

VOL. 17 | ISSUE 166 NOV. 19 - DEC. 2, 2014

EAR IFΔ THE EBOLA CRISIS LEAVES AN

STRANDED IN SIERRA LEONE, AND FACING DISCRIMINATION AT HOME. | PAGE 8

IMPRISONED IN IOWA? YOUR FIRST STOP IS PROBABLY CORALVILLE. PAGE 12

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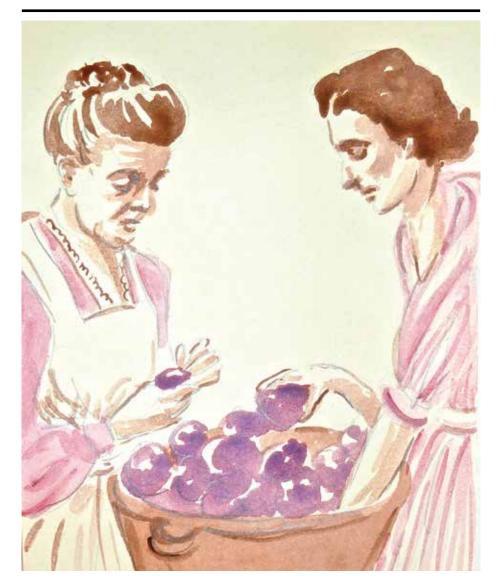
Cover

Illustration by Marcus Parker



BEYOND THE FEAST

Despite a dissonant history, Thanksgiving has been bringing people together for nearly four centuries. • BY THOMAS DEAN



or the moment, let's assume the story of the "First Thanksgiving" is true.

You know, how the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1621 sat down with the Indians and had a feast that set off an annual tradition in the colonies and then the United States? What we actually do know of that autumn feast is contained in only one paragraph in Pilgrim Edward Winslow's *Mourt's Relation*.

All that is said, more or less, is that "we might after a special manner rejoice together, after we had gathered the fruits of our labours." Over three days, they "entertained

MORE THAN JUST TURKEY Thanksgiving remains one of America's most beloved holidays. Illustration by Frances Canon

and feasted" with the Wampanoag, including "their greatest king Massosoit." Generally, Puritan believers had a long tradition of days of thanksgiving, usually in honor of good fortune and often including fasting rather than gorging. This Pilgrim party, though, whatever it was, was not one of those days.

The one-paragraph extant Winslow account, written in the early 1620s, was pretty much lost to public knowledge until 1841



T A K E - O U T T U R K E Y

Thanksgiving is not what it was a few centuries ago, and today some people prefer their turkey to-go. These local businesses are putting together Thanksgiving dinners so you don't have to:

AUGUSTA

101 South Augusta Ave. | 319-828-2252

Turducken (Turkey, duck, chicken) Dinner for 12 includes:

Turducken, gravy and cornbread andouille sausage stuffing (\$120); Sweet potatoes (\$25); green bean casserole (\$25); Grand Marnier cranberry sauce (\$15); chocolate pecan bourbon pie (\$35) and bread pudding (\$25) are available for purchase a la carte.

BREAD GARDEN

225 S. Linn St. | 319-351-9119

Thanksgiving Dinner for six (\$109) includes:

Roasted, carved turkey and gravy; sausage stuffing; mashed potatoes; green beans; scalloped corn; roasted squash; rolls; oatmeal, apple or pumpkin pie and ice cream.

LEAF KITCHEN

310 1/2 Kirkwood Ave. | 319-338-1909

Thanksgiving Dinner for eight (\$125) includes:

Brined, unbaked whole turkey; mashed sweet potatoes; almond green beans; sausage bread pudding or cranberry wild rice pilaf; pecan walnut pie or beet cake.

TRUMPET BLOSSOM

310 E. Prentiss St. | 319-248-0077

Vegan Thanksgiving Dinner, individual servings available for purchase a la carte:

Orange-maple tempeh (\$7); lemon-roasted garlic tofu (\$6); mashed potatoes and gravy (\$5); roasted sweet potatoes and root veggies with gravy (\$7); gluten free combread stuffing (\$5.50); whole-wheat rolls (\$6 per dozen); apple crumble (\$6); pumpkin pie (whole pie for six to eight, \$18). when Rev. Alexander Young rediscovered it for a book he was writing called Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers. In that tome, Young retroactively declared the Plymouth harvest celebration as the "first New England thanksgiving," almost two hundred years later. But what we really had in 1621 was a very localized, very specific one-off celebration among 50 or so people and their Indian guests—a celebration for a successful harvest in a particular place after a harsh winter that had killed half the settler population.

Even by 1841, though, when Rev. Young was retconning history, New England thanksgivings were common practice, and they were always decidedly local-and had nothing to do with Pilgrims or national origin stories. They harkened back to the English harvest home tradition, which, while common folk practice, was a village rather than national celebration full of singing, shouting and decorating the town with boughs. The last sheaf of grain from the local fields was made into a harvest doll as a centerpiece of the revelry.

U.S. presidents sometimes declared national days of thanksgiving, but, for the most part, what people celebrated were state declarations, which were celebrated locally in ways not unfamiliar to us today-family, friends and neighbors gathering for a home or church-based feast. It wasn't until 1863 that

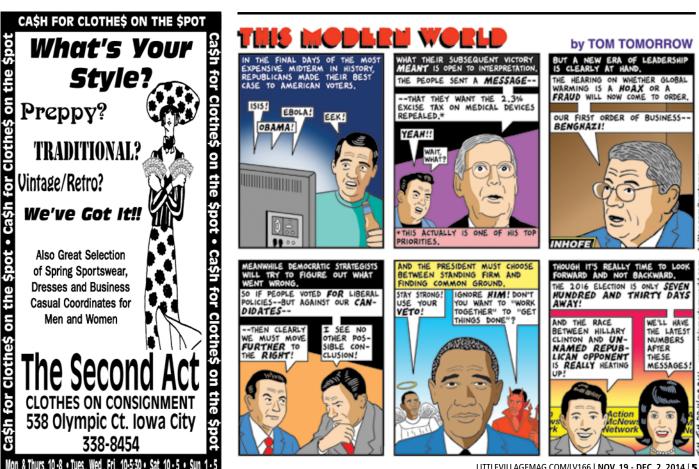
WHAT WE ACTUALLY DO KNOW OF THAT AUTUMN FEAST IS CONTAINED IN ONLY ONE PARAGRAPH IN PILGRIM EDWARD WINSLOW'S MOURT'S RELATION.

Abraham Lincoln declared the first regular national Thanksgiving, designating it as the last Thursday in November (now the fourth Thursday), though even that pronouncement had more political than cultural overtones, often seen as a call for national unity in the midst of the Civil War.

Lincoln was lobbied hard for this national

holiday by the person who probably most singularly defined the modern Thanksgiving-Sarah Josepha Hale. Hale (also the author of the "Mary Had a Little Lamb" poem) was a national tastemaker as editor of the influential Godey's Ladies' Book magazine, and she had been pushing for a national holiday since 1837. But despite her ambitions for national recognition of an already-common holiday, her Thanksgiving vision was still decidedly local and domestic, emphasizing the Victorian domestic sphere with the holiday full of family and neighborly communal tables. Since (and really before) then, Thanksgiving has been primarily about a return to the homestead and the reunion of family and community. Today, Thanksgiving remains the busiest holiday for travel, rivaling even Christmas as the time when most people feel they have to go home.

Charity toward those less fortunate has been a part of Thanksgiving since the 19th century, and, again, such gestures have been geared toward sharing our providence with those less fortunate in the community. As Penny Coleman points out in Thanksgiving: The True Story, in the mid-1800s, the Ladies'



UR HERE

Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was feeding Manhattan's poor children on Thanksgiving, and today, many volunteer to serve Thanksgiving dinners in local homeless shelters and soup kitchens.

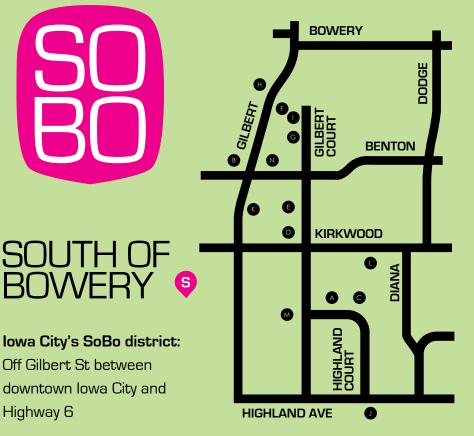
And on the opposite end of the spectrum, even the modern consumerist kickoff to the Christmas shopping season is of U.S. origin. The first department store Thanksgiving parade was Gimbels' in Philadelphia in 1920, specifically geared toward calling children and families to the Christmas shopping wonders within the local store.

DESPITE THE PERSISTENCE OF THE FABRICATED IMAGERY OF PILGRIM BUCKLES AND TURKEYS THAT HOVER OVER OUR NOVEMBER CELEBRATION EVEN TODAY, IT REMAINS MERE BACKGROUND ICONOGRAPHY FOR WHAT THANKSGIVING TRULY IS ...

The Plymouth Pilgrim story was attached to Thanksgiving predominantly by late-19thcentury progressives in search of national racial harmony (Pilgrims and Indians sharing the bounty and all that) and the promulgation of common national values in schoolrooms. Controversy obviously still abounds around the appropriation of Native images and falsification of history for this feel-good mythical concoction. But despite the persistence of the fabricated imagery of Pilgrim buckles and turkeys that hover over our November celebration even today, it remains mere background iconography for what Thanksgiving truly is the return to home.

America's harvest celebration is the most widespread celebration of the local we have. So as you sit down for this year's turkey or Tofurky, give thanks for what we have given thanks for over hundreds of years—our homes; our families, friends and neighbors; and the community in which we find ourselves gathered together.

Thomas Dean hasn't eaten turkey (or any meat) since 1990.





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COMMUNITY

STRANDED IN SIERRA LEONE

lowa City resident Mohammed Sow struggles to return to the U.S. after the Ebola outbreak wreaks travel havoc. • BY MATTHEW BYRD



or residents of Iowa City, Ebola isn't a lived experience. We don't view it through the lens of hospitals overcrowded with the dead, dying and distressed, or faceless public workers in hazmat suits dragging black body bags out of our neighbor's home, or border crossings shut down, manned by soldiers with loaded automatic weapons. With 5,000 miles between us and the nearest outbreak zone, we only see Ebola through cable news headlines and paranoia-riddled rants from relatives at birthday parties, but for one family, the effects of the outbreak are much more tangible.

Mohammed Sow was born in 1969 in Kabala, a town of about 40,000 in the northern part of Sierra Leone, but spent most of his life in Bo, the country's second-largest city. In 2000, he fled the slaughter of the Sierra Leone Civil War (1991-2002) and was granted asylum in the United States. After stints in New York and Atlanta, at the suggestion of a friend, he trekked west to Iowa City where he found a better life: a decent job as a custodian at the University of Iowa and good schools for his three children.

HOME AGAIN Mohammed Sow and his family were able to return to the U.S. in late September, nearly a month after first arriving in Sierra Leone to retrieve his children. Photo by Adam Burke

This past March, Mohammed accompanied by his wife, Fatmata, and their children (Muna, Fatima and Adama, aged four, three and one and a half respectively) flew from Chicago to visit family back in Bo. Wanting their children to get to know their extended family, Mohammed and Fatmata decided to leave their children in Bo with their grandmother, Mohammed's mother, as they headed back to the States.

Unfortunately, events that had begun 160 miles to the east, in a small village in the Nzérékoré region of Guinea, would make this decision a costly one.

In December 2013, two-year-old Guinean boy Émile Ouamouno of the village Meliandou died as a result of Ebola. His sister, mother and grandmother soon also succumbed to the disease, and from there it has ravaged its way across West Africa. By late August of this year, the World Health Organization (WHO),



the UN's public health arm, declared the Ebola outbreak "an international emergency," reporting 3,707 cases and 1,808 deaths across Liberia, Guinea and Sierra Leone. Liberia quarantined certain sections of the country's capital, Monrovia, and closed the country's border. Côte d'Ivorie followed suit, cordoning off its borders with Guinea and Liberia.

