

little village

Wa City's News & Culture Magazine

So
LONG

End of the
WORLD

Edition

DECEMBER
2012



INSIDE

WHAT DOES IT
ALL MEAN? PAGE 4

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MENTAL PAGE 20

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YEAR PAGE 28

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Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine

VOLUME 12 | ISSUE 123

DECEMBER 2012

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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



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Doubtless you have heard the wild speculation surrounding the so-called End of the Mayan Calendar on Dec. 21, 2012. Be all that as it may, the fact is that date is quite remarkable astrologically and in a surprisingly direct, down-to-earth, positive way.

I did an analysis of Dec. 21, 2012 based on a triple composite chart, cast for three dates: the new moon of Dec. 13; the end of the Mayan calendar and winter solstice (11:11 am and 11:12 am respectively) on Dec. 21; and the full moon of Dec. 28. (All dates and times are NASA Universal Time.) The chart for the end of the Mayan Calendar sets up a tug of war between our highest and best selves and our walking around, ego-based selves and links that inner skirmish to the changes going on at high levels in the world around us.

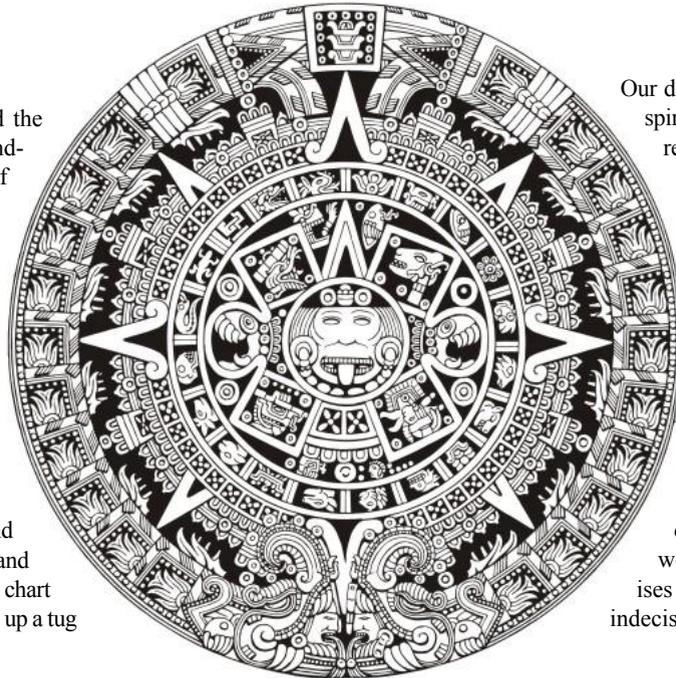
Our individual personalities will change and we, in turn, will try to change others. We'll also try to change the circumstances of our own lives. Those individual, personal efforts will become an immediate part of the change unfolding across the planet.

The 2012 chart demands that governments re-examine the ideas that determine quality of life issues, at the grassroots, for the 99%. They will have to rethink the rules surrounding birth, death, health, food and nourishment, nurturance and social welfare generally.

In countries across the globe, the most thoughtful, powerful and authoritative people in society will renegotiate the rules that determine what it's like to live in those societies. And they will be compelled to do so in a cooperative manner.

Our efforts to transform ourselves will inexorably draw us into this debate, and vice versa. This time, it won't be possible to stand silently by. Our rapidly changing ideas about ourselves will factor into the debate about what everyone's life should be like. Politics will be more than just local; they'll be very personal. Our conscience, our sense of beauty and art, our relationships will be caught up in the process of transformation.

The planets are asking a lot of us, all at once. They want fresh, realistic insights and more



THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

flexible and tolerant attitudes. They want a collective, governmental approach to major social challenges. No more shifting of financial burdens to isolated states, cities and individuals.

There is also a marked emphasis on the empowerment of women and the strengthening of the feminine principle in our lives and affairs. Virtually every issue will be examined and reexamined for its effects on women. Every societal role will be changed to make a bigger place for women.

But it won't stop with the empowerment of women. While the feminine is being elevated socially, economically and politically, men are being asked to develop greater empathy for and openness to the feminine. Men are also being urged to express masculinity in a more refined and spiritual way, one that probably won't come easily or naturally.

Events will require militant commitment to our principles and ideals.

There will be complications. One person's spiritual transformation is another person's nervous breakdown. One person's reform is another person's unwelcome change. One nation's revolution is another's security threat.

It won't be an abstract, something we know of only from headlines and news broadcasts.

Our day-to-day lives will be suffused with a spirit of change. Purchase decisions will reflect our evolving goals and transform the marketplace and the wider economy. We will expect to see our inner changes reflected everywhere in the world around us.

The 2012 chart isn't only about challenge, though. It promises strong support to those dealing openly and honestly with the complex changes they are experiencing, inwardly and outwardly.

On a larger scale, the 2012 chart also promises an end to expectations of disaster, no more talk of collapsing world economies, for example. It promises an end to confrontation, stalemate, indecision and drift in government, a lessening of demagoguery and extremism in high places. And it will suppress freakish violence and erratic, irrational behavior. The forces driving the personal and societal changes tap directly into a new, more stable and constructive planetary arrangement.

The chart for the end of the Mayan Calendar links the spiritual and psychological transformation of the individual to the transformation of global economic and political systems. It seeks to synchronize and harmonize the rapidly evolving aspirations of the individual with the deliberations of government at the highest level.

I believe this chart is important for our long-term future. It embraces all of the important themes of our times in a single harmonious, supportive and powerful formation. It links them in a single, holistic process. It describes a powerful engine of global change.

Such a culmination cannot be of only passing significance. The planetary forces arrayed in the chart for the End of the Mayan Calendar will take a generation or two, or three, to play out—Rome wasn't built in a day.

However long the effects of this chart take to unfold, whatever challenges you presently face, whatever your situation, this chart is likely to change it for the better. **IV**

Dr. Star lives and works in Iowa City, where he writes the monthly astrological forecast for Little Village.

Finding Your Inner Conservative

Post-election, the Republican Party is tearing its soul apart trying to figure out where it went wrong, who to blame and what they're really all about. Meanwhile, the Democrats are flying high on victory and high-fiving each other more than contemplating their identity. I am pessimistic that the Republicans will reform themselves in any direction that will benefit our society, and I doubt the Democrats think they need to.

I'm not one who claims no difference between the Republican and Democratic parties. However, I do believe both have strayed far from the values and principles that our country desperately needs now. Both place an unsustainable growth economy as their top priority. Both are too much beholden to the corporate paradigm that structures our economy and our lives. Both have fallen prey to the military-industrial complex that Eisenhower warned against. Neither talks enough about our responsibilities to the natural world and the disaster of climate change—the Republicans not at all and the Democrats entirely inadequately.

For the record, in the cartoon world of today's politics, I'll go ahead and label myself a "liberal." I do believe in social justice and equity, a social safety net and the protection of individual rights in an open, diverse society that accepts people for who they are, not what an ideology or religious doctrine expects them to be. But both Democrats and Republicans fail significantly for me on some core values that can only be described as traditionally conservative. I wish both parties would search deep and find their inner conservative.

As I write, it's the day after Thanksgiving and "Black Friday" madness has swept the nation. Consumerist automatons have been lining up at shopping malls and big box stores for some time. At the same time, downtown Iowa City is pushing hard for folks to spurn the Walmartization of the holiday shopping season through its "Small Business Saturday" initiative, encouraging people to support the community by shopping at local businesses. If you do forsake Target for Iowa Artisans Gallery, that's actually a very conservative thing to do.

In my work and teaching on place and community, the uniqueness of place and self-determination of community are core values.

In the face of a homogenized and centralized global corporatism, local communities retain their character by preserving and enhancing their distinctive cultures, protecting the natural assets that are their home and taking responsibility for supporting a self-determined local economy that keeps economic assets as robustly as possible in the hands of community members. This, in essence, is a sustainable community. A sustainable community, as Wendell Berry says in his article "The Idea of a Local Economy," "rests upon only two principles: neighborhood and subsistence. In a viable neighborhood, neighbors ask themselves what they can do or provide for one another. ... A viable neighborhood is a community; and a viable community is made up of neighbors who cherish and protect what they have in common. This is the principle of subsistence. A viable community . . . protects its own production capacities."

A centralized economy—and state—are in many aspects anathema to the integrity of place, community and the commons. David Bollier in his essay "What Is the Commons?" (found in Jay Walljasper's *A Field Guide to the Commons*, which I frequently cite in this series) attributes the health of the commons to "subsidiarity in governance (control at the lowest possible levels) and to the actual diversity of humanity in its local contexts. . . . Archetypal commons generally disperse governance as broadly as possible as a means to leverage participants' local knowledge, personal commitment and the ability to enforce community norms in protecting the shared resource."

Wait a minute. Local control. Personal commitment. Community norms. Preserving culture. Protecting one's own productive capacities. Taking responsibility to do all these things. Why, yes, this is the essence of conservatism. So when you want to know your farmer and eat local foods, when you want to keep as many dollars in the community and support your neighbors by shopping locally, when you want to practice self-provisioning by growing some of your own food or making your own clothes, when you want to get off the grid as much as you can to stop sending your dollars to the energy oligarchy and to protect the environment, when you want to join in the

local river cleanup effort, when you want to tell the stories and sing the songs about our home place, when you want to make our local community, culture, economy and natural environment last . . . you want to be a conservative, in the classic sense of the word.

Espousing and practicing these values are often seen as radical in today's culture, being so far from the norm. The "conservative" Republicans of today may parrot the catch-phrases of conservatism (local control and personal responsibility, for example) but they mask these politicians' true goals, as evidenced by their actions: shifting public resources and the commons to corporate powers and the plutocracy. Granted, in both the past and present, whether it's the old-time Strom Thurmond Dixiecrats or the modern-day Jan Brewer Republicans, "state's rights" and "local control" have been abused to discriminate and oppress, even though doing so violates the

In this two-party system, both camps place an unsustainable growth economy as their top priority, and are too much beholden to the corporate paradigm that structures our economy and our lives.

principle of social equity and mutual support inherent in the principles of community and the commons. And even as our contemporary Democrats espouse jobs for the middle class, healthy communities and a clean environment, they cede much power to free trade and global entities such as the IMF, which often operate counter to those goals.

The "conservative" label has been corrupted into meaninglessness. I propose relegating the word to the slag heap of history rather than attempt to rehabilitate it. Whatever word one might choose, I await in today's political discourse and practice the kind of "true conservative values" that power a strong local community. Even more importantly, we all—Democrats, Republicans, Greens, Socialists and Libertarians alike—need to find our inner true conservatives and nurture the principles of neighborliness, mutuality and community self-determination. ■

Thomas Dean liberally supports conserving our local community.

URBAN CHICKEN KEEPING: ULTIMATELY FOR THE BIRDS

At long last, it appears that urban chickens may be on their way to Iowa City. On Nov. 27, an amendment to the Iowa City zoning code that would allow chicken-keeping at single-family homes passed second consideration, 5-2. The amendment must pass one additional vote before being enacted; the third vote is scheduled for Dec. 4.

If the ordinance does indeed pass, it will mark the end of a protracted battle over backyard chickens that has spawned one of the most absurd debates in recent memory and one of the greatest acronyms of all time (I-CLUCK, look it up).

When the first wave of chickens arrives, Iowa City will not be transformed into a third-world barnyard hellscape or an ironically grubby free-range utopia. Neither the doomsday prophesies of chicken opponents nor the dewy-eyed dreams of would-be egg farmers will come to pass, largely because of the regulations that will accompany the legalization of urban chicken-keeping.

The ordinance as currently written would require chickens to be penned in the backyards of detached, single-family homes and kept inside coops from dusk until dawn. Owners could keep no more than four hens (no roosters under any circumstances) nor could they slaughter their hens. Sales of backyard eggs and/or chicken-related products would be prohibited. Proper feces disposal would be required weekly.

Despite these onerous restrictions (which would require major big-government oversight and neighborhood vigilantism), there

are some who still believe that urban chicken-keeping would be the death knell for our 21st century lifestyle.

The most common and least substantive anti-chicken refrain goes like this: "Chickens are farm animals. Iowa City is a city, not a farm. Check and mate." This line of reasoning posits that urban chickens would turn Iowa City into a dusty third-world village where chickens run wild in the streets. In Cedar Rapids, a city

suggest that urban chicken-farming poses any outsized health risks.

More egg-headed chicken-haters might argue that urban chicken-keeping has a deleterious effect on real estate value. If this were the case, then it would stand to reason that property values in Cedar Rapids and Ames—another town where chicken-keeping is legal—would have fallen as a result of our feathered friends. Property values did not fall in either city, nor did they fall when chickens were

DESPITE RESTRICTIONS (WHICH WOULD REQUIRE MAJOR BIG-GOVERNMENT OVERSIGHT AND NEIGHBORHOOD VIGILANTISM), THERE ARE SOME WHO STILL BELIEVE THAT URBAN CHICKEN-KEEPING WOULD BE THE DEATH KNELL FOR OUR 21ST CENTURY LIFESTYLE.

more than twice the size of Iowa City where urban chickens have been legal since 2010, a total of 54 chicken-keeping permits have been issued. Hardly a drastic transformation.

Then there is the "chicken-as-nuisance" argument. Chickens, this theory goes, are loud, filthy creatures that will create public disturbances left and right. Only roosters (which would not be allowed) are loud, hens make no more noise than, say, a dog. Chickens cared for in accordance with city regulations would be no more likely to carry or spread disease than the feral cats that already roam the streets of Iowa City. If that thought doesn't comfort you, consider the 2011 report from the Public Health Agency of Canada which found there is no evidence within the existing literature to

allowed to settle in Portland, Seattle or New York.

As with any other potential cause of public annoyance—pets, car stereos, unkempt lawns—chickens only become a drag on society when the rules are violated. The regulations in place ensure that chickens will not be allowed to adversely impact their neighbors lest the owners of said chickens be subject to punishment from the city.

But the rules that prevent the decay of urban society also limit the potential benefits of chicken farming in Iowa City. The city will prevent chicken farmers from profiting from egg sales, meaning that urban chicken farmers will have to profit through self-improvement.

The affirmative case made by proponents of urban chickens generally centers around the health

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benefits of homegrown eggs. Organic, cage-free eggs may tend to have higher nutritional value than factory-farmed eggs, but there is no scientifically credible reason to believe that homegrown eggs are better for one's health than organic, cage-free eggs that can be purchased at most grocery stores.

Given the inconclusive research, it seems that those itching for backyard eggs could derive the same health benefits from giving up Egg-land's Best in favor of a four-dollar dozen of top-of-the-line supermarket eggs.

For those unwilling to shell out the big bucks for a carton of eggs, keeping backyard chickens is not an economically viable alternative. For a family buying two dozen eggs per month, that's going to run about \$100 annually. Those looking to set up their own little chicken farm will have to cough up \$100 up front and \$75 every year after the first to maintain their chicken permit. Add in the start-up cost of building the required chicken coop and the day-to-day costs of feeding and caring for a few birds and the cost of keeping chickens has quickly outgrown the cost of high-end eggs. (Remember, chicken farmers aren't allowed to sell any of their wares to recoup their investment.)

The health benefits and the potential economic benefits of urban chicken-keeping are, as we've seen, negligible. This is why there are only 54 people farming chickens in Cedar Rapids; it just doesn't make economic sense. Given this fact, it seems as though the folks in Iowa City who would like to raise chickens want to do so either for novelty's sake or to satisfy a profound love of animals.

Either way, economic disincentives will keep the number of chickens and the problems they cause low while also ensuring that only those who are deeply dedicated to chicken farming actually decide to buy and care for the birds.

Ultimately, the impact of urban chicken farming in Iowa City will be virtually non-existent. The town won't change; the health of its inhabitants won't change. In fact, the only real beneficiaries of urban chicken-keeping in Iowa City are the chickens, who stand to be plucked from a life of egg-producing slavery and raised instead in the comfort of an Iowa backyard.

Maybe that's enough. **IV**

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Zach Tilly is an undergraduate studying Journalism and Political Science. He also writes for The Daily Iowan and the Washington Post's swing-state blog, The 12.

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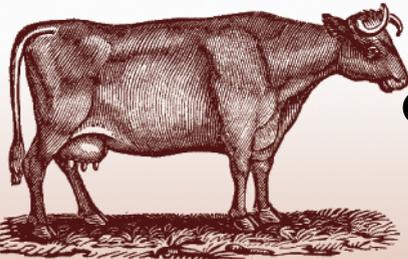
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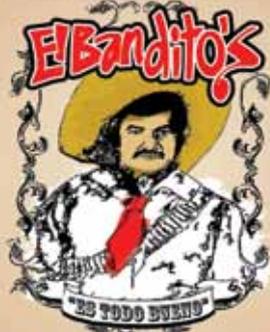


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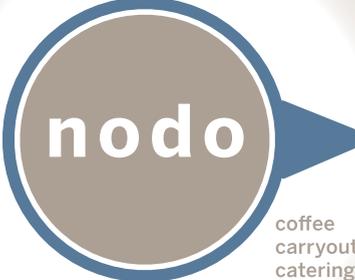
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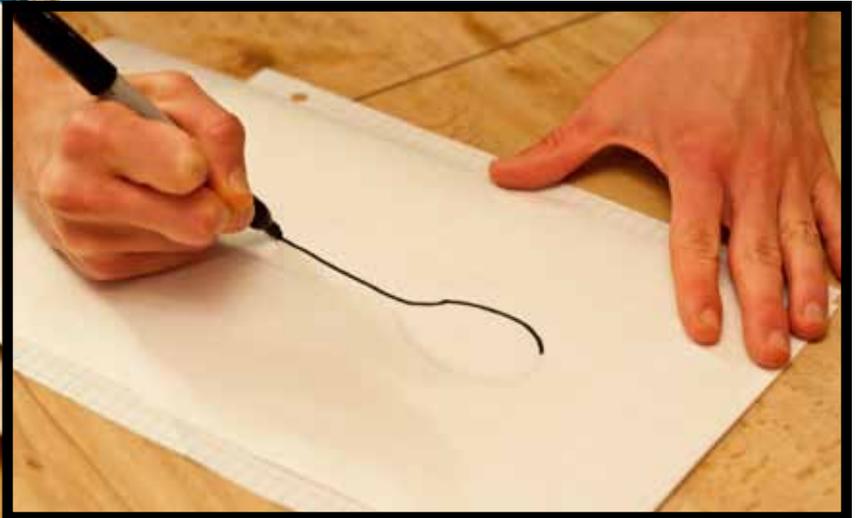
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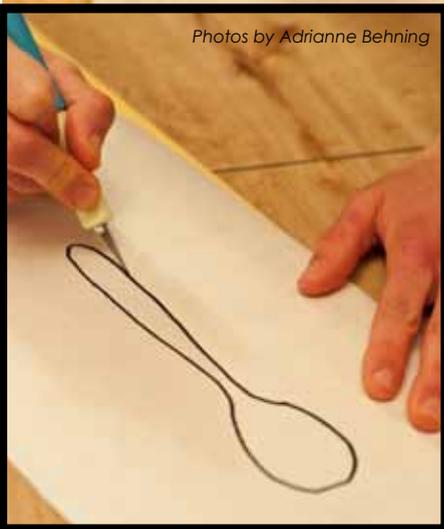
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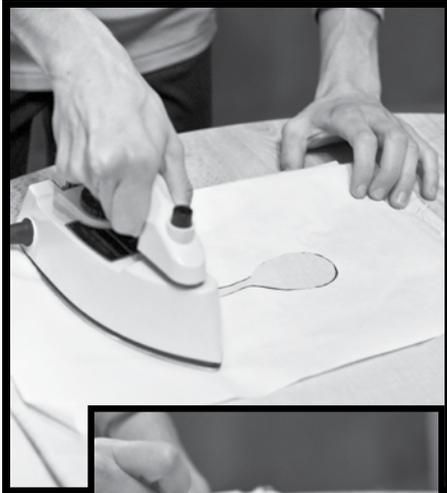
GET PICKY

Draw or print out a copy of an image you'd like to print. You'll have to cut this out yourself, so choose something bold and relatively simple. Gifting a classy cook? Try your host's last initial in a hip font for monogrammed aprons or napkins. If you're whipping up a big batch for all of your holiday hosts, choose an image that works for all faiths and festivities, such as stars or snowflakes.

CUT IT OUT

Once you've found the perfect image, trace it on to the dull side of a piece of freezer paper. Carefully cut it out using an x-acto knife or scissors, being careful to save any inside pieces you might need for the print.

CRAFTIN'



WHILE THE IRON'S HOT

Once you're happy with your cutout, lay the image onto your fabric shiny side down. Iron over your freezer paper with a hot iron, paying close attention to edges so your paint won't be able to leak underneath. When your stencil is well-stuck, it's time to get printing! If you're printing on a t-shirt or pillowcase, make sure to place a piece of cardboard between the fabric to prevent the paint from soaking to the other side. Use a sponge paintbrush and fabric paint to print the image onto your fabric, being extra careful near the freezer paper edges. Peel off your stencil while the paint is still wet and lay flat to dry. Make one for all of your festive functions and get on with the merrymaking! **lv**

Megan Ranegar hopes you eat, drink and get crafty this holiday season.

