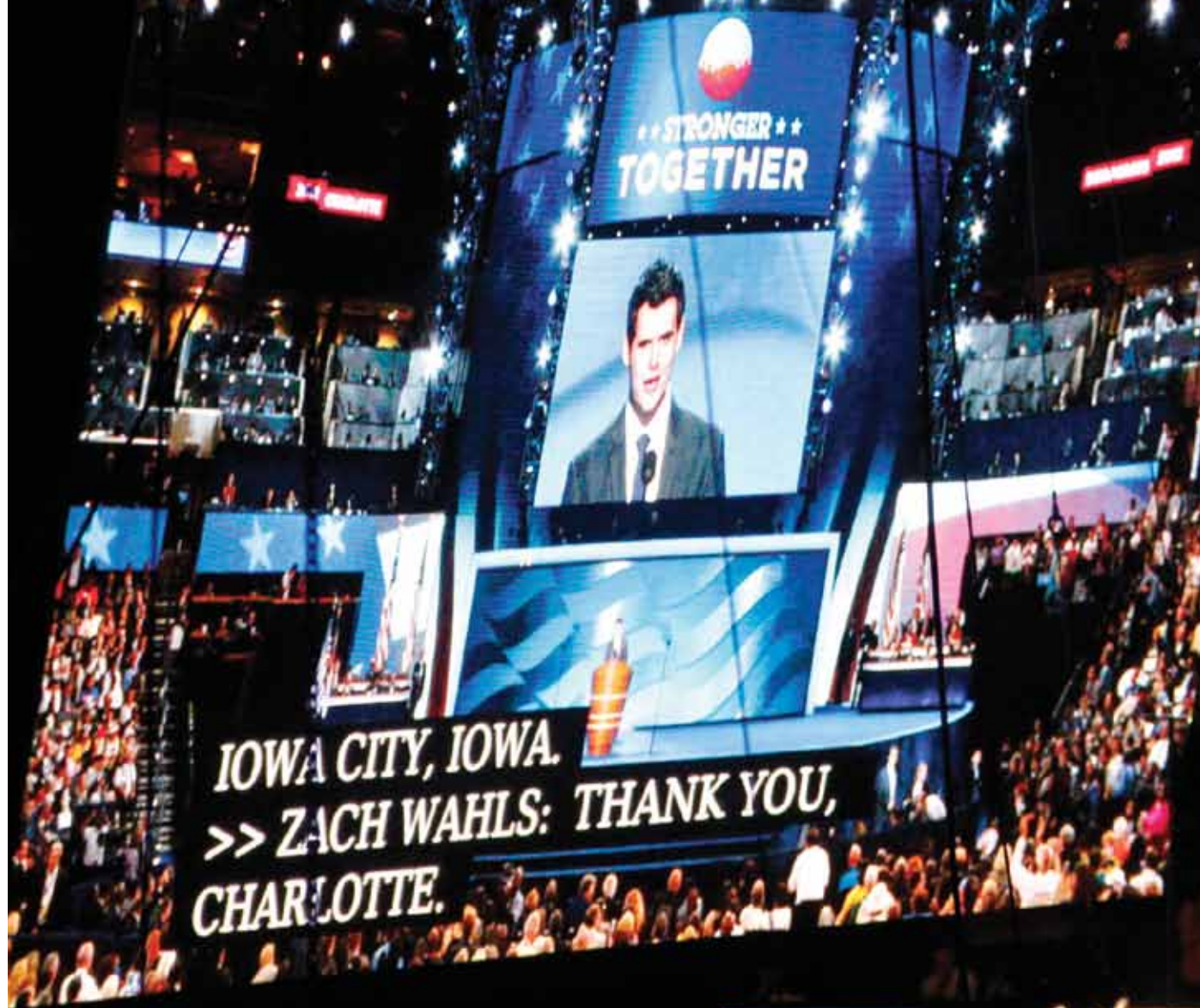


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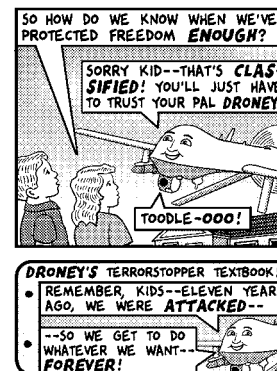
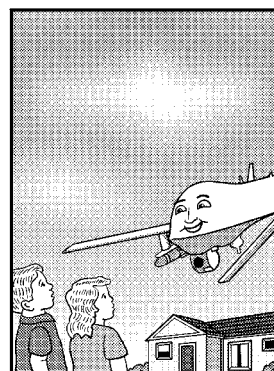
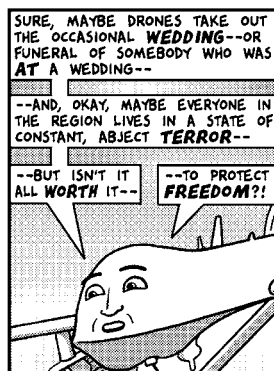
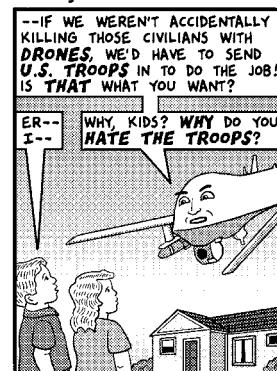
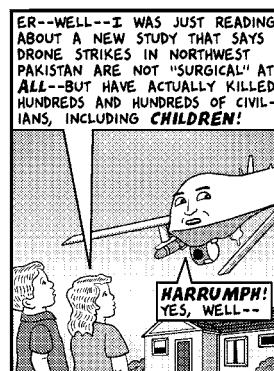
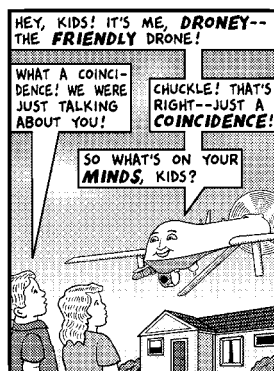
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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



My Brilliant (Bicycle) Traffic Ticket

On a beautiful Saturday in June, with the scent of burning automobile tires still in the air, I received my first bicycle traffic ticket in 40 years of cycling. That morning, in the left-hand through lane of Grand Avenue that travels eastbound across Riverside to Burlington Street, an Iowa City Police Officer stopped behind me as I was on my bicycle waiting for the traffic light to turn green. I got a ticket—in fact, I insisted on being written a ticket—after the officer told me I was “in the wrong place” on the road.

I was ticketed for violating Iowa City Municipal Code 9-8-1C, which states, among other regulations, that bicycles “shall ride as near to the right-hand side of the roadway as *practicable* (italics mine), except for turning movements.” But I was making a turning movement and I was riding in a way I, and many others, find practicable.

“Practicable” means capable of being done with means at hand and circumstances as they are, including concerns of safety. Inherent in this definition is that cyclists need to be able to interpret conditions and respond in appropriate ways that might not seem clear to those not cycling—an Iowa City Police officer driving a car, for instance.

Using the left lane eastbound across the Burlington Street Bridge is the safest and best place for a cyclist intending to travel north to be. I ride this same route every day on my way to work at the University of Iowa Libraries. In fact, dozens of cyclists perform this same maneuver every day on their way to work and school, perhaps hundreds a week. Aside from the fact that the lane is seldom used by motorists, thus having less impact on automobile traffic flow, it is a safer choice for a cyclist because the lane becomes a left turn lane at Madison Street. Using the far left lane is far safer than trying to merge across two lanes of heavy, fast-moving traffic that often exceeds the 25 mph speed limit. Simply put, this is the practicable lane for a cyclist to use for left turns on the east side of the river.

So, I insisted on being written a ticket and seeing my day in court. But, that day did not go particularly well. The County Attorney prosecuting my case could not cite the traffic code properly as he persisted in using the word “practical” and not “practicable.” More troublesome, the officer who wrote my citation told the court that I should turn left from the right curb in a perpendicular move across six lanes of traffic. *He really said this.* I smiled at the judge who, even though he ultimately found me guilty, seemed to convey he agreed

with the absurdity. But the law is the law, and the law won.

As an aside, I was similarly harassed not one week after my court verdict by yet another Iowa City police officer who said I was not in the “bike lane” on Benton Street. Of course, the shoulder on Benton is not a bike lane—the pavement is broken and cracked, there’s litter and debris, and it’s not marked as a bike lane. The head of Public Works agreed with me that this is not a bike lane and informed the Police Department as such, but it begs the question of whether or not

“I fought the law, and the law won.”

—Sonny Curtis

any of these officers are fit to tell a cyclist where they should and should not be on the road.

The issue at hand is not that I lost my court case; the problem is this law. This law, as interpreted by the officer and the judge in my court case, will be dangerous for cyclists. For example, a cyclist’s movement to avoid hazardous pavement conditions that could be seen as acceptable to an officer driving a police car, could be construed as illegal. This law could even be used against a cyclist navigating a narrow roadway who ensures his or her safety by “taking” the lane. One could foresee how this law might be used in the defense of an otherwise guilty motorist—if they claimed the cyclist was not riding far enough to the right at the time of their impact, who would be to blame?

Iowa City’s bicycle statute, in our bronze-level “Bicycle Friendly” city, subjects cyclists to needless second-guessing by law enforcement and we are all less safe because of it. Our community should be fostering alternative forms of transportation and seeking ways to get more citizens walking and bicycling more often. Instead, unfortunately, when our City decides to crackdown on roadway safety, they aim their ire at those who are most vulnerable, as evidenced by the latest crackdown on jaywalkers (*Daily Iowan*, Sept 10).

We need to foster a better environment and encourage citizens to make daily choices that make our community more livable. Our laws, and the way we design Iowa travelways, should not be a hindrance toward that goal. Demand your rights, demand your roadway space and, if it comes to it, demand your day in court. I know I will continue to do so; I hope you do as well.

—Donald Baxter, University Heights



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DIGGING UP THE PAST

These three bison have remained hidden for decades.



Photos by Jason Fries

OPEN SPACES

In the days when prairies stretched from river to river across the expanse of what we now call Iowa, bison disturbance was essential to the health of the ecosystem. As the herds thundered across the grasslands and created wallows—depressions in the ground in which the animals rolled to cover themselves in mud and dirt—like a plow, they brought buried soil to the surface, leading to greater plant species diversity and ecosystem health. Recently, construction work on Iowa City's Pedestrian Mall unearthed three long-forgotten bison, and from their re-appearance lots of conversation has sprouted about our community, its history and its future.

Construction fences went up around the Black Hawk Mini-Park area of the downtown Ped Mall several weeks ago, and the one-story Wells Fargo building came down. These initial stages of Moen Group's 14-story tower, Park @201, have marked an eruption of some very interesting and pertinent issues about public space, public process and public art. The first issue—or complex of issues—erupted long before the fences went up, when Marc Moen, who owns the property, revealed his specific plans for the development of the space next to the Mini-Park. His vision for a tower in that spot is actually several years old—I recall

seeing mention of it in the press on numerous occasions. But when the specific plans were announced, especially when the specific ambition of 14 stories came to be known, a number of community members objected on several counts.

A strong community builds pathways for public discussion and reconciliation; it does not use escape hatches to avoid public discussion it doesn't wish to engage in.

Two issues were primary among the concerns. First, many simply objected to the size of the building in that space, as it will materially impact the nature of the Ped Mall, both in terms of the structure's imposingness and the shadow it will cast. Second, many objected to Mr. Moen's request for tax increment financing from the City of Iowa City for part of the project. I won't express an opinion on these two issues since that's not my purpose here and since they're now moot points. The point I'd simply like to make here is perhaps obvious but, I think, worth repeating. The lines between public space and private property are very often fuzzy. I don't mean that literal property lines are fuzzy. But the balance between a private property owner's desire to build whatever he or she wants and the collective wishes of a public are not always congruent. And while there may be no legal requirements at play, a community conversation in such circumstances is almost always wise.

Unfortunately, that didn't happen, or at least didn't happen to the extent many would have liked. A petition with 697 signatures in our community can put a reverse referendum on general obligation bonds—which the city had planned to use for the TIF—to a public vote. A group of Iowa Citizens collected 862 signatures and presented the petition to the city. The City Council's response was to change the type of bonds for the TIF to revenue bonds, which are not subject to public vote. I know and admire some who sit on our City Council, and I admire some whom I don't know. Even so, we part ways on this decision. Regardless of whether or not councilors believed strongly in the project as good for the city, as several have stated, a significant public expression of concern and call for action does not deserve an end run by its elected representatives. It is true, as one or two councilors said, that the public elects its representatives to make such decisions. But that is not an absolute; the dialogue and consultation

process does not simply end on Election Day. If there is enough public concern expressed, as I believe there was in this case, I say it is incumbent upon a representative body to facilitate those concerns and not quash them. Perhaps it may not have had to come to a public vote, but the petition deserved a more respectful response than rendering it irrelevant after the fact. A strong community builds pathways for public discussion and reconciliation; it does not use escape hatches to avoid public discussion it doesn't wish to engage in.

Whether Black Hawk Mini-Park somehow falls victim to its new tall neighbor when completed or not, it has for the next year or so. In order to construct the new tower, the mini-park has disappeared from public use, blocked by construction fences and home to construction equipment. This constriction of public space has consequences—and, again, causes public space issues to rise to the surface. KCRG reported on Aug. 29 that city police were “cracking down” on illegal behavior in the Ped Mall, this in the wake of the Black Hawk closure. A number of citizens have claimed that this effort targets the poor and homeless who sit on the Ped Mall, often in and close to Black Hawk Mini-Park, and who are now displaced to closer proximity to others who object to them. The police say they are simply responding to increased behavioral complaints and are simply ticketing people who break the law.

As before, I'm not here to pass judgment on exactly what is happening by whom, to whom, and why. But this is definitely an object lesson in the importance of public space and the negative effects on community when you take it away (“temporarily” or not). More public space is healthier—for more people to congregate and interact, and for more *different* kinds of people to congregate and interact. Squeezing more people into a smaller public space can lead to more conflict and less community. At the same time, I think this situation also reveals how compartmentalized our Pedestrian Mall is and can be. When certain groups are displaced from “their” section—whether that segmentation is a result of choice, a sense of “ownership,” or exile—they “infiltrate” other's areas, and those others don't like it. “The big sort”—Bill Bishop's idea, in his

book of the same name, that Americans today self-select themselves into more and more like-minded enclaves—can happen on both micro and macro levels. Maybe it's about time the various “factions” of Ped Mall denizens



ART + PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT

Donna Friedman and her art students completed the mural in 1976.

came into closer proximity to and more interaction with each other. I don't hold out hope that it will be pretty, though, as apparently it has not been.

This situation may reveal a larger issue about public space. A recent article by Jay

Finally, the bison. As the nondescript Wells Fargo building came down, the wall of an adjacent building was revealed. And on that wall was a long-forgotten mural panel of three bison, part of one of Iowa City's great historical efforts in public art. This was a remnant of the large Chief Black Hawk mural entitled “Black Hawk's Dream,” painted on the side of the Paul-Helen Building (now housing Iowa Artisans Gallery) in the 1970s, directed by UI Professor Donna Friedman and designed by Eric Christensen. The mural disappeared in the 1980s when a new entrance and new windows were installed on that side of the building. This “bison disturbance” has dredged up a lot of welcome interest in local history and public art.

The revelation has also revived some discussion about Black Hawk Mini-Park itself. News reports have revealed that the city still retains the option of selling that land to private developers. While it seems unlikely that would happen, we have seen incidences, even in the past year, of development happening in our community based on legal situations and ordinances that the public was unaware of. Perhaps more discussion should happen about making Black Hawk Mini-Park's status as public space permanent.

A recent guest opinion by Jim Maynard in the *Iowa City Press-Citizen* has also called us to rethink the future of the mini-park in the wake its newfound attention. The building that stood on that site was demolished in the late 1960s in preparation for Iowa City's urban renewal. For several years, it remained an empty demolition lot. Jim Maynard is a former co-chairman of Project GREEN, and his essay reminds us that Black Hawk Mini-Park (which he designed and whose construction he supervised—and which, by the way, followed the painting of the Black

A 20-minute video about the mural *Black Hawk's Dream* can be viewed on the Iowa City Public Library website: <http://video-stream.icpl.org/the-spirit-of-black-hawk/>

Walljasper on onthecommons.org is entitled “Poor People Need Public Spaces the Most.” Walljasper cites Enrique Peñalosa—former mayor of Bogotá, Colombia—who notes that “richer people enjoy the pleasures of big homes, backyards, private clubs and country houses. Poor people have only their local street to hang out in—and if they're lucky, a park, library or playground nearby.” I leave you to ponder the implications of this important observation for our own community.

