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September 10

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INSIDE

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18 Pop
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8 1/2

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- 4 U R Here**
Rollin' over, Fallin' asleep
- 6 IC Bound**
A look at two new books from Iowa City poets
- 10 Townie Hawk**
A game of inches at media day
- 11 The Hops**
What we're sippin' on in September
- 12 Tailgating 101**
An "historical" perspective on booze and books
- 14 Cola Heavy Nights**
IC music label Night-People drops the download

- 16 Beat Dazzler**
Leslie Hall hits the fair, kicks off the Iowa Women's Music Festival
- 18 Prairie Pop**
The great grunge prank of '92 and other music legends
- 20 Politics**
Francis Thicke takes on the Corn Kings
- 22 Opinion**
Iowa City as national center for flood research
- 24 Local Albums**
Five fresh albums for fall
- 26 Calendar**
This is how we do it
- 27 A-List**
The freaks come out at 4pm



- 29 News Quirks**
Crooks do the darnedest things
- 30 Straight Dope**
Mother Nature versus science
- 31 Astrology**
What's up Doc?

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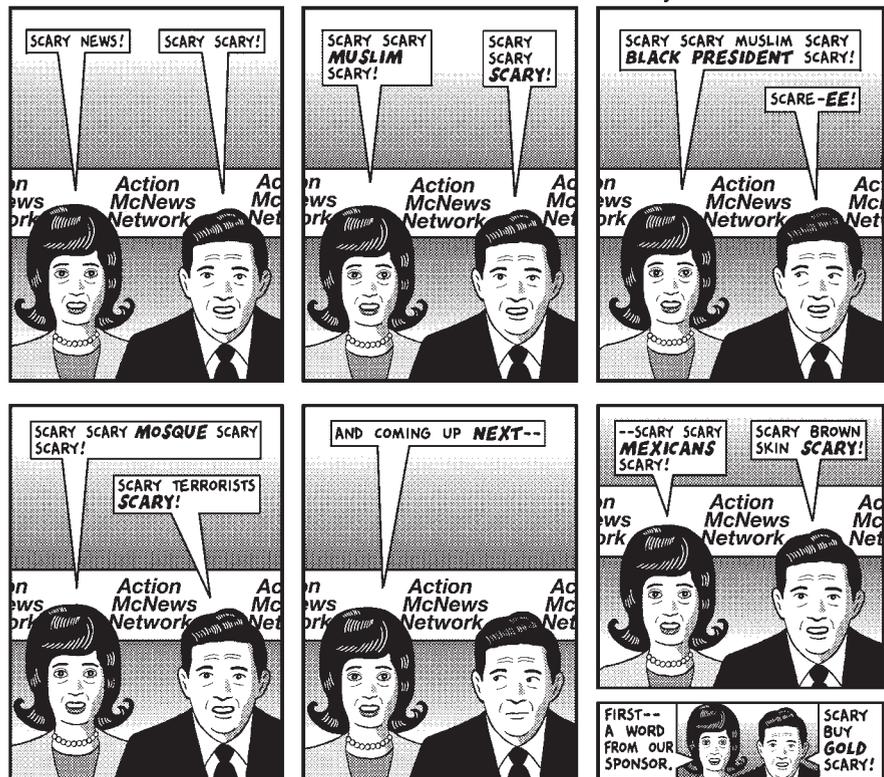
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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



www.thismodernworld.com...twitter.com/tomtorrow

food+sex=place

What happens when our needs are met? Turns out the Garden of Eden, lush with fruit and sex, is a big, quiet, bore.

In early August, my family and I returned from our annual sojourn to the Minnesota North Woods. Our experience this year dramatically illustrated to me that the two major ingredients of a sense of place are food and sex.

For many years, we have trekked north to the Boundary Waters area. We rent a remote cabin with no running water or electricity on a quiet boreal pond. We love this special place and have grown quite attached to it. Sundew Pond has become an important part of my family's sense of belonging to the world.

We usually make our trip in June, somewhere between the end of public school and the summer solstice. At this time of year at about 48 degrees north latitude, just a dozen or so miles shy of the Canadian border, it's really still late spring rather than early summer. As we finish unpacking and sink ourselves into the northern forest, we open ourselves up to the familiar and welcome sights, sounds and smells of the northern forest in June.

Boreal warblers, chickadees, and finches flit about the cabin and sing their high-pitched calls or vibrato-laden melodies. As evening approaches, a chorus of trills and arpeggios crescendos into a full-blown amphibious cantata of spring peepers, leopard and bull frogs, tree frogs and American toads. Our ears are always open for an eerie wolf chorus rising from the dark woods; sometimes we try to start a conversation ourselves from the screen porch or the small dock at the pond. Our eyes are always on the alert for the prized sighting of northern Minnesota's star megafauna—wolf, bear or moose. We rarely see any in the wild, but we usually head back to Iowa having spotted at least one.

This year, however, because of family members' schedules, we had to make our trip to Sundew Pond in late July rather than early-to mid-June. That was fine; six weeks makes a

huge difference in the unfolding of the natural world and we thought it would be fun to experience the woods at a different time of year. And it was. The underbrush was much taller and brushier, making for even more interesting rides down the fire trail. The wild raspber-

but this year, in July, we barely heard a peep, literally, from any birds. The nights were long and deep with silence, not even a short ditty to be heard from a frog or toad. And our major wildlife spotting list ended up with a grand total of—bupkes. Luckily, we made our annual



Photo by Brian Grafwicke

ries were in full bloom and we were able to snack on juicy sweet goodness at almost any point as we walked the greyhounds on the old (and new) logging roads. The pond was exploding in lily pads, their pretty white flowers dotting the water's surface during the day like a Monet painting.

But one of the biggest differences we noticed this year was the profound quiet. Granted, one of the biggest attractions of our remoteness is the lack of modern-world noise—traffic, sirens, machinery, telephones, televisions. We love to have that technological cacophony replaced by the natural symphonies I detailed earlier,

The nights were long and deep with silence, not even a short ditty to be heard from a frog or toad. And our major wildlife spotting list ended up with a grand total of—bupkes.

visits to the captive pack and sloth, respectively, at the International Wolf Center and the North American Bear Center in Ely. But in our woods walks and drives into town, even the number of deer we saw could be counted on one hand.

This powerful quiet and lassitude of the woods was a new experience. That's tremendous (new experiences are always good things) but it all made me realize how much my sense of place

at Sundew Pond was wrapped up in what we see and hear when we visit there in June rather than July. And the crucial difference in these experiences of place boils down to food and sex.

Late July in the North: The woods are in full bloom, and food is abundant. In the burgeon-

For many years,
we have trekked
north to the Boundary
Waters area.

ing of spring, animals are frantically making up for the privations of winter. In deep summer, when the scaling-back of autumn is still far away, bellies are full. There's much less urgency to fly or prowl around in search of the next meal. In essence, it's vacation time for the wildlife, too.

Other appetites are satiated as well. Mating season is over for most. Those gorgeous yet sometimes ear-splitting spring frog and toad choruses? Those are mating songs, our amphibious males' version of Barry White calling out to attract the most fertile females into the watery boudoir. Those wolf howls to warn enemies away from the young'uns? The pups are already weaned and making their way to rendezvous sites on their own.

