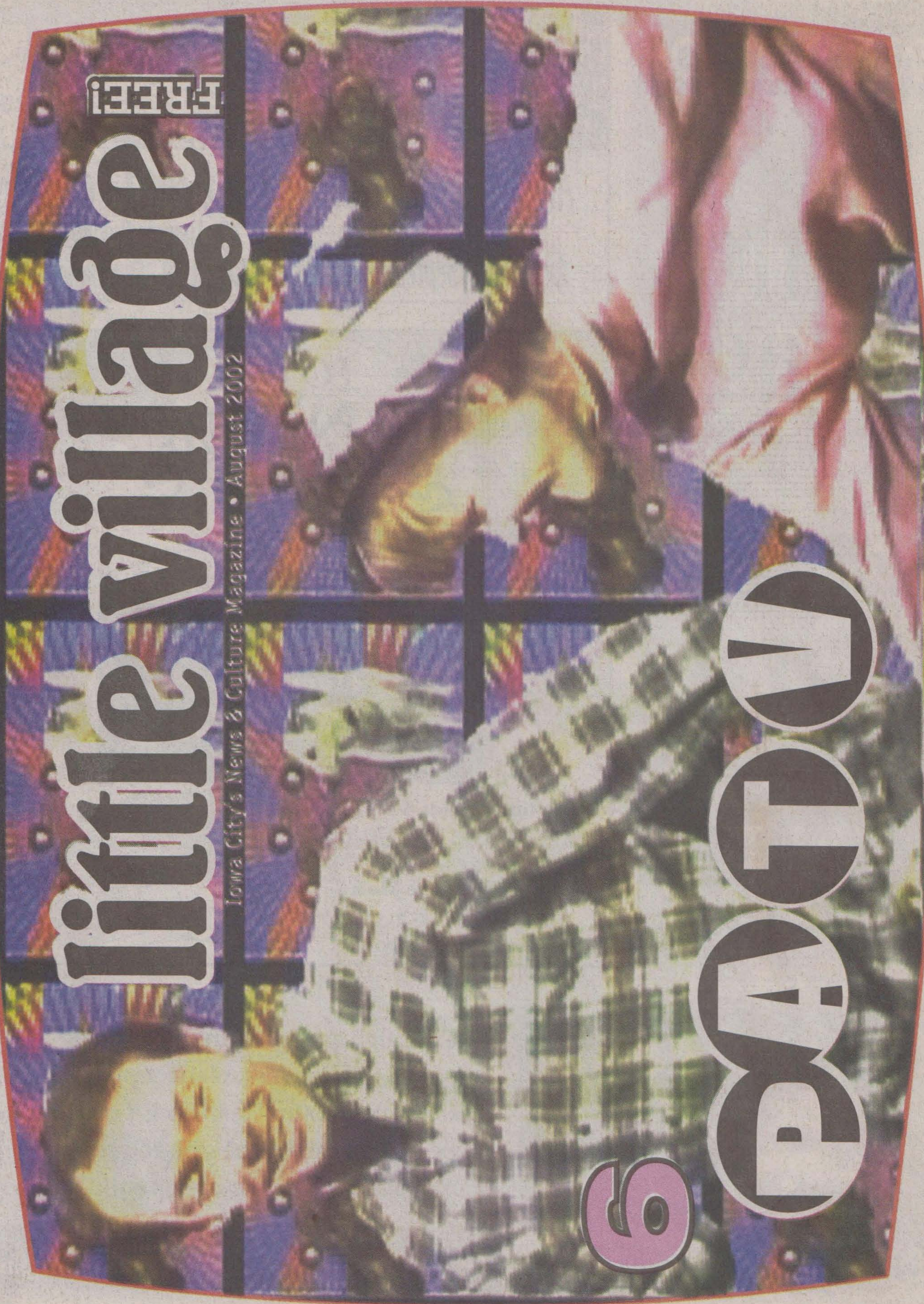


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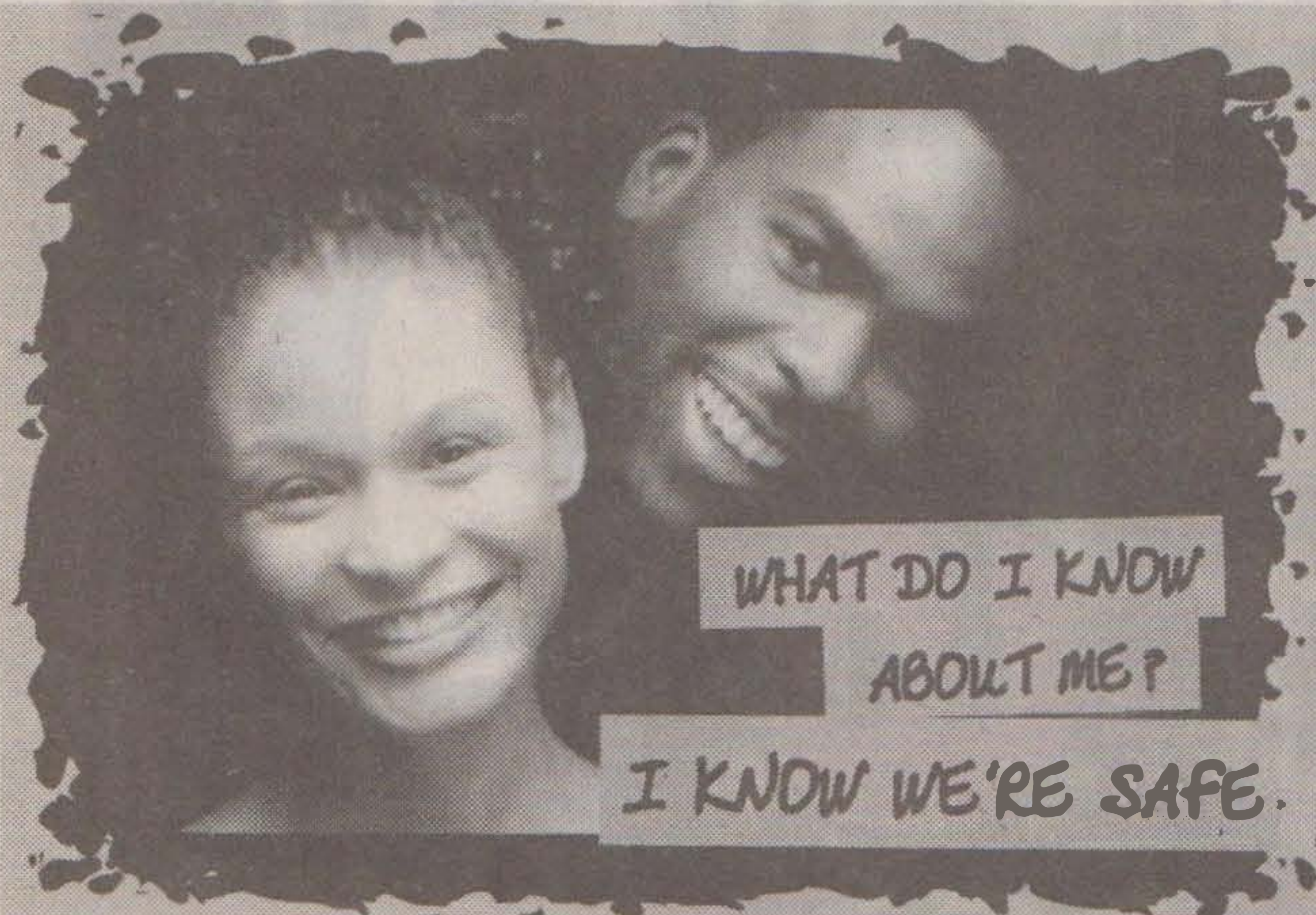
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Anti-Massacre March to remember Black Hawk, protest US involvement in Colombia

On August 2, 1832, where the Bad Axe Creek meets the Mississippi near Genoa, Wis., Black Hawk—the Sauk "Warrior" and "Keeper of the Medicine"—and his clan members were met by the US militia as they tried to cross the great river. The result—350 of his kinspeople were massacred. With this action, the US government had successfully cleared the area east of the Mississippi so that European-Americans and land speculators could have access to cheap, fertile land.

Today, the US government sends hundreds of millions of dollars in military aid to Colombia, South America. What is the primary weapon used by the Colombian military and paramilitary to terrorize the peasants, labor organizers and human rights activists? They use the Connecticut-made Blackhawk UH-60 helicopter.

The name of the game is still greed and oppression, whether it is the year 1832 or 2002. Hundreds are killed every year in Colombia to protect the interests of the ruling elites and multinational corporations. Thus, for example, we see the recent US allocation of \$98 million to defend Occidental Petroleum's oil pipeline in northeastern Colombia.

Please join us Aug. 2 in Genoa, Wisc., at the "170th Anniversary Anti-Massacre March." We march to stop US-supported human rights abusers and terrorists. We march to end US military and financial involvement in Colombia. We march to remember Black Hawk.

Consider the Aug. 2 march as a small step toward a future where colonizers won't adopt the proud names of the previously conquered to decorate killing machines used in further exploits. Let us do our part to end terrorism.

Call us at 338-8865 for car-pooling and information.

Steven Kanner and Karly Whitaker

deadmall.com

Great editorial ["How We Can Learn to Stop Worrying and Love the Old Capitol Mall," *Little Village*, June issue]. The idea of tearing the mall down might not be so far-fetched. There's even a whole website and organization dedicated to examining what to do with abandoned regional shopping malls: www.dead-malls.com

Keep up the good work.

Donald Baxter
Iowa City

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Little Village welcomes your signed letters. Letters should not be longer than 400 words and may be edited for length, libelous content and clarity. Letters may be e-mailed to little-village@usa.net or mailed to PO Box 736, Iowa City, IA 52244. Please include a daytime phone number and city of residence. Letters and other submissions become the property of *Little Village* and will not be returned without an SASE. We look forward to hearing from you.

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

THIS WEEK: MORE VALUE FOR YOUR CARTOON DOLLAR!
THE HISTORY OF THE DOT-COM ECONOMY AND THE HISTORY OF THE WAR ON TERROR RECOUNTED IN A SINGLE CARTOON!

1) THE VERY REAL GROWTH OF THE INTERNET GIVES RISE TO THE ABSTRACTION OF THE DOT-COM ECONOMY.
THIS IS GOING TO CHANGE EVERYTHING!

1) THE VERY REAL ATTACK ON AMERICA GIVES RISE TO THE ABSTRACTION OF THE WAR ON TERROR.
THIS IS GOING TO CHANGE EVERYTHING...

2) A BARRAGE OF SELF-STYLED EXPERTS CHAMPION THE POSSIBILITY OF ENDLESS ECONOMIC EXPANSION.
WE'D BE FOOLS TO STOP INVESTING NOW! THAT'S FOR SURE! I COULDN'T AGREE MORE!

2) A BARRAGE OF SELF-STYLED EXPERTS CHAMPION THE NECESSITY OF AN ENDLESSLY ESCALATING WAR.
WE'D BE FOOLS NOT TO INVADE IRAQ NOW! THAT'S FOR SURE! I COULDN'T AGREE MORE!

3) AMERICANS EMBRACE THE NEW STATUS QUO; SKEPTICS ARE DISMISSED OUT OF HAND.
UM--SHOULDN'T WE STILL BE CONCERNED WITH BASIC BUSINESS FUNDAMENTALS? YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T GET IT.

3) AMERICANS EMBRACE THE NEW STATUS QUO; SKEPTICS ARE DISMISSED OUT OF HAND.
UM--SHOULDN'T WE STILL BE CONCERNED WITH BASIC CONSTITUTIONAL PROTECTIONS? YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T GET IT.

4) ULTIMATELY, OF COURSE, THE BUBBLE BURSTS.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A BIT MORE SKEPTICAL. WHO KNEW?

4) THE BUBBLE CONTINUES TO GROW AND GROW...
WHATEVER THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO DO IS ALL RIGHT WITH ME! IRAQ, HERE WE COME!

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GO Fish

E.C. Fish



Bush's luck is running out

If it were still possible to feel sympathy for the president, now would definitely be the time. Ten months after—in his own deathless phrase—“hitting the trifecta,” George W. Bush seems to be closing in on the moment when his legendary luck runs out. With the war that gave him his standing having devolved into a confused and confusing snipe hunt marked by civilian casualties, with the economy having steadfastly refused to strike up a chorus of “Happy Days Are Here Again,” and with the corporate culture our first MBA president so adamantly supports having revealed itself to be the thin facade over naked avarice many of us always suspected it was, Bush approaches the always difficult presidential mid-term amid growing public doubt in his abilities and motives.

Of course, it isn't possible to misplace one's sympathies that badly. If the president's luck is running out, it's at least partly because he and his handlers have been resolutely pressing it at every opportunity. Part of this has been the simple but profound error of believing your own press. So great is the administration's belief in the power of the new, high-gravitas “war” president's bully pulpit that their response to the myriad crises facing the country has been largely limited to propping him up in front of a patriotic backdrop and having him make a speech on the subject.

It's an approach that has served both the administration and the nation badly in recent days. Bush's two major addresses in early and middle July on business ethics and the economy are excellent examples. Both were prime post-9/11 Bush, featuring the sort of appeals to our great national goodness and shared national values that have become the president's rhetorical stock in trade. Both were greeted by steep and immediate downturns in all major stock indexes and the sort of critical commentary that a few short months ago would have had Dick Cheney and John Ashcroft snarling about treason.

It wasn't just that the president's speeches were heavy on rhetoric and woefully light on meaningful proposals. Nor was it merely that Bush—whose own past private-sector dealings smack of the same dodgy actions that have fomented the recent crisis of confidence in American corporations—has exactly zero credibility on the subject. It's that given a situation that has threatened Americans' livelihoods and depleted what little savings they may have, the president's comforting platitudes and demeanor seemed weirdly out of kilter with reality.

The notion that “everything changed” after the Sept. 11 attacks has been repeated so often as to have become a truism, but it was embarrassingly obvious

from the president's handling of the economic tsunami that has engulfed us this summer that at least one thing has stayed completely the same—the Bush agenda. Though there have been half-hearted attempts to address the current situation with “SWAT teams” and increased jail sentences—the War on Drugs recast as a War on Corruption, if you will—the president's economic policy is still the same combination of tax cuts and deregulation schemes he rode in on. And this is despite a shortfall in government revenues that has brought the nation from multi-billion dollar surplus to multi-billion dollar deficit in one short year as well as the obvious role deregulation played in the recent spate of business scandals. Even more absurdly, with the stock market in a free fall that has depleted the pension plans and retirement accounts of millions of Americans and shows little sign of abating, Bush has reaffirmed his desire to privatize the Social Security program, in effect turning the entirety of Americans' retirement savings over to

The president, in short, continues to express a faith in the ability of unregulated corporate power to provide for the commonweal, a faith that is shared by fewer and fewer Americans with each new revelation of what those corporations have done with that power.

what increasingly seems to most Americans like a giant (and fixed) roulette wheel. The president, in short, continues to express a faith in the ability of unregulated corporate power to provide for the commonweal, a faith that is shared by fewer and fewer Americans with each new revelation of what those corporations have done with that power. It seems only a matter of time before the American public's eroding confidence in the corporate system becomes a vote of no confidence in the president himself.

It is still true that if the election were held tomorrow Bush would (for the first time) win the majority of the popular vote. It is also true that the election will not be held tomorrow, and that if the next 27 months are anything like the last 10, Bush will need further Supreme Court intervention to assure his second term. *

Embracing humidity

**"You can cut this humidity with a knife."
"Isn't it absolutely UNBEARABLE out there?"**

"What a miserable sauna—why don't we move someplace suitable for human habitation?"

Wait. Hold it. Rewind.

What are we saying here? What are we teaching our children? What are we teaching ourselves, for that matter?

OK, OK, I admit that this time of year in Iowa is not exactly conducive to being on the wrong side of an air conditioner. And I concede that I'm so glad I'm not one of those guys fixing the roof of Schaeffer Hall on 95-degree days. But do we have to be so hateful about the notorious double h's of Midwestern summer? Well, you may ask, why not be hateful about it? "Hot and humid" sucks.

But "hot and humid" is what we are in July and August. We can't change it—it's endemic to our climate, and so it's endemic to our place. Are we hateful toward the odd quirks, even the major flaws, of our partners, spouses, family members and friends? Do we say, "Geez, son, your shyness when you're in a public gathering makes me sick. I wish I could pack you off to another family, preferably in Upper Slobbovia"? Of course not. We accept our loved ones' characteristics, we see the positives in them, we embrace them. If we love our place, we should do the same with the peculiarities, the vagaries, the realities of that place.

Weather and climate are perhaps the most identifiable characteristics of place in everyday experience, and, of course, conversation. Almost nothing grounds us in locality as much as our body's interaction with what's going on in the air, the air that gives us our very life. The climate is our natural home.

So what kind of message do we send each other—and even more importantly our children—when we constantly diss our home? The winters are too cold and snowy. The springs are too wet and cold and clammy. The summers are too hot and humid. The autumns are too short and raw. Here in Iowa, as throughout much of the Midwest, we have great concern over our young people leaving the state. Well, why wouldn't they, when we raise them, perhaps inadvertently, to hate it here? Oh, sure, complaining about the weather is a perennial conversation starter, and one could argue that it brings us closer together. But we know that harping on our children about bad manners, laziness, stupidity—whatever—is a bad thing that destroys their self-esteem. So why wouldn't harping on how wretched it is here in Iowa destroy their love of place?

But, you may ask, how could anyone possibly love this

god-awful steambath? Let me try to lull you into thinking a little bit differently about the drippy atmosphericics of an Iowa summer.

