



LITTLE VILLAGE
IOWA CITY'S NEWS & CULTURE MAGAZINE

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NOV. 20 - DEC. 3, 2013*



COMMEMORATION
50 YEARS AFTER JFK'S DEATH P. 14

**ARCHITECTURAL
AGENDAS**
ART OF THE STUDENT HOUSING HUSTLE P. 20

**WHAT HAPPENS
BACKSTAGE**
STAYS THERE P. 26

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I N T H I S I S S U E

COMMUNITY/NEWS

4 - American Reason

Polling positions

14 - Fiction

A memory, 50 years later

FOOD & DRINK

6 - The Hops

Seasonal sipping guide

7 - Chicken Little Reviews

La Michoacana

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

8 - Hot Tin Roof

This month's \$100 winner

16 - Style Points

BUSTLEWORSHIP's foxy furs

20 - Art City

Crushing aspirations

18 - The Tube

Fringe reality

CONTRIBUTORS

WRITERS

Cecil Adams, Larry Baker, Lucas Benson, Michael Gallagher, Vic Pasternak, Vikram Patel, Brian Prugh, Rebecca Robinson, Mike Roeder, Jorie Slodki, Matt Sowada, Warren Sprouse, Roland Sweet, Casey Wagner, Elle Wignall, Kent Williams, Melissa Zimdars

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Drew Bulman, Stephanie Catlett, Josh Miner, Amber Neville, Evan Prachar

23 - Screenshot

DIY entertainment systems

26 - The Stage

Who's behind the curtain?

CALENDAR/REVIEWS

28 - Talking Movies

Vixens of vengeance

31 - On the Beat

Late November's musical bounty

38 - Local Albums

Contraption, The Pines

PLUS

10 - BUSINESS AS USUAL

36 - THE STRAIGHT DOPE

37 - NEWS QUIRKS

39 - RHYME TIME

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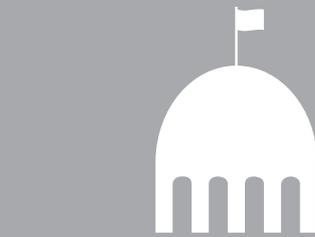
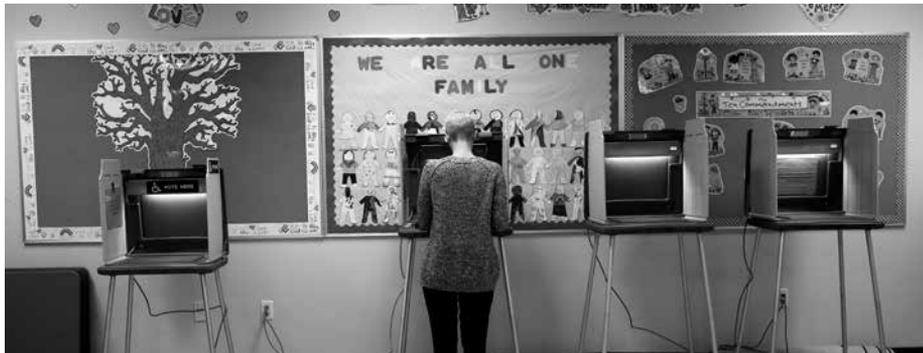
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PRIMARY OBJECTIVES

Fringe groups hold inequitable sway over politicians. But, you can help.
BY MATT SOWADA AND VIKRAM PATEL



We are currently in an interim period between crises. Between the federal government shutdown in October and endless fights over the debt ceiling and the budget due to repeat themselves in January, we seem to have become stuck in a crisis cycle. How did we get here?

VIK PATEL: This cycle was not directly caused by inflamed rhetoric or inept leadership. The driving force has been primary elections, or rather the lack of quality primaries. During each crisis we inevitably hear politicians sing the refrain, “I know this is crazy, but if I don’t do it, I’ll face a primary challenger.” If the representatives know that continuing to take part in the crisis cycle is crazy and the average voter knows that its crazy, what exactly do candidates have to fear?

According to a study published in the *New York Times* via American University, over the past several elections voter turnout in primary elections for each party has been down in the teens or single digits. Because so few people vote in these elections, organized fringe groups can easily affect the outcome and thereby the actions of the candidates. Candidates don’t care about public opinion, they care about the opinions of the people who show up at voting booths. If we want to break free from this cycle, the average voter needs to start voting in primaries.

MATT SOWADA: I agree with you. The government shutdown was idiotic, hurtful and totally unnecessary but in the end it was not a huge threat to the country: The debt limit threats are

BY VOTING IN PRIMARY ELECTIONS, CAN WE AVERT THE “CRISIS CYCLE?”

Photo by Rachel Jessen

a different matter. I cannot believe how close the government came to default. I don’t think they would have done it, but even flirting with the notion of not honoring our debts is playing with loaded weapons in a way that government shutdowns are not. Something must be done. I want to live in a society where no one has to care about Ted Cruz’s opinion.

Increasing turnout for primaries could definitely be part of an effective solution. Gallup polling indicates that the majority of Americans (regardless of whether they are Democrats, Republicans or Independents) agree on two points: that default is not an option and that compromise is an acceptable part of the political process. If the populace shows up, they’ll probably pick candidates who are the right people for the job. The problem is that early primary voting is usually very boring. Barring an extremely colorful (often fringe) candidate, there’s usually no media circus, so no segments on *The Daily Show* for a house primary race. Simply announcing that people ought to participate is not enough if we want to take this issue seriously. How do you propose we get the public to participate? There are two general strategies we could pursue that are likely to yield results: incentives or penalizations. You can reward people for primary voting or punish them for abstaining. Given that American political parties are private organizations, how do you propose society goes about encouraging people to vote in primaries?

BY THE NUMBERS

Final results indicate that turnout for Iowa City’s most recent city council election this past Nov. 5 was pretty low, but still higher than previous years. Here’s a look at the most recent election in numbers:

10,936 The number of Iowa Citizens that voted in the city council election

22.4 Percentage of registered Iowa City voters that polled

2,824 Number of votes in the Coralville city council election, which also constitutes 24.39 percent of registered voters

5,149 Nearly half of all Iowa City votes were cast in early polling

VIK: I don't think this is a situation necessitating incentivization, but rather education and awareness. The vast majority of people who aren't heavily involved in party politics don't understand the importance of primaries and caucuses. If the average person can be made to understand the power of voting in a primary, then they will go and do it. I know you're skeptical, so lets look at a bit of a case study. Prior to the '70s, church involvement in elections was rare, but in the '70s and '80s conservative Christian churches started to advise their members to go and vote in Republican primary elections. This was done in an effort to make conservative Christian issues important to politicians. Now the voting patterns of the conservative Christian block are a major driving force behind Republican policymaking.

When it comes to your average person, we don't have an organized forum like a church to discuss the importance of primary voting, so this is what I propose: If you're a person who votes in primaries and caucuses, then bring along some of your friends and neighbors next time. And if you're a person who has thought about voting in a primary but hesitates because you're fed up with the two parties (which is a discussion that will likely

fill another column), just go and vote anyway! Your reasonable voice will carry more weight in a primary than it would in any other venue. Your community needs you.

MATT: Well, in bringing up churches you do remind me of one kind of penalty that we could try to utilize: social pressure. Writing this column has made me realize that I am part of the problem here. My participation in the early stages of the political process has been spotty, at best. My interest in the subject has basically been triggered by the threat of fiscal calamity. Vik, you have always been interested in this stuff. You should have been actively judging me! Those who have taken the time to educate themselves should make it known that in a democratic society, total political ignorance is not an option: A virtuous citizen is obliged to provide their reasoned input to the political process. **lv**

Matt Sowada and Vikram Patel, former hosts of American Reason, bring monthly political, social and ethical musing to Little Village.

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



THIS MAGAZINE CONTAINS

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WINTER STYLE GUIDE

Gather 'round the fireplace and celebrate the season with a perfect pour.
BY CASEY WAGNER



Much like bears in a den, my pil-sner glasses are overwintering in the cabinet above my fridge. I won't be using them much because winter is the season for opaque stouts and dark, velvety Belgian ales. Of course, beer lovers are free to drink whatever, whenever, regardless of the season, but there are a number of beer styles that befit the gray, cold winter months, a time when Daryl "Woody" Woodson, owner of the Sanctuary Pub, says we naturally start craving hearty, high-calorie food and drink. "You want something that fills heavier and provides more sustenance," he says.

Whether brewed exclusively for the holidays, made to complement our palate's seasonal shift or just ideal for cold weather, the delicious beer styles listed in this guide will keep you nourished and warm all winter long.

PORTER AND STOUT

There is much debate about the difference between the two heavy-hitters, porters and stouts—and if there even is a difference. I think there is, but the two styles are so intertwined, one cannot be understood without the other.

Porter is an enigma: Everyone seems to have their own opinion about what it is exactly. According to Woodson, the difference between porters and stouts can be minimal, and beer style guides often list similar characteristics for both. Woodson says the current perception is that porters are sweeter than stouts—notes of caramel and toffee tend to be much more prominent, and they don't exhibit strong roasted characteristics. To me, a proper porter is like a very dark, toasty

brown ale. Stouts, in my opinion, are stout: strong and thick. A good stout should be opaque black in color and feature dark chocolate, molasses, dark fruits, bold roasted bitterness reminiscent of espresso and a thick, velvety body.

Of course, not all stouts fit that mold and there are many porters that are "stouter" than some stouts, not to mention the variations on each—Baltic porter, milk stout, etc. Confusing, huh? But regardless of the name and style, porters and stouts are delicious dark ales and a pint of either would be a delightful complement to a rich, chocolaty holiday dessert.

RECOMMENDATIONS: Samuel Smith's Oatmeal Stout; Millstream Back Road Stout; Great River Redband Stout; Lost Cost 8 Ball Stout; North Coast Old Rasputin; Fuller's London Porter.

BARLEY WINE

Break out the snifter and take a seat by a crackling fire! Barley wines are intense, warming and complex beers meant to be sipped and contemplated. Though many American-style barley wines are bombastically hoppy, the more balanced versions will feature caramel, toffee, fruit, citrus and pleasant amounts of spice. British-style versions are mostly malt-driven, and all barley wines have high alcohol by volume (ABV), usually nine percent and above. Recently, many American breweries have been releasing barrel-aged versions of their barley wines, which tend to be smoother from aging and exhibit characteristics imparted by the wood.

RECOMMENDATIONS: Sierra Nevada Bigfoot, Bell's Third Coast Old Ale and Anchor Old Foghorn.

THE BELGIANS: STRONG DARK ALE, DUBBEL, TRIPEL AND QUADRUPLE

Superlatives often fail when describing Belgian ales—delicious and delicate medleys of fruit, malt and spice. These beers have higher ABV, which can be extra warming for drinkers, and they pair well with rich holiday foods—particularly a Thanksgiving turkey.

SUDS OF THE SEASON.

Photo by Rachel Jessen

Strong dark ales—a Belgian beer style that includes the St. Bernardus Christmas Ale—are bready and feature a lot of dark fruit like fig, grape, plum, a foundation of caramel and sharp spice, including black pepper and clove. Dubbels and quadruples are similar to strong dark ales, but with more cherry, red apple and dried fruits like prune and raisin. Dubbels are distinguished by toasted malts and notes of caramel, toffee, brown sugar and molasses. Tripels tend to be lighter in color and much zestier. Bready and loaded with yeast spice and perhaps a little funk, this style can offer notes of orange, lemon, banana, apple, bubblegum and black pepper.

RECOMMENDATIONS: Maredsous Abbey Brune 8, Ommegang Three Philosophers, La Trappe Quadruple, North Coast Brother Thelonious, Unibroue's La Fin du Monde and Trois Pistoles.

THE OTHER EUROPEANS: WEIZENBOCK, RAUCHBIER AND SCOTTISH ALES

To me, weizenbock is wheat beer for winter. With a darker aroma and flavor akin to dunkel weizen (toasted malts, caramel, toffee and dark fruits), weizenbocks also offer apple, banana, clove, black pepper and maybe a little bubblegum. Setting this style apart from tamer wheat beers is the higher ABV, which gives the beer a doppelbock-like edge ideal for cold winter days.

German for "smoked beer," rauchbier is brewed with (you guessed it) smoked malts, resulting in an often-intense smokiness reminiscent of a campfire or burning pile of leaves.

CHICKEN LITTLE REVIEWS:

LA MICHOACANA TAQUERIA | 436 HWY. 1 WEST, IOWA CITY

While this style would pair well with hearty, smoked meats, it is best on its own, post-meal. The Aecht Schlenkerla line of rauchbiers, including the awe-inspiring Märzen, are the only worthwhile rauchbiers. Märzen smells and tastes like thick-cut, peppery bacon or ham, while Aecht Schlenkerla Eiche, the doppelbock version, tastes like sausage.

Though kilts are less than ideal for Iowa winters, another isle import—Scottish ales—are perfect. Thick, malty and sometimes reminiscent of Scotch whisky, they often exhibit caramel, toffee, cocoa, brown sugar, fruits and a smoky, Scotch-like character suggestive of peat.

RECOMMENDATIONS: Schneider Aventinus, Weihenstephaner Vitus, Millstream Weizenbock, Aecht Schlenkerla line of rauchbiers, Brau Brothers Bancreagie Peated Scotch Ale, Belhaven Scottish Ale and Founders' Dirty Bastard.

