and their governmental leaders have to make hard choices. But when communities and societies put off what some perceive as “frills” until an undefined “later,” they destroy themselves. They impoverish themselves in the process, and, usually, “later” never comes anyway.

So, new City Council: Thank you for stepping up to serve us in a public leadership role. And as you deliberate how to appropriate our community resources, think holistically rather than hierarchically. I know it won’t be easy. But Iowa City is a great place thanks to visionary holistic thinkers who have served us in the past. As you think about *all* of our community needs, “later” is always now. **lv**

When Thomas Dean was in college, experience said that in the future he should get started earlier on his research papers so he wouldn’t have to pull all-nighters. Well, we all know how that works out.



Photo by Kevin Kappes

VEGANS OUT FOR BLOOD?

KMF lends a personal experience to the topics of vegetarianism and sustainability

From the outset: I have no problem with vegetarians or vegans. I fully respect their opinions and their gustatory choices. I encourage everyone to eat healthily, and to do so in a manner that best fits their values and ethical guidelines.

See, here's the thing: I wrote an essay for the online journal Grist.org. They had asked me to describe what it was like to be a "sustainable chef in big-Ag country." It's much easier for me to write about food than it is to write about myself, but I gave it my best shot, and the editors at Grist.org seemed to like it. They gave me a heads-up though, that a few of their readers might possibly take umbrage at my suggestion that in order to save certain species of animals, we must consume them – the logic being that many have gone extinct due to lack of a market. If people won't buy them, farmers won't raise them.

Happens with plants, too. Due to the industrial standardization of food, 75% of European food product diversity has been lost since 1900. Ninety-three percent of American food product diversity has been lost in the same time period. Thirty-three percent of livestock varieties have disappeared or are near disappearing. Thirty thousand vegetable varieties have become extinct in the last century, and one more is lost every six hours.

But what these responders had concluded was that I, and everyone else who consumes "the flesh of non-human animals" is inherently evil. I'm a bad person, and deserve to be roundly condemned. Never mind knock-in'-on-thirty-years as a foodservice professional trying to improve the food system. Never mind vocal advocacy for small, local, sustainable farming and food production. Never mind being a (reasonably) upstanding citizen of a participatory democracy. I'm bad. I need to be silenced.

Here's a sample of what they had to say about me and what I said, in responses posted under the essay:

There is nothing sustainable about mistaking animals for food, yet this "sustainable"

chef freely encourages the use of cattle (including veal), pigs, and birds.

Please stop glorifying these greenwashing hypocrites.

The self-branding of "sustainable" chef really grated me, too. Let's be fair, you're not the only one to use it.

Well, in fairness, he has more on the ball than that cheerleader for Iowan agriculture, Kurt Michael Friese, who asked in the linked "wonderful piece" thread what he apparently thinks is a trenchant rhetorical question, "If we all go vegan, what would happen to all those animals that we now keep in CAFOs?" OK, KMF, ask yourself, what sorts of things might happen to them?

Instead of trying to convert people to their way of thinking, I suggest that we all just live our lives, and be the change we want to see in the world.

Really, we in the East did that fellow a grave injustice by allowing him to return to Iowa with his dense Midwestern livestock mentality intact.

So, let's see here – I am a dense, self-branding, greenwashing hypocrite.

First of all, I did not ask, "What would happen to all those animals that we now keep in CAFOs?" Rather I asked one of these respondents, for the reasons outlined in the statistics above, "Would someone please explain what happens to the livestock, to the millions and millions of cows, sheep, goats, pigs, ducks and chickens when we all go vegetarian?" I have difficulty imagining these creatures living happy, peaceful lives in the wild. They would (and have) become extinct. Not a very humane result. Also, I did not choose the title "sustainable chef," that was the editor, regardless of how much it may or may not apply.

However, my point is not to argue or refute. My point is that the vehemence of their argument has and will continue to leave them (not all vegetarians, just these virulent preachers) at the fringes of credulity. The fact that I eat meat does not make me evil or amoral, it is in fact what humans, not to mention many other animals, have done for eons and I do not consider humans to be above or beneath their fellow members of the animal kingdom. I have eyes in the front of my head, canines and incisors. My body digests and metabolizes animal protein very well. I am an omnivore. To state that I should change that or be condemned makes them come off as holier-than-thou proselytizers. Instead of trying to convert people to their way of thinking, I suggest that we all just live our lives, and be the change we want to see in the world. **lv**

It's About the Food is a monthly feature of The Little Village. Chef Kurt Michael Friese is co-owner, with his wife Kim, of the Iowa City restaurant Devotay and serves on the Slow Food USA Board of Directors, as well as being editor-in-chief of the local food magazine Edible Iowa River Valley. He lives in rural Johnson County. Questions and comments may be directed to devotay@mchsi.com.

Photo by David Henderson.



History in a house of worship

The confines of Iowa City's Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church bring both joy and frustration to the 50 or so people who worship in these close quarters each week.

On this Sunday, the Reverend Orlando Dial tells his congregation about the meaning of sacrifice. His voice is deep but soft, well suited this intimate space, a house of worship that also feels like a living room.

From outside it looks a little like a one-room school house with a cross on the door. And Dial takes pride in the heritage of this church on 411 South Governor St., built outside city limits in 1868 because African-Americans weren't allowed to establish a

church within Iowa City.

"Look what they did with just nickels and dimes!" says Dial.

The church was designated a national historic site in 2000, though the simple, white clapboard house doesn't look historic in the way of a grand mansion. "It's very humble," said Bob Miklo, Urban Planner and Historic Preservation Commission member, "It's awe-inspiring in its simplicity."

But as much as Dial values the virtue of simplicity, the congregation needs more space to fulfill the basic functions as a living church. And they don't want to relocate to the outskirts of town, as so many historic churches do. In December 2006 Dial and much of the congregation brought plans to expand the church to the Iowa City Historic

Preservation Commission. The meeting didn't conclude till after 10:30, but Bethel's expansion plans were approved – only to have that approval reversed a few weeks later by the Iowa Historical Society and the Iowa City Board of Adjustment, on the grounds that the renovations would actually harm the historic structure rather than promote its preservation.

"We had to take our lumps on that one," says Tim Weitzel, chair of the Iowa City historic commission. It's a "terribly emotional issue, and no one wanted to be the bad guy," he says. The state historical society didn't like the proposed steeple that was to be added to the original church or the way the new addition would loom over the original and neighboring homes.

The crux is how to best honor the historic legacy of the church: Maintain it as it was and is or adapt it to meet the needs of today's congregation?

Miklo says one of the prime goals for any addition to a historic structure is to make sure the new building doesn't overshadow and dominate the original building. He says building back and farther from the street would allow for a taller addition. "In the first design it was attached right to it, so it loomed over it."

Miklo wonders if
the site – roughly
40 feet wide – is
just too small,
in terms of zon-
ing standards, for
what the church
wants to do.

Earlier plans that included a more modern, prairie style front of the building have been scrapped out of deference to historic considerations, and Dial and the congregation of course do not want to damage the church as a historic document but simply make some necessary alterations. "People keep giving us suggestions and they don't realize that what we've put on the table is not because we're not aware other options – we've been thinking, working with these concepts for over three years," says Dial. "It's like getting custom-made shoes, not buying off the rack."

Dial sees the alterations as necessary because the simple confines of Bethel frustrate. To get to the basement to rehearse for the Christmas or Easter play while service continues for the adults, the children have to go outside – not a problem on a warm autumn morning but potentially treacherous during winter.

Frustrate because the front doorway is too narrow – it is a simple single door – for a casket to pass through, making it impossible to have a funeral in the church. There are things that the church can't do now. There is no office. There is no alcove where parents can tend to crying infants without going outside.

The new plans call for doubling the size of the church, leaving the existing structure largely intact and erecting a larger area for worship in what is now the back yard. Dial says it was important that the design maintain the intimate feeling of the existing church. Brad Fritz, of OPN Architects, gave time to the project and attended Sunday services to make sure he got the feel of the interior right.

The city says its important there be something distinctive that clearly demarcates the difference between the old and the new. But Miklo says the design the church submitted blended the old with new addition. Fritz says his architectural firm was well aware of the need to keep the original design intact and make a distinct addition.

The Historic Preservation Commission agrees that it's best when a building can be used for its original design and purpose. If updates or modifications are needed to keep it functional they ought to be added in a sympathetic fashion. To insist on keeping it exactly as it is architecturally, wouldn't allow it to function as a church. It might only work then as a private residence or a museum.

The church founders didn't think to lay out a parking lot in 1868, so parishioners park on the street Sunday morning. That's one of the "special exemptions" the church – as a religious institution in a residential zone – gets from the board of adjustment. Only historic sites are entitled to zoning exemptions, so the church must take heed to maintain its historic character.

The church is also mindful of its neighbors, making sure not to infringe on the enjoyment of their property. Dial says many on Governor Street enjoy the positive impact a church in the neighborhood has on quality of life. If the church weren't there, it might be just another mega-apartment complex, with students just passing through.

Heather MacDonald, associate professor in the University of Iowa's graduate program in urban and regional planning, says Bethel church is a great reminder of "what neighborhoods used to be like," when houses of worship, small grocery and retail stores were mixed in residential areas. MacDonald says structures like Bethel are like valuable historic documents because they preserve how people used to live. It doesn't jump out at you as obviously as an old church like, say, Old Brick, "but it probably says more about our history."

Iowa City Bethel AME's church historian (and pianist/organist) Dianna Penny remembers when her father, Reverend Fred L. Penny brought the family from Muscatine to his new pastoral assignment in September 1958. The church as a historic document was in tatters. The black population of Iowa City had dwindled and the church hadn't been maintained. But Penny wasn't discouraged. He had a history of reviving things, starting with a church Chester, Illinois, says his daughter.

She remembers her first impressions of the church: oak door was crumbling and falling apart; the floorboards were coarse, rough-hewn, buckled; an old oil-burning stove was the only heat source. The church had gone to seed a bit.

There were a few pews but most of them had been stripped down. There had been pews but most of those had been stripped down with chairs left in their stead. "You know, when a church or a congregation goes down," Penny says, "things just kind of walk out the door."