It was into this environment—a situation that Doctors Without Borders president Joanne Liu compared to "wartime"—that Mohammed and Fatmata returned to pick up their children on Aug. 27.

Unable to enter Sierra Leone directly due to the absence of airlines willing to land in the country, they were forced to fly into Guinea and make their way into to Bo from there. Getting back, however, would prove to be even more difficult.

"Flight after flight was being cancelled," Mohammed said. "I would keep having to email the cancellation forms to my supervisors to show them why I was gone from work for so long."

For all intents and purposes, Mohammed and his family were stranded.

Despite pleas from the WHO to airline companies to not cut flights to Ebola-affected areas, carriers such as British Airways, Gambia Air, Kenya Airways, Air Côte d'Ivorie, Arik Air and Asky Airlines suspended operations either partially or completely in countries such as Liberia, Guinea and Sierra Leone. Additionally, one of the few airlines that didn't curb flights into the region, Air France, was embroiled in a pilot's strike for most of September.

Eventually, on Sept. 25, Mohammed and his family were able to catch a flight out of Conakry, the capital of Guinea, back to Chicago O'Hare.

The strife caused by the Ebola outbreak, however, followed Mohammed upon his return to the United States.

"At O'Hare, a guy from the TSA checked me out to make sure I didn't have any [Ebola] symptoms," Mohammed said. "And ever since I've gotten back to work, the University has been measuring my temperature to make sure I'm still healthy. I'm doing it all voluntarily, and it's all in the CDC guidelines for people who've just gotten back from West Africa." Other developments upon Mohammed's return have been more troubling. "People who know I just got back from Sierra Leone won't shake my hand, or even look at me sometimes. The people who do will ask me these really insulting questions like, 'Do you know how to not get Ebola?', 'Were you close to anyone who had [the disease]' and 'How is Ebola spread?''' As if being from West Africa has endowed him as an Ebola expert.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW I JUST GOT BACK FROM SIERRA LEONE WON'T SHAKE MY HAND, OR EVEN LOOK AT ME SOMETIMES.

-MOHAMMED SOW

What's disturbed Mohammed the most, however, is what he describes as the "overblown" reaction of the Western media, and really the West in general.

"It's completely overblown. More people have died of cholera than Ebola, but no one's said anything about that. And it's really hurting the economy in Sierra Leone and these other countries. The plane I took back home was an airbus meant to hold 300-plus people. There were only 60 people on it. The airport and city center [in Conakry] were complete ghost towns. It's just all overblown and sad."

According to the WHO, somewhere between 100,000 and 200,000 people die each year from cholera, dwarfing the number killed in the latest Ebola epidemic, which is currently hovering around 5,000. In Liberia, Sierra Leone and guinea combined, 7,300 succumbed to HIV/AIDS in 2007 according to UN statistics, and the *Washington Post* reports that 1.5 million children die each year of diarrhea. And yet, Mohammed laments, these events remain largely absent from a media landscape saturated with Ebola coverage.

Meanwhile, broader issues aside, Mohammed is simply content to be back at home with his family.

"Again, it's sad but, you know, at least I'm home now."

Matthew Byrd, originally from Chicago, is a writer and proud resident of the People's Republic of Johnson County. Angry screeds should be directed to dibyrdie@gmail.com.

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ON THE TABLE



CHICKEN LITTLE REVIEWS: SALT FORK KITCHEN 112 E. MAIN ST. | SOLON





ood gains the title of 'good' from its context. Often we obsess over a meal not for the food itself but due to the story behind the ingredients, the pleasant company or the innovative presentation. A late-season apple tastes sweeter when it is the last one plucked from a tree before the frost hits. Eggs, bacon and black coffee are the most satisfying when you can linger over your Sunday *New York Times* crossword puzzle instead of rushing off to work. And the food at Salt Fork Kitchen in Solon is good mostly because of its context.

It is good because nearly all of the food comes directly from local sources, including co-owner Eric Menzel's Salt Fork Farms; because regulars Don and Yvonne can be found curled over their coffee cups week after week, whispering their approval of their breakfast to each other; because of the brunch-time temptation of mimosas and bloody marys; because chef and co-owner Jay Schworn will occasionally emerge from the kitchen to observe his customer's reactions to his dishes.

The journey to Salt Fork Kitchen is a significant part of the glow of this context: In warmer months, it's a beautiful bike ride from the Iowa City Farmers Market—where the **SALT FORK SUPPLIES** Much of the food prepared at Salt Fok Farms is from co-owner Eric Menzel's Solon farm. Photo by Adam Burke

restaurant began as a market stand—out past Sugar Bottom wilderness and into the town center of Solon. And during these coming winter months, a cozy drive past frosted fields will be rewarded with a steaming mug of coffee and a meal.

Stripped of this story, however, the food at Salt Fork is inconsistent in its charms. The egg-fried-rice and greens dish from the breakfast menu that I ordered was dry, dull brown and lacking in creativity. I could tell as I bit into a forkful that the separate ingredients were delicious—the local lamb sausage from Pavelka's Point, the braised greens, the kimchi—if only they could be distinguished from one another in the under-seasoned, stir-fried mush. I could not tell what was so special about the omelet that my friends ordered either, though I'd imagine the recently harvested eggs from Menzel's own chickens contributed to its deliciousness.

The lamb and feta tacos from the lunch menu are delicious, putting the flavors of the local lamb front and center, though the portion



is a bit too small. The house-made biscuits are also delicious, and the build-your-own bloody mary bar—available on weekends and loaded with house-made pickles and optional Benny's beef straws—is reason enough to linger there, especially after a rewarding bike ride.

The build-your-own bloody mary baravailable on weekends and loaded with house-made pickles and optional Benny's beef straws—is reason enough to linger.

What impressed me most were the four house-made hot sauces: chipotle, garlic and red pepper, jalapeño and fermented Thai. The sauces provided a colorful and interactive element to otherwise basic dishes. I also enjoyed the perfectly crisp and addictive home fries, as well as the vegetable slaw of crunchy mustard greens and cabbage that appeared as a side with each dish. The meal was so fresh it could have been plucked directly from the garden.

Service at Salt Fork is spotty. Our waiter was in such a hurry that she forgot our coffee order three times in a row, without apology, and each interaction seemed rushed and impersonal.

The dining room itself feels like a Wendy's with minimal modification, with too much off-white parquet and plastic to feel homey but just enough quirky paintings and antique objects to pass as the den of an artistic farmer.

Despite some of its flaws, I will remember the food at Salt Fork fondly because of the opportunity to bike on backroads for a Saturday brunch, the connection to locally farmed produce and meat and the obvious community approval that could be read on every face in the restaurant.

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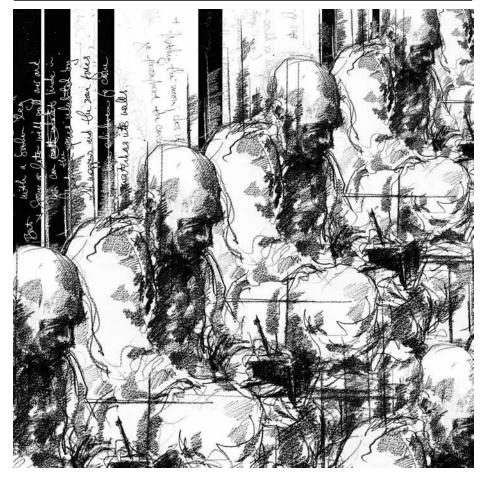
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WELCOME TO THE IMCC

What to expect when you first arrive at Coralville's lowa Medical and Classification Center—the first step for all inmates entering the lowa prison system. • BY RICK K.



hen you first arrive at the Iowa Medical and Classification Center (IMCC) it can be overwhelming for some people and just downright scary for other people. You'll be interviewed and processed into the Iowa prison system, first by security staff and then by medical staff. Prison is a whole different world from the way we used to live on the outside. You have rules and regulations you have to follow. You also have sanctions and lockup for those who can't follow the rules.

Iowa prisons are not what you see on TV or in the movies. (The scary gang groups or people forcing you to do things that is not morally right.) Here, prison is what you make it. If you follow the rules, mind your own business and keep your business to yourself, your stay here will be better for you. It's nobody's **SPEAKING OUT** Notes from Inside features original writing by inmates serving time in Iowa prisons. Illustration by Jacob Yeates

business why you're here, and it's none of your business why somebody else is here. Do your own time, that's what they say. Things do have a way of getting out here in prison so do not hide the facts, but don't discuss them either. Especially if you're still fighting the court system.

Anyway, when you first get here at IMCC and go through the intake processing, you will be asked a lot of medical questions. These are for your benefit, so answer all questions honestly.

After that you'll be taken to F-Unit which is a holding cell block for all new incoming inmates. These are two prison cells. Your prison experience begins with sharing a room, toilet and shower room with other inmates. Be



respectful of others, and they will be respectful of you.

After you have been given a blanket, sheets and a towel you will be told to take a shower (two-in-one shampoo/soap is provided). After you have showered, you will have a chance to pick out books or magazines to take to your cell with you. I suggest you pick out something that interests you because that will be the only entertainment you'll have for a few days.

It'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS WHY YOU'RE HERE, AND IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS WHY SOMEBODY ELSE IS HERE. DO YOUR OWN TIME, THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY.

F-Unit is a total lock down unit (no movement). You'll also be asked to fill out some paperwork and an information packet. This will go to your case manager who will be assigned to your case. All the information is important, such as a family information, emergency contact information and criminal history. This is all used by the Iowa Department of Corrections with the assessment of your case management, treatment, and eventually will determine which facility you will be placed. You will not be able to order commissary or make phone calls until you are relocated to a reception unit. You can fill out and turn in a phone number bubble sheet while you're on F-Unit. All phone numbers have to be approved before you can call anyone. You will be able to write and be provided two postage free envelopes per week.

In a day or two, sometimes longer, you will be assigned a case manager. This person will already have the informational packet you filled out earlier and the court sentencing information. They will not have your time comp or other court information. Your case manager will come to F-Unit to talk with you. The information they learn will help the Department of Corrections with the assessment of your case management, treatment and will determine which facility is best suited for you; by family destination, treatment and holding level score. It is very important that the information you give in this interview is honest and correct. This information will also decide which reception unit you will be assigned to while everything else is being processed.

You will receive a complete mental evaluation, physical health screening and even a dental checkup at no cost to you. If you have had any issues with any of these subjects, now would be a good time to speak up. Your stay on F-Unit could be a few days to a week. Hygiene is very important since you share your surroundings with other people.

Prison is not meant to be a vacation, it is a punishment and a rehabilitation facility for criminals. It's not easy, and if you're here, you have no choice. So make the best of a bad situation. Write letters to loved ones or friends, read books you enjoy, play games with other inmates. Soon you will be moving through the system faster than you think.

Next, you'll go to a reception unit until your case has been assessed. From there you will go to a facility that best suits you for the general population process. This is where you will serve the biggest part of the sentence imposed by the court. Then most inmates are ordered to treatment a year before their discharge date. They are then transferred to another prison facility that offers the best treatment plan depending on case information and charges. After completion of a successful treatment program or expiration of your sentence, you will be released back into the world. Take what you have learned and make better choices. Move on with your life.

This article was originally published in the IMCC's inmate-edited newsletter, The Kite. Little Village editors have not altered the content in this article in any way.