HOLIDAY AND WINTER RELEASES

For Woodson, the winter holidays would not be complete without the festive and often-spicy ales released at the end of the year. The most notable holiday release is Anchor Brewing's annual Christmas Ale. The recipe changes each year and the ingredients are top secret. (Along with a different recipe, each edition of Christmas Ale features its own distinct, hand-drawn design.) In some years the beer is mild and malty, and in others it is packed with so much pine, spruce and juniper it is like a bottled Christmas wreath.

Schell's seasonal release, Snowstorm, also changes every year, though the Minnesota brewery is less secretive about its style and ingredients. This year the beer is a "Belgian Style Golden Ale," and according to the Schell's website it features chamomile and coriander for "soothing herbal notes."

While Anchor and Schell's always surprise beer drinkers with something different, other breweries release high-quality classics that consumers look forward to year after year. Both Breckenridge Brewery's Christmas Ale and Sierra Nevada's Celebration feature a delicious balance of malt, spice and invigorating hop citrus. And the Norwegian brewery Nøgne Ø's seasonal beers—Winter Ale and Peculiar Yule—offer lots of herbs and spice alongside malty notes of caramel and chocolate.

Woodson observes that the colder months and approaching winter means wearing lots of clothes—so who cares about carbohydrates? The season of sweatshirts is the perfect time to indulge in the comfort of these heavy, warming beers. Cheers! **lv**



Tucked between a meat market and a physical therapy clinic in Paul's Discount Strip stands La Michoacana Taqueria, quite a find amidst a typical splattering of businesses in Iowa City. A step inside is a step out of the rush of the day and into a different kind of rush—very friendly bilingual staff hustling around the tables calling out numbers, somebody's sizzling quesadilla passing on a plastic tray, the smell of Mexican rice from the kitchen.

Free from the traditional take on the Mexican restaurant in Iowa City—the 10-year-old in the booth being serenaded with Feliz Cumpleaños,

a mariachi band blaring from overhead speakers, jumbo margarita slushies in four flavors—La Michoacana is an entirely simplified dining experience. In the back of the room is the ordering counter with a wall menu, and, more often than not, a full house with a stretch of customers from the register to the back tables.

There is nothing too fancy—sponge-painted brown walls, cafeteria style tables, chairs and plates, a gumball machine by the carry-out seating—but what they lack in fripperies they make up for in authenticity. "This is perfectly spiced on its own," one customer says to his wife and son at their corner table, "I don't know if I can even handle the sauces." This is what keeps the place packed with regulars on their lunch breaks, couples on a night out and large families enjoying celebrations.

While there are 13 combination options with sides, all of the menu items can be ordered a-la-carte. Customers choose from a variety of Mexican staples—tacos, burritos, quesadillas, tortas, tostadas—filled or topped with one of 11 meat or fish options—or made vegetarian. All of the tacos are fantastic: a corn tortilla with onions and cilantro cradling pollo (chicken) or asada (steak) or fiery chorizo (Mexican sausage). They are small enough to be an afternoon snack and cheap enough (\$1.50 each) to order a couple for a meal.

Another great option is the supreme quesadilla filled with cabeza (beef cheek). Two tortillas are crisped to perfection and sandwiched between them the cabeza is loose and tender mixed with melted cheese and toppings. For \$6 and change, camarones tostada (shrimp tostada) and a Jarritos lime soda is a light but substantial lunch. Fresh shrimp is stacked on a crispy corn tortilla and adds a pleasant bite to the accompanying lettuce, tomatoes, onions and cilantro.

Be prepared for spice in every option at La Michoacana. In addition to the seasoning and cilantro that accompany each dish, the waiters present four different sauces to diners. Distinguished by color, there is mild, hot, superhot and habanero. Even the mild packs a punch. Compliment any of these meals with a freezing cold glass bottle of Coca-Cola to alleviate the heat.

The food isn't dressed up and the servers won't linger around the table with baskets of tortilla chips, but that's hardly a price to pay for a speedy, well-sized meal with real Mexican flavor that knows no rival in Iowa City. **lv**

PRICE:

1

Golden Eggs
(under \$10)



TASTE:

5/5

CLUCKS

SERVICE

5/5



ATMOSPHERE

3/5



Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City.

Submit Reviews:
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> CONTEST OVERVIEW

Hot Tin Roof is a program to showcase current literary work produced in Iowa City. Each month, a selected piece under 1,000 words is published in *Little Village*, and the author receives a \$100 honorarium.

The series takes its name from a famous play and movie by former Iowa City resident Tennessee Williams, who graduated from the University of Iowa in 1938. He was chosen as the patron saint of this series because his artistic life refused to be confined to work in any one genre. Moreover, it seemed right, given the many acclaimed writers to have lived and worked in Iowa City, to honor one who, at the time, was a relatively obscure undergraduate.

It is a pleasure to invite you to become part of Hot Tin Roof—a sampling of Iowa City's renowned, yet growing, literary tradition.

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December 31, 2013 | June 30, 2014

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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. The published series will draw from entries submitted in the general call (Deadlines Dec. 31, 2013 and June 30, 2014), and from invited submissions directly requested by the editors.

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Response time for all submissions is 2-6 months.

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PUBLISHING DETAILS

On January 1, 2014 all entries will be anonymized and read by a committee of previous Hot Tin Roof honorees alongside Hugh Ferrer (International Writing Program/UNESCO City of Literature Organization), Andre Perry (Englert Theatre/Mission Creek) and Matt Steele (Little Village). Five pieces will be published in monthly installments, February through June. June 30 will bring another deadline, and a new season of honorees to be published August through December.

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Iowa City's Arts & Culture Magazine

INDIA HOUSE

BY ARIEL LEWITON

Vand I flew to New Orleans and checked into India House five months before the hurricane blew through and sunk the first floor under five feet of water. The carved sign above the door read *Laissez les bon temps rouler* and a man by the guestbook claimed to be the King of Swaziland.

He really is, said a girl on the couch with a cat on her lap. *I didn't believe it either at first.* In the late-afternoon sun she and the cat glowed red along their edges. The King shook our hands and faded down a hallway.

V had gotten us a room off a courtyard of dirt and ragged chickens. When we tossed our bags down and sprawled across the mattress her shirt rumbled up and I saw how her skin stretched taut and bluish over her bones. She had always been beautiful but now she looked beautiful and haunted. *Just when did you get so skinny*, I asked her and she shrugged and said *I don't know—I've been sick but I'm good now.*

Good— I wanted to snap one of her long fine wrists just to show her I could.

We rode a streetcar across town and slouched into peeled vinyl booths for oyster po'boys. I'd waited months for bayou cooking but V had become so spectrally thin that eating in her presence seemed profane. We

crumbled the baguettes to pieces. *Aren't you going to eat*, she asked, and I said *What about you.* Beside her I felt soft and excessive. In any case the oysters were hideous, sliming out of their bread and batter.

BACK AT INDIA HOUSE EVERYONE WAS GOING DANCING. V AND I RETREATED TO OUR ROOM TO ASSEMBLE OUTFITS OF STRAPS AND SPARKLE.

Back at India House everyone was going dancing. V and I retreated to our room to assemble outfits of straps and sparkle. Later at the club, we floated through the heat and dark while the King of Swaziland bought us rounds of Miller Genuine Draft. When the strobes flashed across V's face she looked rapturous, as if made of light. An hour later I held her hair back while she vomited foam out the emergency exit into a back alley. I took her home to India House, and she slept there for days.

I spent my time on a picnic bench in the courtyard and scuffed the henpecked dirt. V wouldn't eat so I didn't, either. I smoked cigarettes to stave off hunger pangs. What is a pang

but an ache suffused with longing? I longed for something halfway between making V better and making myself more like her, dissolving as she had into a gaunt and frightful beauty.

One afternoon I went to a voodoo temple and laid down sixty dollars for a priestess to throw bones across a brocaded cloth and read my fortune in them. She touched my hand and said, *Why are girls your age always so tired?* She said in the year of my birth she had witnessed an ice storm in Connecticut that split the trunks of trees to splinters; that I showed a strong Jupiter; that I shouldn't worry so much about the future. I told her I failed to see any connection. She squeezed my hand and said, *You'll be all right; you'll get everything you need.* She said *Sometimes you might think it's the end of the world but it's not.*

V would later tell me what happened: She needed an abortion but didn't want to admit it. So she just drank and partied until she bled it out. That week in New Orleans the leftover tissue was turning toxic inside her but we didn't know it yet because she refused to see a doctor.

I left the voodoo temple and took a streetcar named Cemetery back to India House. I lay down on the bed beside V. She opened her eyes and smiled up at me. *Did you have a good time*, she asked, and I said: *Yes* **IV**

THE ONE ABOUT THE HELICOPTER

In our favorite cabbie's third installment, Dr. Bob's tale of two felons.

BY VIC PASTERNAK



We're nine hours deep in a dead Thursday when I hit the shack for a leak and a smoke. When I come out of the can, #12 is blowing around the yard, pissed off.

"This guy," he whines, "He was drunk and pushy. He was like, 'Turn right, turn left,' having me drive him in a big circle, then refusing to pay."

Rule #5-2-6.C (2): *Intoxicated fares may be wholly uncooperative.*

But the truer truth is that #12 doesn't know where he is most of the time. He hasn't learned to take command and control of his popsize stand.

"Rough night," I tell him, offering a cigarette. "Hey, Dr. Bob: Tell him about the helicopter."

Our resident spiritualist, Dr. Bob, wears his sunglasses for the moon and is stretched on his back across the hood of his cab like Moses reclining on Mount Nebo.

"I met the Greyhound at the bus depot but nobody wanted a ride. After the bus left, I remained there, waiting."

His voice falls silent until #12 and I creep

nearer to the cab. Get close enough to Dr. Bob and he roars like a conch shell.

"Next, these sports hop in back, this Latino dude and his white boy, both freaked out for missing their bus. Turns out, I seen them disembark from said bus and slip around back of the depot. And knowing they'd most likely been using drugs, and this being the reason they were left behind, I hadn't much sympathy.

"The Latino nevertheless fronted me cash so we chased the bus, going east toward Davenport—and by that I mean the city thereof. Right off they insisted I drive faster but I told them getting pulled over wasn't going to help us catch their bus. So the Latino jabbed the back of my seat and white boy said, 'Pedal to the floor or he'll blow a hole in you, bitch. He's got a gun.'

"I wasn't convinced these fools had a gun but I wasn't going to ask for a show. I instead played along, picking up speed and moving erratic in attempt to placate the demands of my carjackers, and to gain the notice of fellow travelers. I blew around trucks and tailgated, flashing high beams and hitting the horn, squeezing onto shoulder whenever.

"Fifteen minutes later, and already blowing through Walcott Junction, we finally passed a westbound state patrol car. I felt a sliver of relief. If the trooper clocked me or had any other indication of my bad driving, they'd be flipping around. I didn't announce the cruiser but reminded the boys that state patrol would stop us sooner or later, and this news fired them into an argument. One or both of them had screwed up real bad and they now blamed each other, naturally. From their bickering I gathered somebody was going to lose a pinkie, or worse.

"I meanwhile kept driving, mile after mile, my sense of anticipation that the cops would swoop down upon us going unmet. In fact, as we came to the Davenport exit I saw no cars to either side of the interstate. Very eerie.

"Then in the rearview I spied a patrol car rushing up behind us. The cruiser posted on my bumper and then we passed a second patrol car and it too pulled out to join the first.

I MEANWHILE KEPT DRIVING, MILE AFTER MILE, MY SENSE OF ANTICIPATION THAT THE COPS WOULD SWOOP DOWN UPON US GOING UNMET. —DR. BOB

Illustration by Josh Carroll

No cherries yet, but I brought my foot off the pedal and told the boys we were getting pinched. If I was going to get shot, I figured this was it. Instead, they reduced to slapping each other silly.

"I saw a third cruiser ahead, its trooper in the median deploying stop-sticks, and now cherries burst in my rearview so I pulled right over. The interstate is quiet with nobody on it and I could hear the cops over the loudspeaker ordering me to exit the taxi. So I got out, hands up, and walking backward per request. This was when I heard the helicopter rounding overhead. The cops hadn't drawn their weapons, but the helicopter was flatterg.

"A trooper stuffed me in his cruiser to run my license and hear my story. Then he got out to conference with his buddies who were searching the cab. After a bit he came back, saying, 'The bus driver didn't like those two and radioed ahead so we searched the bus at Walcott and discovered contraband among the belongings of these gentlemen.' The trooper explained law enforcement would very much appreciate my cooperation in driving said gentlemen to Davenport where they could

ENGLERT THEATRE

DECEMBER 6-8, 2013

be casually reunited with their belongings. Waving my license under my nose, he reminded me I could lose everything right then and there.

"We were close to the depot, eight minutes at posted speeds. The trooper confirmed my riders had no weapons and I had cash enough to cover the fare, plus a tip. But I wasn't sure how my thugs would swallow the catch and release.

"Turns out they were giggly when I returned to the taxi and didn't think it strange that I was allowed to drive out of there. Even seeing the D-port cops parked at every light watching us along the route, the white boy merely said, 'They're really hawking to see if you drive right.'

"When I got to the station, the boys were alarmed their bus wasn't there and I assured them it was right behind us. And it surely was."