Hawk mural) was initiated by Project GREEN in order to, as he says, “provide a [refuge] from the chaos and foreshadow the environment and amenities that could be created downtown if the council would grant them the use of the [site].” The mini-park, as well as a second park built at the southwest corner of Dubuque and College Streets (where the Sheraton now sits), were precursors to and inspiration for the subsequent construction of the Ped Mall.

If you look at pictures of the mini-park in its early days, it actually looks like a park

with much more in the way of trees and landscaping than exist today. As the redesign of the Paul-Helen building led to the demise of the mural, so did it alter the mini-park. Jim Maynard tells us how his redesign pro-

The City of Iowa City still retains the option of selling Black Hawk Mini-Park to private developers.

posal called for a small stage and an outdoor café atmosphere, which never came to pass. Maynard says, "In my opinion, the new design that was implemented was and is totally lacking in the appeal, attraction, ambiance and intimacy of the original design." I agree that the current state of Black Hawk Mini-Park, while valuable as public space, barely captures the spirit of an urban park and has much more potential for a more vibrant public space. Maynard calls us to take the opportunity of this significant public space's new attention to rethink Black Hawk Mini-Park: "Once the Moen Tower is done, the area should be redesigned and restored to a more inviting concept." I'd be on board with that.

Like the tens of millions of bison of old, the three painted exemplars of the prairie's keystone species will disappear from our sight once again in the months to come. They have provided us with a tremendous community service, however, by giving us some historic and current artistic pleasure and by plowing up some issues regarding our precious public spaces that need more—and ongoing—community discussion. **lv**

When his son was in grade school, Thomas Dean was reminded often that it's "bison," not "buffalo."

The proof is in the Procymidone

I've been bombarded with questions this month asking whether or not organic food is more nutritious and worth the extra money, and I'm not surprised. There has been a lot of controversy and contradictory research published that would leave anyone confused. The main problem started when Stanford University researchers published a meta-analysis of several studies in *The Annals of Internal Medicine* (Sept. 4, 2012).

The authors—many of whom are affiliates and fellows of Stanford's Freeman Spogli Institute, which is funded by the agribusiness giant Cargill and foundations that have deep ties to agricultural chemical and biotechnology corporations like Monsanto—concluded that "the published literature lacks strong evidence that organic foods are significantly more nutritious than conventional foods."

The mass media pounced on the situation and blasted headlines proclaiming organic food is no more nutritious than conventional food, but there are problems with this simplification.

The Stanford paper contradicts a 2011 study from the Human Nutrition Research Center of Newcastle University, which analyzed the same research and concluded that organic food has on average 12 to 16 percent more

nutrients than conventional crops (*Critical Reviews in Plant Sciences* 2011, 30(1), 177-197). It also ignores a 2010

study by Washington State University, which found that organic strawberries contained more vitamin C than conventional ones. The Stanford team has acknowledged that this study was "erroneously" left out of the analysis, but there seems to be a pattern of cherry picking data to fit a desired outcome.

Most importantly, what has been overlooked in most of the ensuing tête-à-tête is a single statement made by the Stanford researchers which nearly everyone does agree with: "Consumption of organic foods may reduce exposure to pesticide residues."

This pesticide residue is often cited as a major contributor to a number of human ailments, including AD(H)D, neurological disorders and cancers of most tissues. In fact, the authors of the President's Cancer Panel advise Americans to decrease exposure to pesticides by choosing food grown without pesticides or chemical fertilizers. Extensive research, including studies cited in Stanford's own study, indicate that organic food is undeniably lower in these pesticide residues and, therefore, safer to consume.

So, as you can see, even if organic food is only as nutritious as conventional foods, it is still worth the money to avoid the potentially deadly pesticides.

My verdict: Spend the money and buy organic—and, as always, be well. **lv**

When Dr. Jason Bradley isn't accepting funds from the infinitely deep pockets of Big Organic, he can be found practicing Metabolic and Nutritional Medicine at Washington Street Wellness Center in Iowa City, Iowa.

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40 Years of Fighting

FOR FEMINIST HEALTH CARE

The year is 1973. The Vietnam War is ending. The Watergate hearings are beginning. The World Trade Center is completed, making it the world's tallest building. A gallon of gas costs about 40 cents. The U.S. Supreme Court rules on *Roe v. Wade*, making abortion a constitutionally protected right for all women, irrespective of their financial means. And here in Iowa City a historic moment in women's access to healthcare and reproductive autonomy occurs when a group of 12 women open the Emma Goldman Clinic, a feminist healthcare collective, offering birth control counseling, psychotherapy, birthing classes, massages, legal self-help information, healthcare education and first-trimester abortions.

The passing of *Roe v. Wade* itself was the impetus for the project. Since 1971, a group of local feminist activists had been offering an abortion counseling and referral service. According to the *Guttmacher Institute's Report on Public Policy* (2003), in 1970, four states had repealed their anti-abortion statutes. Women with (often considerable) means could travel to Alaska, Hawaii, New York, Washington—or even as



Photos courtesy of Emma Goldman Clinic

FIRST HOME

715 N. Dodge Street, Iowa City

began ecstatically making calls to find out when such services would be offered here and how much they would cost. To their horror and surprise, local gynecologists all but hung up the phones in their faces. That's when Emma's founding mothers decided to do it on their own. They opened a women's health clinic that prior-

player on both the state wide and national levels by allocating funds to support the opening of clinics in Cedar Rapids, Cedar Falls and Ames; training fitters for the cervical cap; successfully suing the State of Iowa in the '70s to extend funding for non-therapeutic abortions; and training medical students in how to provide abortion services, making The University



STILL STANDING

Co-Director Francine Thompson (R) and the current staff of the Emma Goldman Clinic

The Emma Goldman Clinic will be hosting a number of 40th Anniversary events and conversations over the coming year. For an up-to-date list of events, visit www.emmagoldman.com

itized training lay people to offer basic women's health services and also focused on providing reproductive health education to demystify women's bodies and to empower women as active agents of their own health and as knowledgeable consumers when seeking services from the medical system. The collective paid to

train a local physician to perform first-trimester abortions and the Emma Goldman Clinic, a feminist, consensus-driven healthcare collective was born.

This locally-grown, independent small business has been a leader in providing feminist reproductive healthcare for 40 years. The organization has also been an important

of Iowa's medical school one of the few OB GYN residency programs in the country that offers such training.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Since 2005, in the midst of increased competition from big-box reproductive care, like Planned Parenthood, local, independent, feminist health clinics have gone the way of the Dodo bird—some dying out after as many as 30 years. Now, less than 15 remain.

The Emma Goldman Clinic has in part survived by reconfiguring its collective structure in the mid-'90s and adopting a more hierarchically organized business plan. Emma currently has two co-directors, Francine Thompson and Jennifer Price. Thompson recalls, "I started working at the clinic in July of 1987. At that time the clinic still operated as a collective. All

far as England—to garner a safe, legal first-trimester abortion on demand. With Alaska, Hawaii and Washington requiring 30 days of residency in order to provide the procedure, local feminist activists were referring women to New York and even Mexico. When *Roe v. Wade* was upheld, feminist healthcare activists

[Women's] development, her freedom, her independence, must come from and through herself. First, by asserting herself as a personality, and not as a sex commodity.

Second, by refusing to bear children, unless she wants them, by refusing to be a servant to God, the State, society, the husband, the family, etc., by making her life simpler, but deeper and richer.

—Emma Goldman



GRASSROOTS - 1973

Iowa City's Emma Goldman Clinic was the first feminist health clinic in the midwest

12 of us associate directors shared and rotated jobs, and we were all paid the same wage."

When asked about the significance of Emma turning 40, Thompson responds immediately. "Well, we are a local, grassroots organization that was started by women in the community in which they lived. In an age of big box stores and outsourcing, we are still here, 40 years later. We continue to provide personalized, high quality healthcare to the women who live in our community and state. We are still here because we have been uncompromising about our feminist values and our client-centered care."

CHALLENGES...THEY'VE FACED A FEW

Thompson's confidence about Emma's future is unmistakable—almost eerily optimistic. When questioned about the current climate, which suggests that the age of grassroots women's healthcare may be over, Thompson smiles. "It is an ongoing struggle to balance the desire to keep abortion financially accessible with the rising costs of operating an independent healthcare clinic," she admits. "Combine that with the current economic challenges that many of the families we see are experiencing..." she stops, unable to complete her sentence or even to imagine a future without a

thriving Emma Goldman Clinic in it.

With Mitt Romney's "only-in-the-case-of" stance on abortion, the yearly onslaught of overarching legislation strategically proposed to chip away at the principles that undergird *Roe v. Wade*—the most recent being the Arizona legislature's pronouncement that life actually begins before conception—and the looming possibility of a Republican president being poised to nominate up to four Supreme Court justices, it is

essential to ask what is at stake for women in the upcoming election. Thompson gasps, "Everything! There is an all out war being waged against women. Last year over 1,000 pieces of legislation were introduced."

Perhaps Thompson is unflappable not because of a naïve vision of the future but because she doesn't view the past with rose-colored glasses. "It is a little known fact," she states, "that within days of the Supreme Court ruling on *Roe*, anti-choice legislation was introduced. For as long as the clinic has been in existence, there has been a concerted effort to make abortion illegal and inaccessible. Many tactics have been tried: fear and intimidation

of providers." Her eyes are fierce, "But we are here for our clients, for the women seeking services."


This November the stakes are as high as they have always been: Will our experiment work? Can a nation founded on the idea of individual freedom stand? Will we develop spiritual, political, economic and social insti-

"We are still here because we have been uncompromising about our feminist values and our client-centered care."

—Emma Goldman Clinic Co-Director Francine Thompson

tutions that foster self agency for everyone, or is the freedom proclaimed in our Constitution only the domain of a select few? Will a woman's health be primarily determined by her socio-economic status? When will we all, in these United States of America, have the opportunity to be free? **IV**

Raquel Lisette Baker is pursuing a PhD in English Literary Studies at The University of Iowa, specializing in Postcolonial Studies. She has been a member of Emma Goldman Clinic's Board of Directors for three years and currently serves as the vice chair.



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FINDING A DEALER

Sweet corn, jerky, all kinds of goods are available on the streets of Iowa.



Photos by Dawn Frary

GROWING ROGUE

I am supposed to meet him (I don't know his name) at the corner gas station where I expect he will be standing outside of a beat-up farm truck with Muscatine county plates. Last time I was here to buy from him he told me that his friend does the growing and he does the selling. Seemed like a good arrangement, although I didn't really care, and now I am in a hurry and just want to get my hands on what his "friend" grows. I pull into the lot and he is there and as I park, I quickly pat my pocket to make sure I have the cash. He doesn't take debit cards or checks; this is a cash-only kind of business.

He greets me and shows me what I came for, silently holding out a handful of bright green plants that can seemingly only be grown from black Iowa soil. He darts his eyes toward another car pulling in.

"I'll take a dozen." I tell him and he bends over his tailgate and slings out a bulging tan burlap sack of of pure Iowa sweet corn for me.

"This will knock your socks off, it's so dang sweet." He says as he takes my \$5 bill.

I hold the bag like a toddler straddling my hip as he informs me, "I'll have Musc melons in a few weeks, so make sure to keep an eye out for me right here." I assure him I will as he explains to me that his buddy's Muscatine melon patch is the real deal: sandy river soil plots passed down several generations in Muscatine County, Iowa.

As I drive away, I notice about five more cars lining up to purchase the corn he sells in old burlap bags and crumply Wal-Mart sacks from the back of his late-model Ford F150. No tables, no signs, no legal permission to vend, yet here is where the best corn in the entire world can be had for only five dollars.

Rogue food purveyors are nothing new. In July and August, Iowans have gotten sweet corn directly from the field, not the store, for generations. Buying it from the person who probably picked it themselves by hand and filled up their truck that morning at the crack of dawn is a tradition because it is unequivocally the best. It's unparalleled in taste, quality, freshness and price.

I first met "Zach" at a roller derby bout. A Facebook friendship followed, where occasional posts tipped me off that he has a side hobby making original, delicious high-quality beef jerky. Beef jerky happens to be a weakness of mine, especially homemade, so I asked Zac how I could get my mitts on some of his. He said he could mail me some or he would be at a location in an Eastern Iowa town on a certain night. This should not imply an endorsement of all "rogue" foodstuffs—after all, those pesky government regulations can save

your life if they help keep potentially toxic items, like misidentified mushrooms, off your plate—but it was all so cloak and dagger! In addition to buying my jerky direct, I liked that I was doing it on the down-low, that it was sold by the ounce, and that it came in a plain, zip-top baggie.

I asked Zach what prompted him to start making his dehydrated meat treat. "I started making it for myself when I went on a low-carb diet. I found low-carb snacks were very expensive and frankly, pretty bad. I'd made beef jerky before and it was really good so I made a batch. I used to hand carve slightly frozen beef (it's much easier to slice that way) and took all the fat from the meat and sliced it thin. When it dried, it was crispy, like a meat potato chip."

As for what prompted him to make the jump from beef jerky maker to beef jerky seller, Zach said that an unexpected life change was the catalyst. "When I lost my job, it became more difficult to maintain a low-carb diet and I decided that if I wanted to keep making the jerky, I needed to fund it somehow. So I started carrying some in my car at all times."

An entrepreneur at heart, Zach has met people in bars, in driveways and parking lots to sell his food. Often using social media to let followers know that he has fresh stock, he tells me that after supplies and labor he might make around minimum wage funding his jerky habit.

The main barrier to Zach's going legit and selling his products via the traditional channels of farmers' markets or stores, he says, is the costs. As he is producing small batches, he says, the cost of raw materials is too high to af-

No tables, no signs, no legal permission to vend, yet here is where the best corn in the entire world can be had for only five dollars.

ford the extra costs of professional packaging, labeling and a commercial kitchen.

My experiences buying and consuming food from "the rogues" have, admittedly, been good. Great, even. While writing this story, a few friends mentioned they knew others who make and sell salsa, pesto, eggs and sausage. I want all of you, dear readers, to know I tried my hardest to track down and try these goodies, but to no avail. They are, after all, made by the rogues. But you can bet I'll keep trying. **IV**

Collector of fanny packs, high-top sneakers and cashmere track suits, Tonya Kehoe-Anderson is a local artist, writer, freelance makeup/fashion stylist and wannabe hibernating cave bear. She blogs at www.catalogTKA.blogspot.com.

Saint Louis Brewery - St. Louis, MO**Schlafly Pumpkin Ale****BREW OF THE MONTH: OCTOBER**

Though I love carving pumpkins for Halloween, and finishing Thanksgiving dinner with a slice of pumpkin pie, pumpkin-flavored beer never appealed to me; it seemed like a bad combination. However, it was something I knew I should try and I recently got the chance to sample 17 different pumpkin ales with my beer tasting group. Much to my surprise, I realized pumpkin and beer are actually a tasty pair.

At some point during the tasting, we began ordering the bottles from best to worst. After all was said and done, standing at the front was Schlafly Pumpkin Ale.

Pumpkin Ale is ideally served in a good ol' pint glass. The color is nearing deep amber and has an orange, pumpkin-esque tint. Two fingers of fuzzy, very effervescent, eggshell-colored head will dissipate fairly quickly to leave a thin lacing and ring around the edge.

The delicious aroma of pumpkin pie is noticeable from an arm's length away. It has a solid malt base of caramel but the pumpkin pie spices (which got me psyched for autumn) are unmistakable. Upon first sip, the cinnamon and clove tickle the nostrils, providing a warm, spicy kick. It has a lightly toasted malt and caramel base with toffee, nutmeg and brown sugar, which makes me wonder if Schlafly has simply added pumpkin and spice to its Oktoberfest or Scotch Ale recipe. There is a little fruit, too, so it is like eating a piece of pumpkin pie on a plate with cherry pie crumbs and filling leftovers. **lv**



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FOOD PAIRINGS: Andy White, the executive chef and general manager of the Schlafly Tap Room, recommends "dry chili rubbed pork tenderloin or chop, a smoked turkey sandwich or a fresh off the tree mile-high apple pie."