Thomas L. Cardella

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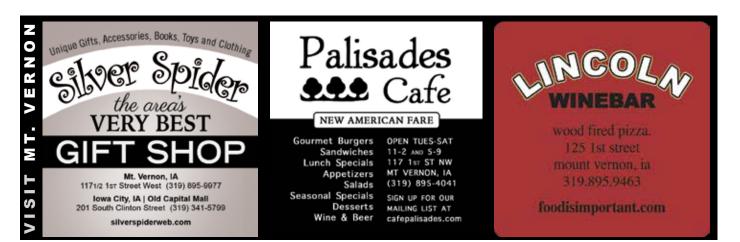
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TIRE CUTTER BLUES

This is the third novel excerpt from *All the Help You Need*, which follows the extracurricular adventures of Vic Pasternak and his toxic friend, Billy Kinross. Forthcoming from Slow Collision Press. • **BY VIC PASTERNAK**





ednesday night is a slow hell. Downtown chokes with dozens of unneeded cabs, each company representing like a corner gang squaring against the other cliques.

Unable to find standing anywhere, I realize each of these little operations, like pebbles in the crow's pitcher, has squeezed us out. I feel like a foreigner in my own town.

I bring my complaint to Captain Jerry and we bitch it out in the shack when another taxi peels into the parking yard. I can tell it's Billy Kinross by the way he drives. He struts in the office and shakes Jerry's paw and gives me a two-lump hug. "What're we all talking about?"

"Fucking gypsies," I reply.

"Gypsies?"

"The gypsy cabs. The fuckers sipping cash out of your wallet. Ten years ago there were 40 cabs on the road. Today it's over a 130."

Billy replies, "Y'all should've slashed some tires when they first showed."

"It didn't work for Mohamet," says Jerry.

"Who's Mohamet?"

"The prick that drives UniCab #15," I jump in. "He sugared four of our tanks and a bunch at every outfit except UniCab."

"How you know it was him?"

"Wayne Linder saw him getting on two cars at Capital, and I saw him come out of our yard throwing empty sugar boxes into the road right the fuck in front of me."

"Nobody kicked his ass?" asks Billy. "I might've knifed a guy for that. That's livelihood he's taking from us all."

"Amen," Jerry and I say in chorus.

The phone rings twice and Jerry takes the calls. Me and Billy step outside to smoke. Billy asks me, "You know where this dude stay?"

"Sure I do."

He points at the Gerber tool on my belt. "That thing got a knife?"

"Sure it does."

"Then I think we ought to go over there and find his cab. I think we ought to find his cab and stab out his tires."

"We're at work, Billy."

SLASH AND DASH Some cabbies take the rules of the road into their own hands. Illustration by Josh Carroll

Billy yells into the office to ask the old man if we're clear to handle an extracurricular mission.

"Ain't a damn thing going," Jerry hollers back. "Don't do nothing I wouldn't do."

This isn't a job for a company car, so we sneak my Toyota out of the yard. Its unibody frame had been eaten through by the acid of a battery blown up long ago, and the axle is the only thing holding the wheel to the car now. I wrestle the steering to keep straight as the front end lumps along in frequency to the vehicle's speed, which makes it feel like I'm driving a drunken horse.

Ten minutes later we're lumping across the west side boulevard, turning off into a complex of two-story buildings. They stand along a flowing drive running up the hillcrest and back down in a loop. The university built these for athletes but the students quit renting when it opened to Section 8. We wheel around the loop until I see the purple and cream UniCab parked in the rows like an ice cream cone among the regular cars.

Billy asks: "You sure that's his taxi?"

"It's marked #15 on the rear like I said."

"Then douse them headlights and pull up. Give me that knife, too."

I hand him the tool off my belt. Billy snaps it open and bends out the blade.

My lousy brakes whistle and I blush: wrong vehicle for any covert operation, and I remark needlessly that the brakes need fixed.

THEN I CREEP FORWARD AND STAB THE FRONT TIRE. I TWIST MY TOOL OUT AND LET ITS AIR RUSH OVER MY HAND, TOO.

"This bitch needs junked," replies Billy. Now he's sharpening his eyes on me. "Maybe you want to do this thing, bubba. Since you hadn't taken the chance before."

I look at Billy holding my knife and consider the dare he's slipped in like a pork rider on a farm bill. Then my hand slides the 'Yota to "P."

"Give me the knife back."

I open the door and fall out, quick to throw the door closed. Coming around the rear of my car, I give a look-see.

Nobody around.

Crouching at the rear of UniCab #15, I stab the passenger side tire and twist out my tool, letting air rush over my hand. It feels cool and smells like rubber. Then I creep forward and stab the front tire. I twist my tool out and let its air rush over my hand, too. Billy has gotten behind the wheel of the 'Yota and eases off the brakes, grinding ahead to meet me on the other side of the van.

I'm coming around the front when I see the driver. Now he's coming out of the cab pissed off and yelling. "What you do on my taxi?"

I scramble to the 'Yota and jump in the rear hollering at Billy.

"Drive drive drive!"

The 'Yota hasn't any spunk yet Billy gets us out of the lot fast, popping on headlights as we bang over the curb, wobbling dangerous and barely making the curve of the road.

"Shimmy-she-wobble, you feel that? Junk this bitch."

Looking out the back window, I see the dude chasing across the parking lot light. My heart thumps like a drum, and I fold my knife before I stab myself with it.

"Fucking Christ of God," I say to Billy as I straddle the seats to climb up front. "I was getting down on that driver tire when he popped out."

Billy wheels hard through a wide turn back onto the west side boulevard, bearing south. And that's the last I see of the dude. He'd chased us all the way to the big road.

"So," says Billy. "That was the pirate that sugared our tanks."

"Hell no," I tell him. "That was some Turkish dude. Right taxi, wrong guy."

I feel like I've been punched in the gut. But Billy laughs like hell. And he disagrees that we got the wrong guy.

"Lie down with dogs," he says, "you get up with fleas."

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, chainsawing and long walks alone.





WAIT • BY SHARON BECKMAN

Hot Tin Roof is a program to support new literary work produced in Iowa City. Each month one writer is published and granted a \$100 honorarium. The series is supported by the Englert Theatre, UNESCO City of Literature USA, M.C. Ginsberg Objects of Art and *Little Village*.



t's time for your annual mammogram, which, in this case, is over two years since your last one. Doctors say you don't need one every year now, although different studies come out all the time which tell you one thing, then another. You opt to pay the extra 60 dollars this time to get the touted 3-D imaging that is now offered at the University Hospital, although you debate whether it's worth it or not. But you've always been told, "You have dense breasts," so you guess it's worth it if it saves you from having to return for a dreaded follow-up exam. The tech kneads your breasts, one by one, onto the cold plastic tray before squeezing the other plastic tray toward it, sandwiching your breast firmly between the two. She squeezes the trays even closer together with a few last hand twists of a knob. You hold your breath when told, breathe out with relief when permitted, and hold your breath again when ordered, before she says, "Good." She changes your arm position, adjusts your torso, pushes back your shoulder while moving your other shoulder into another awkward pose, all while urging you to relax. This happens many times before she disappears with the films into another room, to be briefly reviewed by the radiologist. Then they let you go home. You receive a letter a week later stating that they want to compare your current films with your last films from out of state, which they have requested. After another two weeks' waiting, they send you another letter asking that you return for a follow-up mammogram, where you repeat the uncomfortable positions but on the right side only. However, the unseen radiologist this time requests an ultrasound after seeing the images, so you cross the hall in your pink hospital gown to another chilled

room where you lie on the examining table, partially twisted away from the technician, and raise your right arm above your head. The tech squirts your breast with warm gel and wands the area, pausing to type data into her machine and click to take pictures. Lots of them. She towels off most of the gel, covers your bare breast with your gown, and disappears to show the radiologist, who returns almost immediately with her, wanding the area herself as she peers onscreen at the resulting images. She then sits beside you, introduces herself as Dr. Fajardo, and says there's a spot she doesn't like, which didn't show up on the out-of-state mammogram films, and she wants you to go for a biopsy. "No emergency," she says, "but I'd like you to do it within a month, so you don't forget."

A week later you are back at the hospital where you meet Dr. Walsh, who explains the biopsy procedure: along with guiding the ultrasound wand, she will insert a needle with Lydocaine into your right breast in several areas, which will sting and be momentarily painful, and, after several minutes when the area is numb, she will insert a longer needle, extracting various tissue samples with a loud click. She will have to do this three or four times, but will warn you before each click. It's just as she says it will be, down to the loud clicks that sound like a staple gun and the pressure as she suctions out the samples. When she's finished, you're bandaged and given an ice pack and several pages of post-biopsy instructions, and she says she will call in three days with the results, stressing that she will not leave any results, good or bad, on voicemail. Thursday morning you forget your phone as you run errands, and when you return home, there is a pleasant-sounding message on your voicemail

to call Dr. Walsh, and you feel relieved from the tone of her voice. You phone her immediately and she says, "The results came back, and they were cancerous," and you numbly ask her what seem to be logical follow-up questions, but you're staring at the back of the envelope where you've written the word "Cancer," circling it heavily, over and over, and you don't hear her answers to your forgotten questions. You point the word to your husband, and your face crumples. You start to cry, and Dr. Walsh pauses on the other end of the phone and says she knows it's hard to hear and she hates having to make these calls. She asks if you're alright, and you can't answer her. She says that a nurse will call later that day to make an appointment with a surgeon. She stays on the line until you can talk again. You thank her and hang up.

When you go back to the University Hospital days later to check in for the surgeon's appointment, you're in a different wing, the impressive-sounding Holden Comprehensive Cancer Center. You and your husband enter the crowded reception area where patients are flipping through magazines and chatting. You glance at them: bald women and emaciated men, people with IVs strung on poles by their sides, people in wheelchairs. You think to yourself, "Oh man, they all look like cancer patients. I don't belong here." And then you think, "Wait," because you realize with a jolt that you do.

Sharon Beckman is an artist and member of a memoir writing group. She is now, happily, cancer-free.

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BRIDGING TV'S CARICATURE GAP

The portrayal of what it means to be "Black" on television is often one of exaggeration and overcompensation, but show's like *Black-ish* strive for something more authentic. • BY MELISSA ZIMDARS



a response to Black sitcoms of the '70s like *Sanford and Son* (1972-1977) and *Good Times* (1974-1979) which were stereotype-laden and often segregated, in the sense that Black characters rarely interacted with characters of other races; those programs were specifically developed to address the assimilationist tendencies of '60s programs like *I Spy* (1965-1968) and *Julia* (1968-1971). Going even further back, those '60s programs downplayed or avoided

BLACK-ISH EXPLICITLY SETS OUT TO EXAMINE RACE WHEREAS MANY PREVIOUS BROADCAST SHOWS DID SO ONLY INTERMITTENTLY.

couple issues ago, I put the ABC sitcom *Black-ish* on the list of new fall TV to skip. I rarely admit to something like this, but I was wrong. It may not be the funniest or most innovative show on television, but I think it's a socially and politically important one.

Black-ish features an affluent Black family living in a primarily White neighborhood in Los Angeles. The father, Andre (Anthony Anderson), works in advertising, the mother, Rainbow (Tracee Ellis Ross), is a doctor, and their four lovable children all attend a racially homogenous private school.

Trailers and promotional materials for *Black-ish* feature characters in traditional African garb, discussions of fried chicken around the dinner table and the throwing of a hip-hop themed "bro-mitzvah." I assumed this would be yet another "post-racial" tele-vision comedy that contradictorily relies on racialized caricatures for its punchlines, like *Modern Family* and *Glee* are prone to do. However, *Black-ish* instead explores Black identities in relation to cultural assimilation and appropriation, as well as what it means to be Black, or "Black-ish," in America.

In one episode, Andre struggles over his promotion to senior vice president of a new

LOVE FOR BLACK-ISH Though it's not perfect, ABC's sitcom attempts to contextualize Black racial identity in contemporary America.

urban division within an advertising firm, specifically questioning what the term urban means in relation to Black cultural appropriation. Andre also expresses concern over his children understanding the importance of Barack Obama's presidency, not knowing the "head nod" (a "universal" acknowledgement between Black individuals) and whether being biracial means you are "really" Black.