First, summer humidity is providential. We are proud that the beautiful ground under our feet is the richest, most life-giving in the world. Since its inception, Iowa has meant growth, food, agriculture. Our identity is central to the earth's providence here in the middle land. Our soil and climate interact to create this uniquely rich home ground for the wonder of life that springs from us. The waters from the Gulf of Mexico are tossed our way. That liquid gold saturates our air, ready to fall so wonderfully and copiously on our land and our seed when it smacks up against the cooler air of Canada trying to muscle its way in. Without that humidity, and without our miraculous placement between perpetually competing air masses, our natural home would not be "The Beautiful Land."

Second, humidity is wondrous. Isn't it remarkable to feel like you're almost swimming in air sometimes? Isn't the hazy scrim over a vast cornfield in August really gorgeous? Isn't it fascinating to observe the atmosphere push itself to its limits in temperature and saturation before it collapses into a classic boomer of a thunderstorm? Isn't that chorus of bugs—the buzzing of thousands of grasshoppers, the chirping of hundreds of crickets—singing their praises to life while you sit in your back yard on a warm humid night, just the quintessential definition of Midwestern summer? Isn't that fleeting moment just really neat—that split second when you step out of the refrigerator of the super-air-conditioned grocery store and the hot blast of 92 degrees/75 percent relative humidity overwhelms you? Isn't it uplifting not only to endure, but to embrace environmental conditions that challenge the human body to adapt to their rigors? Folks climb into the thin, frigid atmosphere of Mt. Everest, explore the inhuman cold of Antarctica, plumb the vast pressures of the ocean's depths and plunge into the steamy recesses of tropical jungles—and we call them heroes. Maybe we could focus on the fascinating physical experience of our bodies in our environment rather than the discomforts it brings, and then wear it as a badge of pride.

Third, humidity is home, and identity. Here's where I came in, but it's worth repeating. Summer humidity is what we're all about during these months. It gives us much—in providence, in character, in identity, in wonder. I say welcome it, accept it, and embrace it. And when we do so, not only will we love Iowa, but so will our children, who do watch us love—or hate—our place. *

UR Here

Thomas Dean



RIEADL TV

First: an experiment. Go into the room where you keep your television. Look around. Is the television centered on the predominant wall, perhaps enshrined in an entertainment center? How about the chairs and couch? Angled reverently toward the television so that no matter where you sit, the TV is the focal point?

Creepy, isn't it?

Consider yourself conquered. The average US household has 2.4 televisions—that is .7876 televisions per person in this country. Americans individually watch three hours, 46 minutes of television daily—more than 52 non-stop days of television per year. By the age of 65, the average American will have watched nine years of television.

The relationship we have with television in this country is personal. Though 46 percent of Americans say they watch "too much television," the tube is more than an appliance—it is a member of the family. Sixty-six percent of Americans eat dinner while watching television. Fifty-four percent of 6-year-olds preferred to spend time watching television than with their fathers. Even the diminutive "TV" is familiar, the kind of nickname one gives a child or pet.

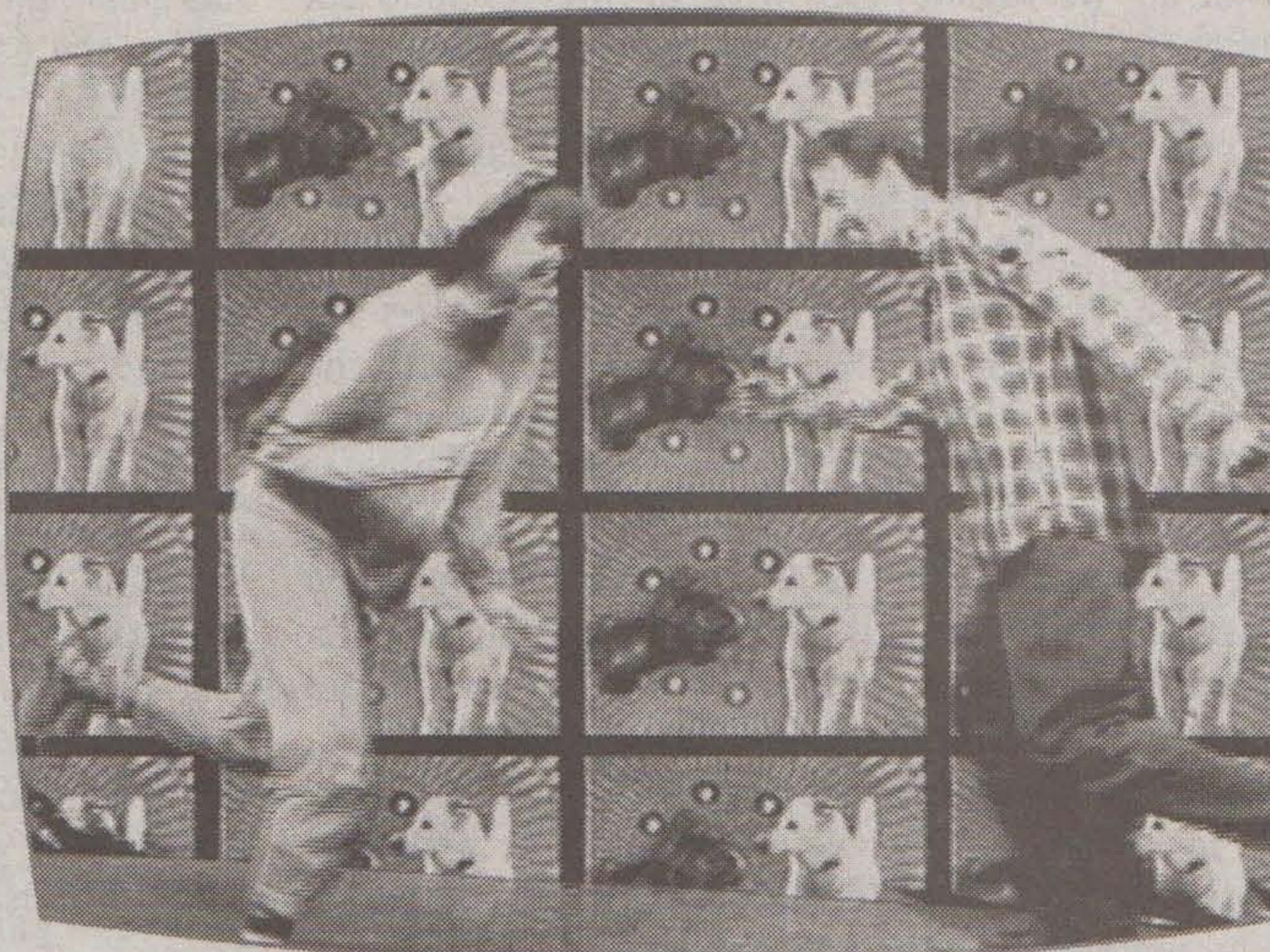
But is this a bad thing? Television can offer a window into a world many might never have otherwise seen: the bottom of the ocean or the depths of a rainforest or the inner sanctum of a pyramid. Or an empty storeroom once owned by Al Capone. Or the java-intensive lives of six aesthetically blessed New Yorkers.

In 1967, University of Iowa law professor and Iowa City School Board member Nicholas Johnson wrote the book *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set*. Professor Johnson was, at the time, the commissioner of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC). Cable TV was still in its infancy, but already television was powerful. "We are living in an age in which television has become confused in a crazy way with reality," writes Johnson in his chapter "Reforming Television." "If an event is not on television, it hasn't happened. And if you—or those with whom you can identify—are not on television, you don't exist."

If you are not discernibly Ross or Chandler, Phoebe or Rachel, do you exist in any real way? A Cartesian conundrum for the televisual age. Johnson concludes the chapter by calling for a "Public Access" to television—a channel set aside for the public voice. Due in no small part to

An idealistic and driven group of Iowa Citians is part of the movement to take TV back from Ross, Chandler, Phoebe and Rachel and put it in the hands of the people. Meet the PATV tribe.

René Paine and Adam Burke on the set of "Funsville," PATV's answer to Saturday morning cartoons



Johnson's ideas, Congress passed legislation that allowed communities to negotiate with cable companies for this airspace, and in the 1970s, Public Access made its nationwide debut.

Public Access has been in Iowa City since Hawkeye Cable of the 1980s but was often an under-funded token or in-house commercial factory for the cable company. After a shady buy-out of the cable service in 1989, a group of citizens calling themselves Access Iowa City pushed for a new deal, and on April 1, 1990, Public Access Television Iowa City launched a grand experiment: a channel open to the community but administrated independently of the cable company. Since then, thousands of citizens have taken classes on camera work and editing, and hundreds of hours of locally produced television are the result.

Twelve years after its genesis, Channel 18 beams stronger than ever, but not without the effort and vision of a number of people. Here is just a sample, by no means complete:

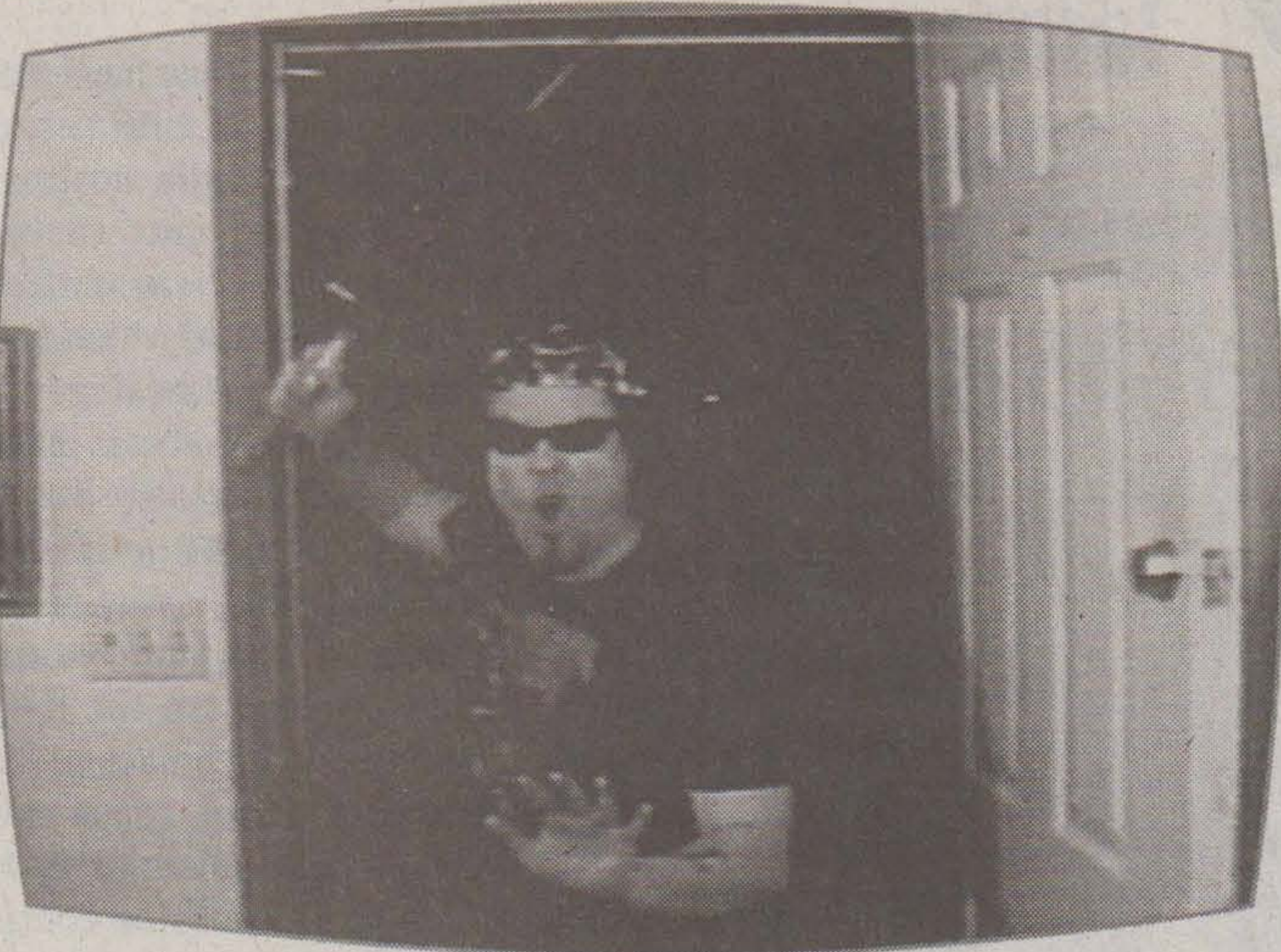
Steering the good ship PATV

Through funding fights and "Nudes with Honey," PATV director René Paine has bravely led Iowa's flagship of access

"TV is unwatchable," says René Paine, director of Public Access Television in Iowa City. She is stirring her coffee and gazing thoughtfully into the cup. Slender and 30-something, she seems bookish behind tortoise-shell horn rims, but on the subject of "the dark inner sanctum" of network television, Paine is anything but demure.

"Commercials are the content anymore—I can't stand to be thought of as a consumer," she fumes. "It is not even about entertainment, it is about selling products. The thing about network and cable programming is that you have to please the advertisers and so you run programming that is not too far-out and so you get this homogenized message." Calling it out as glitzy but boring, polished but hollow, Paine sees television as more malignant than simply moronic.

"People watch television and want to be smart and pretty and funny like that—more MTV-like. Five



**"Insane" Mike Saunders, the
mastermind behind Prescribed
Films**

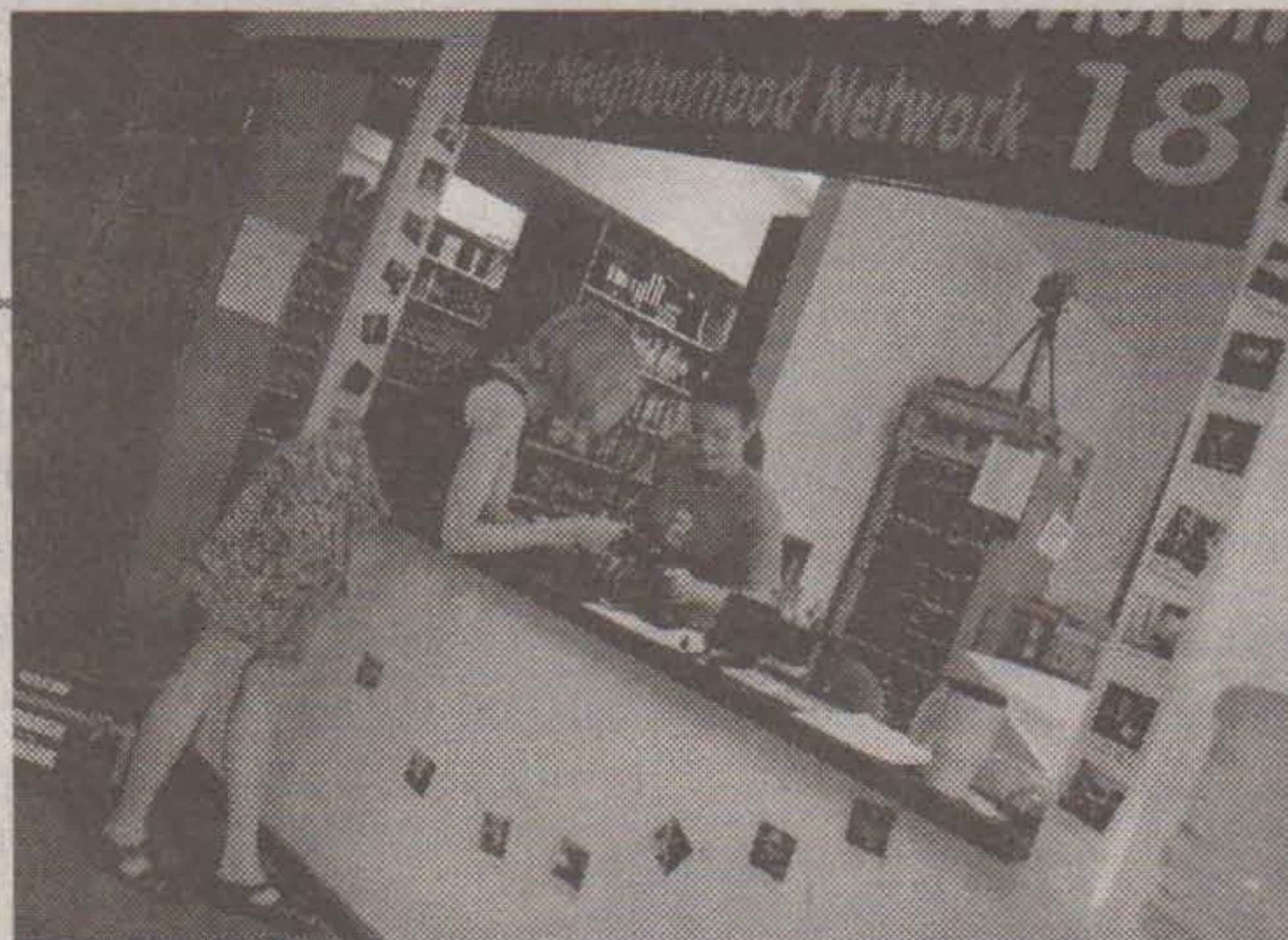


photo by Mike Breazeale

major corporations are telling us what we look/act/think like, telling us when to laugh, telling us who we are." Her lips twist like she's smelled something rotten. "But that's not what people are; people are quirky, little access channels."

Paine points to the television above her head, tuned to Channel 18. "This," she says, "is your community, whether you like it or not."

"Sometimes members of the city government want Public Access to go out to tape local events and put them on the air," Paine continues. "But that is not what we do. We teach people to make their own videos, make their own record, use their own voice."

Paine sees the work of Public Access as more missionary than sociology—to empower the community to produce their own television rather than simply record their actions. When people learn to make their own TV, she believes, they speak with their own voice, and are no longer defined by the way others might present them. A lesson some in the community and government are still learning, and one that Paine is not afraid to teach.