WHERE TO BUY: Most area beer retailers will have it. However, Pumpkin Ale is a special, seasonal release only available in September and October, so get it while supplies last.

PRICE: \$1.99 per 12-ounce bottle, \$10-11 per six-pack.

—Casey Wagner

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F.O.H.T.S.W.

Standing on the West Bank corner, a shirtless man wears a bib of dried blood and bellows long, singular tones like a throat singer. People stare but no one engages, even the cops wheeling past like dude is another fiberglass Herky.

"We're in Hell, keep moving," clucks the smart-eyed girl sitting shotgun.

This gets a laugh out of me, a big one. For the last 40 grueling minutes I've inched away from the stadium in a parade of party buses, Winnebagos, out of state plates, two Prevost coaches, and a beer wagon mixed with swarms of cops and cabs busy hunting prey. For enquiring minds, 40 minutes such as these are the reason for those exploitative stadium rates.

But I digress.

Soon as I drop my smart-eyed fare, more folks pile in and want to go back to the stadium.

"They've closed the roads to traffic," I advise. "Closest we can get is Riverside."

"And you expect us to pay for that?"

Over the taxi radio, dispatch is yelling like his office is on fire. This is after all Football Saturdays in Illinois City, Ohio, when we throw doors wide to mayhem unlike any other day of the year. The action just isn't complete without a lot of rude yelling.

The crowds swell innumerable downtown, even in quieter quarters you wouldn't suspect for debauchery, droves roving in their gang's colors, shaking pennants and pompons and fists, shouting as they shove toward troughs of ice-cold beer, turkey legs, barbecued things on sticks. Money meanwhile blows in the street and bunches of us crowd at curbside looking

for our hustle, whatever it is. Some rake in cash, others bleed like pigs.

There is a golden equation at work behind all this disorder and it must be pristine and

I'd be on garbage detail during football games. "Hell no," I said. "I'd rather drive a cab."

This was one of those clichés of grim comparison like "I'd rather eat lead," or "I'd rather poop out of my face and ears."

Instead, here is Football Saturday all over again like another hot yellow wave roiling through a fever dream.

Four hours into shift, I make a cash drop and the beast already wants dinosaur juice. So I pull off at the station and find #301 also at the pumps. He hasn't driven long—this is his second football season—but he became a fast veteran. #301's got moxie, like Al Martin used to say.

But tonight, never mind that we're into cash like we're printing it, he looks already beat.

I wrinkle my nose at him, saying, "Your face is real long."

"This shit was fun when it was fun," he replies. "But it's always 'I'm too drunk,' or 'I can't do it,'" shaking his head, thinking about it before striking his humor, "I gotta pay for my junk! Fuck this noise."

We laugh to give our backbones ease, lighting cigarettes and pumping gasoline.

It happens to all cab drivers but it happens most regularly with dispatch. The first six months in the chair are an exhilarating breeze because green dispatchers can't fathom what is actually happening. It is when they hit the steep brick wall of understanding that spirits sink along with the numbers. This is because the more attention paid to the details, the heavier reality gets. Einstein wasn't wrong about that shit.

I ask #301: "So you gonna quit?"



godlike in expression. I would add it has already been quantified for you by qualified experts that have performed the laborious task of Figuring Out How This Shit Works. Make no mistake: Everything has been arranged to work just as it does, intended or not. The mousetrap we build had better be better than the last. No outperformance, no bonus, no crying, bitch.

It gets to be people don't even know or care what they're celebrating, or who and what they are rooting against. Having gotten as far poisoning themselves, few are able to show signs of how they come along in other projects. Hence the wild fannings of cash and all the tough talk.

A few summers ago I had a job playing cards at Parking & Transportation until finding out



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He stares overhead into the halogen glare that whizzes with a million flying things. We can hear downtown roaring from here.

"I can't do this anymore," he says. "I'm no lifer."

Ten minutes later, I'm at the Clinton crosswalks when a daredevil jumps in front of my taxi, a flag of twenties wagging overhead in his fist. I crack the window but he shows no signs of budging. He looks like Meat Loaf, the singer, and weaves in my headlights as if he means to fight one of them.

He hollers, asking, "How much to the Quad Cities?"

I spy only three twenties in his fist and that's not enough. Perhaps sensing my apprehension, he makes demands and raps the hood.

"You're going to do it [*pound-pound*] for sixty bucks [*pound-pound*], right now [*pound*]."

It's a spectacular act but I nevertheless advise him my vehicle has a curb weight a little over four thousand pounds.

"Hey taxi, over here!"

I hear this second caller from behind me, across the street. A woman, older in age and more oiled than Meat Loaf. She clings for balance to one of the city's decorative trees.

"Wait right there, I'm comin'!"

Meat Loaf rears animal-like in my headlights and howls.

"Back off if you know what's in it for you!" shaking his twenties at her and warning, "You see these? I'll kick your ass, lady!"

He has stepped out of my range just enough that I can skinny past, wheeling over the parking island and away from both disasters. In the rearview, he is throwing twenties at me.

Lucky for him then that the wind is in his face. **lv**

Vic Pasternak has made your food, poured you drinks and driven you home. If he's cranky, you probably deserve it. Or maybe not.

m.c. ginsberg

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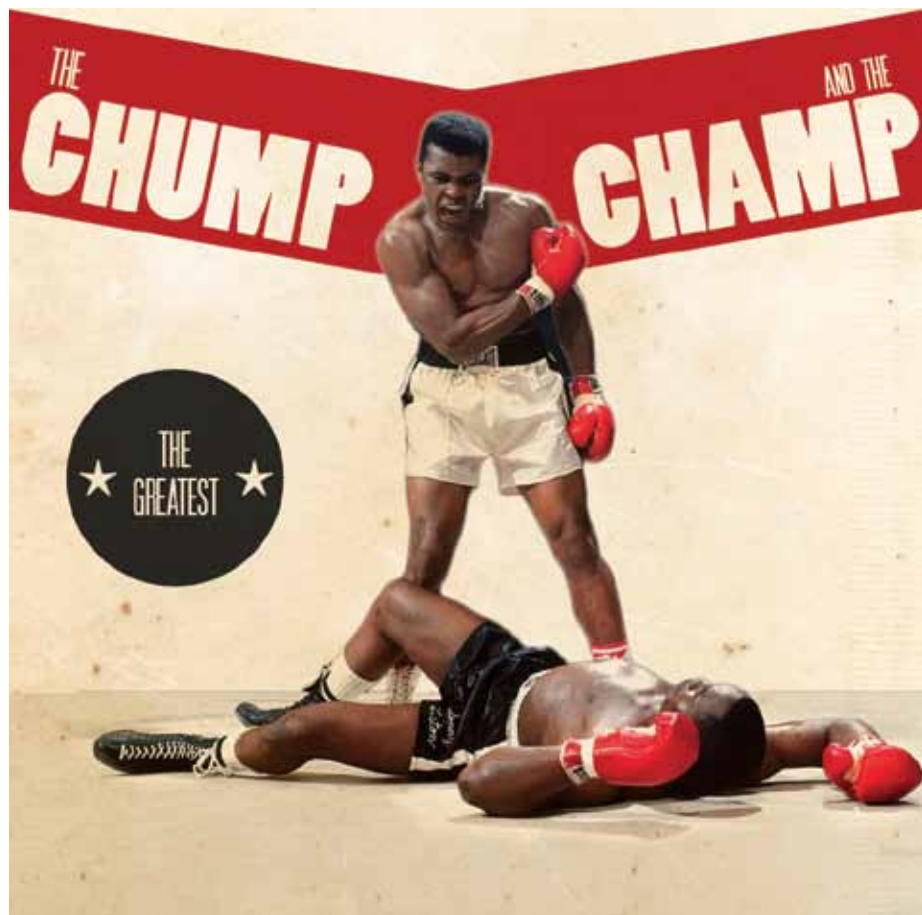
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satellite? / Yes, the crowd did not dream / When they laid down their money / That they would see / A total eclipse of Sonny!"

When Liston arrived at Miami International Airport, his opponent was waiting for him on the tarmac, shouting, "Chump! Big ugly bear! I'm gonna whup you right now!" He fled the airport for a rented beach house, but Clay chased him in a car hurling more insults until a fuming Liston pulled over. "Listen, you little punk," he screamed, "I'll punch you in the mouth. This has gone too far!" They were separated, but the staged drama resumed in front of Liston's rental property, where Clay held court in the yard.

At the weigh-in on the morning of the fight, he became even more erratic. "Float like a butterfly! Sting like a bee!" Clay famously shouted, warming up his act. "Round eight to prove I'm great!" No one had ever seen this kind of behavior in the world of boxing, where anything less than stoicism gave off a whiff of panic and fear. Liston stood on the scales as his bug-eyed opponent kept flinging abuse. "Hey, sucker! You're a chump! You been tricked, chump!"

Clay ignored warning after warning until he was fined \$2,500. "I suspected that there was a plan in his public clowning," Clay's friend Malcolm X later said. "I suspected, and he confirmed to me, that he was doing everything

At the beginning of his professional boxing career, Cassius Clay was primarily known for winning an Olympic gold medal and possessing a loud mouth. Most sportswriters hated him, especially the old guard, who felt he was not properly deferential. The racist treatment by boxing crowds and journalists certainly would have justified Clay throwing his Olympic medal into the Ohio River in disgust. It is one of the most memorable stories in sports history, but the truth is that Clay simply lost it.

According to biographer David Remnick, this fiction first appeared in his autobiography, *The Greatest*, which was a mix of fact and folklore ghostwritten by the Nation of Islam. "The story about the Olympic medal wasn't true, but we had to take it on faith," said James Silberman, the editor and chief of Random House. "When he was young he took everything with a wink, even the facts of his life." This tale resonated during the Civil Rights era because it conveyed a deeper truth about the indignities that African Americans suffered in

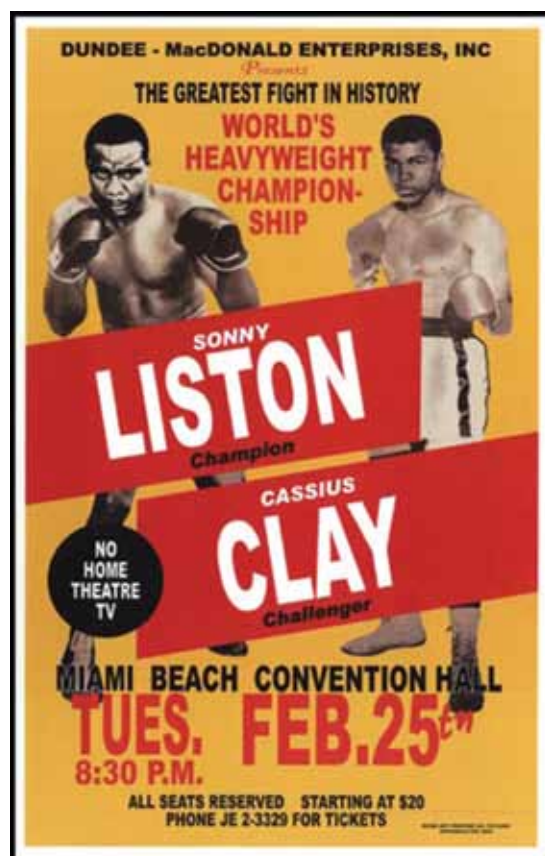
the U.S. "Tricksters tell small lies to reveal bigger ones," cultural critic John Leland reminds us.

In early 1964, this fast-footed boxer shook up the world in spectacular fashion. Clay faced heavyweight champion Sonny Liston, a favorite of the white establishment because he didn't rock the boat. Almost everyone believed the champ would

Who would have thought / When they came to the fight / That they'd witness the launching / Of a human satellite?

—Cassius Clay

destroy this inexperienced upstart, and bookies set the odds seven-to-one against Clay. A *New York Times* editor even instructed the young sports writer Robert Lipsyte to map out the quickest route from the arena to the hospital. Liston was an imposing man, but that didn't stop Clay from publicly mocking him: "Who would have thought / When they came to the fight / That they'd witness the launching / Of a human



MUHAMMAD ALI

STRADDLED THE CENTER AND MARGINS, REMAKING AMERICA'S SOCIAL LANDSCAPE IN THE PROCESS.

possible to con and to 'psyche' Sonny Liston into coming into the ring angry, poorly trained, and overconfident, expecting another of his vaunted one-round knockouts." The psychological warfare was effective. Clay's corner man, Ferdie Pacheco said, "It convinced Liston to the end of his life that Ali was crazy."

The moment the first round bell rang, Clay launched himself into the ring and began circling—bouncing from foot to foot, twitching his head from side to side. Liston lunged with a left jab, missed by two feet, and things went downhill from there. After six rounds, an exhausted Liston refused to fight anymore and forfeited the match. Cassius Clay jumped on the ropes, leaned into the sportswriters sitting

nearby and taunted them. "Eat your words! Eat your words! ... I am the greatest!" he shouted. "I shook up the world. I'm the prettiest thing that ever lived." He also threw in a line that most people missed in the heat of the moment. "I talk to God every day," he said, "the real God!"

Malcolm X, who laid low before the bout to avoid controversy, had now returned to his friend's side. The next day Clay announced that he joined the Nation of Islam, whose leader, Elijah Muhammad, soon gave him a new name: Muhammad Ali. He respected Martin Luther King, Jr., but was more compelled by Malcolm X's fiery rhetoric and messages of self-reliance. Not surprisingly, this lost the boxer a large chunk of his white fans. They could tolerate Clay's clownish behavior, but not Ali's association with an imposing and inscrutable black nationalist group.

Muhammad Ali straddled the center and margins—remaking America's social landscape in the process. He became even more politically outspoken after converting to Islam, and was openly defiant when drafted into the military in 1966. If Ali served, he almost certainly wouldn't have seen conflict and instead would have been allowed to continue boxing

as a representative of the U.S. Army. But Ali stuck with his principles and was exiled from the ring at the height of his career, while in his physical prime.

During this time he uttered what became one of his most famous lines: "I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Cong." The antiwar and civil rights movements quickly turned it into the more dramatic, "No Viet Cong ever called me Nigger." The phrase was later appropriated by the Viet Cong themselves, who dropped propaganda leaflets stating, "BLACK SOLDIERS: NO VIETNAMESE EVER CALLED YOU NIGGER." This game of telephone underscores how much Muhammad Ali had become an influential global figure by the end of the 1960s. It also shows how a single provocative statement can powerfully re-frame a debate, like a sucker punch straight to the brain. **IV**

Kembrew McLeod will spend the month of October making sure that he is keepin' it surreal. Also, David Remnick's biography of Ali, King of the World, was invaluable in writing this column.

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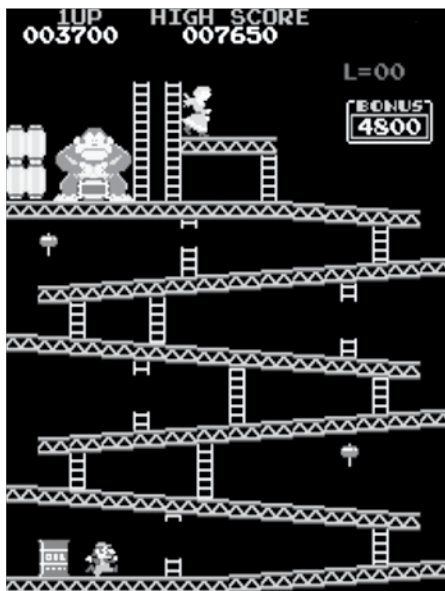
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LEVEL UP

1981 was the year of the cyborg. Three years before Gibson's *Neuromancer*, at that moment, the word "cyberpunk" didn't exist and most people knew the "mouse" only as a puffy mammal, but the explosion of arcade games was accelerating the blend of man and machine through increasingly intimate human-machine experiences. Still, at the end of the day, *Pac-Man* and *Space Invaders* were just fun, right? You couldn't compare them with the visual effects, punchlines and cunning heroes of a Hollywood film. As mainstream fiction is the way humans realize their values and dreams, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* wasn't just entertainment that year—it was the new epic. Meanwhile, the arcade was just a postmodern freak show, just a set of black particle board cabinets with TVs built in and a couple of joysticks. Come one, come all, be the intrepid pilot finding his way through the *Asteroids* belt; the lonely gunner, Earth's last stand against the *Space Invaders*; the disembodied head known as *Pac-Man*, stranded in a recursive labyrinth, chased by his own nightmares. Apparently, the Golden Age of video games didn't need much to be a happy one, just score rankings and a few nerds in a dark room. *Donkey Kong* (1981), however, would be a game changer.