Maybe this is generous considering it's only six episodes in, but *Black-ish* reminds me of shows like *All in the Family* (1971-1979), *Cagney and Lacey* (1982-1988) and *Roc* (1991-1994), which explicitly combined entertainment or humor with political and social discussions relating to class, gender and race. In an era dominated by *Mob Wives* and *Cupcake Wars*, it's easy to forget that television has moments of relevance or influence, and that even if network executives care primarily about finances, show creators are invested in particular stories, characters and points of view.

For example, Bill Cosby specifically developed *The Cosby Show* (1984-1992) as racial issues because of previous criticism over the racial/racist depictions on *Amos and Andy* (1951-1953). As these examples show, television's history of representing Blackness is one of overcompensation or exaggeration, or of shifting between assimilation or segregation, to the point where discussions of Black identity are either absent or caricatured.

As both FOX and UPN came into existence as broadcast networks, this either/or dynamic subsided, to a degree, as more shows with Black characters produced by Black TV creators filled the schedule. Shows like *Family Matters* (1989-1998), *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, (1990-1996), *The Parkers* (1999-2004), *The Bernie Mac Show* (2001-2006), and many others, at least offered to increase the visibility—and variety—of Black experiences on the small screen.

Some cable programs, like *Chappelle's Show* (2003-2006), also resist television's either/or history, but are more overt in their interrogations of race in American society. Dave Chappelle often evoked racial stereotypes in order to push audiences to think about their own complicity in systemic racism and racialized thinking.

Similarly, Comedy Central's *Key & Peele* (2012-present) features two biracial comedians, Keegan-Michael Key and Jordan Peele,

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who engage with experiences, tensions and contradictions between their own identities, their various characters and with Black caricatures and stereotypes in popular culture more broadly. One sketch explores the social contexts in which they "talk Black" or "talk White," playing with the performative aspects of race. Other sketches explore what it's like to be a Black man walking down the street in a suburban neighborhood, Black Republicanism, slavery and "thug" identity.

Like these cable programs, *Black-ish* explicitly sets out to examine race whereas many previous broadcast shows did so only intermittently. The show's engagements with race are thus far light-hearted, especially in comparison to contemporary issues and experiences of Black identity in relation to police brutality, incarceration rates, voter disenfranchisement and a host of other other problems that prove we are a long way from being a "post-racial" America.

Television has long been theorized to act as a forum for cultural and political debate, so maybe shows like *Key & Peele* or *Black-ish* will make for good places to start some longoverdue conversations about race. Hopefully, more viewers will recognize the error of ignoring race, or pretending that racism no longer exists, and instead acknowledge how race profoundly shapes our individual identities and everyday experiences.

And just as I admitted my fault in originally advising against *Black-ish*, we all need to admit that there is still a lot of work to be done in regard to racialism, racism and social justice in the U.S. **N**

Melissa Zimdars is now re-watching her UPN favorite, Moesha.



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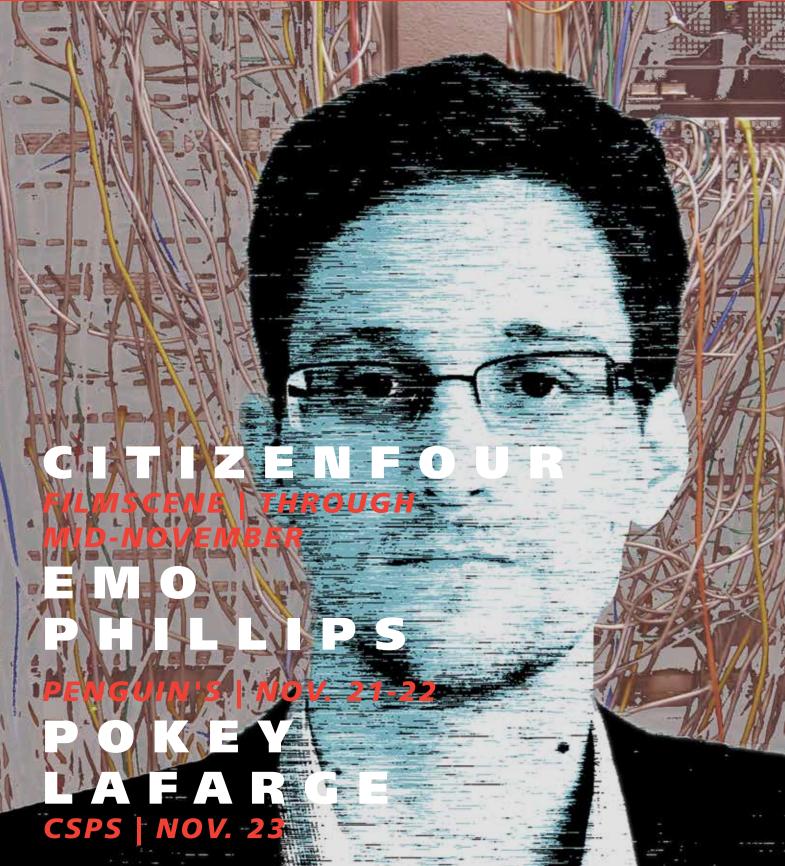


Illustration by Adam Burke –

DECODING SNOWDEN

The new documentary *Citizenfour* exposes Edward Snowden, depicting a young man and his fight to uphold fundamental American freedoms. **BY SCOTT SAMUELSON**

t's no surprise that right-wing national-security types think that Edward Snowden is a traitor. But it's been interesting to hear prominent mainstream liberals attack the young whistleblower's character. Former *New Republic* editor Michael Kinsley denounces Snowden and his collaborator Glenn Greenwald as out-of-touch romantics with martyr complexes, while *New Yorker* contributor George Packer finds Snowden guilty of irresponsible moral absolutism. And, as you may have heard, Obama also doesn't like him either.

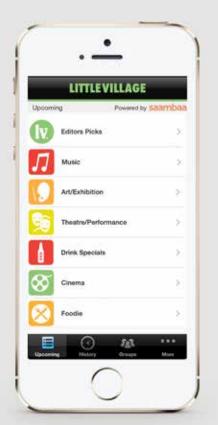
The new documentary *Citizenfour*, now playing at FilmScene, helps us to see past these characterizations—oddly paranoid in their own right—and take measure of Snowden. Far from an obsessed martyr, what we see through the documentary's depictions is a mild, principled, reluctant young man. Think what you

will of his politics, it's hard not to see him as a good guy.

What makes *Citizenfour* so riveting is that it's about the making of *Citizenfour*. The documentary filmmaker Laura Poitras, recipient of a MacArthur 'genius grant' and a Pulitzer Prize, begins to receive highly encrypted and somewhat cryptic—emails from someone calling himself "citizenfour" about overreach in governmental spying. Soon Poitras and "citizenfour" are setting up clandestine meetings and working out codes that won't be registered by the far-seeing machinations of the United States National Security Agency (NSA). The first hour of the documentary is as gripping as any dark 1970s spy thriller.

SNOWDEN UP CLOSE Laura Poitras' documentary Citizenfour is showing at FilmScene through mid-November.





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EDITORS' PICKS

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Under his "magic mantle of power," a red blanket that hides the typing of passwords, Snowden—"citizenfour"—pulls up detailed documents about the NSA's massive power. As suspicious as he is of the government, Snowden trusts Greenwald and Poitras solely on the basis of their journalism and entrusts them with huge decisions about what to reveal and the extent to which he should reveal himself. By the end of the movie he's in Russia, isolated from his family and friends.

Poitras doesn't make much effort to present both sides of the debate—but what documentarian ever really does. Still, her movie, sympathetic as it is to Snowden and Greenwald, isn't a piece of propaganda, either. *Citizenfour* is really about a set of decisions and the characters who make them. You feel the excitement, fear, uplift and disappointment of discovery and choice.

Insofar as the movie makes an argument, it's that when governmental organizations like the NSA have so much power, they erode the privacy necessary for democracy. Even if governments don't abuse this power, the fact that they have it makes us think of ourselves as subjects rather than citizens. Moreover, it's pollyannaish to think that rulers will never abuse this power. After all, why wouldn't they sometimes check up on their opposition's whereabouts or the political groups with which their citizenry associates?

FAR FROM AN OBSESSED MARTYR, WHAT WE SEE THROUGH THE DOCUMENTARY'S DEPICTIONS IS A MILD, PRINCIPLED, RELUCTANT YOUNG MAN.

Throughout the movie, the locations change from the U.S. to Hong Kong to Brazil to Germany to Russia, along the way raising the uncomfortable question about the global rights of people. Even if we put serious checks on our government's ability to spy on us, should the U.S. have the unlimited right to spy on everyone else in the world—terrorists, protesters, journalists, Angela Merkel?

During the Cold War, it was easy for us to look at the Stasi, East Germany's national security agency, and see the evil of totalitarianism. It's harder for us, conservatives and liberals alike, to look in the mirror. Sure, we still have powerful checks against totalitarianism, but could our fear of terrorism erode our democratic traditions? Could we develop our own kinder, gentler version of authoritarian capitalism? Or am I another libertarian paranoiac?

I do worry that we're increasingly willing to sell our freedom for security and prosperity. I worry especially about the fellow citizen who shrugs their shoulders and goes, "Well, I'm not doing anything wrong, so what do I care if the NSA is watching?" But when I see a 29-year-old who forsakes his security for freedom, I remember that some things can't be sold.

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College. His new book is The Deepest Human Life: An Introduction to Philosophy for Everyone.

WED., NOV. 19

/MUSIC: Courtney McClean and the Dirty Curls, Gabe's, Free, 8 pm I Dirty country comedy.

Matt Alber w. Celisse Henderson, The Mill, \$15, 8 pm I Two-time Grammy award-winning singer songwriter.

Drumming for Healing, Prairiewoods (in Hiawatha), Free, 6 pm l Drum circle.

/CINEMA: Citizenfour, FilmScene, \$6.50 - \$8.50, 5 pm, 7:30 pm I A series of intense interviews between documentary filmmaker Laura Poitras and Edward Snowden. /THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Opening: Cirque du Soleil Dralion, U.S. Cellular Center, \$43 - \$128, 7:30 pm I See 3000 year old Chinese-style acrobatic arts.

/EDUCATIONAL: Mini Faroese Shawl, Home Ec Workshop, \$55, 7 pm I Three-session course will teach your how to

knit a faroese shawl.

Dream Group, Prairiewoods, suggested \$20, 1 pm I Interpreting your dreams.

/KIDS: Science for Squirts - Leaf Man, Wickiup Hill Learning Center, **\$2**, **10** am | *Register at least two days prior to program.*

/FOODIE: Superfoods for Women, NewBo City Market, \$10,6 pm I Learn about foods that offer major benefits.

THURS., NOV. 20

(MUSIC: University of Iowa Jazz Performances, The Mill, Free, 9 pm I Performances by Mike Vlatkovitch (trb), Jonathan Golove (cello), Damons Short (drums).

/ART-AND-EXHIBITION: Lecture by Ceramicist Rick Hintze, Arts Iowa, Free, 7:30 pm I UI alumnus gives a lecture on ceramics.

/LITERATURE: Jordi Punti, Prairie Lights, Free, 5 pm I Author from Barcelona reads short stories.

Lorna Landvik, Prairie Lights, Free, 7 pm I Writer, comedian reads from her latest, Best to Laugh.

/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Paperback Rhino, Public Space One, \$2, 9 pm I Improv comedy.

The Designer—A Brechtian Techno Drama, Theatre Building at UI, \$0 - \$5, 8 pm I Second installment of the Transmitter Trilogy, inspired by Peter Pan. (Nov. 20 - 22) /CINEMA: Paper Lion, Old Capitol Supreme Court Chamber, Free, 6:30 pm I This film tells the true story of a reporter who goes undercover as the quarterback for the Detroit Lions.