I am of the school that place is rooted in the natural world. I define place as our relationship with our web of environments—natural, built, cultural and social. But the natural world, even in the most urban or urbane milieu, is always fundamental. When I'm in wilderness, the differences in the natural world around me as the seasons change will even more profoundly affect my sensibility about where I am and how

In late summer, it's
vacation time for the
wildlife, too.

I am connecting. Those sounds and sights that define my place-connectedness to Sundew Pond? Well, this July I realized they have everything to do with food and sex. If nature is the touchstone for our sense of place, that presents some very interesting food for thought, so to speak, about our relationship to all of the places we love. **lv**

Thomas Dean thinks Iowa City is a great place for food. And that's all he's going to say right now.



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Left: The Moving Crew, *Ideal X*, 2010. Girl playing ball in front of *Ideal X* installation at Radio Rijeka. Right: Marguerite Perret and Bruce Scherting, "Goggles," from *Collect(ive): The Grinnell People's Museum*, 2010, digital images on acrylic, dimensions variable.

(Un)Seen Work is funded in part by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

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In a town like Iowa City, there's no shortage of writers. It seems like everywhere you go—the Java House, The Times Club at Prairie Lights, the Burlington street Kum-and-Go at midnight on a Tuesday—you run into someone who either writes, wants to write, or (possibly) is holding a Pulitzer Prize. Iowa City is lucky to not just have novelists, non-fiction writers, and playwrights roaming the streets, but also some of the most influential and inspiring contemporary American poets as well.

Two of these resident poets, Dora Malech and Shane McCrae, are set to release brand-new collections of poems this fall, both from Cleveland State University Poetry Center. The poems in these collections were not only crafted, created, and revised (in part) here in our community, but they also speak to larger social issues facing our world on a daily basis.

Malech and McCrae, both graduates of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, write from and towards a sense of intense human experience. While each poet maintains a unique style, their collective ability to speak to us as readers through a range of echoing sounds and music makes these books must-reads for any lover of the lyric.

A sense of driving rhythm is palpable in Dora Malech's forthcoming collection, *Say So*. The recipient of a Frederick M. Clapp Poetry Writing Fellowship from Yale, a Teaching-Writing Fellowship from the Iowa Writers' Workshop, a Glenn Schaeffer Poetry Award, and a Writer's Fellowship at the Civitella Ranieri Center in Italy, Malech is also the author of *Shore Ordered Ocean* (published last spring by Waywiser Press)—a fantastic collection whose themes of love, war, and growth remain central concerns in her newer work. *Say So* is a book that will engage and intrigue any reader through puns, wordplay, and one of

the most consistently fresh and exciting voices poetry has yet to hear.

While *Shore Ordered Ocean* comments on the more public sphere, *Say So* focuses on the private and intimate relationships one develops over time. "The poems in this collection wrestle with human relationships," says Malech, "but they also wrestle with language itself."

Iowa City is a rare place where being a writer is sort of...normal.

When asked about her early influences and inspirations, Malech recalls, "I fell in love early on with the pleasures and possibilities of language on the page and language in the ear, mouth, and memory. For me, poetry seems to wed seemingly opposite impulses (the narrative and the lyric, the 'page' and the 'stage,' the sense of the mind and the senses of the body, etcetera)."

She goes on to list Shakespeare, John Donne, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Emily Dickinson, Wallace Stevens, and Elizabeth Bishop as favorites. Much in the same vein as these early influences, Malech's work keeps her audience engaged by invoking beauty in a line like "tweaked nipple and whistle," which leads to the defeat of a "mechanical bullfight running on empty threats," in a terrifically touching poem entitled "Them's Fighting Words." Poems like this—pieces that use strong alliteration, and rhyme, and tantalizing juxtaposition—are prevalent throughout Malech's work, and serve as another reason why *Say So* is such an active and interesting read.

Another example of this linguistic play can be seen in "Break, Make Or," a poem that begins with a dream, but ends (quite powerfully) with a speaker questioning what reality shows us and what we can and cannot see through: "Binoculars backwards closest call to distance

/ as in redwing flipped to a fleck on a lens." Again, the heavy sonic attention suggests that Malech is operating not just with a poetic voice, but with a poetic ear that is hauntingly captivating and striking in its magic and musicality.

While Malech is not originally from Iowa City, since graduating from the Writers' Workshop in '05 she has spent the last few years living in town, working and teaching for the Iowa Summer Writing Festival, Augustana College, and the University's eight week summer writing workshop. Malech says that her time in the Iowa Writers' Workshop gave her "all kinds of permission," both aesthetically and formally in her writing process. As a current resident of Iowa City, she points out that this freedom allows the town to truly, "feel like a community"—as well as "a rare place where being a writer is sort of...normal."

Like Malech, Shane McCrae's work pushes against traditional poetic style through his use of frag-

mented syntax and, at times, difficult subject matter—race, class, parenthood, and marriage. Although this is challenging material, the honest and direct voice of the speaker allows us as readers to trust the work implicitly. *Mule*, McCrae's first collection, is so precise in its

Dora Malech "Love Poem"

If by *truth* you mean *hand* then yes
I hold to be self-evident and hold you in the highest—
K.O. to my O.T. and bait to my switch, I crown
you one-trick pony to my one-horse town,
dub you my one-stop shopping, my space heater,
juke joint, tourist trap, my peep show, my meter reader,
you best batteries-not-included baring all or
nothing. Let me begin by saying *if he hollers*,
end with *goes the weasel*. In between,
cream filling. *Get over it*, meaning, *the moon*.
Tell me you'll dismember this night forever,
you my punch-drunking bag, tar to my feather.
More than the sum of our private parts, we are some
peekaboo, some peak and valley, some
bright equation (if *and* then *but*, if *er* then *uh*).
My fruit bat, my *gewgaw*. You had me at *no, duh*.

language that readers will immediately feel connected to the impassioned speaker, even in its hiccups and stutters. What McCrae offers us in *Mule* through repetition and pause is a chance to be both the outsider and the one looking out—a chance to see, as he says in a poem called "Mullato," the "world in the



world,” and to come back from our viewing experience “erased.”

In another poem from the collection, “In No Place,” McCrae writes:

*And we divorced in any anyhow / But sudden anyhow
but hurry we / Divorced in sudden hurry
the affair / Become the main thing don't
want to be mar- / ried still become the main
thing anyhow
Already sit and don't go out*

Again, these lines not only show McCrae’s intuitive sense of rhythm, but also how intensely committed he is to poetic form, as this poem is actually a fragmented sonnet of sorts, each metric line ending where the backslash (/) appears. McCrae explains that, “in *Mule*, I try to explore my own identity as a biracial person, and I also examine marriage and parenthood, as well as theological questions—and I do a lot of formal experimentation, too. In the end, I hope a reader [will] find it musical, and take some of that music with him- or herself.”

McCrae is currently pursuing his doctorate in English Literature at the University of Iowa. As a writer and reader of poetry since first stumbling upon Sylvia Plath’s “Lady Lazarus” in the 10th grade, McCrae says that although he has lived in other cities before, Iowa City is the most “supportive and welcoming” community he has been a part of.

“I’ve lived in very literary cities before—I’m thinking especially of Portland, OR and Boston,” says McCrae, “but I’ve found it hard to connect with such relatively diffuse populations of writers. In Iowa City, the writers are concentrated into a fairly small space.”