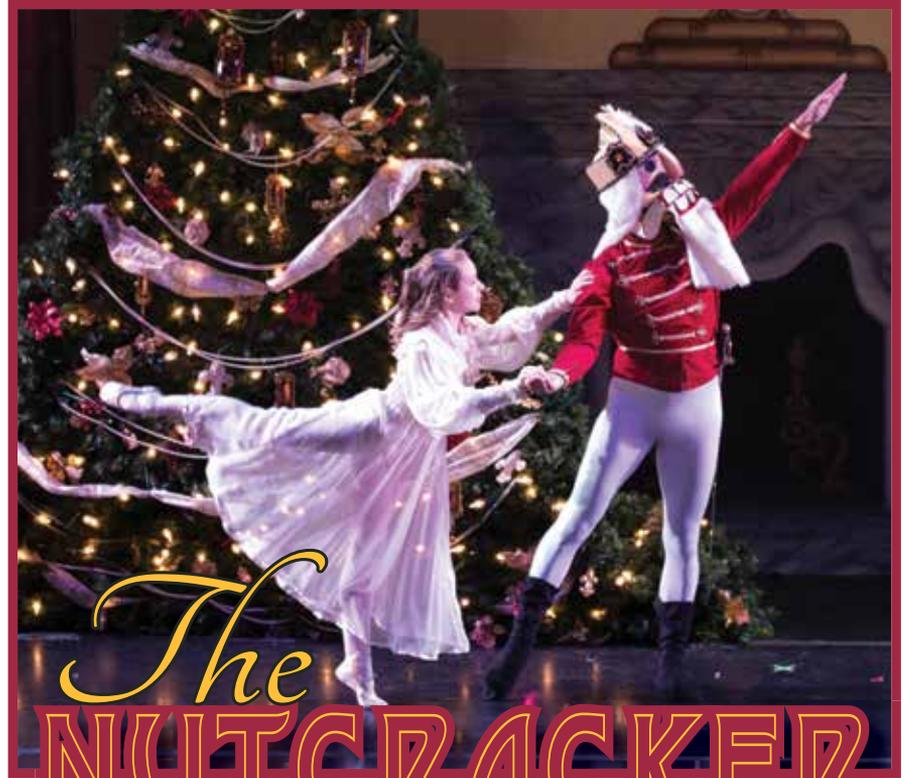
Dr. Bob falls quiet at last, and I blow smoke into the yellow lamps hanging along the garage. A whippoorwill cries in the dark for its mate, flying a loop over our riverfront and the yonder fires of the hobo camp. #12 meanwhile frowns, dissatisfied, still needing to be told what happened next.

I jump at the chance to stick my fork in him.

"Those guys were junkies and who gives a shit? Their story always ends lousy."

Dr. Bob is kinder with his parting comment. "Point is, kid, that I'd been paid already and already I had enough BS on the dime of those clowns. It was time to get back to work." **lv**

Vic Pasternak has been driving a taxi in Illinois City, Ohio, for over a decade, ruining his chances for a solid career and shortening his lifespan. He enjoys fishing, preying, chain-sawing and long walks alone.



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NOV. 22, 1963

For one high school boy, it was an almost perfect day. • BY LARRY BAKER



Fifty years ago, I had never heard of Iowa, much less Iowa City. I was a provincial Texas teenager. But here I am now, a thousand miles north and a half-century older, telling a story about something I first learned in high school: I was going to die.

No matter how rich or powerful I might become, no matter how good looking I would surely become, nor how pretty my future wife or children might be, no matter what, I was going to die. If all this sounds too serious I suppose I should point out that this story is about something more important than death, at least in Texas ... high school football.

I went to Happy Valley High, just outside of Fort Worth. We were the Rebels, 800 boosters of the big Blue and Grey.

This particular Friday we were getting ready for the last pep rally of the season. Our pep rallies were rituals which began as we started to file out of class, cued by a solitary drummer marching down the hall. Danny Poldurd was going to lead us into the gym. Poldurd was the best drummer in the world, at least he was for about three songs.

As soon as we burst through the gym door, the band struck up *Dixie*. Clapping and yelling, we knew this was going to be the best pep rally ever.

I raced up the bleachers to get my favorite seat in the top corner farthest away from the band. It was the spot for all perennial malcontents. I liked it because I could sit next to Walter Dewitt, the first anti-hero I ever knew.

Nothing was sacred to Dewitt. When we were sophomores he gave me and goofy Ralph Moon some Kotex to wave whenever the entire school sang "I wish I was in the land of cotton." Everyone agreed that Moon was mentally retarded, but there was no excuse for me. I got paddled for that and had to apologize to the Dean of Girls, who was kind enough to explain to me certain mysteries of the female sex.

As we got started, Poldurd took his position under the goal post opposite the band. He was also under a gargantuan Rebel flag that was unrolled at the climax of the pep rally. Until then he stood at attention and beat his drum. Even when someone was delivering

ON THIS TRAGIC DAY, ONE TEENAGER LEARNED HE WOULD ONE DAY DIE. | Artwork by Jacob Yeates

a speech he would still be lightly rat-tatting away. Dewitt said Poldurd did it to keep himself awake.

With a special drum roll, Poldurd gave the band its cue to start the school fight song and everyone stood up. Through the doors the cheerleaders charged in doing cartwheels and waving their pom-poms. Even today, whenever someone mentions the Shaker sect, I immediately think of a school for cheerleaders.

The head cheerleader was Marilyn French, the most beautiful girl in the school. Always implicit in Marilyn's cheering was the veiled promise of sexual delight. Arms raised, breasts heaving, bare legs kicking and splitting. Marilyn, as every erect male in the bleachers knew, would rip off her clothes if only our volume would rise to the occasion.

After a few cheers to loosen everyone up and get the blood circulating we were ready for the

grand entrance of the Happy Valley Dixie Belles, 69 sparkling nymphets posing as a precision drill team. This was my favorite part of the pep rally. As the band played *Swanee*, the Belles strutted in with arms akimbo and eyes shining. I loved them because they were the only girls in school allowed to wear really short-short skirts. With white gloves, white cowboy hats and boots, a silver sequined form fitting top and red underwear barely covered by the most micro of blue skirts, the Belles were the first inspiration I ever had for group sex. Just the thought of all those perfect legs. As they marched in Dewitt would yell "The Divine Sixty Nine" and the principal would write something in a little notebook he always carried.

Pep rallies were thus important because they were the only time we were allowed to openly stare at unwrapped female flesh. Even if it was only half unwrapped, it was enough. We followed every undulation of a hip or twitch of a perfect round rump. Always about halfway through each pep rally Dewitt would grope around like he was blind, claiming that his eyes were burned out by gazing directly at the thighs of Marilyn French.

The pride of the South properly stirred, it was time for the entrance of the real stars—the football team. The band struck up the theme from *Spartacus*, the plebian mob stomped and yelled and the gladiators marched in.

After the team was seated in its special section in the bleachers, the main events of the pep rally could begin. But then the unexpected happened. Into the gym right on the hardwood basketball court raced a real live horse. A real horse! As Dewitt was quick to point out, there was an unwritten rule that the only animals allowed in school had to wear a uniform. This horse was named Bugle. On his back was 6-foot, 9-inch, 145-pound George Key carrying a rifle. Bugle, spurred on by Key, began chasing Marilyn French.

Key and Bugle had also surprised the principal. Not having expected a live horse, he didn't at first react to all those hoof prints that were being pressed into the gym floor. Then Jerry Cook came running out with a snow shovel and broom, acting like he was looking for horse turds. Bugle obliged. Dewitt, my first atheist acquaintance, rolled his eyes and said something about an act of god.

Dewitt punched me in the ribs just in time to hear the final speech, the one by head coach Theodore Grimsby: If George S. Patton and Woodrow Wilson ever had a baby it would have been T. Grimsby.

As Grimsby droned, Dewitt nudged me and pointed to Marilyn French. I turned to salt. Every time she bounced around her skirt flew up to reveal that her underwear had slowly crept up to expose almost two inches of genuine cheek. The firm edges of her buttocks flashed in and out of sight with maddening regularity and the lower half of my stomach began to ache.

It was time for the climax of the pep rally, the unveiling of the mammoth Confederate flag directly over Poldurd. As it came down, the South rose again.

Our adrenaline was pumping when Dewitt began yelling for a snake dance.

It was the perfect suggestion. We jumped all over ourselves to get out of the bleachers down to the floor.

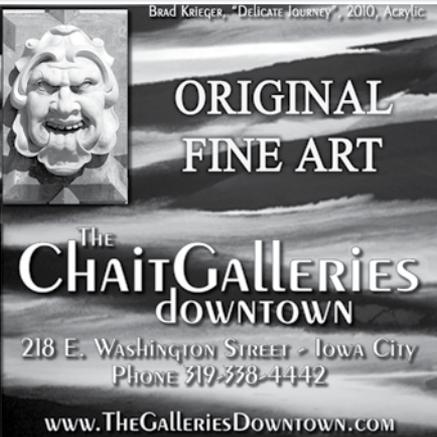
I knew that one of the reasons Dewitt called

Nov. 22, 1963 >> CONT. ON P. 25

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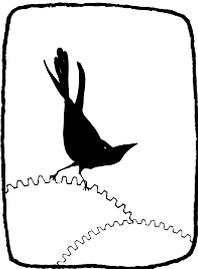
BRAD KRIEGER, "DELICATE JOURNEY", 2010, Acrylic

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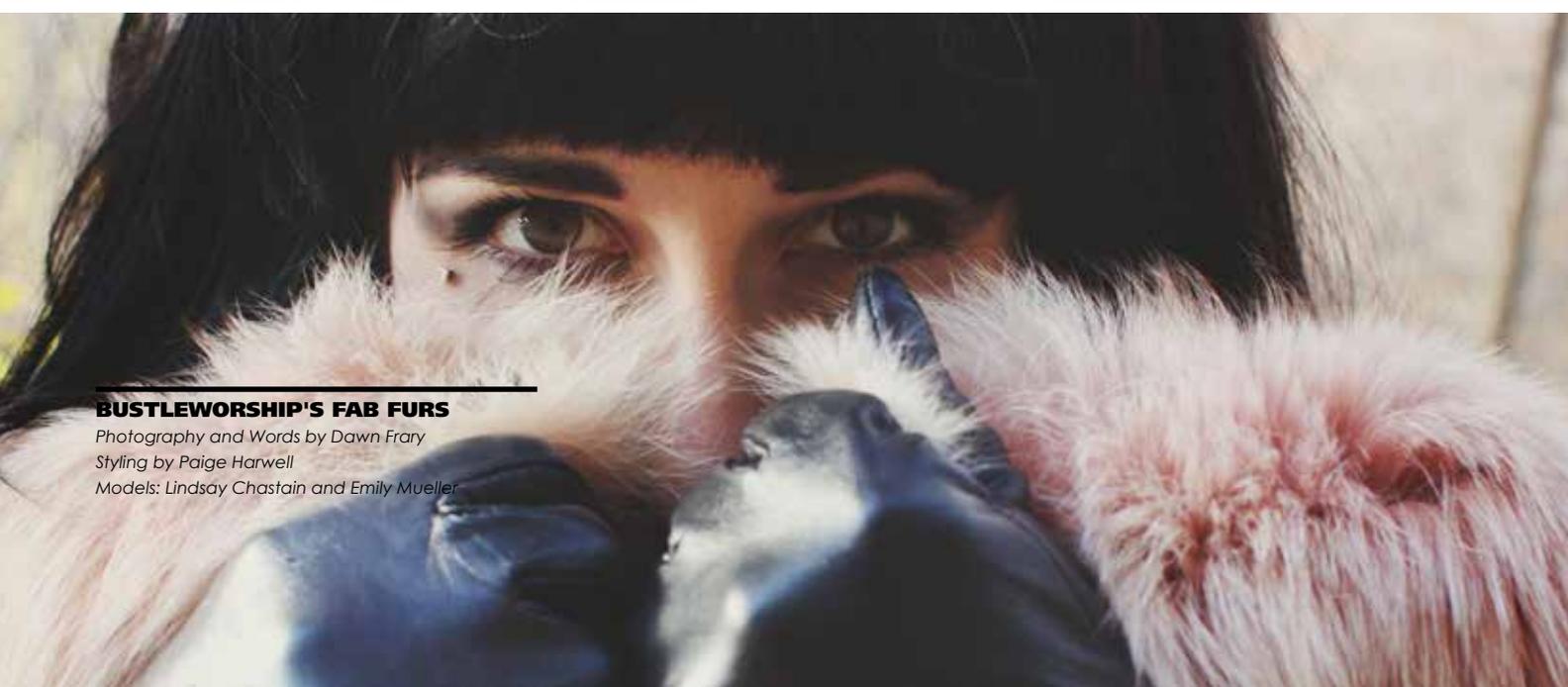


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BUSTLEWORSHIP'S FAB FURS

Photography and Words by Dawn Fray

Styling by Paige Harwell

Models: Lindsay Chastain and Emily Mueller



"Playing dress-up should be an everyday occurrence," says Jensina Endresen, Iowa City's queen of vintage furs and proprietress of BUSTLEWORSHIP.

Born in 2012, BUSTLEWORSHIP's mission is to breathe new life into closets everywhere through the re-use and re-design of vintage materials. "I have a deep commitment to artisanal restoration and reuse," says Endresen. "And I love creating new-age fashion relics using vintage and repurposed furs, fabric, feathers, leather and metal materials."

Central to BUSTLEWORSHIP are its fur stoles, wraps and collars. Endresen sources her furs—all of which pre-date the 1980s—from thrift stores, flea markets and internet searches. Each piece is then carefully restored, repaired and relined by hand using a mixture of new and old fabrics and fine silk scarves.

In addition to furs, BUSTLEWORSHIP also offers bowties, necklaces, hair accessories and cuffs all handcrafted from scrap leather and suede rescued from an unworthy demise in a landfill.