Give a man a fish, he eats for a day. Teach him to fish...

So how did a woman who dedicated her adolescent Friday nights to "The Brady Bunch" and "Love American Style" grow up to be a voice for the independent television revolution?

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About 12 years ago, around the same time PATV came into being, Paine was hired as an administrative assistant at the channel. "I was desperate for a job," she says. Soon after, PATV decided to more equitably distribute pay to its employees, and the director left when faced with a \$10,000 pay cut. No one else seemed to want the job, so Paine stepped up to the plate. Since then, she has [wo]manned the helm of what she refers to as "the flagship of access in Iowa," but the ride has sometimes been choppy.

To begin with, there is the money issue. PATV's total budget is only \$215,000, less than a quarter million to pay four full-time staff, two part-time staff, buy equipment, repair the

equipment that breaks down, teach a dozen or more classes a week, and broadcast 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. The bulk of PATV's funding, about \$175,000, is financed through cable revenues, while the rest comes from grants, donations and workshop fees.

"It is really fun trying to figure out how to make it all happen," Paine says with a smile. She is, at this very moment, awaiting this month's check from the city, a stack of bills on the counter already spending it.

Perspective: Earlier this year, the cast of "Friends" successfully negotiated a contract that paid them \$1 million per episode each. With six "friends," that is \$6 million per episode for salaries alone, to say nothing of sundry rehab and hairspray expenses. Those salaries for a single episode would more than fully fund Public Access Television in Iowa City for the next quarter century. A single season of "Friends" would bankroll PATV into the year 2587.

Further, that money does not increase with the number of cable subscribers or people who use the equipment and airwaves. "It is like getting punished for success," says Adam Burke, as he floats into the kitchen in search of caffeine. Burke is PATV's "Workshop and Volunteer Coordinator," one of the four full-time positions. Burke moved to Iowa City to pursue a masters in fine arts focused on video production and ended up producing "Funzville," PATV's answer to Saturday morning cartoons. "Our numbers are going up—the people in classes, the people who use the channel, and that's great," explains Burke. "But we have to stretch that same amount of money a little thinner to cover everybody."

Paine has long seen PATV as the black sheep of Iowa City access channels, which also include the City, Library and Education channels. Both Paine and Burke say PATV deserves more funding than it presently receives because it offers such a rich variety of programming (as we shall soon see), especially when compared to the City Channel, which basically only broadcasts city meetings. But Paine isn't bitter; she maintains that Iowa Citians can bring about change themselves, especially as the city's cable franchise agreement with Mediacom comes up for review and a public hearing on the subject is held later this year.

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"The public needs to know they have more input than they think they do," Paine says. "It's so important to the media health of this community. They've got to get involved." Paine and Burke say citizens should ask for universal service, which basically allows anyone free access (after paying for installation) to local-access channels. They say people should also ask for live cable hookup for all schools in town so students and faculty can more easily participate in public access, sharing concerts, lectures and whatever else with the larger community. (Burke says Mediacom has already agreed to this but is apparently dragging its heels). "The possibilities for this community are so rich," Paine continues. "It's too bad we can only think inside this box. What would it take to punch through and get some things going? People think of Iowa City as such a cultural place. Why not have everything?"

Money issues aside, there is the double-edged sword of the First Amendment, hung Damoclesian over PATV's head. On the one hand, it is (nearly) illegal for Public Access to refuse a show by someone who has taken the classes that qualify him or her as a producer. On the other hand, not every show is embraced by the community, and when the individual voice shouts fire in the community's theater of good taste, Paine gets calls.

"Once the mayor called me at home wanting to know why this fuzzy, out-of-focus shot of a woman, who may have been naked, was on the air," Paine laughs fondly as she sips her coffee, a memory contenting as an International Coffee commercial. "Every once in a while, this macramé owl would obscure the picture, floating in, up and down over the screen. The soundtrack was squealing rodents. This went on for about two hours." She points to the wall where the owl in question now hangs proud. Sips. "The mayor was not pleased."

There were other incidents: "The Gold Bodies," a film depicting gold-painted naked bodies rolling over each other. "Nudes With Honey" was another, in which two men and a woman poured honey over their naked bodies, then washed it off. Perhaps the most intense dispute erupted over a documentary titled "Fat Boy Chronicles," in which a narrator described the movies he watched as a child and how they affected his sexuality.

"He had clips from all these different films: *Mame* and Disney animated films and whatnot, and in one clip there were these

little kids naked in a bathtub," explains Paine, with a wrist flick to indicate what a minor piece of the whole it was. As luck would have it, a child was watching PATV at that moment, and the metaphorical doo-doo hit the fan.

But Paine has learned to embrace even this part of her job. "Controversies are an opportunity to talk about stuff," she explains. "People need to give up the idea that there needs to be a police force that makes the rules and makes sure everyone is doing what they should. What we are trying to foster is a sense of self-responsibility, and if people can handle it with TV shows, then..." she trails off. Her eyebrows knit and a frustration clouds her face, like almost remembering the lyrics to "Safety Dance" but not quite—the friction between having it so clear in her head but not being able to explain it to others. Her hands spin little circles in the air, and she looks to the ceiling for the right words

"You take personal responsibility for whatever you put on the air, but it impacts on other things. You have to think of the audience, and as soon as you're aware of that, and you can do your thing and keep others in mind, you've really..." searching for the word, "evolved as a person."

This is what she has been trying to explain all day, maybe every day for the last 12 years or so, and the relief of having said it collapses her whole body. She drinks the last of her coffee, swirls water in the bottom of the cup and heads for her desk—ready to steer the course of another day.

Sick and tired

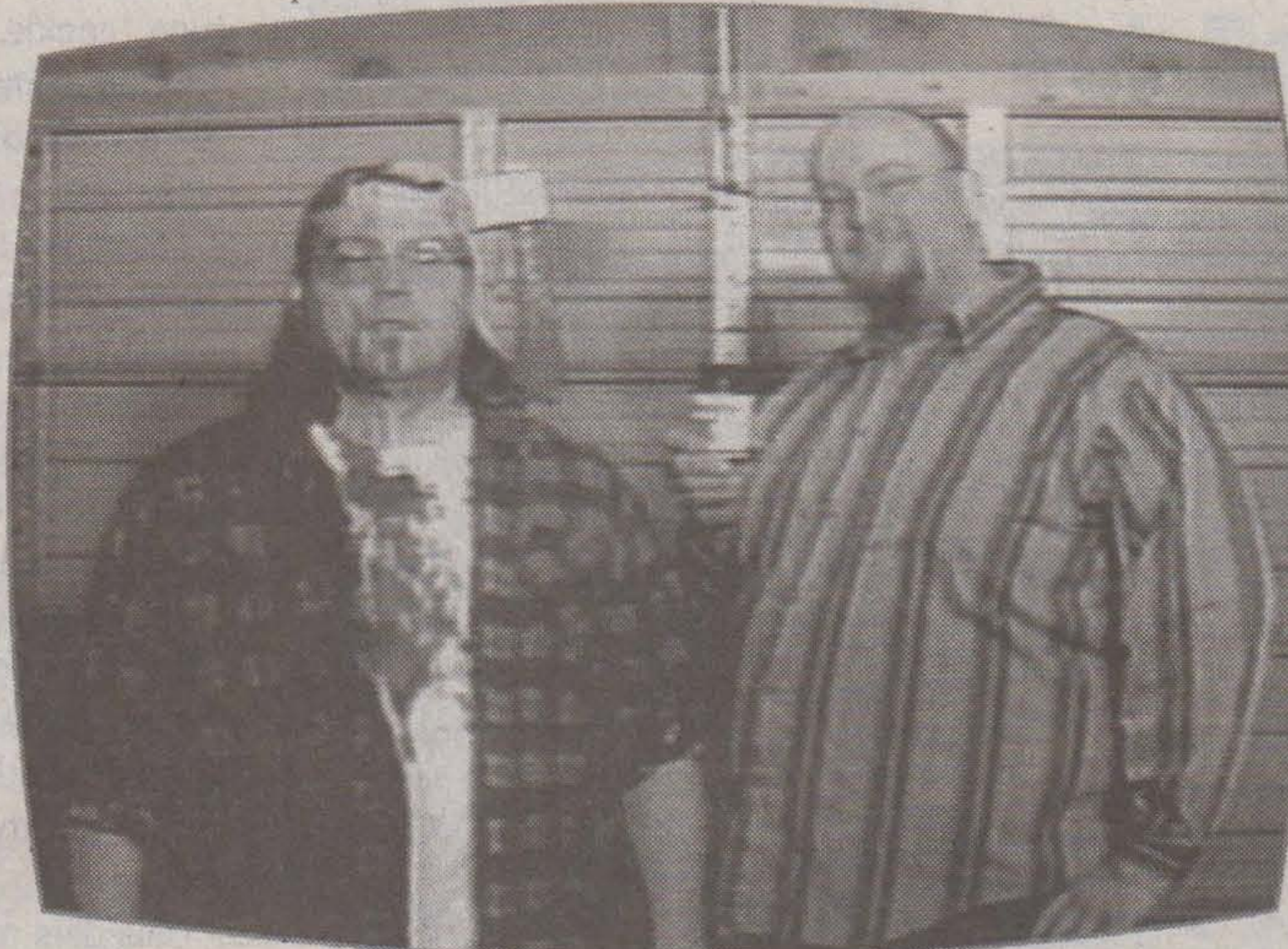
Like a 12-legged Ed Wood, the men and woman of Prescribed Films are making public access safe for axe murders and porn satire

"We just want to make movies, we're all about making movies," explains Prescribed Films director "Insane" Mike Saunders. "Different people do different projects at Public Access, but we're all about movies. Movies, movies, movies."

Saunders grooves for a moment on the Asian muzak at Peking Buffet, then bends into his plate of sweet and sour chicken and chews thoughtfully, wiping sauce from his goatee. Just shy of 30, Saunders could be Jack Black's bespectacled, Hawaiian-shirted doppelgänger. To date, he has directed seven movies, including *Wade and Rod's Sucky Adventure* ("What if two stoners wake up one day and realize they've been bit by vampires—sucky, get it?"), *The Egg-nogs* (a documentary of a recently disbanded Iowa punk band), a mockumentary titled *The Artist*, and Prescribed Films latest release *Requiem for a Dead Man* ("Enter a world where few horror movies dare to travel—into a maniac's mind"). The group's website (www.prescribed-films.com)—"If you're Sick, we've got your Flick!" loudly proclaims the troupe "The only independent film company in Iowa," though Saunders admits he hasn't exactly checked to see if that's true.

"If there is someone else out there, we figured claiming to be the only one would draw them out," he explained.

Growing up, one can only imagine Saunders being referred to as "different" by other Ottumwa residents. He joined with Travis "The Ragman" Wilson and other like-minded D&D types and formed the "The Gore Gang." His first two movies, *I Want to Kill* and *Uninhibited*, were made using his parent's camcorder—he edited by hooking two VCRs together and pressing play, record and rewind for hours. The two films have been re-edited and released on Public Access and video, and though rough edges still show, clearly Saunders heart was in them.



"Insane" Mike Saunders and Travis "The Ragman" Wilson of Prescribed Films

Just shy of 30, Mike Saunders could be Jack Black's bespectacled, Hawaiian-shirted doppelgänger. To date, he has directed seven movies, including *Wade and Rod's Sucky Adventure* ("what if two stoners wake up one day and realize they've been bit by vampires—sucky, get it?").

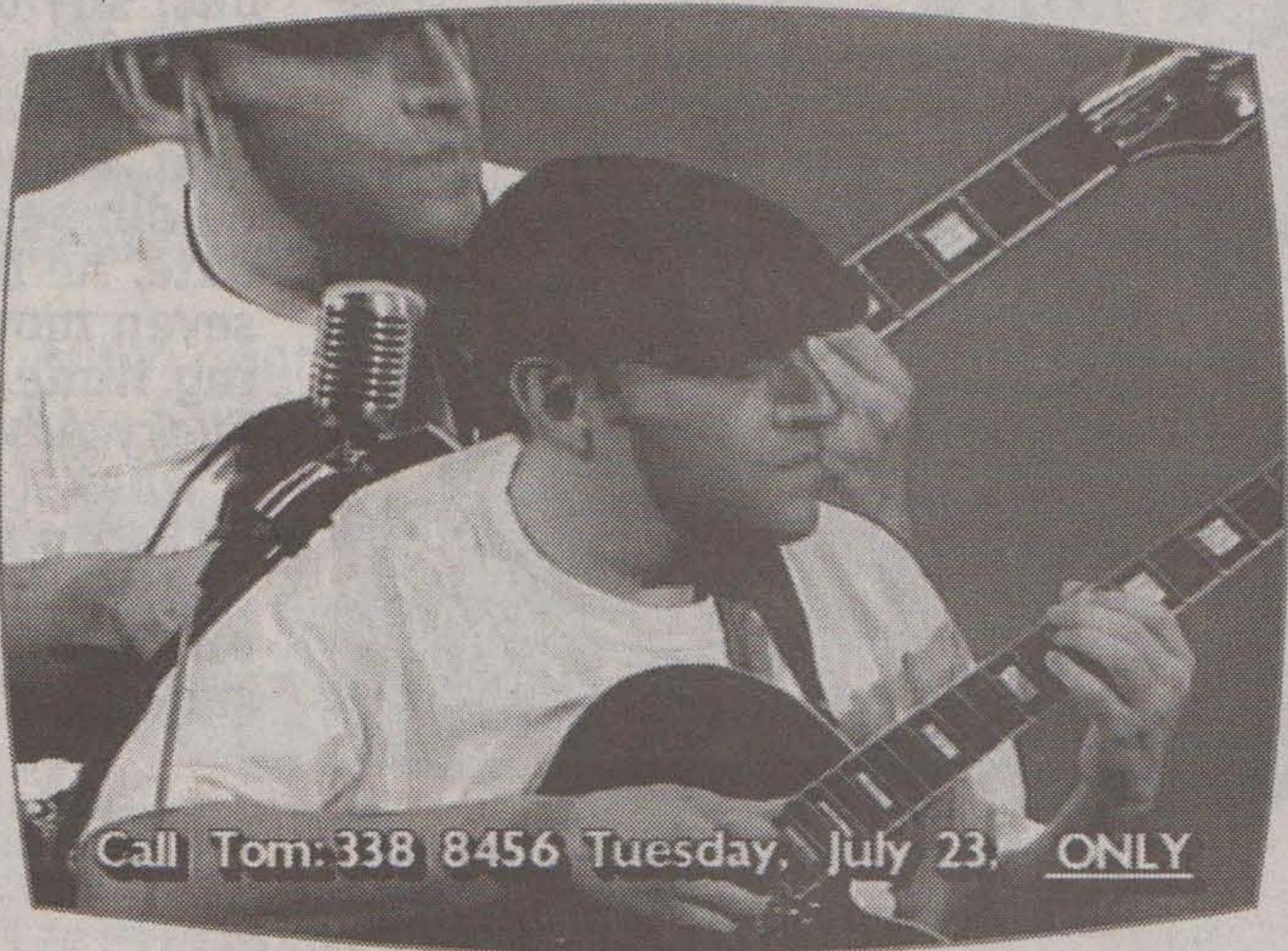
After graduating Oskaloosa High School, Saunders did a "smidgen" of college at the Art Institute of Pittsburgh before returning to Iowa to make movies.

"I wanted to make movies, not learn how to make movies. I moved back to Iowa to cut out the middle years and get behind the camera." Saunders reconnected with Wilson, and Prescribed Films was born.

"Travis writes, and everybody else kicks in with acting, lighting, sound, whatever." Saunders chomps soda ice. "I mostly direct—kind of a control freak."

Around the table, heads bob in agreement. To Saunders' left, the star of *Requiem*, Jason "J-Sun" Bolinger, dissects an egg roll. Hulking and shaggy-bearded, Bolinger is the first to admit he is no Robert Redford, but film has gotten under his skin—literally. Famous movie monsters and murderers Leatherface, Pinhead and Freddy Krueger form tattooed sleeves that creep up his arms. He forks the roll, and his lips, triple-pierced with huge steel rings, twist into a smile as the soy sauce bleeds onto his plate. Chris "Turnip" Simmons, perennial ax-murder victim and lighting technician, smoothes a malnourished mustache and watches the carnage. Melissa "Spunk" Alexander picks at the remains of her shimmering blue nail polish. At the end of the table, a cherub-faced brute, wallet anchor chained to his Dickies and wine corks for earrings, identifies himself only as Cap'n Spooty—everyone at the table sports a nickname, their origins guarded against any requests for clarification. They all laugh easi-

Tom Nothnagle's guitar show is one of PATV's most popular programs.



ly and large, but for the most part let "Insane" Saunders do the talking, which he does rapid-fire and punctuated with kung-fu sound effects.

When asked about his directorial influences, the rest of Prescribed Films push back from the table in dismay. Cap'n Spooty goes back for seconds. Anderson groans, "We're gonna be here all day."

This list is indeed long, ranging from independent inspirations like Robert Rodriguez and John Waters to the more mainstream George Romero and John Carpenter, but conspicuously, Edward D. Wood Jr. rounds out his list. This is a perfect comparison, seeing as how Ed Wood worked earnestly with the lowest of budgets to produce the best-known bad films of all time. Likewise, Saunders and friends shoot all week, often late into the night after they get home from their "9-5 gigs," on a budget of whatever can be dug out from between the cushions of their collective couches. Every Tuesday, they make the three-hour drive to PATV and edit the week's footage. Saunders estimates that for every minute of finished film, he spends at least an hour at the editing board. PATV allows only three-hour blocks of editing time, so for the 45-minute *Requiem*, the Prescribed Films brethren made 15 round trips in Saunders' red Ford Probe.