Iowa City is also where McCrae first realized he was serious about writing poetry. “I think that kind of seriousness is important,” says McCrae. “Sometimes, it’s all you’ve got to keep yourself going.”

With print media losing small battles everyday, and larger chain bookstores making it nearly impossible for independents to survive, living in Iowa City seems to mean as much to the writers who are fortunate enough to live here as it does to the readers of the work they create. Both Dora Malech and Shane McCrae are wonderful examples of what can happen when a community supports creative arts. As their writing careers continue to grow, we can all find comfort in reading their amazing work and remembering that they’re one of us. **lv**

LV TV Interview featured on LVtv
www.LittleVillageMag.com/lvtv

Daniel Khalastchi is currently a Visiting Assistant Professor of English at Marquette University. His first collection of poetry is forthcoming this spring from Tupelo Press.

PUBLIC ACCESS TV CHANNEL 18 SERIES SCHEDULE

Monday

7:00am Democracy Now
11:00am Democracy Now
4:00pm Seed of Faith
6:30pm At the Center
7:00pm Education Exchange
7:30pm Live & Local
8:30pm Access Iowa City
9:00pm 30 Minutes
9:30pm Bread of Life
10:00pm Songy Challenge

Tuesday

7:00am Democracy Now
11:00am Democracy Now
12:00pm At the Center
12:30pm SCTV Mature Focus
1:30pm oocidj
2:00pm St. Mary's Liturgy
4:00pm Gospel Explosion Ministry
6:00pm Tom's Guitar Show (Live)
7:00pm New Life & Destiny CFI
8:00pm PATV Presents Paririe Lights
9:00pm The Jubi Show (Live)
10:30pm Professor Noodle
11:30pm RBO TV

Wednesday

7:00am Democracy Now
11:00am Democracy Now
12:00pm Newline Iowa City
2:00pm First United Methodist Church
4:00pm Our Redeemer
5:00pm Grace Community Church
7:00pm Sports Opinion
8:00pm The Smartest Iowan (Live)
9:00pm Songy Challenge
9:30pm oocidj
10:00pm Access Iowa City
11:30pm The Jubi Show (Replay)

Thursday

7:00am Democracy Now
11:00am Democracy Now
12:00pm Words of Peace

Thursday (continued)

2:30pm Give Me an Answer
5:00pm Tabernacle Baptist Church
8:00pm Anchored in Faith/Shield of Faith
9:00pm On the Radio (Live)

Friday

7:00am Democracy Now
11:00am Democracy Now
2:00pm The Smartest Iowan (replay)
5:00pm New Life & Destiny CFI
6:00pm Gospel Explosion Ministry
7:00pm Country Time Country
9:30pm 85 dB TV
10:00pm Nature's Logic
11:00pm Tom's Guitar Show (Replay)

Saturday

12:00am Midnite Mausoleum
2:30am 85 dB TV
7:00am Democracy Now
10:30am Nature's Logic
11:00am Peace by Peace
12:00pm Live & Local
1:00pm PATV Presents Prairie Lights
2:30pm Education Exchange
3:00pm Professor Noodle
3:30pm Pure Entertainment
6:00pm SCTV Mature Focus
6:30pm Newline Iowa City
9:00pm VIEWER PICKS
11:30pm Choice TV

Sunday

11:00am Drawing with Mark
11:30am The Reading Lady
1:00pm Our Redeemer
2:00pm Give Me an Answer
2:30pm Tabernacle Baptist Church
3:30pm 30 Minutes
4:00pm Bridging Heaven & Earth
5:00pm Grace Community Church
6:00pm Sports Opinion
7:00pm First United Methodist Church
8:00pm St. Mary's Liturgy
9:00pm Anchored in Faith/Shield of Faith

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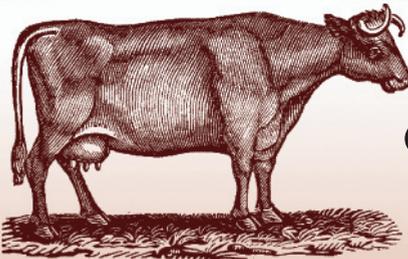


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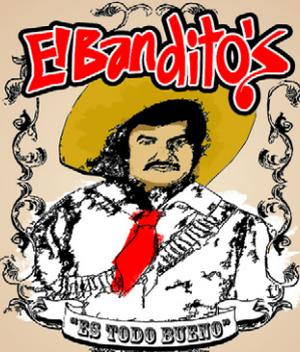
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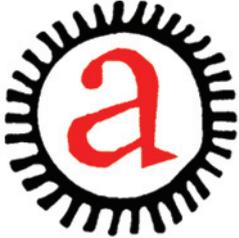
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Who let the townie in?

What do a bunch of polo-shirt wearing sports guys and your Townie Hawk have in common? We all attended Hawkeye Football Media Day, August 6, at the lovely Kinnick Stadium, where I got my first taste of what it's really like to be inside Iowa football.

My first thought: What the hell am I doing here? Look around, man. Many a super-expensive video camera, many a chummy-looking crowd of balding men. Oh, there were women, too. A mousseed-up talking head presumably from one of Cedar Rapid's teevee news stations. A few timid-looking sideline sitters. One irresistibly funny dolled-up undergrad teetering around in heels with some guy I sincerely hope was her dad. Our LV crew got some looks. Some "what the heck are they doing here?" looks. Respect, fellas. We're reporting here!

My second thought: Why is everyone so sober? I had this idea that these things were a good 'ol boys' club where everyone is holding a class of whiskey on the rocks. Or hopped up on speedballs in some Hunter S. Thompson kaleidoscopic fantasy world. Luckily, I didn't pre-drink, though we were so over-prepared we showed up an hour early and I would've had plenty of time to sober up.

"News" from our beloved leader: It's a brand new year with brand new challenges and a brand new team.

Kirk's press conference was predictably informative, rather dry. He got a mild laugh when he talked about back in the day when Gallery committed to staying at the U of I for his senior year. Gallery asked Kirk, "Are you stayin'?" Kirk answered, "Yes." "Well, then, I'm stayin'!" said Gallery. Yuck yuck yuck.

Other notable news from our beloved leader: It's a brand-new year with brand-new challenges and a brand-new team. Angerer and Edds are going to be really hard to replace, as is Moeaki. There's a dead-heat competition



Photos by Andrew Sherburne

in progress for who will be our place kicker. Time will tell. All conference games will be challenging.

Classic Kirk.

On Clayborn's return to the team, Defensive Coordinator Norm Parker says, "I'm not surprised. I thought he'd come back because he said he would." Who knew there was such strong moral fiber involved in football? At least, that's the line you're fed on Media Day.

I asked the players some silly questions to break the ice. What's on your headphones? What's the most difficult aspect of your position? What's your favorite color, black...or gold?

I know you're dying to know who the winner of the bicep "contest" was. Well, it was Adrian and his 19-inch bicep. Welcome to the gun show, indeed. Christian was a close second at 18½-inch. Dang, dudes!

I found out the best thing about being a Hawkeye, and for most players, it had a whole lot to do with the fans at Kinnick Stadium.