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COME SUN COME SNOW

The great outdoors just got a little greater. (Pictured: Cross-country skis and kayaks at Iowa City's Fin & Feather)

Photos by Dawn Eary



DESTINATION: RECREATION

Iowa might not promote and advertise its recreational activities like other states (California comes to mind), but just because TV viewers aren't bombarded with ads showing panoramic views of people snowboarding or fly fishing in the state, doesn't mean that there aren't things to do outdoors. From fishing on the Iowa River, to boating and beaching in Coralville, in Iowa City alone there are plenty of options for people who want to enjoy the outdoors. And, with 40 parks already, the Iowa City Parks

and the improvements are expected to be completed in early 2013. In addition to unanimous support from the city council, Vision Iowa, part of the Iowa Economic Development Authority, has provided a \$2 million grant to help fund the project. Additionally, Fin & Feather is partnering up to offer more outdoor opportunities for all ages.

The land currently sports a fish-filled lake and a wide array of wildlife. "Everyone loves it. If you go down there any day of the week, there are people walking around, enjoying

of the city. "We were in a deficit for parkland area in the southern area of Iowa City. This was a perfect opportunity to develop a park."

With help from Snyder & Associates, based in Cedar Rapids, the 200+ acre area will become Iowa City's largest park and an even more ideal destination for families, fishermen and lovers of the outdoors. Improvements for the recreation area include a newly constructed lodge that will hold up to 150 people, ideal for conferences, wedding receptions, parties and gatherings. The project also includes a paved, 8-foot wide

THE 200+ ACRE TERRY TRUEBLOOD RECREATION AREA>>> WILL BECOME IOWA CITY'S LARGEST PARK AND AN EVEN MORE IDEAL DESTINATION FOR FAMILIES, FISHERMEN AND LOVERS OF THE OUTDOORS.

and Recreation department is showing a further commitment to investing in recreation by funding \$7.5 million in improvements at the Terry Trueblood Recreation Area.

Named in honor of the former parks and recreation department director Terry Trueblood who lost his battle with pancreatic cancer in 2009, the land near Sand Road in southeast Iowa City was purchased in 2006 by the city

the area. They love the wildlife," said Mike Moran, director of parks and recreation, of the recreation area. He says that an active turtle and beaver population draws people of all ages, along with pelicans and stocked trout in the lake.

Improvements to the park came out of a desire to enhance recreational offerings in all parts



sidewalk that wraps two miles around the lake. Throughout the trail, lookouts will be installed for those wanting to take in the scenery.

"This will be a total destination park where people will go and have the opportunity to

stay for the whole or half day," Moran said. Kayaking, canoes, snowshoeing, fishing and ice skating are just a few of the activities people will get to enjoy at the new-and-improved recreation area. Fin & Feather will be operating the marina building, where many of the rentals will be available. "We worked with the city on it, we applied for the spot," Brian Mildenstein, manager Fin & Feather, said about the partnership. "We've been a partner with the city on other things in the past. As a local business and as a retailer of things like canoes and kayaks, I think it was a natural partnership."

In the winter months, the sidewalk trail will allow for snowshoeing, and ice skates will be available to rent for use on the frozen pond. Fin & Feather's marina building will offer hot chocolate, for the ultimate winter experience.

According to Mildenstein, there are endless possibilities with the improvements, Mildenstein said. "We really would like to work with, in particular, elementary school physical education teachers." He continues, "We want to encourage the local movement to engage in physical activity that you can continue throughout your life."

Mildenstein and Moran both see Iowa City's dedication to growing its parks and recreation opportunities as an effort by the city to better the lives of citizens and visitors. "I think it's a quality of life thing for Iowa City – more and more bike lanes, awareness signs for bike commuters – the ability to make the river more of a feature of Iowa City as opposed to something you have to get across by beautifying both sides of the river," Mildenstein said. "For us, that continues further down Gilbert to Sand Lake and that's another place with more opportunities." **lv**

Erin Tiesman is a local freelance writer and comedy blogger who loves a good joke and a laugh. You can see what's up in Iowa's comedy scene at her blog, iacornfedcomedy.com.

There aren't many occasions that are flooded with such a variety of emotions as this, The Most Wonderful Time of the Year.

Whether it be the joy of gathering with your loved ones, or the grief of intolerable in-laws, the horror of realizing all of those perfect gifts that you meant to be buying are sold-out (and rain checks from Santa usually don't instill merriment), or the travel, there is one thing that stands certain during the holidays: Yes, Virginia, there is Seasonal Stress.

GET S.O.M.E.

While we tend to use the word "stress" to connote mental or emotional ill-being, the term didn't surface until 1936, when Nobel-prize-winning scientist, Hans Selye, defined it as the "non-specific response of the body to any demand for change." In addition to mental stress, Selye was also referring to chemical and physical stress, which I like to call Trauma, Toxins, and Thoughts (or the "Three T's"). Selye concluded that the majority illnesses as human beings—hypertension, strokes, heart attacks, ulcers etc.—are actually due to stress, both real and perceived.

Stress, as a concept, caught on and remains one of the most troubling issues that we deal with (or, more specifically, don't deal well with) in medicine today. The American Psychological Association reports that 75 to 90 percent of all physician office visits each year are related to stress. Stress is linked to the six leading causes of death, including heart disease, lung ailments, cancer, accidents, cirrhosis of the liver and suicide.

And the stress epidemic is an extremely costly one. The direct medical expenses alone are estimated to be well over \$1 billion annually in the United States, and stress is estimated to cost over \$150 billion in increased insurance outlays, burnout, absenteeism, reduced productivity, accidents, turnover and substance abuse.

What we all need is a simple plan that we can implement anywhere that will have a direct effect on lowering stress—especially during the holidays. First and foremost, remember to control what you can and to leave the rest to the other powers that be. Many times we get so wrapped up in trying to control every single aspect of our (and others') lives—and so worried when we can't—that we lose perspective of what is important.

I recommend the following to each of my patients: 20 minutes, each and every day—without exception—of S.O.M.E. stress reduction. S.O.M.E. stands for Sunlight; Orgasm/ Sex; Meditation/ Mindfulness/ Deep Breathing/ Prayer/ Journaling/ Yoga; and Exercise. Each of these tools has been shown in the literature to reduce stress as well as drug therapy in mild to moderate cases of stress, anxiety and depression.

Ideally, we could get 20 minutes of each one daily, but any 20-minute combination is effective. Couple that with a clean diet and ample hydration, and we have a comprehensive plan to address the Three T's and reduce our seasonal stress. So, this month's prescription: S.O.M.E. And, as always, until next time, be well! **lv**

When Dr. Jason Bradley isn't power de-stressing by combing every aspect of S.O.M.E. into a three-minute-per-day routine, he can be found practicing Metabolic and Nutritional Medicine at Washington Street Wellness Center in Iowa City, Iowa.



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DECEMBER 2012 | LITTLE VILLAGE 13

Photos by Adrienne Behning



Sorry, But I'll Have to Check Your I.D.

I walked to work, my head pounding. My job that night was “door-guy” and with my headache, I assumed sitting down and checking I.D.’s would be all I could handle. Being the only 20-year-old in a group of friends who are all 21 is like being in-time-out during recess and watching my friends play kickball. That’s why I took this job: to stay out of trouble on weekends, socialize, and make money.

At 10, the night was just starting. I saw a girl being taken home by a friend. She pushed herself away, yelling, “I don’t need help!” and bolted.

The weather was calm, but downtown Iowa City was not. On Washington Street, I passed the the ice cream shops, sandwich joints, and bars like Bo James (where my mother enjoyed burgers in the ‘80s) that satisfy 30,000 university students. I turned onto Clinton Street and saw the crowd outside of The Airliner (a bar that my grandfather remembers), and all I thought was, “Everyone go home! You’re all too tired to stay up until bar close.” Across Clinton, I saw the Pentacrest, devoid its usual backpackers. The Old Capitol looked alone but content, her golden dome shining brightly in the sky saying, “No, it’s fine. We’ll hang out another time. You kids go have fun.”

Customers who like to eat at the bar where I work are mostly alumni and families. At that point, they were still coherent and I enjoyed chatting with them as they waited. I talked with the mother of Peterson, party of four, who told me they were from Chicago and visiting their oldest daughter. I always get along best with the mothers that visit my bar because they remind me of my grandmother, a woman who really enjoys a fine drink (Often she will order top-shelf Patron

and say to my grandfather, “I’m worth it”).

The crowd changed as those making fond memories over burgers trickled out, and others that didn’t want to remember the night stumbled in. I waved goodbye to the Petersons. The music switched from Steve Miller Band to Kanye and Jay-Z and I moved outside to guard the castle gate. I saw my buddy Chops manning the neighboring bar. Every passing alumnus asks Chops, “Is this Jake’s?” and Chops breaks their hearts, describ-

ing his bar which is much more upscale than the bar they once knew. My first night as door-guy, the manager said, “You’re gonna see funny shit. I’ve seen arrests; I’ve seen fights; and I’ve had people fall right in front of me.” He was trying to get me excited about checking I.D.’s for four hours.

At 10, the night was just starting. I saw a girl being taken home by a friend. She pushed herself away, yelling, “I don’t need help!” and bolted. Sandals slapping the ground, she proved she wasn’t too drunk to run, but *POW*. She hit the ground hard. She was fine. It was not at all funny... except that it was kind of funny.

I apologized as I checked I.D.s from every Midwestern state. “Sorry, but I have to check everyone.” The weather remained calm as the mercury sank. Bored, I asked Chops, “How cold do you think it’ll get tonight?” He guessed 58. I guessed 57. My Dad and I always played games like this when we were driving.

My head was still throbbing. Regulars asked who I was, some telling me they had worked here previously. I’d listen, smiling like Theodore from “Leave It to Beaver.” One woman wearing fashionable clothes came up hurriedly. Following her was a farmhand wearing a ripped t-shirt and dirt-stained shoes.

He asked her, “You wanna go here? What ‘bout Summit?”

“I’m going here,” she snapped.

He shrugged, “Well, can I buy your first drink?”

“Nope, thanks,” she said and hopped into the bar.

He struck out hard. To redeem himself to Chops and I, the rejected Romeo said, “I just walked her all the way from Brothers!” We acted like he’d had a chance as he continued, “Ya know, I can get any girl I want, but when I see one that I’m not sure about, I gotta try. God, she’s sexy.” He was right about that, and he hadn’t the slightest chance with her.

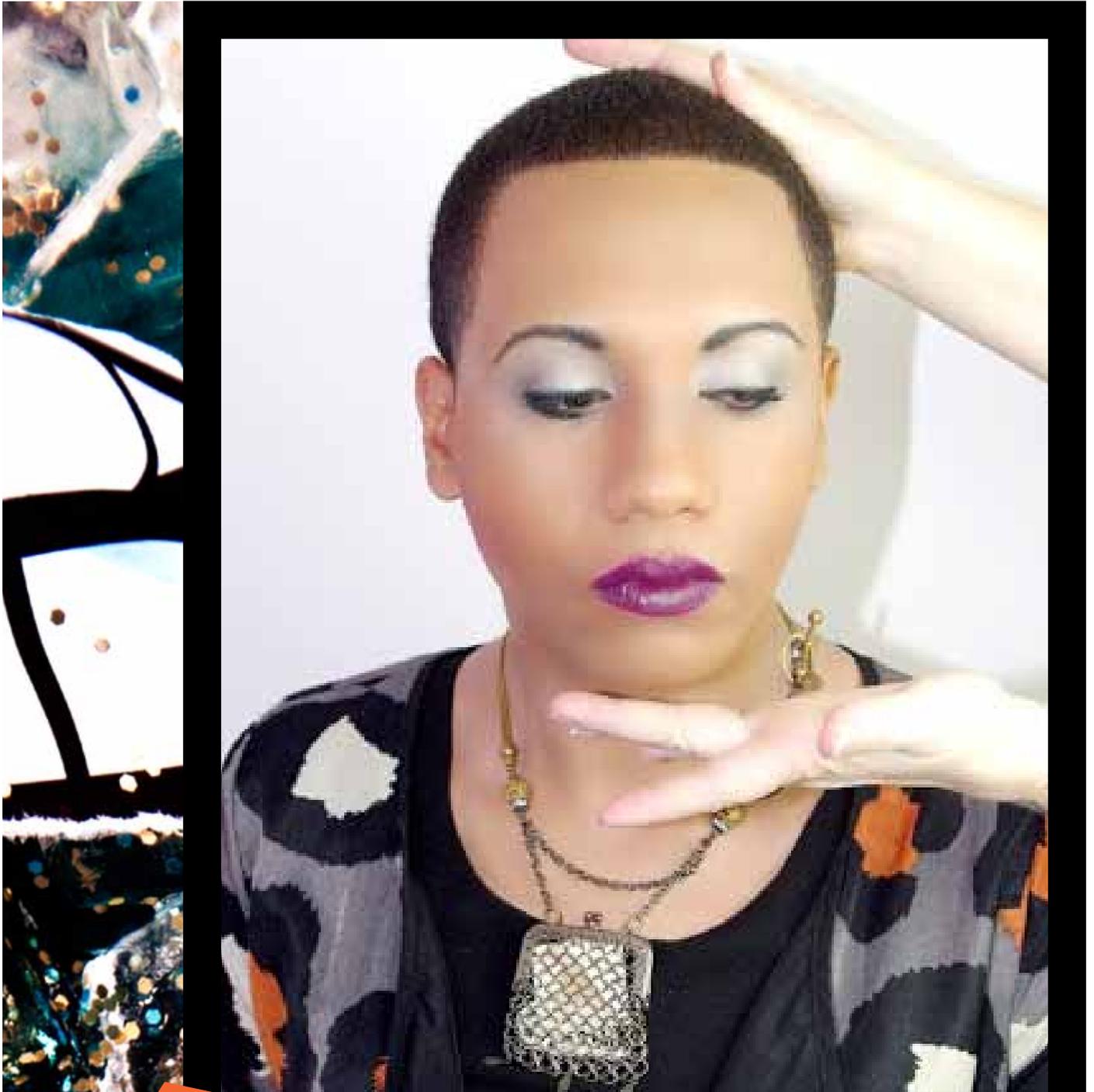
It was 1 a.m. and the night neared its end. Only the toughest of the tough and the drunk-est of the drunk were still out, many heading home. Before closing, I saw the sad farmhand from earlier leaving with a younger woman who was less pleasing to the eye let’s say. My head felt better and I realized I’d wake up feeling great and all of our customers would wake up like I had that morning.

At 1:30 a.m., a co-worker instructed me to get people out and close down the bar. He introduced himself as Icebox. I rolled in the awning and brought in my chair. Icebox asked me if I knew what to do, but I didn’t. He was helpful, almost too helpful. He said, “You got this, buddy” and “Oh it just takes practice.” In a war movie, Icebox was the nice guy who died early.

I began to sweep but there were still some drunks in my way. The bartender, Jake, said, “Ben, get these guys out.” Icebox encouraged me, “Don’t let him push you around.” I politely asked the men to leave. Jake yelled, “Everybody out! Now!” One man tried to negotiate and Jake said, “Ben, please escort this man outside.” I did.

I swept the floor, put up the chairs, locked the patio, and cleaned up the bathrooms, while Icebox washed the bar. Jake handed me 18 bucks, probably about 10 percent of his tips, and I left my co-workers saying, “Nice working with you guys.” They said goodbye and Icebox patted my shoulder. Outside, I saw that the Old Capitol still glimmered. She was ready for Monday classes to begin, unlike the rest of us. Momentarily, I wondered where all of our customers would end up: A bed or floor? Whose? Maybe they’d overcome tiredness altogether. I surely wouldn’t. Walking home, I sang “Bed is Too Small for My Tiredness” and turned onto Washington Street. **IV**

After working at a summer camp, Benjamin Lederer finds fart jokes and people falling down funnier than they actually are.



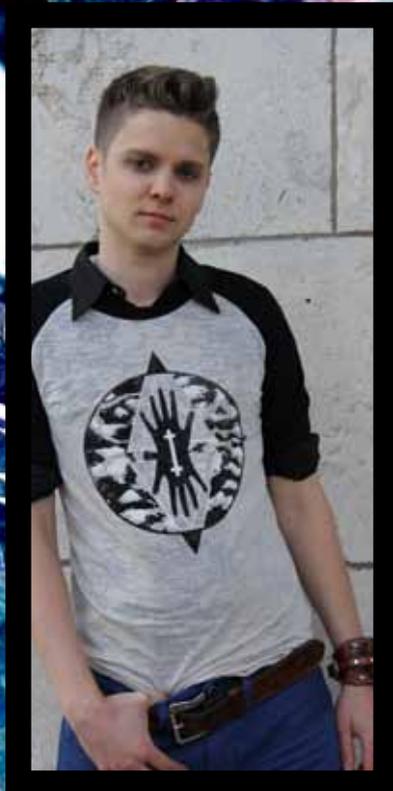
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RADIOLIES?

"TRUTH" IN SOUND AND STORYTELLING

At the end of September, the podcast Radiolab went in search of "truth." It was a daunting task, to be sure, but not wholly outside the scope of the program, which bills itself as "a show about curiosity...where sound illuminates ideas, and the boundaries blur between science, philosophy and human experience." In essence, it's a science show with amazing storytelling, produced with a very creative interweaving of sound, music and voices.

But during the episode "The Fact of the Matter," hosts Jad Abumrad and Robert Krulwich unwittingly exposed the central truth at the heart of their show: The people who control the sound control the message. In a nutshell, the hosts first downplayed, then challenged, then ultimately disregarded a Hmong refugee's story, exerting a ruthless editorial strategy to tell a story that wound up having less to do with scientific inquiry

and more to do with American politics and a vaguely romanticized notion about "the search for truth" as enacted by the white creative class. Here is the background: The segment of the show was about so-called "yellow rain," a potential chemical agent used against the Hmong people following the withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam. The Hmong had aided the United States in the war, and afterwards were subject to brutal treatment leading to genocide by the Laotian and Vietnamese authorities. Many people, including the interviewee Eng Yang, claim that a yellow dust or

powder rained down on the villages, causing problems ranging from vomiting to blindness to death. When word of this spread to the United



During the episode "The Fact of the Matter," RadioLab hosts Jad Abumrad and Robert Krulwich unwittingly exposed the central truth at the heart of their show: The people who control the sound control the message.

States, then-president Ronald Reagan used it to justify renewed development of chemical weapons, something that hadn't been done in the U.S. in over 20 years.

Clearly, Robert Krulwich sets the story up as a "gotcha" moment where Reagan can be exposed; this has an obvious correlation to George H.W. Bush's rationale for war based on never-to-be-found weapons of mass destruction. You see, if it turns out that "yellow rain" wasn't actually a chemical weapon, then Reagan was an even bigger asshole than we had previously thought! Well, guess how it turns

out? A bunch of scientists "confirm" that what was falling from the sky was actually bee feces. Not chemical weapons, just plain old everyday bee shit.

Krulwich takes this information back to Eng Yang, who is being translated by his niece, the writer Kao Kalia Yang. Krulwich badgers him with questions about whether or not he actually saw planes or helicopters overhead when the yellow rain was falling. Eng Yang, unsurprisingly, basically says that they were running for their lives first, and worrying about the details later. But as Krulwich persists, Eng and his niece become increasingly upset, fearing--correctly--that Krulwich is hellbent on proving a guy wrong on a specific detail, with no regard for the fact that this guy's culture and family were systematically murdered.

In the context of the show, after the interview is played, Krulwich, Abumrad and a producer have a roundtable discussion trying to make sense of it. Abumrad is sympathetic to the Hmong side of the story; Krulwich is not. "She attempted to monopolize the story," he said, "And that we cannot allow." In that single line, he not only disallowed it, he made it clear that the role of a producer in a radio setting is to be a gatekeeper for what voices can and cannot be allowed. Many people picked up on this, though it was just one criticism among many that eventually resulted in a lot of

apologies that themselves caused more problems. But Krulwich addressed the criticism of "power" directly: "I am especially sorry in the conversation following to have said Ms. Yang was seeking to 'monopolize' the story. Obviously, we at Radiolab had all the power in this situation, and to suggest otherwise was wrong."

The power that Radiolab had in this situation is reflected in the way that the show structures the audio material itself. This is not metaphorical--the people with the power literally get to "talk over" the ones who don't. In most cases,

this is done in a lighthearted and comical way, giving a guest a friendly ribbing, or giving the audience a winking aside. But for Eng Yang, his voice was so densely buried in layers of sound it was practically inaudible, in addition to being in a foreign language. It was relayed by his translator, who was occasionally being summarized by a narrator, giving Eng Yang's actual story, a story he was specifically asked to tell, a distance of three degrees from the listener.