Though the results may not be *Citizen Kane*, they aren't *Plan 9* either. Though the blood is conspicuously Heinz-esque, and the occasional boom mike floats into the picture, Prescribed Films has released seven films with an indisputably individual flair and flashes of brilliance.

The bill arrives and everyone reaches for a fortune cookie. "The tradition," explains Chris "Turnip" Simmons, "is to add 'in bed' to the end of your fortune. That's how you unlock its true meaning."

Saunders smiles. "You have many personal talents, so be sure to use them'....," he cocks an eyebrow, "...in bed."

"You are the master of every situation'....," reads Melissa Alexander, "...in bed." The men of Prescribed Films howl and applaud. Alexander smiles and looks down at the table, fussing with a short haircut she hasn't gotten used to yet. As the soul female representative of Prescribed Films at the table, it might seem easy for her to be overshadowed by the arrested development of four potty mouths, but everyone claims it is not so.

Saunders explains: "Day one, we had to pull a Hannibal Lecter on Travis, strap him down to a board with a face mask on. You are not to say anything. We want her to come back."

"At first, when we'd get offensive..." begins J-Sun.

"Which is, like, always," adds Cap'n Spooty.

"Right, we'd constantly be apologizing to her," continues J-Sun. "But then I realized that she was just as bad as the rest of us—she had to be, or she would have been gone a long time ago." Nods all around. Alexander blushes, touched that others respect her vulgarity, though she still refuses to answer to "Spunk."

"Where the hell is the poodle?" Back in the PATV studios after the traditional Peking Buffet repast, Saunders is editing the footage shot over the past week. The entire Prescribed Films crew is huddled into the editing booth of Public Access, editing *Faces of Really Nasty Stuff*. The film, a sketch-comedy spoof on the reality TV phenomena, steals its title from the 1980s shockumentary series *Faces of Death*, which contained amateur video footage of real people really dying. Today's sequence ("Innuendo—filmed in 'Squirt-O-Rama'") satirizes porn movie clichés when a series of stock characters show up at Melissa Alexander's door. Try as she might, she can't get the plumber, heating repairman or appliance repairman to catch on to her innuendo ("I need you to fix my oven—I want it hot and steamy"), and each simply fixes the appliance and leaves, fat bass riff be damned. Exasperated, Alexander orders a pizza, only to misunderstand the delivery boy's innuendo.

This final pizza-boy scene went 37 takes, each take a different come-on line delivered by Cap'n Spooty and deflected by Alexander.

"I got a cheese stick to dip in your sauce."

"I didn't order any cheese sticks."

"You know...Stick...Sauce..."

"Ummm...no thanks, too fattening."

The crew howls, but Saunders is not jolly. He fast forwards again, looking for what he thought was the best take—the poodle line. Shooting script in front of him, he is miffed that no one on the set labeled the content of each take, meaning he has to search manually, eating up precious editing time. Even after he finds the elusive scene ("You, me, two poodles and some whipped cream—what do you say?"), Prescribed Films breaks down into infighting, members shouting out for their favorite line to make it into the final cut.

"Dude!" Saunders silences the others. "We've got five minutes left—what's it going to be?" Finally the others reach consensus: make "Insane" Saunders decide.

"Poodles it is," he says and hits record. Heavy hangs the head that wears the crown.

As they stumble out into the first natural sunlight they've seen for hours, cigarettes gratefully inhaled, the Prescribed Films crew is exhausted but optimistic. *Requiem For a Dead Man* will premiere at the Hotel Ottumwa on Aug. 3, *Faces of Really Nasty Stuff* is half in the can, and the next script, *Double Feature*, is ready for shooting.

They are tired. Sick and tired, and they like it that way.

Tom Nothnagle: super star, public-access style

The host of "Tom's Guitar Show" may not like TV, but he's responsible for one of the station's oldest and most popular shows

"I am an archetypal troubadour. It is not an affect, I was just born to do it." With his fedora slung low over sleepy brown eyes and heroic chin, Nothnagle looks the part. "I have a friend who says he was born to smoke. I was born to be a troubadour."

Not literally, of course. Nothnagle is adamant that he does not wear tights. In many ways, though, he is a man out of his time. He has resisted compact discs, MTV and Pokémon. Nothnagle recognizes his stubbornness. He calls it his "character flaw," but affectionately so.

"I've got a problem with ignorance," he explains. "A lot of people playing guitar on TV are playing badly—seventh graders could execute these guitar parts—they are not really musicians, just some guy jumping up and down; that's his gig, right? To me, that is an interesting theatrical thing, but it has very little music to it."

Nothnagle has always taken music seriously. Ever since he appropriated his sister's mandolin at age 6 and graduated to guitar by age 8, music has

"It seems like everyone sees my show eventually. People shout at me from cars, women come up and hug me on the street. One college-type kid told me that he went as me for Halloween last year."

—Tom Nothnagle

been the driving force in his life, but not in a "cool" way.

"In my youth, I listened to a lot of classical guitar, was crazy about classical guitar, which made me kind of unpopular in high school." His shoulders stoop a bit, reassuming the posture of the adolescently marginalized. "I never really liked rock 'n' roll. A lot of times those guitars are out of tune—it bothered me."

Growing up, Nothnagle intuited a lot that most kids gloss over. Like any American child of the television age, Nothnagle was addicted to Saturday morning cartoons, devouring hours of Bugs Bunny and Captain Kangaroo over endless bowls of Fruit Loops, but even then he suspected something was wrong. "I would always end up feeling lousy, maybe from the cartoons, maybe from the sugar. Even at age 4, I knew the shows were stupid. You

continued on page 20

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Marguerite Perret

Of tongue scrapers and lung trimmers

Outdoor multimedia performance focuses on the female workers of a Cedar Rapids meat-packing plant

As neighborhood factories close and the economy continues to move away from an industrial base toward the service and information-technology sectors, the histories of those industrial spaces and the people who worked in them begin to fade from memory. One such example is the Farmstead/Sinclair Meat Packing Plant, once the center of the Oak Hill neighborhood in Cedar Rapids. The plant now sits huge, mute and decrepit, a deposed giant from another time.

Artists Jane Gilmor of Cedar Rapids and BJ Krivanek of Chicago want to give voice to this important but uncelebrated narrative. Focusing on the accounts of female employees, the artists conducted interviews with former workers, consulted with local historians and archivists, and collaborated with members of community organizations and students from the nearby Metro High School. The culmination of all this research and cooperative effort was *Work-Shift*, a CSPA-sponsored outdoor multimedia performance held at the factory site on four evenings in July.

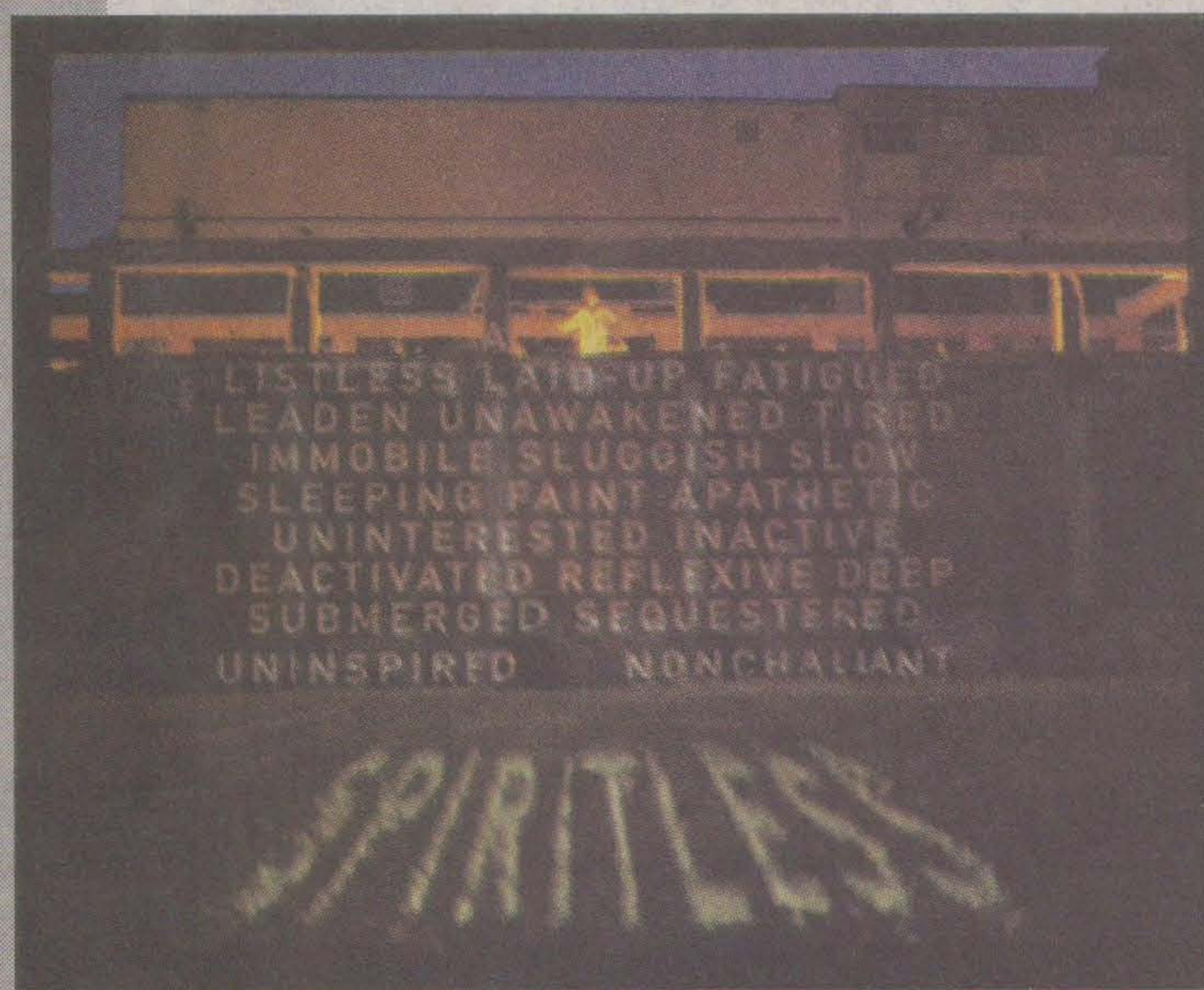
The meat processing industry has a long history in this community. The Sinclair Packing House dates back to 1871. It was acquired by Wilson & Company in the 1930s and became Farmstead Foods in 1984. Farmstead was once the source of high-

modified flatbed truck. Ten segments or "scenes" were presented at various locations along the exterior of the buildings, each depicting a different aspect of factory life. The "scenes" blended low- and high-tech elements of sound, projected image, video and performed movement in an often moving spectacle that portrayed harsh working conditions, strong personal bonds and bitter disappointment. Despite the large production crew and scale of the staging area, the presentation felt intimate, partly due to the small audience size (around 40) and largely because the performance took place after dark, to accommodate the projected imagery.

The most successful performance segments brought the industrial vernacular, architecture and personal narrative to the forefront, allowing those elements to stand on their own, without too much of a dramatic overlay. The introductory scene, "Getting in Line," made effective use of the performers interacting with the building structure. A

"Labor is work that leaves no trace behind it when it is finished."

- Mary McCarthy, *American Author (1912-1989)*



voice-over narration, the same voice that was used throughout the performance as a unifying thread, discussed the opportunities the factory offered young working-class women in the 1940s and 1950s, while fragments of projected text floated across the brick edifice. The words transitioned from a taxonomy of traditional domestic roles ("wife," "daughter," "helper" and "cook") to the functional titles of the meat-processing industry ("ham cutter," "tongue scrapper" and "lung trimmer"). Inside the building, identically dressed performers occupied a series of open window bays, moving to a rhythmic sound composition in a kind of mechanized factory dance that was suggestive of both automated work and a 1960s go-go-style floor show.

In another segment titled "Handskills," a looping video of hands sharpening boning knives was projected against a brick wall as five performers stood silently, holding small video monitors attached to poles, in front of their faces. A synchronized video of excerpts from the interviews

continued on page 20

paying jobs and good benefits, but by the time the plant closed its doors in 1991, the employee pension plan had been exhausted and the majority of workers who stayed to the end, in hopes of a fair retirement settlement, received nothing. Today the site remains deserted as competing forces for profit and historical preservation debate in city planning sessions and committees.

The audience was moved through the performance area, which extended along the length of the factory complex, on a specially

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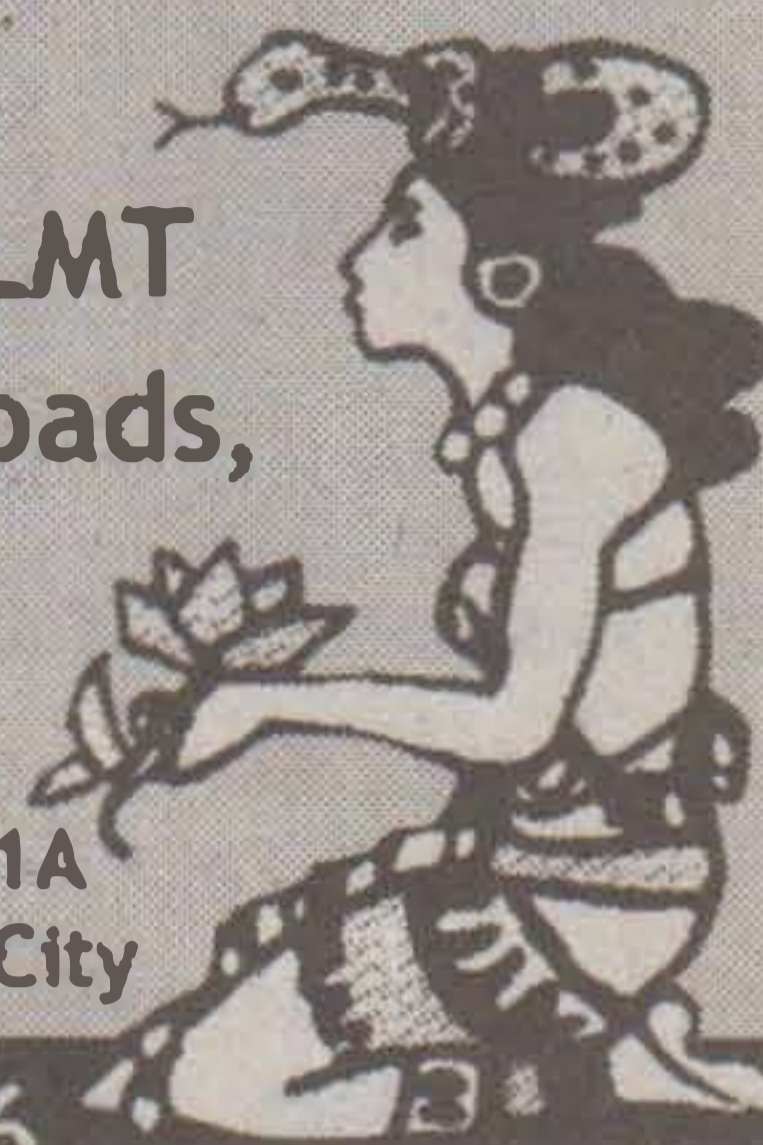
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Shame Train
Gone

Mudfence Music

Honesty and modesty can be two of the most overlooked factors separating a good album from a great one. Sure, some musicians see the light, yet the majority are left believing the key to greatness rests in perfection and laying every last card on the table. The same holds true in life—who enjoys the company of a perfectionist, and who doesn't need an ace in the hole? Shame Train's *Gone* is as flawed as it is perfect and pulls punches as often as it lands them. Its honesty lies in the fact that Shame Train won't try and fool you with smoke and mirrors but can modestly and simultaneously awe you with raw talent and Sam Knutson's ability to pluck a tremendous song out of the blue sky.

If the band's last recording, *Shame Train and the Devil's Square Quilt*, served as an introduction to a talented songwriter merging with a gritty blues combo, *Gone* perfectly illustrates the deep camaraderie that has been fused between the two camps. (As if the album being credited to Shame Train alone, rather than Sam Knutson and..., wasn't a dead giveaway.) Far beyond the sound of a solo artist and his backing band, the album is something that could only have been made by friends and musicians with a near-telepathic ability to react to the nod of a head or a quick-telling glance.

One of the record's quiet standouts, "Sometimes All Alone," starts with a lazy melody on acoustic guitar; instruments join in one at a time with slight hesitation. The electric guitar fills in softly at odd points in the melody, as if to pull it into another direction, but the drums and bass slowly creep in and transform the jumble into a sweet lullaby—somehow making the shift from 4/4 time into a waltz seem as improvised as it was premeditated.

Rather than taint the album with a final coat of studio gloss, producer John Svec lets the music and performances speak for themselves. Songs stumble to a close and nearly all begin with nothing but an acoustic guitar and voice, lending a cohesive 2am-jam-session feel to the record.

Lyricaly, *Gone* is as impressive as any of Knutson's previous releases, and while the rest of the band's emotional response to each and every syllable shows their ear is to his throat, his mouthful-of-grapes delivery can just as easily be mistaken for another instrument in the already eclectic mix. Hammond organs, Moog synthesizers, accordians, a violin and a vintage guitar swell to the fore for

brief moments, then hunker back into the shadows just as quickly, allowing no instrumentalist to outshine another and gently nudging Knutson's voice to the forefront.

Modesty and honesty are rare qualities to find in these days of superstardom and spotlight seekers, yet Shame Train embodies both. *Gone* is a great record.