Comparatively outstanding graphics and animation, cut scenes and an epic love story unfolding through different levels—that was the strategy Nintendo, a Japanese multinational consumer electronics corporation, came up with to break into the US arcade market. Needless to say, the strategy was a total success. *Donkey Kong* was the first Mario game (originally named *Jumpman*), now a billion-dollar franchise. Shigeru Miyamoto, the Stan

Lee of the arcade era, was the first game designer to balance plot and play in-game and, for the first time in the history of video games, gameplay was effectively structured according to the rules of mainstream fiction since Homer.



Atari, one of the most important companies at the time (the guys behind *Pong*), chose its name as a reference to the Asian chess game, Go. In Japanese Go, "atari" is used to mean something like "check" or "check mate." The name betrays an early notion of video games as being just that: fancy, sparkling new board games. Get to the arcade, insert coin, adjust your posture to the machine, grab the joystick with your left hand, slightly rest the other on the button panel, let the machine be an extension of your body and lose yourself. Play and be played, once and again in an infinite

loop. Early players became extensions of these games—cyborg prototypes—which all had the same behavior and, therefore, the same issue: solipsism. As soon as the game began, players locked themselves away in the abstract realms of gameplay, as if they were playing Chess or Go.

Whereas Steven Spielberg attempted to fulfill the world's egotism with a fedora-wearing, bull-whip-wielding Harrison Ford, the digital ecstasy of video games hollowed out any track of human ego. Then, Miyamoto brought drama and catharsis to the arcade.

Just look at the screenshot. Jumpman seizes his opportunity in the bottom left corner; the Lady (later called Pauline) screams in the upper left one; Donkey Kong, on the rampage, throws barrels from the top of the construction build-

HERO'S JOURNEY

Donkey Kong was the first game that incorporated the rules of mainstream fiction into gameplay.

ing. Whether Universal Studios was right or not in alleging Nintendo violated their trademark of King Kong, they inadvertently pointed out a crucial aspect of the game: in it, a story is told through gameplay mechanics. *Space Invaders* or *Asteroids* didn't have that; they just had sci-fi names and scenarios for marketing purposes. If you didn't read the label, you wouldn't have a clue what the game was about. Thirty-two years have passed and still no one knows what the matter is with *Pac-Man*, but a quick look at the *Donkey Kong* screenshot will tell you that the guy with the mustache is on an epic quest for love.

Miyamoto's level design made every player's choice not only a game choice, but a dramatic action. Getting to the top of the structure, dodging barrels and climbing ladders were the arcade equivalent to Indy escaping from a giant boulder for the good of Western museology. Jumpman's odyssey to rescue

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DONNIE AND RAYMOND
ARE ABOUT TO BECOME DADS!



Pauline from her kidnapper and restore the status quo echoes Ulysses' *Odyssey* through the Mediterranean to get to Penelope and kill her boisterous suitors. With a single screenshot, *Donkey Kong* managed to synthesize some thousand years of storytelling. Not only that, but the hero of the day found his way to convey one of the most valuable ideas in western civilization, that of freedom.

In 1968 Philip K. Dick asked the world, “Do androids dream of electric sheep?” For a positive answer would question our whole conception of being. Shakespeare had the same concern: whether to be or not to be, what matters is the dream you have during the sleep of death—and there’s the rub. Only once the gamer shuffles off his mortal coil may the arcade give him pause to dream. Unfortunately, the first iteration of the cyborg was just an automaton with a hollow mind, an alienated gamer trapped in a recursive pattern. *Pac-Man* would be the perfect metaphor here: an addicted mind lost in a labyrinth without an exit. With *Jumpman*, however, you could jump, get the Lady, kill Kong and escape. Therefore, jumping was not just a gameplay mechanic, it was the only possibility to get rid of the labyrinth, an expression of freedom and will in a mechanical world, the trick to deceive Kong.

The remaining vestiges of recursive gameplay, as Jumpman rescues the princess only to begin again with higher difficulty, are less solipsistic and instead a reflection on love in post-modern times. Jumpman was a cunning liar, like Indiana Jones, Hamlet, or Ulysses, with a difference: By jumping over barrels and climbing ladders to the top of the construction building you were not bearing witness to the dramatic ascent of the hero, you were the hero dreaming of love and freedom, and you rose as a cyborg. **IV**

Pablo R. Balbontin studied Philosophy and Literary Theory in Spain, then moved to the U.S. to write a dissertation on Spanish literature and media.

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A Night in Theatre

MARK NEUCOLLINS

As Senator Edward Kennedy's voice reverberates through the hall, I feel a curious quickening. I lift my eyes to the mega screen suspended from the ceiling of the Arena. There is Teddy, larger than life, in perfect cadence, speaking to us from beyond the grave, uplifting us, exhorting us to live up to our better nature. In rapid-fire succession the emotional punches keep coming. It is a masterful job of media editing. I squint my eyes a little to keep their dampness from being too obvious.

This electoral system exists through a symbiotic relationship between those who deceive and those who want to be deceived.

I am sitting in the nose bleed section of the Time Warner Arena in Charlotte, North Carolina, at the 2012 Democratic National Convention. I am a reporter, of sorts. More accurately an eyewitness. The reporter moniker implies a certain detached objectivity. I have no interest in pretending to be objective.

Politics, especially presidential politics, are mass participatory theatre and I love being an extra. This electoral system can only exist through a symbiotic relationship between

THEATRE >> CONT. ON PAGE 22

Authors/Photographers Jon Winet and Mark NeuCollins work at The University of Iowa Digital Studio for Public Humanities.

Jon traveled to Tampa, Florida, and Charlotte, North Carolina, for the GOP and Democratic Party national political conventions and was joined by Katie McGowan in Tampa, and Mark and Zabet NeuCollins in Charlotte. Katie is a UI graduate currently serving as education curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Detroit. Zabet is a college sophomore majoring in Human Ecology.

Additional photography, video and dispatches by the team are online on the Little Village blog, part of "First in the Nation," a media project exploring the 2012 U.S. Presidential Elections and democracy in the nation. Find a collection of posts at LittleVillageMag.com/fitn



Photo by Jon Winet



Photo by Jon Winet

IN THE BULLPEN FOR 2016?

Condoleezza Rice at the 2012
Republican National Convention



Photo by Jon Winet

The Unbearable Whiteness of Being

JON WINET

The delegates at the Democratic Convention in Charlotte reflected the nation's current and evolving demographics, with a generous mix of Americans of all ethnicities. In contrast, despite what one can surmise was a considerable effort by party operatives to diversify the delegations—considerable given the level of support by African Americans for the the Romney-Ryan ticket pegged in a mid-August NBC News/Wall Street Journal poll was a gob-smacking 0 percent—the GOP gathering in Tampa seemed, and was, overwhelmingly white.

A September NBC/Wall Street Journal poll showed Mitt Romney garnering 0 percent of the African American vote.

Following the GOP electoral shellacking in 2008, pundits commented that the future of the party was doomed as the U.S. population and electorate continue to become far more diverse and younger than the party's core and faithful constituency. The 2010 midterm elections and the rise and triumph of the Tea Party suggest that the post-mortem was conducted prematurely, but it's hard to imagine a future in which the Republicans don't make a concerted effort to put forward more candidates of color—irrespective of the makeup of their current voters. In the event of a defeat on Nov. 6, it's easy to imagine the likes of Condoleezza Rice or Marco Rubio on a 2016 presidential ticket. Rice served as Secretary of State during the Bush 43 administration. Rubio is Florida's junior U.S. Senator. Both delivered fiery speeches in prime time at the Republican National Convention. **IV**



Photo by Mark NeuCollins



Photo by Mark NeuCollins



Photo by Jon Winet

>> THEATRE CONT. FROM PAGE 20

those who deceive and those who want to be deceived. I beg my candidate to lie to me convincingly, to sculpt a narrative that inflames my passions, to deliver it with rhetoric so stirring that it propels me to my feet shouting "Yes, We Can!"

Unable to attend the Republican National Convention in person, I watched it through a media window that revealed performances lackluster and uninspiring, messages dull and xenophobic, deceptions butchered and laid out on a slab without even the pretense of being factual. To a person who is occasionally swayed by a conservative argument; who is drawn to the message of individual responsibility and accountability; who respects the root of the word conservative, this GOP convention offered nothing. Gov. Romney, in his acceptance speech, capped off this litany of disappointment by making the environmental crisis—arguably an existential threat to life on this planet as we have known it—the punchline to a joke.

In comparison to that electronically mediated experience, this hall in Charlotte is alive with an energy that feeds upon itself like a benevolent fire. Fairness, access to opportunity, respect for all, marriage equality, care for those less fortunate, the right to dream—all are packaged in fiery rhetoric and hurled point-blank at the partisan crowd in the Hall. The crowd jumps to its feet in near ecstasy as each speaker fires their words directly to the heart. Zach Wahls, yes, I also believe that every child deserves a family as loving and committed as yours; Elizabeth Warren, yes, I too have a problem with the rigged economic game; Emanuel Cleaver, yes, I too care for children and whether they go hungry; Julian Castro, yes, we should remove the shadow of deportation from a whole generation of dreamers.

To a person who is occasionally swayed by a conservative argument; who is drawn to the message of individual responsibility and accountability; who respects the root of the word conservative, this GOP convention offered nothing.

words weighted by a lifetime of helping the poor; Michelle Obama, *our* Michelle, smiles benevolently down upon the delegates, her children. These strong women are not just supporting members of the Democratic party, they are its driving force, the standard bearers, the tip of the spear.

As Bill Clinton takes the stage to deliver his homily, an almost audible sigh of contentment comes from the crowd. His cadence is familiar, his folksy presentation is friendly, non-threatening



The Graces float above. Sandra Fluke, who, like an aikido artist, turns hateful words into hope for a better future; Sister Simone Campbell delivers a message of morality, her

and right on target. It is a good speech, and watching the recorded video of the speech after the convention, I realize that, televised, it was a great speech. Here, though, in the context of the hall, this speech is not the apex of the convention, but a satisfying punctuation mark at the end of a long, stirring sentence.

And Barack Obama? He is here, all around, but what the chattering class doesn't seem to realize is that this spectacle is not so much about him anymore. Obama's promise of change has taken on a life of its own, a palpable presence that can be felt in this room tonight. He does not need to fill the air with soaring rhetoric that puts the lift under these Democrats' wings, because they have found a way to soar by themselves. Obama taught them a song. They have made it their own. All he needs to do at this convention is to show up, look around, and say in a smooth and steady voice, "I am Barack Obama. You are my message, and I approve of it." **lv**

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Submit your work to: htr@littlevillagemag.com. Please attach your work as a Word Document, PDF or Rich Text file. Your name and contact information will be removed from your entry and it will be judged anonymously. Judges are Andre Perry (UI Nonfiction MFA graduate and executive director of the Englert Theatre), Hugh Ferrer (associate director of the UI International Writing Program and board member at Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature) and Matt Steele (publisher and managing editor of *Little Village* magazine).

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A Set of Lies Agreed Upon

NAPOLEON AND THE ART OF PROPAGANDA

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The question of how emperors and imperial aspirants fashion their cult status through images is, given our place in the present election cycle, relevant. An exhibition that raises questions and provides insight into the ways that visual propaganda shapes the image of an actual or potential government leader would have been edifying in the current political context; a con-

The University of Iowa Museum of Art's current exhibition, *Napoléon and the Art of Propaganda*, is built around a collector's fascination and love for the man behind the images.

sideration of how the modes of dissemination of that propaganda made their way out into the broader, industrializing, society would have provided an interesting counterpoint when considered against the backdrop of contemporary propaganda machines.

The exhibition could have done this: While it includes paintings, manuscripts and other unique objects, it is comprised mostly of multiples of one type or another (prints, coins, medals, printed books, etc). There is a story that could be told by the history of these objects, the conditions under which they were produced, the way they were disseminated, and how they combated rival images

of Napoléon. But this exhibition did not tell this story.

The idea of an artist, inspired by the promise of a political leader, creating an image of extreme power might resonate with the recent history of Shepherd Fairey's Obama campaign posters. There is a story that the exhibition alludes to about how Napoléon's artistic program jump-started state sponsorship of the genre of "history painting," reconceived as the presentation of contemporary, and not historical, events. But within the confines of the exhibition this allusion remains an assertion: The "new history paintings" are presented largely via prints, and we are not given any historical antecedents with which to visually judge the ways that new art form supplanted and transformed the old. There is, in the end, not enough visual evidence for a critical examination of these claims. Again, the story is there, but the exhibition does not tell it.

These two approaches, a critical re-examination of the social history of the work and its aesthetic value, form the crux of the critical program behind the exhibition, as outlined on the exhibition website. But while they raise interesting questions about the work, the exhibition, and the presentation of the work, is not sufficient to give an answer or allow us to

visually explore the questions. One could argue that it fails its stated purpose.

That said, the show is not without interest: It is, as it were, something other than its propaganda suggests.

The work in the show comes from the collection of the Parisian Pierre-Jean Chalençon, a collector with an obsession for all things "Napoléon." He is neither a historian nor a connoisseur of a wide range of artworks, 19th century or otherwise—he is, above all, a Napoléon enthusiast. His collection reflects this enthusiasm and is held together by it. It is built around his fascination and love for the man behind the images. If the art of the First Empire overwhelmingly reflects Napoléon's image of himself, the work presented in this exhibition doubles this reflection through the enthusiasm of the collector for Napoleon's personal effects.

The resulting experience might therefore be best understood as an exploration of how the man saw himself. The images, insofar as they depart from documentary accuracy, embody both a self-fashioning ego and an aspiration; it is the latter quality that I would like to explore in the remainder of this review.

So who does Napoléon imagine himself to be? The visual evidence in the exhibition suggests several characteristics that seem significant. First, perhaps the most striking similarity between all of the portraits, he is beautiful. His eyes are clear, his features well-defined, his

skin without blemish and his form taut within his uniform.

Second, he is utterly and completely calm (which implies that he is utterly and completely in control). Importantly, when others around him are in disarray (or are suffering),



he is there, but unflappable. He is emotionally untouched by the world, but present to aid or comfort as necessary. *Napoléon at Essling during the agony of Marshall Lannes* by Jean-Pierre-Marie Jazet (after a larger painting by Bellange) is especially revealing in this instance: Napoleon's impassive face, in profile, stands out as the single calm moment in the otherwise chaotic scene, the wrenching

emotion of the event causing only the faintest visible contortion of his face.

Third, he never changes. The most remarkable characteristic of the exhibition, for me, was that all of the faces are eerily similar. Circumstances change—his age changes—but for the most part his face is consistent. No wild expressions distort it, neither do any violent poses show or occlude anything unfamiliar. How different from the present day, when politicians must be seen smiling, deep in thought, playing with their families, throwing the football, speaking publicly, whispering privately and other things besides.

Today's politicians have many faces; Napoleon had one.

Fourth, and this is certainly a corollary of the third point, his life is entirely interior. He holds his character within himself with a tremendous amount of reserve. His face, always the same face, is relaxed and without emotion. Whatever interior life he has (and his stoic self-control betrays a significant one) never surfaces on his face or in his body.

These characteristics are all, of course, ideals. Whatever relation the historical Napoléon

had to those characteristics is a historian's job to decide. What is interesting for me to see in these images is that they embody a set of virtues that could be upheld in an Emperor. They are both an embodiment of how Napoleon wanted to be seen, and what his subjects desired—this is what made them so effective, and what draws a collector like Chalençon to value them.