In his 37-year tenure as Bethel AME's minister, Reverend Penny oversaw a major revival in the fortunes of the church. For starters, Penny paid off outstanding water and electric bills to get service reinstated and the church and replaced the old stove with a modern furnace.

The existing electricity was 1920s vintage – wires and bare bulbs dangling from the ceiling – and when Dianna Penny started working, one of her first paychecks went to upgrading the electricity. "So you could have Christmas tree lights and a toaster plugged in at the same time without blowing a fuse," she says. And the church now has amenities like central air as well.

Though the church seems like an unqualified asset to the neighborhood, Dianna Penny remembers one neighbor on Governor Street who was all for living in a historic district but "didn't exactly like the idea of a black church in her neighborhood," at least not a revived one. She recalls the neighbor say-

ing, “I thought that church was dead,” and betraying a little disappointment that it wasn’t.

Penny says her father wanted the church to be a living breathing entity, and to add amenities and expand as necessary. She says that requires striking a balance between providing for needs and not trampling on heritage. And she says the new additions could easily maintain the look of the original church.

Still, the planning authorities have concerns about an addition, that the mass of the new building would overwhelm the existing structure. Though sensitive to the needs of the congregation, their roles oblige them nonetheless to be exceedingly, necessarily conservative and cautious on matters of historic preservation.

Miklo wonders if the site – roughly 40 feet wide – is just too small, in terms of zoning standards, for what the church wants to do. He says they have encouraged the church to consider perhaps purchasing the building next door and incorporate that property to

give them more room.

“It is a difficult situation; it is a very small lot,” says Miklo. “That’s the main thing. If it wasn’t a historic building, if there was a church that was built in the 1960s there wouldn’t even be a discussion because zoning wouldn’t even allow them to consider any options. But this church was grandfathered in.”

Nowadays the church continues to raise funds toward the estimated \$500,000 needed for the building campaign before re-submitting plans to the city. And Reverend Dial asks his congregation to not view the boards and commissions and their regulations as adversaries.

“Everybody is an ally,” he says. “They just don’t always see it the way we see it, which means we don’t always see it the way they see it. But we use God to get us through it and He will because in 1868 when they originally built this ... without God there’s no way they could have done what they did, in those times. We have all these political

rights now that they didn’t have then. So we cannot think that it’s not possible.”

Sunday service ends and Dial visits with the congregation. After the last parishioners clear out, Dial carefully folds his vestment and walks outside and down to the basement and drapes the robe on a hangar and covers it in its protective plastic till next Sunday.

Dial thinks back on genesis of this church, just after the civil war: the founders had few rights, little formal education, scarcely any money, and yet they persisted. He wonders if that first congregation saw this far ahead. And he knows the church has arrived at another crucial historical turning point. “It’s exciting,” Dial says, “to look back and look forward at the same time and recognize we’re at that moment.” **lv**

This article is David Henderson’s first – of hopefully many – contributions to Little Village. He can be reached at david.v.henderson@gmail.com.

Photo by David Henderson.



For two and half months earlier this year I worked as a reporter at the Todd County Tribune of Mission, South Dakota. It was the local newspaper of the Rosebud Indian Reservation, the Sicangu Lakota Oyate, of south-central South Dakota.

One of my duties was to walk through central Mission trying to find somebody on the sidewalk to answer the featured “Question of the Week” for page A2. I would ask the question to some passerby, record his or her answer, and take a headshot to put in the paper.

I usually didn’t think up a question until I had the camera around my neck and was walking out of the office’s door. For example, one Tuesday morning I asked “If there’s life on Mars, what does it taste like?”

This Tuesday in question, I was asking “What does the world need now?” I stood outside the corner bank with the Tribune’s camera on my neck. A wild dog followed me. I asked an old Lakota man if he wanted to answer my question. He laughed, shook his head, and went inside the bank. Another kid – looking school-aged – bicycled by me, and he said he didn’t want his picture in the paper, and bicycled away.

An older white man, probably in his 50’s, stepped out of a Ford pickup parked in the middle of the street. The man had a long beard and his truck was filled to the windows with crumpled paper, crushed boxes, torn metal cans, and grease-stained McDonald’s bags. The truck had New Mexico plates. The man wore Adidas workout pants. I asked him the question of the week.

“We need more love like what Jesus Christ taught,” the bearded man said.

This bearded man with the trash truck then told me that his dead wife was in the truck. “I’m burying her back in her home,” he said. He said his wife was named Dusty Iron Wing McCrea and that she was in a movie called “The Wind Walker” and that he was actor Joel McCrea and he had studied with Meisner and was friends with Jack Nicholson and that he used to live on Park Avenue. I took his picture and he smiled. The wild dog followed me back to the office and I locked it outside.

I Googled “Joel McCrea” and learned that he was a campy western actor who had been dead for 15 years, and not a malodorous man with a foot-long beard driving around an Indian Reservation in a pick up truck teeming with trash and the remains of his dead wife.

My favorite wild dog memory: while



Jody McCrea (left) with father, Joel.

Cowboys, clippings, questions

A look back at a summer in South Dakota

walking back to the office after a coffee at Noella Red Hawk’s coffee cart, I saw a black mongrel dog running in the street, perfectly in the lane, as if it were a car with somewhere to go. It emerged from the far horizon, running, and it ran past me, and then ran to the end of the horizon in the opposite direction, staying in the right lane the whole time. And as anyone who has been to South Dakota knows, the horizon is pretty far away.

Another aside: Leroy Hairy Shirt. At a

tribal meeting discussing a liquor license for a possible new bar, Leroy stood over the man applying for the license and spoke in Lakota. Leroy made the “white man face” by pulling his cheeks down so as to make his eyes look rounder. Leroy stood behind the applicant, a white man, while saying “wasicu” a whole bunch. “Wasicu” is Lakota for white man. After that meeting, someone told me that my ancestors probably went to war against his ancestors. I told him that while his ancestors were going back-and-forth General Custer,

mine were being chased around southeastern Poland by raping hordes of Cossacks.

The bearded man came back into our office the next day and bought 10 copies of the paper with his picture in it, answering my question of the week. He pulled a sweaty, wadded ten dollar bill from his back pocket and rolled the ten newspapers under his arm. It was Wednesday, which was the day the paper came out, and when my coworkers and I folded the paper together with the advertising inserts for circulation. He stood behind the counter while we folded. The bearded man said his father was friends with John Wayne and how there are pictures with him, as a child, on John Wayne's lap.

This day he said his name was Joel Dee McCrea, but you could call him Jody, and that his father was a big shot actor, and that he was an actor too, and that he must return his Lakota wife Dusty Iron Wing McCrea to her homeland. He smelled like a wet dog and his hair was matted. "I was too young at the time, but I still have that picture and if you want to see it it's somewhere in my truck." No, I said, and I kept on folding. The bearded man said he was an accomplished surfer. He talked about being a brat on movie sets, and seeing Frank Sinatra in his dressing room. "That man was a fireball." I left to go drop papers at the grocery stores and the post office. The wild dogs were hanging around the post office backdoor. The man was gone when I returned.

I Googled "Jody McCrea" from my office computer. Jody McCrea was the son of the dead western actor Joel McCrea. I found a website dedicated to old campy movies, and on it were black and white screenshots of Jody McCrea in "Beach Blanket Bingo" alongside Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. He was also in other Frankie and Annette flicks like "Muscle Beach Party" and "Beach Party."

The Jody McCrea of these pictures is handsome, smiling like he knows he's being photographed and like being photographed is what he does. He holds a gun and wears a cowboy hat and scowls at the camera. He is holding a dumbbell in mid-position and is oiled and muscular. He has his arms around some Wild West matron with a Jackie O haircut and they both are looking off towards some inconclusive something while smiling confident half-smiles.

The Jody McCrea in the old movie promo pictures on this website is, I realize, a younger, shaven, more hygienic version of the Jody McCrea with the trashed pick up truck and matted hair who is driving around an Indian reservation in rural South Dakota,

answering inane questions of the week with the remains of his dead wife, who he is going to bury, somewhere in the back of his truck.

I tell my boss this the next day. She tells me to write a story about Jody. On Friday, when I decide that I will write a story about all this; that I will willingly engage this man, Jody comes back into the office. His clothes are sticking to his skin. He says he wants to write his wife's obituary. I say "OK" and give him a green pen.

He writes on a blank piece of copy paper. He finishes and hands me the sheet. He tells me that I can see her in the "Wind Walker." She is beautiful, he says. She has one of the lead roles. She was a Lakota woman. Jody talked about how he was the only actor in

I asked an old
Lakota man if he
wanted to answer
my question. He
laughed, shook his
head, and went
inside the bank.

all those Frankie and Annette beach party movies who could actually surf. He showed me a headshot of Dusty he had framed and I wiped some grass from the glass and I scanned the picture. Then he left, leaving me with his handwritten obituary.

I could not read his handwriting. It was some sloppy shit – scribbles and loops and plain unreadable crap. The next half-hour I decoded the green marks on the page and constructed an obituary. His wife was "a credit to her race." She was a "Hollywood star" and a "Rosebud native." She was a "real gift to the screen." She was survived by her husband, retired actor Jody McCrea.

I went into Quark, formatted the story into columns, and put the picture of Dusty into a clip-art frame with roses around it, and put it in next week's paper on page A8, the Family and Friends page. Jody came in next Wednesday, bought four papers using

three crumbled dollar bills and change and then Jody left, likely to tell someone else about his surfing skills, about Frankie and Annette, and about John Wayne's lap.