"There's nothing to compare with the excitement every Saturday at Kinnick," says Ferentz the younger. "It's electric in there," says Binns. Sash remarks, "Being out on the field on a Saturday, you can't compare it and you can't explain it." Jewel Hampton enjoys the feeling of "team unity, and the fans...how they love you so much." "They're the best fans in college football," says Adam Robinson. Most players that I spoke to also agreed that

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Iowa Hawkeyes

2010 Football Schedule

Sat, Sept 4	vs	Eastern Illinois
Sat, Sept 11	vs	Iowa State
Sat, Sept 18	at	Arizona
Sat, Sept 25	vs	Ball State
Sat, Oct 2	vs	Penn State
Sat, Oct 16	at	Michigan
Sat, Oct 23	vs	Wisconsin
Sat, Oct 30	vs	Michigan State
Sat, Nov 6	at	Indiana
Sat, Nov 13	at	Northwestern
Sat, Nov 20	vs	Ohio State
Sat, Nov 27	at	Minnesota

being a Hawk is all about the camaraderie, the coaching, and the hard work and fun times with teammates, on and off the field.

Looking ahead, September's games are just

what they should be. Some nice warm-ups (not to be taken lightly, lest we forget last year's UNI game). A really late (9:35 p.m.!) game with Arizona that's sure to be a tough match-up, given Arizona's scrappy but ultimately disappointing 2009 season, which included a

What's your favorite color, black...or gold?



Oh, and one more thing to reflect upon before I go: Let's all do our best to remember as we cheer the boys on this year, that they are, in fact, boys. Most aren't old enough to sit down and share a beer with you. Some aren't old enough to even pass through the doors of the bar you're sitting in.

It was Vandenberg who really made this point to me. Granted, he is a large guy, but his face reminded me of my 17-year old brother! His freckles and boy-next-door smile made me feel a twinge of guilt for yelling at him so much last year; we put so much pressure and expectation on these guys who are ultimately just (super-talented) kids going to college. Let's keep that in mind, townie sports fans, as we progress through what is bound to be a challenging season. **lv**

Stephanie Catlett has an 11-inch bicep.

double overtime loss to eventual Pac-10 Champions Oregon.

Premature Oktobulation

BREW OF THE MONTH: SEPTEMBER

September, I realized, is a difficult month to recommend beer for. For three weeks it is still technically summer, so I wanted a beer that was light-bodied and refreshing. It also needed be rather cheap, as long afternoons of tailgating call for coolers packed with relatively affordable brew.

Complicating matters is Oktoberfest. That's right, Munich's annual beer drinking and Weisswurst eating extravaganza starts--counter-intuitively--in September. According to its official website, Oktoberfest was moved one month earlier so visitors can enjoy the warmer September nights in the outside beer gardens of "die Wiesen," the festival's traditional home. (This year's edition, commemorating the 200th anniversary of the original, will be held September 18 to October 4.)

To accommodate the ninth month's complicated beer identity, I developed a short list of criteria for an ideal brew: it needed to be light, refreshing, and relatively cheap, but worthy enough to be served by the lovely Wiesnbedienung in Munich.

Casey Wagner

Spaten Oktoberfest Ur-Märzen

A natural fit for September, it meets all my criteria: As a märzen (pronounced "maert-sen") it not only honors Oktoberfest, but is a refreshing and flavorful lager to enjoy on a warm Saturday after a Hawkeye win.

The color is a clear, clean caramel leaning toward copper, and it develops a dense, buttery, off-white head that dissipates quickly to leave a spotted lacing and ring around the edge. It smells of sweet and toasted caramel malts and molasses, and also features the classic "barnyard hay" aroma of German lagers and a hint of hop spice. The taste follows the smell, but the hop spice is more prominent: sweet and toasted caramel malts, a little vanilla to go along with the molasses, and a welcoming bite at the finish. Prost!

BREWER: Spaten-Franziskaner-Bräu, Munich, Germany.

STYLE: Märzen.

ALCOHOL CONTENT: 5.9 percent ABV.

FOOD PAIRINGS: Classic Bavarian/Oktoberfest grub such as grilled brats or chicken, potatoes and sauerkraut and Weisswurst.

WHERE TO BUY: John's Grocery, New Pioneer Co-op and most area HyVee stores stock this

PRICE: \$8-9 per six-pack.



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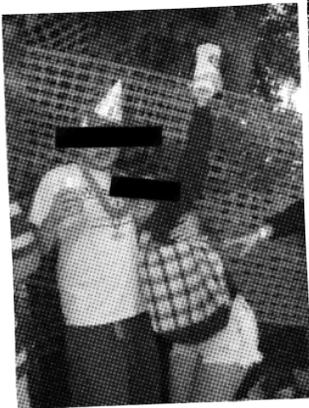
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BINGE DRINKING, B.C.

A "history" of tailgating in Iowa City

Between the city council's passage of the "21-Only" ordinance aimed at keeping those under the age of 21 out of Iowa City bars after 10 p.m. and The University of Iowa's new "Think Before You Drink" initiative aimed at cracking down on tailgating-related drinking, the powers that be are hoping to alter the course of the river of booze that flows through Iowa City.

Part of the city's new ordinance has raised the possible fine for being under 21 in a bar after 10 p.m. to more than \$1000. Meanwhile, the fine for possessing a nuclear weapon within city limits is \$500. Speaking only for myself, I'd prefer that 19-year-olds were downtown experimenting with new ways to drink tequila rather than at home experimenting with uranium enrichment because, from what I've read, radiation poisoning is even worse than a really bad tequila hangover--and much more likely to affect a larger number of people.



One might wonder if the council members had been drinking themselves when they came up with this fee structure.

This would not be without historical precedent as inebriation, and the oftentimes poor decision making that accompanies it, has been a popular pastime in college towns ever since Oog the Caveman opened the first Division 1 College in the world during the Paleolithic Era over 40,000 years ago. (Based on its enrollment, which was only two, it really should have been a Division 3 school, but people could not count that high at the time.)

Oog's "Learn use club. Learn kill bear. Learn catch women. Learn get job." curriculum (which we now know as a "Communications

Degree") was pretty rigorous for its day. Yet, even then, his students still spent a lot of time trying to alter their consciousness.

For the first 35,000 years that humans attended college, this was normally achieved by students hitting each other on the head with their clubs (which is why, to this day, a hangover feels like you've been hit on the head with a club; it is a vestigial remnant of the very first hangovers in human history.) Then, around 4000 B.C., the ancient Egyptian god Osiris invented beer to impress a girl, Isis. His newly-invented drink



deeds occurred at 9:15 p.m. on Thursday, Dec. 6, 1855--not quite three months after Iowa became the first public university in the United States to admit women and men on an equal basis.

It was a bitterly cold night, and a male student who had invited a female classmate back to his meager quarters in a nearby stable to study poured them each a glass of whiskey to help them warm up.

What they were really planning to study was each other, but their plans were halted when she unexpectedly shared her whiskey--and the potatoes she had eaten for dinner--with the horses. Her spontaneous act of generosity spooked them, and one horse reared up and stepped on the young man in the place men would least like to be stepped on by a horse,

especially while feeling studious. (Shortly thereafter, he dropped out of school, became a minister, and never again touched alcohol, women or horses.)

His impromptu gelling inspired the university to launch their

first anti-drinking initiative--"Nuts to Drinking"--but it was to no avail.