"Pulling inspiration out of everything from bohème and Biba, to 1950s girl gangs and cartoon lady-villains, I aim to combine the high-fashion imagery of bygone eras with a contemporary consciousness and street-style ethos," Endresen says.

Catch BUSTLEWORSHIP at the Renegade Craft Fair Winter Market in Chicago (Dec. 7-8), at Iowa City's annual indie craft-acular What a Load of Craft (Dec. 14) and at bustleworshipdesigns.com. **lv**

Frary is an Iowa City photographer whose life revolves around cats, cameras and coffee. She will never pass up the opportunity to spend a day in the woods, especially if that day involves awesome people and skulls. Visit her at dawnfrary.com.

POPULATION SAMPLING

Do viewers judge entire groups based on reality TV representations?
BY MELISSA ZIMDARS



MTV recently debuted its newest controversial reality show: *Scrubbing In*. The show follows the lives of a group of traveling nurses in Orange County as they learn the ropes of a new hospital, party hard on booze cruises and "get up in each other's grills." Not only do these breast-enhanced and hard-muscled nurses look more like they belong on the

CRITICISM AND DEBATE OVER THE APPROPRIATENESS OR VERACITY OF REALITY TELEVISION PROGRAMS ARE NOTHING NEW, BUT SCRUTINY SEEMS TO HAVE BECOME MORE COMMON DUE TO AN INCREASING NUMBER OF OFF-THE-WALL CONCEPTS FOCUSING ON SPECIFIC GROUPS OF PEOPLE.

beaches of Seaside Heights than in a hospital, but one, Tyrice, doesn't even know how to start an IV. The drama, drinking and questionable medical knowledge not only raised concerns about *Scrubbing In's* representational accuracy of the nursing profession, but also inspired calls for nurses to boycott the show entirely.

Criticism and debate over the appropriateness or veracity of reality television programs

IN THE SKEWED 'REALITY' OF TV, VIEWERS MUST DELINEATE FACT FROM FICTION. | Photo by Rachel Jessen

are nothing new, but scrutiny seems to have become more common due to an increasing number of off-the-wall concepts focusing on specific groups of people. For example, when MTV's *Jersey Shore* debuted in 2009, groups such as the National Italian American Federation condemned the show for its portrayal of Italian-American stereotypes and use of the ethnically problematic words "guido" and "guidette." Backlash against the show became so mainstream that even Domino's Pizza (you know, the essence of Italian-Americaness) pulled its advertisements.

Both Bravo's *Shahs of Sunset* and *Princesses: Long Island* were met with similar dissension. *Shahs of Sunset* features a group of Iranian-American friends who must balance the demands of their traditional families with their more modern, hard-partying L.A. lifestyles. Accusations of stereotyping and racism abounded, and Persian groups called for alternative television representations of what Iranian-Americans are really like. *Princesses: Long Island* also portrays a group of friends, but

S M A L L S C R E E N



Weirdest Reality TV Concepts

Married By America

FOX, 2003

Ten strangers are paired by America's votes and then compete to become the best couple.

Playing It Straight

FOX, 2004

A woman living on a secluded ranch must determine which of her suitors are gay and which are straight.

Shattered

Channel 4, 2004

Participants see who can go the longest without sleeping.

Who's Your Daddy?

FOX, 2005

A woman must guess the identity of her estranged father out of 25 contenders.

Farmer Wants Wife

Channel 9, 2008

Ten women drive tractors and bake pies in order to win over one lucky farmer's heart.

Sunset Daze

WE, 2010 - present

A series about life at an Arizona retirement community (also known as "The Geriatric Jersey Shore").

Whisker Wars

IFC, 2011 - present

A show about competitive facial hair growing.

Vanilla Ice Goes Amish

DIY Network, 2013 - present

The title explains it all.

this time the subjects are single, self-described "Jewish American Princesses" still living with their parents by day while consuming mass amounts of alcohol by night. Critics charged the show with not only promoting Jewish stereotypes in regard to marriage and family, but also anti-semitism because of *Princesses'* emphasis on money and materiality. Both programs inspired Change.org petitions for cancellation, Facebook pages encouraging public boycotts and, in the case of *Princesses*, an actual protest in Freeport, N.Y.

But let's be clear: None of these programs are representative of entire groups of people any more than the crazy kids of *Buckwild* represent the entire state of West Virginia, or the teens on *Breaking Amish* represent all Amish

WHILE IT'S WORTH STRIVING FOR DIVERSE OR "POSITIVE" REPRESENTATIONS, OR CRITICALLY ENGAGING WITH REPRESENTATIONS BELIEVED TO BE HARMFUL OR HATEFUL, THE ABILITY TO EVER "ACCURATELY" REPRESENT ANY GROUP OF PEOPLE IS UNATTAINABLE.

or Mennonites. However, representations of upper-middle class, Christian, white identities have historically dominated television programming, so any depictions of cultural, racial, ethnic or religious minorities (and, I guess, nurses?) carry the unfortunate burden of standing in for large heterogenous groups.

There are inherent problems with and various reactions to every kind of representation, whether these reality shows or scripted sitcoms. Representations of African Americans throughout television's history demonstrate the problems that arise in any kind of representation. The series *Julia* (1968-1971) responded to criticism of earlier problematic racial representations, such as those found on *Amos 'n' Andy* (1951-1953), by creating a seemingly colorblind world in which everyone is equal and happy. However, this "positive" representation of an African American woman lead to accusations of assimilationism and detachment from continued civil rights struggles and racism in the U.S. Later in the '70s, sitcoms worked to be more socially and politically relevant—i.e. "realistic"—such as *Good Times* (1974-1979), but were criticized for relying on stereotypes and being segregationist. This cycle demonstrates that universal happiness with the way large groups of people are visually depicted is not really possible.

So, while it's worth striving for diverse or "positive" representations, or critically engaging with representations believed to be harmful or hateful, the ability to ever "accurately" represent any group of people is unattainable.

Plus, most of these programs aren't as simplistic as their backlashes suggest. For example, while *Princesses: Long Island* does emphasize marriage as an important aspect of a young Jewish woman's life, it also demonstrates in numerous instances a critique of that very idea. When Chanel cries to Casey about feeling weird and judged for being 27 and unmarried, Casey responds with "So what?" and tries to convince her that her single status is not only acceptable, but that it may be a good thing. In another episode, Amanda's Mom tells her specifically not to get married, and states, "Do I look like I want to be called Grandma?" Both *Shahs of Sunset* and *Jersey Shore* also have redeeming qualities and push other boundaries despite their representational pitfalls, although it might take an entire column to make a convincing argument.

So, here's a little pushback against these repeated representational backlashes. A backlash against the backlash, if you will. A lot of this controversy and anxiety stems from the fear that viewers may uncritically generalize what they see on TV to large groups of people or given professions, but it's worth giving viewers a little more credit. Media scholar Susan Douglas argues that part of what viewers like about these reality shows is the feeling of superiority they give to those watching: Viewers know they aren't being duped by these representations, and they aren't generalizing entire groups of people based on these depictions. But, it is believed that other "less sophisticated" viewers may be doing so (when, really, those other viewers are thinking the same thing!). And if some viewers do *truly* believe what they see on *Shahs of Sunset* or *Scrubbing In* to be accurate representations of all Iranian-Americans or traveling nurses, then that is a problem television alone can't fix. **lv**

Melissa Zimdars would be more concerned that all of these shows depict Americans as extreme binge drinkers, but growing up in Wisconsin convinces her of their representational accuracy.

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ASPIRE TO BE PROFITABLE

The Scion Group had a history of upselling university housing administrators. Aspire at West Campus turned out to be no exception. **BY BRIAN PRUGH**



With architecture, there's always a story. And that story usually has something to do with money.

The story about Aspire at West Campus begins with Hawkeye Court and Hawkeye Drive, which bill themselves as “an affordable alternative to residence hall life.” Their affordability has meant that they are home to large numbers of graduate students (many of them international students) and families. But, they were originally built in 1968 and are in need of renovation to stay open.

Dr. Tom Rocklin, Vice President of Student Life at the university, told me last year that when he began to consider plans for repairing or replacing the apartments, he hoped to be able to provide new or renovated apartments that would rent for about the same amount as current housing. Replacing affordable housing

AS NEW HOUSING GOES UP, SO DOES THE RENT. | Photo by Rachel Jessen

for graduate students with more affordable housing seemed like it was, at least initially, a priority to the administration.

The university administration started working with the Scion Group—a consulting firm with an agenda—on this project as early as 2009 in order to help them form a plan for renovating or replacing Hawkeye Court and Hawkeye Drive. The Scion Group made two moves that led directly to the replacement of at-cost public university housing with a private, for-profit, development that describes itself as “an exclusive community designed to meet the lifestyle needs of today’s student.” First, they provided the administration with a report indicating that renovation was next

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2BR at Hawkeye Drive	\$625	\$950 - \$1100



On Any Sunday by John Philip Abbott
THROUGH DEC. 8. | CAFE AT PRAIRIE LIGHTS
Abbott's sensitive meditations on text and process make for really sharp little paintings. The formal play between word, negative space and textual layers is light and easy, with a delightful clarity as the end result.



Diatomite—Out of Sight ... and Other Things by Amber O'Harrow
NOV. 22 (RECEPTION 5-8 P.M.) THROUGH JAN. 5. | McNUTT GALLERY

Amber O'Harrow's quirky use of materials seems to have taken a step forward in the necklace pictured in the publicity photo, which seems to combine lacy metalwork with, is that possible, pomegranate seeds? I'm curious to see what's what.

Exuberant Politics Film Screening: God's Special Envoys
DEC. 3, 8 P.M. | 151 PAPPACHOHN BUSINESS BUILDING

The final film screening this semester as part of Exuberant Politics, God's Special Envoys presents animated responses to war that approach the subject in new and engaging ways.

to impossible: Dr. Von Stange, Assistant Vice President of Student Life, summarized the findings in a meeting with me on March 5, 2013 as indicating that students would not accept the higher rents necessary to cover the cost of renovating the apartments for the (admittedly) spartan units. Second, their research indicated that students were willing to pay “a little bit more” for apartments with better amenities.

The research that revealed student housing desires took the form of focus groups, one of which my neighbors attended. In his words, “They kept asking me whether I was willing to pay a little bit more for all of these amenities, and I kept asking, *How much is a little bit?* And they wouldn’t give me an answer.” Indeed, the answer to that question was very difficult to extract from anyone involved in this project.

During the lead-up to the approval of the contract, my neighbors and I asked, again and again, how much the new apartments would rent for—and we never got an answer. The response was always, “They’ll be market-rate.” The truth is: The university didn’t know.

Dr. Rocklin presented the contract for final approval at the March 13, 2013 Board of Regents meeting without knowing how much the apartments were going to cost. I spoke at that meeting and pointed out, very clearly, that the university did not know how much the apartments were going to rent for. And yet the Board of Regents approved the measure (eight to none, with one abstention) without knowing how much the apartments were going to cost. After researching “market-rates” in Iowa City, I estimated them at \$650 a month for a one-bedroom apartment. Dr. Rocklin, when asked by a regent at the meeting, estimated them at \$750. These generous estimates were still too low.

A few weeks ago, to the complete shock of residents in university housing, rental rates for the new apartments, Aspire at West Campus, were finally released and they were far from affordable—coming in at nearly *double* the current rates: \$875 per month for a one bedroom apartment or between \$950 and \$1100 for a two bedroom. That’s quite a hike from the \$435 residents have been paying for a one bedroom in 2012-3 (\$480 for a two bedroom). And since I know the price of a one-bedroom rental, it seems clear that the reason that no one would answer my neighbor’s question—how much is *a little bit more?*—is that the answer is, roughly, double. Double the increase for a renovated apartment and double the current rent.

The Scion Group specializes in a particular kind of campus consulting: the upsell. A quick

Léa Seydoux Adèle Exarchopoulos

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a film by Abdellatif Kechiche

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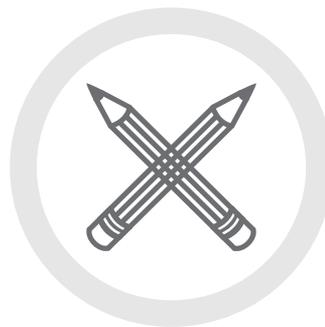
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survey of the consulting firm's self-published track record on their website gives a sense of their priorities: In projects for Columbia College, DePaul University and Roosevelt University in Chicago, their track record states that they "introduce[ed] unit types and pricing far beyond what had existed in the market"; at Illinois Institute of Technology, they "market[ed] a product priced 40 percent higher than other on-campus housing"; and their project at Rutgers was "among the most expensive on-campus option." To this impressive track record, they will now be able to add that at the University of Iowa, their consultation ended up producing a project priced 100 percent above rental rates during the year in which the project was approved.

And while I have no doubt that this is good for public/private business partnerships—it makes the potential return of Balfour Beatty Campus Solutions, the company that secured the contract to build and manage the apartments, significantly higher than it might have been had a more modest and affordable plan been approved—the net result is the displacement of a community. It is a transient community, to be sure, but families that made ends meet by trading babysitting duties, and students who gain a sense of solidarity by being surrounded by other students and student-families in similar economic circumstances will now be dispersed throughout the city, unable to afford a place in this new, "exclusive" community. **lv**

Brian Prugh is a resident of Hawkeye Court and an MFA candidate in painting. He writes art criticism for Little Village and is the co-founder of the Iowa City Arts Review. More information on the housing development at Hawkeye Court can be found on his website at brianprugh.com/housing-project/.