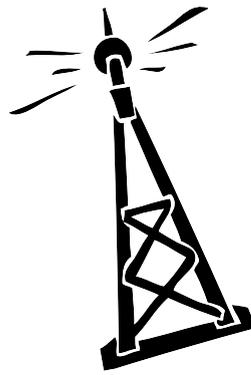
In saying that Eng Yang and Kao Kalia Yang's stories were not allowed, Krulwich was arguing that his "objective" assemblage of "the facts" was more "truthful" than Eng Yang's lived, sensory experiences.

Ultimately, in saying that Eng Yang and Kao Kalia Yang's stories were not allowed, Krulwich was arguing that his "objective" assemblage of "the facts" was more "truthful" than Eng Yang's lived, sensory experiences in Laos during those terrible days. In fact, it was Krulwich's obligation to investigate those sensory experiences with the same rigor that he devoted to bee shit.

I was immediately reminded of the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, when residents claimed that they heard a series of "booms" as the water breached the levees, with many speculating that the government had them destroyed on purpose to flood poorer areas of the city. This is potentially easy to dismiss as "conspiracy," but less so when you consider two factors. The first is that has actually happened in the past, in the Mississippi Flood of 1927, and the second is that the people in this story have faced a history of discrimination and being lied to by the federal government. In this case what they heard isn't "wrong," it was the booms of history that made such a scenario very real, and very possible.

In both cases, it is worth remembering that in the art of storytelling, it is not just whose stories get told, but how. And listening requires more than just turning on a tape recorder, but also opening yourself up to the possibility that multiple "truths" are out there.

Craig Eley is a graduate student at The University of Iowa, currently residing in Washington, D.C.



chaos for Christmas

If you're like me, Christmas songs probably send you into a murderous rage that ends with a trail of bloody reindeer and a decapitated Salvation Army Santa (those *incessant* ringing *BELLS!*). Fortunately, I have a plan to combat this musical menace that does not involve bloodshed. What you need is an impenetrable aural force field that negates the ill effects of holiday cheer, though of course that's easier said than done.

A useful weapon in this fight is the "Instru-Mental" genre, which I explored in last month's column. This term refers to mind-expanding music without words—lysergic soundscapes that are more about *texture* than lyrical texts, and which generally avoid the standard verse-chorus-verse song structure. A couple examples that come to mind are Stereolab's hypnotic Moog synthesizer-powered space rock and the ADHD rhythm changes of electronic dance music auteur μ -Ziq (pronounced "Music").

Through the miracle of modern technology, you can turn just about any environment into an anti-Xmas sound art installation space. All that is needed is a digital music player, speakers, and an Internet connection. With enough bandwidth, one can

put on repeat until Dec. 26, or until everyone goes batcrap crazy.

The adventurous among you can strap a powerful battery-operated stereo system to your chest and blast mall shoppers like a sonic suicide bomber. Those who are more introverted might opt to stay at home and wear headphones that block out the soundtrack to

**JESUS MAY HAVE DIED
FOR OUR SINS, BUT UPON
RESURRECTION THE
SON OF GOD WILL
SURELY KILL HIMSELF
WHEN HE HEARS THE MUSIC
THAT BEARS HIS NAME.**

the Winter Wonder-Hellscape. Either way, you are contributing to the death of Christmas as we know it. (Jesus may have died for our sins, but upon resurrection the son of God will surely kill himself when he hears the music that bears his name.)

**THROUGH THE MIRACLE
of modern technology, you can turn
just about any environment into an
anti-Xmas sound art installation space.**

subject others to my massive *thirteen-hour-long* compilation of Instru-Mental songs (some tracks, like Miles Davis's "He Loved Him Madly" and Unrest's "Hydro," break the thirty minute mark). This playlist can be

When fending off peppy lobotomized carolers, nothing is more helpful than pulsating waves of drone-rock, demented disco, trippy instrumental hip-hop and squelches of electronic detritus. With that in mind, let me recommend a few choice

nuggets from my carefully curated ILLboard Hot 100 list. Vladimir Ussachevsky's "Piece For Tape Recorder (1956)," the earliest track, is at least a half-century ahead of its time. His tape manipulations, analog synth eruptions,

THE *illboard* HOT 100

KEMBREW'S COMPILATION OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC CAN BE DOWNLOADED FROM
LITTLEVILLAGEMAG.COM/INSTRUMENTAL

reverb effects and subtle ambient arrangements combine to produce an eeriness one might expect from the director of *Blue Velvet*.

Speaking of David Lynch, his longtime film composer and collaborator Angelo Badalamenti shines on "Mountains Falling," a characteristically unsettling track from *Mulholland Drive*. Soundtrack music has provided an endless well of inspiration for noir-

**THIS PLAYLIST >>>
CAN BE PUT ON REPEAT
UNTIL DEC. 26,
OR UNTIL EVERYONE
GOES BATCRAP CRAZY.**



hop artists like Portishead, who sampled Lalo Schifrin's "Danube Incident," among others. That Schifrin track—like much of his peerless work in the 1960s and 1970s—remains a touchstone of lounge psychedelia, as does the Quincy Jones track also included in my compilation. Throw in the brain-busting minimal techno of Plastikman and the woozy post-rock of Bowery Electric, and you have a roadmap for a trip into inner space.

Beginning in January, I will host a KRUI program titled "Instru-Mental Madness" that explores every corner of this musical universe. If unidentifiable sonic shrapnel happens to penetrate your skull, don't worry, that's not the sound of your head imploding—it's just my radio show. **lv**

After Kembrew McLeod's inevitable arrest by the end of this Christmas season, don't be surprised to read in the Iowa City Press-Citizen about the many mutilated elves hidden in his freezer.

- A Certain Ratio** "Winter Hill"
African Head Charge "Fever Pitch"
Air "J'Ai Dormi Sous L'Eau"
Alice Coltrane "Galaxy In Sathhidanada/A Love Supreme"
Angelo Badalamenti "Mountains Falling"
Aphex Twin "Acrid Avid Jam Shred"
Arthur Russell "In The Light Of The Miracle"
Badawi "ZIKR (Whirling Dub)"
Bardo Pond "Tantric Porno"
Beanfield "Charles"
Beat Dominator "How Do You Say ... Bass"
Bill Laswell "Skulls Of Broken Hill"
Black Dice "Roll Up"
Bob James "Take Me To The Mardi Gras"
Bowery Electric "Slow Thrills"
Broken Social Scene "I Slept With Bonhomme At The CBC"
The Bug "Those Tapes Are Dangerous"
Can "Bel Air"
Cash Money Millionaires "The Block Is Hot (Instrumental)"
The Chemical Brothers "Chico's Groove"
Chris & Cosey "Put Yourself In Los Angeles"
Cluster & Eno "Ho Renomo"
Coldcut "Eine Kleine Hedmusik"
Company Flow "Suzy Pulled A Pistol On Henry"
Cul De Sac "Utopia Pkwy"
Cypress Hill "Illusions (Instrumental)"
David Axelrod "Everything Counts"
David Bowie "Abdulmajid"
David Byrne "Dense Beasts"
Deerhunter "Octet"
DJ Disk "Thinking Room Sculpture"
DJ Shadow "In/Flux"
Dr. Octagon "Blue Flowers Revisited (Instrumental)"
The Dust Brothers "The Groomsman"
808 State "808080808"
ESG "UFO"
Explosions in the Sky "Your Hand in Mine"
Faust "Krautrock"
Felt "The Optimist And The Poet"
The Field "Arpeggiated Love"
Flying Saucer Attack "Feedback Song"
Funkadelic "Maggot Brain"
Füxa "Dreamlanding"
Glenn Branca "Lesson No. 1 for Electric Guitar"
Godspeed You! Black Emperor "Storm"
Hamilton Bohannon "I Got To Stay Funky"
Harmonia "Dino"
Hive "Dreaming Belize"
The Jackson 5 "Hum Along And Dance"
Japancakes "Handguns and Firearms"
Jean-Jacques Perrey "Island In Space"
Joi "Strange Days"
King Sunny Adé "Ja Fun Mi (Instrumental)"
King Tubby "Dub Fi Gwan"
Kool DJ E.Q. "Death of Hip-Hop"
Kraftwerk "Europe Endless"
Kruder & Dorfmeister "Original Bedroom Rockers"
Lalo Schifrin "Danube Incident"
Lee "Scratch" Perry "Heavy Revolution Dub"
Liquid Liquid "Cavern"
Loop "Mother Sky"
Man Parrish "Hip-Hop Be-Bop"
Martin Denny "Midnight Cowboy"
Massive Attack vs. Mad Professor "Backward Sucking (Heat Miser)"
Michael Rother "Feuerland"
Miles Davis "He Loved Him Madly"
Mogwai "Burn Girl Prom Queen"
µ-Ziq "1 Hip 007"
Neu! "Fur Immer"
New Kingdom "Return of the Black Falcon"
The Orb "Little Fluffy Clouds"
OMD "Sealand"
Penguin Cafe Orchestra "Numbers 1-4"
Plastikman "Elektrostatik"
Quincy Jones "Main Theme: The Deadly Affair (Version 2)"
Raymond Scott "Sleepy Time"
Section 25 "Sutra"
Sigur Rós "Untitled 5"
Sonic Youth "Anagrama"
Stereolab "Metronomic Underground"
Steve Reich "Pulses"
Swell Maps "Big Maz in the Desert"
Throbbing Gristle "Hot On The Heels Of Love"
Tim Hecker "Hatred of Music I"
The Tornados "Telstar"
Tortoise "DJed"
Tosca "Fuckdub Parts 1&2"
Trans Am "Love Commander"
Transglobal Underground "International Times (Haunted Dancehall Remix)"
Tristeza "Building Peaks"
U.N.K.L.E. "The Time Has Come"
Underground Resistance "Deathstar"
Unrest "Hydro"
VAX "Glacier"
The Ventures "Vibrations"
Virgo Four "Take Me Higher"
Vladimir Ussachevsky "Piece For Tape Recorder (1956)"
Windy & Carl "Lighthouse"
Yo La Tengo "Spec Bebop"
Yoko Ono "Greenfield Morning"

SWEET SPOT

WILTON CANDY KITCHEN • WILTON, IOWA

When I was a kid, you got your ice cream at a Baskin Robbins franchise in a strip mall next to a Fayva, where you got your plastic jelly shoes. I had heard of “drugstores” where you could sit at a counter and get malteds and melts, but I had never actually visited a place like that. What little I knew of these ice cream shops came from watching black and white movies and “Time Life.” Those Were the Days, nostalgia books that my best friend’s parents kept in their bathroom. I had always assumed those classic drugstores and ice cream parlors had gone the way of the dodo until I moved to Iowa City, sat at the counter at Pearson’s Drug Store and experienced the ‘50s chic while eating a tuna salad sandwich and washing it down with an authentic Egg Cream. Pearson’s has since closed, replaced by a bank, and Iowa City is the lesser for it. But there remains a place where that kind of old-fashioned experience still exists.

A mere 30 miles away from where Pearson’s once was, is the longest continuously-running ice cream parlor on earth, the Wilton Candy Kitchen of Wilton, Iowa. The Candy Kitchen features delicious chocolates, old fashioned phosphate sodas, and ice cream confections made with the pièce de résistance of the whole operation, the excellent homemade ice cream.

The building alone is reason enough to make the trip. Constructed in 1856, the interior has changed little since the first ice cream parlor opened there in 1860. The walls are covered with dark wood and mirrors, and the counter-tops are gray marble. All the fixtures behind the bar are authentic, but the best and most

authentic fixture by far is the proprietor, Mr. George Nopolus. George has been in charge of the Candy Kitchen since he took over for his father in the 1940s, and he is a character right out of a Frank Capra movie, full of life and love for what he does, and lightning quick with one-liners.

The man can also make some seriously delicious ice cream. The banana split was, bar none, the best dish of ice cream I have ever

it off with three spoonfuls of chopped pecans. Aficionados, I know you’re thinking “No Whipped Cream? No sprinkles? No CHERRY?” I would urge you to trust the man behind the counter who has likely been making these dishes longer than you have been alive. You especially don’t want anything extraneous impairing your appreciation of what was the most delicious and flavorful strawberry ice cream I have ever eaten. I would go back and order just a scoop to savor that flavor again. Okay, perhaps several scoops. And maybe take home a half-gallon. The strawberry ice cream is an experience unto itself, but I digress!

While at Wilton Candy, I also sampled the phosphates, a real old-fashioned soda made



Photos by Jason Alan Fries



experienced. Served in a classic glass dessert dish, George made it right in front of us starting with a fresh banana, loading on three scoops of his homemade vanilla, chocolate and strawberry ice creams, drizzling marshmallow sauce, pineapple sauce, and finishing

with any flavor of syrup you desire. The Candy Kitchen features several of their own classic recipes (a personal favorite of mine is the Hadacol. When I asked how he arrived at the name, George told me “I hadda call it something!”). On this particular visit, I asked

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him about the “Odd Ball” but he convinced me to try the Pink Lady, which is a little bit of strawberry, a little bit of cherry, and a pump of vanilla. It was then that I remembered a childhood dream, which was to literally TASTE the color pink. I then ordered a cherry coke, an authentic cherry coke: two pumps of cola and two pumps of cherry in phosphate. Far from experiencing the insulin shock I was expecting by this point, I felt flush with power, more alive than ever, and ready to try the homemade turtles.

Near the entrance, next to the sign-in book (which that day alone had already been signed by people from three different states) are two large cases of fudge, other other assorted chocolates, and a pile of freshly made



turtles that are reasonably priced according to weight. The turtle followed the traditional recipe (chopped pecans covered with caramel and topped with milk chocolate) and was excellent.

For those that are not in the mood for sweets (though, really?), you can order a delicious luncheon sandwich, served plain or grilled. I recommend the tuna salad, buoyant with mayonnaise, served on white bread and cut into perfect triangles.

Since moving to Iowa in 1998, I have been consistently surprised by how uniquely special this place is. The Wilton Candy Kitchen is one of those places that reminds me how lucky I am to live here. Maybe if I wasn't still experiencing such an amazing sugar high, my heart would twist with longing for a time gone by. As it is, I am happy enough being able to experience the delicious ice cream and the authentic atmosphere of the Wilton Candy Kitchen. **lv**

Kristy Hartsgrrove is delighted to publicly reveal in her love of all foods, sweet and savory. If you want to get a real kick in the pants, you should take her theatre classes at Coe College.

Brouwerij St. Bernardus - Watou, Belgium

St. Bernardus Christmas Ale

BREW OF THE MONTH: DECEMBER

This is the season for holiday beers, a time when breweries release festive winter warmers or special one-offs made with top secret ingredients, and a time that for me is the most exciting part of the seasonal beer calendar. In the past, I happily vetted many of these special releases for my December recommendation; however, this year I tried only one. Why? Because all I want for Christmas is St. Bernardus Christmas Ale, brewed by the Brouwerij St. Bernardus in Watou, Belgium.

I drank the Christmas Ale for the first time last year, and when I sampled it again this year, it was still as good as I remembered. Unlike a number of other holiday releases, Christmas Ale uses the same recipe year after year—a comforting and reassuring fact, especially when other iconic winter releases are disappointing flops due to recipe reinvention.

Dark fruits, holiday spice and St. Bernardus' house yeast (in use since the brewery opened in 1946) dominate the aroma, but there are also hints of fig, apricot, banana, green apple, caramel, brown sugar, maraschino cherry, molasses and a hint of licorice. The taste mirrors the smell with the dark fruit and spice. Plum, fig and apricot create the backbone, and it is supported by clove, pepper and Christmas spice. Yeast, caramel and green apple emerge after the beer has warmed, and there are also flavors of banana and brown sugar. The alcohol is very noticeable but not distracting; it fades as the beer warms, but continues to provide a pleasant sensation with each sip, which is much appreciated in the winter.

St. Bernardus Christmas Ale is only available in 750 ml bottles. (The more the merrier!) With a little effort, the cork will come off with a loud POP! To serve, use a tulip or oversized wine glass. Pour slowly because the thick, buttery head will try to rise out of control. The color is dark mahogany and the foam will slowly dissipate to leave a ring around the edge, a thin lacing and trails on the glass. **lv**

ALCOHOL CONTENT: 10 percent ABV

SERVING TEMPERATURE: 45-50° F.

WHERE TO BUY: Most area Hy-Vee stores, John's Grocery, Bootleggin' Barzini's, Bread Garden and the Liquor House.

PRICE: \$11-14 per 750 ml bottle. It is a little on the pricy side, but worth every penny.

—Casey Wagner



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> CONTEST OVERVIEW

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> SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Judges will consider creative work in all genres and formats up to 1,000 words. These might include short fiction, short literary nonfiction, poetry, or even two pages of dialogue from a play or scenes from a graphic novel. Work may be pulled from a larger piece, but it will be judged on its ability to stand on its own. Only work that has not been published elsewhere—in print, online or otherwise—will be considered.

The series is designed to highlight new work produced in Iowa City, so entrants must live or work in the Iowa City area at the time of submission. Please include your current address with your submission.

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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THE LIEUTENANT PART ONE: DEATH FOLLOWS

The dust was in the air and the air was in his lungs and the dust burned its way down his throat and clustered there with the grit and the smoke and the ash. The heat beat down like God's heavy hand and smote him where he sat, and the thin film of sweat that crawled out of his pores along the base of his neck and the back of his hands had mixed with his tears and his snot and the grease of his guns, and the sun had dried it into a greasy cake that cracked and flaked off of his skin like scales, leaving the flesh underneath raw and pink and clean.

"Adonde vas, caballero?" the lieutenant asked again, the wide brim of his hat the only scrap of shade that Shane had seen in weeks, the angry eye of the sun peeking out from behind the man's head, forming a bloody halo that pulsed and swam and grew until the lieutenant was just a voice cutting through red fog.

The lieutenant gestured at the log that Shane lay against, the dead dog, the scattering of empty cartridges that lay across the plain, and the blackened stump of Shane's left leg.

"Que pasa? Dígame. Queremos ayudarte."

Behind him the cohort was looting Shane's horse. They had cut its throat only a minute before, but already the blood had blackened beneath the angry eye. They found nothing in the saddlebags but three dozen gold coins. Nothing worth taking.

"No hay agua, Teniente. Debemos matarse ahora."

"Tenga cuidado," the lieutenant called over his shoulder. "No puedes ver que es americano?" He turned back to Shane, adjusting the wide brim of his hat with one hand, and with the other sliding the tip of his sabre back and forth in the dust. He crouched so he could look Shane in his eyes, which had begun to fog over with dust. The lieutenant grinned. His teeth were brown.

"No Spanish, yes? You want English. Tonto Americano. The boys want I should kill you

now. But I think you can help us?" He drove the point of his sword deep into the sand. "What happened? Why you here?"

Shane blinked and his eyes cleared a bit and his mind cleared a bit and he found he could turn his head to the left and the right and he saw how long and wide and dry stretched the desert. Some miles distant to either his right or left was the village of San Gabriel but the glint of sun off of the white marble garden gates was lost in the haze. He opened his mouth to say "water" but his lips were stuck together by dried mucus and spoiled blood.

"You have gold, no? But you cannot drink gold. You must have water somewhere."

"ADONDE VAS, CABALLERO?"
THE LIEUTENANT ASKED AGAIN, THE WIDE BRIM OF HIS HAT THE ONLY SCRAP OF SHADE THAT SHANE HAD SEEN IN WEEKS...

Shane tried to force his tongue between his lips but his tongue was weak and his mouth was dry and he tried a second time to say "water" but he could only make a mewling noise in the back of his throat.

"Ha!" yelled the lieutenant. "Cree que es gato."

"Habia vuelto loco por el sol. No nos dira nada."

"Podemos esperar." The lieutenant tapped the leaking chalk of bone that poked out of the stump of Shane's leg with the dirty flat of his sword.

"Is true? Have you gone crazy, mi'migo?" He looked in Shane's dusty eyes. "Did the men who took your leg took your water?"

Shane let his head nod up and down. The Lieutenant spat on the ground. The tiny dent lay preserved for a few moments before the sun pulled the bits of water into the air, leaving only phlegm behind. Shane watched it go.

The Lieutenant tapped his sword pensively then stood once again. The sun did not fall on his face and Shane could not see his mouth,

only the motion of the words.

"Es inutil." He turned to the men, the straw brim of his hat barely holding Shane in its shadow.

"Porque mataron el caballo?" the lieutenant said, aiming his sabre at the dead horse.

"Pateo al Alejandro."

The lieutenant turned back to Shane.

"I sorry about your horse. My men are dull. I question if they are even men and not troglodytes. We have no horses to spare. We will leave." To his men: "We leave." To Shane: "You have no water, we let you live. Sound fair to me."

The lieutenant turned to his cohort of sullen men, greased by sweat and blackened by sun, the tatters of their once-green uniforms now bleached grey. Shane watched them mount their tireless horses and clop against the dusty sun-beaten track towards the faintest specter of town in the distance where, twelve

hours from now, a fire will break out and all but the Lieutenant will burn, and he will leave their bones in the ash just as he now leaves Shane in the dust and the dust floats down in the wheezing breeze and lands lightly on Shane's broken bleeding hide and it mixes with the blood and sweat and snot and shit of passing birds and the thick gummy sludge lathers itself along his body and he feels he is thirsty and he closes his eyes and he will not open them again and when the lieutenant passes this way with his new band one week from now he sees only a lump of dust against a charred old log and he doesn't think it strange. Shane was buried beneath the dust and grit, and the buzzards had got his eyes, but his tongue had fallen through a hole that had rotted in the bottom of his jaw and it wagged in the brief rush of wind from the Lieutenant's passing horses and as it brushed against the grit it made a noise that sounded like the hopeless trickle of water.