Jeremy Erwin



Mike and Amy Finders Band

Crystal Blue Morning

Self-released

Two things are for sure: that Mike and Amy Finders' relocation from Galena, Ill., to Iowa City in 2001 thoroughly rounded out an already pretty damn round local roots-music scene; and that *Crystal Blue Morning*, the Finders' sophomore release, features some of the best-produced vocals to ever come out of Iowa, if not the Midwest. While it's tempting to overprize producer and Catamount Studios owner Tom Tatman's pure cunning in capturing a vocal elation normally heard only in live barn jams, it's in Mike and Amy where the rubber meets the road. Tatman has cleared a space for Amy's voice here that lets her stretch it to the rafters. The single omnidirectional microphone the group (Mike, Amy, stand-up bassist Billy Valencia and fiddler Al Murphy) huddles around in live shows is a neat nod to bluegrass tradition, but tends to crowd out the vocals. And Amy's voice is something you want to lean in to hear until you can feel her breath. "Here I am with this man/He doesn't give a damn/He stays out all night/Never treats me right/He still owes me 50 dollars," she sings with perfect aplomb on "50 Dollars," a breezy jape with great pickin'.

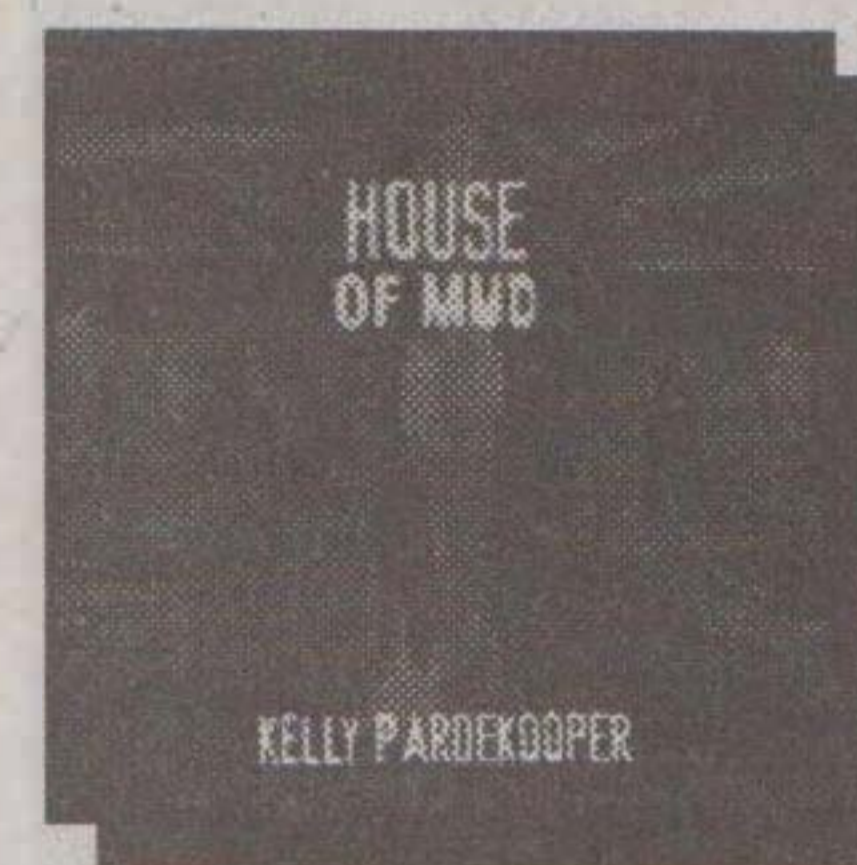
Mike's humble, hang-dog tenor comes off well too, especially on the unsentimental heart-wrencher "Don't You Know Me?": "You say I'm changin'/I'm sayin' it's you/Our fingers always pointing away/As my heart gets hard/the tongue gets loose/I don't plan all these things I say." On this song, and others, a few marital woes get aired. But they are conveyed without confessional stickiness, and delivered with the kind of deep respect for—and acknowledgement of the affinity between—love, hurt and calamity that lie at heart of bluegrass.

As if it were possible, things get even better when Mike and Amy put their voices together. The vocal harmonies of siblings is legendary, but those of spouses a little maligned. Mike and Amy go a long way toward repairing the damage wrought by the likes of Sonny and Cher and Paul and Linda

on nearly every song here, especially the shiveringly pure title track. In addition—and in few other contexts would this merely be *in addition*—the playing by the above-mentioned musicians (as well as bluegrass-banjo legend Bob Black and piano man Dave Zollo) is nothing short of stunning, building up (and tearing down with killer solos) the hard-hickory stage from which our stars emote.

Crystal Blue Morning, is one of the best local releases to come out in this or any other year. It says something that you can put it in the CD changer with Allison Kraus, Gillian Welch—or even Ralph Stanley for that matter—and have it not seem out of its league.

Todd Kimm



Kelly Pardekooper
House of Mud Trailer

Sex. Death. Booze. Trouble. Despair. The topics of Kelly Pardekooper's latest

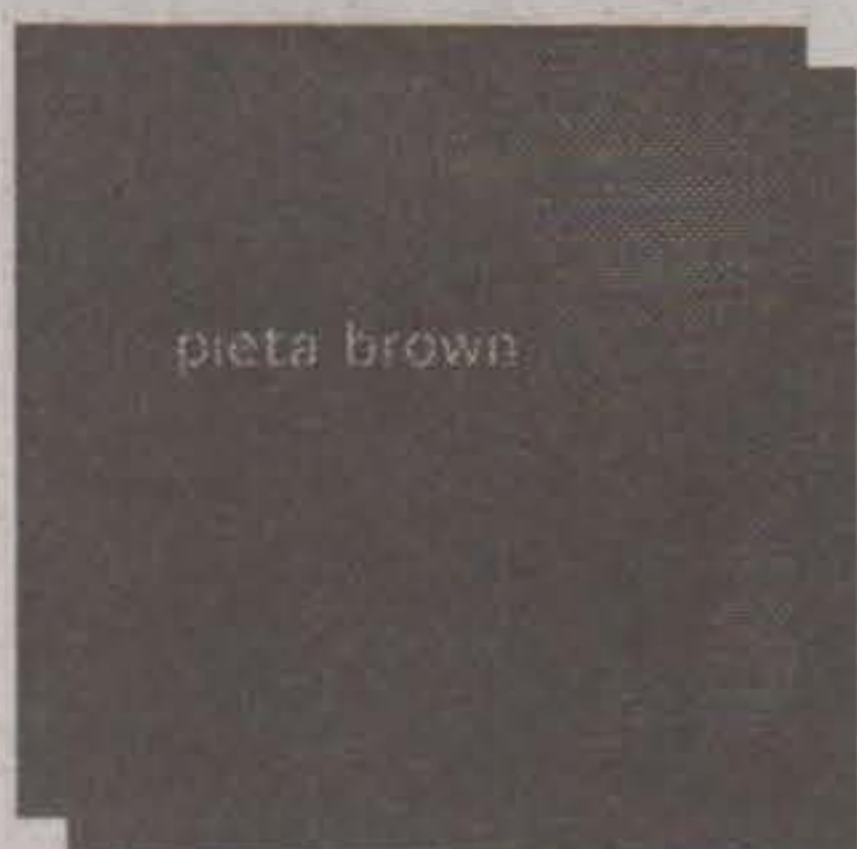
CD may not sound upbeat, but the release is a great pleasure to listen to. Pardekooper creates characters that have known their share of good and bad times, and he offers slices-of-life stories about their circumstances. Pardekooper doesn't moralize or find false redemption, he just sings about the farmer who petitions the Lord for precipitation ("Prays for Rain"), the man who drinks too much ("Drown in Alcohol"), the boy who discovers he enjoys the darker side of life ("Highway Home") and such. Like Sherwood Anderson, Pardekooper observes the psychological grotesques of human behavior and just puts it out there.

Of course, none of this would matter if Pardekooper couldn't sing and/or play, but he does both well. He's got a plaintive, Midwestern voice with a slight drawl and a dusty authenticity. The brightness of Pardekooper's acoustic-guitar sound adds depth to the material by hinting at levels of feeling for which there are no words. This is especially true on the title cut and the heart-felt gem "Tiny Angel."

Pardekooper proudly extends that line of great Iowa City Americana roots-rock musicians of which Greg Brown and Bo Ramsey are the godfathers. Therefore, it's not surprising that he covers a Brown song ("Whatever it Was") and that Ramsey joins him on another ("Can't Go There"). Pardekooper is ably joined by two other fine Iowa City musicians (Atom Robinson on bass, Matt Weingardner on drums) on most cuts, and Marty Letz's splendid pedal-steel playing on two others. Pardekooper and Teddy

Morgan produced the CD and it has a great local feel, despite the fact it was recorded at Jimmy Buffet's studio in Key West, Fla.

Steve Horowitz



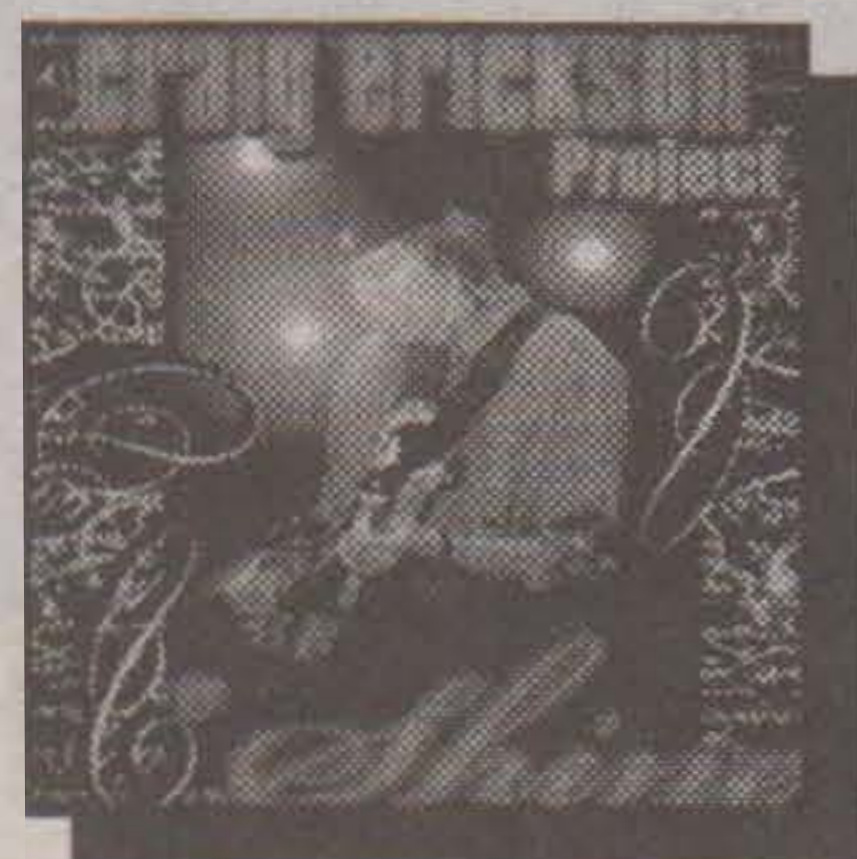
Pieta Brown
Untitled
Trailer

Yes, Pieta Brown is the daughter of Greg Brown and the paramour of Bo Ramsey (who co-produced this disc with Pieta), and you probably wouldn't be reading this review if you weren't curious about the bloodlines and such. If you were expecting some sort of sordid *roman a clef* about the Iowa City music scene, this disc will disappoint you; however, if you didn't know Pieta's biography and listened to the disc fresh, you'd be happily surprised at discovering a new talent.

Pieta plays acoustic and electric guitars and piano, joined by Rick Cicalo on bass and Don Heffington or Steve Hayes on drums and percussion. Ramsey plays guitar on a couple cuts, Dave Moore gets out his button accordion on another, and sister Constie and dad sing back-up on still another. The songs seem to flow organically from Pieta and often serve to express her peculiar states of consciousness. They have titles like "Blind Dog Yell," "Can't Take it Away" and "Even When," which conceal as much as they reveal about the songs' contents.

One of Pieta's greatest strengths is her ability to use silence. Her lyrics are as uncluttered as Hemingway prose and she generally plays one note where most other players would play three or four. The songs lope along like a conversation between friends, where one doesn't need to explain the details. And like the talk between pals, what's said doesn't quite make sense to someone listening in ("A pretty song will mark you/when its blood mixes in" from "Even When"), but the feelings and images come through loud and clear.

Steve Horowitz



Craig Erickson
Project
Shine

Grooveyard Records

If someone told you that a world-class guitar hero lived in Cedar Rapids and was working in a music store, would you believe them? Or would you know immediately they were speaking of Craig Erickson? I went to high school with Craig and saw some of his first gigs in the C.R. Washington cafeteria. Even

at 16, he demonstrated the technical polish and lyric sensibility that few guitarists—especially rock guitarists—ever achieve.

Since then Erickson has released four blues-rock albums on the Shrapnel label, co-wrote and played on Glenn Hughes' *Blues* album and toured extensively in the US and Europe. *Shine* is his first CD for guitar-centric label Grooveyard. While it is certainly a showcase for Erickson's skill as a shredder, more interesting to me is the way he's learned the less-understood lesson that Jimi Hendrix had to teach—in a recording studio, a guitar can be a complete orchestra. Anyone can put down 10 overdubbed guitar tracks, but it takes a bit more than pressing "record" to come up with the sort of seething organic effects achieved on *Shine*. Erickson plays guitar with a vocal-esque vibrato, and throws away little skirling riffs in service of the song that a lesser guitarist might make into a whole career.

Fans of '70s guitar rock should love this record. It even includes a guest vocal by Deep Purple/Ozzy Osbourne vocalist Glenn Hughes. Rob Lamothe sings on most tracks, and he, like Erickson, brings some taste and subtlety to a genre that thrives on over-the-top theatrics. The way Erickson backs up Lamothe's vocal is choice, and in a live setting would be electrifying. Erickson's own singing on six tracks here is darker and less commercially polished, but serves the songs well. His songwriting on this album manages to keep a blues feel without getting trapped in the standard blues-song form. He is able to write songs that channel pop songcraft through the blues and rock idioms and build finely detailed, layered arrangements for them.

If there's a problem here it's that the music is almost too much "of the genre." Erickson makes no secret of heroes Jimi, Stevie Ray and Tommy Bolin—this CD is explicitly an homage to them—but it sometimes seems like he's hesitant to step beyond them. Songs like "Remember Now" and "Break Free" sound as though they've been ripped whole from the Hendrix notebook, and while I doubt there's anyone who could do it better than Erickson, their derivative nature can distract the listener from his considerable originality. The moments when he does give the ghosts of guitar past the slip are pure chicken skin music—most notably in the last two minutes of the Hendrix cover "Angel." The song starts as a reverent recreation of Jimi's arrangement but then opens up into a 100-percent Erickson digression that comments on the original without stealing a note from it. I could do with a whole CD of moments like these, minus the ghosts.