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THE PRICE IS RIGHT

Can a few cables and a laptop stand in for an expensive gaming system?
BY MICHAEL GALLAGHER



For many consumers, this holiday season will mean making a difficult decision about what video game console to purchase. There's the recently released PlayStation 4 and the Xbox One (coming out Nov. 22), as well as Nintendo's Wii U. Some consumers might also choose to wait for the forthcoming Steam Machine. All of these options carry hefty promises of not only offering improved gaming, but also providing an "all-in-one" entertainment system with video streaming, audio playing and social media features. But before figuring out what console to buy, it's important to determine if purchasing a new system is actually necessary. One often-overlooked alternative for laptop owners is using a portable computer as a living room entertainment system.

Laptops have become nearly ubiquitous in American households. In fact, Deloitte's 2012 "State of the Media Democracy" survey indicates that over 80 percent of American consumers between the ages of 14 and 46 own a laptop. With a few small, low-cost additions, many modern laptops are capable of serving the same purpose of a video game console for all but the most hardcore of gamers.

TV TRANSFORMED

To begin with, a living room entertainment system needs to connect to the television. This is both easy and inexpensive with laptops. The key is determining the television's input capabilities and the laptop's output capabilities. Newer televisions have high-definition multimedia interface (HDMI) inputs. Connecting

via HDMI not only provides the highest quality image, but it also plays the laptop's audio through the television with no additional cables. Many new PC laptops include an HDMI port, making it easy to connect to a HD television with just an HDMI cable.

Some new Mac laptops also have an HDMI port. The ones that don't often have a Mini DisplayPort, which can also be used to connect to HD televisions through an adaptor (costing as little as \$5). Older laptops and/or older televisions usually require digital visual interface (DVI), video graphics array (VGA) or S-Video connections. These options don't transfer audio, and need to be paired with an audio cable.

GET COMFORTABLE

Next, it's important to be able to control the laptop from a distance, such as from a favorite couch. This requires a wireless mouse and keyboard as well as a lap desk (around \$15) that they can rest on. Gamers partial to controllers can also purchase wired or wireless controllers (ranging from \$20-\$60) for their laptops. Wireless mouse and keyboard combos have a large price range, but the most basic models cost only \$15.

A final optional—but recommended—piece of equipment is a laptop cooler. These go underneath laptops and use fans to keep the computer from overheating. They're particularly useful for gaming on laptops, since games

DOUBLE TAKE: LAPTOPS ALSO FUNCTION AS ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEMS.

Photo by Rachel Jensen

use a lot of the computer's processing power. Most laptop coolers cost \$20-\$40.

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

Of course, connecting a laptop to a television and controlling it from a distance is of little consequence if the laptop can't provide similar gaming and entertainment options to a video game console. Most games available for video game consoles are also made for computers, and some games are exclusive to computers. Depending on the laptop's components, some can run the vast majority of games, while others are limited to the smaller titles. Most distributors of computer games list recommended requirements for each game, making it easy to determine whether or not a computer can run it properly.

Due to the recent indie game boom, there are now numerous high quality games that use much less processing power than most mainstream releases. Consequently, there are lots of options even for laptops with limited gaming capabilities. Additionally, computer games often cost a fraction of the price of console games due to more frequent and larger price cuts. Computer game download services, most notably Steam, will frequently reduce the cost of

WITH A FEW SMALL, LOW-COST ADDITIONS, MANY MODERN LAPTOPS ARE CAPABLE OF SERVING THE SAME PURPOSE OF A VIDEO GAME CONSOLE FOR ALL BUT THE MOST HARDCORE OF GAMERS.

even their most popular games by 50 percent or more for limited amounts of time. And, while Windows offers the widest range of game titles, there are an increasing amount of games built for both Mac and Linux operating systems.

As for non-gaming entertainment, laptops have more to offer than video game consoles. While new consoles are aiming for more and better entertainment applications than ever before, they still pale in comparison to laptops which offer anything accessible through the internet, and anything that's already on the computer. Additionally, many of the applications available through video game consoles (notably, Netflix) are much easier to navigate on a computer. One advantage video game consoles have over laptops in terms of non-gaming entertainment is that the video applications are optimized for a television display, and in certain cases provide a superior image over a connected laptop.

As noted, using a laptop as an entertainment system isn't for everyone. Its viability largely depends on the users needs and their laptop's capabilities; however, it's \$50-\$100 option for many laptop owners, and one that deserves consideration before shelling out \$500 for a new video game console. **lv**

Michael Gallagher is a 25-year-old communications professional at Iowa State University and a freelance writer. He graduated from Grinnell College in 2010 and received a Master's degree in journalism from the University of Iowa in 2013. Michael has written articles for a variety of publications

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>>Nov. 22, 1963 CONT. FROM P. 15

for a snake dance was that it was the best way in the world to get a cheap feel off a girl. Put your hands on her waist and then let them slide up or down in the confusion and excitement. Dewitt was a master. So I couldn't believe my luck when the end of the line was in front of me and I was zeroing in on the waist of Marilyn French. I knew that under that short skirt were a pair of semi-exposed buns. My hands took control of my body and led me to paradise.

Never looking back, I marched out of the gym with the rest. The music was bouncing off the walls and we were singing and weaving through the halls of Happy Valley. It was perfect.

Just past the textbook storage room I dropped out of line. Alone, I began to walk slowly down the hall touching things. I was 16 years old and in love with a building a place. I knew this was the best and brightest of all possible worlds and I belonged to it. The pep rally had been the best ever and the game that night would end a perfect day.

It was Nov. 22, 1963, and we never played that game. Instead we all stayed home to watch television.

I teach in college now. Dewitt always told me I would never get out of the classroom. I have been telling this story for several years. My students had not even been born when I was 16, so a discussion of my experience has become simply a discussion of history.

Still, I do not believe that any single moment accounts for how you feel or is the only reason for an outlook on life. All the moments add up. Me and Dewitt, all of us, went through a long process of education that began in a single moment. Poldurd went to Vietnam. His name is on a wall now. Others, like Jerry Cook and me, went to college. I don't know what happened to Dewitt.

I would like to see him again, to see what he believes in now, but it probably won't happen. As for myself, I do know that I no longer believe in superlatives, nor in absolutes. I have been told that *that* is the beginning of wisdom, but I am not so sure. **lv**

Larry Baker is an Iowa City writer. He shook hands with John Kennedy on the morning of Nov. 22, 1963, and then went back to high school for a pep rally.

THE GREAT COMMUNICATORS

Behind the scenes, stage managers perfect each performance.
BY JORIE SLODKI



When a theatrical performance is done well, it appears effortless from the perspective of the audience. The actors' voices carry at the right volume, scenery changes swiftly and the lighting and sound effects occur at just the right moment to highlight the action. Popular culture celebrates the visionary director who creates stirring works of dramatic art, but from opening night onward there is one person who is central to making sure that this art happens without a hitch: the stage manager.

The stage manager is the member of a play's production team who is responsible for coordinating actors, scenery, costumes, lighting, sound and props so that the play remains consistent during every performance. Though concerned with material matters, Rachel Potthoff, the stage manager for Theatre Cedar Rapids' production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, explains that it is for a higher purpose. "A stage manager is responsible for maintaining the artistic vision of the directing team," said Potthoff. "They make sure everything stays true to the script, that the actors have the best show possible every night—and that the audience enjoys it as well."

When asked about their roles, local stage managers turned to metaphors. Adeara

Jean Maurice, who has stage managed for City Circle Acting Company and Riverside Theatre, calls stage managers "the secretaries of the theatre," taking notes to keep track of the needs of the show. David McGraw, the head of stage management for University of Iowa's Theatre Arts Department, said, "A stage manager is an air traffic controller, only we coordinate artists instead of aircraft."

Stage managers are a relatively recent development in theatre history. Before the 18th century, actors in a company would fulfill any backstage role they could, including directing and managing production needs. As theatre technology became increasingly complex, theatre companies gradually developed jobs dedicated to offstage production needs. Originally, one person would serve as both director and stage manager. Today, a director is responsible for developing the concepts for how the play should look and feel. The stage manager then takes responsibility for the production after opening night.

A stage manager might begin working in the very early planning stages, running production meetings and auditions. "They are in control of making sure everything goes smoothly and there is clear and effective communication," explained Maurice. "They often

STAGE MANAGER KATIE BURNETT CHECKS COMMUNICATION FEEDS.

Photo by Rachel Jessen

get emailed by designers questions for the director, communicate with the director, then relay back to the designers." Once rehearsals begin, the stage manager takes notes about new or altered needs for costumes, props and sets. They write down blocking, which are notes describing the movements made on stage by the actors. In shows with actors that belong to Actors Equity, the union for stage actors, the stage manager makes sure that the director adheres to union requirements for break times and rehearsal lengths.

But not all stage managers are involved in the early stages of a production. When Potthoff works for Theatre Cedar Rapids, she begins working once the production moves into tech rehearsals. This is the time when rehearsals move into the final performance space and the director incorporates the technological elements of the play, such as scene changes and lighting. By this point, the stage manager has a "cue script," which details every moment of change in the show—from numbers assigned to every scene change, to light and sound effects, to all other details

that require the coordination of the backstage crew and technology operators. The script is so clear and detailed that Potthoff joked, "If I get hit by a bus, someone should be able to step in and follow the cue script without any problems."

"A STAGE MANAGER IS AN AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER, ONLY WE COORDINATE ARTISTS INSTEAD OF AIRCRAFT."

-DAVID MCGRAW, HEAD OF STAGE MANAGEMENT, UI THEATRE ARTS

The stage manager coordinates the changes detailed on the cue script by informing each crewmember responsible to stand by, then announcing "Cue [number] GO!" The stage manager and crew practice each cue during rehearsal and continue their work through the run of the show. For many productions, the stage manager "calls cues" through a headset from an enclosed lighting booth in the back of the theatre. Potthoff has worked on

productions requiring more unique approaches to calling cues. When she stage managed for a play in which the light and sound boards were open and close to the audience, she and the board operators communicated visually through hand signals so as not to disrupt the play with their voices.

After each performance, the stage manager often sends an email to the cast and crew with a list of notes from each crew, such as missed lines and late cues. Through these notes, a stage manager ensures that the cast and crew avoid sloppiness in their work. "We are never satisfied," McGraw said, "On the 100th performance, I am still finding ways of improving the show and keeping it as fresh as opening night."

Stage management is a relatively new field of study for college theatre majors. UI offers classes in stage management and an MFA program in stage management—one of the older programs of its kind in the country. In order to effectively communicate with all production members, McGraw thinks that stage managers should have a "very broad theatrical background"—the university program includes classes in design fields, stage technology,

acting, directing, management theory and theatre history.

Potthoff explains that communication is important not only for calling cues, but also for being approachable to all cast and crew. "You want everyone to have a pleasant experience," she said. "Most of my productions are on a volunteer basis. People are doing it out of a labor of love, and you want them to come back." A stage manager also needs to be flexible to cope with the unexpected events and motivate a variety of people to work hard. As McGraw describes it, "On any given show, I might need to be the confidant, the cheerleader, the diplomat, the authority figure, the drill sergeant and even the clown." The audience does not see the massive coordinated effort involved in making the show run smoothly, but for stage managers this is a sign that they have done everything right. **lv**

Jorie Slodki earned her MA in theatre research from University of Wisconsin, Madison, and has past experience in acting, directing and playwriting.



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MORE BLOOD ON PROM NIGHT

Girls rule in Kimberly Peirce's contemporary *Carrie*.
BY WARREN SPROUSE



Even with the internet on your side, bullying a witch in high school probably still ends up with you dying in a fiery crash in your boyfriend's car.

The crash is fierier now, the car and the boyfriend slightly faster and you get to text your dad for help before it happens; otherwise, everything is much like it was in 1976, when Brian De Palma's adaptation of Stephen King's *Carrie* first hit the screen. In fact, Kimberly Peirce's recent update to this horror classic leaves much of the original intact, while making a few key additions to the story, upgrading the role of the mother Margaret White (played by Julianne Moore) substantially and—you guessed it—adding even more blood.

I have always felt that *Carrie* is not so much a horror story with high school as a backdrop, as much as it is a high school psychodrama where Carrie White's telekinesis is merely an additional tool to ratchet up the tension. De

THE MODERN-DAY CARRIE LOOKS TEEN ANGST RIGHT IN THE FACE.

Photo by Rachel Jessen

Palma's 1976 film understands this well: The long, atmospheric shots on seemingly unimportant details add texture (in one scene, the opening credits of a James Garner Western play as popular mean-girl Sue does her homework in the den while trying to convince her dim-witted boyfriend to ask the shy, picked-on Carrie to the senior prom); the measured rise to the bloody prom night escapades builds suspense in a way that is tense but still believable and organic.

Remakes of modern classics must be somewhat nerve-wracking for directors, not only because they are always measured against the original, but because in addition to being good, their film must also provide some putative answer to the question, "Why do this remake



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12 Years a Slave

SYCAMORE CINEMA

Directed by Steve McQueen

Before citizens of Toronto were busy gawking at their crack-smoking mayor, they were awarding Steve McQueen's *12 Years a Slave* top honors at the Toronto International Film Festival. McQueen's is the second adaptation of Solomon Northup's diary of his experiences as a free black man in antebellum New York who was captured and sold into slavery. The film stars Chiwetel Ejiofor and Michael Fassbender.