After World War II, too close to Hitler's interpretation of the "Great Man" ideal to view imperial aspirations through any other lens, it is difficult to view these images without a deep and abiding suspicion. This might be the reason for the critical program of the exhibition. But the work in the show, visually, creates a different kind of challenge. These works offer a vision of what a Great Man longed to be and they challenge us, if the vision is compelling beyond the level of historical curiosity, to reassess whether this ideal might yet have something to teach us. **IV**

Brian Prugh is a graduate student studying painting at the University of Iowa. He also writes art criticism for the Iowa City Arts Review, found online at iowacityartsreview.com.

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Finally a vampire you don't want to date

Kids, you may not know this, but vampires used to be scary. Nowadays vampires have perfectly gelled heads of luxurious hair, and their supernatural powers include sparkling and being bad-boy-cute. It wasn't always so. The scariest vampire of all had no hair to gel, and instead of taking girls on frighteningly romantic dates, he feasted on human blood. He was called Nosferatu, and he was terrifying. Not

Nosferatu was terrifying, and not in a, "he's such a good boyfriend he knows me better than I know myself" kind of way.

terrifying as in, "he's such a good boyfriend he knows me better than I know myself," but in that "he ate a town" kind of way.

F.W. Murnau's *Nosferatu* (1922)—playing Thursday, Oct. 11 at the Englert—is based on a best-selling book, Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, and stars a plucky young "sinless maiden." (Some things never change.) What an outlandish time the 20s were! E.B. White, in his introduction to "The Lives and Times of Archy and Mehitabel," put it this way: "Spiritualism had captured people's fancy also. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was in close touch with the hereafter, and received frequent communications from the other side. Ectoplasm swirled around all our heads in those days...Souls, at this period, were being transmigrated in Pythagorean fashion." People thought, "What if death isn't as permanent as our 1920s-era equivalent of

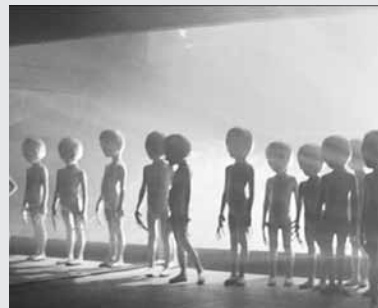
Fox News would like us to think, huh? Maybe bad stuff can cross back over and suck out our lifeblood?"

As is the duty of any well-conceived horror film, *Nosferatu* suggests a scientific basis for the implausible predator from beyond the grave when a biology professor examines such strange natural examples as a carnivorous plant and an "invisible, almost bodiless" polyp. Based on the freaky animals David Attenborough's shown me over the years, I'm pretty sure that Nature and God constantly conspire to create the most bizarre beings they can think of. Ever heard of a tardigrade? Look it up, unless you don't want your mind to be blown. A blood-sucking humanoid is no stretch for those guys. And people in the 1920s knew it.

In those backwards days, people didn't have cellphones that allowed them to watch *Nosferatu* via instant-streaming Netflix on the bus. They had to watch it in a dark, immobile theater, like savages. Dr. Rick Altman, the pre-eminent scholar of film sound and my former professor, would go into conniptions if I told you *Nosferatu* was a silent movie. Don't get me wrong, it wasn't a "talkie," but it wasn't silent either. In 1922, people may not have had the 3D and CGI and other acronyms we enjoy today, but they weren't dopes who just plopped down in front of a screen with nothing to listen to but the throat-clearings, whis-perings, lip-smackings and chair-creakings of their fellow audience members. People would

NOSFERATU >> CONT. ON PAGE 28

Now Showing



Close Encounters of the Third Kind

Stephen Spielberg (1977)

Starlight Cinema | Oct. 11 (dusk)

Close encounters of the first kind are where you claim to have been taken for a joyride around the planet and your work friends take you off their Christmas card list. Close encounters of the second kind are where you try to convince skeptics by citing the "do-nut-shaped crop circles" on your lawn. Close Encounters of the Third Kind are where you show those non-believers video proof that your abductors exist in this family-friendly Spielberg classic.

Sleepwalk with Me

Mike Bribiglia (2012)

Bijou | Oct. 5-11

In this indie comedy, director, writer and star Mike Bribiglia finds amusement in his dangerous, uncontrollable nocturnal habits, his stagnant stand-up career and his failing romantic relationship.

They Call it Myanmar: Lifting the Curtain

Robert Lieberman (2012)

Bijou | Oct. 5-11

You could risk your life to infiltrate a country that has been under the thumb of a brutal dictator and closed off from the world for forever... or you could watch this movie about it from a cozy theater seat in your good ol' freedom-lovin' hometown.



FALL T.V. PREVIEW

We're upon one of my favorite times of year: the fall TV season! Increasingly, program releases are staggered throughout the year, with some of my favorites airing in the traditionally rerun-dominated summer ("Breaking Bad," and "The Real Housewives of New Jersey" being two). Yet despite these chaotic programming practices, there is still a huge influx of new TV every fall. Of course, most of these new shows will crash and burn within the first year (about 70 percent), and many won't make it past the first episode. It's hard to predict a show's success based on its pilot—both "Parks and Recreation" and "The Office" had disappointing pilots but turned out to be two of the best comedies currently on TV—but let's give it a shot anyway.

THE MINDY PROJECT (FOX) PREMIERED SEPT. 25

"The Mindy Project" is being touted as the next "New Girl." "New Girl" was FOX's runaway hit last season, featuring Zooey Deschanel as quirky, innocent school teacher, Jess. But instead of quirky and innocent, Mindy (played by Mindy Kaling from "The Office") is loud and snarky. The first scene features Mindy getting wasted at a wedding and biking down the road yelling, "I'm Sandra Bullock!" before falling into a pool and getting arrested for public intoxication.

This awesomely out-of-control behavior is Mindy's way of dealing with an ex's marriage to a younger woman, and her lamenting the fact that she is still single in her 30s. Despite her career success as a new OB/GYN, she feels incomplete because her life isn't mimicking all the romantic comedies she's obsessed over since childhood.

I generally hate gendered plotlines like this because it's so rare that you see a dude on TV who's worried because he isn't yet married with kids. Professional women in TV Land always seem to be faced with "ticking clock" narratives that emphasize the potential "costs" of putting one's professional life before one's personal life. Guys get to be Charlie Sheen-style bachelors with a goddess on each

arm, while women get to be barren cat ladies. Totally unfair! However, I'm always happy to see another show created by and starring a woman when most TV creators and showrunners are still men.

Additionally, the chemistry between characters is already pretty strong, especially with fellow "Office" alum Ed Helms. Although the pilot doesn't quite reach the levels of self-deprecation achieved on "30 Rock" or "Louie," given time, I think it could. This one should easily find an audience.

ANIMAL PRACTICE (NBC) PREMIERED SEPT. 26

This show will probably be a hit. Not because it's any good, but because people are suckers for cute animals (understandably). "Animal Practice" takes place at a veterinary hospital that is under new ownership. Dr. George Coleman (played by Justin Kirk) is a handsome, human-hating vet that has worked at the hospital for many years. He isn't quite Dr. Dolittle in that he can't talk to animals, but he prefers them to humans and has a knack for understanding their needs.

The opening scene depicts a cat, named Giggles, diving off a high rise building in an apparent suicide attempt. Dr. Coleman interprets the attempt as Giggles trying to tell her owner something, and advises, "Your cat's in heat. Let her meet someone that will grab her by the scruff of her neck and make her purr so loud that the neighbors complain." Hopefully he's referring to Giggles meeting another cat, but based on his facial expression after delivering this line, and the odd addition afterward, "And I get off at 6," I'm not so sure.

To give you a further sense of the show's comedic style, consider the following scene: the veterinary staff is shown watching a horse race on TV, a nurse comes in and says, "This is an animal hospital, not Chuck E. Cheese!" Hilarious? Absolutely not! The most enjoyable part of the show is Dr. Coleman's pet monkey, Rizzo. Except they rely on him for comedy and cuteness instead of actually writing

TELEVISION >> CONT. ON PAGE 30

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>> NOSFERATU CONT. FROM PAGE 26

have gone insane and sworn vengeance on one another. That scenario would have precluded future generations from ever existing. No, silly. They had sound. In the theater they listened to a score performed by a magnificent live orchestra . . . or at least by a dude on a piano. Luckily for those of us saps in 2012 constantly cheated by our soulless Dolby surround sound, the world-class Alloy Orchestra is playing in Iowa City at the Englert's showing of *Nosferatu*.

This is your chance to see what it was like when soundtracks were played by live musicians

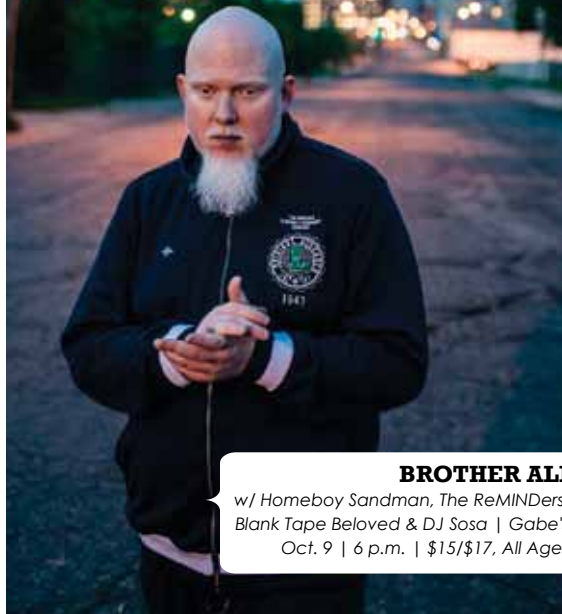
Maybe *Nosferatu* isn't as sexy as the vampires we're used to, like Edward Cullen and Bill Compton and Count Chocula. Maybe *Nosferatu*'s OKCupid profile would list his hobbies as "carting coffins full of the god-damned soil I was buried in" and "causing



insanity." But this is your chance to see what it was like when soundtracks were played by live musicians instead of by AC/DC. It's your chance to go back to a time when spirits could enter your body and make you sick or crazy (and I don't just mean the alcohol kind). It's your chance to remember why closet monsters were so scary when you were a dumb little kid, because the boogey man seemed so real. His name was *Nosferatu*, and he was terrifying. **lv**

Kit Bryant lives in Iowa City with her valid alibi and several innocuous non-lethal pastimes. Outside the workplace, she enjoys sarcasm, light spanking, and fleeting moments of hope and levity. Her blog is <http://popslashcorn.wordpress.com/>

IN DEFENSE OF HOMEWORK



BROTHER ALI

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Oct. 9 | 6 p.m. | \$15/\$17, All Ages

I've been sitting on this for awhile, but with some of the people I've seen getting deals recently, I think it has to be said. I believe that the internet is killing hip hop. It's fundamentally changed the game in a way that I'm not sure it can fully recover from. It was the \$3 million deal A\$AP Rocky signed with RCA that pushed me over the edge. That's a lot of money for a dude with a singular mixtape and a couple of videos. Not many other rappers I've known have gotten that much straight out of the gate, and he got it, essentially, for biting the style and sound of 8Ball & MJG and UGK, without doing anything particularly clever or interesting with it. To see how this happens, let's step into the WABAC time machine with Sherman & Mr. Peabody and take a trip.

The year is 2006 and the location is the bustling metropolis of New York City. In this city of millions, there is a young man named Papoose. He had put out a couple of mixtapes in 2004 and 2005 which had gotten the attention of some heavy hitters in the hip-hop game. One such person was Busta Rhymes, the once dreadlocked member of Leaders of the New School and the man who dropped classic tracks like "Gimme Some More." Busta got Papoose to be on the remix for "Touch It," which might be one of the best club tracks to come out in the third millennium. Papoose killed his appearance on the track, displaying a consummate flow while switching in and out of double time with ease.

Along with the earlier mixtapes, this led to Papoose being discussed as the next great American rapper, the one who would bring New York City back to prominence. The hype led to a stream of mixtapes being put out by the Brooklyn based emcee. At last count, it was 27 mixtapes over eight years.

Even though he's a very good emcee, I ask how many of you know who this dude is? Can you name a track from him? The fact that you probably answered no to both questions shows the problem of hip-hop on the internet. This instantaneous distribution model has created a flood of shitty emcees who overshadow talented ones because due to their novelty or some other arbitrary measure of talent that isn't their flow, they somehow end up getting more write-ups on blogs.

This is a fundamental shift in the game for the negative. For ages, the story was the same if you were a rapper and wanted to get up. There were four set ways to get a deal. The first was to get your track on a radio show.

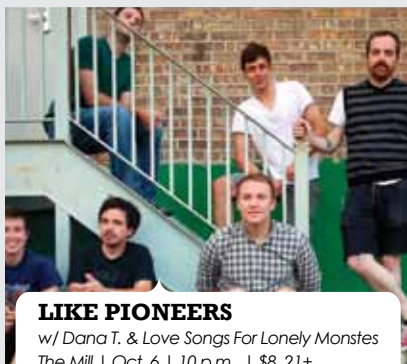
The second was to get a track or a freestyle verse on a DJ-curated mixtape. The third was to push your tape on the street. The last was to get a video onto BET, which remains supportive of upcoming hip-hop artists. All of these roads require a lot of grinding and being good. Many of those who followed this road are legendary rappers that you know now, like Jay-Z, Nas, or E-40 & UGK.

The new kids are seeing the internet success of artists like Lil Wayne and Odd Future and get the idea that if they post a mixtape on Hypebeast and a video on YouTube people will magically find them, hype them and they'll blow up. But hip hop doesn't really work like that; it's still a meritocracy. Hype might serve a young emcee well at the beginning, but they have to bring it to be remembered. And, to be honest, a lot of them aren't. So, all that hype they've gotten isn't going to keep them in the game for more than a couple of years if they're lucky. If you want to make some actual money and have longevity, it comes down to tangibles like putting records in people's hands and rocking the mic live.

The shows I'm recommending this month may not all be hip-hop oriented, but they are acts that I believe will enjoy a fair amount of longevity, as they all work very hard to connect with audiences live. The first weekend of October brings two excellent bands to The Mill: On Oct. 6, Chicago-based Like Pioneers will be bringing their energetic, expansive pop music into town. Their most recent release *Oh, Magic* is a rollicking affair that

Quick Hits

Put these shows on your calendar for Oct. 3-17.



LIKE PIONEERS

w/ Dana T. & Love Songs For Lonely Monstes
The Mill | Oct. 6 | 10 p.m. | \$8, 21+



WOODS

w/ Purling Hiss & Wet Hair | The Mill |
Oct. 7 | 9 p.m. | \$10/\$12 | 19+



SAMUEL LOCKE WARD & THE GARBAGE BOYS

w/ Brooke Strause & The Gory
Details, Douglas Kramer Nye & Ed Grey
Gabe's | Oct. 12 | 8 p.m. | \$6, 19+

brings some rocking, garage-style elements to the fore while never losing its pop sensibilities or being boring. If you have been keeping up with bands in the current indie pop revival like Wild Nothing and Hospitality, this is a show worth checking out.

The next day, Oct. 7, brings neo-psychedelic/freak folk band Woods. Following the old school rap mentality, these gentlemen have



TWO GALLANTS

w/ Pape & The Dead Ships | Gabe's |
Oct. 4 | 7 p.m. | \$12, 19+

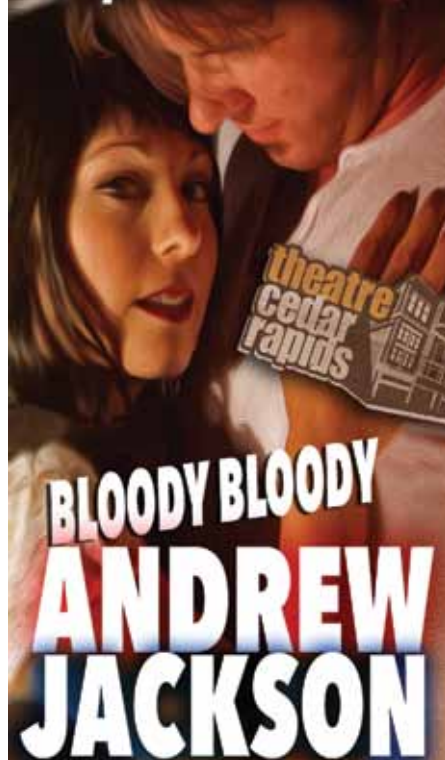
been continuously releasing new records and touring the world in support of them over the past five years. Their sound pulls equally from 1960s psychedelica, AM pop, traditional folk music and krautrock while throwing in some noise and tape experimentation for fun. While they may have a propensity for extended jamming, they are able to keep it focused, avoiding the traps of some of their contemporaries.