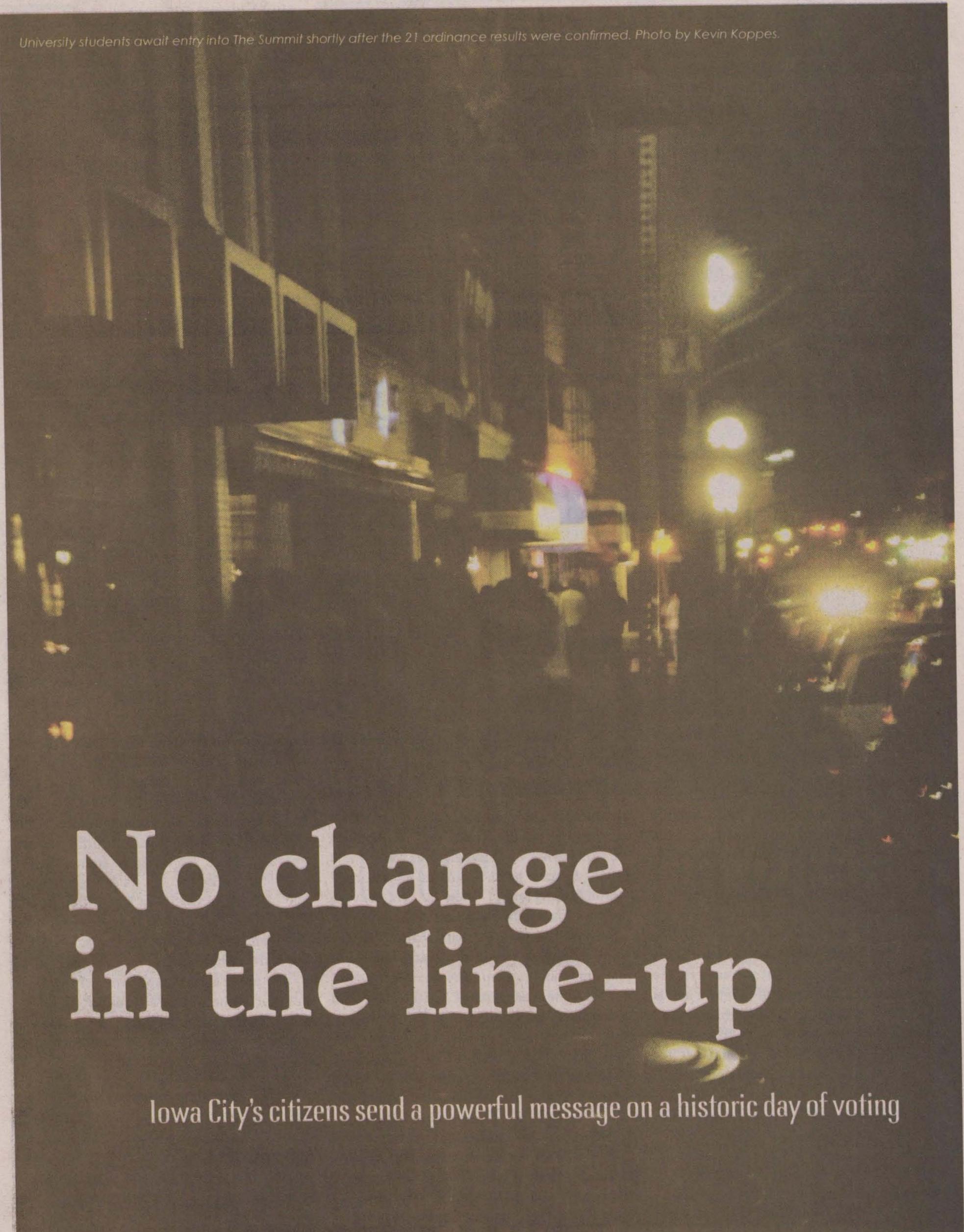
I moved back to Iowa City in May and within two weeks was working at John's Grocery. The work is hard – kegs need to be moved, I am on my feet for eight hours at a time, and once a week I need to be there at 5 a.m. in order to receive the liquor delivery. I tell my parents that my pay is OK, and that in lieu of a box cutter I'm using my Phi Beta Kappa key.

On the night shift on Thursday night I need to deal with drunks: can-hoarders who want their 5 O' Clock vodka half pint, undergrad girls who are too fucked up to walk in platform sandals, the girls who quietly mumble to me that they want the condoms behind the counter, and the guys with rolled-sleeves who point right at the condoms they want and say "I want those orange Trojan condoms right *there*," and fresh faces from the dorms trying to buy Admiral Nelson rum half-gallons using fake Michigan drivers licenses.

Friday at the Todd County Tribune is the deadline for Happy Ads. Married couples my age (23) want a 1 column by 4 inch ad saying it was their child's fifth birthday, or their anniversary, or something like that. Their kid reaches into the lollipop bowl we keep at the counter. I ask the couple if have a picture of their child, they say no, or maybe they pull one crumbled picture from an envelope, or maybe I ask the parent to hold their kid down so I can take a picture. He doesn't smile when I take the picture. He cries. In line behind them is an old Lakota woman whose eyes look sewn shut. She has a picture of her granddaughter, Anita, in a Warriors cheerleader uniform. She will graduate from St. Francis Indian School in a few weeks and she is salutatorian and she is going to SDSU in Vermillion. Behind the old lady is another young couple holding crumpled cash, waiting to buy a happy ad, and another holding more cash, wanting to buy an ad in our paper and let the world know it is their child's birthday; because I guess at the end of another week, nothing matters more than getting a name back in the newspaper. **lv**

Steve Sherman calls the University of Iowa his alma mater and Iowa City his home. A native of New Jersey, Steve splits his time fairly evenly between shifts at John's Grocery and pick-up basketball games behind Courier Hall.

University students await entry into The Summit shortly after the 21 ordinance results were confirmed. Photo by Kevin Koppes.



No change in the line-up

Iowa City's citizens send a powerful message on a historic day of voting

The world of local politics has, perhaps since the dawn of time, been the stage for any number of bizarre scenarios, narrow defeats, and landslide victories. Iowa City residents treated themselves to a little taste of all of these things when the results of the Nov. 6 election were finally – and correctly – verified.

Without question, the most notable issue voted upon in this year's election was a city ordinance that would require bars to only allow individuals who are at least 21 years old into their establishments. Currently, Iowa City maintains an ordinance that allow 19 and 20-year-olds into bars.

Much to the surprise of many, the initial tally of the votes indicated that the 21 ordinance had passed by the narrowest of margins. But within an hour of that first count, the will of the voting public was made known to the contrary.

Leah Cohen, owner of downtown bar Bo-James and co-chairperson of the Bloc21 campaign, minced no words in expressing her reaction to the topsy-turvy election.

"It went from a big disappointment to a

big high for us," Cohen said, speaking on behalf of herself and other ordinance opponents.

While more subdued than Cohen, fellow bar operator Chris Wiersema, general manager of The Picador, expressed a similar tone of gratefulness toward the community.

"I'm relieved. I think people made the sensible vote," Wiersema said.

What made the turn of events even more surprising to Cohen was the level to which the pendulum swung. Initial counts had the measure passing by fewer than 300 votes, while the finalized preliminary count by the Johnson County Auditor's Office showed the ordinance was defeated by over 2,000 cast ballots.

At press time, details of the "technical error" were still unknown. Cohen, however, indicated that it appear some of the initial balloting made have been counted twice or that some sort of computer glitch may have been at fault.

With the dust having all but settled, though, the question of what made the difference in the election is left to be sorted out by the community.

Wiersema credited Bloc21, which cam-

paigned heavily against the initiative, with the greatest impact.

"The Bloc21 group did a strong job of getting people informed about the effects the ordinance would have on nightlife culture in downtown Iowa City."

Wiersema went on to add that he thought the "no exceptions" aspect of the measure was a source of considerable concern for many members of the community, noting that an exclusion for live music venues and restaurants with bars in them might have been more successful.

Cohen viewed the defeat of the 21 ordinance as a clear indication of who citizens trust with regard to the problem of binge and underage drinking in Iowa City.

"I'm very excited that the community has put the confidence where it should be," Cohen said, making reference to the Alcohol Advisory Board of which she is a co-chair. The board, a coalition of downtown business owners and operators, was organized to address the growing concern over alcohol consumption in town. She went on to add, "Our community is saying that [the board] is moving in the right direction."

COVER STORY continued on page 15



Bars weren't the only businesses on board with the bloc21 campaign. Photo by Kevin Koppes.

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COVER STORY from page 13

Cohen went on to add that simply because the 21 ordinance was voted down, the Alcohol Advisory Board is in no position to relax their activities.

“With the ‘no’ vote, we feel we have a big burden put on us to carry out our agenda.”

Naturally, the question of whether or not an identical or similar ordinance would come up again in the near future. While the issue cannot be brought to a public vote for at least two years, Wiersema felt certain this issue is far from being resolved.

“I’m sure they’ll try it again next year,”

... virtually all camps agree that binge and underage drinking are problems that affect everyone in Iowa City.

Wiersema said.

Cohen, however, expressed a lot more confidence in a possible finality to the topic of ordinance, which has been tossed about in the community for far longer than many university students probably realize.