Dear White People, FilmScene, \$6.50 - \$8.50, 9:30 pm I A satire about being black at a mostly white college. /COMMUNITY: Bread Garden Holiday Open House, Bread Garden, Free, 5:30 pm I Sample house-made products, craft beers and wines. Guided Meditation, Grant Wood Studio, \$10, 6 pm I Illuminations Healing Arts Center guides guests through relaxing meditation.

FRI., NOV. 21

/MUSIC: Rational Anthem w. Delay, Public Space One, Price TBD, 7 pm I Pop-punk from Florida.

Adrian Legg, CSPS, **\$17** - **\$21**, **8** pm I Skilled guitarist takes electric approach to acoustic.

Mimosa, Blue Moose Tap House, \$15 - \$17, 9 pm I West coast hip hop.

The Goddamns, Gabe's, \$5, 10 pm I Alt blues rock from Wisconsin.

Candymakers, Yacht Club, \$6, 10 pm I Funk, soul, and blues band from the Quad Cities.

/ART-AND-EXHIBITION: Posters from the Heart Reception, Public Space One, Free, 5 pm I Explore social justice issues in Iowa through art.

Opening: Assorted Nuts, Iowa Theatre Artists Company, Amana, \$10 - \$15 I *Musical comedy.*

A-LIST



Emo Philips, Penguin's Comedy Club, \$15, 7:30 pm I With surreal one-liners like, "How many people here have telekinetic powers? Raise my hand," and his offbeat, child-like delivery, Emo Philips is something of a godfather to alternative comedy. His fame peaked in the '80s, but Philips continues to perform stand-up regularly, and in recent years has appeared in festivals put on by Eugene Mirman, where he's connected with a younger generation of alt-comedy fans. (Nov. 21 - 22) — Arashdeep Singh

Janice lan Experience, The Mill, Free, 8 pm I All-girl IC improv group.

/KIDS: Bear Cub Workshop, Indian Creek Nature Center, \$3 - \$10, 6 pm I Learn about habitats and endangered and extinct animals.

SAT., NOV. 22



MUSIC: Rosanne Cash, The Englert Theatre, \$42 - \$57.50, 8 pm I Simply playing music with the last name of Cash has got to be an incredible challenge, but Roseanne Cash has a nearly 40-year career of excellent songs that hold up as well as her father's classics. "I Don't Know Why You Don't Want Me" and "Seven Year Ache" may as well be canon in the country music world. Her songs are notable for a balance of lyrical complexity and structural simplicity that few songwriters are capable of. —Max Johnson

• Garnet Rogers, CSPS, \$16 - \$19, 8 pm | Smooth, lyrically driven baritone.

Landmarks, Blue Moose Tap House, **\$5 - \$7, 9 pm l** Blend of shoegaze, art and indie rock.

Chicago Afrobeat Project, Yacht Club, \$6, 10 pm I Dancey afrobeat.

Supersuckers, Gabe's, \$10, 10 pm | Self-proclaimed greatest rock and roll band in the world.

/ART-AND-EXHIBITION: It's all about the Art: Artists Fair, Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 10 am I Holiday exhibition and art sale.

Opening: Guardians of Grain: Bamana and Dogon door locks, Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, \$0 - \$5 | A collection of 54 African door locks.

/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Opening: A 1940s Radio Christmas Carol, Old Creamery Theatre, \$18.50 - \$28 | A Christmas Comedy.

/CINEMA: Breaking the Cycle, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 3:30 pm I An IowaWatch documentary by UI graduate Katie Kuntz with panel discussion to follow.

/EDUCATIONAL: Flower Power Glass Flower Discs, Beadology, \$75, 10 am I Learn to make a glass disc with layers of color. Flame I class required.



EDITORS' PICKS

BEST OF IC

Soldering Sampler, Beadology, \$75, 2 pm I Learn several soldering techniques. No experience required.

Orthodox Christianity? An Evangelical's Journey, Iowa City Public Library Room A, Free, 2 pm I Fr. Ken DeVoie will speak on christianity.

Under the Stars, Indian Creek Nature Center, \$3 - \$6, 6:30 pm I Watch for meteors and identify fall constellations.

/COMMUNITY: Survivors of Suicide Loss Day, Crisis Center of Johnson County, Free, 10 am

I Join The Crisis Center of Johnson County for International Survivors of Suicide Loss Day to meet with other suicide loss survivors in the community. The gathering will feature a screening of The Journey, a documentary that highlights the stories of a diverse group of suicide loss survivors.—LW

SUN., NOV. 23

MUSIC: Pokey LaFarge, CSPS, \$19 - \$23, 7 pm I If you missed American roots musician Pokey LaFarge in September at the Englert, don't fret—he's already coming back, this time to CSPS. Hailing from Illinois, LaFarge's career began at the age of 17, when he hitchhiked all the way to the West Coast and made a living busking on street corners. Since those humble beginnings, he's shared stages with Jack White, Wanda Jackson and Carolina Chocolate Drops, among others. —MJ

ICCSO Fall Concert, The Englert, Free, 3 pm I lowa City Community String Orchestra's opening concert.

THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Was The Word (pictured), Englert Theatre, at will donation, 8 pm I What is your ultimate nightmare—a mixup gone horribly wrong, or being forced to endure Aunt Myrna's Tuna Surprise? Find out what local artists have to endure at Working Group Theatre's regular storytelling event when the theme is "A Recipe for Disaster." Ticket sales benefit local non-profit organizations. —JS

Closing: Dralion - Cirque du Soleil, U.S. Cellular Center, \$43 - \$128, 7:30 pm I See 3000 year old Chinese-style acrobatic arts.

/FOODIE: Winter Farmers' Market, Johnson County Fairgrounds, Free, 11 am I Fresh produce and local products.

/EDUCATIONAL: Knitting: Knit 101, Home Ec. Workshop,\$20, 1 pm I Learn knitting basics.



TUE., NOV. 25

(MUSIC: Flutes for Food, Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Non-perishable food item for admission, 6:30 pm I *Student flute recitals benefit local food pantries.*





N O W S H O W I N G



The Tale of the Princess Kaguya Directed by Isao Takahata FilmScene Opening Nov. 21

Descriptions of the plots of Studio Ghibli films rarely make much sense (this one begins with a bamboo cutter finding a miniature girl inside a stalk of bamboo; it gets weirder from there), but somehow they always manage to be profound, moving, beautiful and even familiar. This version of a famous Japanese folktale is by the legendary Isao Takahata (*Grave of the Fireflies, Pom Poko*). —*Scott Samuelson*



Goodbye to Language Directed by Jean-Luc Godard FilmScene Opening Nov. 28

You can't accuse Godard of resting on his laurels. The founder of La Nouvelle Vague has improvised a homemade 3D movie-essay about a couple and their dog, with some attention to Hitler, Africa, sex, death, Lord Byron, Jean Arthur and taking a dump. —SS

EDITORS' PICKS

Not Half Bad, Public Space One, Price TBD, 7 pm I Dirty folk/punk from Texas.

Stepfather Gets Mohawk, Gabe's, Free, 9 pm I An evening of anarchy soundtracked by a dirty-rock-band trio.

WED., NOV. 26

/KIDS: Planet Protectors: Animals Day Camp, Iowa Children's Museum, \$0 - \$22.50, 9 am I Learn about the animals that live in the backyard. Registration required.

FRI., NOV. 28

 /MUSIC: A Ferocious Jungle Cat, Yacht Club, \$5, 10 pm I A band who loves cats as much as music. Formerly known as More Machine Now Than Man.
 Wild Oatz Band, Riverside Casino, Free, 8:30 pm I
 /THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Fourth Room Theatre presents: Red, CSPS, \$18, 7:30 pm I John Logan's play about painter Mark Rothko. (Nov. 28, 29)



Opening: A Christmas Carol, Riverside Theatre, \$18 - \$30 I A one-man-show adaption of the classic Christmas tale. (Nov. 28 - Dec. 13)

SAT., NOV. 29

/MUSIC: Holiday Grande with Jim McDonough, Paramount Theatre, \$29 - \$42, 2:30 pm I Pianist with orchestra and singers perform to benefit Camp Courageous of Iowa.

Yelawolf, Blue Moose Tap House, \$25 - \$75, 7 pm I Born and raised in Alabama, Yelawolf (the musical alter-ego of Michael Wayne Atha) is a unique entry in the world of Southern rap. Using classic rock samples and collaborating with Kid Rock is just the beginning of his career-long celebration of the southern states, all while keeping a David Lynchian understanding of the gritty underbelly of the sleepy towns he grew up in. Yelawolf will be offering meet and greet tickets during this trip to IC, so hardcore hip-hop fans should rejoice. —MJ Greg Winkle Benefit and Bluegrass Concert, Gabe's, \$5, 8 pm I Featuring music from John Eric Trio, Cedar County Cobras and Frank F. Sydney's Western Bandit Volunteers.

Uniphonics & Dead Larry, Yacht Club, **\$8**, **9:30** pm I Jam with two lowa City bands.

Kelly Pardekooper, The Mill, \$10, 8 pm I lowa City native, Pardekooper has been featured on shows like True Blood and Sons of Anarchy.

/KIDS: Junie B Jones in Jingle Bells, Batman Smells, Old Creamery Theatre, \$9 I When Junie's first grade class does Secret Santa, she's stuck feeling like a scrooge.

SUN., NOV. 30

/ART-AND-EXHIBITION: Dvorák on Dvorák, National Czech and Slovak Museum, \$8 - \$10, 2 pm I A selection of pieces by Antonín Dvorák.

MON., DEC. 1

/MUSIC: **Dudley Saunders 'In These Boxes,' CSPS, \$10 - \$13, 7 pm I Mix of music, multimedia and video art to understand death and why we hold onto others' things once they have passed. Saunders asks for contributions from the community.

/EDUCATIONAL: Winter Hedgehog, Home Ec. Workshop, \$40, 5:30 pm I Learn to knit, seam, and stuff an adorable hedgehog with a tiny scarf.

TUE., DEC. 2



/MUSIC: Alex Body (pictured) w. Texaco Spirits, Katrina Stonehart, Columba Fasciata, The Mill, \$6, 9 pm I Local experimenters Alex Body and Texaco Spirits (Tim Wehrle and Cole Highnam) join two Chicago acts on the Mill stage. /EDUCATIONAL: Chevron Quilt, Home Ec. Workshop, \$60, 5:30 pm I Learn to sew a chevron quilt. Two-session class.