Kent Williams

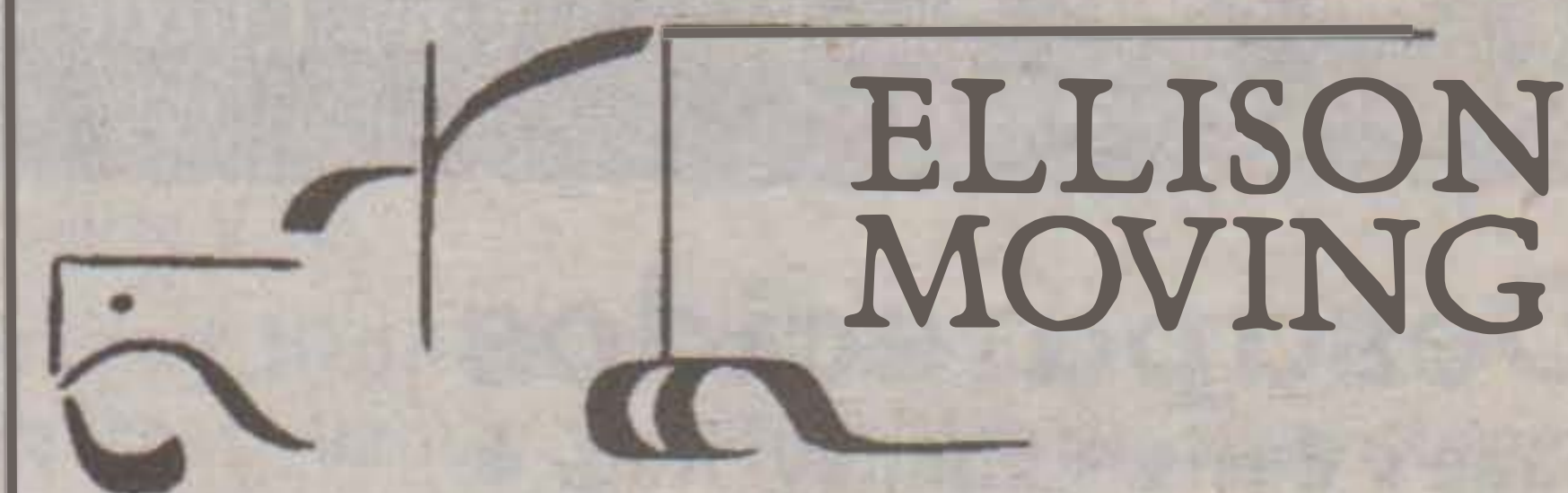
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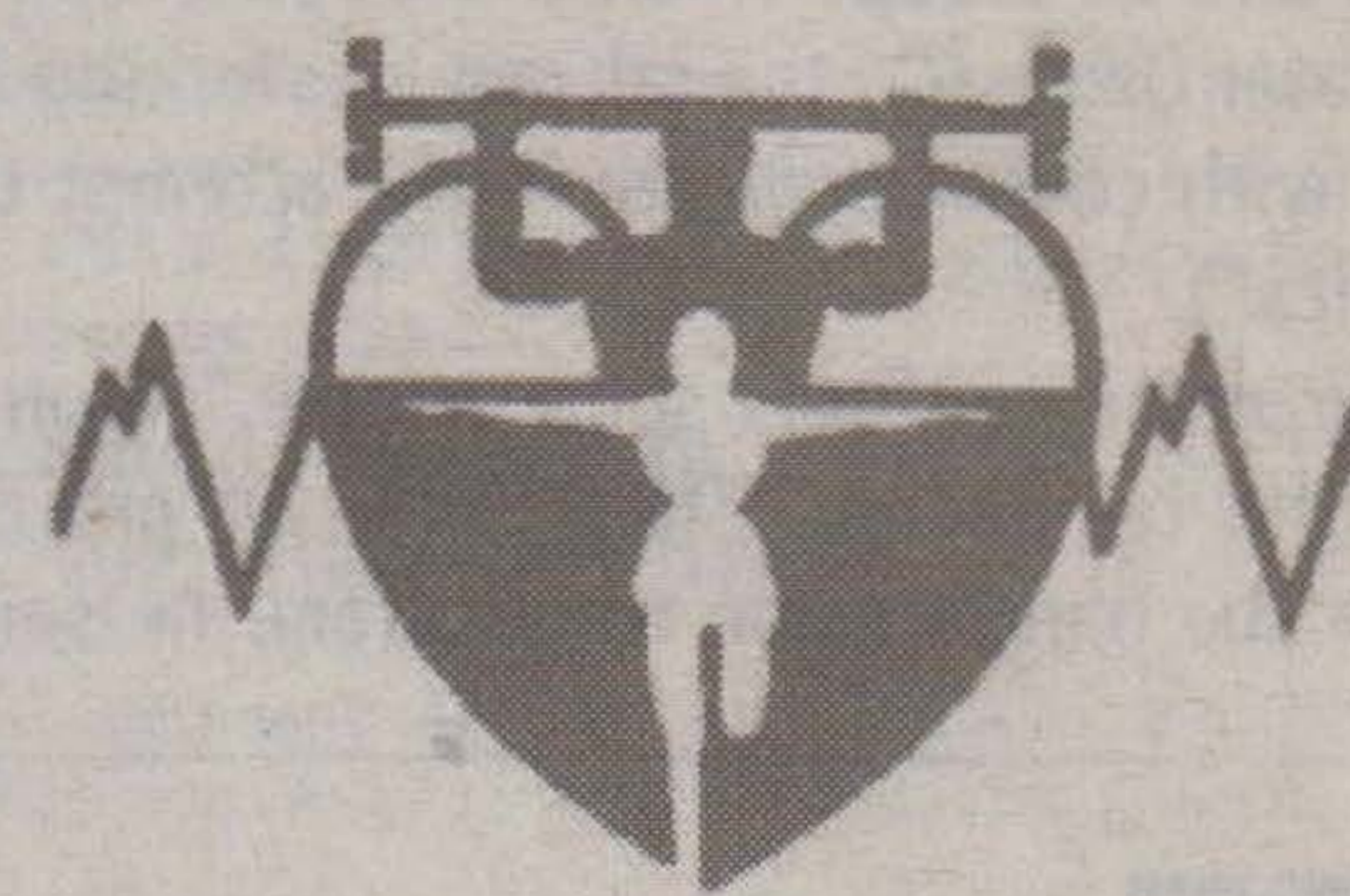
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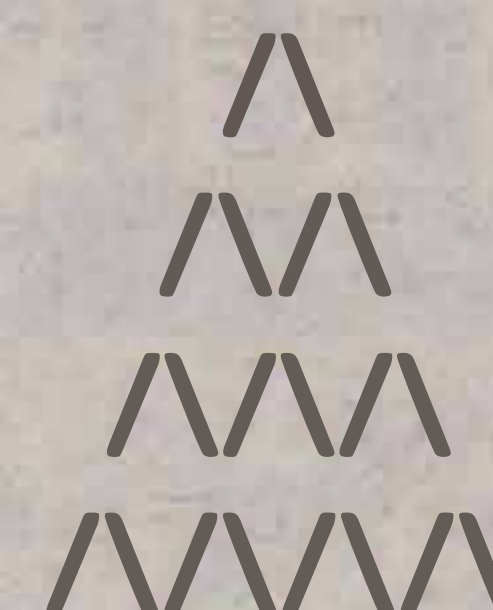
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Questions? Comments? Wanna get involved? email us at:
kru@uiowa.edu or visit us on the
net at www.uiowa.edu/~kru.



Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis.

Mail PO Box 736, Iowa City, Iowa
52244 or
e-mail little-village@usa.net

Desaparecidos

Gabe's Oasis • Sunday, Aug. 4

Shades of Bob Dylan...another bright-eyed, acoustic Midwestern singer-songwriter has gone electric. Omaha-native Conor Oberst, best known as the leader of the indie-pop band Bright Eyes, cranks up the power and rocks with his new group Desaparecidos. The group includes Bright Eyes alums drummer Matt Baum and keyboardist Ian McElroy, as well as other talented Nebraska musicians. Desaparecidos' debut album, *Read Music, Speak Spanish*, has garnered a slew of good reviews for its powerful combination of loud and gritty music and nasty lyrics about modern capitalism using Omaha as a case study: the devastation on the heart and landscape when a shopping mall or Starbucks comes to town ("Greater Omaha"), the rat race of working hard to purchase a house and fill it with consumer waste in the attempt to lead the good life ("Mall of America").

"Our name confuses some people," drummer Baum told *Little Village* over the telephone. "They think we are a Latin band." In explaining where the band's name comes from, he said, "Our lyrics are outspoken.

We creatively criticize politics and society. The Desaparecidos was the name given to people who did the same thing in Chile and Argentina, but they were killed for their ideas. Hence, they disappeared. It was even illegal to mention the names of those who disappeared, as if just saying the name was treasonous."

But things aren't all sour-faced. "We are a fun band and definitely a live band," he said. "That's what we tried to capture on our CD. Our lyrics may be serious, but when we play, we are out for a good time." The full-length disc was recorded in

one week, which somehow adds an urgency to the sound—that and Oberst's compelling vocals. In contrast to Dylan, this 22-year-old emo kid went electric to get political—and Oberst has a much better voice. So is he the next Dylan? Hey, there can only be one of anything—don't follow leaders, watch the parking meters. Still, Oberst and Desaparecidos are damn good. 330E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788.

Steve Horowitz



ART

Akar Architecture and Design

4 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 351-1227

Woodfired stoneware by Steve Hansen of Derrien Springs, Mich., Aug. 16-Sept. 29; opening reception, Aug. 23, 5-7pm.

The Book Collector

3405 Mt. Vernon Rd. SE (Vernon Village), Cedar Rapids, 362-6657

Photographs, drawing and prints by Matt Danielson, Aug. 4-31; opening reception Aug. 4, 7-9pm.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

Iowa 2002: New Art, the first CRMA Triennial Summer Exhibition features the work of 20 Iowa artists in four galleries; featured artists include Angela Battle, Mary Snyder Behrens, Bradd Brown, Karen Chesterman, Tony Crowley, Fred Easker, Amze Emmons, Laurel Farrin, Mike Guldbek, Thomas Jackson, Louise Kames, Sally Kuzma, Carol Macomber, Julie McLaughlin, Theresa Paschke, William Pergl, Kristen Quinn, Priscilla Steele, Daniel Weiss and Margaret Whiting, through Aug. 25 • *From Paper to Stone: Grant Wood Drawings and Lithographs*, a selection of Wood's lithographs from the museum's permanent collection along with preliminary drawings borrowed from private collections, through Aug. 25 • *Recent Acquisitions 2000-2001*, includes a pair of wrought iron gates designed by Grant Wood, through August • Grant Wood's J.G. Cherry Company Commission, 1925, seven-painting series by Wood that depicting workmen and their tools, through August.

Falconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660

Italian Drawings and Prints from the Castelvecchio Museum, Verona, Aug. 30-Oct. 20; opening reception Aug. 30, 4:30-6:30pm.

The Frame House & Gallery

211 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 338-0988

The Iowa Connection, featuring artists with Iowa ties.

Iowa Artisans Gallery

117 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-8686

Jewelry Invitational, sculptural jewelry by New York artists Baharal, Gnida and Eun-Kyung Suh, through Aug. 13 • *Canadian Invitational*, ceramics by Boyer Bonneau and Dale Mark, with carved wood by Don Stinson, Aug. 16-Sept. 23.

Lorenz Boot Shop

132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053

Abstracted Figure, mixed water media on paper by RK Courtney; *Dwellings*, pottery by Alisa Holen; *House to House*, watercolors and wood-cuts by Philip Kirk; *Portraits and More*, pastels and oil by Beppie Weiss; all through September.

Many Facets

125 S. Dubuque, Iowa City, 341-4562

Abstract Harmony: Oil Pastels & Mixed Media by Kathy Nelson, through September.

Mythos

9 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-3760

Ethnographic art, antiquities and museum copies; specializing in African, Mayan Indian from Guatemala and Asian, ongoing.

Senior Center

Old Post Office Gallery, 28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220

Small Narratives: Paintings by Shara Rawley, still lifes telling stories about people through carefully chosen renderings of their possessions, through Aug. 25 • *Soul Garden: Artwork* by Peggy Polson, recent works in acrylics and foil imaging, Aug. 30-Oct. 5; opening reception Aug. 30, 2:30-4pm.

UI Hospitals and Clinics

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417

Watercolors by Florina Coulin, through Aug. 29, Boyd

Tower West lobby • Nature Photographs by James Nelson, through Aug. 30, Boyd Tower East lobby • Lillian Beranek, woven canvases and brush paintings, through August, Hospital Dentistry Gallery, Fifth floor Pomerantz Family Pavilion • Recent Acquisitions of the Project Art Collection, through Oct. 1, Patient and Visitor Activities Center • John Coyne, sculpture, through September, UIHC Main Lobby.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

Hans Breder: Enacting the Liminal. Intermedia/Works 1964-2002, a retrospective of work by the renowned UI professor of art in sculpture, drawing, photography, painting and electronic media, Aug. 24-Oct. 20.

Uptown Bill's small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401

Tunisia Y2K, paintings and photographs by Bill Filios, through Sept. 3, gallery hours Fridays 6-8pm, Saturdays 10am-4pm; closing reception Aug. 30, 6-8pm.

MUSIC

Adagio

325 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 339-4811

Jazz Brunch every Sunday with Saul Lubaroff Duo, 11am-2pm; others 8pm
Steve Price Duo, Aug. 2 & 23-24 • Funky Ira, Aug. 3 • Mike Reardon Trio, Aug. 10.

Amana Festhalle Barn

4707 220th Trail, Amana, 622-7504

6-9pm
Acoustic Mayhem, Aug. 13 • Party Time Band with Dave Franklin (polka), Aug. 27.

Fox Run Country Club

19 Greenview Ln., West Branch, 643-2100

Brian Stoltz of the Meters, Aug. 3, 8pm.

Gabe's

330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788

9pm doors unless noted otherwise

Slightly Paradise, Dogger, Kosher, My Junior Year, Aug. 1, 8pm • Leven, 8 Found Dead, Conspire, Hate Daisies, Kloud Nine, Aug. 2, 8pm doors • Lurch's Benefit, Kita, O Jesus, Breakdance, Samb Egnog, Aug. 3 • Desaparecidos, Rilo Kiley, Alto Heceta, Faultlines Aug. 4, 8pm doors • Rivethead, Caulfield, Hot Carl, Aug. 5 • Afterproject, Amongst, Provoke, Preacher Gone to Texas, Aug. 6, 7pm doors • The Dames, The Tide, Snowglobe, Aug. 8 • Jay Bennett, Edward Burch, Will Johnson, Sam Knutson, Aug. 9 • Brand New, Taking Back Sunday, Rufio, EF-Seventy, Aug. 10, 8pm • Sean Na Na, Golden, Miss Lonelyhearts, The Bog Score, Aug. 11, 8pm doors • The Stereo, Son Ambulance, Death Ship, Aug. 12, 8pm doors • The Original Sinners (with Exene Cervenka), The Horrors, Aug. 16 • Honky, Kita, Aug. 17 • Jupiter Sunrise, DJ Alert, Aug. 20 • Black Cat Music, Aug. 24 • The Centimeters, Aug. 27 • The Juliana Theory, Injected, Coheed + Cambria, Aug. 29 • The Soledad Bros., Bent Scepters, Aug. 31.

The Green Room**509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350**

Blues Jam Mondays, Latin Night Tuesdays

Why Make Clocks, Frankenixin, Boy.With.Stick., Burn Disco Burn, Aug. 1 • Dianogah, Rabbit Rabbit, Troubled Hubble, Faultlines, Aug. 2 • East18, The Vagrant, Aug. 3 • Shiver, JSA, Aug. 7 • Psychosomatic, Exit Drills, Benefit for IC Label Pop Explosion, Aug. 8 • Clean Living CD-release, Reverent Soul, Winegarden, Aug. 9 • Mike Ireland, Hollar, Mayflies of Johnson County, Aug. 10 • Juliana Hatfield, Kathryn Musilek, Clayton, 8pm doors • Dave Zollo, Kelly Pardekooper, Aug. 23.

The Java House**211 1/2 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 341-0012**

KSUI's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays at 10am

Dave Moore, Aug. 9 • Ames singer-songwriter performs her interpretations of traditional southern blues as well as original material, Aug. 16 • The Trollies, Aug. 23 • T.M. Scruggs performs on the accordion and marimba, Aug. 30.

The Marketplace**511 P St., South Amana, 622-3750**

All 7:30-11:30pm

Mike and Amy Finders, Aug. 2 • Scott and Michelle Dalziel, Aug. 3 • Radoslav Lorkovic, Aug. 9 • Kelly Pardekooper, Aug. 10 • Open Mic, Aug. 15 • Nick Stika, Aug. 16 • Eric Noden, Aug. 17 • BillyLee Janey, Aug. 23 • Jasmine, Aug. 24 • Radoslav Lorkovic, Aug. 29 • Merrill J. Miller, Aug. 30 • Tornados, Aug. 31.

The Mill**120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529**

Friends of Old Time Music acoustic jam session
Tuesdays, 9pm; Open Mic, Mondays, 8pm; all shows 9pm
unless otherwise noted

Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band, Aug. 3 • Brother Trucker, Aug. 9 • Donny Brazile Band, Aug. 10 • The Starch Martins, Aug. 15 • Emily Kaitz with Greg Dirks, Aug. 16 • TBA, Aug. 17 • Irene Schroeder, Aug. 23, 6-8pm • IWMF Fund-raiser with Kristie Stremel, Ellen Rosner, Kelly Carrell with Laurie Haag, Kimberli Lambert, Aug. 23, 8pm • Fred Woodard Trio, jazz, Aug. 24 • Radoslav Lorkovic, Aug. 28 • Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band, Aug. 30 • Kelly Pardekooper, Aug. 31.

Northside Books**203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330**

Sunday Live!, all 1-2pm

Doyle Buhler and Jennifer St. Clair, Aug. 4 • Randy Arcenas, Aug. 16.

Old Brick**Corner of Market & Clinton, Iowa City**

Battle of the Bands, Aug. 29.

Red Avocado**521 East Washington St., Iowa City, 351-6088**

All 6:30-9:00pm

Reality Trio, jazz, Wednesdays • Mad River Duo, clarinet and guitar, Aug. 10 & 24.

Sanctuary**405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692**

Saul Lubaroff Trio, Aug. 2 • John Cord Trio, Aug. 3 • Dave Zollo, Aug. 9 • Tom Jessen, Aug. 10 • Dave Moore, Aug. 23-24 • Oddbar Trio, Aug. 30 • Saul Lubaroff Trio, Aug. 31.

UI Hospitals and Clinics**Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417**

John Colloton Atrium, noon-1pm

The Old Post Office Brass, brass quintet, Aug. 2 • Steve Price and son Sam, traditional delta blues and old-time folk, Aug. 9.

UI Museum of Art**150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727**

KSUI "Know the Score" program, Joan Kjaer, host, Aug. 16, 5pm.

Uptown Bill's small Mall**401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401**

MoonGarden Acting Co. presents "Music & Monologues," Aug. 10, 7-9pm • Toxaphene, Silver Lining, August 23, 7-9pm.

US Cellular Center**370 First Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888**

Aaron Carter, Jump 5, Triple Image, No Secrets, Aug. 14, 7pm.

**FESTIVALS/
SERIES****Bluesmore****Aug. 3, Bruce More, 2160 Linden Dr. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375**

4-10pm

W.C. Clark, Lil' Ed and the Blues Imperials, The Ron Dewitte Band.

Friday Night Concert Series**Weather Dance Fountain Stage, Downtown Iowa City**

6:30-9:30pm

The Mayflies of Johnson County, Aug. 2 • Dave Zollo, Aug. 9 • Tornados, Aug. 16 • The Salsa Band, Aug. 23 • Big Wooden Radio, Aug. 30.

Hooverfest**Aug. 2-4, Herbert Hoover National Historic Site, West Branch, 643-5327**

Aug. 3

Greenwood Tree, 2:15pm • Banana Slug String Band, 5:30pm • Big Wooden Radio, 7pm • The Cedar Rapids Municipal Band, 8:30pm

Aug. 4

Eastern Iowa Brass Band, 2:45pm • Iowa Opry, area musicians perform and swap stories; Bob and Kristie Black; Alan and Aleta Murphy; John Lake; Guy, Hannah and Megan Drollinger.

Jazz Under the Stars**Noelridge Park, Cedar Rapids**

7pm, Aug. 29 rain date

Dr. Z's Experiment, Aug. 1 • Flat Cat, Aug. 8 • UNI Big Band Reunion, Aug. 15 • Fred Woodard & Friends, Aug. 22.