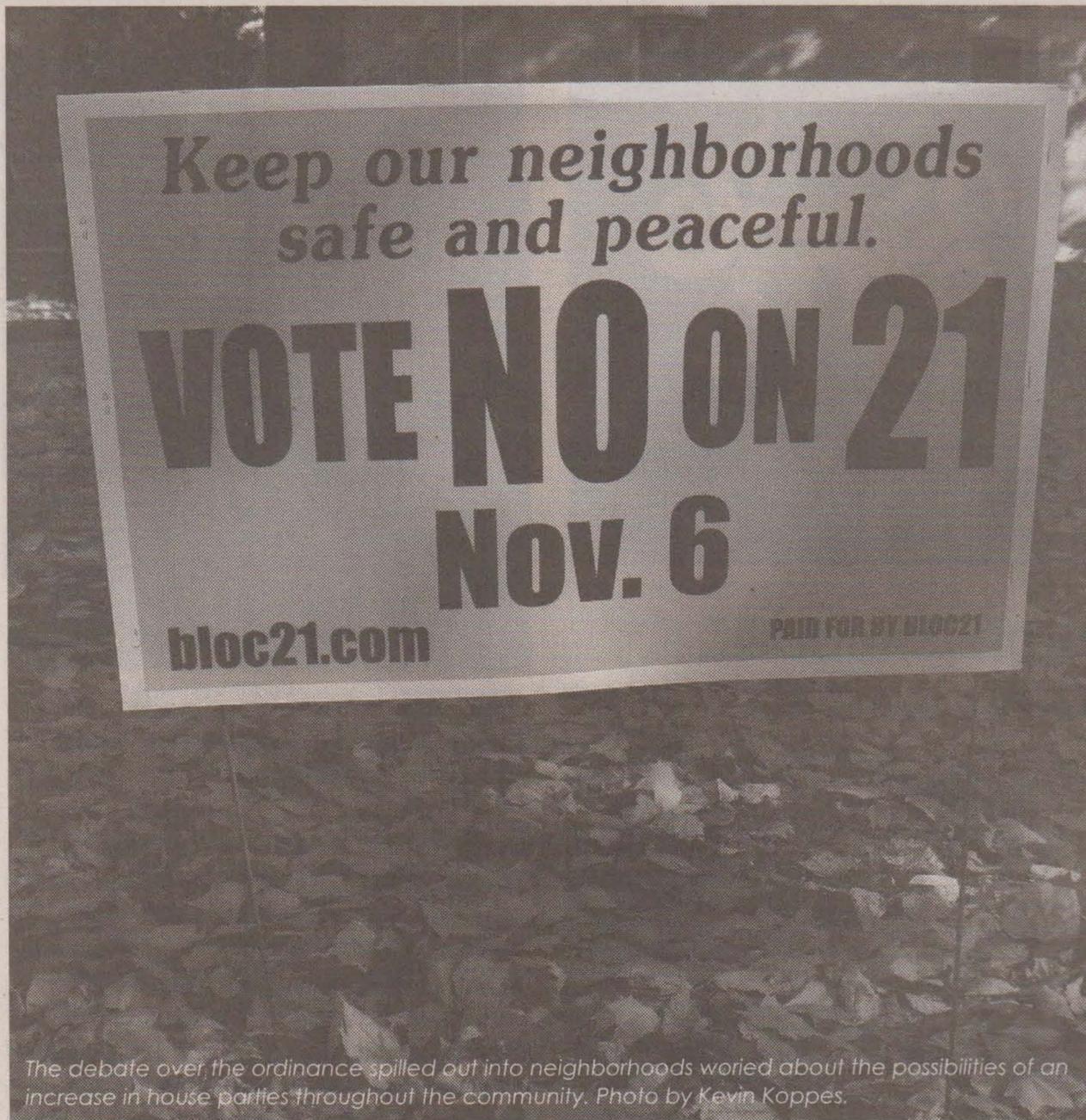
“I think the people have spoken,” Cohen said, indicating doubt that the issue would even be brought up next year. “I think [pro-21 advocates] have learned they can’t change the will of the community.”

In the past, 21 ordinances have been discussed at great length in City Council meetings. This year, however, community groups in favor of replacing the 19 ordinance with a 21 ordinance – groups like Citizens for Healthy Choices – brought the issue to a public vote by collecting over 4,200 signatures.

Cohen felt the vote was also an indication that Iowa City’s City Council members have, over the last several years, been doing the right thing and accurately representing the wishes of their constituents.

“The City Council has learned through this vote that the citizens of Iowa City have trust in who they elect,” Cohen said.

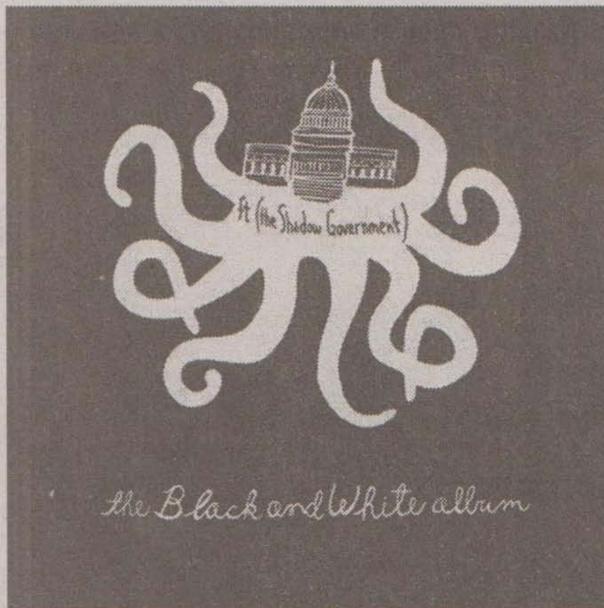
Regardless of what happens in the future, though, all individuals in virtually all camps agree that binge and underage drinking are problems that affect everyone in Iowa City. So while this matter appears to be settled for now, it seems the process of tackling such an important topic have only just begun. **IV**



Final Verified Preliminary Results

Registered Voters		45,844
Total Voters		15,635
Turnout (citywide)		34.10%
Early Voters		7,162
% of votes cast early		45.81%
At Large (2 to be elected)		
Ma t Hayek	9,447	60%
Terry Smith	4,927	32%
Dee Vanderhoef	3,748	24%
Mike Wright	5,410	35%
Write-Ins	470	
District A		
Ross Wilburn	10,402	97%
Write-Ins	343	
District C		
Regenia Bailey	9,747	97%
Write-Ins	348	
Ballot Questions		
Measure C (21 Bars)		
Yes	6,606	43%
No	8,895	57%
Measure D (Police Citizen Review Board)		
Yes	9,641	72%
No	3,759	28%

Source: Johnson County Auditor



ft(the Shadow Government)

The Black and White Album

Modern Radio

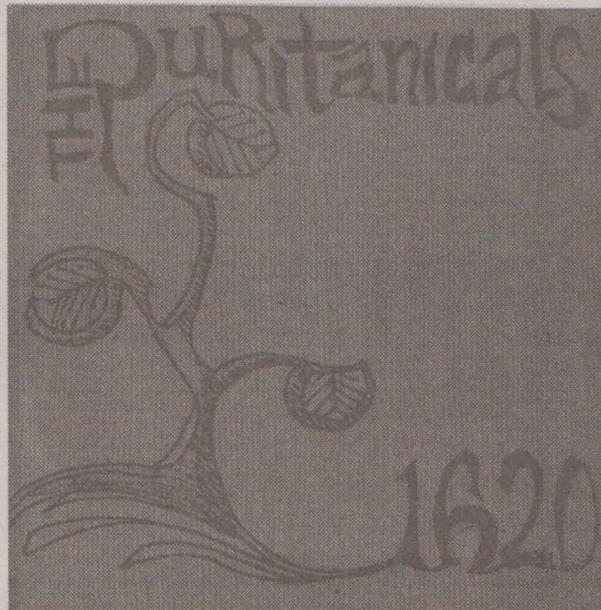
myspace.com/fttheshadowgovernment

"The Shadow Government is real!" an unidentified woman intones at the start of this CD. The Shadow Government is the name of this group and its primary subject matter. The harsh, juddering electronics, pounding dual drummers, and screeching guitar feedback of The Shadow Government's first CD is back, and they still hate the extralegal machinations of the US Government.

But they've added a horn section, and song writing that goes beyond primitive sing-song chants. Not that there was anything wrong with their primitive sing song chants, but they flirt on the Black and White album with more varied structures and even melodies. This is a heavy album, sonically dense with brilliantly bleak lyrics. And yet you can't help feel some joy and excitement at the visceral pummeling two drummers can deliver. And Luke Tweedy's collection of homemade and circuit-bent noisemakers mostly play a subliminal mode, underlying the dread and disaffection without making a spectacle of themselves.

Most of popular music is crowded with bands that sound so similar that you need a score card to tell them apart. The Shadow Government has gone a different way. They're the leading proponents of the post-industrial pissed off libertarian droney doom rock. Maybe even the only proponents. They refuse to conform politically, or musically. While Rock music has always been a way to profit from teen rebellion, the Shadow Government advocates real insurrection, which makes for gripping live performances. Their next insurrection happens at the Nov. 10 Picador show,

in honor of this CD release. Wear black and bring earplugs.



The Puritanicals

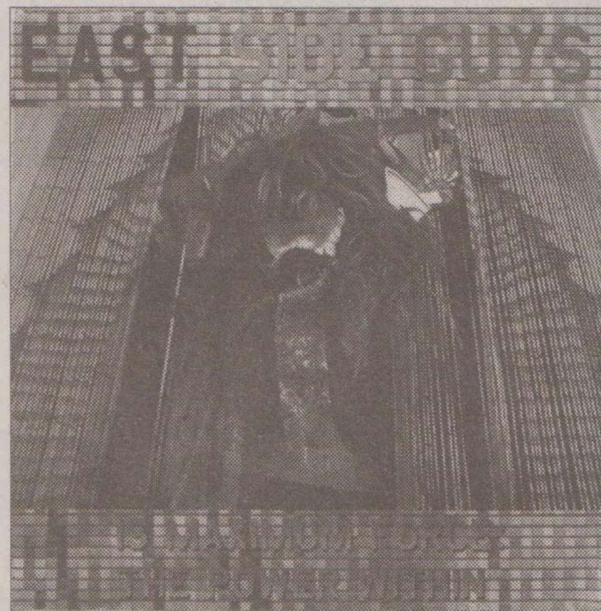
1620

Slanty Shanty Records

myspace.com/thepuritanicals

The Puritanicals make them some slashing harsh rock and roll. But not like Motley Crue, more along the lines of Dinosaur Jr, but more direct and less woozy than J Mascis. The Puritanicals make me nostalgic for the late 80s, when SST, Homestead, and Amphetamine Reptile were cranking out the loud post-punk records with reckless abandon.

Anyone can go out and buy a fuzz pedal and learn one finger riffs in drop D tuning. These guys make up for any lack of originality with attitude and wit. They have a killer instinct for when to get harsh and scare the straights. On top of that, there's a casual offhandedness to their approach that's charming. Listening to The Puritanicals is like being beaten up by a pretty girl. You like the attention even as she's knocking your teeth out.