Luke Stroth is studying Anthropology at The University of Iowa. He sometimes writes and sometimes doesn't.

PRO TIPS

Wayne Diamante, accurate marksman and distinguished recipient of his third-grade class' Clean Hands and Face award draws his rifle and takes aim at questions tougher than your mom's turkey in this Holiday No-Man's Land edition of PRO-TIPS with Wayne Diamante. Maybe you're trying to litigate your way out of insurance fraud, or perhaps you were exposed to asbestos while in the Navy, or shipping industry? Were you injured in a Hoveround roll-over, or need to have a skin graft removed? If you do, Wayne is in your corner! If you have questions you'd like answered, or are badly in need of advice from a stranger, Wayne Diamante is here to help, probably. Send your troubles to Wayne at askwaynediamante@gmail.com and he'll shake the tree until something falls out.

A personal appeal from Wayne:

Dear readers, welcome to the Holiday No-Man's Land edition of PRO-TIPS. We find ourselves again in the interim period between Thanksgiving and Christmas, a time fraught with emotional breakdowns, having too much to drink and saying things we don't mean to say out loud to our loved ones, drinking eggnog, throwing up eggnog, getting fatter and fatter, and waiting for it all to culminate in the Christian two-day sprint of paying holiday visits to relatives and other general shitassery. This year, as the tension around the holidays thickens to a fine gravy, try to remember the reason for the season: Hobbits. Exactly. Around this time of year, in ancient times, they celebrated a wise and powerful shaman who sent his ruddy, stub of a friend on a fool's errand. Some shit happens, but then some deeper shit happens. Around the middle some shit gets like, significant. In the end everyone learns the true meaning of Christams. That's right, "Christams," thusly which is whence we derive our modern-day word for the holiday, wait for it, Christmas. But don't take my word for it, it's science, look it up. OK, after having to comment extemporaneously on the origin of Christmas, I'm running out of word space so we're moving to PRO-TIPS: LIGHTNING ROUND!

Dear Wayne,

I feel like my wife becomes verbally abusive around the holidays, is there a way I can get her to stop?

Sincerely,

Clark

Clark,

This week my wife has called me Ass Dust, Turd Pump, and Buttfuck. You should quit being a pussy.
-Wayne

Dear Wayne,

I'm going to a white elephant party and I need a gift that will really be a sensation, any ideas?

TIA,

Shirley

Shirley,

You should bring a fancy butt plug. People recognize quality when they see it.

-Wayne

**TRY TO REMEMBER
THE REASON
FOR THE SEASON:
HOBBITS**

Dear Wayne,

Each year, at this time of fellowship, I try to broaden my family's cultural horizons to include other Christian traditions. Do you have a suggestion for this year?

In Communion,

Mark

Mark,

Arabian Santa. He wears a red and white kefiyeh and shooting glasses. He drives an dune buggy across the stars, delivering gifts to good boys and girls but mostly boys. Also women are not allowed to drive. Arabian Santa!

-Wayne

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY HARRY

On Dec. 7, Harry Chapin would have been seventy years old. He died in 1981, so why remember him now?

One could make the case that the early death of any artist is tragic. How much was left uncreated? In Harry's case, how much left unsung?

But that standard merely puts him in the category of singers like Jim Croce, Buddy Holly or Hank Williams. To me, Harry was different. In his thirties he released songs far beyond his years like "Taxi," "Cat's in the Cradle" and "Tangled Up Puppet," emerging as a uniquely sensitive painter of musical character portraits. He created relatable characters like "Mail Order Annie" who came to the Midwestern plains, and Martin Tanner,



the tailor who sings opera in his shop late at night because the "music was his life, not his livelihood." A chilling song about Charles Whitman, the sniper on the Texas Tower, a song about a starving child in Africa; like few others, Harry Chapin could start with a simple phrase and wind up encompassing all the loneliness, despair and basic need to make a connection that define the human experience.

Harry could sing a question about youth, idealism and memory, asking us if we could, "Remember when the music / Came from

wooden boxes / strung with silver wire / And as we sang the words / it would set our minds on fire / For we believed in things / and so we'd sing." That song, "Remember When the Music," was written only hours after hearing about the death of his friend, the political activist Allard Lowenstein.

Everybody familiar with Chapin's work has their own favorite. For me, his song "WOLD" was a major influence on my novel *A Good Man*, which started as a book about a charlatan evangelist, but ended up being about a burned out radio talk show host. In the first five pages I wrote, the evangelist was being interviewed by a drunk DJ in Florida as a hurricane raged outside. I needed a name for the host, and that's when I remembered Chapin's "WOLD." Five pages later, that radio host was the main character and the evangelist had gone from being a liar to being a true prophet, and a secondary character.

In "WOLD," Chapin did what every novelist tries to do. In a few minutes, he created a real person and gave that person a life. "I am the morning DJ on W*O*L*D/ Playing all the hits for you / wherever you may be / The bright good-morning voice / who's heard but

ALMOST HALF OF THE MONEY HARRY CHAPIN MADE FROM HIS MUSIC WENT TO CAUSES HE BELIEVED IN.

never seen / Feeling all of forty-five going on fifteen." Me, I took his DJ and gave him a past and a future. Harry took five minutes; it took me 280 pages.

Most of Harry's songs are like that: the essence of a life in a few minutes of music. The lives of people who struggle, who have dreams, who search for meaning and dignity. Just for those songs, he deserves to be remembered, but Harry Chapin was more than his music. Anybody who ever went to his concerts, who ever heard him speak about our responsibility to each other, has another reason to remember him.

I was introduced to Harry before I knew he was a singer. Back in 1975, I was flipping tv channels and paused to watch a long-haired young man being interviewed about the problem of hunger in America. He was articulate, passionate and charismatic. I had no idea who he was, but I watched the entire interview only to discover at the end that he was Harry Chapin.

From that time, I followed his music and his message: "We're all in this together."

Before there was the all-star "We Are the World," before stars like Bono would wrap philanthropy around their images, there was Harry Chapin. Almost half of the money Harry made from his music went to causes he believed in. In 1975, the eradication of world hunger was his goal. He and Bill Ayres founded World Hunger Year, an organization still active today, with Harry's daughter Jen and brother Tom on the Board of Directors. He recruited other singers, such as Gordon Lightfoot and Kenny Rogers, to do benefits

HARRY CHAPIN'S SONGS CAPTURE THE ESSENCE OF LIFE IN JUST A FEW MINUTES OF MUSIC. THE LIVES OF PEOPLE WHO STRUGGLE, WHO HAVE DREAMS, WHO SEARCH FOR MEANING AND DIGNITY.

for hunger relief. Jimmy Carter's 1978 decision to set up the President's Committee on International, Domestic and World Hunger was put in motion by Harry.

In a 1987 tribute concert at Carnegie Hall, hosted by Harry Belafonte, artists such as Pat Benatar and Richie Havens and Judy Collins gathered to sing his songs and honor his memory. He was also posthumously awarded the Congressional Gold Medal, given to those "who have performed an achievement that has an impact on American history and culture that is likely to be recognized as a major achievement in the recipient's field long after the achievement."

Harry Chapin inspired people to care, and then to act. It's an old idea: If you believe in something, you must act on that belief. Deeds, not just words. He died on July 16, 1981. I was in Iowa City. A month later, I decided to run for the City Council. It was not a coincidence.

If you'll excuse the horrible cliché, Harry put his money where his mouth was. More than money, his energy and intelligence. Sure, he could be pushy sometimes. Leadership requires pushing some people forward and pulling others to catch up. He was not a saint, but he was a good man, and the world was made a little bit better by the too-brief arc of the shooting star that was his life.

Happy birthday, Harry. **lv**

Larry Baker is an Iowa City writer who also served two terms on the City Council. His latest novel is Love and Other Delusions.

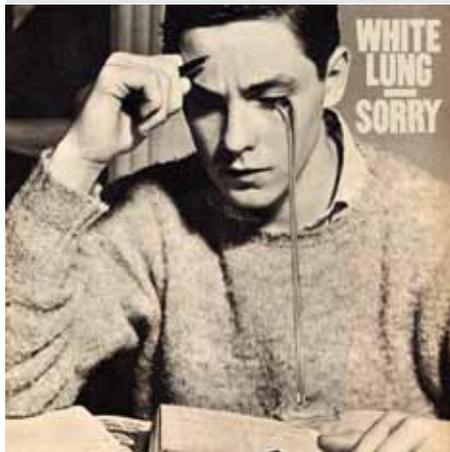
ELITE EIGHT

ALBUMS OF THE YEAR 2012



If nothing else, 2012 can be described as the Year of Easy Listening. A multitude of indie bands (Beach House, The Walkmen, Divine Fits), beat makers (Flying Lotus, Lindstrom, Crystal Castles) and hip-hop artists (Killer Mike, El-P, Big KRIT) put out strong, extremely listenable albums, which, in turn, made it difficult for anything to really stick out. Sure, Beach House's *Bloom* erected and sustained a fuzzy, irresistible dream-state and the Walkmen's *Heaven* carried us away on a bed of seductive crooning but neither of these albums—as was the case with several others that came out in 2012—really stood out as defining records for the bands that made them. This isn't a bad thing: The year-end reflects good bands having made really good music. Though, it has also made compiling a list of eight elite records a challenge. Nonetheless, here are eight albums that cut through the impressive heap of 2012 offerings with the most distinctive voices and most affecting sounds.

in building unease towards inevitable explosion, but it is the shorter, new material—two songs that clock in around six minutes each—that best highlight Godspeed's ability to shape emotional landscapes with sound. In particular, "Their Helicopters Sing," which resembles orchestrated noise more so than a traditional song, stands out as one of the most striking moments of menace from a decidedly menacing band.



8. WHITE LUNG - *SORRY*

What can a young punk/hardcore band really want to achieve in 2012? To play harder, faster and louder than everyone else? Canada's White Lung, while playing harder, faster and louder than just about everyone else have also sought to close the distance between sonic mayhem and accessibility. While their music claws at the listener with wolverine ferocity, these songs are also remarkably catchy—not just for well-groomed hardcore ears but for a wider audience. This is partly due to the astonishing brevity of the songs (ten tracks in less than 20 minutes) but there's also something to be said about Kenneth McCorkell's brutal, melodic guitar lines; they are bursts of ferocious static applied to powerful, succinct concepts.



7. GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR *ALLELUJAH! DON'T BEND! ASCEND!*

The first Godspeed album in about ten years is an affirmation of this instrumental group's daunting power. One part post-rock band, one part avant-garde chamber ensemble, Godspeed

<<<WHILE THEIR MUSIC CLAWS AT THE LISTENER WITH WOLVERINE FEROCITY, THE SONGS ON *SORRY* ARE ALSO REMARKABLY CATCHY—NOT JUST FOR WELL-GROOMED HARDCORE EARS BUT FOR A WIDER AUDIENCE.

remains all atmosphere, mood and intensity on their fourth studio album. The older, longer compositions on this record—"Mladic" and "We Drift Like Worried Fire"—are epic studies



6. CLOUD NOTHINGS *ATTACK ON MEMORY*

Attack on Memory evokes a dichotomy of tension and release found on few other records this year. The most essential and ambitious track, "Wasted Days", recalls a nuclear yet focused energy harkening back to Fugazi's aggressive musical stance. At the core of the song is a self-loathing rant on post-teen ennui that unfolds around piercing guitar riffs and brutal drums. It unwinds into a terse, hypnotic jam that dismantles itself before us before building towards a numbing climax. Everything else on *Attack on Memory* comes in shorter doses but the energy and inspired musicianship remains intact. This is Cloud Nothings' second album and it is their first real statement.



5. DIIV - *OSHIN*

In the Year of Easy Listening, no album is more pleasurable on the ears than Diiv's *Oshin*. The difference is: the saccharine, dream-pop jams on *Oshin* stick out a lot further than everything else in the field. Built around interlocking guitar licks about three notches spacier than Real Estate and vocals meshed so deeply beneath the surface it seems like Diiv's aesthetic could become a one-button setting in recording studios across the world: "I want it to sound more like, you know,

Diiv-y." From the first waves of springtime sunshine through the first sledding mission of the winter, Diiv is the best soundtrack to good times, soon-to-be-sepia-tinted memories and road trips across American interstates.



4. DIRTY PROJECTORS *SWING LO MAGELLAN*

It's tough to recall a live set as divisive as Dirty Projectors' opening set for Grizzly Bear

at the Picador five years ago. Fresh out of the studio from making *Rise Above*, their loose interpretation of Black Flag's *Damaged*, the Projectors brought an intricate mix of cacophonous sounds to the stage. Some people stayed and watched, and many descended the stairs to the first-floor bar to wait it out until the more harmonious sounds of Grizzly Bear took the stage. All said, no one could argue that Dirty Projectors weren't "doing their thing." Few bands seem so dedicated to a distinct vision that appears wholly unaware of the cultural trends unfolding around it. Since *Rise Above*, Dirty Projectors have taken a path, albeit on their own terms, towards accessibility. The dazzling harmonies and instrumental flourish on 2009's *Bitte Orca* set the stage for this year's slightly funky (figuratively speaking), classic-rock riffing and entirely charming *Swing Lo Magellan*. This band's leader, Dave Longstreth, is a singular and impressive songwriter, and at no other point has he been surrounded with players so talented and so full of empathy. There's no telling where the band goes from here, but weirder would be a little overbearing and anything too close to the middle of the indie-rock middle road would be boring. As it stands, Dirty Projectors have struck the perfect balance.

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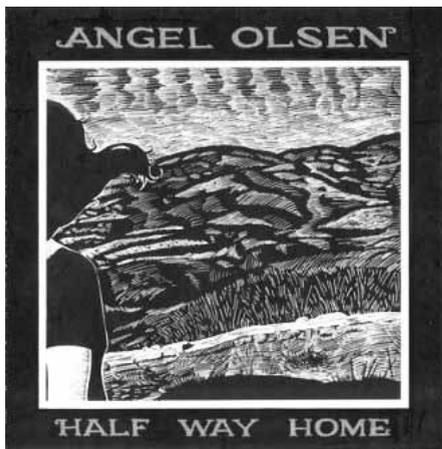
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3. ANGEL OLSEN HALF WAY HOME

Evoking the essence of her contemporaries—Sharon Van Etten and Josephine Foster—Angel Olsen seemingly levels the competition on her full-length debut *Half Way Home* on the sole strength of her evocative voice. Alternately haunting (the devastating opener, “Acrobat”) and coy (the Roy Orbison swagger of “The Waiting”), Olsen’s voice is not only distinctive, it is impressively versatile. Yet, as the album unfolds, it becomes clear that she is not only an emotional singer but also a songwriter with range: The songs here move between plaintive folk and pop structures without ever getting lost in the potentially repetitive ruts of rote Americana. This album is perfect for vinyl, and as winter settles in, it will provide remarkable solace on cold, windy days. Full glass of Templeton is optional.



2. TAME IMPALA - LONERISM

A close friend suggested that this album sounds like what Lennon and McCartney would be doing in 2012 if they were still both alive and getting along. He isn’t being reductive; he is

trying to find words to reflect the psychedelic textures and pop hooks embedded within *Lonerism*, an album which certainly echoes aspects of Lennon and McCartney’s more experimental bends on records like *Sgt. Pepper’s* and *Abbey Road*. And to call this record masterful isn’t an overstatement. The songs beam out in waves of guitars and synth flourish, and always with hooks. *Lonerism* almost comes off like a possession. Each song is its own psychedelic discharge but it’s easy to just get lost in the energy of this record, practically waking up from a trance in the middle of the album and not quite knowing just how you got there, just that you love it.



1. KENDRICK LAMAR GOOD KID, M.A.A.D CITY

I am kind of old. I remember when Eric B and Rakim’s “Paid in Full” dropped. I remember listening to N.W.A.’s *Straight Outta Compton* the week it came out. I remember when Public Enemy’s “Fight the Power” video dropped on MTV the same summer as Spike Lee’s *Do the Right Thing*. I remember when MC Serch introduced Nas on his 1992 classic “Back to the Grill.” I remember buying a copy of Dr. Dre’s *The Chronic* blindly, having no idea what to expect other than the teaser track from the *Deep Cover* soundtrack that hinted at his new direction with Snoopy Doggy Dogg. I remember reading the glorious review of AZ’s verse on Nas’ “Life’s A Bitch” in *The Source*. I remember buying *Liquid Swordz* and *Cuban Linx* from Best Buy in the same summer. I remember when the video for Mobb Deep’s “Shook Ones, Pt. II” hit BET’s Rap City. All of this to say: I have a personal history of landmark hip-hop moments and a deep archive of rap albums that will always be classic and close to my heart.

As the aughts descended upon us I found myself increasingly disillusioned with what the rap game had to offer us. Indeed there

were still some impressive moments from the likes of Dilla, Madvillain, Ghostface and others, but I found more new, great music emerging in the realms of indie rock, electronic and psych/noise. The last couple years have really marked a renaissance of the rap game and no album perfectly captures positive new directions for rap quite like Kendrick Lamar’s *good kid, m.A.A.d city*.

This record accomplishes what all classic records do: It creates a world unto itself. Lamar, several mixtapes deep, has come into his own voice—a nimble, intelligent flow that cascades over beats with such ease it often sounds effortless. He works around familiar subject matter—kicking it with friends, alternately getting into dumb shit or gangsta shit, chasing tail and thinking about God—but it

**THIS RECORD ACCOMPLISHES
WHAT ALL CLASSIC
RECORDS DO:
IT CREATES A WORLD
UNTO ITSELF.**

never sounds like he’s putting on airs: He is simply being Kendrick. This stance will keep him relevant even as he shifts and refines his thematic focus over the course of his career, which is notable since so many rappers have painted themselves into limiting corners (I mean, how would it go over if Freddie Gibbs wasn’t talking about selling cocaine and shooting people?) On lyrics alone, Lamar’s record would be a standout but then there’s the production: The beats are astonishing throughout, ranging from an updated West Coast g-funk vibe (“Bitch Don’t Kill My Vibe”) to pristine body-bobbing big beat (“Backseat Freestyle”), to the stark, cold creepiness of “Swimming Pools (Drank)” and the nod to Ice Cube’s *Death Certificate* deep-cut “A Bird in the Hand” on the second half of “m.A.A.d city.”

Tying everything together are the interstitial skits that pop up throughout the album including a series of phone calls from Kendrick’s parents, and reenactments of the older generation pushing religious redemption on the wayward youth. Much in the way that Dre, Snoopy, Cube, MC Eiht, DJ Quik and Eazy-E brought Compton and South Central L.A. to life on record, Lamar puts his own artistic stamp on this key location in hip-hop geography. In the process he has crafted a stellar album. **IV**

Andre Perry lives and works in Iowa City.

Road Dog

The bullshit I get dragged into always starts with a phone call. In this case, voicemail.

"We like your background and want to interview you."

I nearly broke my thumbs calling back. I even shaved and showed up in my funeral coat. That's when they cornered me, chatting me up as to my "current employment." Everybody likes hearing about the taxi biz but in an interview it all comes off like we're riding in the same airport shuttle. Especially when I got to raking over the stinking guts of my work, my hosts seemed more amused than impressed, the captain of Human Resources smiling as he chimed in: "Lie down with dogs and you might catch cold!"

He'd run south chasing girls and dragons, finally landing in Memphis with hopes of scaring up dying bluesmen that might teach him things. But, what he'd wanted to learn, Beaudry could not say.

"Fleas," I corrected.

Was he really a malaprop, or was that some kind of corporate chicanery? Was desperation glowing on me like a fever sweat? Whichever, I'd felt the trap door open, or maybe it was already hanging open and only then did I slip through. They stared like catatonics as I filled in the blanks of their remaining questions and a phone rang unanswered in the hall. Afterward, the lieutenant of Human Resources ushered me to the exit and ordered that I enjoy the holidays.

"Stay healthy," I saluted him.

My calls were not returned until Monday before Thanksgiving but I didn't get the job. I was, by then, returned safely within the glass box of my taxi, pushing streets looking for flags, feeling outclassed by none in my office on wheels.

Same night, my phone rang and Beaudry was on the other end. The call came from a Mississippi exchange but Beaudry said he was waiting at the Megabus.

"Waitaminute," I said into the phone. "Here, in town?"

When I drew to the curb he was showing card tricks to passersby, "Is this your card?"

Seeing my taxi, he jumped in front like a regular fare. I hadn't seen him in years.

Beaudry was always scrawny but had shrunk into his clothes. He had a guitar tattooed on his neck.

"I thought you were in California."