The Hunger Games: Catching Fire

NATIONWIDE NOV. 22

Francis Lawrence

If you somehow still think that sports remain divorced from politics, don't watch the latest installment of the *Hunger Games* franchise, *Catching Fire*. While Katniss Everdeen may not be as controversial as Barry Bonds, her success in the games is causing trouble with the powers that be in the Capitol.

now?” In the remake of *Carrie*, the role of social media in altering traditional high school social dynamics is certainly part of the reason, as are questions about whether alienation and victimhood have changed much for teenagers since 1976. More interesting, though, may be the opportunity that Peirce’s film gives us to see how a prominent female director handles differently a story that is almost exclusively about girls.

De Palma has never had many feminists among his fan base, and his shortcomings are revealed in the way he deals in objectified images, even of his strongest female leads. In his adaptation of *Carrie*, he opens with extensive camera time to the largely nude scenes inside the girls’ locker room after gym class—nubile young bodies sprawling before the lens in somewhat inexplicable slow motion.

So how does a more feminine *Carrie* handle this? Peirce’s hand is perhaps heaviest in altering this opening sequence, upon which most of the following action is contingent and the signal example of what an outcast Carrie

REMAKES OF MODERN CLASSICS MUST BE SOMEWHAT NERVE-WRACKING FOR DIRECTORS, NOT ONLY BECAUSE THEY ARE ALWAYS MEASURED AGAINST THE ORIGINAL, BUT BECAUSE IN ADDITION TO BEING GOOD, THEIR FILM MUST ALSO PROVIDE SOME PUTATIVE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, “WHY DO THIS REMAKE NOW?”

(played by Chloë Grace Moretz in the remake) really is. Peirce opens the film not at school at all, but in Margaret White’s bedroom at the moment of Carrie’s birth, when her mother makes the fairly momentous decision not to murder her only child as repentance for the sin of her conception. This is our first indication that Moore’s Margaret White is going to play a much more believable and sympathetic role in the remake than in the original. Later, Peirce also tightens up the locker room scene quite a bit and makes it substantially less gratuitous: Carrie gets her first period in the gym shower, is horrified by the blood (since she hasn’t been prepared for the event by her uptight mother) and all the girls mock her and throw tampons until she is rescued by the sympathetic gym teacher (Judy Greer).

Carrie has always been a movie where girls run the show, manipulating boyfriends, fathers and school administrators to get what they



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want. Male characters in both versions are few and are largely superfluous to anything the film is trying to do, other than to demonstrate how easily boys can be manipulated by their female consorts to help carry out the pranks and deceptions that eventually lead to the film's climactic violence.

A world made by men, though, is still present and seems pretty comfortable to both directors. The theme of school as a bulwark against anarchy is certainly present in both films: These are places where the social order is created and ones in which magical, telekinetic powers must be kept under wraps—this is not Hogwarts after all; crazy religious parents (especially mothers) cannot be trusted to raise their own kids—they need the calm, grey-toned influence of state institutions to tell them what's best for their children (as an update, Peirce even takes a hilarious cheap shot at homeschooling). We think of today's high-schoolers as more assertively individual, something disappointingly unaddressed in the remake. Though Peirce's Carrie does not outright say, "I wanna be normal," as Sissy Spacek did in the original, she most certainly still wants

to fit in. There is still very little sense that the central character sees her special powers as very liberating, at least not consistently so.

Substantial experience informs me that in actual high school fights security guards are generally warier of girl fights than boy fights, mostly because girls really mean it. Boys want to posture and look tough and then have the vice principal break it up just in time; girls want to fight. While Peirce's sets would suggest she has not been inside an American high school recently (20-student classes? With chalkboards?), her approach indicates that she at least gets this difference. When it comes time for her close-up at film's end, Peirce's Carrie takes her time. We find out why Peirce rushes through other parts of the movie: to save time for this extra bloodshed. Her Carrie's vengeance is less defensive than De Palma's—it is less an ill-defined lash out at forces that, after making her feel she might finally belong, ultimately identify her as a freak and an outcast. Peirce's Carrie targets her victims specifically, looks them in the eye before killing them and goes out of her way to hunt down the ones she really hates. Carrie's

mono e mono showdown with nemesis Chris Hargensen (Portia Doubleday) at the end of the movie takes a full five minutes of screen time, while in the De Palma version it is sort of an afterthought.

There are shortcomings to the remake to be sure: Though the casting of Julianne Moore in an expanded role as the mother works great, Chloë Grace Moretz is simply not Sissy Spacek—not even close. Peirce's film also lacks some of the humor: Carrie's telekinetic outbursts are no longer accompanied by a carbon copy of the screeching strings from *Psycho*, nor is the high school any longer called 'Bates High.'

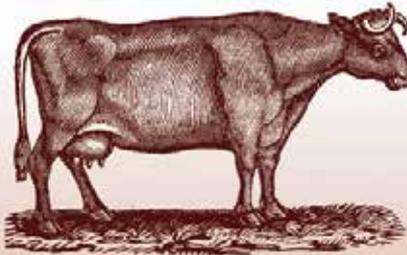
So what does a more female interpretation of *Carrie* look like? In Peirce's interpretation it's more sympathetic, more violent, more blood-soaked, more vindictive. Way to go, ladies. **IV**

Warren Sprouse teaches high school in Cedar Rapids. He avoids prom nights for obvious reasons.

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RICKIE LEE JONES // THE ENGLERT // NOV. 23 // 8 P.M. // \$35

Rickie Lee Jones is one of those artists who has enjoyed mainstream success without being eaten alive by the music industry beast. In 1980, Jones won the Grammy for best new artist following the unlikely success of her jazzy single, “Chuck E.’s in Love.” Unlike other music-industry successes that sacrifice their souls to pop stardom or flee to the comforting embrace of obscurity, Jones has soldiered on after winning her award and continues to make weird old jazz standards cool again.

During the span of her career, Jones has experimented with all varieties of genres, but she is best known for her stripped-down vocal style that manages to sound sultry yet vulnerable. If I were to place her into a musical family, her sisters would be Joni Mitchell, Emmylou Harris and Rosanne Cash. Her daughter would be piano playing songstress Norah Jones—who has no relation to Jones in real life, despite sharing strikingly similar vocal styles and last names.

In the past, Jones has collaborated with a wide range of artists including Tori Amos, Allison Kraus and Vic Chesnutt. Jones’ latest album, *The Devil You Know*, was produced by

Ben Harper and features her unique take on songs from Neil Young, the Rolling Stones and Rod Stewart. Find out why they call her the “Duchess of Cool” when she plays The Englert.

THE BLACK DHALIA MURDER W. SKELETONWITCH, FALLUJAH, WOLVHAMMER, HEAVYWEIGHT // BLUE MOOSE TAP HOUSE // NOV. 23 // 6 P.M. // \$16-18

If you’re in the mood for something decidedly more fast-paced, and potentially seizure inducing, head over to the Blue Moose for a full evening of melodic death metal and thrash revival. Known for experimenting with the genres of Scandinavian-style death metal and metalcore, The Black Dahlia Murder have been growling their way into the hearts of metal fans for well over a decade. Their latest LP *Everblack* features strobelight paced rhythms, frenetic key changes and maniacal growling. The album’s lyrics are brimming with horror film based imagery and as a whole is reminiscent of death metal pioneers Cannibal Corpse, with whom they have toured in the past. Another genre-mixing band taking the stage will be Skeletonwitch who recently released their LP, *Serpents Unleashed*. As part of the thrash revival, Skeletonwitch draws hardcore punk kids and metalheads alike.

Their song “Bringers of Death” appeared on the 2010 Adult swim metal compilation *Metal Swim* and they recently played with Ghost BC at a Lollapalooza afterparty. The more politically charged Bay Area band Fallujah and Minneapolis’ Wolvhammer will be making appearances, and Iowa’s own Heavyweight will be kicking things off. This is a lot of metal packed into one night, so don’t forget to bring your inconspicuous earplugs.

PIETA BROWN // THE ENGLERT // NOV. 30 // 8 P.M. // \$20 ADV., \$23 DAY OF SHOW

Iowa City-born homegirl and folk rock songstress Pieta Brown will be taking the stage at The Englert as part of her annual community event, “This Land is Your Music,” where, this time, a portion of the proceeds from the evening will be donated to Hickory Hill Park,

THE BLACK DHALIA MURDER PLAYS THE BLUE MOOSE ON NOV. 23.

Photo by Ed Battes

Iowa Public Radio and KCCK public radio.

Brown’s unique blend of folk, alt-country and blues has made her a favorite of critics and music fans alike. Joining her on stage will be her husband, blues-rock guitarist Bo Ramsey. The warmth and familial closeness translates in the duo’s performance—combining Ramsey’s electric guitar twangs with Brown’s blues-inflected vocals and acoustic strums. This performance is part of The Englert’s Intimate Series, meaning that you, too, can get in on the good family vibes and share the stage with Brown and Ramsey alongside the rest of the audience. Kelley Pardekooper will be performing an opening set following the release of his most recent Ramsey-produced folk-blues album *Yonder*, and there will be a short reading by local writer and Englert executive director, Andre Perry. Prior to the show, a reception for Brown’s photography exhibition “Here, There and Everywhere” will be held from 5-7 p.m. in the theatre’s Douglas and Linda Paul Gallery. **lv**

Rebecca Robinson is a street wise grad student, an unrepentant Texan, an amateur UFO enthusiast, and a co-host of the Fuzz Fix on KRUI. For more info you can go to thefuzzfix.com.

Music

ONGOING:

MONDAYS: Open Mic *The Mill, Free, 8 pm*
TUESDAYS: Blues Jam *Parlor City, Free, 8 pm*
Lower Deck Dance Party *Iowa City Yacht Club \$2, 10 pm*
WEDNESDAYS: Spoken Word *Uptown Bills Free, 7 pm*
Free Jam Session & Mug Night *Iowa City Yacht Club Free, 10 pm*
THURSDAYS: Open Mic *Uptown Bills Free, 7 pm*
Mixology *Gabe's, \$2, 10 pm*

WED., NOV. 20

Rob Zombie *US Cellular Center, \$26.50+, 7 pm*

THURS., NOV. 21

Vagabond Swing *Iowa City Yacht Club, \$6, 9 pm*
Datsik *Blue Moose Tap House, \$20-\$25, 9 pm*
Lynne Hart Trio *Campbell Steele Gallery, Free, 6 pm*
Daddy-O *Parlor City Free, 8 pm*

FRI., NOV. 22

Jazz After Five *The Mill, Free, 5 pm*
The Craig Erickson Band *Campbell Steele Gallery, \$15, 7 pm*
Kirkwood Instrumental Jazz Ensembles *Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Free-\$12, 7 pm*
Lipstick Slick *Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon, Free+, 9 pm*
Aaron Kamm & The One Drops *Iowa City Yacht Club, \$8, 9 pm*

SAT., NOV. 23

The Black Dahlia Murder *Blue Moose Tap House, \$16-\$18, 6 pm*
Rickie Lee Jones *Englert Theatre, \$40+, 8 pm*
Boothill Band *Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon, Free+, 9 pm*
Das Thunderfoot CD Release *Iowa City Yacht Club, \$6, 9 pm*

SUN., NOV. 24

The Tanya English Band *Brick Arch Winery, 2 pm*
Royal Bliss *Hazzard County Saloon, \$20+, 7 pm*
Blues Sunday *Checkers Tavern Free, 8 pm*
Lipstick Homicide with City Mouse *ps*z, Free, 8 pm*
Audacity Hunters *Gabe's, Free, 9 pm*

MON., NOV. 25

Metro Mix Chorus Rehearsal *Clarion Hotel Highlander Conference Center, Free, 7 pm*
2013 Generations of Jazz *Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Free, 7 pm*

WED., NOV. 27

Burlington Street Bluegrass Band *The Mill, \$5, 7 pm*

THURS., NOV. 28

Daddy-O *Parlor City Free, 8 pm*

FRI., NOV. 29

The Rod Pierson Not-So-Big-Band *Campbell Steele Gallery, \$15, 7 pm*
North of 40 *Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon, Free+, 9 pm*
Winterland *Iowa City Yacht Club, \$5, 9 pm*

SAT., NOV. 30

A Celtic Christmas *Iowa Theatre Artists Company, \$15, 2 pm & 7 pm*
Bryce Janey Blues Band *Campbell Steele Gallery, \$15, 7 pm*
Pieta Brown *Englert Theatre, \$20-\$23, 8 pm*
Crossroads *Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon, Free+, 9 pm*
Cody Road *Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon, \$5, 9 pm*
Soul Phlegm *Iowa City Yacht Club, \$5, 9 pm*

MON., DEC. 2

Micawber *Gabe's, \$5, 9 pm*

TUES., DEC. 3

Jazz Faculty Jam Session *George's Buffet, 8 pm*

Theatre/Performance

ONGOING:

THROUGH NOV. 23: Neil Simon's Jake's Women *Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$10-\$25, 7 pm*
THROUGH NOV. 24: The Old Guy *Iowa Theatre Artists Company, \$10-\$22.50, 7 pm*
THROUGH DEC. 22: Away in the Basement, A Church Ladies Christmas *Old Creamery Theatre, \$18-\$27.50, 3 pm, 7 pm*
MONDAYS: Catacombs of Comedy *Iowa City Yacht Club, \$3, 9 pm*
FRIDAYS/SATURDAYS: The Vault Dueling Piano's *The Vault-Cedar Rapids, Free, 9 pm*

WED., NOV. 20

Macbeth *Englert Theatre, \$15-\$18, 7 pm*

FRI., NOV. 22

Gruesome Playground Injuries *Unitarian Universalist Society \$10-\$13, 7 pm*
Kathleen Madigan *Englert Theatre, \$25+, 8 pm*