East Side Guys

Is Maximum Force:

The Power Within

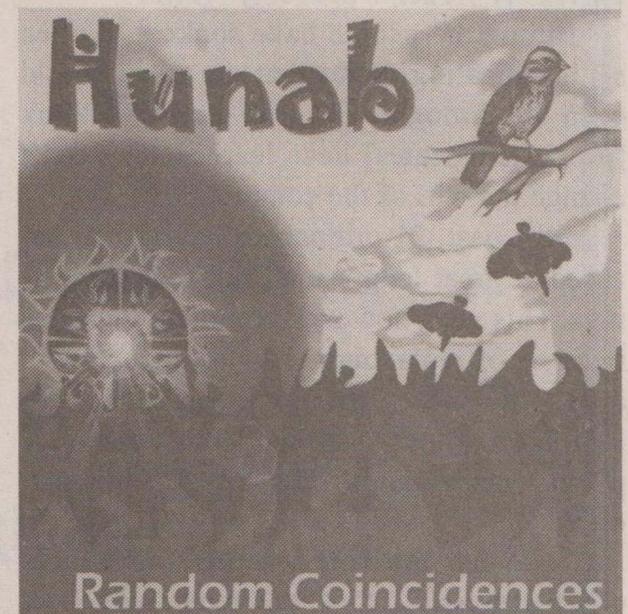
Self-released

myspace.com/eastsideguys

The East Side Guys sont mort. This CD is the final document of a three-year career of this surreal trio's existence. Known for performing in matching bare-midriff turtlenecks and furry red vests, they had a talent for sounding completely chaotic and wickedly intentional at the same time. They were sui generis—Iowa City's only experimentalistic electronic-punk nerd-pop jam band.

The only other CD release was a set of tinny demos they put out a few years ago. Luckily for us most of these recordings were made in Sam Locke-Ward's and Luke Tweedy's respective home studios, interleaved with a few recorded at home in Ian McKinney's house. The essential ingredients of an East Side Guys track is Gene's tuneless high pitched nasal screeching vocals, Ian's fat, analogue-esque keyboard riffs and Zach's virtuoso drumming.

This is not everyone's cup of tea by any means—it's safe to say that this is the sort of CD that makes my wife ask if the stereo's broken. But if you like your music messy, distorted and obnoxious, this is a CD for the ages.



Hunab

Random Coincidences

Coo Ka Choo Records

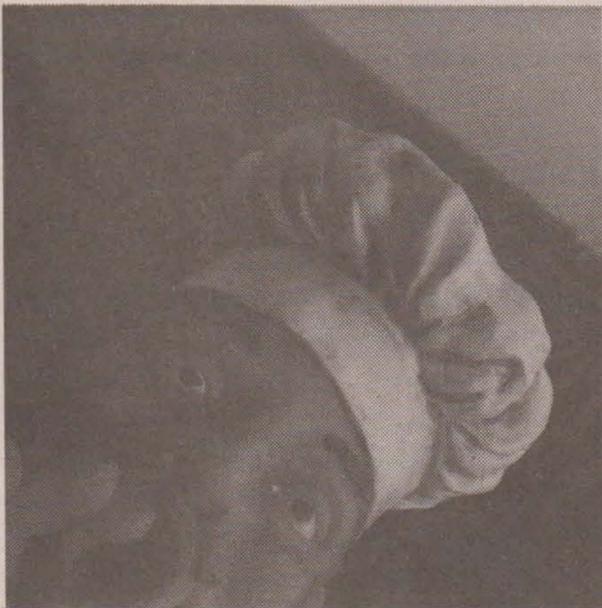
www.hunabmusic.com

myspace.com/hunabmusic

Hunab is an unabashedly, proudly jammy jam band. That much should be a clue to who will like this CD, and who will not. You know who you are. I got my fill of jamminess at

a Grateful Dead concert over 30 years ago, so Hunab doesn't really speak to my condition. That being said, these guys play well and aren't boring, which puts them head and shoulders above most of the music in this genre.

The album opens with a spot on homage to the Meters' second line funk, which got my hopes up, but after the 30 seconds, the track turns into more conventional rock. I think Hunab is just fine, but that opening points to how they could be really great—use their musical chops to bring more focused, tighter compositions to life.



The Gglitch

Scenes from the Good Life

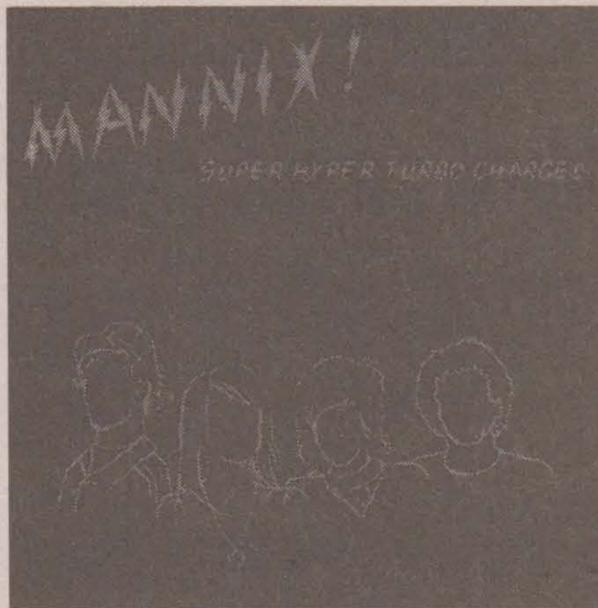
Fat King Records

www.thegglitch.com

myspace.com/otarvox

"The International Drinking Song" is a symbolic ars poetica for The Gglitch. A global catalog of alcoholic drinks set to a pan-european accompaniment of guitar, accordion and violin, it is a metaphor for what drives The Gglitch: they're drunk on eclecticism. The core group is a conventional drums, wires, and keys ensemble, but they're augmented on this CD with a wide variety of players in addition to the ones mentioned above. The brass and woodwinds add some depth and caberet flavor to many of the songs.

The Gglitch, despite their name, are extremely polished performers. The songs are comfortable without being trite, and the stylistic morphs in the songs are smooth. It would be hard to get bored listening to *Scenes from the Good Life*, because the musical styles it touches on – Folk, Country, Hawaiian, Balkan, Irish, Music Hall, and Rock – change as often as Iowa weather.



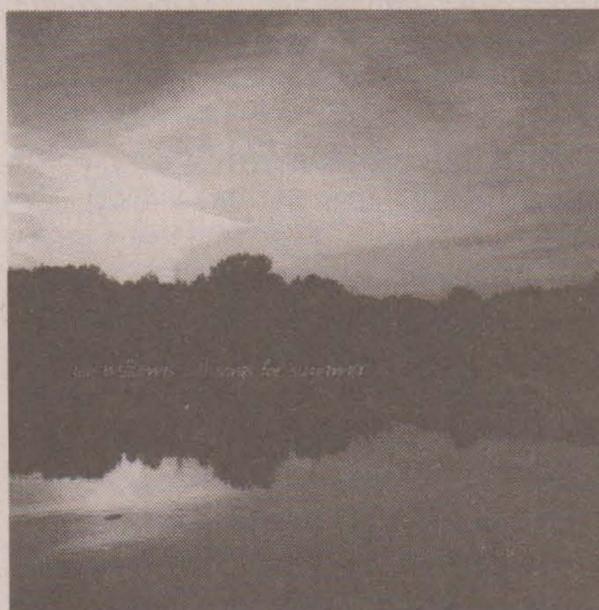
Mannix!

Super Hyper Turbo Charged

Self-released

myspace.com/mannixtheband

This is an EP of no-nonsense bar band punk pop music. Singer Karlee Mannix doesn't have a huge voice, but she uses what she's got without fear. Their flavor of punk rock owes as much to Cheap Trick as the Stooges or the Ramones. Karlee's husband Jeff plays guitar, and Jeff's sister Sarah plays bass, so this is a family band. Their live gigs are more raucous and driving than these studio recordings, but the CD showcases their songwriting just fine. They've found a way to be both snotty and adorable at the same time, which is a neat trick, no matter how cheap.



Ian Williams

11 Songs for Summer

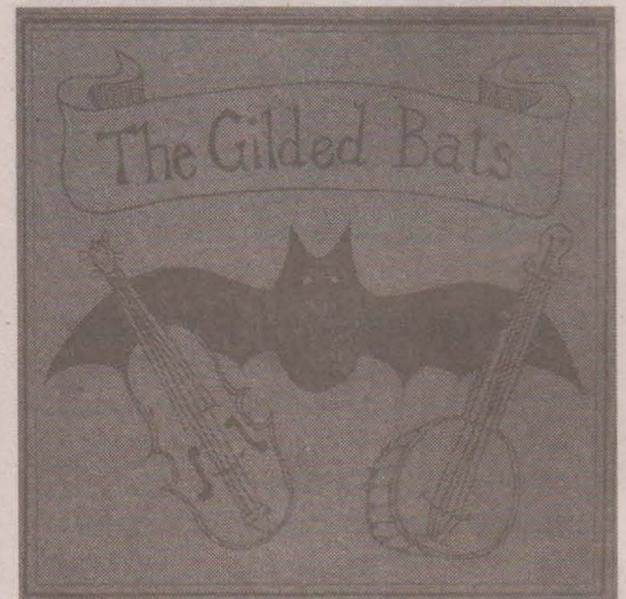
Self-released

www.soundhole.org

myspace.com/ifwilliams

I have a brother named Ian Williams, so right off the bat I'm on this guy's side. Not only that, he runs a recording studio in Middle Amana, a quixotic proposition to say the least. This CD is a collection of woozy guitar driven pop songs reminiscent of 80s shoegazers like My Bloody Valentine and The Boo Radleys. So what's not to like?

Not much. Some of the lyrics could use a little help, but Williams has the good sense to push the vocals down in the mix, so it hardly matters. The real star of this record is the guitar sounds, which are widely varied, and usually no less than quadruple tracked. His voice is a serviceable tenor that does well outlining strong melodies. This is an impressive first solo CD that manages to sound modest and personal even when he's got ten guitars going at once.



The Gilded Bats

Self-titled

Mud Dauber Records

www.muddauberrecords.com

myspace.com/thegildedbats

The Gilded Bats play old timey folk music. If you look on the back of the CD there's a logo for the Iowa Arts Council and the National Endowment for the Arts. These guys wrote grants to pay for this CD—pretty nice trick I'd say. But The Gilded Bats aren't just clever, banjo-strumming slackers, there's some real meat on those bones/wings.