"And I thought you were dead!" he he-hawed back at me, showing he had lost one of his teeth, the left maxillary lateral incisor. "I mighta done a gold cap but the pain got so bad I jes knocked it out my own damn head, good God!"

My old friend had sprouted a drawl like he'd drawn more in Mississippi than just a phone. I watched his hands as they shuffled the playing cards. Beaudry was an addict in constant recovery. Opiates were his kick, heroin and morphine.

"And mebbe jes a li'l methamphetamine,"

wasn't going anywhere for Thanksgiving and had booked myself to drive all week. And Beaudry, having not anywhere to be and needing brotherly support, would ride with me that whole time, my road dog at shotgun. He shuffled his cards and cajoled my fares, producing silver dollars out of their ears.

Ever adept at the sleight of hand, Beaudry had waited to ask where he could score synthetic cannabis.

I felt like an asshole saying it: "Aren't you clean and sober?"

"Fake weed is legal and I can pee in a cup without showing it. And if I can pee in a cup then I am sober. For reals, yo."

This was our Thanksgiving and we were picking the bones of those left in town. We flagged at the crosswalks and off the bat the fare asked, "Who the hell is this guy, your boyfriend?"

"He ain't heavy," I told the flag. "He's my road dog."

Now by the glow of the dome light I saw the flag was none other than the lieutenant of Human Resources, the guy who had shown me the door after my lousy interview. He didn't recognize me.

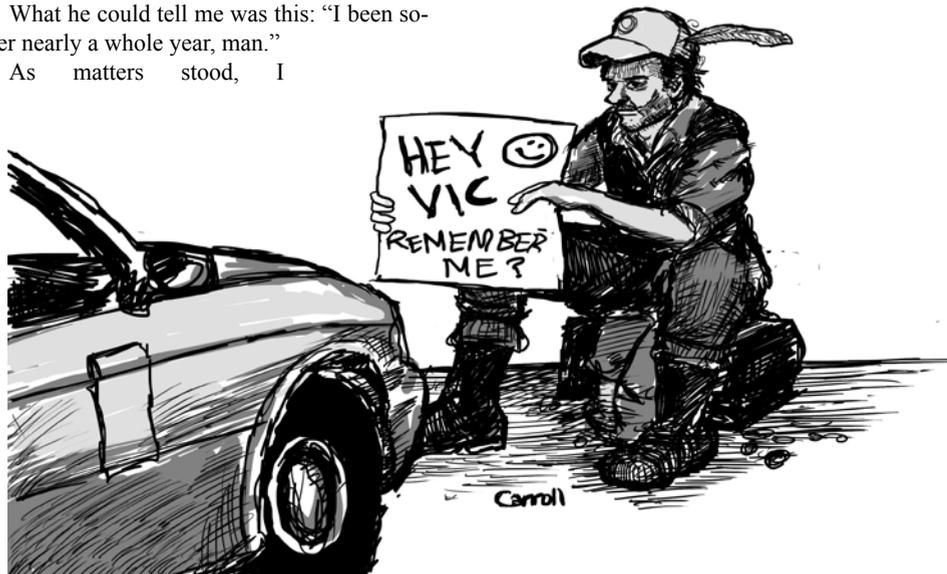
"Take me to North Liberty, you homos."

As it happens, the subject of drug use comes up a lot in the taxi. Beaudry navigated that chatter, running his clean and sober bit. "But I done smoke crack," he assured the flag. "I done meth, bath salts, Ketamine—anything

he was telling me, burping his cards, and since I didn't know meth to be his kick I took to stomping on that loose board until he let it all spill, how he'd hit up methadone clinics in L.A., how he'd run south chasing girls and dragons, finally landing in Memphis with hopes of scaring up dying bluesmen that might teach him things. What he'd wanted to learn, Beaudry could not say.

What he could tell me was this: "I been sober nearly a whole year, man."

As matters stood, I



you smoke in a light bulb I can shoot in my damn leg.”

“Smoking light bulbs is bad ideas,” I clucked.

Three days of Beaudry’s jive accent and junkie wisdoms were making my skin crawl, and I took the window down to spit.

In North Liberty, we arrived to a subdivision on a fake lake and a three-stall garage on every house. The fare asked: “You homos want to smoke something?”

Beaudry twisted in his seat: “You got fake weed?”

“I got the reals,” he said. “Let us retire to my garage.”

Everybody likes hearing about the taxi biz but in a job interview it all comes off like we’re riding in the same airport shuttle. Especially when I got to raking over the stinking guts of my work, my hosts seemed more amused than impressed.

My old friend looked at me wide-eyed then followed.

I never enter the homes of fares: Bad form. So I parked in the enormous driveway, letting them get on ten minutes before going after him. I found them puffing a spliff, Beaudry holding up to the garage light a bud the size of a Coulter pinecone. All around them were opened appliance boxes and inside the boxes were vacuum-sealed five-pound bags of non-synthetic cannabis.

“I take a corporate paycheck,” bragged the fare, “But here’s my real money, Afghan kush.”

Beaudry’s eyes lit up: “Military grade!”

Everybody wants to know: What’s the weirdest thing that ever happened in your taxi? But the problem is the job never changes—not its sights or sounds, nor the Maury Povich cast....Sure, it’s interesting but peek too long and get black-eyed by the trick kaleidoscope.

Stick a fork in me, I think I’m done. **lv**

Vic Pasternak is driving around at night looking in your windows.



I was recently in Austin, Texas, for a television studies conference. Yes, people actually study TV. While I was there, I picked up a copy of the publication *Infowars*, which is either a collection of conspiracy theories or a collection of truths, depending on your point of view. The cover illustration for this issue depicts a zombie arm emerging from a TV set, attempting to grab innocent children parked in front of the flickering screen. The corresponding article goes on to say that TV turns us into zombies, “proving” that it truly is the “opiate of the masses” as some suspected all along.

Finding these type of extreme statements in *Infowars* isn’t surprising, nor are they unique to this publication. Pejorative attitudes about TV—and fears over what it can do to us—have been

TV allegedly has hypnotizing effects that reduce brain activity and impair critical thinking abilities. The result is our transformation into sheeple who are highly susceptible to brainwashing.

around since television’s inception. With regularity, news headlines read “5 Ways Your TV is Slowly Killing You” (MSNBC, 2010) or “TV Watching Shortens Lifespan” (Fox News, 2011).

Due to the belief that TVs are out to get us, some groups now urge people to be proactive and kill their televisions before their televisions can do away with them. For example, the Screen Time Awareness group recommends getting rid of TV entirely, but settles for annual TV-Turnoff Week, also known as Screen-Free Week or Device Detox to represent our engagement with multiple gadgets. Turn off your TVs, they say, and “turn on life.” But people aren’t turning off their TVs. Instead, they’re watching more. Why? The anti-TV crowd would probably say it’s because we’re all addicted.

Throughout its history, television has frequently been discussed in terms of addiction, both metaphorically and literally. In the book *The Plug-In Drug* (1977), Marie Winn positions TV as a drug dealer, pushing addictive content to a bunch of junkie viewers who can’t get enough. In the ‘90s,

a series of academic studies detailed how viewers who sat down to watch particular programs found themselves mindlessly watching TV hours later, powerless to shift their eyeballs from the screen. Through shows like *My Strange Addiction*, TV itself has taught us that people can become addicted to anything—cleaning, eating chalk, smelling gasoline. So, it’s entirely possible that there are TV addicts out there; however, the average viewer probably doesn’t experience withdrawal symptoms when they miss an episode of *Homeland*.

Besides television’s addictive potential, another anti-television assumption is that it makes people dumb and pacified, hence its nickname: the idiot box. TV allegedly has hypnotizing effects that reduce brain activity and impair critical thinking abilities. The result is our transformation into sheeple who are highly susceptible to brainwashing. What’s awesome about this fear is that it is actually grounded in real attempts to control and persuade. The military used propaganda to try to convince people to buy war bonds in the ‘40s, and some governments in Europe did view early radio and television broadcast technologies as potential methods of social control. What most aspiring persuaders found was that TV does have the power to set agendas for public discussion and may generally influence things like our consumption patterns and desires. I mean, Phil Dunphy’s constant iPad tinkering on *Modern Family* does make owning one seem pretty damn cool. Still, TV does not have the power to directly control us.

As if it’s not bad enough that TV is making us all dumb, there are those who believe it’s also making us fat. This particular anti-television assumption is gaining a lot of traction amid concerns that we are in an “obesity epidemic.” The logic goes that watching television acts as a sedentary replacement for physical activity. Food advertisements for triple-decker bacon cheeseburgers stimulate food intake. Combine those factors with a day-long marathon of *Breaking Bad* and you’ll be “mindlessly eating” your way to a bigger waistline. Nevermind the multitude of other factors in our daily lives that encourage physical inactivity (commutes, desk jobs, you

name it) or dietary patterns that emphasize convenience foods, it's all TV's fault.

Ultimately, these anti-television assumptions feed derisive attitudes toward television, and those attitudes about television simultaneously inspire more anti-television assumptions. It's a never ending cycle of television hate.

A lot of these anti-TV assumptions and fears are based on outdated understandings of the way communication and media work. An early model of television hypothesized it operating like a 'magic bullet' or 'hypodermic needle,' injecting content into our brains. But this idea was never widely accepted, and was thoroughly disproved by the mid-40s.

Other anti-TV assumptions and fears are based on our cultural and historical understandings of television. Because television is watched in the home (a traditionally feminized, domestic space) and is a commercial medium (it's supported by advertisers) it falls into the popular culture side of the 'art versus popular culture' dichotomy. Although this division is more or less arbitrary, popular culture historically denotes a culture of the lower classes. Class-based biases about bad taste and appreciation for "lowest common denominator" entertainment extends from the people who are doing the watching to the culture itself.

TV's historical targeting of mass audiences and continued appeal to very large groups of people also fosters cultural anxiety and fear. If we identify ourselves as individuals through the distinctions we make about culture (film, music, whatever), then watching the same television show enjoyed by millions of other people doesn't lend itself to feeling particularly special. This explains why a lot of people take pride in not watching or owning a TV (by the way, dudes, watching TV on your computer is still watching TV), or proclaim to only watch the "culturally valuable" and "educational" programming provided by PBS (Downton Abbey for the win!).

Even some TV doesn't want to be associated with TV because of these assumptions about commercialism and class. Why else would HBO relentlessly market itself through the tagline "It's Not TV. It's HBO"?

Granted, some people may legitimately not like television's general mode of storytelling, or may find it distasteful for some reason not addressed here. In writing this, I'm not trying to argue that TV is actually art or some kind of legitimate culture, but that I do believe anti-TV assumptions and "kill your TV" pronouncements are based more on fear than fact. Most TV is bad. But that's ultimately what makes TV so great. **lv**

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

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To Lead One Beyond All Paintings

Heidi Van Wieren's paintings on view at the Englert's second floor gallery space are magnificent objects. They are everything one wants an abstract painting to be: thick paint slides and wrinkles down the surface of the panel with fiendishly slow intensity. Materials congeal to create mesmerizing visual patterns. Compositions are engaging and surprising. They are also everything that painting has been criticized for becoming: rich, sensuous and dazzling objects that despite (or perhaps because of) their formal complexity could be poster children for the decadence of painting.

The tension present in these paintings is diametrically opposed to that in Gaia Nardie-Warner's work reviewed in these pages last month. Where Nardie-Warner's paintings verged on becoming "nothings," Van Wieren's paintings walk a line between what painting can be, and seeks to be, and what it is often accused of being—a luxurious commodity.

It is, in one way, a more comfortable line to tow (luxury commodities being easier to unload than nothings), but the line that is being walked is no less treacherous, and potentially no less fruitful.

If painting is dead, it is because painting has lost the ability to be anything more than a mere object (that paintings can do nothing outside of their existence as precious commodities). If painting is alive and well, it is because paintings can nourish us in some way beyond the adornment of a fashionable home or office. In paintings like Van Wieren's, where the material qualities (and visible process of the works making) are so central, they provide the axis around which any interpretation (and evaluation) must revolve.

The striations created by wet-into-wet brushwork or poured mixing with that gorguous, viscous, enamel-glue combination, hold in quiet tension the precise, structured and delicate lines with the unpredictable, wonky distortions created by gravity and the movements of the liquid. As the paint dried,

where the process is so evident, and the painter (and viewer) are allowed to engage in a kind of free play with the materials that is rife with opportunities for discovery. My reservation about these paintings is that the process of making them can obscure the images that result, and the process that produces the paintings can slide

from a means of arriving at the painting into becoming that painting's end.

This reservation is heightened especially by the presentation of one of the paintings on top of a kind of drop cloth that collected pools of paint that had run off of what appears to be a different painting, which gives the lie to the process that generated the paintings. Such an inclusion in the exhibit breathes forth the joy of creation in the studio; it witnesses to the observed accidents that clearly led to the structures created within the paintings. But it also undermines the most important act in a process-based work: taking it out of the studio, and allowing it to stand on its own.

That one can, through the process of applying

the paint, be driven beyond any idea that one has about what a painting can be is one of the richest and deepest sources for meaning in painting. But it is a source for meaning, and not the meaning of the work itself. The process that generates the work must come to an end in order for the painting to be successful. And at the end of that process, the painting must stand on its own. And it must stand on its own not as a diamond does, the meaningless product of a slow process of heat and pressure, but as a human creation must, as a vehicle of meaning.

Van Wieren's statement places the source material for the paintings in her memories of childhood, growing up surrounded by patterns and images in a ubiquitous Delft blue: The swirling strings of blue that pulse through the paintings seem to have, for the artist, an



Heidi Van Wieren's "I Dream In Delft"
On view at the David and Linda Paul Gallery
(Second floor of the Englert Theater) through Jan. 8.

cracks opened up to reveal layers behind the paint in fissures reminiscent of parched earth. Bulbous forms created by poured paint stack up on top of each other, creating tense figure/ground ambiguities.

All of these formal properties invite associations with the human life of making: the pressure of one's will against the materials, the reaction of the materials to the forces of gravity and demands of chemistry, the happy discoveries of patterns and structures in mistakes and detritus, the pile-up of decisions and revisions. The body of the paintings addresses the body of the viewer, and the material of the paint speaks to the material character of human existence.

Given the structure of Van Wieren's project, and her sensitivity with the materials, the paintings have a kind of guaranteed content: in work

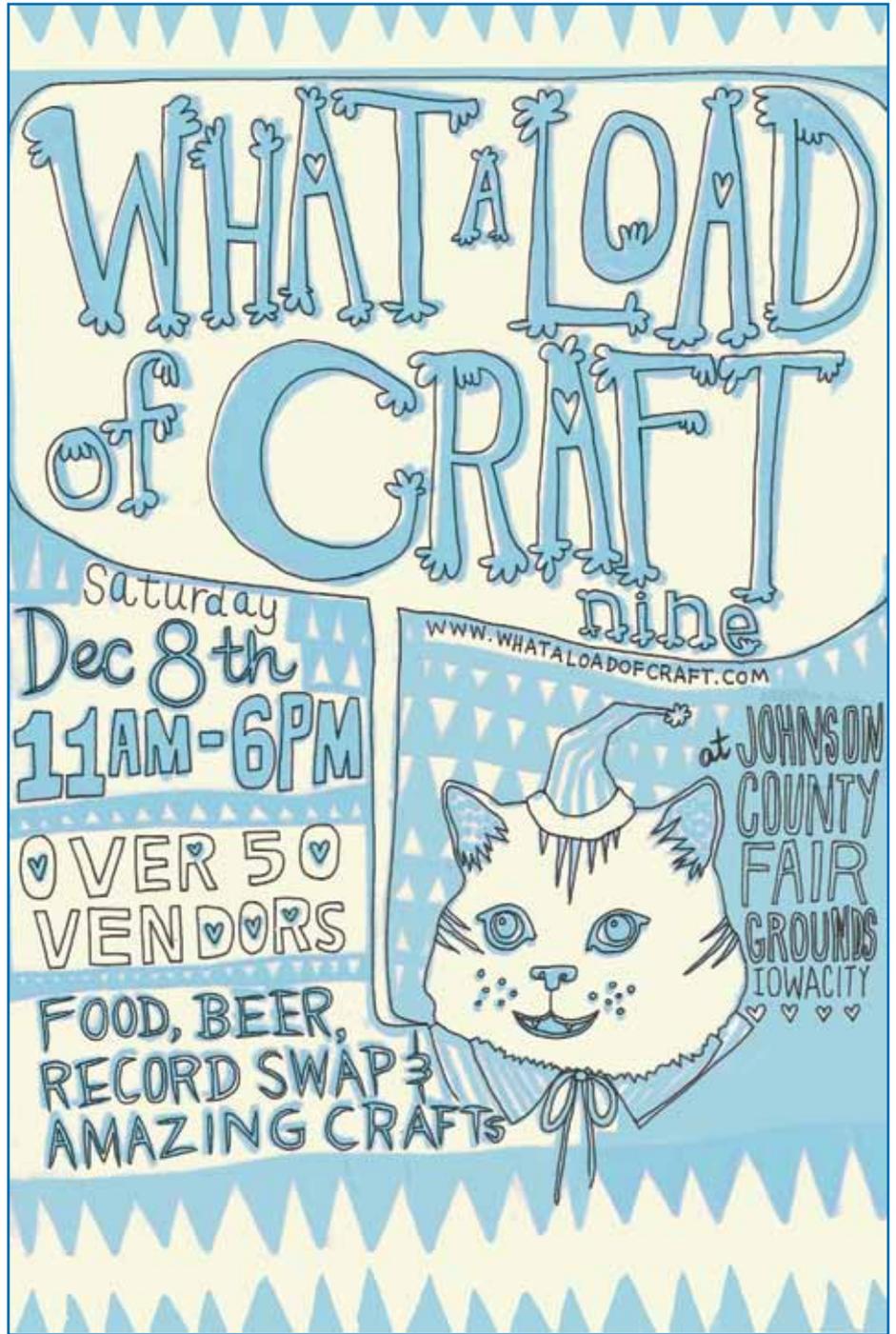
effect rather like that of Proust's madeleine—bringing forth a lost time into existence again through memory. I personally have difficulty holding these associations together with the paintings—and they do not have the effect for me of taking me to an unfamiliar place in another's memory. The paintings take me to a painted place, which is governed by a very different set of rules than the visual resonances of childhood memories.

At their best, Van Wieren's paintings are engaging explorations of the nature of that painted place. But the work easily slips into a self-referential circularity, the subject of the

The body of the paintings addresses the body of the viewer, and the material of the paint speaks to the material character of human existence.

work slipping from evocations of the frailty of human creation into a controlled, virtuoso performance with an unusual set of materials. I cannot escape the feeling that the work is a prolegomena—that the medium has not yet found its message. The handling of the materials seems to outstrip the content it communicates. That there is content is not a question—the question, it seems to me, is of the greater content that this process can accommodate. **lv**

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.



BRAD KRIEGER, "DELICATE JOURNEY", 2010, Acrylic

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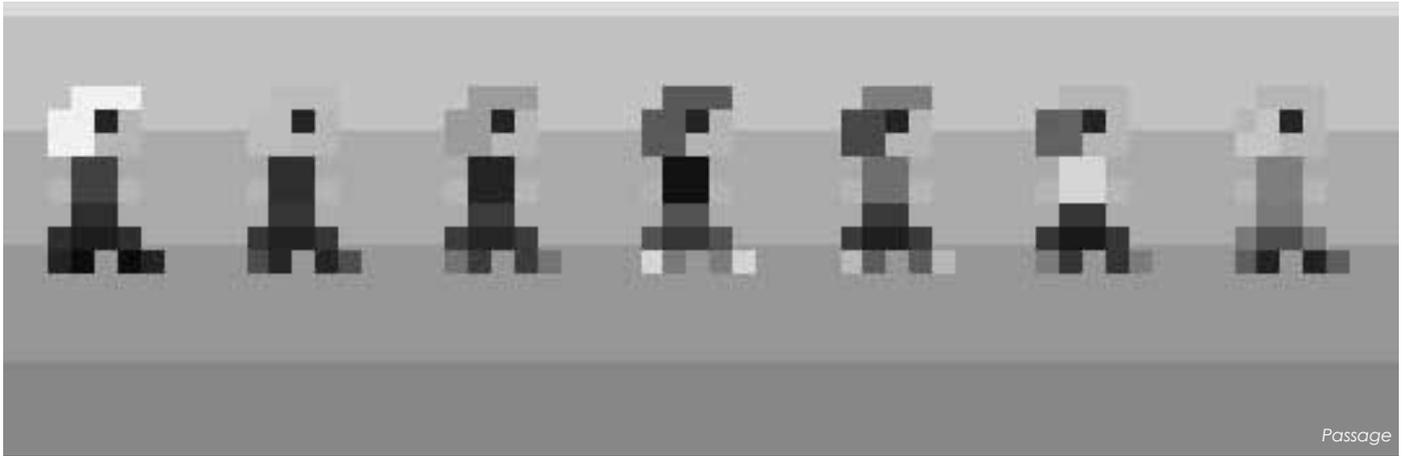
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SAVING PRIVATE ROHRER

At the 2009 Game Developers' eXchange (GDX), indie developer Jason Rohrer gave a unique talk that you should definitely check out on YouTube, whether you are into video games or you think they are just stupid entertainment for teen boys and young adults, called "Game' and Other Four-Letter Words." Rohrer is mostly known for *Passage*, a game about the meaning of life that will take you just five minutes to play: five minutes to grow old in-game, to love and to smell the roses, to grieve and to die; five minutes without power-ups, weapons or enemies. In his talk, Rohrer argues for this very gaming ethic: gaming as a way to think, as a way to experience life.