Focus is what has defined Rhymesayers emcee Brother Ali over the years. He has honed his smooth, quick flow through years of rapping on the underground. While he does talk politics, he isn't preachy about it and he keeps a personal edge to his approach. He will be coming to Gabe's on Oct. 9. Another important point to note here is the appearance of Homeboy Sandman in support. A New York-based rapper with a dexterous, variable flow, Homeboy's one of the most interesting—and highest quality—rappers that you probably don't know.

The last show is Sam Locke-Ward's record release show at Gabe's on Oct. 12. The last time I saw Locke Ward perform was last year. He was opening for Ty Segall, and it was one of the most memorable live rock shows I've seen in this city. It was action-packed and fully entertaining. I want to see more artists—local and touring—bring the intensity that Locke-Ward does on stage. I know that performance didn't just come out of thin air; he had to work on that, at home and on the road, getting his music out to the public the old fashioned way. **IV**

A.C. Hawley wonders how many people are listening to the new Kreyashawn tracks right now.

Ladies... Meet your president.
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Sept 28 - Oct 20



>> TELEVISION CONT. FROM PAGE 27

decent jokes for their human characters. The same goes for most of the other animals on the show, and there are tons. One animal schtick involves a veterinarian being choked by a boa constrictor. However, the show doesn't really address the choking man. He's just there. Choking. I don't plan on sticking with this show, but one thing's for sure, it would benefit from an old-school laugh track. At least then I would have a clue as to what I'm supposed to find funny.

GO ON

(NBC) PREMIERED SEPT. 11

I'm normally not a fan of Matthew Perry, but I became more of one after watching the pilot for "Go On." Perry is at his absolute Perryest, playing an arrogant yet lonely radio personality, Ryan King. The show features other familiar faces, including John Cho, who, to me, will always be Harold of Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle. After the death of King's wife, his employer requires him to attend a transitions therapy group because no one thinks he is taking the time to properly grieve his loss.

The quirky characters that comprise the therapy group remind me of "Community," another NBC sitcom. When King joins, he attempts to lighten up the group by creating a tournament, dubbed "March Sadness," to see who has the worst life. In the tourney, a tale of blindness beats a failed music career and a feline's death beats a human's heart exploding (albeit on a technicality). As each sad story is repackaged into a potential tournament victory, and each character's weirdness is showcased, the pilot really starts to hit its stride.

It's rare that a sitcom can make you feel an entire range of emotions, but this pilot actually got me to both laugh out loud and feel sadness for its characters. Given time, "Go On" could make a great addition to the NBC comedy line-up.

Now, we'll just have to wait and see which of these will be spared from the TV chopping block. **IV**

Melissa Zimdars is a doctoral student in Communication Studies at The University of Iowa, specializing in media and critical cultural studies.



Hott

Guaranteed to Destroy

www.hottguaranteedtodestroy.com

Few bands have made such an immediate splash as Hott has in the Iowa City music scene. Partly it came from the participation of longtime Iowa City musicians Action Man (Ed Nehring) and Big Daddy (Kylie Buddin). Those guys were charter members of the punk/hardcore scene that exploded in IC during the 1980s, and have participated in countless bands since. Hott is a high concept operation, incorporating costumes, outlandish personas and over the top histrionics that recall professional wrestling, Devo, Cheap Trick and Andy Kaufman

On top of that, they have a ferocious ensemble sound. With slashing guitar, machine gun drumming and Action Man Nehring's go-for-broke declamatory singing, Hott has a sound that anyone who likes loud music can't resist. Combining the chops and long experience of Nehring and Buddin with the 20-something energy of Hott Stixx and JUic'ed gives the band irresistible energy; when they jump to double-time (as they do on "Soaring With The King") it feels like you're caught in an updraft.

On CD, no one can see your sharp racing-striped coveralls and banana-yellow ear protectors, so Action Man's singing is sweeter and more melodic than it is during their live shows, where more shouting and yelping is required to match the volume of the band. But it's a good contrast with the live show, and plays up the sweet poppiness that is pushed to the background in a loud club.

What makes Hott more than a joke band is the utter conviction with which they imbue their cartoonish characters; they pretend hard

enough that if you give them half a chance, you'll be right there with them in a world that's louder, brighter and more colorful than the one we have to inhabit day to day. Action Man sings "I'll give you everything, on eagle's wings, come soaring with the King!" and if you aren't convinced, you must be half dead.



D.O.P.E. Clique

Blunt Force Trauma

Iowa hip hop has an identity problem. As an urban phenomenon that has gone worldwide, the further it gets from big city African American culture, the harder practitioners need to work to find an authentic way to both stay true to the roots, and to represent their own experiences.

D.O.P.E. Clique is a hip-hop crew representing Des Moines, IA, comprising MCs Young Tripp & Gadema and DJ Richie Daggers. Des

D.O.P.E. CLIQUE FINDS THEIR OWN WAY BY FOCUSING ON THE CORE ELEMENTS OF BEATS AND RHYMES, AND NOT PRETENDING TO BE ANYTHING THEY AREN'T.

Moines is as urban as Iowa gets, which is to say, not very, but D.O.P.E. Clique finds their own way by focusing on the core elements of beats and rhymes, and not pretending to be anything they aren't.

"Wax On Wax Off" combines Karate Kid reference with the tried and true battle rhyme agenda of slaying the sucker MCs. Gadema raps "This architecture firm brings all of the mortar, I haul the bricks in from the brick yard and sort 'em, log sawed, and all of the steel and run the auger, build the barn then we call the hogs to the slaughter." This is the sort of tightly rhymed long form metaphor that makes hip hop interesting, he combines it with tight

one liners like “I’m running from my past but my past is gettin’ faster.”

The beats vary in quality—Big Vern’s beat for “Wax On Wax Off” underlines the Japanese theme with Koto samples and is more successful than his harpsichord-driven beat for “The Elite” which feels thin by comparison. JG the Beast’s “Take Me Home” beat is in 3/4 time, escaping hip hop’s 4/4 tyranny; the MCs respond with rolling rhymes accented rhythmically in surprising way. Aeon Grey’s “Puppet Show” beat employs a strange and dusty sample of a voice doubling flutes in a baroque melody fragment and perfectly crappy sounding, loose lo-fi beats. The beat underlines the vocals with authority born of its very oddity.

As I’ve said before about other Iowa hip-hop CDs, this isn’t just Iowa good, but national (or worldwide) good. They’ve got the skills to go up against any crew anywhere. Despite the ‘hard’ title *Blunt Force Trauma*, they are not violent-minded, or at least not entirely. D.O.P.E. Clique puts some thought and self-reflection into their joints. They’re a thinking person’s sort of thugs.

Kent Williams no verb.



Unknown Component

Blood v. Electricity

www.unknowncomponent.com

Keith Lynch, the man behind Unknown Component, may cringe when I draw an easy comparison between his latest release and the work of Radiohead, but I make the comparison lovingly and without claims of derivativeness. Unknown Component has all the elements in place for a great alternative rock album: crisp production, tried and true instrumentation, and sincerity.

Unknown Component’s latest album *Blood v. Electricity* begins with squelchy synths and

melancholy piano arpeggios before brooding guitar, minimalistic drum machine, and orchestral synth patches take over. Lynch’s arrangement of the component parts is tight and well balanced, but seems to build energy towards a release that never quite occurs. The restraint shown in the title track seems to set the tone for the rest of the album as well.

High points of the album include the track “Pendulum” which combines crunchy guitar, live drumming, sparkling synths and a chorus that reaches a satisfying crescendo. In its best moments the song reminds me not of Radiohead but of Grandaddy, a band that’s turn of the millennium albums likewise combined traditional rock instrumentation, synths and occasionally heartbreaking sincerity. The next track, “Sensory Deprivation” provides one of the most interesting dynamic contrasts of the album and displays Lynch’s success as a lyricist and a talented (albeit sometimes circumscribe) vocalist.

Lynch seems to have found his groove in the melancholy and bitter-sweet sounds his guitar and voice have to offer him, and despite his success with those emotions, I found myself wishing for some tracks that holered with joy or even rage. I don’t hear enough blood in *Blood v. Electricity*, and for me the album appears to be cast consistently in shades cobalt and plum instead.

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

Samuel Locke Ward

Double Nightmare

samuellockeward.bandcamp.com

I was introduced to the insanity of “Big Lizard In My Backyard” by The Dead Milkmen sometime in the 80’s. The irreverent, usually scatological humor and unpolished performances on the album seemed to have dislodged the chromosome that would have prevented me from being able to enjoy the hometaping fruits of garages and bedrooms everywhere.

Prolific local music legend Samuel Locke Ward’s growing canon stems from the same orchard. In fact, one of his many projects includes work with Joe Jack Talcum of the Milkmen. Digging back through the mountain of Sam Locke Ward music available online is a bit daunting—it is obvious that his M.O. is his ability to quickly capture an idea to tape.

His newest album, *Double Nightmare*, is made



up of recordings made between 2010 and 2012 in his basement. Notably during this same period he released at least ten other recordings under his various projects. Clocking in at 40 tracks and just under two hours this release is a sprawling, near-

CLOCKING IN AT 40 TRACKS AND JUST UNDER TWO HOURS, SAMUEL LOCKE WARD'S NEW RELEASE IS A SPRAWLING, NEARLY EPIC WORK.

ly epic work. Thanks to some great engineering and mastering, *Double Nightmare* is a remarkably even listen all the way through. That said, the album is recognizably the dementia of Locke Ward. We’re presented a wide variety of styles and sounds on the album—hazy psychedelia (“Whipper of Slaves”), New Wave synthpop (“Candy Shop,” “J.O.T.D.F”), Pixies-sounding guitar pop (“All Bad Things,” “Oh Swell Me”), amphetamine punk (“All I Dread About”), Surf Instrumental (“No Surf”), Flat Duo Jets Rockabilly (“Day Drunk”), Grindcore Metal (“I Choose Darkness”), Horror Punk (“Believe”)—all presented through his weirdo filter.

After a few failed attempts at listening to it all in one sitting, I found skipping around the album to be the most enjoyable way to consume it—the randomness lending new perspectives on the songs. For longtime fans, *Double Nightmare* is another in a growing stack of releases. For everyone else, I recommend this album as a gateway onto the steep precipice of Samuel Locke Ward’s catalog.

Michael Roeder is a self-proclaimed "music savant." When he's not writing for Little Village he blogs at <http://www.playbysides.com>.

Are shrinks nuts?

Is it true that, as a class, psychotherapists and other mental health professionals are crazier than average? And that despite their training and experience, they can recognize their own issues less readily than the average nutcase? —Paul

I defer judgment on whether shrinks don't recognize their problems. On the contrary, there are indications some mental health professionals enter the field because they do recognize their problems and think their work will help them get a grip.

I can hear you saying: that's like becoming a cop so you can work on your anger management. Please, a little sympathy. The best way to understand shrinks is to put yourself in their shoes.

Let's suppose you dedicate yourself to healing the psychic wounds of others. Are you probably nuttier than average? Depends how we define nutty. I haven't seen good evidence you're statistically likely to hear voices, think you're the angel Gabriel, or otherwise show signs of clinical insanity. On the other hand, are the odds decent that you'll show signs of what we might call maladjustment? No question, they are.

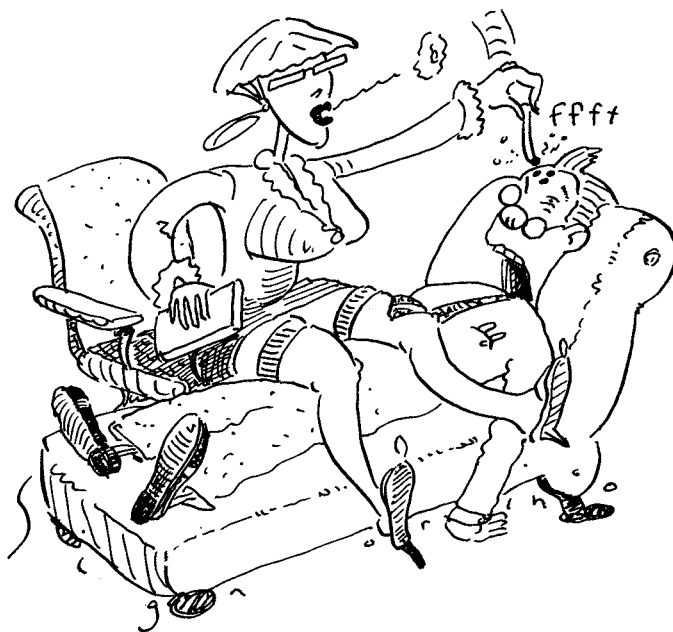
It's easy to see why. Psychiatry and psychology, like police work, have long been recognized as high-stress fields of practice due to constant exposure to humanity's dark side. In interviews with medical students about their perceptions of psychiatry, researchers found a common concern was that (as one subject put it) "working with crazies will make you crazy."

For all that, the prevalence of mental disorders among mental health workers didn't receive much attention until the 1980s. A widely noted study from 1980 found 73 percent of psychiatrists had experienced moderate to incapacitating anxiety early in their careers, and 58 percent had suffered from moderate to incapacitating depression.

To some extent this is simply a result of working in medicine—physicians in general suffer from higher stress levels and depression than the general population and have a higher suicide rate. But research suggests mental health specialists are particularly at risk. One

British study found psychiatrists had nearly five times the suicide rate of general practitioners, and U.S. research indicates psychiatrists commit suicide at two to three times the rate of the general population.

Similarly, depression, stress, and burnout are high among physicians but higher among psychiatrists; the same is true of alcohol and drug abuse. Psychiatrists have a divorce rate 2.7 times that of other physicians and as much as five times that of the general public. From a quarter to a half of psychiatrists say they're suffering from burnout at any given time.



A study of more than 8,000 Finnish hospital employees found the psychiatric staff was 81 percent more likely to suffer from a current or past mental illness and 61 percent more likely to miss work due to depression. Psychiatric staff were twice as likely to smoke as other hospital staff and had much higher rates of alcohol use. A 30-year study of 20,000 UK medical workers found psychiatrists were 46 percent more likely than their peers to die from injuries and poisoning, and at 12 percent greater risk of dying overall.

If you were a woman in the mental health field, Paul, you'd have an especially tough time of it. Compared to other female physicians, female psychiatrists have a 67 percent greater likelihood of suffering from psychological problems, primarily depression, and

have a 26 percent greater likelihood of having a family history of psychological problems. They're twice as likely to smoke, drink 50 percent more alcohol, and rate their personal health much lower than their peers do.

As a male, you may find other ways to alleviate your stress. The California Medical Board found male psychiatrists were almost twice as likely to be disciplined for unethical sexual relationships with patients as their peers.

Many of the problems you'll encounter as a mental health professional have a lot to do with the nature of the work—hey, skimming through *my* inbox any given week is enough to make me reach for the Thorazine. Jung called the transference of psychological problems from patient to doctor an "unconscious infection."

Patients can get violent, either with you or themselves. Dealing with certain types of patients can be emotionally draining, such as those with borderline personality disorder or victims of sexual abuse. You've also got stressors such as overwork, job instability, liability fears, paperwork overload, and disciplinary actions and monitoring.

But let's get back to the point I made at the outset. Does the mental health field attract people with mental problems? Research is thin, but some studies have

found mental health workers are more likely than average to have experienced early abuse and trauma. A much-cited 1963 study reported that 24 out of 25 psychiatrists had entered the field because of a wish to explore some personal conflict.

That gives one pause. Sure, there's value in consulting a health professional who's been down the same road as us. But who wants their therapist thinking, "Maybe after I get this head case straightened out, I'll figure out what's wrong with me?"