"Just Jazz" Concert Series**Weather Dance Fountain Stage, Downtown Iowa City**

6:30-9:30pm

Oddbar Trio, Aug. 3 • Sam Anthony Band, Aug. 10 • School Daze, Aug. 17 • The Mad River Band, Aug. 24 • Oftensemble, Aug. 31.

Market Music**Chauncey Swan Park, Iowa City**

5-7pm

Nick Sticka, Aug. 7 • Guy and Hannah Drollinger, Aug. 14 • Dave Zollo, Aug. 21 • Pieta Brown, Aug. 28.

Mudriver Music Festival,**Aug. 3, Izaak Walton League, Iowa City,**

10am-12am

Kevin "B.F." Burt, Mike & Amy Finders, Jennifer Danielson, Ben Schmidt, Tom Jessen, Nik Strait, Olenka, Half Fast, Alma Hovey Hayride, The Trollies,

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Battle of the Bands

August 29th at
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(corner of Market and Clinton)

in cooperation with
The Stepping Up Project and PATV



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The Mill Restaurant
Bar • Music • Coffee

july

FRI	5	Simon Milward Special Event	7pm
SAT	3	Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band	9pm
FRI	9	Brother Trucker	9pm
SAT	10	Donny Brazile Band	9pm
THUR	15	The Starch Martins	9pm
FRIDAY	16	Emily Kaitz w/ Greg Dirks	9pm
SAT	17	tba	
FRIDAY	23	Irene Schroeder IWMF Fundraiser with Kristie Stremel, Ellen Rosner, and more	8pm
SAT	24	Fred Woodard Trio World-class jazz guitarist	9pm
WEDS	28	Radoslav Lorkovic	8pm
FRI	30	Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band	9pm
SAT	31	Kelly Pardekooper	9pm

Mondays • OPEN MIC • 8pm
120 E. Burlington • IC • 351-9529
Open 4pm • 7 Days a Week

Sam Knutson & Shame Train.
Music in the Park
Morrison Park, Coralville
6:30-8pm
American Pie, Aug. 1 • Big Wooden Radio, Aug. 8.

Regina Fall Fun Festival
Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Regina Catholic Education Center, 2140 Rochester Ave., Iowa City, 337-2580
Big Wooden Radio, Aug. 31, 6-9pm.

Taste of Cedar Rapids
Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Mays Island, downtown Cedar Rapids, 398-0449
Aug. 31
Main Stage
Waters Edge, 3:30pm • Bohemian Soul Tribe, 5:30pm • OHNO, 7:30pm • TBA, 9:30pm

Festival Stage
House on the Island, 3pm • The Trollies, 4pm • Starch Martins, 6pm • House of Large Sizes, 8:30pm
Sept. 1
Main Stage
Tribe of Shekinah, gospel, 2:30pm • Yancy Riley, 4:40pm • Greener, 7pm • Styx, 9:30pm
Festival Stage
Rock Hounds, 1:30pm • The Swing Crew, 3pm • Wylde Nept, 5:30pm • Bent Scepters, 8pm

Sept. 2
Main Stage
Rearview Mirror, 5:30pm • Sponge, 6:45pm • Seven Mary Three, 7:35pm • Spin Doctors, 8:25pm • Gin Blossoms, 10pm
Festival Stage
Shane Johnson's Blues Train, 1pm • Merrill J. Miller, 3pm • D-Dog and The B-Bits, 5:30pm • Big Al & The Heavyweights, 8pm

Ushers Ferry Folk Festival
Aug. 10, Ushers Ferry Historical Village, Cedar Rapids, 286-5763
4-9pm
Mike & Amy Finders, 4pm • Al & Aleta Murphy, 4:30pm • Matt Barr, 5pm • Carol Montag, 5:30pm • Acoustic Mayhem, 6pm • Bob & Kristie Black, 6:30pm • Glenn Lonsdale & Carlis Faurot, 7pm • Black Sheep Reunion, 7:30pm • Tommy Makem, 8pm.

DANCE

Mondo's
212 South Clinton, Iowa City, 358-0776
Sabor Latino at Mondo's, dance to DJ Frank Rubero's offering of Latin dance music, come early to take a dancing lesson from salsa instructor Modei Akyea, every Thursday & Saturday (lesson every other week on Saturday), 9:30-10:15pm (lesson), 10:15pm-1:30am (dancing).

THEATER/ PERFORMANCE

Old Creamery Theatre
Price Creek Stage, 39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-352-6262 (unless noted otherwise)
Price Creek Stage: Wed., Fri., Sat. 8pm; Thurs., Sat., Sun. 3pm. Depot Theatre: Thurs. 3 & 8pm; Fri. & Sat 8pm; Sun. 3pm
Once Upon a Mattress, musical retelling of *The Princess and the Pea*, through Aug. 11 • *Last Train to Nibroc*, new play by Arlene Hutton about the intersecting lives of two people who meet on a train in 1940, through Aug. 11, Depot Theatre, one block south of Millstream Brewery, Amana • *Always...Pasty Cline*, musical tribute to the country legend by Ted Swindley, Aug. 16-Sept. 22 • *Lost and Found*, drama by Old Creamery's Thomas P. Johnson based on the true story of a boy from Marengo, Iowa, who disappeared in the late 1890s, Aug. 29-Sept. 22, Depot Theatre, one block south of Millstream Brewery, Amana.

Uptown Bill's small Mall
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401

MoonGarden Acting Co. presents "Music & Monologues," Aug. 10, 7-9pm.

AUDITIONS, CALLS, ETC.

Arts Iowa City
Lower level of Jefferson Bldg., 129 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 337-7447
Arts Iowa City is compiling a database including all artists in Johnson County, call to be included.

WORDS

IC Public Library
123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
Second Annual Irving Weber History Lecture, by Bob Hibbs, *Iowa City Press-Citizen* columnist, live on Library Channel 10, Aug. 6, 7pm, Meeting Room A • Irving B. Weber Local History Quiz Bowl, with quiz master Dottie Ray, Aug. 7, 7pm, live on Channel 10, Meeting Room A • "Pre-Civil War Iowa and Iowa City," Loren Horton, Aug. 8, 2pm, live on Channel 10, Meeting Room A • Book discussion group for young women, ages 12 to 17, and their mothers, grandmothers, aunts, female mentors, or best friends' mothers, free copies of the first book, *The Secret Life of Bees* by Sue Monk, are available, four sessions, Mondays, 7-9pm, Aug. 26, Sept. 16, Sept. 30 and Oct. 14, Meeting Room A, register at the AV desk or by calling 356-5200, ext. 125.

Iowa Memorial Union
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-8213
"Health Expo: Searching for the Healthiest You!," Aug. 8, 11am, Terrace Lobby

The Java House
211 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 341-0012
KSUI's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays at 10am
Dave Moore, performs live and talks about his 20 years of interest in the various roots of American music, Aug. 9, • "Elvis Lives!", to mark the 25th anniversary of Elvis Presley's death, UI Elvis scholar Peter Nazareth talks about the King's lasting impact on music and popular culture; Ames singer-songwriter and Elvis fan BeJae Fleming, joins the discussion and performs her own interpretations of traditional southern blues as well as original material, Aug. 16 • The Trollies, a four-piece acoustic band from Iowa City, will perform live and talk about their combination of blues, folk, rock and Celtic music, Aug. 23 • "Writing Around the World," Christopher Merril, director of the UI's International Writers' Program, joins two renowned authors who will participate in this year's residency program: Dorit Rabinyan of Israel and Edward Carey of England; ethnomusicologist T.M. Scruggs also performs on the accordion and marimba, Aug. 30.

John W. Eckstein Medical Research Building
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-9648
Lecture by Samuel Levey, PhD Gerhard Hartman Professor of Health Mgmt. Policy, Aug. 29, 3:30pm, Seeborn Conference Room (283 EMRB).

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Presentation by Simon Milward on his worldwide tour on a homemade motorcycle, Aug. 2, 7pm.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
Open to the general public unless noted otherwise
Genealogy Conversation, Aug. 2, 12:30-2pm • "Prescription Drugs and Reliable Business Practices," Congressman Greg Ganske discusses the high cost of prescription drugs and the necessity to make drug companies use responsible business practices, Aug. 12, 2pm, Assembly Room • Current Events Discussion Group, Aug. 13 & 27, 1:30-2:30pm • Yates Literary Reading Series, Dick Paulus, John Raffensperger and Janie Yates reading *Foxfire* by Hume Cronyn, Aug. 16, 2-3pm • "Iowa Priority. Prescription Savings Program for Medicare Eligible Iowans," Lynne Anthony talks

about a program designed to reduce the cost of prescription drugs for Medicare-eligible Iowans, Aug. 23, 1-2pm.

MEETINGS/ PUBLIC HEARINGS

Affirmationist Toastmasters, Mondays, 6-7pm
All welcome, Gilmore Hall, Room #4, UI campus, 353-0765.

City of Iowa City
Civic Center, 410 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 356-5000
Special Council Formal Meeting, followed by Council Work Session, Aug. 19, 5pm, Harvat Hall • Council Formal Meeting, Aug. 20, 7pm, Harvat Hall.

EVENTS/ FESTIVALS

Hooverfest
Aug. 2-4, Herbert Hoover National Historic Site, West Branch, 643-5327
Music (see Music Festivals listing), entertainment, Hooverball tournaments, 5K run, pie social, fireworks and more.

Iowa Renaissance Festival & Harvest Faire
Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Middle Amana Park, Middle Amana, 641-357-5177
Featuring dozens of professional stage shows and nationally touring performers, Renaissance-style weddings and horseback jousting, hands-on activities for all ages, www.festint.com for more info.

Irving Weber Days
Aug. 5-11, Iowa City, 356-5200
Aug. 5
"Historic Downtown Churches Walking Tour," 6pm, meet at Chauncey Swan Park (Washington and Gilbert)
Aug. 6
"Iowa City: Some Off-Beat Tales," lecture by Bob Hibbs, *Iowa City Press-Citizen* columnist, live on Library Channel 10, Aug. 6, 7pm, IC Public Library, Meeting Room A
Aug. 7
Irving B. Weber Local History Quiz Bowl, with quiz master Dottie Ray, Aug. 7, 7pm, live on Channel 10, Meeting Room A, ICPL
Aug. 8
"Pre-Civil War Iowa and Iowa City," Loren Horton, Aug. 8, 2pm, live on Channel 10, Meeting Room A • "Historic Downtown Iowa City through the Lens of the Architect," walking tour and reception, 6pm, meet at Johnson County Historical Society's 2nd-floor exhibition space, Old Capitol Town Center.
Aug. 10
10-Cent Swim Day to Honor Irving Weber, All-American Swimmer, Robert A. Lee Recreation Center Pool, 6:30am-8pm • "Remembering the Black and Gold: African-Americans and Sports at the U of I," presented by Dave McMahon, 9am, Special Collections Room, State Historical Society, 402 Iowa Ave. • Old-Fashioned Games and Heritage Garden Tours, 1-4pm, Historic Plum Grove, 1030 Carroll St. • Ice Cream Social, Community Band concert and Wayne Neuzil, vocalist; appearances by Magician Lee Iben and Babaloon the Clown, 5:30-7pm, College Green Park (College & Dodge).
Aug. 11
The Dust Bowl Balladeer, performed by musician & storyteller Chey Ness, 2pm, Coralville Schoolhouse, 310 5th Street, Coralville.

Lone Tree Fall Festival
Aug. 16-17, Lone Tree, 629-4615

Regina Fall Fun Festival
Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Regina Catholic Education Center, 2140 Rochester Ave., Iowa City, 337-

2580
Music (see Music Festivals) and various activities.

Taste of Cedar Rapids
Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Mays Island, downtown Cedar Rapids, 398-0449
Music (see Music Festivals listing), food, children's entertainment, fireworks (10:50pm each night).

Women's Resource and Action Center
130 N Madison, Iowa City, 335-1486
WRAC Open House, Aug. 28, 4pm

WOW! Weeks of Welcome
Iowa City, various locations, 335-3059
Hawkeye Carnival and Welcome Cookout, Aug. 25, 4pm, Hubbard Park, IMU • "Here at Last..." event, Aug. 25, 7:30pm, Hancher Auditorium • "Get Hypnotized!", Aug. 28, 8pm, Main Lounge, IMU • Downtown Street Festival, Aug. 30, 5pm, downtown Iowa City.

CLASSES/ WORKSHOPS

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
Open to Johnson County Seniors, registration required
Ochs Painting, Wednesdays, Aug. 28-Oct. 16, Section 1, 9:30am-12pm; Section 2, 12:30-3pm • Gentle Yoga, Section 1, Mondays, Aug. 5-Oct. 7, 10-11:15am; Section 2, Wednesdays, Aug. 7-Oct. 9 • Tai Chi, Wednesdays, through Aug. 21, 3:30-4:30pm • *The Way We Live Now* by Anthony Trollope, literature class, Wednesdays, through Aug. 14, 3-4:30pm • Fitness with Collin, with instructor Collin Kerstetter, Monday and Wednesday, Aug. 12-Sept. 18, 8:30-9:30am • "Farm Fresh and Easy!" cooking from scratch with seasonal, farm fresh, locally grown foods, instructor Carol Hunt, Aug. 13, 10am-1pm, call 887-3659 to register • Anyone interested in participating in a tap dance class or group should contact program specialist Julie Seal at 356-5222; anyone knowing of a qualified instructor should do the same; if there is enough interest, and if an instructor can be found, tap dance will be offered at the center.

MISC

Coralville Farmers Market
S.T. Morrison Park, Coralville, 351-7999
Fresh, locally grown produce, baked goods, plants and handicrafts, Mondays and Fridays, 5-8pm, through Oct. 10.

Farmers Market
Chauncey Swan Parking Ramp, corner of Washington and Gilbert streets, Iowa City
Fresh, locally grown produce, baked goods, plants and handicrafts, Wednesdays 5:30-7:30pm and Saturdays 7:30-11:30am, through October.

Ruby's Pearl
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 248-0032
Stitch 'n' Bitch, bring your sewing, knitting or whatever and bitch or gab, every Wednesday, 6-7pm • Home sex-toy parties, call for details.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
Nature Walks: Aug. 12, 19 & 26, meet in Senior Center Lobby at 8:45am: Aug. 12, Napoleon Park; Aug. 19, Amana Woods; Aug. 26, Lake Macbride spillway • Senior Bowling, Aug. 6 & 20, 2-4pm, Colonial Lanes, 2253 Old Hwy. 218 S. • Senior Hiking: Wednesdays in August, 8am, Lower City Park parking lot, for more info call Jill at 354-9569 • Women's Pool, Fridays, 10am-12pm, just drop in or call June at 351-2632.

S.T. Morrison Park
Coralville, 351-7999
Duck Drop, local celebrities dive for plastic ducks to raise funds for a new outdoor pool, Aug. 4, 5pm • Coralville Boat Regatta, Aug. 4, 5pm.

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AUGUST

2 fri	LEVEN
3 sat	LURCH'S BENEFIT
4 sun	DESAPARECIDOS
9 fri	JAY BENNETT from wilco
11 sun	SEAN NA NA
12 mon	THE STEREO
16 fri	THE ORIGINAL SINNERS
17 sat	HONKY with KITA
29 thu	THE JULIANA THEORY

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Iowa City band makes it big...sort of

What does it mean to "make it big" in the rock world? Is it fortune, fame, the creation of a musical masterpiece? Me, I'd choose the first. Fame is fleeting, and even more likely, a real pain in the butt. Who's to say what a musical masterpiece is? In the cultural democracy in which we live, music is in the ear of the beholder. Bullshit may walk, but money talks, or as Tom Waits knows, "It swears."

Consider the recent case of an Iowa City band formerly known as Vida Blue, named after a legendary baseball player who spent part of his minor-league training here in Iowa. I've seen the loud and underground hardcore band perform and can say they are very good. The band rocks and makes you feel proud to live in the same town as they do. Who's to say how well Vida Blue will do in the future, but one thing is for sure, the group won't make it as Vida Blue. They recently changed their name to Ten Grand.

The scuttlebutt is that Page McConnell, the drummer for Phish, wanted to name his side project Vida Blue but found out the name was taken. He reportedly paid the existing Vida Blue a certain amount of cash for the appellation. I emailed the former Vida Blue to confirm the rumor and received the following reply from Bob Adams:

"I'm afraid we can't say much. By agreement, we can tell you that we gave up our name to Page McConnell of Phish "by mutual agree-



ment."

Only the bands involved know what happened, but renaming the group Ten Grand seems a pretty big hint. The best thing now is to go out and see for yourself if Ten Grand is worth the money. The group leaves town for an August tour, but Ten Grand will be back.

Steve Horowitz

Work-Shift

continued from page 12

with former plant workers appeared on the screens. The melding of the live performers into the identities of the video narrators proved the most powerful moment of the evening's presentation. It effectively blended past and present, documentary and metaphor, without diluting the authority of the first-person account.

A permanent web site for the *Work-Shift* project is under construction (by the students of Metro High School), and will include documentation of the on-site project as well as additional research and interview material that was not part of the on-site performance. For more information, contact Legion Arts at CSPS, 364-1580. *

PATV

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turn on the television and hope for wonderful things, but it's always, you know..." he thinks for a minute, "disappointing."

Growing older, that feeling did not leave him—television just wasn't what it was cracked up to be. "So I can complain about it, or I can do something about it. What I did is make a TV show."

Therein lies the impetus for "Tom's Guitar Show." About 12 years ago, Nothnagle came to Public Access with an idea for a live call-in music show. Literally hundreds of episodes later, "Tom's Guitar Show" is one of the longest running shows on Public Access, second only to "Sports Opinion." Every Tuesday at 6pm, Nothnagle plays guitar and takes calls ranging from how to tune the instrument to requests for "Stairway to

Heaven."