Fall Calendar 2014

LITTLE VILLAGE READER **APPRECIATION PARTY**

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19 Englert Gallery Pop-Up Event

ROSANNE CASH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22

IOWA CITY COMMUNITY STRING ORCHESTRA SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23

> WAS THE WORD SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23 Intimate at the Englert Series

THE SANTA CLAUSE SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29 ICDD Holiday Family Movie

THE NUTCRACKER DECEMBER 5-7 Nolte Academy of Dance

PIETA BROWN & THE PINES

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13 Celebrate Local: 10 Years of the New Englert

EUFÓRQUESTRA: HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19 Co-presented by Gabe's

PHAROAH'S DAUGHTER SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20 HD Broadcast - Bolshoi Ballet

THE FEZ WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31 New Year's Eve Celebration

THE JOSHUA SHOW Englert Family Series

LA BAYADÉRE SATURDAY, JANUARY 17 HD Broadcast - Bolshoi Ballet

(319) 688-2653 | englert.org 221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

ONGOING EVENTS

MONDAYS:

Play & Learn at Cedar Rapids Ladd Library, Free, 9 am Stories for Scooters Cedar Rapids Downtown Library, Free, 9 am Toddler Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am Alcoholics Anonymous, Uptown Bill's, Free, 12 pm & 6 pm Starlight Story Time Cedar Rapids Downtown Library Free, 6 pm Open Mic The Mill, Free, 8 pm Catacombs of Comedy Yacht Club, \$5.9 pm

TUESDAYS:

Mother Goose on the Loose Cedar Rapids Downtown Library, Free, 9 am Toddler Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am Alcoholics Anonymous Uptown Bill's, Free, 12 pm Play & Learn Cedar Rapids Downtown Library, Free, 6 pm Blues Jam Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 7 pm Upper Deck Dance Party Yacht Club, Free, 10 pm Comedy and Open Mic Studio 13, Free, 10pm

WEDNESDAYS:

Story Time Cedar Rapids Downtown Library, Free, 9 am Preschool Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am Alcoholics Anonymous, Uptown Bill's, Free, 12 pm Theology Brewed, Journey Church, Free, 7 pm Open Jam and Mug Night, Yacht Club, \$5, 10 pm

THURSDAYS:

Preschool Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am Alcoholics Anonymous Uptown Bill's, Free, 12 pm Thursday Night Lineup, Brucemore, \$12 - \$15, 5:30 pm Open Mic Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 pm Daddy-O Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 7 pm Karaoke Penguin's Comedy Club, Free, 8 pm The Salt Company Englert Theatre, Free, 8 pm SOULSHAKE Gabe's, Free, 10 pm Mixology Gabe's, \$2, 10 pm Thursday Night Dance Party. Studio13. Price TBD. 10 pm

FRIDAYS:

Book Babies, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 am, 1:30 pm Alcoholics Anonymous Uptown Bill's, Free, 12 pm Weekend Comedy Showcase Penguin's Comedy Club, Price TBD, 7:30 pm

SATURDAYS:

Community Folk Sing, Uptown Bill's, Free, 3 pm (Every other Saturday) Ukulele Social Club, Uptown Bill's, Free, 4 pm (Every third Saturday) Saturday Night Music, Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 pm Weekend Comedy Showcase, Penguin's Comedy Club, Price TBD, 7:30 pm

SUNDAYS:

*Winter Farmer's Market Johnson County Fairgrounds, Free, 11 am (every other Sunday Community Worktime Public Space One, Free, 1 pm GLBTQ Community Pot Luck and Bingo Studio 13, Free, 6 pm Pub Quiz The Mill, \$1, 9 pm

/ART-AND-EXHIBITION:

Posters from the Heart, Public Space One, Price TBD (Through Nov. 30) Frank Hansen, Lauren Tucci CSPS, Price TBD (Through Dec. 28) Vivipary - Zachary Grey Phelps, CSPS, Price TBD (Through Dec. 28) Aliens: An Isle - Videos by Nick Twemlow, CSPS, Price TBD (Through Dec. 31) A Wonderful Preserve: A Century of Recovery on Laysan Island, Museum of Natural History at UI, free (Through Dec. 31) A Shakespeare Christmas, Herbert Hoover National Historic Site, \$0 - \$6 (Through Jan. 4) Carl Van Vechten, Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, \$0 - \$5 (Through Jan. 4) Celebration! Rituals and Revelries of Life, National Czech and Slovak Museum, \$0 - \$10 Faces of Freedom: The Czech and Slovak Journey, National Czech and Slovak Museum, \$0 - \$10



Peter Sis - Cartography of the Mind (pictured), National Czech and Slovak Museum, \$0 - \$10 Shadows of History: Photographs of the Civil War, Cedar Rapids Museum of Art. \$0 - \$5

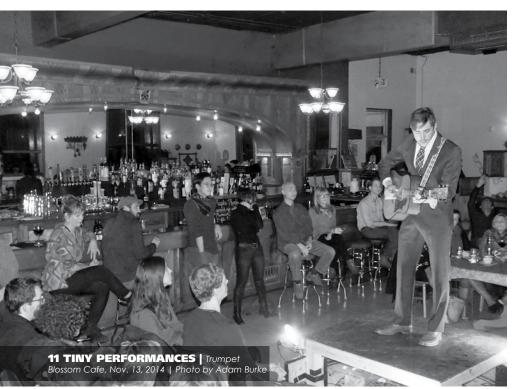
/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE:

Dralion - Cirgue du Soleil, US Cellular Center, \$43 - \$128, 7:30 pm I See 3000 year old Chinese-style acrobatic arts. (Nov. 19 - 23) A 1940s Radio Christmas Carol, Old Creamery Theatre, \$18.50 - \$28 | A Christmas Comedy. The Designer: A Brechtian Techno Drama, Theatre Building at UI, \$0 - \$5, 8 pm I Second installment of the Transmitter Trilogy, inspired by Peter Pan. (Nov. 20 - 22)



Shrek the Musical, Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$24 - \$35 | It's a fairy-tale season at Theatre Cedar Rapids. After a successful run of Into the Woods, the theatre continues its fantasy-themed shows with this kid-friendly installment. Follow the adventures of Shrek and Donkey as they go on a quest to help Princess Fiona find love in its "true form."-Jorie Slodki (Nov. 21 - Dec. 20)

IC AREA VENUE GUIDE



IOWA CITY

Blue Moose Tap House 211 Iowa Ave, (319) 358-9206, hluemooseic com

Chait Galleries Downtown 218 E Washington St, (319) 338-4442, thegalleriesdowntown.com Englert Theatre 221 E Washington St, (319) 688-2653, englert.org FilmScene 118 E College St, (319) 358-2555, icfilmscene.org First Avenue Club, 1550 S 1st Ave, (319) 337-5527, firstavenueclub.com Gabe's 330 E Washington St, (319) 351-9175, icgabes.com Iowa Artisans' Gallery 207 E. Washington St. (319) 351-8686, iowa-artisans-gallery.com Iowa City Community Theatre 4261 Oak Crest Hill Rd SE, (319) 338-0443, iowacitycommunitytheatre.com Iowa Memorial Union 125 N Madison St, (319) 335-3041, imu.uiowa.edu Lasansky Corporation Gallery 216 E Washington St. (319) 337-9336, lasanskyart.com (319) 351-1700, mcginsberg.com Old Capitol Museum 21 N Clinton St, (319) 335-0548, uiowa.edu/oldcap (319) 337-2681, prairielights.com

M.C. Ginsberg Objects of Art 110 E Washington St,

Prairie Lights Bookstore 15 S Dubuque St,

Public Space One 120 N Dubuque St, (319) 331-8893, publicspaceone.com

Riverside Theatre 213 N. Gilbert Street, Iowa City riversidetheatre.org

Steven Vail Fine Arts 118 E College St, (319) 248-9443 stevenvail.com

The Mill 120 E Burlington St, (319) 351-9529, icmill.com Trumpet Blossom Cafe 310 E Prentiss St, (319) 248-0077, trumpetblossom.com

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

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History 17 N Clinton St, (319) 335-0480, uiowa.edu/mnh

Uptown Bill's 730 S Dubuque St, (319) 339-0804, uptownbills.org

Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon 4919 Dolphin Dr SE, (319) 338-2211. wildwoodsalloon.com Yacht Club 13 S Linn St, (319) 337-6464, iowacityyachtclub.com

CEDAR RAPIDS

African American Museum of Iowa, 55 12th Ave SE, (319) 862-2101, blackiowa.org Brucemore Mansion 2160 Linden Dr SE, (319) 362-7375, brucemore.org Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, 410 Third Avenue SE, (319) 366-7503, crma.org Daniel Arthur's 821 3rd Ave SE, (319) 362-9340, danielarthurs.net Hawkeye Downs Speedway and Fairgrounds 4400 6th St SW, (319) 365-8656, hawkeyedownsspeedway.com JM 0'Malley's 1502 H Ave NE, (319) 369-9433 Legion Arts CSPS Hall 1103 3rd St SE, (319) 364-1580, legionarts.org Little Bohemia 1317 3rd St SE, (319) 366-6262 Mahoney's 1602 E Ave NE, (319) 364-5754 McGrath Amphitheatre 475 1st St SW, (319) 286-5760, mcgrathamphitheatre.com

National Czech and Slovak Museum 1400 Inspiration Place

SW ncsml org

Opus Concert Cafe 119 Third Ave SE, (319) 366-8203, orchestraiowa.org Paramount Theatre 123 3rd Ave SE, (319) 398-5211, paramounttheatrecr.com Parlor City Pub & Eatery 1125 3rd St SE, (319) 247-0000, parlorcitypub.com Penguin's Comedy Club 208 2nd Ave SE, (319) 362-8133, penguinscomedyclub.com Shores Event Center 700 16th St NE, (319) 775-5367. shoreseventcenter.com Sip N Stir 1119 1st Ave SE, Cedar Rapids., (319) 364-3163, sipnstircr.com Tailgators 3969 Center Point Rd NE, (319) 393-6621, tailgatorslive.com US Cellular Center 370 1st Avenue NE | (319) 398-5211, uscellularcenter.com Veterans Memorial Stadium 950 Rockford Rd SW, (319) 363-3887 Theatre Cedar Rapids 102 3rd St SE, (319) 366-8591, theatrecr.org CORALVILLE Cafe Crema 411 2nd St, (319) 338-0700, facebook.com/ caffecrema us Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, 1900 Country Club Dr, (319) 248-9370, coralvillearts.org Coralville Recreation Center 1506 8th St.

(319) 248-1750, coralville.org Iowa Children's Museum 1451 Coral Ridge Ave, (319) 625-6255, theicm.org Mendoza Wine Bar 1301 5th St, (319) 333-1291, mendozawinebar.com

NORTH LIBERTY

Bobber's Grill 1850 Scales Bend Rd NE, (319) 665-3474, bobbersgrill.com

MT. VERNON / LISBON

Lincoln Winebar 125 First St NW. Mt Vernon. (319) 895 9463, foodisimportant.com Sutliff Cider 382 Sutliff Road, Lisbon, (319) 455-4093, sutliffcider.com

RIVERSIDE

Riverside Casino & Golf Resort 3184 Highway 22, (319) 648-1234, riversidecasinoandresort.com

FAIRFIELD

Cafe Paradiso 101 N Main St, (641) 472-0856, cafeparadiso.net

Orpheum Theater Fairfield, 121 W Broadway Ave (641) 209-5008, orpheumtheatrefairfield.com

GRINNFII

The Gardener Lounge 1221 6th Ave, (641) 269-3317, grinnellconcerts.com The Faulconer Gallery 1108 Park St, (641) 269-4660, grinnell.edu/faulconergallery

OUAD CITIES

Adler Theatre 136 E 3rd St, Davenport, (563) 326-8500, adlertheatre.com Circa 21 Dinner Playhouse 1828 3rd Ave, Rock Island,

(309) 786-7733, circa21.com

Figge Art Museum 225 W 2nd St, Davenport, (563) 326-7804, figgeartmuseum.org Isle of Capri Casino 1777 Isle Parkway, Bettendorf, (563) 359-7280, isleofcapricasinos.com River Music Experience 129 Main St, Davenport, (563) 326-1333, rivermusicexperience.com iWireless Center 1201 River Dr, Moline, (309) 764-2001, iwirelesscenter.com

ANAMOSA / STONE CITY

General Store Pub 12612 Stone City Rd, (319) 462-4399, generalstorepub.com

MAQUOKETA

Ohnward Fine Arts Center 1215 E Platt St, (563) 652-9815, ohnwardfineartscenter.com Cotfish Hollow Barnstormers 5013 288th Ave, codfishhollowbarnstormers.com

DUBUQUE

The Bell Tower Theater 2728 Asbury Rd Ste 242, (563) 588-3377, belltowertheater.net Diamond Jo Casino 301 Bell St, (563) 690-4800, diamondjodubuque.com Eronel 285 Main St, eroneldbq.com Five Flags Center 405 Main St, (563) 589-4254, fiveflagscenter.com The Lift 180 Main St, 563-582-2689, theliftdubuque.com Matter Creative Center 140 E 9th St, (563) 556-0017, mattercreative.org Monks 373 Bluff St, (563) 585-0919, facebook.com/MonksKaffeePub Mystique Casino 1855 Greyhound Park Rd, (563) 582-3647, mystiquedbq.com

CLINTON

Wild Rose Casino 777 Wild Rose Dr, (563) 243-9000, wildroseresorts.com/clinton Showboat Theater 303 Riverside Rd, (563) 242-6760, clintonshowboat.org

CASCADE

Ellen Kennedy Fine Arts Center 505 Johnson St. NW, (563) 852-3432

DES MOINES

Civic Center 221 Walnut St (515) 246-2300, desmoinesperformingarts.org El Bait Shop 200 SW 2nd St (515) 284-1970 elbaitshop.com Gas Lamp 1501 Grand Ave (515) 280-3778, gaslampdsm.com House of Bricks 525 E Grand Ave (515) 727-437 Vaudeville Mews 212 4th St, (515) 243-3270, booking@vaudevillemews.com Woolys 504 East Locust (515) 244-0550 woolysdm.com Whiskey Dixx 215 4th St (515) 288-8678

DON'T SWEAT THE DEBT

Wayne Diamante penetrates the Federal Reserve's secret plan and sweats over his old ambitions. • BY WAYNE DIAMANTE

or those of you familiar with my work, it will come as no surprise that I grant a lot of interviews. Fortnightly, without fail, I am asked by some young newshound to recount my meteoric rise to the crest of the advice columnist pantheon. The answer is neither straightforward, nor suitable for print, but I will intimate to you the following salient details: a secret island, an audio tape from John F. Kennedy describing a sexual position called the "Apollo Moon Lander" and a Ann Landers totem.