—CECIL ADAMS

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

Curses, Foiled Again

- Scott Douglas Jury, 53, notified authorities in Charlotte County, Fla., that someone had withdrawn money from his checking account several times without his permission. He filed a claim with the bank to be reimbursed for the \$1,515 that was taken but was told he needed an official sheriff's office report. When Jury went to the sheriff's office to report fraudulent activity on another account, he was shown ATM photos of 11 transactions that he'd identified as fraudulent. They clearly revealed Jury withdrawing the money himself. He said he didn't remember making any of the withdrawals but later admitted using the money to pay bills and buy illegal drugs. (Charlotte County Sheriff's Office)
- Hired to kill a father of four in Cardiff, Wales, Jason Richards, 38, and Ben Hope, 39, instead murdered a 17-year-old boy at a home 70 yards away, according to British prosecutors, who accused the men of "staggering incompetence." Investigators used Cardiff's network of surveillance cameras to trace their movements, as well as evidence gathered from their cell phones. (BBC News)

Big on Down-Sizing

Following New York City's ban on sugary soft drinks larger than 16 ounces, planners announced they hope to address the city's growing population of singles and two-person households by overturning a rule that new apartments be at least 400 square feet so they can develop apartments of between 250 and 300 square feet. The "micro units" would rent for less than \$2,000 a month, and have a bathroom, kitchen and combined living room-sleeping area. "We're talking about one or two people who want something they can afford," Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg said, "and they don't entertain." (Associated Press)

Watching the Defectives

Police in Prince George's County, Md., began installing surveillance cameras to monitor the county's speed cameras, which recently became the target of vandals. One camera was shot with a gun, another set on fire. "It costs us \$30,000 to \$100,000 to replace a camera," said police Maj. Robert V. Liberati, who commands the Automated Enforcement Section. "Plus, it takes a camera off the street that operates and slows people down."

The dozen planned surveillance cameras are needed because the speed cameras can't be used for security since Maryland law limits

them to taking pictures of speeding vehicles. "We've taken the additional step of marking our cameras to let people know that there is surveillance," Liberati noted. (Washington's WTOP-FM)

When Guns Are Outlawed

- Police arrested Marvin G. Wallace, 34, in Norfolk, Neb., after a woman accused him of hitting her in the face with a vacuum cleaner after she reportedly crashed into a parked car. (The Norfolk Daily News)
- Brandon Fleming, 25, told sheriff's deputies in Okaloosa County, Fla., that his ex-girlfriend, Jadian Faye-Marie Hatfield, 23, beat him with his own prosthetic leg while trying to take their 2-year-old son. (Okaloosa County Sheriff's Office)
- A clerk at a convenience store in Lincoln, Neb., told police a man demanded money while holding an object under a towel that resembled a gun. Police Officer Katie Flood said the clerk saw a power cord hanging below the towel and realized the gun was an electric drill. The robber fled empty handed. (Lincoln Journal Star)

Now That's Debating

At the start of a live television debate about the crisis in Syria, Jordanian politician Mansour Murad and Madaba First District Deputy Mohammed Shawabka began trading insults. After Shawabkeh accused Murad of spying for the Syrian regime and Murad replied by calling Shawabkeh an Israeli spy and cursed the deputy's father, Shawabka hurled a shoe at his opponent, who dodged the footwear. Then Shawabka drew a pistol from his waistband and threatened Murad but didn't fire. The moderator tried several times to control his guests but to no avail. (The Jordan Times)

Seeing Is Believing

Women who "test drive" larger breasts before getting implants wind up choosing even bigger implants, according to a British plastic surgeon. Mark Henley, who runs East Midlands Aesthetics in Nottingham, explained the "try-before-you-buy" idea involves wearing a heavily padded bra with 10 gel-filled pads on each side for two weeks to see how they like having bigger breasts. After using the technique on 162 women, he told the annual meeting of the British Association for Aesthetic Plastic Surgeons that on average they chose implants 30 percent larger than they first planned. He

theorized that the padded bras boost their confidence. (Britain's Daily Mail)

A House Divided

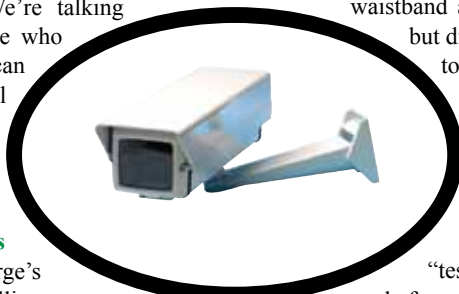
- Obstructionist politics continued after House Republicans introduced a bill rife with typographical errors, including a ban on new federal regulations until the labor secretary reports "that the Bureau of Labor Statistics average of monthly employment rates for any quarter beginning after the date of the enactment of this Act is equal to or less than 6.0 percent" — in other words, a 94 percent unemployment rate. Acknowledging that "employment" should have read "unemployment," Republicans anticipated unanimous consent to correct the typo, but House Minority Whip Steny Hoyer, D-Md., said Democrats would block the move. (The Washington Post)
- Two rival groups mounted separate re-enactments of the Civil War Battle of Antietam, known in the South as the Battle of Sharpsburg, requiring re-enactors to choose between realism or spectacle. The hobby's so-called progressive wing focuses on historical accuracy, whereas mainstream re-enactors are more interested in battle tactics and camaraderie. Held on successive weekends, the two privately financed interpretations each attracted about 4,000 uniformed re-enactors. (Associated Press)

Phantom of the Attic

A woman who broke up with her boyfriend 12 years ago discovered the 44-year-old man living in the attic of her home in Rock Hill, N.C. Identifying herself only as Tracy, she said she was using her laptop one night but couldn't shake the feeling that "something just ain't right." She heard strange noises and noticed insulation falling from the ceiling. Later, she saw nails in the ceiling fall to the floor and thought "there was some poltergeist stuff going on."

She called her nephew, who went into the attic and found the man, recently released from prison, sleeping inside a heating unit. The nephew noticed the man was able to peek at Tracy through an air vent and that cups containing feces and urine were all over the attic. After he was discovered, the man offered no explanation but climbed out of the attic and walked away with a smile. Tracy called police, but he was gone when they arrived. (Charlotte Observer)

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



MUSIC

Tues., Oct. 2 - The Devil Makes Three Blue Moose Tap House, \$13/\$15, 9 p.m. **Goldenboy, Slip Silo, The Western Front** The Mill, \$8, 9 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 3 - The Anomalys, Velcro Moxie, The ILLS, Das Thunderfoot Gabe's, \$5, 9 p.m. **The Curtis Hawkins Band, The Candymakers, The Low Down** Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$5, 7:30 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 4 - Two Gallants, Papa, The Dead Ships Gabe's, \$12, 8 p.m. **Jim Kveskin and Geoff Muldaur** Legion Arts, \$17/\$21, 7 p.m. **Symphony Band/Concert Band** Second Floor Ballroom, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. **Guerilla Toss, We Shave, Fat History Month, Cave Bear** The Mill, \$7, 9 p.m. **Jon Eric Yacht Club**, \$5, 8 p.m. **Ryan Smith Trio** Mendoza Wine Bar, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 5 - Steinway Piano Extravaganza Coralville Center for the Performing Arts **The Fab Four - The Ultimate Beatles Tribute** Englert, \$35, 8 p.m. **Tallgrass, Fire Sale** Gabe's, \$6, 10 p.m. **Ti-Coca & Wanga Négés** Hancher Auditorium (Club Hancher, The Mill), \$10-\$20, 7:30 & 10 p.m. **Nina Assimakopoulos, flute** Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. **The Giving Tree Band** Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$8, 9 p.m. **Britain/Moore Duo** Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Sat., Oct. 6 - Hundred Waters Blue Moose Tap House, \$8/\$10, 7 p.m. **Judy Carmichael, Chris Flory** Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$12, 8 p.m. **Ingrid Michaelson** Englert, \$25/\$28, 8 p.m. **Item 9 & The Mad Hatters CD Release Show** Gabe's, \$5, 9 p.m. **Cordero** Legion Arts, \$14/\$17, 8 p.m. **Demondrae Thurman, euphonium master class** Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 10 a.m. **Smooth Jazz Fall Festival - Elan Trotman, Will Donato** Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$42.50-\$48.50, 8 p.m. **Like Pioneers, Dana T., Love Songs for Lonely Monsters** The Mill, \$8, 9 p.m. **7th Annual Zombie March - The Rocking Dead (Elvis tribute), DJ Daddyhoffmonsterpants, The Surf Zombies** The Mill, Zombies Free; No costume \$4, 6 p.m. **Irish Sessions** Uptown Bill's, Free, 4:30 p.m. **Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band** Yacht Club, \$6, 10 p.m.

Sun., Oct. 7 - Piano Sunday with Profs. Jason Sifford & Alan Huckleberry's studio Old Capitol Museum, UI campus, Free, 1:30 p.m. **Redstone**

Rumble - West Music Student Performance Redstone Room, River Music Experience, Free, 1 p.m. **Chamber Orchestra** Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 3 p.m. **Mission Creek Presents: Woods, w/ Purling Hiss** The Mill, \$10/\$12, 9 p.m. **Red Cedar Chamber Music - "Long Journey Home"** National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library, \$10-\$18, 6 p.m.

Mon., Oct. 8 - Open Mic with J. Knight The Mill, Free, 8 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 9 - The World Alive, Born of Osiris, Norma Jean, The Breather, Crown the Empire Blue Moose Tap House, \$16.50/\$18, 4:30 p.m. **Brother Ali, Blank Tape Beloved, Homeboy Sandman, DJ Sosa, The ReMINDers** Gabe's, \$15, 7 p.m. **Kenneth Tse, saxophone; Alan Huckleberry, piano** Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. **Bob Log III, Cheap Time, Liberty Leg** The Mill, \$10/\$12, 9 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 10 - Paper Diamond Blue Moose Tap House, \$12/\$15, 7 p.m. **Burlington Street Bluegrass Band** The Mill, \$5, 7 p.m.

Thurs. Oct. 11 - The White Elephant, Velcro Moxie, Caterwaulla Blue Moose Tap House, \$5, 8 p.m. **Flutes for Food (West Music)** Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Free (Canned food donation), 6:30 p.m. **Mixology featuring Moldover** Gabe's, \$2, 10 p.m. **Jonathan Whitaker** Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. **Martin Sexton** Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$25, 8 p.m. **The Werks, Wook, DJ Lay-Z** Yacht Club, \$7, 10 p.m. **Gino De Luca** Mendoza Wine Bar, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Oct 12 - Hopsin, Dizzy Wright, SwizzZz, DJ Hoppa Blue Moose Tap House, \$18-\$35, 7 p.m. **Speak to Me (Vineyard Community Church CD Release)** Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$5-\$8, 8 p.m. **Samuel Locke Ward (Album Release Party), Ed Gray, Brooks Strause, Douglas Kramer Nye** Gabe's, \$6, 9 p.m. **Andrew Veit, percussion** Music West Interim Building, UI campus, Free, 6 p.m. **Deja Vu Rendezvous featuring 10 of Soul** Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$8, 8:30 p.m. **Jazz After Five w/ Johnson County Landmark featuring Damani Phillips** The Mill, Free, 5 p.m. **Hume, Alex Body** The Mill, \$7, 9 p.m. **Chicago Afrobeat Project** Yacht Club, \$8, 10 p.m.

Sat., Oct. 13 - Rockie Fresh, Mark Battles Blue Moose Tap House, \$12/\$15, 7 p.m. **St. Olaf Orchestra** Coralville Center for the

Performing Arts, \$5-\$15, 7 p.m. **Lila Downs** Hancher Auditorium (Englert), \$10-\$35, 7:30 p.m. **Debashish Bhattacharya Trio** Legion Arts, \$17/\$21, 8 p.m. **The Flying Liars, No Coast** The Mill, \$6, 9 p.m. **Battle of the Bands: Gone South, Zeta June, OSG, Unnamed Acoustic Yacht Club**, \$5, 9 p.m.

Sun., Oct. 14 - Orchestra Iowa Chamber Players: Chamber II Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, 2:30 p.m. **Timeflies** Iowa Memorial Union Main Lounge, UI campus, \$20, 8 p.m. **Chris Smither** Legion Arts, \$17/\$21, 7 p.m. **Shemekia Copeland** Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$18/\$22, 8 p.m. **Anthony Arnone, cello; Martha Eckey, piano** Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 3 p.m. **Czech Fest (Music, Food, Activities)** National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library, Free, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Mon., Oct. 15 - I Hear IC Englert, Free, 8 p.m. **Open Mic with J. Knight** The Mill, Free, 8 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 16 - Hot Buttered Rum, Head for the Hills Gabe's, \$12, 8 p.m. **Iowa Brass Collective, featuring Brian Umlah, trumpet; Steve Wheeler, trumpet; James Naigus, horn; Jonathan Allen, trombone; Blaine Cunningham, tuba** Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 17 - Judgement Day Gabe's, \$5, 9 p.m. **In This Moment: Women and their Songs** Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. **The Heligoats, Krill** The Mill, \$7, 9 p.m.

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

Thursdays - Open Mic Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 p.m.

Wednesdays - Little Village Live Public Space One, Free, 5-6 p.m. **Jam Session** Yacht Club, \$3, 10 p.m.

ART EXHIBITIONS

Wed., Oct. 3 - Art Bites "Charles Barth: A Kaleidoscope of Culture" Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 12:15 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 4 - Downtown Cedar Rapids Walking Tour Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (Meet at History Center), \$5/\$7, 6 p.m. **Art and Museum Education Speaker Series: Bede Clarke - "Things That Have Interested Me"** John Pappajohn Business Building, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Calendar

Fri., Oct. 5 - Gallery Walk Iowa City Various Locations Downtown

Oct. 5 - 14 - American Craft Week Iowa Artisans Gallery

Oct. 5 - Nov. 4 - Patricia Knox Iowa Artisans Gallery

Sun., Oct. 7 - Public Space One: Iowa City Community Supported Art Season 2 Launch (Dinner, Music, Art) Trumpet Blossom Cafe, \$50, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 11 - Posing Questions: Inquiring About Portrait Photography for Personal Meaning Making Figge Art Museum, 7 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 12 - Night at the Museum: The Night Sky Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free, 6 p.m.

Oct. 12 - Dec. 9 - Midwest Matrix: Symposium & Exhibitions University of Iowa Museum of Art

Sat., Oct. 13 - Le musée pARTi! University of Iowa Museum of Art (hotelVetro), 6 p.m. **National**

Venues

Akar 257 East Iowa Ave., Iowa City, (319) 351-1227, akardesign.com

Beadology 220 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 338-1566, beadologyiowa.com

Bijou Cinema The University of Iowa, 166-B Iowa Memorial Union, Iowa City, (319) 335-3041, bijou.uiowa.edu

Blue Moose Tap House 211 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, (319) 358-9206, bluemooseic.com

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art 410 3rd Ave. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 366-7503, crma.org

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts 1301 5th St., Coralville, (319) 248-9370, coralvillearts.org

Coralville Public Library 1401 5th St., Coralville, (319) 248-1850, coralvillepubliclibrary.org

Englert 221 East Washington Street, Iowa City, (319) 688-2653, englert.org

Figge Art Museum 225 West Second St., Davenport, (563) 326-7804, figgeart.org

FilmScene Starlite Cinema - Festival Stage, City Park, Iowa City, icfilmscene.org

First Avenue Club 1550 South First Ave., Iowa City, (319) 337-5527, firstavenueclub.com

Frank Conroy Reading Room The University of Iowa, Dey House, 507 N. Clinton, Iowa City

Gabe's 330 East Washington St., Iowa City (319) 351-9175, icgabes.com

Hancher Auditorium (Space Place Theater) The University of Iowa, North Hall, 20 W. Davenport St., Iowa City, (319) 335-1160, hancher.uiowa.edu

Iowa Artisans Gallery 207 East Washington St., Iowa City (319) 351-8686, iowa-artisans-gallery.com

Iowa City Public Library 123 South Linn Street, Iowa City, (319) 356-5200 icpl.org

Iowa Theatre Artists Company 4709 220th Trl, Amana, (319) 622-3222 iowatheatreartists.org

Johnson County Fairgrounds 4265 Oak Crest Hill Road Southeast, Iowa City, (319) 337-5865, johnsoncofair.com

Legion Arts (CSPS) 1103 3rd St. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 364-1580, legionarts.org

Mendoza Wine Bar 1301 5th St., Coralville,

(319) 333-1291, facebook.com/mendozawinebar

Penguin's Comedy Club 208 2nd Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, (319) 362-8133, penguinscomedyclub.com

Prairie Lights 15 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, (319) 337-2681, www.prairielights.com

ps-z 120 N Dubuque St, Iowa City, (319) 331-8893, pszic.com

Public Space One 129 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 331-8893, publicspaceone.com

Red Cedar Chamber Music (Ballantyne Auditorium, Kirkwood, Cedar Rapids) 1495 Douglas Ct., Marion, (319) 377-8028, www.redcedar.org

Redstone Room, River Music Experience 129 N Main St., Davenport, (563) 326-1333, rivermusicexperience.org

Riverside Theatre 213 N Gilbert St., Iowa City, (319) 338-7672, riversidetheatre.org

Rozz Tox 2108 3rd Ave, Rock Island, IL, (309) 200-0978, rozztox.com

The Mill 120 E Burlington St. Iowa City, (319) 351-9529, icmill.com

Theatre Cedar Rapids 102 3rd St. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 366-8591, theatrecr.org

Theatre Building The University of Iowa, 200 North Riverside Dr., (319) 335-1160 theatre.uiowa.edu

University of Iowa Museum of Art 1375 Hwy 1 West, Iowa City, (319) 335-1727, uima.uiowa.edu

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History Macbride Hall, Iowa City, (319) 335-0480, uiowa.edu/mnh

Uptown Bill's 730 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, (319) 339-0804, uptownbills.org (Spoken Word Wednesdays at 6:30, Artvaark Thursdays at 6 p.m., Open Mic Thursdays at 7 p.m.)