SUN., NOV. 24

City Ballet of Iowa *Coralville Center for Performing Arts, \$6-\$10, 2 pm*
Was the Word *Englert Theatre, Free, 7 pm*

FRI., NOV. 29

Coming of Age in Chore Boots *Riverside Theatre Iowa City, 7 pm*
Miracle on 34th Street *Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$10-\$35, 7 pm*

SAT., NOV. 30

The Velveteen Rabbit *Old Creamery Theatre, \$8.50, 11 am*
Coming of Age in Chore Boots *Riverside Theatre Iowa City, 7 pm*
Miracle on 34th Street *Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$10-\$35, 7 pm*
Comedy Showcase *The Mill, \$6, 9 pm*

SUN., DEC. 1

Coming of Age in Chore Boots *Riverside Theatre Iowa City, 2 pm*

Art/Exhibition

ONGOING:

THROUGH DEC. 8: New Forms *Iowa Memorial Union at UI Free, All Day*
THROUGH DEC. 22: Cultures in Clay: Puebloan Vessels *Old Capitol Museum Free, 10 am*
THROUGH JAN. 26: Some Assembly Required: Collage and Assemblage Exhibition *Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art \$5, All Day*
THROUGH MAY 25: People of the North Star Exhibit *Old Capitol Museum Free, 10 am*
TUESDAYS: Talking Lines *ps*z Free, 6 pm*
THURSDAYS: Artvaark *Uptown Bills Free, 6 pm*

FRI., NOV. 22

Figure Drawing *Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art \$5-\$75, 7 pm*

MON., NOV. 25

Landscapes with Gloria *Creativity Studio, \$69, 6 pm*

SUN., DEC. 1

23rd Annual Holiday Opening Campbell Steele Gallery, Free, 12 pm

Cinema

WED., NOV. 20

Macbeth Englert Theatre, \$15-\$18, 7 pm

NOV. 22-23

Blue is the Warmest Color FilmScene

TUES., DEC. 3

"How To Survive a Plague": Documentary Screening Collins Road Theatres, Free, 7 pm
Exuberant Politics Film Series: "God's Special Envoys" Art Building West at UI, Free, 8 pm

Literature

WED., NOV. 20

Tim Bascom Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

THURS., NOV. 21

Patrick Irelan Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

SAT., NOV. 23

Graham Foust Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

Kids

ONGOING:

THROUGH DEC. 22: Tannenbaum Forrest Amana Colonies, Free, 10 am

MONDAYS: Toddler Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am, 12 pm

TUESDAYS: Preschool Storytime Coralville Public Library, Free, 10 am

Play & Learn Cedar Rapids Public Library, Free, 6 pm

WEDNESDAYS: Preschool Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am

Preschool Story Time Marion Public Library, Free, 10 am

Stories for Scooters Cedar Rapids Public Library, Free, 9 am

Storytime Cedar Rapids Public Library, Free, 10 am

FRIDAYS: Toddler Time Marion Public Library, Free, 10 am

SATURDAYS: Family Storytime Coralville Public Library, Free, 10 am

SUNDAYS: Art Adventure: Clay Play! Iowa Children's Museum, Free, 2 pm

Family Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 2 pm

WED., NOV. 20

Preschool Storytime Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 10 am

THURS., NOV. 21

Play & Learn Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 10 am

Wee Read Coralville Public Library, Free, 10 am, 11 am

Baby Time Marion Public Library, Free, 10 am

Scrabble Club Marion Public Library, Free, 2 pm

FRI., NOV. 22

Toddler Time Cedar Rapids Public Library, Free, 9 am

Book Babies Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am, 1 pm

Preschool Storytime Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 1 pm

SAT., NOV. 23

Kid's Day National Czech & Slovak Museum and Library, Free, 10 am

Pied Piper Concert Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am

SUN., NOV. 24

The Amazing Adventures of Willy the Woolly New Strand Theatre, \$5, 2 pm, 4 pm

MON., NOV. 25

The Amazing Adventures of Willy the Woolly New Strand Theatre, \$5, 10 am

TUES., NOV. 26

Lego Club Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 4 pm

FRI., NOV. 29

Santa Times Amana Colonies, Free, 4 pm

SAT., NOV. 30

Kid's Day National Czech & Slovak Museum and Library, Free, 10 am

Family Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am

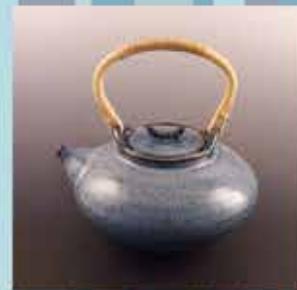
Santa Times Amana Colonies, Free, 11 am

SUN., DEC. 1

Children's R.E.A.D. Times Iowa City Public Library, Free, 2 pm

Fine Arts
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HOLIDAY THIEVES' MARKET



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Santa Times Amana Colonies Free, 11 am
Santa, Snacks and Stories Brucemore, \$5-\$7,
 5 pm
TUES., DEC. 3
 Santa, Snacks and Stories Brucemore, \$5-\$7,
 5 pm

Community

ONGOING:

THROUGH DEC. 31: Handmade for the Holidays Iowa Artisans Gallery Free, All Day
THROUGH DEC. 22: Tannenbaum Forrester Amana Colonies, Free, 10 am
THURSDAYS: The Salt Company Englert Theatre, Free, 8 pm
Trivia Night The Bent Bucket Free, 7 pm

FRI., NOV. 22

New Bo Open Coffee Club Brewed Cafe, Free, 8 am
TechBrew Cedar Rapids Dublin City Pub, 5 pm

WED., NOV. 27

Iowa City Open Coffee IC CoLab, Free, 8 am
1 Million Cups - Crazy Idea Pitches Vault Coworking & Collaborative Space, Free, 9 am

TUES., DEC. 3

Seeing Is Believing: Visio Divina Prairiewoods, Free, 10 am

WED., DEC. 4

An Entrepreneurial Forum National Czech & Slovak Museum and Library, Free, 7 am
Wednesday Women Prairiewoods, Free, 10 am

Educational

ONGOING:

THROUGH DEC. 22: Cultures in Clay: Puebloan Vessels Old Capitol Museum Free, 10 am
THROUGH MAY 25: People of the North Star Exhibit Old Capitol Museum Free, 10 am

WED., NOV. 20

ECO Iowa City Holiday Unit: Take Back Your Holiday Joy East Side Recycling Center, Free, 7 pm

THURS., NOV. 21

Stage on the Page: Once Coralville Public Library, Free, 10 am
Senior Tech Zone Iowa City Public Library, Free,

10 am
Nooks and Crannies Tour Brucemore, \$12-\$15, 6 pm

FRI., NOV. 22

Doodlebugs: Scrap Happy Memories Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 10 am
Guten Appetit Amana Colonies, \$25, 1 pm
Figure Drawing Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art \$5-\$75, 7 pm

SAT., NOV. 23

Recycled Blooms - Kid Friendly Beadology Iowa, \$40, 10 am
Pearl Knotting Beadology Iowa, \$55, 2 pm

TUES., NOV. 26

Chess Club for Kids and Teens Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 6 pm

SAT., NOV. 30

Peyote in Color Gradient Beadology Iowa, \$75, 10 am

SUN., DEC. 1

Children's R.E.A.D. Times Iowa City Public Library, Free, 2 pm

MON., DEC. 2

Figure Drawing Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art \$5-\$75, 7 pm

TUES., DEC. 3

No-Sew Scarves Prairiewoods, \$5, 6 pm

Foodie

ONGOING:

SUNDAYS: Farmers Market Johnson County Fairgrounds, Free, 11 am
SATURDAYS: Iowa City Winter Farmers Market Iowa City Market Place/Sycamore Mall, Free, 10 am

FRI., NOV. 22

Guten Appetit Amana Colonies, \$25, 1 pm

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NOV. 22
KATHLEEN MADIGAN

NOV. 23
RICKIE LEE JONES

NOV. 24
WAS THE WORD
 INTIMATE AT THE ENGLERT SERIES

NOV. 30
PIETA BROWN
 INTIMATE AT THE ENGLERT SERIES

DEC. 6-8
THE NUTCRACKER
 NOLTE ACADEMY

DEC. 11
FESTIVAL OF CAROLS
 FREE EVENT

DEC. 15
BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY

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***** DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS *****



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NOV } 22 } FREE JAZZ 5-7 PM
 DENNIS McMURRIN 9 PM

NOV } 27 } BURLINGTON STREET
 BLUEGRASS BAND

NOV } 30 } COMEDY SHOWCASE

DEC } 5 } LES DAMES DU
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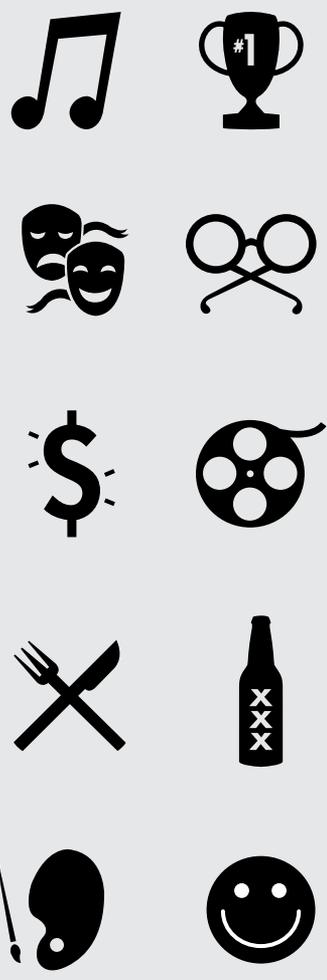
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LITTLE VILLAGE

HAS ANYONE MADE CHEESE FROM HUMAN BREAST MILK?

Has anyone ever made cheese out of human breast milk? I live in southern Italy, where they make cheese out of everything else. Additionally, has there ever been a culture that thought of breast milk as a delicacy? I'm not speaking of fetishists or babies; I'm looking at something akin to a chilled glass of latte di mama with one's meal. It's not something I'd do personally, but then again I think guacamole's pretty disgusting, too. —C.J. Casey

To be honest, C.J., my first thought was: this is what comes of giving Internet access to neckbeards. However, being the scientist of the human condition that I am, I had Una conduct a quick reconnaissance. Reviewing the result, all I can say is: *merde sainte*. So here you go. You think guacamole's disgusting? Ha.

Human cheese can and has been done. In 2010, for example, New York chef and restaurateur Daniel Angerer infamously created small amounts of cheese from excess breast milk produced by his wife until the health department ordered him to cease and desist. One food critic described it as “quite bland, slightly sweet. . . . It's the unexpected texture that's so off-putting. Strangely soft, bouncy, like [the puddinglike Italian dessert] panna cotta.” The milk donor herself thought the cheese wasn't bad, claiming it paired well with a Riesling.

But why stop at cheese? Breast milk has abundant uses. To start with the obvious, you can drink it. The ancient legend known as “The Roman Charity” tells of a man named Cimon, sentenced to die of starvation in prison but kept alive by his daughter Pero, who breastfeeds him during visits. (This scene became a perennial favorite of Baroque painters, the voyeurs.) After they're caught in the act, the father is released in tribute to the daughter's selflessness. The same trope appears at the end of Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, when Joad daughter Rose of Sharon, her baby still-born, offers her breast to a starving stranger.

This past July, the BBC ran reports from China about wealthy deves paying wet nurses \$2,500 a month to supply them with fresh product, either via pumping or straight from the tap. One blogger told of sex parties for senior Communist Party members where drinking breast milk direct from nursing mothers was one of the kinks.

Urban legend? Maybe. However, perusing an online breast-milk exchange called Only the Breast, we find more than 100 classifieds

under “Men buying breast milk.” Sample: “Attractive professional male 35/m looking for VERY fresh warm milk on demand in western Mass area for health benefits and stress relief.” Bid price: \$100 a session. My advice: hold out for two grand a month.

In 2011 the Icecreamists, a determinedly in-your-face London ice cream parlor (typical offerings: a “Sex Bomb” sundae loaded with “natural stimulants” and served by a “nurse”; a handgun-shaped popsicle made from absinthe and, allegedly, holy water) began offering a breast-milk-based dessert named “Baby Gaga” (later “Baby Googoo,” following contact from Lady Gaga's lawyers) at about \$24 a scoop. The feedstock came from more than a dozen women selling their milk at more than \$300 per gallon, with one Victoria Hiley of Leeds providing the inaugural 30 fluid ounces—enough to make 50 very small servings. A reviewer from the *Guardian* said the stuff tasted like “regular vanilla ice-cream, until the mouth-coating back taste kicks in—like a thin, more goatish, dairy.”

Thinking we should see what the fuss was about, I asked my assistants Una and Fierra if they felt equipped to contribute. They demurred, instead volunteering to stop in at the Icecreamists on an upcoming field trip to London. After enduring a two-hour train ride, closed tube stations, a torrential rainstorm, and other misadventures, the women arrived at Covent Garden only to be told the shop had shut its doors. Vainly attempting to contact the proprietors by phone, they at length discovered the store's blog, last updated in July 2012. Amid rants about the British fascist state, they read that a massive rent hike had sent the Icecreamists' retail operation the way of the empire.

Maybe it's just as well. While I acknowledge *Homo sapiens* has survived OK on the stuff without regulatory oversight, the fact remains that consuming breast milk from an unknown source can be hazardous. A 2010



Stanford University study found one in 30 potential milk donors were rejected after testing positive for syphilis, HIV, hepatitis B, hepatitis C, or human T-cell lymphotropic virus.