My name is Wayne Diamante. These are your Pro Tips.

Dear Wayne,

I feel like a lot of important news slips through the cracks. Are there any humaninterest stories, or current events you think aren't getting enough attention in the national media?

—Dirk

Dirk,

Yes. The U.S. government is going bankrupt in short order. Obamacare is secretly a way to provide low-quality healthcare to the aging Boomer population so they'll die faster, simultaneously padding the risk pool with fresh meat. There are simply too many aging, leisure-class white-hairs and not enough workers to keep social security solvent. Conjointly, the FDA and the EPA are using Clean Water Act legislation as a cover story for allowing massive quantities of fertility hormones and boner drugs into the water supply. Doesn't it seem like there are a lot of people with twins these days? That's right, the Fed is getting out of the business of printing money to bolster the economy and into the business of making babies, because tax revenue isn't revenue without someone to pay it. This information is widely available on NPR.

—Wayne

Dear Wayne,

I'm thinking about taking the "plunge" and starting my very own business! I've been selling my handmade tissues on Etsy for a while now, and I think I'm ready for a "brick and mortar" operation. Do you have any tips on being a savvy business owner?

-Noreen

Dear Noreen,

The key attribute of any successful business entrepreneur is the ability to target a need not being met and then capitalize on that weakness. Let me give you an example from my life. In the 1980s "sweat" items were all the rage: headbands, wristbands, sweatshirts, sweat-socks, sweatpants, sweat-everything! Despite the versatility of sweat-wear, sometimes it wasn't the right setting for sweatpants, but it wasn't the right time for a sweatshirt either. Enter: Diamante-brand sweat-underpants.

These bulky, yet accommodating unisex vestments provided all the benefits of other sweat-oriented clothing, but with a swimsuitarea focus. Did I make any money? No. Not a single person ever purchased a pair of sweatunderpants. My problem, clearly, was not lack of vision. The real issue was my inability to monetize the sweat-underpants market. Sure, it would be easy to stick myself out there and give you advice if sweat-underpants were a great success story, but they weren't. They were the American Dream deferred; unrealized, a goose egg.

But that's only part of the story, because the American Dream is the story of the hero archetype: the comeback, the mighty phoenix rising from the ashes. A little luck combined with shrewd business acumen has landed yours truly in the enviable position of providing the 2018 North Korean FIFA World Cup team with their uniforms. Say "annyeonghaseyo" to a whole new breed of fashionable athletes who will be perfectly comfortable part of the time, provided low humidity/chafing.

My advice to you, Noreen, is to go for it. If it doesn't turn out how you imagined, try selling that shit in North Korea. There is almost nothing to buy there except rice substitute and now a comically large surplus of sweatunderpants.

—Wayne 🛛

WHY WERE MIDCENTURY FUTURIST PREDICTIONS—LIKE FLYING CARS—SO WRONG?

Why were the futurists of the mid-20th century so wrong? Where are the robots, undersea cities, home nuclear plants, meals in a pill, and moon colonies? Damn it, where's my flying car? —via the Straight Dope Message Board

he short answer? Your flying car is collecting dust somewhere in Slovakia. And for the low, low price of \$279,000, it could be sitting up on blocks in your own front yard.

Fact is, the creators of the AeroMobil 3.0, a somewhat car-shaped vehicle with fold-out wings and a rear-mounted propeller, have yet to put their product on the market-mostly because it wouldn't actually address any needs we currently have. It requires 220 yards of clear road to take off, so you'd still have issues with traffic. If vertical liftoff were possible (it isn't now), that would use up half its fuel instantly. The company claims the AeroMobil is "ideal for commuters . . . especially in countries with underdeveloped road infrastructure." But pick an example of such a locale-Nepal, the Democratic Republic of the Congo, the Brazilian rainforest-and I doubt you'll find many commuters ready to spring for that kind of price tag.

Here's the thing: most midcentury futurists were writers or filmmakers motivated by selling books or movie tickets, without (unlike yours truly) much concern for accuracy. Their "predictions" were therefore more fantastic than practical. How entertaining would it have been if the Jetsons had had high-speed Internet instead of flying cars? Judy tweets cat videos; Elroy watches porn. The 1962 cartoon-viewing audience couldn't handle a show like that.

But even the experts have, for the most part, failed at predicting long-term technological change. Western Union executives declared the newly invented telephone had no value in modern society. Tech visionary Ray Kurzweil predicted medical research would have largely beaten cancer by 2009. It took even me a while to see the point of texting.

Why? Sometimes, like with cancer research, it's because we just can't predict how long developments will take. More often it's because it's always easy to misread the market. Inherent coolness notwithstanding, the success of any innovation relies on economics and infrastructure. We don't live on Mars because it's just not profitable to set up an artificial atmosphere there. Flying cars probably won't become more than toys for rich people because of high oil prices, the real estate needed for personal airstrips, and the social stigma

of the carbon footprint.

Another reason it's tough to foresee future developments is that technology engenders more technology. Scientific advancement has sped up so much that a single innovation can within the space of a decade send progress down a path no one had envisioned. If you didn't predict the Internet, you certainly couldn't have predicted online libraries or virtual gaming or Tinder.

This isn't to say that useless, vaguely futuristic gadgets aren't out there—they're just unlikely to transform society. A quick perusal of the interwebs will turn up any number of gimmicky high-end items for purchase, from air-conditioned shoes to a "Digital iPotty"—a trainer toilet with an iPad attached. (How can we expect little Tyler to tinkle without an interactive touchscreen?)

Taking a look at some of the predictions you mentioned:

Wrist radios and TVs, à la Dick Tracy/ James Bond: Got 'em. Apple Watch is due out in early 2015. You can pre-order one, or sit outside the store in the snow for three days with the other crazies.

Robots: We're still limited by cost and power, but we already have robots that vacuum floors by themselves, robots that play ping-pong, robots that do standup comedy, and thousand-robot swarms that communicate with each other and act in concert. Don't tell me you haven't chatted with Siri when you're bored and lonely.

Space stations and space travel: We went into space, we went to the moon, and we decided there really wasn't enough interesting stuff up there to justify the cost and risk of sending humans any farther. Our relatively unambitious International Space Station has run up a \$160 billion tab thus far, and currently costs more than \$3 billion a year to allow six permanent crew to perform relatively mundane microgravity experiments. And after nearly 50 years of space travel we're still accidentally blowing things up.

Undersea cities: Beyond the issue of why you'd really want to live in one, the whole enterprise is close to cost-prohibitive. True, Chinese investors have recently commissioned the design of a floating city covering four square miles of ocean. Considering China's track record with urban planning, I remain suspicious.

For the most part, the technology required for all these predictions is there, just not utilized. Take flying cars. Look at your fellow commuters: The woman in the next car is reading her Kindle. The guy on the other side is shaving. The kid ahead of you is sexting his boyfriend. These are the people you want driving around the sky at 125 miles an hour? Alternatively, you could take advantage of modern technology that's actually useful—namely, the Internet—and eliminate your commute altogether by writing newspaper columns from bed in your jammies. The choice is yours.

-CECIL ADAMS IN

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



30 | NOV. 19 - DEC. 2, 2014 | LITTLEVILLAGEMAG.COM/LV166

CURSES, FOILED AGAIN

• Five beachgoers who were robbed at gunpoint in Dania Beach, Fla., identified Jonathan Warrenfeltz, 24, as one of two suspects by the word "Misunderstood" clearly tattooed on his forehead. Police tracked Warrenfeltz and Joshua Zeaya, 23, because while fleeing they "started throwing [stolen] property out of the vehicle" that led to the motel where they were arrested. (South Florida Sun Sentinel)

• When Dustin Kite, 25, fled from an outdoorgear store in Chattanooga, Tenn., with stolen merchandise, he found himself pursued by store employees and customers, all longdistance runners. They chased him down the street, through parking lots, over a neighboring business's fence and into nearby woods. By then, assistant manager Eric Loffland said, "he was definitely losing wind." Langland and the other runners caught up with the suspect and held him until police arrived. (*Chattanooga Times Free Press* and *Trail Runner*)

POT POLICY

 After Italy legalized medical marijuana last year, its high cost — up to 10 times what street dealers charge — kept people from signing up with dispensaries. This fall, the government announced it would lower prices by having the army grow cannabis for Italy's health care system. Regional health authorities are expected to offer it to qualified patients cheaply or for free, but officials intend regulating its use to make sure that "curing sick people does not become an excuse to expand the use of the substance," anti-drug campaigner Senator Carlo Giovanardi said, noting that legalization would lead to "a society of zombies." (Reuters)

• Academic researchers interviewed by the media as qualified experts opposed to legalizing marijuana for medical use often are on the payroll of leading pharmaceutical companies whose costly prescription painkillers, especially addictive opioids, could be replaced by pot. When they're quoted, their drug-industry ties aren't revealed. (VICE)

• England's third-tier soccer club Rochdale is using powerful grow lights confiscated during drug raids to improve the turf on its field. Police donated the lights to avoid having to pay for their disposal. Groundskeeper Oli Makin said the team now has a lighting system comparable to rigs used by Premier League clubs that cost upwards of \$48,000. (Associated Press)

• Seattle Municipal Court judge Fred Bonner dismissed 100 tickets for public use of marijuana, including 66 written by Bicycle Officer Randy Jokela, 52. Police Chief Kathleen O'Toole said she is considering suspending Jokela, described as having a political agenda, for three days without pay. (Seattle Times)

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

Women whose large calves make it difficult to zip up tight-fitting, knee-high boots are turning to doctors, who report growing popularity for plastic surgery to combat "boot bulge." "It's a tricky procedure," said Dr. Matthew Schulman, a New York City plastic surgeon. "You're using microliposuction to take out very small amounts of fat." The procedure requires up to 10 months for recovery and is impossible for women who're avid bike riders or runners because their calves are all muscle, Schulman noted, explaining, "There has to be at least a little fat there to perform the procedure." (ABC News)

TEMPER, TEMPER

Oklahoma authorities looking for Lofton Gray Jr., 31, in connection with the death of his girlfriend located him in a Gallup, N.M., hospital. New Mexico State Police said Gray was driving a stolen vehicle when he got involved in a road-rage incident and threw a crowbar at a driver, who then hit Gray with his vehicle. Authorities said Gray's injuries weren't life threatening. (Albuquerque's KRQE-TV)

WHEN GUNS ARE OUTLAWED

A man broke into a home in Zephyrhills, Fla., and tried to sexually assault an 80-yearold woman, but she fought him off with her vacuum cleaner. Authorities said that when she ran for help, the suspect fled, taking the vacuum cleaner with him. (St. Petersburg's Bay News 9)