Obviously *Passage*—which Rohrer released as public domain—is not the kind of game that will earn millions of dollars, let alone half a billion. *Call of Duty: Black Ops II*, on the other hand, hit that number within 24 hours of its release on Nov. 13.

In *Call of Duty*, you keep shooting at things forever. This is a lot of fun, for sure, but it's not the only thing to do in video games. Still, first-person shooters (FPS), such as *Halo* or *Battlefield*, are the leading genre for hardcore gaming right now, the bulk of the video game industry being an infinite catharsis of ammo and trolling around with buddies. Folks like Rohrer are exceptions to the rule. While most of the time they remain unnoticed and stigmatized—both in the video game arena and

in the public world—at least some of them have a sense of humor about it. In his GDX talk, for instance, Rohrer makes this hilarious analogy between video game blockbusters and the porn industry. He argues that both are male-targeted, that no one cares about stupid

Passage idealizes a natural landscape while *Medal Of Honor* strives for a manicured lawn. These different types of immersion reflect the very different aspirations of the artists that built the games.

cinematic cut scenes, that the plot is awful (the acting even worse) and that everyone wants to get to the action ASAP—and, of course, there is the obsession with head shots. But sharp as Rohrer's analogy is, there is one problem: Steven Spielberg would never make a porn movie, and he is the one responsible for the *Call of Duty* method of gaming.



It's true. Spielberg founded his own video game company, DreamWorks Interactive LLC, in 1995 and in 1999 produced the acclaimed video game *Medal of Honor*, a FPS set during World War II and published by Electronic Arts

(one of the biggest video game companies in the world). At that time, most FPS had sci-fi and/or fantasy scenarios, but Spielberg thought it would be a great idea to immerse the gamer in a more realistic battlefield, like he did for audiences with *Saving Private Ryan* only a year before.

Wouldn't it be awesome for any gamer in the world to control the first half-hour of *Saving Private Ryan*, instead of just being a passive watcher? This was exactly the idea behind *Medal of Honor*, and it was so successful that Spielberg sold DreamWorks Interactive to Electronic Arts a year later for a considerable amount.

In 2002, part of the team that made *Medal of Honor* created their own company, Infinity Ward, and were hired by Activision (another large video game company) to make a similar video game, *Call of Duty*. The rest is history (video-game history, at least), for *Call of Duty* would reshape the whole hardcore gaming market.

Rohrer's conception of gaming builds curiosity and exploration into game mechanics, while Spielberg's shooter sacrifices player freedom to provide an action-packed experience. In *Passage* there are no goals to achieve nor directions on how to play or what to do; you just walk to the right for as long as you can, exploring a vast, empty scenario with some treasure chests and obstacles such as trees or rocks that you can easily avoid until you die old. In *Medal Of Honor* you are always told what to do, where to point at, where to shoot; people die all around you while you try to kill to accomplish the missions you have been assigned.

THE YEAR AFTER THE YEAR OF THE WOMAN

It's finally that time of year, folks. Loved ones gather together by the crackling fire to share memories and hugs. Bygones are forgotten as we remember what's really important. Grudges fall by the wayside, tears well up and love is made. Yes, it's finally the apocalypse. The Mayan calendar comes to an end and so shall the world. So snuggle up and pop in your favorite seasonal movie, whether it be *Apocalypto*, *Armageddon* or *Apocalypse Now*. But hey, you know what? This year wasn't just our last year on planet Earth; 2012 was also heralded as the year *after* the Robin-Wright-proclaimed "Year of the Woman" in film (at the January Critics Choice Awards). Coincidence? Join me, won't you, and let's take a look at how The Woman did this year at our favorite soda-sticky second-base factory, the movie house?

THIRST FOR EQUALITY...AND BLOOD

Lotsa women got to carry weapons and cause bloody deaths this year. Two Snow Whites got to carry swords and chop stuff. Katniss in *Hunger Games* and Brave in *Brave* got to shoot children and bears in the neck with arrows. Sure,

LET THE RECORD SHOW THAT EVEN STUPID GREEN LANTERN GOT HIS OWN STUPID MOVIE BEFORE WONDER WOMAN EVER GOT ONE. TOO BAD IT'S TOO LATE NOW. STUPID, SEXIST APOCALYPSE!

sure, some would argue that these ladies were hollowly empowered by the masculine aggression bestowed upon them by symbolic phal-luses, but those people need to get their minds

out of the gutter. Women should have the right to kill anyone they want with whatever penis-shaped object they desire. In all four of these movies, the emphasis finally shifted away from the romance plotline. In three of them, it shifted

onto women's jealousy and hatred of each other, where it belongs, with *Hunger Games* being the exception. That was just a regular awesome movie. Also thirsting for blood is Kristen Stewart as a teenage mom/vampire bride in the final *Twilight*. Be sure that two of your last hours on Earth are spent watching that so when the end comes, you will welcome death.



AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED SERIAL MURDERER

Jennifer Lawrence as Hunger Gamer Katniss Everdeen.

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Les Miserables

Tom Hooper

Nationwide | Released Dec. 25

Visiting family on Christmas and tired of yelling and/or being yelled at? Go see this musical by the director of *The King's Speech* and 19th century author Victor Hugo. My French ain't great, but I believe the title means "The Miserable". Sounds like a hoot! Watching Hugh Jackman portray Jean Valjean, the downtrodden paroled prisoner, is great reminder that you could have it much worse. You could be Hugh Jackman.



Django Unchained

Quentin Tarantino

Nationwide | Released Dec. 25

Quentin Tarantino has hit upon a winning formula: take a hell-bent hero with a gun, pit him against the most evil people in history, add a dash of Samuel L. Jackson and a pinch of Christoph Waltz and you've got yourself and instant classic. If you liked Tarantino's last movie, *Inglourious Basterds*, you'll love *Django Unchained*... mostly because it's the same movie but with the KKK instead of the Nazis. Just another heartwarming Christmas movie for the whole family (of adults).



IN THE FUTURE, EVERYTHING IS MORE ADVANCED EXCEPT UNDERWEAR. WE ACTUALLY BACKTRACK ON THAT A BIT, USING LITTLE DIAPERS MADE OF ATHLETIC TAPE.

ANATOMICAL DANGERS

A *Joyful Noise*, a heartfelt Dolly Parton and Queen Latifah vehicle, was supposed to come out this year but the film reels were unfortunately lost in a vast and unfathomable expanse of cleavage. James Cameron has yet to resurface from the retrieval excursion.

WOMEN CAN BE FUNNY, TOO! OR CAN THEY? NO.

People assumed after 2011's *Bridesmaids* that The Woman, as a human, is capable of possessing characteristics applicable to humans, namely the "funny" trait. The films of 2012 have proven this assumption false. There was no equally uproarious gyn-omedy to solidify the argument that women can be funny.

You may be listing some ladies in your head now; Mindy Kaling, Tina Fey, Amy Poehler, Zooey Deshanel, Lena Dunham, the B—in Apt. 23. Those are just TV characters putting the "boob" in "boob tube." Where are their movies? Nowhere. So, *Bridesmaids*? Even a blind squirrel can find a nut sometimes. Not if it's a girl squirrel, though. I mean, have you ever seen a funny movie made by a sightless squirrel in a bra? Neither have I. Point proven.

ABORTION

Have you seen *Prometheus*? Shameful. A woman should not be allowed the abortion

MOVIES >> CONT. ON PAGE 43

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MAC LETHAL
w. Space Bound + Imperfekt | Gabe's
Dec. 6 | 8 p.m. | \$10/12 | 19+

Quick Hits

Put these shows on your calendar for December.



WILLY JOY
w. Mikko Rodney Kuusisto-Wolf +
Black Magic & Electricity | Gabe's
Dec. 8 | 9 p.m. | \$5 | 19+

PARTY TIME

As the year winds down, December is a time when I generally become pensive. Looking back on the past twelve months, I can safely say that 2012 has been an excellent year musically. There have been solid releases in all genres of music. Artists like Chromatics, Kendrick Lamar, Wild Nothing, Japandroids and Tame Impala have returned with albums that deliver

phenoms into artists worth paying attention to in the coming years. There were even new bands like Metz and Tops that put out stellar debut albums. Metz blew out your eardrums while Tops took you on a hazy, soft rock ride.

This was one of the first years in recent memory that I have had five to ten newly released albums in my regular listening rotation. Since this is a rarity, I can't reiterate enough

IT'S ONLY FITTING THAT A BILL OF GREG BROWN AND DAVE MOORE BE PART OF THE SHOWS CELEBRATING THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MILL—ONE OF THE STATE'S MOST VENERABLE FOLK INSTITUTIONS.



GREG BROWN
w. Dave Moore | Dec. 15
The Mill | 8 p.m. | \$30/35 | 19+

Photo by Sandy Dyas

on the promise of earlier work and exceed it through further sonic refinement and meticulous album construction.

Others like Beach House, Godspeed You! Black Emperor, Swans, Saint Etienne and Nas dropped albums that remind us of the musical excellence and creativity they have displayed across years and decades in their respective genres. Others like Broken Water, The Men and Frank Ocean have morphed from Internet and DIY

how awesome this is as a music fan.

And the local scene has been just as exciting. Bands like Emperor's Club, Big Box, Goldendust, Love Songs for Lonely Aliens, Tires and Cuticle have been playing excellent music and keeping Iowa City awash in talent.

St. Louis was a momentary hotbed of



BLIZZARD AT SEA
w. Take Me Tick Tock + Mad Wheel
Starfish | Gabe's | Dec. 21
9 p.m. | \$5 | 19+

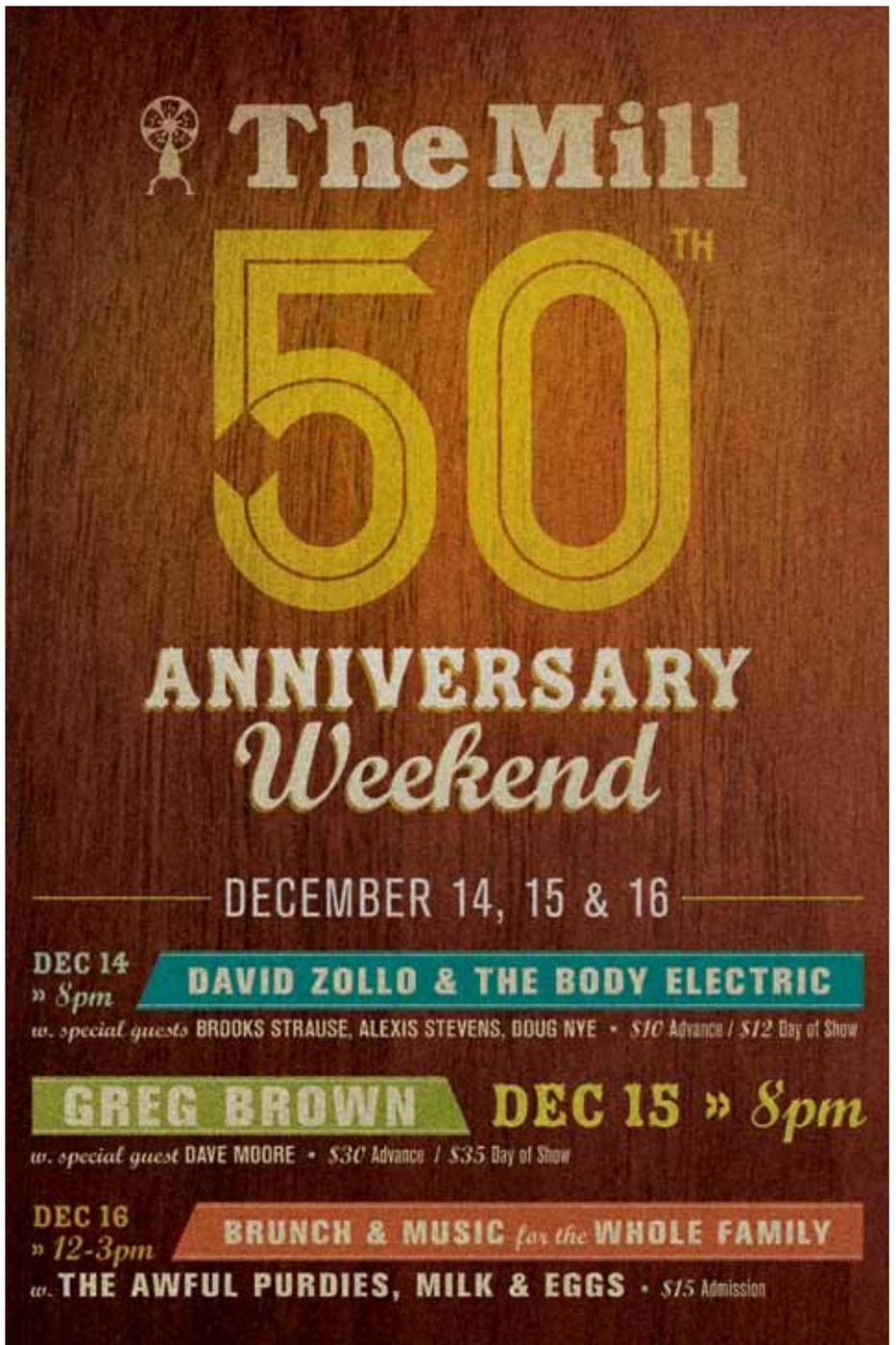
hip-hop music this year. We all remember Nelly, creator of dancefloor burner “Hot in Herre” and my personal favorite “Grillz.” This scene also produced Huey (“Pop, Lock & Drop It”), Chingy (“Right Thurr”) and Jibbs (“Chain Hang Low”) who made club bangers that are still sometimes played without irony.

From the other side of Missouri, Mac Lethal has been repping Kansas City to the fullest with his own style. Having started as a very good battle rapper, Lethal used verbal dexterity and skill to gain a large following. His musical style has the necessary gravity and whack rapper bashing required by emcees, but stands out for its humor and creativity. These qualities are well represented in the 20-plus albums and mixtapes he has released in the past decade, as well as the videos that he has posted of himself doing fast raps on YouTube. In one of his most infamous videos, Lethal spits a fast rap over Chris Brown’s “Look At Me Now” while making pancakes. On Dec. 6, Mac Lethal will be appearing at Gabe’s—no word yet on whether or not there will be pancakes.

Staying on rap, but moving to upcoming local shows, let’s go to one of my favorite rap regions: the South. If you know about *that* South (represented by Lil’ Flip, 8-Ball & MJG and UG), you know what the trap is. For those who aren’t familiar, the name comes from ‘the trap’ which refers to the place where you keep and distribute drugs, and it’s also the name of a sub-genre within southern hip hop. When Waka Flocka Flame came to the scene, he and producer Lex Luger (among others) helped make trap music accessible to white kids, which resulted in the dance subgenre Trap.

While it shares only passing similarities to trap music, club trap is danceable and fun to listen to. One of the leading DJs in this burgeoning movement is Chicago’s Willy Joy who has a co-sign from tastemaker Diplo of M.I.A. Mixing

MUSIC >> CONT. ON PAGE 43



The Mill
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GREG BROWN **DEC 15** *» 8pm*
w. special guest DAVE MOORE • \$30 Advance / \$35 Day of Show

DEC 16
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DOES THIS UNHOLY ABOMINATION I'M GESTATING MAKE ME LOOK FAT? KRISTEN STEWART AS BELLA SWAN IN TWILIGHT: BREAKING DAWN PART ONE.

>> MOVIES CONT. FROM PAGE 39

option, even if she is gestating a horrible alien monster which will rip her to bloody shreds when it pops out of her abdomen, and even if she is performing the surgery on herself and it will cost tax-payers nothing. Just one more lesson we can learn from Kristen Stewart and her vampire spawn, which technically kills Kristen and was chewed out of Kristen's uterus by her boyfriend...thus costing the taxpayers nothing. Brava! Bravisima!

JAMES BOND STILL SEXIST

How many James Bond franchise films have been made at this point? Twenty? Two-hundred? And in how many of those two-hundred James Bond movies has James Bond been played by a woman? Zero. SEXIST!

KATHERINE BIGELOW

Katherine Bigelow directed *Zero Dark Thirty* which comes out soon. I haven't heard much about it, but it's probably a fluffy chick flick about some girly crap, like the story of how America killed Bin Laden or something. Women, feh!

WONDER WOMAN

We got yet another Batman movie this year and yet another Spiderman movie and an Avengers movie. Each of the Avengers got at least one movie except Black Widow (and Hawkeye, I guess, but who would watch a Hawkeye movie?). Let the record show that even stupid Green Lantern got his own stupid movie

before Wonder Woman ever got one. Too bad it's too late now. Stupid, sexist apocalypse!

DICKS

Hollywood finally realized that not all women need to listen to a bunch of sappy feelings-gushing in order to become aroused by a handsome man. So they invented *Magic Mike*. Hollywood trusted that Magical Michael (Channing Tatum, or Tate Channum) could just wave his genitals at the screen to lure in the female viewership. Then they got cold feet and added a bunch of sappy feelings-gushing back into it and mucked it all up. Women should have the right to objectify and degrade whom-ever they chose without all that Hallmark non-sense getting in the way. SEXIST!

SEXIST!

Man on a Ledge. What, a woman can't be on a ledge? SEXIST!

So there we have it, folks: The Woman seems to have gained modest traction in Hollywood and it only took her until the end of time to do it. Happy Armageddon, everyone! **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 popslashcorn.wordpress.com

>> MUSIC CONT. FROM PAGE 41

trap aesthetics with house and dubstep, Joy is in-demand around the country and known for rocking the party hard. He will be coming to Gabe's on Dec. 8 with, among others, Mikko Wolf, co-creator of the Yacht Club's Tuesday night dance party, Flight School.

Moving from hip hop, Greg Brown's deep baritone and thoughtful lyrics have made him a paragon of the Americana music scene. He started to follow this path when as an un-

ONE OF THE LEADING DJS IN THE BURGEONING CLUB TRAP MOVEMENT IS CHICAGO'S WILLY JOY

dergrad he won a contest to open for Eric Andersen. Seeing the raw talent of the then-18-year-old, Andersen encouraged Brown to go east. He ended up in New York City, booking shows at the legendary West Village venue Gerdes Folk City.

When Brown returned to Iowa in the 70's he crossed paths with Dave Moore who was also establishing a career in folk and blues. The two ended up touring and recording together. It is through this relationship that Moore came to record for Red House Records, a label that Brown helped start. It's only fitting that a bill of Brown and Moore be part of the shows celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the Mill—one of the state's most venerable folk institutions—on Dec. 15.

Finally, if you like your guitars electrified, Iowa City's Blizzard at Sea will be playing loud and fast at Gabe's a bit later in the month. Blizzard at Sea are really only "metal" in that they love the sound of growled lyrics; musically, they are far more complex, incorporating elements of psychedelic rock, punk and rock-and-roll. December signals the release of their first full-length album and to celebrate both the album and the possible end of the world, they will be having a show at Gabe's on Dec. 21.

The Mayan Calendar, which is supposed to predict the end of the world, ends on the 21st, but I have a strong feeling this won't happen. So, we'll see you on the beat in 2013. **lv**

A.C. Hawley has attended two rap battles and a DJ battle and has watched various battles on tape, YouTube and television. He did not wear a backpack to any of those events.



Mint Wad Willy
The Fucking Sidewalk

Mint Wad Willy left Iowa City a couple years back after putting out a couple of CDs and are currently living and playing in Omaha. Their new record *The Fucking Sidewalk* is a change from their earlier album *A History of Guns & Liars*, which was mostly rock with a Southern flavor, though executed with skill and enthusiasm. *The Fucking Sidewalk* is a more devious devil of a CD.

Some of Omaha's earnest roots-folk scene seems to have rubbed off on them, but they're not Bright Eyes, or Cursive, or anyone other than their own demented selves. If anything they've been drinking out of the same jug as lo-fi weirdos like Sam Locke Ward and Ed Gray. They still have a country tinge to their sound, but they've gotten rougher and more spastic than they were a couple of years back. The vocals are distorted and sung as though being shouted through the bars into an empty jailhouse corridor. Their guitar playing has some of the same relaxed grooviness of their earlier recordings, but occasionally they melt down into chaotic expressionist noise.

"So they tied me to a tree and placed an apple on my head / There's a blind man shooting

and I got other things to dread" they sing on "William Tell," one of several ragged waltz-time songs on *Sidewalk*.

They come close to going the full Tom Waits on this one, echoing some of his deep America weirdness and balls out rawness.