More recently, on the west side of campus, folks who may have been too drunk to notice the 70,000-seat stadium they bought homes across the street from have

started complaining about the fact that their neighborhood gets swarmed with people when the Hawkeyes are playing. (And by "people" I mean "people who have been drinking since 7 a.m.")

The city council heard these complaints and, acting on them, denied the beloved Magic Bus a permit to relocate to a new location when its original home changed owners, their lease was not renewed and they wanted to drop anchor a

INEBRIATION, AND THE OFTENTIMES POOR DECISION MAKING THAT ACCOMPANIES IT, HAS BEEN A POPULAR PASTIME IN COLLEGE FOR OVER 40,000 YEARS.

helped him woo her, and, later--after they were married and he learned she was his sister--it was very useful in helping him process this news.

The very first cover charge (so named for the fee one paid to drink indoors while taking cover from swarming locusts) was created shortly thereafter.

Oog's college later became "The University of Oog" when it started offering a post-graduate degree, "Learn Make Fire," but not much has changed since then, really.

Locally, the first known instance of underage drinking involving University of Iowa stu-

few blocks away.

"The Bus," as it was known to its fans, began its life on Melrose Avenue in 1856 as a handcart pulled by two Mormon pioneers trekking west to Salt Lake City who were waylaid when a well-endowed female Iowa student (who was drinking her ninth beer of the morning) offered them a beer and said she would flash her boobs to them in exchange for a free radio station T-shirt.

ONE MIGHT WONDER IF THE COUNCIL MEMBERS HAD BEEN DRINKING THEMSELVES.

Although they were deeply pious men who had no idea what a "T-shirt" was and who had dedicated their entire lives up to that point to abstemiousness in all things, the ancient siren song of alcohol and women caused them to abandon their trek--and their faith--entirely (thus creating the mold that many future religious leaders would be cast from.)

Inarguably the most famous tailgating destination in town, watching the game at "The Bus" was just like watching the game at home, in your living room, except with 500 of your closest friends and while standing on a lawn that was, by day's end, a sea of mud, spilled beer, urine and turkey leg bones. It was the most fun you could have with your shirt on--and sometimes with your shirt off also--as it continued to draw women willing to flash their boobs to strangers in exchange for free radio station T-shirts, a transaction much easier to complete now that radio stations and T-shirts had actually been invented.

For most men (being, as we are, a rather singularly focused and simple-minded lot) this one-of-a-kind combination of football, flesh and beer could only be described as paradise itself.

The property's new owners felt that paradise needed to be improved upon so they decided to pave it, add a helipad, build a tram that ran

across the street to the stadium, and dig a small lake with mooring space for one yacht.

These improvements were aimed at attracting a "more professional crowd" of drinkers to the site on game days under the new, swankier-sounding name "The Stadium Club," which was rumored to feature new "professional drinking" amenities like a coat check, complimentary cucumber finger sandwiches, liver dialysis treatment and "valet puking," featuring specially trained attendants who would hold your hair back for you while you vomited.

The city, however, after inspecting the improved site, decided to deny a temporary use permit for tailgating at this location as well.

They did this because a) these improvements were dubiously "temporary"; b) they don't like drinking; and, c) they felt like it. (There may have been additional reasons, I'm not sure, but a newly passed ordinance prohibits the use of the words "tail" and "gate" in the same sentence, so I wasn't able to legally call and ask.)

Rather than see the site remain empty on opening day, the property's new owners are in negotiations with several other organizations that have an interest in using the site, including "The Bus" itself which may yet emerge from this bureaucratic hangover to live again.

Perhaps, if no agreement can be worked out that satisfies the city's capricious zoning standards, the university could buy the property and open its own tailgating business there.

If the university does open a tailgating venture there, they could even serve drinks in the many "Officially Licensed" University of

Iowa shot glasses, beer steins, martini glasses, beer glasses and pitchers that feature their colors and logos. (But only non-alcoholic drinks though, since their own licensing policy expressly forbids the use of their trademarks or logos on merchandise used for alcohol consumption.)

All of these drinking-related crackdowns, in concert, seem like taking the hand that feeds you and sticking it into a margarita blender.

If The University of Iowa (and its sometimes boozy students) weren't here, would Iowa City really be much more than a rest stop on the road from Des Moines to Chicago?

"Welcome to Iowa City: A UNESCO City of Clean Bathrooms. Gas. Arby's."

The first measure of how this will ultimately play out, long-term, won't be known until November, when the petition to rescind the 21-Only ordinance is put to a vote.

In the meantime, if some gray-haired and well-dressed 70-something alum is tipsily stumbling home from an open-bar, university-sponsored charity fundraiser and he gets a quart of vomit "charitably deposited" on his black-and-gold silk tie by a 20-year-old sorority girl wearing a radio station T-shirt who's had one (or seven) too many jello shots trying to beat the 10 p.m. cut-off time, I only hope I'm there to witness it.

It would be really touching to see a sweet grandfather-granddaughter bonding moment like that. **IV**

Yale Cohn has learned that The University of Iowa's plan to paint all buildings within an eight-block radius of Kinnick Stadium pink in an attempt to pacify game day crowds has been deemed cost-prohibitive.

FROM WHAT I'VE READ, RADIATION POISONING IS EVEN WORSE THAN A REALLY BAD TEQUILA HANGOVER--AND MUCH MORE LIKELY TO AFFECT A LARGER NUMBER OF PEOPLE..

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NIGHT VISION

Under the nose of most Iowa City residents, an underground music label has been flourishing. Housed on a sleepy section of North Dodge St., a few blocks up from the havoc of undergraduate binges, but still close enough to walk downtown, sits the headquarters for Night-People Records.

The label was originally birthed in 2005 to unleash the whirling, wheezing art-rock strains of the band Raccoo-oo-oon (pronounced Raccoon). At its inception, the label was run, in part, by all four of the group's members: Shawn Reed, Ryan Garbes, Andy Spore, and Daren Ho. When Spore and Ho set out for opposing coasts in 2008, the label had already built an impressive roster, releasing over 20 cassettes in 2007 and on its way to 23 releases that year. With Raccoo-oo-oon dissolved, Reed took up the gauntlet.

Night-People became a focused label under the curatorial gaze of its single employee. "It actually became easier because all the cost and everything came back to me," Reed said of handling the label's logistics, "which would have been a little harder to figure out with a more collective kind of thing."

The 29-year-old label head also refined the label's aesthetic. Musically, the label has its fingers in just about every underground sound imaginable, yet, regardless of the content of the music, nearly every Night-People offering comes adorned with cover art by Reed, who holds a B.F.A. in printmaking. "I like the idea of doing it all myself," he said, emphasizing the unique look of his label's catalog, "if you

see a record in a record store, you know it's a Night-People record." And there really isn't a way to miss one, once you know what to look for. The vast majority of the album covers are split into two categories. The first: a curious juxtaposition of often old photographs arranged in a seemingly arbitrary but somehow pleasing way, framed or augmented by Reed's own drawings. The second: original compositions by Reed which often sit at a crossroads of Native American mysticism, Eastern deity designs, and childlike wisps of color.

Reed's focus also highlights new talent.