The Gilded Bats are a lot more polished and less punk rock than their fellow travelers Escape The Floodwater Jug Band, but they have what a lot of traditional music seems to be lacking these days: attitude.

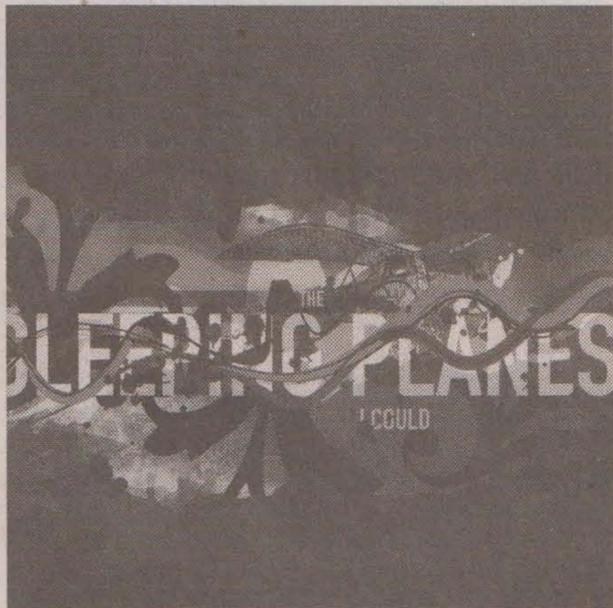
There are a lot of talented musicians in

LOCAL CDs continued on page 18

Local CDs

LOCAL CDS from page 17

Iowa City making music superficially similar to that of The Gilded Bats, but to my ears, most of it isn't nearly as interesting. I can't even put my finger on why this is, except that despite their accomplished musicianship they bring out the darkness, dirt and grit that keeps folk music from being safe and boring.



The Sleeping Planes

I Could

Self-released

www.sleepingplanes.com

myspace.com/theseleepingplanes

Sleeping Planes make country-tinged pop music that's quite earnest and adult. As far as it goes it's great, but I'm afraid there's nothing here that really sticks in my head as particularly memorable. It makes me feel ashamed to say so, because to the extent that anyone pays attention to these reviews (hah!) someone who might really like this CD they may not buy it. Go ahead, buy it. I'll go back to my Joy Division and SPK records, and you can have fun your way.

So I'll list it's finer qualities—very nice male/female close harmonies, tuneful folky songwriting, chiming guitars, and a good ratio of major to minor chords. I can't think of anyone around these parts who do this sort of thing any better.

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.

CALENDAR

Art/Exhibits

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863
International Inventors Day, Nov. 9 •
Learning Safari - The Great Redtail Regatta,
Nov. 13, 10:30am.

AKAR

257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-1227
30 x 5, Nov. 16 through Dec. 7.

Bella Joli

125 S. Dubuque St., 341-4562
Angela Carlson: It's Cheaper Than Therapy,
exhibit runs through Feb. 2008.

Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE,
Cedar Rapids, 362-7375
The Families of Brucemore, ongoing •
Holiday Tours, Nov. 23 through Dec. 30
• Holiday Topiary Workshop, Nov. 14,
6:30pm • *Women on the Edge* Opening
Reception, Nov. 16, 5pm • *Women on the
Edge*, Nov. 17, 10am.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-
7503
Ulfert Wilke, through Feb. 3 • *Laurie Hogin:
The Forest of the Future*, through Jan. 13.

Chait Galleries Downtown

218 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 338-
4442
The Extraordinary Holiday Show, opening
reception, Nov. 9, 5pm • *The Extraordinary
Holiday Show*, through Jan. 4.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
*All music 8pm, except Sundays, 7pm. Salsa
classes with Baile Lation on Saturdays from
3:30-6pm.*
*Bringing to Bear: Installation by Ann Penaz
and Down to the River: Photos by Sandra
Days*, opening exhibition, Nov. 28, 11am.

Faulconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St.,

Grinnell, 641-269-4660

*Seven International Artists with Roots in
Morocco*, through Dec. 16.

Iowa Artisans Gallery

207 E. Washington, Iowa City, 351-8686
Astrid Hilger Bennett: Artquilts, though
Nov. 11 • *Handmade for the Holidays*, Nov.
16 though Dec. 31.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500
The History of the Brave Czech Nation,
through Jan 27 • *Homelands: The Story of
the Czech and Slovak People*, ongoing.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Taste of Home Cooking School Made Easy:
Simply Christmas, Nov. 15.

U.S. Cellular Center

370 First Ave., Cedar Rapids, 362-1729
Huge Arts & Crafts Show, Nov. 23-24, 9am
to 6pm.

Music

Clapp Recital Hall

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
All music 8pm unless noted otherwise.
Jazz Repertory Ensemble, Brent Sandy,
director, Nov. 11, 3pm • William Blake
Anniversary Concert, UI voice faculty
with Rene Lecuona, piano, Nov. 14 • Zora
Jakovcic, violin, with Rene Lecuona, piano,
and Hannah Holman, cello, Nov. 15 • Maia
Quartet, Nov. 29.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
*All music 8pm, except Sundays, 7pm. Salsa
classes with Baile Lation on Saturdays from
3:30-6pm.*
Mary Gauthier, with Diana Jones, Nov. 8 •
Marley's Ghost, Nov. 10 • Enter the Haggis,
Nov. 11 • The Wilders, Nov. 29.

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St.,
Iowa City, 688-2653

Emmit Nershi Band, Nov. 8, 8pm • The Quire and One Voice, Nov. 10, 7:30 pm • NewSong - Rescue 2007 Tour, Nov. 16, 7pm • Mason Jennings, Nov. 30, 8pm.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 8, 7:30pm • DBR and The Mission, Nov. 9, 7:30pm.

Harper Hall

Voxman Music Building,
UI Campus, 335-1603
All music, 8pm unless noted otherwise.
Stacey Barelos, piano, Nov. 12 • Hannah Holman, cello, with Martina Cukrov, piano, and Zoran Jakovcic, violin, Nov. 21.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Open Mike Mondays, 8 pm • All music, 9pm unless noted otherwise.
Three Page Fives, Nov. 8 • Mannix!, Lipstick Homicide, Red and The Eds, CroKane, Nov. 9 • Damon Dotson Band, Nov. 10 • Crass Brass, Nov. 13 • Burlington St. Bluegrass Band, Nov. 14 • Her Majesty's Ships, TBA, Nov. 15 • Dave Moore with Sam Knutson, Nov. 16 • The Pines, Lonelyhearts, Stefanie Rearick, Nov. 17 • Dead Larry, Lipstick Homicide, CroKane, Nov. 23 • Mannix!, Western Front, Pandora's Box Cutter, Nov. 24 • Women's Acoustic Showcase, Nov. 29, 8pm • Dr. Z's Experiment, TBA, Nov. 30.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
CRSO Masterworks III: Just for Julia, Nov. 17, 8pm.

The Picador

330 E. Washington St.,
Iowa City, 354-4788
Physical Challenge Dance Party, Thursdays, 9pm. All music, 9pm unless noted otherwise.
Spitalfield, The Forecast, The Graduate, Ludo, Nov. 8, 5:30pm • Richard Buckner, David Dondero, Nov. 8, 10pm • Backyard Tire Fire, Phonograph, Old Panther, Nov. 9 • ft(the Shadow Government), STNNG, The Tanks, Neptune, Nov. 10 • The Flaming Fire, Family Van, Nov. 11 • The Western Front, We The Living, Counterpunch, Nov.

12, 9:30pm • Peter Case, TBA, Nov. 12, 6pm • Psalm One, Blue Scholars, Longshot, Diagram of Truth, Nov. 13, 6pm • Eric Bachmann, Miracles of God, Ed Gray, Nov. 14 • MV/EE with the Golden Road, Dave Fischhoff, 12 Canons, Evan Miller, Nov. 15 • Five Finger Death Punch, Oblige, Freaklabel, Lost Nation, Nov. 16, 8pm • Black Dice, Lwa, Wet Hair, Wayne Western, Nov. 17 • The Color Fred, TBA, Nov. 18, 6 pm • Wanksgiving, Nov. 23 • Karaoke with Bil Francis, Nov. 24, 10pm • Beneath the Villa Bella, Ponyboy Curtis, Caligula, The Dread Corsair, A Hill to Die Upon, Nov. 24, 5pm • Alta Fodge's Birthday Party, Nov. 25 • Action Action, TBA, Nov. 27, 6 pm • The Confident Freestyle Competition, Nov. 28 • Jah Roots, Rude Punch, Nov. 29.

Sanctuary

405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692
All music, 10pm.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Music at the Museum: Madrigals, Nov. 11, 2pm.

U.S. Cellular Center

370 First Ave., Cedar Rapids, 362-1729
Fall Out Boy, Gym Class Heroes, Plain White T's, Cute Is What We Aim For, Nov. 21, 7pm.

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.
Burning Halos, Sullivan Gang, Nov. 8 • Cornmeal, Electric Junction, Nov. 9 • Wookiefoot, Atomic Hoss, Nov. 10 • Natty Nation, Nama Rupa, Nov. 16 • Hunab, Run Side Down, Nov. 17 • Lunatix On Pogostix, 3lbs Love, Nov. 23 • Garaj Mahal, Nov. 28 • Second Hand Smoke, Nov. 30.

Theater/Performance/ Dance/Comedy

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
All music 8pm, except Sundays, 7pm. Salsa

classes with Baile Lation on Saturdays from 3:30-6pm.

Debutante Balls, by solo performance artist Scott Turne Schofield, Nov. 16, 8pm • Cedar Rapids Tango Club, Nov. 18, 3pm • *Out of Bounds*, Nov. 24, 8pm.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company presents *Blind Date*, Nov. 6, 7:30pm.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Peter Pan, Nov. 18, 3pm • Cedar Rapids Community Concert Association presents *Tamburitzans*, Nov. 20, 7:30pm • Moscow Ballet's Great Russian Nutcracker, Nov. 30, 7:30pm

Riverside Theatre

213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Once Upon a Time: A Fairy Tale Fundraiser for Riverside Theatre, Nov. 11, 2pm.

Space/Place Theatre

North Hall, UI campus, Iowa City
Collaborative Performance Concert, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, 8pm.