Yacht Club 13 South Linn St., Iowa City, (319) 337-6464, iowacityyachtclub.org (Flight School Dance Party on Tuesdays, Jam Session on Wednesdays)

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Archaeology Day Macbride Hall, UI campus, Free, 12:30 p.m. **Scarecrow Invasion** Bruce more, \$15-\$25, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Oct. 15 - 19 - Work by Ian Etter, drawing Art Gallery West, UI campus

Tues., Oct. 16 - "Images of Rule in the Age of Revolution: Napoleon Bonaparte and Antonio Canova" (Lecture by Christopher Johns) Art Building West, UI campus, Free, 5:30 p.m. **Lace-making Demonstration** National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library, Free, 11 a.m.

Wed., Oct. 17 - National Fossil Day Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free **UI Explorers Seminar: "The Mahaska County Mammoth Site: Excavation and Research"** Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free, 7 p.m.

Ongoing - "Work from China" - Ceramics Art Gallery West, UI campus, Free (thru Oct. 5) **NASA - Art: 50 Years of Exploration, Blast Off! - Studio 1, Exploring NASA, University of Iowa Space Pioneers, Waxing Poetic: Exploring Expression in Art** Figge Art Museum (thru Oct. 7) **Judith Duff and Ron Meyers** Akar, Free (thru Oct. 12) **When I Close My Eyes I See Shapes (Film/Animation)** Legion Arts (thru Oct. 13) **Interplay: Material, Method and Motif in West African Art** Figge Art Museum (thru Oct. 21) **Joshua Dumas/Elizabeth Boyne** Public Space One (thru Oct. 31) **Frankenstein: Penetrating the Secrets of Nature** Old Capitol Center (thru Nov. 2) **Posing Beauty in African American Culture** Figge Art Museum Centre, UI campus, Free (thru Nov. 4) **The Only One** African American Museum of Iowa (thru Dec. 15) **Alphonse Mucha: Inspirations of Art Nouveau** National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library (thru Dec. 31) **Napoleon and the Art of Propaganda** University of Iowa Museum of Art (thru Jan. 29) **Clary Illian: A Potter's Potter** Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (thru Feb. 17) **Iowa City's Metropolitan Playhouse: Celebrating the Englert Theatre's 100th Anniversary** Johnson County Historical Society (thru Mar. 3) **Sculpting with Fiber** Figge Art Museum (thru Mar. 18)

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

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

THEATER/ PERFORMANCE

Thurs., Oct. 4 - Thursday Theatre Talk: Manning Up Riverside Theatre, Free, 5:30 p.m.
Oct. 5 - 7 - The Rink of Red Theatre Building, UI campus, \$5 (Students free)

Thurs., Oct. 11 - Anonymous 4, Love Fail Hancher Auditorium (St. Mary's Catholic Church), \$10-\$40, 7:30 p.m.

Oct. 11 - 21 - Lady M UI Theatre Mainstage, UI campus, \$5-\$17

Oct. 12 - 28 - Manning Up Riverside Theatre, \$15-\$28

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

Ongoing - November Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$10-\$20 (thru Oct. 13) **Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson** Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$15-\$30 (thru Oct. 20) **Unsinkable Stories: 100 Years Later** Bruce more (thru Nov. 16)

CINEMA

Thurs., Oct. 4 - Proseminar in Cinema and Culture Becker Communication Studies Building, UI campus, Free, 6:30 p.m.

Oct. 5-11 - Sleepwalk with Me Bijou Cinema **They Call it Myanmar** Bijou Cinema

Wed., Oct. 10 - An Evening of Experimental Documentary with Jane Gillooly Bijou Cinema

Thurs., Oct. 11 - Proseminar in Cinema and Culture Becker Communication Studies Building, UI campus, Free, 6:30 p.m. **Alloy Orchestra: Performing a live score to Nosferatu** Englert (Presented with FilmScene), \$16-\$20, 8 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 12 - Close Encounters of the Third Kind FilmScene Starlite Cinema - Festival Stage, City Park, \$5, Dusk

Sun., Oct. 14 - "City of Literature" documentary (Paul Engle Day) Englert, \$8-\$12, 2 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 16 - Found Footage Festival The Mill, \$10, 7 p.m.

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

Fri., Oct. 19 - Psycho + Double Feature FilmScene Starlite Cinema - Festival Stage, City Park \$5, Dusk

LITERATURE

Tues., Oct. 2 - James Autry Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 3 - Geoff Dyer Englert, Free, 7 p.m. **One Community One Book - The Late Homecoming: A Hmong Family Memoir** Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m. **Andrew Porter** Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 4 - Alice Kessler-Harris & William Chafe Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. **John Koethe** Prairie Lights, Free, 5 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 5 - Lois Lowry Iowa City Public Library, Free, 7 p.m. **International Writing Program panel** Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 p.m. **VoiceBox Poetry** Public Space One, Free, 7 p.m. **International Writing Program reading** Shambaugh House, UI campus, Free, 5 p.m.

Sat., Oct. 6 - Jan Blazinan: Plotting the YA Novel Author Discussion Coralville Public Library, Free, 10 a.m.

Mon., Oct. 8 - Marvin Bell and Chris Merrill Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Tues., Oct. 9 - Antoine Wilson Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. **M. Bartley Siegel, Rachel Yoder, Andre Perry** The Haunted Bookshop, Free, 7 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 10 - Mary Swander Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. **Federico Falco** Shambaugh House, UI campus, Free, 7 p.m. **Talk Art, IWW reading series** The Mill, Free, 10 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 11 - Jeremy Jackson Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 12 - Junot Diaz Englert Theatre, Free, 7:30 p.m. **International Writing Program panel** Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 p.m. **International Writing Program reading** Shambaugh House, UI campus, Free, 5 p.m.

Mon., Oct. 15 - David Finch Pomerantz Career

SUBMIT EVENTS

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A-List



Shelter House:
"Question Your Assumptions"
 Englert Theatre
 Oct. 10 | 7:30 p.m. | Free

Iowa City's Shelter House has just finished a new documentary called *We Are Shelter House*. As you might imagine, the film takes a close look at homelessness in Iowa and the services their organization provides in the community. The goal is to create awareness through interviews with both clients and staff, and to provide general information and resources about transitional support.

Following the screening will be live musical entertainment by Dave Moore, readings by Shelter House clients and staff, and a question and answer period. This will be an opportunity for attendees to further explore the reality of homelessness in Iowa City, and dispel any myths/misconceptions thereof.

Shelter House has been providing housing and other supportive services for the homeless since 1983. The non-profit organization is the only one of its kind in Iowa City, and they invite men, women and children from all walks of life that need some help getting back on their feet.

More Information:
www.shelterhouseiowa.org

Center, UI campus, Free, 7 p.m.

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

COMEDY

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

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

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

Sun., Oct. 7 - Jake Ververa, Andre Theobald, Andy Landgrebe, M.C. Bruce Jay Blue Moose Tap House, \$2, 8 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 12 - Paperback Rhino Public Space One, \$2, 10:30 p.m.

Oct. 12-13 - Dr. Jim Wand Penguin's Comedy Club, \$16.5, 7:30 p.m.

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

KIDS

Thurs., Oct. 11 - Bilingual Storytime: Dame Cinco (Nicole Upchurch) Reading & Banjo Iowa City Public Library, Free 10:30 a.m.

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

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

Tuesdays - Pre-school Storytime Coralville Public Library Free 10:30 a.m.

Thursdays - Wee Read Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:15 & 11:15 a.m.

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

Thursdays - Toddler Story Time at the CRMA Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:30 p.m.

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

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

Calendar

DANCE

Oct. 18-20 - Morgan Thorson - Spaceholder Festival Legion Arts, \$15/\$18, 7 p.m. (Thurs); 8 p.m. (Fri/Sat)

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

MISC.

Wed., Oct. 3 - First Presidential Debate The Mill, Free, 8 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 5 - 25th Anniversary Celebration (w/ Music Fundraiser for Summer of the Arts) Beadology Iowa, \$5, 5 p.m.

Oct. 5-6 - Northside Oktoberfest Northside Iowa City

Tues., Oct. 9 - Dinosaur Wars, followed by Q&A Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free, 6 p.m.

Wed., Oct. 10 - Shelter House: Question Your Assumptions (Discussion, plus "We Are Shelter House" screening, and music by Dave Moore) Englert, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Thurs., Oct. 11 - Dr. Jodi Magness, "The Ancient Village and Synagogue at Huqoq in Galilee" Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Fri., Oct. 12 - Dr. Anna Roosevelt, "Amazonia: A dynamic human habitat, past, present, and future" Biology Building East, UI campus, Free, 4 p.m.

Sat., Oct. 13 - Friends of the Englert / "Save the Englert" Reunion Party Johnson County Historical Society, 5 p.m.

Sun., Oct. 14 - October SOUP (Microgrant Meal) Public Space One (ps-z, 120 N. Dubuque) \$10, 7 p.m.

Ongoing - Intellectual Freedom Festival Iowa City Public Library, Free (thru 10/18/2012)



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Loveseat for sale. Looks like something from a doctor's office circa 1950. Kelly green fabric with metal legs and wooden arms. Was on the screened-in porch for awhile, so the arms show some wear. \$75. Photos on request. 319-541-9435

HOUSING

BEAUTIFUL House for sale, 131 Letsch Road. Waterloo, IA, \$155,000. 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 stall garage. Mature lot, newer flooring, new roof. Call Fusion Realtors for more information: 319-234-8000

MUSICIANS

Looking for violinist, cellist, synth for acid jazz and instrumental house project. 319-541-3968

Drummer with plastic tub and park bench experience needed for street production of Stomp! Inquire with any drummer in the ped mall for more details.

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ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR OCTOBER

FOR EVERYONE—Opportunity with challenges. October is the beginning of the end of the uncertainty of recent times. People will make decisions, bringing order and direction to events, at last. The endless changes will begin taking us in a new, more promising direction. Opportunities will emerge. But it isn't that simple. The planets want us to solve an important problem under difficult circumstances, with a minimum of resources. As we meet this challenge with one hand tied behind our back, we will improve conditions for everyone.



LIBRA (Sept. 22 - Oct. 21) Lift off. The planets have been leaning hard on Librans. As of October, one of the most burdensome influences, which made every challenge doubly hard, will move on. Energy will rebound. Morale will lift. Your social life will improve. Plans will move forward. You'll have to do work on your budgeting, but after what you've endured the last few years, that should be a piece of cake. Your life will take off in a promising new direction at some point in the next year.



SCORPIO (Oct. 22 - Nov. 20) Slow down. Scorpio is entering a challenging cycle. Deeper, spiritual and psychological aspects of your life will be significantly more rewarding. However, energy levels will most likely drop, compelling you to make more careful choices about how you spend your time. You will have to put any big changes you have been contemplating on hold, too. This is a time when you finally have to make the big decisions you have been putting off. Any relationships that have been holding you back will end.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 - Dec. 20) Independence of thought. Sagittarians are entering a longish cycle during which they must detach from the opinions and expectations of others. This will allow you to sort through the random ideas and attitudes that have accumulated over the years. Chances are good that your true nature, your greatest and most unique potentials, even your true direction in life, have been obscured, or even lost, under the accumulation. This is something you must do on your own, free from the influence and interference of others.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 - Jan. 18) Transcendence. Your ability to make good decisions is tied up with your ego, a warehouse of valuable memories and experiences. Despite what people say about the ego, it works well for Capricorn. Until now. To get through this new, lengthy cycle, you must try new and different approaches that require input and cooperation from many other people. And more idealistic than usual, too. Your talent for making tough, practical choices will be needed, minus your ego. It will pay off handsomely for all concerned.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 19 - Feb. 17) Play it straight. In the coming cycle, Aquarians

need to plan carefully despite constant, pervasive change. You'll also have to exercise as much control over situations as you realistically can. You'll have to follow the rules closely, and show respect for authority, too. None of the above comes easily to Aquarius. And standards are high. Even a small manipulation or minor evasion can have uncomfortable, negative consequences. Improvisation, experimentation and brainstorming will be unusually productive, as long as you refrain from imposing personal preferences.



PISCES (Feb. 18 - Mar. 19) Speak your truth. During the next couple of years, it will be important to say what you think and find ways to make others accept it, especially authority figures. Or say nothing if that is what you think is right for you. A lot will ride on your ability to do so. If you do, even difficult situations will go well. Conversely, if you cave in to the expectations of others, the planets will cause you a fair amount of grief. Finances remain tight.



ARIES (Mar. 20 - Apr. 18) Say the word. Time's up. You need to curb current spending now for the sake of future security. You also need to work out better agreements with those who share your life—starting now. But it won't be as hard as you think. Conditions support these changes. People are becoming sympathetic; they're half-expecting the changes you need to make. Old agreements can now be renegotiated. It might only take a word to get things moving in the right direction. Delays will improve planning.



TAURUS (Apr. 19 - May 19) Turning a corner. A period of indecision and hesitation will end. Changes in beliefs about yourself and the nature of the world will accelerate, along with changes related to job and health. The direction and timing of these changes will become more definite. But expect the unexpected in relationship areas. Old associations will fade, making way for new ones. New relationships will be deeper and more fulfilling than those now fading, in keeping with the deep, inner changes you are experiencing. Finances remain smooth.



GEMINI (May 20 - June 19) Rethinking work. October brings many rapid and important changes. Entropy and uncertainty

diminish as people move decisively in new directions. Work and other economic relations will be a focal point for a couple of years to come. You'll need to bring work responsibilities down to a level that you can realistically manage and schedule more quality private time. Much will depend on your ability to successfully revise your job description, for yourself and others. A job change is not out of the question.



CANCER (June 20 - July 21) Fight stagefright. The pressure Cancer has been under will ease significantly. Suspense will lift, too, as events move in clear directions. The challenge for Cancerians over the next couple of years will be to remain clear about your beliefs and needs while staying open to new ideas amidst nonstop change. Don't be swept along by the currents. You'll need to be unusually public about your views, too, no easy thing for Cancerians. Especially since you'll be feeling even more shy and reclusive than usual.



LEO (July 22 - Aug. 21) The home fires. It seems like everybody suddenly made a decision and took off enthusiastically in some new direction, finally. Naturally, Leo will need to be in the midst of the action—sometimes. But your special focus for the next couple of years must be on the home and family, particularly with respect to long-term financial stability and security. Negligence in this regard can have costly consequences. However, even difficult or intractable financial issues will respond well to your efforts during this cycle.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 - Sept. 21) Openings. Virgo's life is becoming ever more eventful. You can't avoid the changes sweeping through the world. And you can't detach like some can. However, the planets are providing a different, special focus. Despite your many other concerns and despite the burdens it would place on you, the planets want you to join with members of your community to solve shared problems. The rewards will be considerable. The financial pressure you've been experiencing for a couple of years will ease. Clear-cut opportunities will emerge. **lv**

—Dr. Star



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