Mint Wad Willy is a zen koan—the more sloppy and deranged they get, the more focused and perfect the result. They've gone from being a good, if conventional band—the kind that could build up a following at The Yacht Club and sell many pitchers of Fat Tire—to being something strange and original. They're outstanding in their field, because they ran their van off the road.

CAMBELL HEWS CLOSE TO THE PRECARIOUS, AMBIGUOUS POINT BETWEEN BEING IN LOVE AND FALLING OUT OF IT.

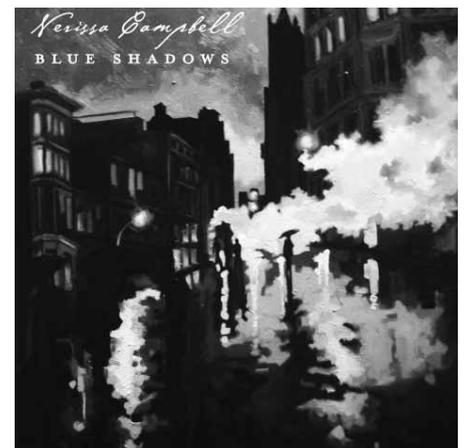
And it's exactly the sort of hard, fast, stupid punk rock that should come out on a British Punk record label. With yelpy girl vocals from Erika E Bola and Molly Marburg, these three short songs—"I Kill Me", "Gorehound" and "Give Me Everything"—clock in at around three minutes total. It will probably take longer to read this review than it takes to listen to the whole record. Five stars. Now please punch yourself in the nose and excuse me while I pogo around my basement.



The Ills

I Kill Me
theillsrock.bandcamp.com

This is by far the shortest release I've reviewed. It's a lovely one-sided 7" EP put out by No Front Teeth Records in London UK.



Nerissa Campbell

Blue Shadows
crookedmouthmusic.com

Nerissa Campbell is a Brooklyn NY Jazz singer and songwriter. Her connection to Iowa (LV tries to stay local, y'know) is through her husband, who's from here; they come to Iowa frequently, and she's played memorable shows

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in Iowa City, most recently at the Mill. Her music isn't purely Jazz, which values improvisation on a standard songbook over original songwriting. She does sing with an accomplished trio of Jazz musicians on *Blue Shadows*, but the focus is on Cambell's singing. She sings in a way that is focused on the songs. Her clear alto voice, with only occasional hints of vibrato brings subtle nuances of dynamics and timbre to her songs, always in service to the lyric. Most singers learn a song well enough to perform it competently while making a grocery list in their heads, but Campbell like a good actor, stays in the moment.

Lyricaly, Cambell hews close to the precarious, ambiguous point between being in love and falling out of it. She romanticizes the big city after dark: "Down Canal Street, the landscape suddenly capsized, swallowed by black and white." she sings in "Down Canal." But in "Powder Burn" she sings "was I having a little fun, or was the fun having me?" You can get caught up in the late night jazz club ambience,

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but there's always some hint of lost love and loneliness lurking around the corner.

She sings about love almost exclusively in its absence and the New York City streets she sings about are deserted and poorly lit. The title track, "Blue Shadows" stretches out to over eight minutes, with Matthew Jodrell's quiet piano recalling Bill Evans and Vince Guaraldi, outlining a chord progression with some of Radiohead's modal wistfulness. Nerissa Campbell explores a tricky, dark emotional landscape, lit with fleeting flashes of joy. Having met her, it's surprising to me how this sunny, blonde Australian woman's imagination takes her to the places *Blue Shaodws* goes. But that's imagination for you—when it's working, no telling where it will end up.

Kent Williams cares a lot about Transformers because there is more than meets the eye.

Iris DeMent

Sing the Delta
 irisdement.com

Iris DeMent put 16 years between her new album, *Sing the Delta*, and her previous album of original music. She quickly gained critical acclaim (and one Grammy nomination) for her first three albums and while she stayed



busy performing and sporadically recording with others and delivering an album of gospel songs titled *Lifeline* in 2004, the inspiration to write lay dormant. In an interview with americansongwriter.com, Iris said "I don't know why I started writing in the first place. I really don't... I made myself available but the deal just wasn't ready, wasn't there. I finally made peace with that. It took me a long time, but I finally have fully accepted I'm not in charge of that. I always knew the songs would come.

I just let it come in its own time." The inspiration, when it finally came, delivered a traditional country folk and gospel-influenced photo album of memories. Grainy snapshots of her childhood revealed in lines like "I was layin' on my belly on the living-room floor / I was watchin' Howdy-Doody so I'm guessing it was right around four" from the heart-wrenching loss of faith confessional "The Night I Learned Not To Pray" and "I miss those Labor Day picnics like the ones we used to have / No one's worried about nothin', no one's feelin' bad / I wanna roll down the hillside and lay dizzy in the cool green grass / jump around like a frog in a gunny sack" from "Livin' on the Inside."

Iris says that she let *Sing the Delta* come in its own time. This slow-cooked approach coupled with the light guiding hand of producer Bo Ramsey reveals a heartfelt devotional Protestant gospel essence that Iris grew up with. With passionate delivery, It is a natural vocabulary for her to use to tell her stories—stories I hope we don't have to wait as long to hear again. **lv**

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

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Why do humans have so little body hair?

Assuming evolution didn't anticipate the invention of clothing, why is the human race relatively hairless? What hair we have provides minimal protection against the elements. Were we only supposed to live in tropical climates where such protection was unnecessary? On the assumption that we descend from hairy apes, and that evolution occurs due to need, what was the need for us to lose our body hair?—J. Brown, Ireland

Nobody really knows, and in fact human nakedness remains one of the great mysteries—the author of *Genesis*, no less, felt compelled to work a partial explanation into the biblical creation myth. We're the only essentially hairless primate species, and one of few hairless mammals. Considering how helpful a fur coat can be, not only in keeping warm but also in protecting against the sun, you'd think losing our ancestral hair would have been a sure route to extinction. Yet here we are, masters of the planet.

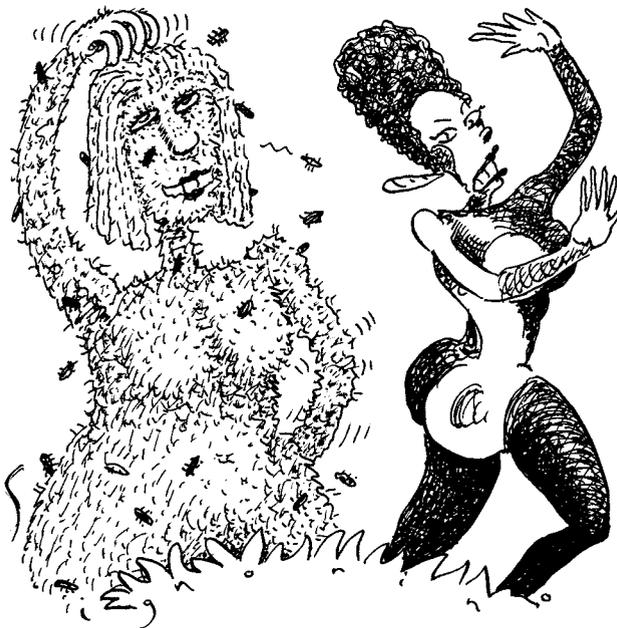
It's only natural to wonder whether these circumstances are related. Although too little is known to permit any definite statement, it seems clear nakedness was closely tied to human progress. No one would say we needed to develop big brains to compensate for our lack of hair, but the development of technology is a different story.

At minimum we can say this: once we started down the road to civilization, nakedness prevented our going back.

Before we get into that, let's run through a few of the explanations for human hairlessness proposed up till now:

We're sexier with no hair. Charles Darwin was one of the first to propose this, although he didn't put it so bluntly. He merely noted that hairlessness may have been a factor in sexual selection and that women, historically the object rather than the initiator of pursuit, have less hair than men. Many later scientists have suggested variations on this theme. However, it can't be the entire explanation. While nakedness may increase lust, a fat lot of good that does you if the other party has frozen to death.

Lack of hair makes it easier to cool off. Since it's generally agreed humankind originated in tropical Africa, this is plausible—indigenous inhabitants of tropical regions typically wore minimal clothing before being overtaken by modernity. Zoologist Desmond Morris, author of the 1967 best seller *The Naked Ape*, offers the twist that hairlessness prevented hominid hunters from overheating when chasing game, which also makes sense; as distance runners we have few equals among mammals. But again,



that surely isn't the whole story, as we shall see.

Humans are descended from aquatic apes. The idea is that hairlessness made our sea-food-loving forebears more streamlined in the water. There's little evidence supporting this much-promoted notion, and scientists have roundly rejected it.

Less hair = fewer bugs, or to put it more formally, hairlessness reduces "parasite load." Another unpersuasive claim: notwithstanding their paucity of hair, humans have largely been infested with lice, fleas, and other parasites until recently.

If none of the above explanations will cut it, what does? Here we have to guess, since the timeline of human development is poorly understood. Our hominid ancestors began walking on two legs at least 4 million years

ago, and the trend toward bigger brains began about 2 million years ago. Genetic analysis suggests hominids have been hairless for at least 1.2 million years. Clothing is much more recent—the earliest evidence for hide scraping, the most primitive form of couture, dates back just 300,000 years.

The wild card is fire, needed not just to keep the cave warm but for cooking, another critical step. Recent archaeological analysis suggests hominids were using fire as of a million years ago.

If it turns out hairlessness and mastery of fire occurred around the same time, we have a plausible sequence of events. Once they were no longer at the mercy of the elements, hominids could indulge a yen for less hirsute mates without jeopardizing their offspring.

If the tendency to hairlessness long preceded fire we have more of a puzzle, although not necessarily an insoluble one: the random genetic mutation that made hairlessness possible might have occurred in the ancient past but not expressed itself till conditions were favorable. We know, for example, that *Homo erectus* lived 1.8 million years ago in the Caucasus region, which had cold winters then as now. Without fire, these protohumans must have had hairy coats to survive.

Once our ancestors had acquired both fire and clothing, there was nothing to prevent nakedness from becoming dominant, and at some point the capacity to grow abundant body hair evidently was lost. When the ancestors of modern east Asians were trapped in Siberia by glaciers during the last ice age, 25,000 to 50,000 years ago, they evolved eyefolds and flatter facial features to protect against the cold. But body hair didn't re-emerge.

Technology, in this reading, made nakedness possible, and nakedness in turn made technology indispensable. We've been the prisoners of our own cleverness ever since.

—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

• Brian Hardman, 22, pointed a gun at Leonard Turner, who was putting air in his tires at a Detroit gas station, and demanded his car. Turner, 47, a former middleweight boxer, grabbed Hardman's trigger finger and shot off the gun until it was empty, then threw Hardman to the ground. "He got up," Turner recounted, "and said, 'Give me my gun back. I got a CCW (carry concealed weapon permit).' Then I hit him with the gun."

At Hardman's trial, defense attorney Jonathan Jones argued that his client shouldn't be charged with carjacking because he didn't have the gun on him. "The reason he didn't have the gun on him," Judge Shannon A. Holmes noted, "is because the defendant got his butt whipped, and Mr. Turner took the gun from him." (*Detroit News*)

Tourist Trade

• New York and New Jersey victims of Hurricane Sandy complained their cleanup efforts are interrupted by disaster tourists, who're drawn by curiosity to the real-life scenes of tragedy shown on television. "The gawking was amazing last week," Staten Island resident Joanne McClenin commented. "It was kind of offensive as a homeowner, because I felt violated." (*Associated Press*)

• Seven years after Hurricane Katrina flooded New Orleans, tour buses continue to visit the devastated Lower Ninth Ward, charging an average of \$45 per person to glimpse what some tour operators promote as the scene of "America's Greatest Catastrophe." After years of loosely enforcing a ban on motor coaches, police began turning back tours and fining violators. "Residents don't like being gawked at by tourists as though they're sideshow attractions," city councilor Ernest F. Charbonnet declared, vowing to introduce legislation to limit buses to 30 passengers along a designated route. (*The New York Times*)

Litigation Nation

David Jiminez, 43, spent hours at the large crucifix outside St. Patrick's Church in Newburgh, N.Y., praying for his wife, who was battling ovarian cancer. When she recovered, he offered to clean the crucifix in gratitude. While he was scrubbing Christ's face, the 600-pound marble statuary toppled over

and crushed his right leg, which doctors had to amputate. Even though charitable foundations covered his six-figure medical bills, Jiminez sued the church for \$3 million. The church denied any responsibility. (*Associated Press*)

For Whom the Toll Tolls

• When Washington's Capital Beltway opened new toll express lanes in Virginia, adjacent to the free but routinely congested lanes, six accidents occurred in the first 72 hours.

All were caused by drivers swerving to avoid the toll lanes or the unexpected tie-ups resulting from the accidents. Virginia State Police urged drivers who mistakenly enter the express lanes not to



When Susan Cole showed up for jury duty in Denver, she was wearing curlers in her hair and mismatched shoes, according to a court affidavit.

When Judge Anne Mansfield asked if any prospective jurors had a mental illness, court reporter Kelli Wessels said Cole "stated she had difficulties getting ready in the morning" and added she suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder. Judge Mansfield excused her but four months later heard someone brag on local radio about showing up looking disheveled and faking mental illness to evade jury duty. The woman was identified as Cole, who pleaded guilty to perjury and received a two-year suspended sentence and 40 hours of community service. (*The Denver Post*)

back up. "What we're seeing out there is what you'd expect with a traffic shift of this magnitude," said Jennifer Aument, an official with Transurban, the company that contracted with the state to build the variable-toll lanes. (*The Washington Post*)

• In its first six months, Maryland's Intercountry Connector reported racking up nearly \$670,000 in unpaid tolls—four times the statewide violation rate. Vehicles that use the road without a transponder to record the trip and automatically deduct the toll from an account are photographed and their owners billed. Individual motorists accrued as much as \$1,418, and one rental-car company's debt amounted to \$4,263. Officials said some people don't pay because Maryland's toll collectors lack enforcement authority, such as suspending vehicle registrations and referring scofflaws to the courts. State lawmakers promised to address collection methods next year. "We can't afford to leave money on the table," State Sen. Catherine E. Pugh said. "The ICC was a very expensive road to build." (*The Washington Post*)

Second-Amendment Follies

• Combat City, a shooting range in Orlando, Fla., lets its customers fire at each other to test

whether they have what it takes to shoot another person if their life depends on it. Owner Dave Kaplan greets customers, searches them for concealed weapons and ammunition, and modifies their weapons to fire only a soft rubber bullet. Participants then enter the range wearing protection for their head, neck and private parts. Even so, the rubber bullets hurt, more so than being shot with a paintball. "There is supposed to be a degree of pain," Kaplan explained, "so that you do learn from it." (Orlando's *WKMG-TV*)

• An employee at the Copper County Sporting Arms gun shop in Silver City, N.M., was unloading a .45 caliber handgun when it accidentally fired, shooting a 65-year-old customer in the back. Police Chief Ed

Reynolds reported the victim was listed in stable condition. (*Las Cruces Sun-News*)

• Firearms instructor Saulius "Sonny" Puzikas was conducting a live-fire training exercise at the Texas Defensive Shooting Academy in Ferris using live ammunition to fire at targets in a house. As darkness fell, he decided to run the course himself and opened fire with a 9 mm semi-automatic pistol. He accidentally shot an instructor still inside the house, once in the hand and twice in the abdomen. Puzikas, whose gun did not have a light, insisted he didn't see the victim, who was airlifted to the hospital and listed in stable condition. (*The Ellis County Press*)

Different-Sex Marriages

• Authorities charged Frederick Hengl, 68, with murdering his wife after they found her severed head in the freezer and her body parts cooking on the stove. District Attorney Katherine Flaherty said there was no evidence of cannibalism. (*Associated Press*)

• Police said Holly Solomon, 28, ran over her husband in Gilbert, Ariz., blaming him for President Obama's re-election because he didn't vote. She told police she was just trying to scare David Solomon by chasing him all over a parking lot in her Jeep, but her foot slipped on the accelerator. He was hospitalized in critical condition. (*Associated Press*)

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



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Calendar

Music

Wed., Dec. 5

West Music Holiday Concert Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$5, 6 p.m. **Stuart Davis Gabe's**, \$10/\$12, 7:30 p.m. **Symphony Orchestra and Choirs** Main Lounge, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Thurs., Dec. 6

Steel Band II and III 150 Music West Interim Building, UI Campus, Free, 6 p.m. **UI Jazz Faculty with Guest Artists Paul Scea and Mark Urness** Englert, Free, 7:30 p.m. **Mac Lethal, Space Bound, Imperfekt** Gabe's, \$10/\$12, 9 p.m. **Physical Challenge Dance Party** Gabe's, Free, 10 p.m. **Kevin "BF" Burt** Mendoza Wine Bar, Free, 7 p.m. **Chamber Winds Recital** Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7 p.m. **Dave McGraw, Mandy Fer** The Mill, \$8, 8 p.m.

Fri., Dec. 7

Semiannual Last Chance Concert 150 Music West Interim Building, UI Campus, Free, 6:30 p.m. **Sing-Along "Messiah"** Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$8-\$10, 7:30 p.m. **Kepi Ghoulie, North Of Grand, Surf Zombies, The Blendours** Gabe's, \$6, 6 p.m. **Iowa City Roundup - Country & Western DJ Night** Gabe's, Free, 10 p.m. **LeIf, Physical Therapy** Grinnell Concerts, Gardner Lounge, Free, 9 p.m. **Dianne Reeves, "Christmas Time Is Here"** Hancher Auditorium (at Riverside Casino & Golf Resort), \$10-\$40, 7:30 p.m. **Ellis Paul** Legion Arts, \$17/\$21, 8 p.m. **Saxophone Studio Recital** Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus Free, 7 p.m. **High School Jazz Combo Fest, featuring high school and University of Iowa jazz combos** The Mill, 5 p.m., **Free Double Bass Studio Recital** University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 8

A Dan Knight Christmas Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$12-\$14.50, 7:30 p.m. **Opera Scenes**

Englert, Free, 8 p.m. **Willy Joy, Mikko Rodney Kuusisto-Wolf, Black Magic, Electrocity** Gabe's, \$5, 9 p.m. **String Chamber Music Recital** Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 3 p.m. **The People Brothers Band** The Mill, \$7, 8 p.m. **The Gilded Bats** Uptown Bill's, \$5 suggested, 7 p.m. **Gloria Hardiman, Bruce Teague, Johnny Kilowatt Blues Band** Yacht Club, \$10, 9 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 9

Electronic Music Studio Recital Becker Communication Studies Building, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m. **Holiday Percussion Pops** Englert, Free, 3 p.m. **Psychostick** Gabe's, \$8, 9 p.m. **Willy Porter** Legion Arts, \$15/\$18, 7 p.m. **Jim McDonough "Holiday Grande 2012"** Paramount Theatre, \$29-\$34, 2:30 p.m. **Chris Reichmeier Trio** Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 12:30 p.m. **String Chamber Music** Recital Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 3 p.m. **Marcelo Cardoso Combo** Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 6 p.m. **Distinguished Clarinet Lecture/ Recital Series of Brazilian Music by Maurita Murphy** Mead Senate Chamber, Old Capitol, UI campus, Free, 3:30 p.m.

Mon., Dec. 10

Blessthefall, A Skylit Drive, At The Skylines, Skip the Foreplay Blue Moose Tap House \$15/\$17, 5:30 p.m.

Wed., Dec. 12

Burlington Street Bluegrass Band The Mill, \$5, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Dec. 13

Festival of Carols Englert, Free, 7 p.m. **Casey Donahew Band** First Avenue Club, 8:30 p.m. **Good Habits, Cop Bar, Rusty Buckets, Eerie Whittaker** Gabe's, \$5, 10 p.m. **Steve Grismore Trio** Mendoza Wine Bar, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Dec. 14

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Iowa Human Alliance and Johnson County Humane Society (Holiday Music and Sing-a-long) Beadology Iowa, \$5, 5:30 p.m. **Tallgrass - Iowa Shares Benefit** Englert, \$20/\$22, 8 p.m. **Item 9 & the Mad Hatters, Zeta June, Das Thunderfoot, Highest Grade** Gabe's, \$5, 10 p.m. **David Zollo & the Body Electric, Brooks Strause, Alexis Stevens, Doug Nye - Mill's 50th Anniversary Weekend** The Mill, \$10/\$12, 8 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 15
Wax Cannon, Acoustic Guillotine, Ed Gray Gabe's, \$5, 10 p.m. **Gino De Luca** Mendoza Wine Bar, Free, 7 p.m. **Greg Brown, Dave Moore - Mill's 50th Anniversary Weekend** The Mill, \$30/\$35, 8 p.m. **The Feralings with Whitney Mann** Uptown Bill's, \$5 suggested, 7 p.m. **Useful Jenkins** Yacht Club, \$6, 10 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 16
Awful Purdies Family Brunch, Milk & Eggs - The Mill's 50th Anniversary Weekend The Mill, \$15, 12 p.m.

Mon., Dec. 17
Open Mic with J. Knight The Mill, Free, 8 p.m.