Theatre Cedar Rapids

102 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-8592
Thursdays, Fridays, & Saturdays: 7:30pm; Sundays: 2:30pm.
Seussical, Nov. 23-30, 7:30pm weekdays, 2:30pm Sundays.

UI Theatres

Theatre Bldg., UI campus,
Iowa City, 335-1160
No Shame Theater, every Thursday at 11pm.
Thief Unseen by Mary Hamilton, Theatre B, Nov. 8-10, 8pm, and 2pm on Nov. 11.

Words

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

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Every 2nd & 4th Wednesday of each month, Slam Poetry. Every 1st & 3rd Wednesday of each month, Talk Art Cabaret - Writers' Workshop.

Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 337-2681
All reading 7pm unless noted otherwise.
 Michael Dumanis and Max Winter, Nov. 8
 • Jay Inslee, Nov. 12 • Michelle Taransky and Jordan Stempleman, Nov. 13 • Paul Krugman, Nov. 14 • Ken Foster, Nov. 15
 • Danny Wilcox Frazier, Nov. 16 • Judith Thurman, Nov. 30.

Senior Center

28 S. Linn Street, Iowa City, 356-5222
 The French Paradox, Nov. 16, 9:45am.

Shambaugh House

UI Campus, Iowa City.
 Peter Nazareth's *Edwin Thumboo: Creating a Nation Through Poetry* book launch, Nov. 8, 5pm.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
 Colleen Kinder with David Hamilton, Nov. 8, 7:30pm.

Film/Video

Bijou Theatre

UI Memorial Union
 UI Campus, 335-3258
Body of War, Nov. 2-8, check listings for screening times • *Rescue Dawn*, Nov. 2-8, check listings for screening times.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
Art:21, Nov. 8, 7pm.

Uptown Bill's Small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Movie Night, Sundays, 6pm.

A-LIST



**Black Dice
 with Lwa, Wet Hair,
 and Wayne Western
 The Picador**

Nov. 17, 9pm, +19 admitted
www.thepicador.com

Perhaps no other band of the last seven years has drawn the critical attention or polarized evaluations of Black Dice. Hailing from Brooklyn, the group has drawn both hyperbolic praise from admirers and vitriolic condemnation from detractors since their inception.

A flagship artist of the past decade's wave of "noise bands," Black Dice have made a name for themselves by continually pushing the envelope of categorization.

This is not to say, however, that Black Dice is concerned with which pithy buzzword is currently being applied to what they do. Rather, the group has always been far more interested in toying with notions of what actually qualifies as "music," leaving the details to be sorted in the aftermath.

Practitioners of an avant garde form of sonic abrasion, Black Dice first rose to national prominence with their self-titled re-

lease on Bayonne, New Jersey's Troubleman Unlimited Records. Since that time, Black Dice has continuously fought to stay "ahead of the curve" by introducing new elements and drawing from different and varied influences with each release.

Black Dice makes their way through Iowa City in support of their latest release, *Load Blown*, which came out last month on Paw Tracks. This is their first full-length release on Paw Tracks, whose past releases include Animal Collective, Panda Bear, and The Peppermints.

Three bands local to the Iowa City area will be sharing the bill with Black Dice on Nov. 17: Lwa, Wet Hair and Wayne Western.

Lwa, having played a number of prominent shows this year including a brief stint on Melt Banana's national tour, will be joined by Raccoo-oo-oon side project Wet Hair, and math-folk upstarts Wayne Western.

For more information on the show and where to purchase tickets, please visit www.thepicador.com.

by Kevin Koppes

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HOT for TEACHER

Queen Zelda delves into some truly extracurricular activities

I teach part-time at a college in Manhattan – I would never do anything like this in my professional life – though I have been tempted many times. That said, I enjoy exploring the dynamic in fantasy role play with an enthusiastic young woman who has thoughts along the same lines . . .

Queen Zelda wonders how many people in teaching roles at the UI have this same thought. However taboo and unethical drooling over those one teaches or those who teach is, power and innocence arouse thoughts that create and destroy.

Through the almighty skank potential of craigslist, the Manhattan college teacher desires to create the situation where his psychological needs become fulfilled, but if he attempted to fulfill those in his professional reality, he could destroy his career and livelihood. The UI has some stated risks that these relationships of unequal power damage the integrity of the players, among other things. “They may, moreover,” according to the UI’s policy on sexual harassment, “be less consensual than the individual whose position confers power believes.”

Which is another risk.

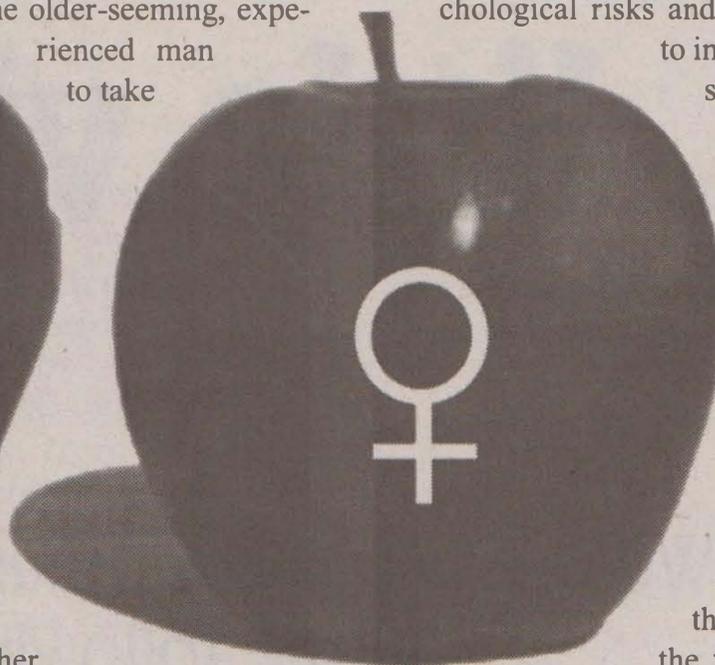
Power play isn’t best left to the mind, however, but the fun might start there. Instead of risking rape and unemployment, choosing a different kind of imaginary path might be best. Mr. Manhattan is attempting this route, finding ladies who want to be on the submissive end of the real and imaginary power. Tops and bottoms have been doing this one for years. Putting on that pleated plaid, white silk panty-revealer—a.k.a., the pervasive symbol of the schoolgirl uniform—is perhaps the easiest transition into the power playpen.

Schoolgirls might never climb the BDSM ladder of queerness to become ponygirls, those who act the horse-power part, but schoolgirls can just wanna have fun, with or without the horsewhip. Queen Zelda believes there are just as many young women and men who fantasize up in years, as there are those who want to suckle from the fountain of creamy youth. Mr. Manhattan identified himself as 39 years old,

and claimed he’d take any woman who looked the part, as long as she was of age. Older men searching for younger women (or men) is kinda the assumption, not the rule. The rule is that any pairing, whether in reality or fantasy, can find some joy exploring a taboo.

One example that brings in this sort of age-play, as the BDSM community calls it, is a video on YouPorn.com, geared towards those who fantasize about high school student-teacher taboo. This video has one variable from the norm: It’s not just sex this high school student wants a lesson in, it’s butt sex. See, she tells the teacher, who appears to be attempting to be foreign, that her boyfriend won’t take her to prom because she won’t take it up the butt. “I really need your help,” she says, begging

the older-seeming, experienced man to take



pity on her. He fights her off, attempting to be untempted.

“I’m never going to prom,” she says. “And even if I do? And someone tries to take me up the butt? It’ll suck.”

“I’m sure you will have no trouble getting fucked up the butt,” Mr. Anderson replies, “Now watch your language.”

The fiction of Mr. Anderson giving this dateless youth lessons in verbal morality does not completely cover up the reality that these people are actors, and bad ones, who are visually about the same age (and thus, within the law) adapting the signifiers of their roles—bobble hair ties to wrap around pigtails, suit-and-tie professionalizing a child molester mustache.

What you really have to stretch in order to suspend disbelief, much like a virgin butt hole, is that the butt sex in this porno is anything

but a first time. Virgin butt holes aren’t as flexible as the in-out of Mr. Anderson’s technique would require. This is just another level of fantasy for some, and belief for others—or at least the belief in the possibility of.

Keeping faith alive in a flexible virgin butt hole means one less dream squashed—and dreams of real schoolgirls spreading their cheeks should be. Dreams can, however, coax the best from reality—in a safe context, of course. Like, with a trustworthy, of age, disease-free (or contained) partner.

Queen Zelda does want to encourage people getting out of their comfort zones—even with butt sex, if that’s a place they want to explore. So one real situation that could imitate a dream is acting the part dreamt of, exploring the psychological risks and benefits of being able to instruct and looking up to someone through a lens of innocence and curiosity, with or without the reverence.

This role-playing could replace the actual desire to hit on, and possibly sexually harass, students. The University of Iowa’s Office of Equality and Diversity reported that about one fifth of the formal complaints they received were driven by sexual

harassment claims. About 50 percent of the complaints came from students and 50 percent from people in teaching roles through different relationships and contexts. More often, these complaints stem from questionable behavior and comments from a person in a power role.

It’s okay to think bodies are attractive in any context—it’s how we’re built and bred. So why not get an extra little writing desk in the home office and some #2 pencils? Pick a role, and then talk extra credit. **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 NOVEMBER 2007



ARIES—Finally, some forward movement. November will be another hyper-active month, but one dominated by hope. Nothing will be settled, but lots of encouraging progress will be made in complicated situations. Aries would no doubt prefer a financial payoff, but there probably won't be one, not as such. But real progress in solving real-world problems and helpful personal realizations will definitely put November in the plus column. Work and health issues are also foregrounded. It might be time for those who depend on you to start showing more initiative.



TAURUS—Close partnerships and friendships will flourish. Don't underestimate the value of this seemingly intangible gift. You will also find yourself promoting civility in the troubled and argumentative world around you, especially at work. Your efforts are needed and will be appreciated more than you might think. The need to accumulate assets has dominated your financial strategy in recent years. It's been tough. Financial conditions will soon improve and your life emphasis will become more expansive and spiritual. Meeting the demands of loved ones and the young could prove quite challenging.