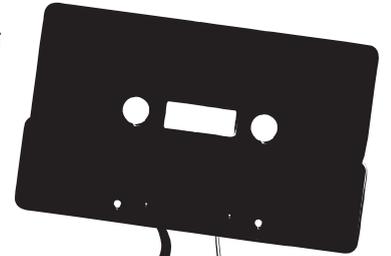
Pete Swanson, who has done the mastering for Night-People Records since the beginning and was also one half of legendary noise duo Yellow Swans, has a national perspective on the label.

THE LABEL HAS ITS FINGERS IN JUST ABOUT EVERY UNDERGROUND SOUND IMAGINABLE.

He rarely taps the same well twice, yielding mostly to local artists including his own band, Wet Hair (with former Raccoo-oo-oon bandmate Ryan Garbes).

"I want to take the risk to put out new artists," said Reed.

The Night-People catalog is full of artists like Washington's Broken Water who just recently put out their full-length debut, *Whet*, and a self-titled cassette on the Iowa City label. This recent spate has tripled the discography of the Olympia shoegaze troupe. Risks like these and recent cassette releases from acts on the verge like Pageants, Dirty Beaches, Wild Safari, and The Twerps are why Night-People is looked at, nationally, as a vanguard for underground and experimental music.



Photos by
Adrienne
Behning





NIGHT-PEOPLE IS LOOKED AT, NATIONALLY, AS A VANGUARD FOR UNDERGROUND AND EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC.

taken out ads and only sends out scant copies for review. Reed is a firm believer in word of mouth, stating that “[T]he quality should stand for itself and create the audience for it.”

Reed acknowledges that this may be the predominant reason why he hasn’t found a large audience in Iowa City and finds Night-People is dependant upon a niche market, “a general kind of record nerd culture thing.”

Granted, Night-People has unleashed its fair share of material from Iowa City musicians (including: Evan Miller, The Savage Young Taterbug, and Twelve Canons) and that hasn’t gone unnoticed. Night-People’s home town has garnered a fairly positive opinion in the underground. Swanson credits the label for helping to establish Iowa City as “an underground creative hub.”

According to Swanson, Reed’s risks have been beneficial to the Hawkeye’s home town: “if Shawn was more focused on financial success, he would not have been able to take as many risks, bring attention to as many bands, or highlight the remarkable local music scene in Iowa City.”

Chris Weirsema also extols the virtues of Night-People’s expansiveness. “I see [Night-People] as a locally owned label rather than a local label,” said the former talent booker for The Picador, and current independent promoter and on-site producer for UptoEleven Productions (former Picador owners). Weirsema sees Iowa City reaping bigger benefits from Night-People’s reach: “a local label puts its friends’ work out for one another, which is great, but is fairly insular,” he says, concluding that “if the local label acts as a totem, then Night-People acts as a beacon.” That beacon nurtures home-grown talent and attracts national and regional acts to Iowa

City. Some, like renowned noisenick Jeff Witscher, even take up intermittent residence here.

Weirsema also echos what many in the scene see as Reed’s primary contribution: show production. Reed’s almost relentless touring has netted him many friends who call upon the label head when they pass through the Midwest looking for a showcase. In helping his road-weary mates with a place to sleep, eat, and bathe, Reed also helps to further cultivate the warm vibes many artists have for Iowa City. “I think that what is distinct about Shawn’s influence is that he encourages those around him to do the same. He helps in fostering that. Going to shows is great, and that’s what goes into making a scene, but it’s all those other things that makes what we have a community.”

TAPES CONTINUED ON PAGE 23 >>

NIGHT MUSIC



Download *Cola Heavy Nights*, a compilation featuring songs from 16 Night-People artists.

www.LittleVillageMag.com/night-people

1. **NAKED ON THE VAGUE**
“Making Enemies”
2. **THE TWERPS**
“Good Advice”
3. **PC WORSHIP**
“Staring at the Sun”
4. **LAZER ZEPPELIN**
“This Heart”
5. **THE PHEROMOANS**
“Stubble Brothers”
6. **WET HAIR**
“In the Garden of the Pharaohs”
7. **YVES/SON/ACE**
Untitled
8. **BROKEN WATER**
“Heal”
9. **PAGEANTS**
“Drink the World”
10. **SLEEP∞OVER**
“The Key”
11. **RENE HELL**
“Bored/Club Night Stalker”
12. **WILD SAFARI**
“Champagne Bubble Bath”
13. **PEAKING LIGHTS**
“Little Birds”
14. **TERROR BIRD**
“Married Women”
15. **DIRTY BEACHES**
“Paris”
16. **EVERY MINOR ARCANA**
“Mouth Like the Sun”

More from these artists at www.Night-People.org

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Most people became aware of Leslie Hall a few years back, when her YouTube videos went viral. People forward links to all their friends for, as they say, the LULZ. Laughing at the unself-consciously ridiculous people on the internet always has a cruel edge to it, but Leslie was never oblivious to her ridiculousity. In fact, it's been the unifying attribute of her public persona.

Beginning with her campaign to be prom queen in high school (wearing a neck brace and an unfortunate thrift store gown), Leslie has fearlessly accentuated the less flattering aspects of her appearance for attention and laughs.

If that was all there was to Leslie Hall, she wouldn't be onstage at the Englert for the Iowa Women's Music Festival. She's successfully transitioned from being last year's Internet meme to becoming a one-woman cottage indus-

try. Her entertainment empire includes music, videos, live performance, the world's first Mobile Museum of Gem Sweaters, and a sideline selling custom-made spandex stretch pants. Along with her band, the Ly's, she's toured the US and sold out shows from coast to coast. She's been interviewed on radio and television, and fulfilled a lifelong dream to appear at the Iowa State Fair. And since the Iowa Supreme Court lifted the ban on same sex marriage in Iowa, she's been entertaining at gay weddings. It's a natural fit for her unique combination of high camp and joyous sincerity.

But there's more to Leslie Hall than just humorous hip hop and scissor kicks. She went to art school after all, so hidden beneath the gurning and Jane Fonda Workout dance moves is feminist subtext. She reminds me of my Grandmother and her sisters, who never left their houses without first putting on their faces, teasing and spraying their hair into airy nimbi that seemed to float around their heads like a halos. They were hardworking, god-fearing, plain-spoken women, yet they were conditioned to build an elaborate facade to present to the world. And in the '70s and '80s they wore the gaudy, decorated sweaters Leslie is so fond of completely without irony, because they really believed they were festive and fun. Leslie Hall both parodies and celebrates that idea of womanhood: "putting on your face" is an act of self-invention.

Like my grandmother—a relentless knitter, baker, gardener and crafter—Leslie is also a committed practitioner of the domestic arts. Her increasingly elaborate stage shows feature props and sets with a charmingly homemade look. She designs and constructs them herself with assistance from her friends and family. With her mother's help she designs and sews all the costumes for herself and her band. She also produces all her own music from the beats on



Photos by
Dawn Frary



up, and I can say as a dance music snob that she does a damn good job of it.

She celebrates the DIY spirit in songs like "Craft Talking" and "Beatdazzler." Of course she's always trying to be funny, but decorating and constructing your own useful and decorative objects empowers people to take control of their lives. You might think it's kitsch (and nothing pleases the ironic hipster more than to celebrate bad taste), but while Leslie might be playing it for laughs, she's never looking down her nose at that stuff.