"It seems like everyone sees my show eventually. People shout at me from cars, women come up and hug me on the street. One college-type kid told me that he went as me for Halloween last year." Nothnagle drifts silent for a moment, contemplating his local status. He smiles self-effacingly. "Not that this has made my music career take off."

But his access career has—folks gather at local bars to watch, some referring to Channel 18 as Tom's Guitar Channel. Several years ago, Nothnagle was nominated to the PATV Board of Directors; at the end of his three-year term, he was re-elected, this time as chairman.

"That is just testimony to the low standards of access." Nothnagle is unflinching self-effacing, almost apologetic for having something to say. It

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is almost as if he knows that he shouldn't be taking this seriously, the music and Public Access, that few care as much as he does, but he can't help himself. It is important.

"I have this delusion that I am a force for good," he continues. "It doesn't cost you anything to make a TV program, but you don't get paid. If you don't like what's on TV, you can sit around and gripe about it, or you can make your own TV show."

This understanding will make Nothnagle no more popular now than his rejection of the British Invasion did in school.

"People get a guitar and want to play the guitar, then put it down when they realize they have to work at it. It takes effort. Making a TV show is hard—what is in your mind may be wonderful but what comes out on the screen may be lousy—you have to really work at it." Lots of people are passive—they turn on the TV and say: 'Entertain Me,' they are so numbed by being entertained that they don't know how to do anything." He smiles again. "I wonder what they'd do if their electricity goes out?"

Here the history of music and the history of television of music have an interesting overlap. Before the late-1800s, in order for there to be music in the house, someone had to learn to play the guitar or the piano or violin. They had to create music themselves. Then along comes Edison and the Victrola and later radio, and suddenly all one needs to create music is the flick of a switch. Result: amateur musicianship plummets. We no

longer play music, we listen to it.

Likewise, sometime before television, for there to be laughter or education or drama in the home, people had to create it themselves. They became storytellers and poets, learned to cook and sew and paint and a thousand other creative skills to pass the time. Enter the cathode ray and suddenly entertainment is another switch-flip. We no longer create entertainment; we are entertained.

Video may have killed the radio star, but Nothnagle sees in it the resurrection of the minstrel, traveling the highways and byways of the cable universe. It may have been centuries since musicians traveled city to city on horseback, but the televisual analogy works for him.

"I get to surf along this wave of consciousness," he explains, his sarcasm again cracking in favor of earnest belief. "I'm not really a New Age kind of guy, it's just what seems right to me."

Senior Center TV: It's not what you think

From the ribald host of "Poetry Corner" to a little, old lady who leaned precariously over the fourth floor of a parking ramp to get a good shot, SCTV is full of seniors serious about public access

"I don't mean disrespect, but talking about poetry is like talking about taking a really good dump. It's a great feeling, a real relief, and yet you don't go around talking about it, or analyzing it," John Birbeck says, smiling. "Anal-izing it.

That's a good one."

A true fan of limericks and all things profane, Birkbeck embodies a challenge to the idea of the Senior Citizen. Though technically eligible for AARP member emeritus at age 72, Birkbeck is spry—intellectually and physically. Easily topping six foot without a hint of stoop, Birkbeck fills whatever space he enters. His size-15 New Balance sneakers rest on a walker outfitted with a camera mount, and his unpredictably huge gestures cause havoc to any unsuspecting folk that might pass too close.

Sitting in the studio of Senior Center Television, Birkbeck is in his element. Located on the third floor of the Linn Street Senior Center, SCTV is a satellite of Public Access dedicated to producing the voices of the Senior Center for PATV. Residents submit Production Requests, and the crew of SCTV grabs a camera and goes.

Birkbeck's program, "Poet's Corner," showcases poets of every stripe. Diane Workman, Fred Will, Norge Espinosa and Chuck Miller have been guests. Marvin Bell, current Poet Laureate of Iowa, was his last guest, but the episode before that he had in 9-year-old John Beck, the poet son of a staff member. To Birkbeck, it is all the same.

"I like a real bullshitter as a guest, especially if they talk about themselves," Birkbeck laughs. "My favorite guest was a real nut-job friend from the Twin Cities. He told me he wanted to be on the show—I didn't even know he was a poet, but I said, sure. When we got in front of the cam-

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era, he starts asking me about my poetry, asking me to read my stuff, and by the end he's thanking the audience for tuning in. He took over my show!"

"We usually have a good time."

Stationed in San Francisco in the 1950s, Birkbeck was driven crazy by the emerging beatnik scene. "They were like alien beings, and I wanted desperately to know how to be like them." Birkbeck used his weekend passes to sneak into North Beach sporting a beret and an eye-patch and checked out the coffeehouse poetry scene. At one of these poetry readings, Birkbeck sat next to a beautiful woman who "flipped all the switches in my brain." At the break, she asked if he was a poet. Immediately, he said yes.

"I didn't know dick about poetry," he says now. "I hadn't even been to college." Birkbeck

Louise Young, somewhere in her late 60s or early 70s and shaded by an enormous pink straw hat, fires up the I-Mac and proceeds to hyper-kinetically edit her video documentary of the painting of the Public Library's mural.

met the woman every week for a few months until she shamed him into presenting his poetry at the coffeehouse. Terrified of having his cover blown, Birkbeck got drunk and just started babbling into the microphone. "No one knew the difference; they were cheering and slapping me on the back. I was hooked."

Transferred to Cambridge, England, Birkbeck read his way through the base library and visited Cambridge for more. He began writing on his own. Discharged in his early '30s, Birkbeck made his way to Iowa to insinuate himself into the Writers' Workshop. He fell in with the writing scene that drank at Donnelly's Beverage, and he read at Epstein's Books and began to write in earnest. He submitted poems for publication. They were accepted. He published a chapbook, then another. Since then, Birkbeck has published in dozens of journals and has gained the respect of his peers.

At this point, Barb Heckman wanders in fresh from editing her "Tower Place Diaries." The window of her apartment overlooks the recently completed Tower Place, and since September of 1999 she has taped the project, from the wrecking of the old Eastlawn Building to the construction of the parking ramp. Her presence became so ubiquitous that the construction workers issued her a personal hard hat. Once, to get just the right shot of the installation of the cornerstone sculpture, she leaned over the fourth floor of the parking ramp.

"I couldn't see what I was taping, but I got a beautiful shot of hands reaching up to bring

the sculpture in from the crane," she remembers. Knee-deep in editing the eight-plus hours of raw footage into a single two-hour documentary, Heckman is anything but discouraged. Her next two projects are already mapped out.

This seems to be true for most of the folks who wander through the Senior Center studio: older, but not aged. Louise Young, somewhere in her late 60s or early 70s and shaded by an enormous pink straw hat, fires up the I-Mac and proceeds to hyper-kinetically edit her video documentary of the painting of the Public Library's mural. Another, Claire, tapes an exercise program. Bernice "the Whip" Kovaciny, director of the channel, stops in to tweak the broadcast-and-taping schedule for the week. No one asks anyone to speak up; no one needs help to hop out of her chair.

"I've never heard anyone discuss death up here," whispers Birkbeck. No sense in tempting fate.

"In my father's day, retirement was a death sentence. You sat on the porch and watched the cars. You fed pigeons. Lots of older people are grumpy—feel that life has passed them by." Birkbeck shrugs and tosses his hands up in the air: "What can you do?" His *joie de vivre* is not universally infectious, however. "People tell me to act my age, but I stopped giving a damn at 55."

Heckman breezes back out to work at the City Channel. Young saves her project and shuts down the computer; she can only take these "slow machines" so long. Birkbeck is on his way to volunteer as the cafeteria dishwasher: "I am aware of time passing—I observe my birthday. Observe, not celebrate. Oh hell," he slaps his knee and stands, "I want to see how far I can go before 100. I'm never gonna die."

The Adventures of Bradman Former PATV PR director Brad Workman-Goltz ponders the super powers of public access

Brad Workman-Goltz doesn't have a lot of time. In about an hour he will metamorphosis into half of the "Bradley and Natalie Afternoon Zoo" on radio station KCJJ. He checks his cell phone often and drums staccato on the tabletop. His hero is independent film guru Kevin Smith, and at first glance, Workman-Goltz could stunt double for Silent Bob, though he talks too much.

Example: within five minutes, Workman-Goltz hops topics from telethon amputees, to comic books, to the importance of Iowa City High School football, to Public Access Television, to his secret life as a superhero.

Indeed, Workman-Goltz is the mild-mannered daytime cover for BRADMAN, his caped-crusading alter ego created when he drank a secret potion sent from outer space that gave him super powers. Battling evil villainesses like Disco Inferno (based on an ex-girlfriend), BRADMAN grew from the spiral-bound margins

of Workman-Goltz' high school notebooks into his college thesis, to a continuing life as an online comic (BRADMANCOMIX.COM).

Workman-Goltz was introduced to radio at Buena Vista College, but his stunts kept getting him kicked off the air. After graduation, he schlepped tickets and did dinner theater in the Amana's Old Creamery Theatre for a while, but something still felt missing.

"I didn't go to college to be a box office manager, and I wasn't doing enough acting," reminisces Workman-Goltz. "I was disappointed, so I drove to Iowa City one day, picked up the paper and called my wife to tell her I was applying for this job at something called Public Access."

Workman-Goltz knew of Public Access, of course. Like everyone, he'd heard the rumors of honey-dipped weirdness and pornographic broadcasts. "The only time Public Access made the paper was when there was some weird show or a city councilman was trying to shut them down." Instead of being put off by such a bizarre reputation, Workman-Goltz knew he'd found something different, a home of sorts.

"I was at a point in my life where I needed a swift kick in the pants," he says, leaning conspiratorial close. "Public Access was that kick."

His first act as Public Access' new PR director was to organize a telethon. Disgusted by most telethons as sniveling or bone-crushingly dull, Workman-Goltz knew that PATV needed a different kind of fund-raiser. "We didn't want to flaunt the negatives, begging the community for what we needed." Workman-Goltz straightens and adopts a Bob-Barker-esque presentation: "'Oh, we have no equipment, we need new cameras. Oh, Timmy was born without a leg.'" He sinks back into his chair. "And we didn't have any muppets."

Instead, Workman-Goltz created a campaign that emphasized what was possible through Public Access. The mission of the

Within five minutes, Workman-Goltz hops topics from telethon amputees, to comic books, to the importance of Iowa City High School football, to Public Access Television, to his secret life as a superhero.

station was not, as some community and city leaders believe, to simply tape what was going on around the community and put it on the air. It was to empower people, put the cameras in the hands of the public, and let them have at it. In this way, television becomes something not unlike a super potion from outer space, releasing the superheroes that hide in everyone.

For Workman-Goltz, PATV gave him the

inspiration to take BRADMAN from the page and put him on film. *BRADMAN: the movie* was shot on a budget of \$300 using PATV cameras and editing equipment. The movie aired on PATV for a long time, and Workman-Goltz says people still approach him in grocery stores and on the street, identifying him as the caped crusader.

The basic superhero fantasy from Action Comics #1 on down is that even the most humble of us have something special hidden away that the rest of the world doesn't see, the indistinguishable feeling that, in a culture that often makes us feel ordinary, we are special.

"I always wondered what I would really do with heat rays or X-ray vision," Workman-Goltz smirks knowingly. Likewise, what would most people do if they suddenly discovered they had the power to beam themselves into 40,000 homes simultaneously, say what was on their mind and have others respond. How's that for super powers?

So what's keeping us from doing it?

"I think people are so used to watching movies and TV in the regular norm, that people don't realize it is possible," ponders Workman-Goltz. Curses! The cultural kryptonite sapping our strength. "People just don't think they can do it, or are too embarrassed to try."

But Workman-Goltz looks at the entertainment juggernaut a little differently. "I went to *Men in Black II*, and it was the best inspiration because it was so bad, and I thought, 'I can do this.' Public Access is a great opportunity. Anybody from the community, from the public, can come in and have access to all this equipment and have free reign." His cell phone rings, and he stands, ready for another persona.

But first, the heroic object lesson that rounds out any good spandex adventure—imagine Workman-Goltz stoically posed, fists on hips: "If you don't use it, it will be depleted—it will wither away. The only thing that can keep Public Access alive is the public."

And, perhaps, vice-versa.


So these are the people in your neighborhood


Public Access represents those voices not heard on network television. More voices, obviously, than this article can represent, and more voices to come in the future. To some, PATV is a fringe soapbox, offering the bizarre their 15 minutes. To others, it may be the antidote to the soma of entertainment. To some it is validation that they, or people like them, actually exist.


The central irony tying together each person in the PATV family is that they make television without particularly liking television. Some of the producers don't subscribe to cable or even own sets, and nearly all make more television than they watch. But all know instinctually that the message of this medium is up to us.


stars over iowa city

FORECAST FOR AUGUST 2002 • BY DR. STAR • Write Dr. Star at doctorwinkler@home.com

 **LEO** (July 23–Aug 22) The Lions are due for a surge in popularity, influence and power. Your creative and romantic life will bear impressive fruit and you will make lasting progress toward a life-long dream. What's the catch? If you don't find a sensible way to share your good fortune, if you don't keep an eye on the long term, if you don't stand up for what is right and true, fate will take everything back. Leos must invest their gains and use their power, but they must do so wisely and generously.


 **VIRGO** (Aug 23–Sept 22) It has been Virgos' fate, lately, to react to events and, in so doing, to change and improve their own situation in life. Too often, however, the only thing Virgos have been able to change and improve has been their attitude. This has been true at work and on the home front. Those who have caused you all this trouble are due for another great leap forward in their efforts, leaving you to respond, once again. But this time, you will be acting from a more powerful and secure position.


 **LIBRA** (Sept 23–Oct 22) Financial issues are beginning to resolve themselves, at long last. New creative projects are blossoming. Horizons are expanding, psychologically and geographically. But Librans are also feeling that this is the moment to turn inward, to explore their inner landscape, to ask themselves what they really want in life. They are sensing that not all their friends in the zodiac have it so well. They are also sensing that more complicated times lie ahead. Perhaps that's the way Librans are. But maybe Librans just know something the rest of us don't.


 **SCORPIO** (Oct 23–Nov 21) Scorpios are now caught between powerful and irresistible forces. The authority figures in their lives are pressuring them forcefully from one direction. Their family situation, now suddenly full of unknown, unpredictable and possibly uncontrollable events, is pushing them just as strongly from another direction. There is no way that they can avoid making a move now. Nor is there much doubt anymore about which way they will have to jump. Fortunately, Scorpios can depend on the planets to help them move swiftly and successfully into their new, more secure situation.

 **SAGITTARIUS** (Nov 22–Dec 21) The cascade of changes in partnership areas accelerates. This is partly because of your efforts to establish a more secure and fulfilling way of life. It is also partly because many other people are also doing the same thing. The stars guarantee that some of the changes you are making are solid and lasting. But keep your options open. More changes are on the way and there are a lot of unknowns. Special care is needed to balance local or family interests with more distant connections and more expansive goals.

 **CAPRICORN** (Dec 22–Jan 19) A continuing series of challenges to both short and long-term economic security have Capricorns more than a little rattled. There will, however, be solid and reliable developments in August on which you can build safely. Your immediate goal cannot be complete certainty or control, however. Guarantees are in short supply right now. Reexamine your affairs. Bring things into balance. Shape your plans to allow for both short-term expenditures and long-term needs. Provide for the unexpected, too. The unexpected will be a constant for the next few years.


 **AQUARIUS** (Jan 20–Feb 18) Aquarians will benefit from solid, lasting progress in a whole variety of areas this month. Inspiring new associates, creative achievements of lasting value, enduring friendships and renewed progress toward the lifestyle of your dreams are all in the cards. Your new associates will bring wealth and security into your life, but they could, at times, be a little too excitable, a little too demanding. This could cause problems, considering how dependent you are on these people. Fortunately, you will always have enough leverage to balance their occasionally excessive enthusiasms.

 **PISCES** (Feb 19–March 20) Some big problems that have recently been resolved will get more resolved. That will deepen the sense of relief on the professional and the domestic fronts. It will also provide a welcome and comforting sense of inner resolution. The battles are not over, though, and the need to earn money will take you out among the combatants. Just how deeply you get involved in the debates, conflicts and antagonisms of others is up to you. Resolving your personal ideas and feelings will prevent undue involvement in the problems of others.

 **ARIES** (March 21–April 19) Any simmering love affair, any new creative project, any plans you might have had on a back burner, or all of the above, are suddenly going to catch fire and burn fiercely. Normally, I'd say "take it easy" or "be careful," but that would probably be too much to expect when so much is moving so fast. The stars are taking good enough care of the details for now, but when you have time, you should make sure you are not leaving any important responsibilities to yourself, or others, unfulfilled.

 **TAURUS** (April 20–May 20) Events are moving rapidly and you have almost no control over them. Things must go right at every step. An unfavorable development could cost you money, time and energy you cannot afford. It could even put your future at risk. Fortunately, those who have power over your affairs also have some control over events and things are moving favorably for them. They have a clear interest in making sure things go right for you, but they need you to be patient and cooperative. Don't rock the boat any time soon.

 **GEMINI** (May 21–June 20) The Twins will profit richly from the storm of activity the stars are unleashing in August. Productive new partnership arrangements will spring up around you. Plans for personal development, travel or business in distant places will be put on a sound and lasting foundation. Your role is primarily that of mediator and go-between. Serious conflicts could easily develop, however. Even a Gemini could find it hard to reconcile so many competing and conflicting interests in so short a period. You might need to tap the brakes from time to time.

 **CANCER** (June 21–July 22) You will be very close to the center of activity. You will have access to people in power. You will be in a position to benefit from developments. You will also have room to maneuver. However, you will have to stop and remind yourself periodically that all this is not the same thing as being in control or having complete freedom of movement. You will also need to protect yourself from overload. Being close to those who make decisions, but not being able to make those decisions yourself, can be very stressful.

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