GEMINI—The ground rules are changing. Rather big planetary changes will affect Gemini more directly, more strongly, and more visibly than other Sun signs. Soon, many things that have been true about important aspects of your life will no longer be true. Most important is a shift in power relationships. You might soon be affected by people who are willing and able to throw their weight around. You will probably have to go along with them for financial reasons. Strongly supportive aspects are protecting you during this stage of the transition.



CANCER—You will soon find relief from unpleasant and abusive people on the job. The conditions that enabled and empowered these people are passing. The bad news is, your relations with those in power are changing. Your life might soon become one long standoff, with you consistently facing powerful and determined opponents. Fortunately, the power will be well-balanced. Despite their greater numbers and higher position in life, they will not be able to impose their will on you. But playing David to their Goliath might take some getting used to.



LEO—Tighten your grip on the reins. The status quo is breaking up at home, at work and in your social circles. A new and inherently more difficult situation is taking shape. You'll have to maintain harmony between volatile factions in a range of important situations, at least for now. Maintaining order in key areas of your personal and professional life will require greater effort, too. And you need to impose a more sensible order on your financial affairs. A more helpful and harmonious tone will take hold by year's end.



VIRGO—Accept the inevitability of change. You face a volatile and fluid situation. Conditions at home will continue to provide challenges. The planets will protect you against serious upset and, where adjustments are needed, options will be available. Still, you should probably start preparing for adjustments of some kind. The status quo cannot be maintained indefinitely. Conditions make change inevitable. And, deep inside, you are beginning to accept the idea of a change. You do need to lighten the load. The New Year brings relief. The young will

become important allies.



LIBRA—Teach by example. Shape your conflicting changes in your environment into something meaningful. Carve out an agreeable lifestyle and a comfortable livelihood. In doing so, you will help harmonize events in the wider world. New conflicts are developing around you. They call for clear and gentle Libran insights. But power relations are also shifting and your relationship with power is becoming strained. In this new cycle, you will have to work harder to develop new ideas and make yourself heard. Your efforts are important. Others look to you for solutions.



SCORPIO—You have to satisfy a lot of people. Scorpio will definitely feel both sides of the old good news/bad news equation in November. Certain limitations of a financial nature remain in place. You will have to adapt any initiative you wish to take. You'll also have to suit the preferences of many others who, for some reason, seem to have a say. However, there will be much to enjoy in November and you will achieve some important personal goals. Generally speaking, benevolent planets will protect you against downside surprises.



SAGITTARIUS—Sharp turn ahead. A lot of important things are happening in November and a lot of them center around you. Some will affect you directly. Many are things of which you have little understanding or control. Big things are also about to start stirring in the financial department. None of these things will be settled quickly or without effort on your part. Settle in for a period of adjustment. The planets are doing a lot to protect you and keep your situation stable. But you must give it your best.



CAPRICORN—Don't jump the gun. You are right to feel secure and somewhat insulated from risk. A lot of project close to your heart will progress in November. Still, you know that something really big is in the works. You can't make a move yet. There are too many blanks to fill in and you lack sufficient control over events. It will take time to get a handle on things. Take a cue from those above you. They are working hard to understand what these new and rapidly unfolding opportunities require.



AQUARIUS—You have set your own terms for a long time now. You've been able to ignore advice, to live in your own private universe. You were also strongly motivated to pursue an ideal lifestyle. Maybe Aquarians have been a little too independent. But the balance of planetary power is rapidly shifting. You will still enjoy planetary support, but it will be harder to shrug off loving guidance. Also, resolving deep, important personal issues will become more important to you than the single-minded pursuit of the perfect way of life.



PISCES—The planets are realigning in a way that Pisceans will find easier to live with. You will find the powers that be more sympathetic to your views. You will find yourself better able to take your life in directions that you prefer. And the resources to do so will be more readily available. However, key associates will continue to resist you when they think it wise. Also, you should not forget your own long-term financial interests as you chart your new course. Important planets continue to protect and support.

Contact Dr. Star at chlron@mchsl.com

It'sa me, Mario! Come to...
PHYSICAL CHALLENGE
 ...AND DANCE!
THURSDAY NIGHTS!!!
 19+ DOWNSTAIRS



Fri. Nov. 2 -- ALL AGES 6pm
Atmosphere
 Mac Lethal Greyskul Lucky.I.Am (of Living Legends)

Fri. Nov. 2 --
Petit Mal Faghat Family Van

Sat. Nov. 3 -- Kosha Dillz

Sun. Nov. 4 -- ALL AGES 6pm
Fall Of Troy Hillhaven Raven Goodbye Vienna

Wed. Nov. 7 --
Sam Locke-Ward Quartet Teddy Boys

Thurs. Nov. 8 -- ALL AGES 5:30pm
Spitalfield The Forecast The Graduate Ludo

Thurs. Nov. 8 --
Richard Buckner David Dondero

Fri. Nov. 9 --
Backyard Tire Fire Phonograph

Sat. Nov. 10 -- RECORD RELEASE SHOW!
FT (the Shadow Government)
 STNNG The Tanks Neptune

Sun. Nov. 11 --
The Flaming Fire Electric Satan Band

Mon. Nov. 12 -- ALL AGES 6PM
Peter Case

Tues. Nov. 13 -- ALL AGES 6PM
Psalm One Blue Scholars Longshot Diagram of Truth

Wed. Nov. 14 --
Eric Bachman (Crooked Fingers, Archers Of Loaf)

Thurs. Nov. 15 -- ALL AGES 6PM
Matt White Jacob Miller

Thurs. Nov. 15 --
MV/EE with the Golden Road

Sat. Nov. 17 --
Black Dice Wayne Western

Fri. Nov. 23 -- Wanksgiving

Sat. Nov. 24 -- KARAOKE!! with Bil Francis

Thurs. Nov. 29 -- Jah Roots

Tues. Dec. 11 -- ALL AGES 7PM
Dinosaur Jr.

Mon. Dec. 31 --
NEW YEARS EVE!
 2 shows with...
Murder By Death and friends

MUSIC APPRECIATION TUESDAYS
 DOWNSTAIRS AND FREE!

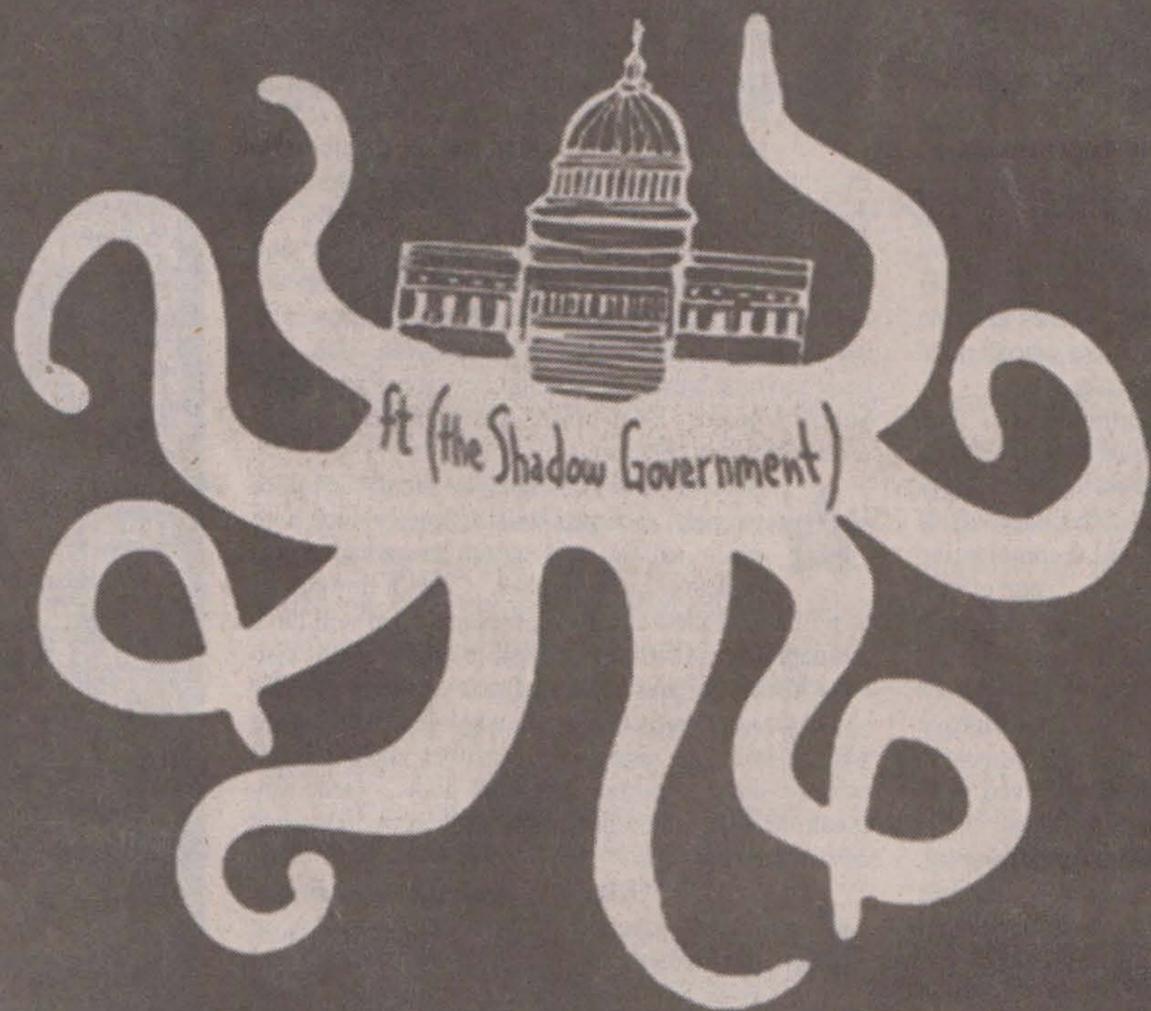
1st TUESDAY - METAL 101

ADVANCED HIP-HOP

2nd TUESDAY - TUTORIAL with Cookkey

3rd TUESDAY - DJ SUPA RUSTY

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