If you have a safe source and want to make breast-milk cheese yourself, be advised that you'll need to use rennet rather than, say, lemon juice (another common cheesifying ingredient), since breast milk doesn't curdle the same way cow's milk does. Chef Angerer has posted his recipe on his blog, and if any of the Teeming Millions would like to give it a shot, let us know how it comes out. Just don't send us any in the mail. —CECIL ADAMS

Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 350 N. Orleans, Chicago 60654.

CURSES, FOILED AGAIN

- Investigators concluded that Lucas Burke, 21, and Ethan Keeler, 20, broke into a landscaping business in Hopkinton, N.H., and tried to open a locked safe with an acetylene cutting torch. The safe was full of fireworks. “The whole thing went up and blew their bodies apart,” owner Thomas Komisarek said. (*New Hampshire Union Leader*)
- Police charged Ethan Gettier, 16, with drug and weapons offenses after he aroused their suspicions by posting “over 600 photos on Instagram showing parties he was having in the house with ample amounts of suspected marijuana and alcohol,” according to the police report, which accused him of selling marijuana from the residence in Gaithersburg, Md. The SWAT team that raided the home also found 45 guns, including an M16 assault rifle. (*The Washington Post*)

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

- Hours after a gunman opened fire at Los Angeles International Airport, killing a Transportation Security Administration screener, Jeff Soto, the public relations director of a marketing nonprofit called Visit Newport Beach, sent a tweet to nearly 13,000 followers urging travelers to make alternate arrangements: “Heading out of town on a weekend getaway via LAX? Avoid the chaos and make it a beach vacation here in Newport Beach.” The tweet was deleted an hour later, but Soto was promptly fired. (*The Orange County Register*)

SPOILSPORTS

- The Children Development Center at Florida’s Hillsborough Community College notified parents that the center “will no longer be partaking in the celebration of tradition holidays.” When some parents objected, staffer Gwendolyn Parson referred them to an article arguing that children have difficulty understanding holidays and that “many holidays are overdone anyway.” The article suggests celebrating other milestone instead, such as a first tooth, tying shoelaces, worms, the color red or the first snowflake. (*Tampa Bay’s WTSP-TV*)
- Australia’s National Health and Medical Research Council issued new guidelines for child-care agencies that include a ban on candles on birthday cakes. To avoid spreading germs by blowing out the candles, the council requested that parents instead send individual cupcakes with candles on them. (*Social Reader*)

BETTER OFF TAKING THE BUS

- The Washington, D.C., Department of Fire and Emergency Medical Service had to pay private ambulance companies \$111,400 to provide coverage at two sporting facilities in July after the department pulled 67 of its 94 ambulances out of service for repairs because their air conditioning units failed during a heat wave. Several of the ambulances were repaired by jamming street signs into engine compartments as makeshift heat shields. (*The Washington Times*)
- In August, three D.C. ambulances caught fire, including two on the same day, as a result of electrical malfunctions and a fuel leak. (*The Washington Post*)

MENSA REJECTS OF THE WEEK

- Sheriff’s officials said Daniel R. Ricketts, 50, died while driving an all-terrain vehicle in the backyard of his property in Albany County, N.Y., when he ran into a nearly invisible wire he had set up as a booby trap around four large marijuana plants. (Albany’s *The Times Union*)
- Vic Bryant successfully contested a \$100 parking ticket in New Westminster, British Columbia, after paying a lawyer \$1,500 to argue his case. (*United Press International*)
- James Lee Taylor, 45, lit a cigarette while pumping gas at a station in Trinity, Texas, and ignited the gasoline fumes. The fire burned Taylor’s facial hair and eyebrows, melted his cigarette lighter, caught the gas pump on fire, caught one of his flip-flops on fire and charred the side of his Ford Mustang. After an employee doused the flames, police who arrived on the scene found that Taylor had outstanding warrants and lacked car insurance, so they towed his car and arrested him. Taylor told police Sgt. Randy Wheeler that he had been smoking while he pumped gas all of his life, but this was the first time something like this happened to him. (*Lufkin’s KTRE-TV*)

THINGS THAT GO KABOOM

- When Michael Pierre, 58, flushed a toilet to check the water pressure in his New York City apartment, it exploded in his face. Thirty stitches were required to close shrapnel wounds from flying shards of porcelain, according to his lawyer, Sanford Rubenstein, who explained that his client is so afraid since the incident that he uses a rope to flush the toilet from a safe distance behind the bathroom door. “Clearly,” Rubenstein said, “toilets are supposed to flush, not explode.” (*Agence France-Presse*)

- An electronic cigarette exploded and started a house fire in the middle of the night, according to fire officials in Kootenai County, Idaho. The e-cigarette was plugged into a laptop computer to be recharged. “The battery overcharged and exploded,” Fire Marshal Jeryl Archer said. “It blew the end cap off and blew fragments off and onto the couch and ignited the couch in the house.” A smoke alarm awoke the residents, who extinguished the blaze. (*West Palm Beach’s WPTV-TV*)

REVERSE DISCRIMINATION

- A housing complex designed specifically to accommodate deaf, deaf-blind and hearing-impaired senior citizens in Tempe, Ariz., isn’t doing enough to attract non-hearing impaired residents, according to federal officials. Eighty-five percent of residents of the 75-unit Apache ASL Trails, which received \$2.6 million in funding from the U.S. Housing and Urban Development, have hearing disabilities. Federal officials contend the complex violates federal housing discrimination rules and want 75 percent of the residents to be seniors who aren’t deaf or hearing impaired. (*Phoenix’s The Arizona Republic*)

SEE NO EVIL

- Nikhom Thephakaysone, 30, boarded a packed commuter train in San Francisco and began waving a loaded .45-caliber pistol, according to authorities, who said surveillance cameras showed passengers ignoring him because they were too busy looking at their phones and tablet computers until Thephakaysone finally opened fire, killing a 20-year-old college student. “These weren’t concealed movements. The gun is very clear,” District Attorney George Gascon said. “These people are in very close proximity with him, and nobody sees this. They’re just so engrossed, texting and reading and whatnot. They’re completely oblivious of their surroundings.” (*San Francisco Chronicle*)

OUT ON A HIGH NOTE

- After becoming the oldest woman to compete in the New York marathon, Joy Johnson, 86, returned to her hotel, lay down to rest and never woke up. (*Agence France-Presse*)

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

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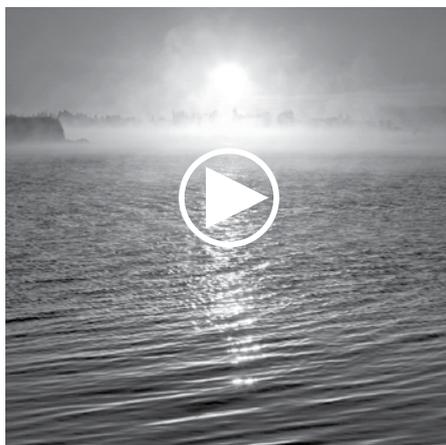


THE PINES WITH DAVE SIMONETT AND ERIK KOSKINEN

"Highwayman" Single
thepinesmusic.com

It was Glen Campbell who first approached Johnny Cash, Kris Kristofferson, Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson about recording a version of the Jimmy Webb song "Highwayman" for their then-unnamed joint project. Campbell thought that the "four-verses, four-souls" (to quote musician Marty Stuart) structure of the song would be a perfect fit for the new group. Webb recorded his version in 1977, followed by Campbell who recorded his version in 1979; but it was the version released by Nelson, Jennings, Cash, Kristofferson--who would later rechristen themselves The Highwaymen--that went all the way to number one on the *Billboard* country charts in 1985 and earned Webb a Grammy for best country song.

This month, "Highwayman" gets a slightly softer retooling as The Pines' David Huckfelt and Benson Ramsey apply their signature atmospheric moodiness to the song. Adding



keyboard chimes and washes to banjos, acoustic guitars and spare percussion, they chose to keep the four-verses, four-souls structure of the song by collaborating with Twin Cities musicians Dave Simonett of Trampled by Turtles and solo artist Erik Koskinen. Using the same approach as the original quartet--with each member singing solo one of the four verses--brings sharp focus to each mu-

THE PINES HAVE PAID DUE RESPECT WITH THEIR TRIBUTE AND HAVE GIVEN THE SONG A NEW AND SORELY-NEEDED UPDATE FROM ITS ORIGINAL 1980s STUDIO SOUND.

sician's distinct voice, which are front-and-center in the new recording. Huckfelt takes the role of the highwayman originally sung by Nelson, Koskinen takes Kristofferson's sailor, Simonett takes Jennings' construction worker and the song ends with appropriately spacey

vocals delivered by Ramsey as the starship captain originally sung by Cash.

It's not surprising that current musicians are revisiting "Highwayman." Its timeless storytelling and familiar mythological themes of tragically lost lives have enduring popularity. While most interpretations of the song will not unseat from the hearts of fans the version performed by arguably the most renowned group of country music outlaws, The Pines have paid due respect with their tribute and have given the song a new and sorely-needed update from its original 1980s studio sound.

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

CONTRAPTION

/ colloquialisms.net

Contraction is Joe McNertney and Eric Rohn (a.k.a. The Noble Octopus), who have blazed their own wayward musical paths over the past few years, self-releasing their slanted pop music. They're a pair of Iowa Citians for whom music is an avocation, pursued when time can be stolen away from day jobs and family obligations.

I'm not sure 'amateur' or 'hobbyist' fits in this locality, since I can name only a few people able who pursue music full time here: There's the old school folk hegemony comprising Greg Brown, his family and friends and Will Whitmore, but no one else as far as I know. This is a drag for all the people waiting tables at The Mill and the Hamburg who should be able to pursue music full time. But it's also liberating. Guys like McNertney and Rohn aren't looked



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THANKSGIVING RHYME TIME

Happy Thanksgiving, Rhyme-Timers. This month’s puzzler is devoted to gratitude, family and abundance. As always, 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. So, for example, the answer to “Corn Approval (1, 1)” would be “Maize Praise”.

Make sense? Off you go, then. Oh—and this month I’m thankful for a loving woman, friends and family, and meaningful work. And George’s Cheeseburgers. And Cobra Verde. And parking tickets that, for some reason, come up \$0.00.

Good luck!

BY LUCAS BENSON

GRATITUDE Gratitude Speech (5, 3): APPRECIATION , ORATION

Envelop Goodwill (2, 1): _____ , _____

Acknowledgement Ritual (4, 3): _____ , _____

Thankfulness Ecstasy (3, 4) _____ , _____

ABUNDANCE Horn Heaven (5, 4): CORNUCOPIA , _____

Larger Dinner (2, 1): _____ , _____

Sufficient Goods (2, 1): _____ , _____

Substantial Illustration (2, 3): _____ , _____

FAMILY Affiliation Affection (5, 4): _____ , _____

Pleased Papa (2, 2): _____ , _____

Conclave Chitchat (3, 3): _____ , _____

Sublime Offspring (3, 3): _____ , _____

Challenger: Cicero once said, “Gratitude is not only the greatest of the virtues but the parent of all others.” Put more succinctly, what are two rhyming words that summarize what Cicero’s highest virtue was and how it was ordered. (1, 1)

_____ , _____

ANSWERS FROM THE LAST EDITION OF RHYME TIME:

- | | |
|---|--|
| Spooky Nymph (2, 2): Scary Fairy | Michael’s Flames (2, 2): Myers Fires |
| Lousy Tut (2, 2): Crummy Mummy | Freddy’s Pistols (2, 2): Krueger’s Lugers |
| Phantom Tweet (1, 1): Ghost Post | The Church of Latter Day, Bates (2, 2): |
| Hag Camp (1, 1): Witch Kitsch | Mormon Norman |
| Saccharine Confection (1, 1): Sweet Treat | The chichi crowd of Imps, Succubi, and The |
| Mint Souvenir (2, 3): Mento Memento | Damned all quieted down as Beelzebub |
| Candy Bar Priest- (2, 2): Snicker Vicar | tapped the podium with his baton and be- |
| Anagram/Interjection, Chocolate/ | gan to conduct the (3,4): Demonic philhar- |
| Caramel Confection (2,2): Yolo Rolo | monic |
| Jason’s Pits (2, 2): Voorhees Quarries | |

down upon for having day jobs and playing music when they can, because almost everyone else is doing the same thing.

And not having to making a living out of music means the freedom to try whatever—which is where Contraption is at right now. They can put together a Pavement-esque pop gem like “sing spirals,” and follow it up with a loose, drony jam like “thinking in french, speaking japanese.” The latter contrasts an off-kilter assemblage of buzzing and droning sounds with an electric-piano groove that cycles between major and minor chords. At less than three minutes, it doesn’t wear out it’s welcome and still feels full.

The drumming on the album is recorded with little in the way of bass, resulting in the whole album sitting obstinately in an attenuated mid-range world. Call that amateurish, but it’s actually truer than a lot of ‘professional’ recordings that hype up the frequency extremes to sound better than reality. My favorite track, “green-eyed contempt,” combines tiny electronic drums from the mighty Casio SKI-1 with hard-panned gong sounds, layers of guitar and vocals that meander through the haze. Everything about the song is wrong, and it’s still lovable and engaging. Which is how I’d sum up *I*: lovable, engaging and wrong. **lv**

Kent Williams wonders where his third grade four square pals are now.

Visit LittleVillageMag.com to read previous reviews of *The Pines*, *Noble Octopus* and *Joe McNertney*.

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