The *Little Village* Posse made the pilgrimage to the Iowa State Fair to see her show. It was at 9 a.m. on a rainy Tuesday, but a hundred or so of her fans braved the elements to check out the expanded Leslie & the Ly's

'Putting on your face' is an act of self-invention.

extravaganza. And what a cavalcade of fabulousity it was—it included a line of sub-teen dancers made up in full Leslie Hall drag, a trio of dancing girls in matching shorts covered in fuchsia flowers and a giant cat on wheels. Leslie sings, raps, and dances with unrelenting energy. While her dancing may be deliberately graceless for comic effect, there's no denying its athleticism.

After the show, Leslie spent 45 minutes greeting fans, taking pictures and signing autographs. Those fans are a distinctive group—they show up wearing their own gold stretch pants and accessorize with all things glittery.

LESLIE HALL CONTINUED ON PAGE 23 >>

Iowa Women's Music Festival

Schedule Highlights

THURSDAY

Festival Kickoff
8 p.m. | The Englert Theatre
Leslie and the Lys
with Caroline Smith and the Goodnight Sleeps & Bitch

FRIDAY

Iowa Women Rock! Showcase
6:45 p.m. | The Blue Moose Tap House
Kelly Carrell, Kim-Char Meredith, Lojo Russo with Natalie Brown, Armonia, The Vagabonds, Sarah Cram and the Derelicts
After party at Studio 13, 10 p.m.

SATURDAY

Day Stage - FREE
Noon-6:00 p.m. | Upper City Park
Rae, Emily Louise, and Jenny Kohls; Mary McAdams; Desdamona with Carnage; Ruth King; Chris Pureka Band; The Refugees

Evening Events
8 p.m. | The Mill
The State Of; SONiA and disappear fear; Congress of Starlings

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Back in 1992, Seattle was engulfed in an inferno of hype after the commercial rise of Pearl Jam, Soundgarden and Kurt Cobain's little band that could. "Seattle," *SPIN* magazine declared, "is currently to the rock 'n' roll world what Bethlehem was to Christianity." The hunt was on for the next big thing, the newest scene.

It was the perfect setup for the Great Grunge Prank of '92. Back then, Megan Jasper masterminded this prank when she was twenty-five and working at Sub Pop Records (she's now Vice President of the label). Because the company had released the first records by "grunge" acts Mudhoney, Soundgarden and Nirvana, Sub Pop was a magnet for journalists assigned to the youth culture beat.

Fatigued by clueless queries phoned in by journalists, Jasper provided a *New York Times* reporter with slang terms supposedly used by Seattle scenesters. You know, familiar phrases like "harsh realm," "lamestain," and the perennial favorite "swingin' on the flippety-flop."

During the interview, the *Times* reporter

would feed Jasper a phrase like "hanging out," which she had to translate it into "grunge speak." A couple, like "score" and "rock on," were commonly used by hipsters at the time, but she made most of them up off the top of her head—and a few were indigenous only to Jasper and her friends.

"I waited for the reporter to bust me," she tells me, "but it never happened. I then expected an editor to cut the section, but that didn't happen either. I was shocked when I saw it in print."

The article's credibility was immediately torpedoed by a cringe-inducing, mathematically challenged error in its opening paragraph—that, as I write this now, *still* remains uncorrected on the *NYTimes.com* website: "When did grunge become *grunge*?" How

"When The Newspaper of Record goes searching for the Next Big Thing and the Next Big Thing piddles on its leg, we think that's funny."

did a five-letter word meaning dirt, filth, trash become synonymous with a musical genre, a fashion statement, a pop phenomenon?" It was accompanied by a condescending sidebar explaining the "Lexicon of Grunge" (reprinted on facing page).

The *New York Times* article offered its readers a secret decoder ring that promised to crack the code of the newest, freshest subculture. Of course, it was a faulty

device that threatened to envelop anyone who used it in an impenetrable force field of squareness. ("Wassup guys! You swingin' on the flippety-flop?")

Jasper's friends in Mudhoney—the Seattle band voted most likely to succeed, before Nirvana beat them to the big time—helped perpetuate the gag. She says that when the group was playing in England, "they embraced the retardation by including those words and say-

Lexicon of Grunge:

Breaking the Code

All subcultures speak in code; grunge is no exception. Megan Jasper ... provided this lexicon of grunge speak, coming soon to a high school or mall near you:

WACK SLACKS: Old ripped jeans

FUZZ: Heavy wool sweaters

PLATS: Platform shoes

KICKERS: Heavy boots

SWINGIN' ON THE FLIPPETY-FLOP: Hanging out

BOUND-AND-HAGGED: Staying home on Friday or Saturday night

SCORE: Great

HARSH REALM: Bummer

COB NOBLER: Loser

DISH: Desirable guy

BLOATED, BIG BAG OF BLOATATION: Drunk

LAMESTAIN: Uncool person

TOM-TOM CLUB: Uncool outsiders

ROCK ON: A happy goodbye

ings in their interviews.”

Lead singer Mark Arm confirms this, telling me, “Yes, we did pepper our interviews with those terms, mostly to amuse ourselves [while on tour].” Irony-laden t-shirts emblazoned with the word “Lamestain” began popping up around Seattle.

Not long after, the ruse was revealed in the pages of *The Baffler*, an independently produced publication founded by Thomas Frank, of *What's the Matter With Kansas?* fame. When the *New York Times* demanded a retraction, Frank replied with a snarky faxed letter that observed, “when The Newspaper of Record goes searching for the Next Big Thing

and the Next Big Thing piddles on its leg, we think that’s funny.”

During this time Glenn Boothe was an A&R representative working in the music industry, and he admits that he almost fell for the hype surrounding another scene/scheme: Halifax, Nova Scotia. He tells me that in 1993 he almost flew up to the “Seattle of the North” to catch the Halifax Pop Explosion music festival, though in the end he decided not to go. Boothe muses, today, “The idea that you’ll find good music solely based on a geographic location is pretty absurd.”

It was a faulty device that threatened to envelop anyone who used it in an impenetrable force field of squareness.

Although this desire to discover and sometimes invent music scenes happened in the early-1990s with Seattle, the music industry had already descended into self-parody many years earlier. For instance, the “British Invasion” (The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, etc.) gave way to the “San Francisco Sound” (Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead, etc.), which gave way to the next, Next Big Thing in 1968. “The Bosstown Sound” (um, Eden’s Children, The Ultimate Spinach, etc.) was a marketing slogan concocted to promote the nascent Boston psych-rock scene.

“The Sound Heard ‘Round the World: Boston! Where the new thing is making everything else seem like yesterday. Where a new definition of love is helping to write the words and music for 1968.” The ad copy concluded: “The best of the Boston Sound on MGM Records.”

Though it wasn’t quite as ridiculous as CBS Records’ 1969 marketing slogan “The Man Can’t Bust Our Music,” record buyers still didn’t buy into MGM’s hype. Commercially speaking, the Bosstown Sound went over like a lead-filled blimp. **IV**

Kembrew McLeod is currently working on a book on the history of pranks and media for NYU Press.

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RECASTING CORN

I remember the first time I started to re-think my ideas about the benign stalks of corn I'd been surrounded by since I was a child; when I started to wonder if this stuff was really as natural and good as it appeared. I'd been following the 2008 International Food Summit (yeah, I'm a groupie like that), and I ran across an *LA Times* article that described people protesting the Summit who were dressed as ears of corn. The ears of corn I had grown up with were cast as the symbol of an evil empire that pits nations seeking to expand the commodification of corn for biofuel against food-poor nations vying for their share.