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

The latest trend in resort amenities is silence. Hotels from luxury resorts to business-travel chains are marketing noise-free zones, triplepaned glass, soundproof walls, extra padding under carpets, door seals and TVs that won't exceed a certain volume. Some hotels offer digital detox packages that include locking guests' phones away for safekeeping. Other hotels are promoting activities designed specifically to slow guests down, tone down the noise and allow them to tune into their inner voice. "Everybody needs to try at least once to disconnect from their devices and to reconnect with their partner, wife or family," said Pascal Forotti, general manager of the Four Seasons Costa Rica. (Fortune and The Top Tier)

EGO TRIP-UPS

• Federal prosecutors in Minnesota charged 28 people with cashing counterfeit checks using details from Instagram photos. The group obtained individual account numbers and bank routing information by searching hashtag #myfirstpaycheck, where people post photos of themselves holding their paychecks. "This case is representative of a recurring trend: the migration of traditional street criminals to white-collar fraud," U.S. Attorney Andrew Luger said. (CNN)

• Islamic clerics condemned "selfie fever" involving pilgrims taking pictures of themselves Mecca's holy sites. Their comments appeared in an article, "Say No to Hajj Selfie," which addressed the more than two million Muslims making the annual pilgrimage this October. "It is as though the only purpose of this trip is to take pictures and not worship," Sheikh Abdul Razzaq Al-Badr said, noting that the Prophet called for a pilgrimage without boasting or showing off. "And when they return home, they say: 'Come look at me, this is me on Arafat, this is me in Muzdalifah.'" (*International Business Times*)

FROZEN ASSETS

The latest food trend is artisanal ice. Joe Ambrose, founder of Favourite Ice, which supplies hand-chiseled frozen water to 30 restaurants and caterers in the Washington, D.C., area, said he filters minerals from tap water that make ice cloudy and then puts the water in a machine that turns out 200- to 300-pound clocks of crystal-clear ice. A band saw then cuts the blocks into 25-pound slabs or 2-inch cubes. Restaurants charge \$1 or more per cube. The selling point, besides aesthetics, is that the larger cubes melt more slowly so they don't water down the drink. "If you're going to get a drink that's \$15," Ambrose said, "it better have the best ice." (NPR)

FIRE POWER

A crematorium caught fire in Henrico, Va., while an employee was cremating a 500-pound body. "The body was so obese that the actual body fat came off and went straight up the stack," manager Jerry Hendrix said, and then "the grease hit the roof and started the fire." (Richmond's WWBT-TV)

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

STICKING POINTS

This week, readers write in about playing with sharp objects. • BY DAN SAVAGE

I am a 30-year-old trans guy, on T since college, happy and comfortable with my sexuality. However, I can't find any helpful health info on a fetish I've developed: I insert needles directly into my clit, maybe an inch and a half in. I'm not talking through it, like a piercing, but into it, going in at the head and moving down into the shaft. There are lots of porn/ BDSM sites that discuss piercing all sorts of "female" anatomy, and many that cover the excitement of needles inserted into the glans of the penis, but few go into details about putting needles directly into the clit itself-and none that I've found cover safety. As a trans man, this is a particularly tempting practice because, well, my clit is huge and I have a constant legal supply of safe, sterile needles. Still, I want to know if I am potentially causing permanent nerve damage. I'd like to keep my clit healthy and happy for future use! If one of vour connections in the medical world has a sense of this, I'd love to know.

-Sticking Things In Clit Knowledgeably P.S. Your advice is a great and positive force in my life. Thank you.

Yours is the kind of letter that gets me in trouble, STICK.

Clit-having readers and clit-loving readers will be doubling over on the subway, in office cubicles, in the bathrooms aboard Air Force One—wherever my column is read, people will be doubling over. And I will spend the next week wading through furious e-mails from angry/clueless readers convinced that your letter's appearance in my column will lead to a worldwide clit-sticking boom.

Allow me to address their concerns first: That's not the way this works, that's not the way any of this works. People don't adopt sex practices or kinks after hearing about them. If that were the way it worked—if hearing about a crazy kink inspired otherwise vanilla types to run out and try it—we would all be shoving gerbils in our asses. (We've all heard of gerbiling. No one has ever done it. Case closed.)

Okay, STICK, I worked my medical-world connections and found someone who wasn't just qualified to answer your question, but also willing to do it on the record.

"Piercing and needling, if practiced in a safe and sterile manner, can be stimulating,"

said Dr. Brian Fitzsimmons, a gynecologist in Vancouver, BC, (obgynvancouver.ca) and a clinical associate professor at the University of British Columbia. "But permanent damage with needling can occur to the sensory receptors that allow us to experience pleasure and stimulation."

So the short answer to your question, STICK, is this: Yes, you are risking permanent damage.

"There may be immediate risks with needling, such as bleeding and infection, in addition to long-term side effects," said Dr. Fitzsimmons. "And potential long-term side effects are especially concerning in regards to

IF HEARING ABOUT A CRAZY KINK INSPIRED OTHERWISE VANILLA TYPES TO RUN OUT AND TRY IT—WE WOULD ALL BE SHOVING GERBILS IN OUR ASSES.



very sensitive areas such as the glans of the penis or the clitoris. Short-term stimulation and excitement with needling has the potential to cause permanent damage, chronic discomfort, and numbing of these areas. Permanent scarring and deformation can also occur. This is something that may not be correctable even with surgery."

Some adult pleasures come with built-in risks—skydiving, snowboarding, clit-needling—and an adult does a quick risk-reward analysis before deciding if the potential reward (thrills, powder, orgasms) is worth the risk (faulty parachutes, ski-resort food, permanent damage). It's your clit, STICK, and you'll have to weigh the risks and rewards for yourself. But you won't find me sticking needles in my clit.

"If orgasm is mediated by the clitoris or the glans of the penis in the individual," said Dr. Fitzsimmons, "this practice can cause loss of the ability to achieve orgasm."

In other words: Anyone who requires clit/ dick-head stimulation in order to get off—and that's pretty much everyone with a clit and/or dick head—shouldn't be sticking needles into



their clit/dick head.

A final thought from Dr. Fitzsimmons: "If you're engaging in this type of practice, it's important not to share needles, just like with any other sex toy. The risks of transmitting infections such as HIV, hepatitis, syphilis, and other STIs need to be considered. Anyone having more questions on this or experiencing complications or problems should contact their local clinic or health-care provider."

During the Jodi Arias trial, it was suggested that Arias made up the story about her and Travis Alexander practicing bondage so there was an excuse for why a knife would be nearby. I was wondering: How common is it for knives to be used or included in bondage scenarios?

—Don't Understand Bondage

I thought the Jodi Arias trial was long over— Nancy Grace and her wake of viewers were picking over fresh carrion the last time I caught her show—but nope: Arias is in the middle of a sentencing retrial. She's the fucking Kim Kardashian of cold-blooded murderesses.

Knife play is a kink unto itself—it mostly involves drawing a sharp blade across someone's flesh without actually cutting or drawing blood—and while most knife-play scenes include bondage (helplessness heightening the eroticized threat), only a tiny percentage of bondage scenes include knives. People into rope bondage typically keep a sturdy pair of blunt-edged scissors in their playrooms or gear bags. The scissors are for emergencies, not for play—the last thing a panicking bondage bottom who needs to be untied now wants to see coming at them is a knife.

Contact Dan Savage: mail@savagelove.net, @fakedansavage on Twitter

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THE GREAT AMERICAN CATTLE BARONS

Lavish Lies Of The Holy Corpse samuellockeward.bandcamp.com

he Great American Cattle Barons is actually yet another 'band' instigated by Iowa City's profligate purveyor of bummer rock, Samuel Locke Ward, this time collaborating with Iowa City singer Mark Shields, formerly of the band Burnout. On his blog, Locke Ward says that *Lavish Lies Of The Holy Corpses* is "stadium noise rock."

Locke Ward has always had a knack for clever, off-kilter lyrics, but his vocal style for better worse—is a parody of actual singing. Shields is more straightforward; he can rasp like James Hetfield, snarl like Jello Biafra and croon like David Bowie. His formidable abilities as a rock singer were an inspiration to Locke Ward to pump more testosterone and grandiosity into his songwriting.

Most of the songs on *Lavish Lies Of The Holy Corpses*—like "Five Days" and "Going Shopping"—are manic, high-tempo rave-ups. The drum machine programming is hilarious, replete with kick drum rolls and machine gun snare fills worthy of Spinal Tap's famously flammable drummers. The hyped drum samples and robotic timekeeping sounds completely wrong, but in the right ways. The guitars are all overdriven, fuzzed out and subtly crappy sounding, shying away from the *Guitar* Player Magazine school of tasty rock tone.

The lyrics for "5 Days" are just as ridiculous as the over the top metal arrangements: "Breakfast made: oatmeal. Surprise! stir it round, watch the fires rise" seems to try and metal-ize mundane home life. "Going Shopping" ups the ante on domesticity, including a shopping list and "cruising aisles, helpful smiles." It's like visiting the friendly neighborhood Hy-Vee in the grips of a meth bummer. It finishes up with a pitched-down monster voice intoning "Going shopping. For deals! For deals!"

In 2001, Björk put out *Vespertine*, which focuses on family life and raising kids and achieves a secure womb-like feeling. *Lavish Lies Of The Holy Corpses* is exactly the opposite, emphasizing the fear and hysteria just

Most of the songs on Lavish Lies Of The Holy Corpses—like "Five Days" and "Going Shopping"—are manic, high tempo rave-ups.



under the surface of becoming a grown-up and doing the mundane work of keeping a family together. "Closet door is slung open wide/ shadows move within darkness implied," sings Shields in "Creeping." The childhood fear of shadows grows up into a larger terror—of bills, shitty chores and the daily grind.

Or so Locke Ward and Shields say. Both have gone from rock and roll punks to family men over the last decade, and even as they embrace maturity, they still have a tattered freak flag left to fly. They refuse to go gentle into adulthood. They're starring in their own imaginary situation comedy "Totally Metal Dad," making a joke out of the oversized musical gestures of Hard Rock, even as they embrace its liberating aggression.

-Kent Williams

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RHYME TIME

SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

Happy No-shave November, Rhyme Timers. This month's edition is dedicated to all you rhyming lumberjacks, hipsters and supporters of men's health.

In case you've been too preoccupied grooming your illustrious mane or shopping online for organic moustache wax (I'm talking to you, Fox Head Hipsters), here's how this little puzzler works. 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 figure out what those rhyming words are based upon the clues provided. As an example, "Tidy Cut (1, 1)" would be "Prim Trim."

Make sense? Then off you go.

By Luke Benson

 Strange Whiskers (1, 1) Weird Beard

 Five O'Clock Difficulty (2, 2) ______, _____, _____

 Assemble Froth (2, 2) ______, ______

 Bold Clip (1, 1) ______, ______

Don Fur (1, 1) ______, Hair Celestial Beard (4, 4) _____, ____, Genuine Mustache (1, 1-2) _____, ____, Tuft Recipient (2, 3) _____, ____

'Twere Peach (1, 1) ______, ____, _____ Blade Plaudit (2, 2) _____, _____ Pickedevant* Boycott (2, 1) _____, ____, ____ Shaggy Beast (2, 1) _____, _____

(*Hint: Colonel Sanders had a pickedevant and so, occasionally, does Johnny Depp.)

Utter Terror (1, 1) Sheer Fear Evening Panic (1, 1) Night Fright Creepy Notion (2, 2) Eery Theory Foreboding Stress (4, 2) Apprehension Tension Macabre Tale (2, 2) Gory Story Ghastly Paean (1, 1) Grim Hymn Fright Adventurer (2, 3) Horror Explorer Butcher Cliffhanger (2, 2) Killer Thriller Grave Despair (1, 1) Tomb Gloom Eradication Exhalation (1, 1) Death Breath Primarily Spectral (2, 2) Mostly Ghostly Stretcher Voyage (2, 2) Gurney Journey Your purchase supports peacebuilding



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