Tues., Dec. 18
Veil of Maya, Upon A Burning Body, Volumes, The Curse of Hail, Kings, A Crimson Sea Blue Moose Tap House, \$13/\$15, 5:30 p.m.

Thurs., Dec. 20
Garage Rock Night Gabe's, Free, 10 p.m. **Jason Clothier** Mendoza Wine Bar, Free, 7 p.m. **Miguel Soria, Adam Havlin, Alexis Stevens** The Mill, \$5, 9 p.m.

Fri., Dec. 21
Blizzard at Sea, Take Me Tick Tock, Mad Wheel Starfish Gabe's, \$5, 10 p.m. **Caterwaulla, The Savage Hacks** Yacht Club, \$5, 9 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 22
Euforquestra's Home for the Holidays Show Gabe's, \$10, 9 p.m. **Jim Brickman - On A Winter's Night** Paramount Theatre, \$30-\$68, 8 p.m. **The Cerny Brothers** Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$8/\$10, 8 p.m.

Wed., Dec. 26
Burlington Street Bluegrass Band The Mill, \$5, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Dec. 27
Saul Lubaroff Trio Mendoza Wine Bar, Free, 7 p.m. **Geoff Turner, Ben Sturdevant** Yacht Club, \$5, 8 p.m.

Fri., Dec. 28
Tallgrass, Jesse White Band Yacht Club, \$6, 10 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 29
B. John Burns Uptown Bill's, \$5 suggested, 7 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 30
Coop's B-day Bash: Plaquewitch, Blizzard at Sea, Cranial Decay, Critical Mass - Rage Against the Machine Tribute Gabe's, \$5, 9 p.m.

Mon., Dec. 31
The Fez Englert, \$18/\$22, 8:30 p.m. **Roster McCabe, Zeta June, Item 9 & the Mad Hatters, Gone South** Gabe's, \$10, 8 p.m. **NYE Bash - The Candymakers and The Greatest Story Ever Told**

Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$15/\$20, 8 p.m. **NYE with Uniphonics, OSG Yacht Club**, \$10, 10 p.m.

Thurs., Jan. 3
Physical Challenge Dance Party Gabe's, Free, 10 p.m.

Fri., Jan. 4
The Midtown Men Paramount Theatre, \$40-\$55, 8 p.m.

Sat., Jan 5
Grant Wallace Band Legion Arts, \$12/\$15, 8 p.m.

Venues

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

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

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

Blue Moose Tap House 211 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, (319) 358-9206, 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 Childrens Museum 1451 Coral Ridge Ave., Coralville, (319) 625-6255, theicm.org

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

Paramount Theatre 123 3rd Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, (319) 398-5226, paramounttheatreocr.com

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.prairielight.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, theatreocr.org

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

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

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

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

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

Submit venues and events:
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Samantha Fish Redstone Room, River Music Experience, \$10, 8 p.m. **Sam Knutson** Uptown Bill's, \$5 suggested, 7 p.m.

Tues., Jan. 8

Emmylou Harris and Her Red Dirt Boys Engert, Sold Out, \$45-\$75, 8 p.m.

Dec. 15 - 16

Orchestra Iowa presents **Holiday Spectacular** Paramount Theatre, \$18-\$48, 2:30 p.m. Dec. 15 and 16, 7:30 p.m. Dec. 15

Second/Fourth Thursdays - Super Soul Session Gabe's, Free, 10 p.m.

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

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

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

Art/Exhibitions

Wed., Dec. 5 - Art Bites "Marvin Cone" with CRMA Curator, Sean Ulmer Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 12:15 p.m.

Fri., Dec. 7 - I Dream In Delft, Heidi Van Wieren - Opening Reception Englert, Free, 5:30 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 8 - Arts & Crafts Bazaar - Fundraiser for the ICPL Friends Foundation Iowa City Public Library, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Ongoing

December - SOMATOTOPIA: a show of touchable art Public Space One

A Legacy for Iowa: Modern Masterworks from the University of Iowa Museum of Art Figge Art Museum

Through Dec. 7 - 30 x 5: The Dessert Akar, Free

Through Dec. 9 - Midwest Matrix - Symposium & Exhibitions University of Iowa Museum of Art

Through Dec. 15 - The Only One African American Museum of Iowa

Through Dec. 16 - BREACH, Andrew Kaufman Faulconer Gallery, Grinnell College **we're all in this together** Faulconer Gallery, Grinnell College

Through Dec. 21 - Los Infrahumanos: The Subhumans Faulconer Gallery, Grinnell College

Through Dec. 30 - Holiday Mansion Tours Brucemore, \$3 children, \$7 adults

Through Dec. 31 - Staff Show Beadology Iowa, **Free Handmade for the Holidays** Iowa Artisans Gallery **The Only One: Exploring the Experience of Being a Minority in Iowa** Johnson County Historical Society **Monica Correia and Terry Rathje - The Poetry of Form** Legion Arts, Free **Joseph Patrick - painting on...small oils and other collectibles** Legion Arts, Free **Shane McCallister - Harmony and Chaos** Legion Arts, Free **Lloyd Dunn - 55505 pareidolia** Legion Arts, Free **Alphonse Mucha: Inspirations of Art Nouveau** National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

Through Jan. 5 - Charles Barth: A Kaleidoscope of Culture Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

Through Jan. 6 - St. Nicholas: Discovering the Truth About Santa Claus National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

Through Jan. 8 - I Dream In Delft, Heidi Van Wieren Englert - The Douglas & Linda Paul Gallery

Through Jan. 20 - Marvin Cone: An American Master Cedar Rapids Museum of Art **Portrait of Maquoketa: The Dimensional View** Figge Art Museum

Through Jan. 29 - Napoleon and the Art of Propaganda University of Iowa Museum of Art

Through Jan. 31 - Never Underestimate a Monochrome (online at neverunderestimateamonochrome.org) University of Iowa Museum of Art

Through Feb. 3 - Quilts: Masterworks from the American Folk Art Museum Figge Art Museum

Through Feb. 17 - Clary Illian: A Potter's Potter Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

Through Mar. 3 - Iowa City's Metropolitan Playhouse: Celebrating the Englert's 100th Anniversary Johnson County Historical Society

Through Mar. 18 - Sculpting with Fiber Figge Art Museum

Through May 26 - Gone to See the Elephant: The Civil War through the Eyes of Iowa Soldiers Old Capitol Museum, UI Campus, Free

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

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

Theatre/Performance

Sun., Dec. 9 - The Body Electric workshop Public Space One, 12 p.m.

Dec. 14 - 16 - The Best Christmas Pageant Ever! - Presented by Young Footlites Iowa Childrens Museum \$7-\$10

Dec. 14 - 23 - A Christmas Carol - Presented by City Circle Acting Company Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$12-\$27

Dec. 6 - 8 - Greater Metro Public Space One, 8 p.m. **Champagne Gods - A UI Theatre Gallery Production** Theatre Building, UI campus, Students Free, \$5 General Public, 8 p.m.

Dec. 7 - 16 - Annie - Presented by Iowa City Community Theatre Johnson County Fairgrounds, Exhibition Hall A, \$10-\$18

Dec. 7 - 9 - The Santaland Diaries Riverside Theatre, \$15-\$28, 7:30 p.m., Dec. 7, 8; 2 p.m. Dec. 9

Through Dec. 15 - A Winnie-the-Pooh Christmas Old Creamery Theatre, Amana, \$8 **Meet Me in St. Louis** Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$15-\$30

Through Dec. 16 - G.I. Holiday Jukebox Old Creamery Theatre, Amana, \$17.50-\$27

Sun., Dec. 30 - Paramount Theatre Open House Paramount Theatre, Free, 1 p.m.

Cinema

Through Dec. 6 - Holy Motors, Chicken with Plums Bijou Cinema

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A-List


The Mill 50th Anniversary
 Dec. 14-16

Friday: David Zollo & the Body Electric w. Brooks Strause, Doug Nye
 8:00 p.m. | \$10/12

Saturday: Greg Brown w. Dave Moore
 8:00 p.m. | \$30/35

Sunday: Brunch show with The Awful Purdies and Milk & Eggs
 12:00 p.m. | \$15

In 1962 Keith Dempster opened a coffee shop called "The Coffee Mill." After a few years of solid business, Dempster expanded, opening a full restaurant/tavern and shortening the name simply to, "The Mill." The rest, as they say, is history. Over the years The Mill stage has hosted some of the greatest national and international performers. Whether you are catching one of these shows or just stopping by to see who's around, it continues to be one of the most popular hangouts in Iowa City.

To celebrate 50 years of business, The Mill has cooked up a full weekend showcasing some of Iowa City's premier musical talent. Over the course of three days, The Mill will host three shows, each of which will feature meal specials.

Friday night's lineup includes David Zollo & the Body Electric, Brooks Strause and Doug Nye. Saturday will be Dave Moore, followed by Greg Brown. Each of these shows is scheduled for 8:00 p.m. with dinner seating at 6:00 p.m.

Sunday's performances by The Awful Purdies and Milk & Eggs will begin at noon, and the \$15 ticket price includes brunch (kids under 12 eat free!).

Ticket and additional show details are online at icmill.com.

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

Sat., Dec. 8 - American Pie Englert, Students Free, \$3 for General Public, Midnight

Fri., Dec. 21 - Barrymore Englert, \$15-\$18, 7 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 22 - Home Alone - Presented by the Downtown District, FilmScene and the Englert Englert, \$5, 3 p.m.

Literature

Wed., Dec. 5 - Paul Etre Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. **Talk Art** The Mill, Free, 10 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 8 - Marcia Wegman, David Wright Prairie Lights, Free, 4 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 16 - Was the Word Englert, \$10 suggested, 7 p.m.

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

Comedy

Sun., Dec. 9 - Pauly Shore, Tom Garland First Avenue Club, 8:30 p.m.

Dec. 14 - 15 - Michael Thorne Penguin's Comedy Club, \$12.50/\$14.50, 7:30 p.m.

Dec. 21 - 22 - Mark Poolos Penguin's Comedy Club, \$10/\$12, 7:30 p.m.

Dec. 28 - 29 - Tim Sullivan Penguin's Comedy Club, \$10/\$12, 7:30 p.m.

Dec. 7 - 8 - Gabriel Rutledge Penguin's Comedy Club, \$12.5/\$14.50, 7:30 p.m.

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

Kids

Fri., Dec. 7 - Night at the Museum: Dinosaur Dig Museum of Natural History, UI campus, \$25, 7 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 9 - UI Pentacrest Museums Holiday Family Weekend: Concert, Film Screening and Family Activities Pentacrest Museums, UI Campus, Free, 1:30 p.m.

Mon., Dec. 10 - Family Night at the Library Coralville Public Library, Free, 6:30 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 15 - Wright Brothers Day Iowa Childrens Museum, \$7

Sun., Dec. 16 - Let's Read with the Iowa City Read Dogs Coralville Public Library, Free, 1 p.m. **Storytime Adventures: Dinosaurs** Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free, 3 p.m.

Thurs., Dec. 20 - Gingerbread Fun Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Fri., Dec. 28 - School's Out Special: Funky Blues Music Jam with Kevin B. F. Burt Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Mon., Dec. 31 - New Year's Eve Family Bash Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$7, 2 p.m.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dance

Sun., Dec. 9 - Afro-Cuban Drum & Dance Ensemble Space Place Theatre, UI Campus, Free, 2 p.m.

Dec. 15 - 16 - Dance Forum/UI Youth Ballet Winter Concert Space Place Theatre, UI Campus, \$6-\$12, 7:30 p.m. Dec. 15; 2 p.m. Dec. 16

Dec. 6 - 8 - Graduate/Undergraduate Dance Concert Space Place Theatre, UI Campus, \$6-\$12 8 p.m.

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

PUZZLER!

Listed below are two synonyms for two words that rhyme followed by the number of syllables in each of those rhyming words. Your challenge is to guess what the two words are based upon the clues provided: For example, "Obese Feline" (1,1) would be "Fat Cat". (*Hint- In each game, there is always one answer that is a homonym)

Simple Windy (2,2)

(*Easy, Breezy*)

Kringle Soda (2, 2)

Log Spit (1, 1)

Swinging Sock (2, 2)

Average Food Type (1, 2)

(_____, *Cuisine*)

Present Opening (1, 1)

Candle Hat (3, 3)

Sliced Savior (3, 2)

Recondite Calumny (2, 2)

(_____, _____)

Reindeer Harpy (2, 2)

Holiday Nape (2, 2)

Tiny Commitment (4, 4)

Challenger:

When Little Walter wailed about his "Dreidel made of clay" the instrument he played that night was forever after referred to as the (3,4)

Last month's answers

Corn Fad (1, 1)

Maize *Craze*

Sweet Potato Test (1, 2)

Yam *Exam*

Gourd Snack (1, 1)

Squash *Nosh*

Opaque Gobbler (2, 2)

Murky *Turkey*

Pepo Hick (2,2)

Pumpkin *Bumpkin*

Fruit Pixy (3, 2)

Cranberry *Ferry*

Dish Game (1, 1)

Bowl *Bowl*

Pilgrim Commendation (4, 5)

Colonial *Testimonial*

Clever Aboriginal (3, 2)

Creative *Native*

Challenger: Count-em Leap

As the cranky historian reminds us this Holiday season, the arrival of European invasion resulted in the deaths of 10 to 30 million Native Americans, so while you're stuffing your faces and "God-Blessing America" remember you're really engaging in jingoistic (3, 1).

Genocide *Pride*

ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR DECEMBER 2012

FOR EVERYONE—December 2012 will find most of us in the midst of complicated, occasionally frantic and crucially important changes in our lives. Many will come up against at least one seemingly impenetrable obstacle—a total deal-breaker. But in each case, a discussion, an encounter, a realization or just some experience will unlock a new potential in ourselves or bring a breakthrough in negotiations that allows us to proceed, confidently and with renewed enthusiasm. (December's forecast takes into account the end of the Mayan Calendar, as discussed on page 4 of this issue.)

★ **SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 21 - Dec. 20) You could be experiencing a crisis of confidence. Self-doubt and regret could haunt your quiet moments. With the planets the way they are, this could get channeled into obsessive concern with key partnerships and finances. Your partners and your finances both contribute to peace of mind. However, they can't get you the whole way there. It's about personal healing. You need to unlock deep healing potentials within yourself, through prayer, meditation or contemplation. Tapping into your own power for self-healing should be your priority.

♑ **CAPRICORN** (Dec. 21 - Jan. 18) Some person or persons are absolutely determined to make changes at home. They want more freedom. Period. Major compromises are unavoidable. Notice I didn't say closure. This is only the beginning. It will take a lengthy and sincere effort to understand the issues, let alone resolve them. You must penetrate one of your own blind spots and/or strengthen a weak spot to make this work. Fortunately for everyone, conditions are far more conducive to a successful outcome than they would have been a little while back.

♒ **AQUARIUS** (Jan. 19 - Feb. 17) The basics of your life are slowly turning into limitations and, maybe, burdens. The need to make fairly substantial changes is looming. The ideals, good feelings and high spirits you naturally bring to a situation must be turned into resources and action that, in turn, will lead to needed changes. This is about moving from the realm of ideas and ideals into the realm of real world empowerment. Your efforts to make the necessary changes will lead to the release of unexpected psychological and spiritual resources.

♓ **PISCES** (Feb. 18 - Mar. 19) A kaleidoscopic vision of possibilities fills your mind, but tough times and stubborn obstacles seem to belie those visions. One of the biggest problems is a set of emotional and motivational blocks in your own mind. As you strive to bring clarity to your plans for the future, you must also work to dissolve these stubborn, partly concealed, inner obstacles to action. The two processes must go hand in hand. Your efforts will unleash a greater power than you realized you had within you.

♈ **ARIES** (Mar. 20 - Apr. 18) The planets are handing you blueprints for the future that reveal a much more desirable life. It

is where you need to end up and it would be best for everyone else in your life, too. But making it happen will require almost grim determination and consistently firm, decisive action. It will also require a real dialogue between authority figures, assorted other powers that be, and important family, friends and associates. Your discussions will tap into an unexpectedly rich source of motivational force.

♉ **TAURUS** (Apr. 19 - May 19) Taurus must blend a mix of abstract ideals, inspiration and material resources into a new lifestyle. Very powerful and quite persistent forces are at work in your heart and mind, reshaping your understanding of yourself, transforming your expectations for the future and ... well ... driving you to create a new lifestyle that gives full expression to a new you. Fortunately, the material resources are either in place or on their way. Old mental habits and the occasional economic reality might delay you, but only temporarily.

♊ **GEMINI** (May 20 - June 19) December is another month when Gemini's talent and influence are unceremoniously pressed into service by and for others. Issues are thorny and stakes high. Everyone's future seems to be on the line. And you do indeed hold an important key. Your guidance and support can have an almost magical effect, unlocking hidden potential, jump starting motivation, breaking stubborn impasses and inspiring cooperation. But this is very demanding work. You'll need to draw some lines; others must make a contribution. Personal power is returning.

♋ **CANCER** (June 20 - July 21) One key to success in December is a willingness to share power and resources and convince friends to do so. Then choices will become easier and obstacles will begin to disappear. The process at work here goes beyond logic, into subtle, intuitive realms where Cancerians are at home. Your intuition is very much up to the task. But garnering cooperation is only the beginning. You must also convince those in power to go along. It's worth the effort. They can contribute a crucial spark.

♌ **LEO** (July 22 - Aug. 21) There are challenges at home and responsibility rests with you. Broad changes are necessary if you are to sort these things out. But you've been wanting to make some lifestyle changes for your

own reasons. There's no textbook solution for this situation. You'll need to innovate and improvise. Conditions are too fluid for definite timelines. Your situation is not unique or unconnected to the situations others find themselves in. Your solution will be a model for many others, including family, fellow workers and employers.

♍ **VIRGO** (Aug. 22 - Sept. 21) You could find yourself playing the role of catalyst, instigator or mediator (or all of the above) in a seemingly tense face-off. Those determined to force change are facing those with the power and inclination to preserve the status quo. The desire for change is intense and growing. Alliances are fluid. In-depth discussions with those in power can break an impasse and even forge a seemingly unlikely consensus for change. Don't prejudge the outcome or the attitudes of others. People are thinking new thoughts.

♎ **LIBRA** (Sept. 22 - Oct. 21) Libra's day-to-day life is spent among people struggling with the details of complicated life changes. Home life can be somewhat intense. Finances require constant attention. Your understanding of human motivation is surprisingly keen right now. People need to break personal boundaries and to form more productive and dynamic alliances, including their alliances with you. Your insights can help others achieve this goal. In the process, you can further everyone's financial interests, your own included. Don't accept guidance based on clichés, or offer it, either.

♏ **SCORPIO** (Oct. 22 - Nov. 20) Your daily life is now filled with people making complicated life adjustments. Many who approach you could be more concerned with their own needs than with yours. Don't feel obliged to get involved. It's okay to offer advice. Given the planetary lineup, your intuitive grasp of their situation could be better than their own understanding. However, having offered your opinion, it might be wiser to withdraw. Quality alone time is especially important to Scorpio, now, and others need to tend to their affairs. **IV**

—Dr. Star



the Full Kit

Corner of Gilbert & Washington St.

downtown Iowa City's
premier store for exclusive
men's footwear and apparel

319-248-1083
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plum pudding



holiday meals – to go!

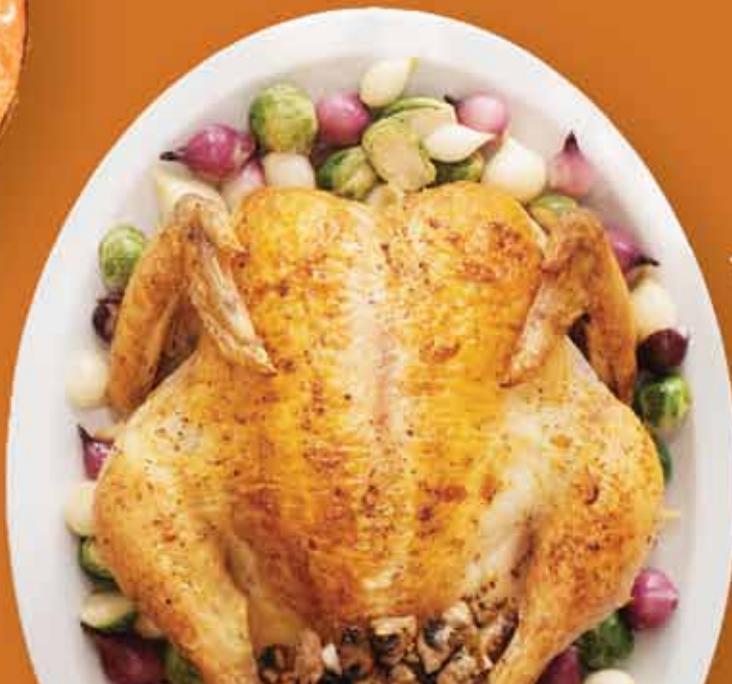
Come one, Come all!



walnut torte



cranberry stuffing



free range turkeys



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