Ears of corn playing the *bad guy*?

I began to realize more and more that in this era of environmentally ruinous commodity cropping, genetically-modified freak foods, high fructose corn syrup everything, and billions of people going hungry in part due to the shifting of our corn crop from food production to fuel production, the ear of corn has become a polarizing symbol of the many things going haywire in global food production systems.

This summer I visited a Democratic meet-up in Marion, Iowa, where a new candidate for

Secretary of Agriculture is looking to rebrand our state's chief export. But not through marketing—through a new vision of sustainable agriculture, one that posits the problems presented by an over-reliance on fossil fuels as an opportunity to reevaluate the future of farming in Iowa.

Democratic nominee Francis Thicke views our dependence on fossil fuels as a catalyst for

The ear of corn has become a polarizing symbol of the many things going haywire in global food production systems.

change. He notes that fossil fuels have gotten us to where we are today, and with the recognition that these types of energies are dwindling, he sees a new era of progressive farming techniques taking hold in Iowa.

Francis Thicke knows farmers. That's because he is one.

Of course to even get on the ticket in Iowa you better have a farming background, but Thicke's Radiance Dairy, in Fairfield, Iowa, is not just any farm. It has been recognized as a leader in sustainable ag by the Leopold Center for Sustainable Agriculture, Practical Farmers of Iowa, and others. Radiance is not among the much-publicized Concentrated Animal

Feeding Operations (CAFOs). His cows don't live in confinement, they operate on a grazing system: Open the gate, let them out, and they fertilize the soil as needed. "They enjoy their work," he laughs.

While Thicke might agree that commodity farming is a thorn in sustainability's side, he points to one commodity as a catalyst for change: "Energy. That's going to drive it. Farmers are smart enough to realize that we have to prepare for the future, and if we don't we are going to end up in a crisis down the road."

Ethanol fuels cars on the road and farmers want to sell it, but the prices paid to farmers are so low that only the biggest producers can survive. After subtracting the high cost of fossil fuels used in the farm implements producing the corn, for most farmers, the profits are next to nothing, a fraction of what they used to

be. In his book, *A New Vision for Food and Agriculture*, Thicke claims that an increase of only 2% in the average gas mileage in automobiles would decrease demand (and prices) enough to eliminate the financial benefit of ethanol for Iowa farmers.

Ethanol production currently accounts for one-third of the corn crop in the US, approximately fifteen million acres. Thicke suggests re-allocating these acres to a biofuel crop that could be used to power agriculture itself, a crop that requires less inputs, improves soil health, and uses less fertilizer than growing corn.

What types of crops could lend themselves to this use? "Perennial crops (switch grass and prairie grass, for example) can be used to produce biofuels," Thicke explains, "if we use them at a small-scale, on the farm or through a farmer cooperative. They will protect the soil and farmers can make a profit." According to his vision, farmers will be able to produce fuel to power their farm *and* have an excess of high-value product to sell.

Thicke also advocates for the increased use of farmer-owned, on-site, mid-sized wind turbines to power farms. These turbines would allow more farmers to benefit from the energy their land produces, rather than having to sell the energy to corporations which in turn sell it back to them.

But how do we trust the recommendation of a politician advocating the use of perennial crops for energy? Well, the guy holds a Ph.D.



Elections for State Secretary of Agriculture will be held November 2. Find out more about both candidates by visiting their websites.

R Bill Northey
Republican Candidate
www.billnorthey.com

D Francis Thicke
Democratic Candidate
www.thickeforagriculture.com

in agronomy, with a specialization in soil fertility.

And why should we accept his recommendations on other alternative energy solutions? Experience: His award-winning Radiance Dairy is powered exclusively by solar and wind energy.

Thicke's message of sustainability doesn't stop at energy. CAFOs are another area where he sees much room for improvement, a timely cause given that (as of this writing) eight Iowa

cal food production. Thicke asserts that he will reinstate the Iowa Food Policy Council that operated from 2001-2004. Thicke sat on the Council all four years, and sees it as a service that connects state agencies purchasing food with the farmers who grow it.

"We travelled all over when the Council was started and got them started all over the country," he says. "We want to take the best ideas that are out there and see how we can adapt them for Iowa."

EPA investigations, polluted waterways and farms run by fossil fuels are expensive business. Meanwhile, in a time when 80% of Iowa's food is imported from out of state, local food initiatives have lots of room for growth—the money-making kind.

Economist Dave Swenson of Iowa State University notes that if Iowans



Democratic nominee for State Secretary of Agriculture Francis Thicke

increased their fruit and vegetable consumption to the recommended five servings per day, and Iowa farmers produced that food for just three months of the year, 4,095 jobs would be added to the Iowa economy.

CAFOs are currently under EPA investigation for violations of the Clean Water Act. "CAFOs contribute to air quality problems, health problems, and a loss of property value," says Thicke. He advocates for local control of these mega-feed lots, so local government can regulate where they are located.

Naturally, in Marion and other Iowa towns, the conversation inevitably turns to corn.

During the meeting I attended, a concerned farmer asked: "Do you think raising corn is sustainable given that fossil fuels are becoming more scarce?" Historically, there is only one answer for a politician running for Secretary of Agriculture in the nation's #1 corn-producing state. But Francis doesn't flinch.

"As a farmer, I'd like to think that corn is doing a good job," he explains, "but the evidence is that it's not." He continues, "It seems to me that we will reach a point when corn is not a profitable crop. Corn-based foods are affecting us physically...but we are so locked into this corn as a crop, and we haven't found a good way away from it."

Perhaps a start might be an increase in lo-

These are some hopeful numbers for an industry stuck in a negative trend, and this fall's election for State Secretary of Agriculture presents a real choice between two opponents with very different approaches.

In 2006, Republican Bill Northey narrowly defeated the Democratic nominee, Denise O'Brien, who famously travelled the state in a biodiesel-fueled bus. Far from getting laughed out of rural town halls, the biofueled O'Brien received 49 percent of the popular vote in her loss to Northey.

Hungry for another shot at the office, the Democrats have again chosen to nominate a candidate that puts land stewardship, conservation and renewable energy at the top of the agenda. **IV**

Stephanie Catlett thanks all the farmers who grow good food.

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The rising tide of flood technology

Local groups work to make Iowa City a national center of flood research

Thousands of acres of farmland, hundreds of homes and businesses and a picturesque Delhi lake—all are the latest mud-soaked casualties of another flood-filled Iowa summer. Hopefully, it's been a wake-up call.

While Iowa Citians somehow escaped the brunt of the most recent torrential rainstorms to cause millions of dollars of property damage across Eastern Iowa, some cast wary eyes upon a river that's just one bad downpour from another catastrophic overflow, recalling its destructive swelling just two years earlier and begging the question: What can we do to stop flooding?

The answer is simple: nothing.

Gene Takle, director of Iowa State University's Climate Science Initiative, has found that, as the climate changes, precipitation and heavy rain events have increased significantly in Iowa, and will likely continue to do so. That's what we have seen this year. Before July ended, the state had already received well over 300 percent of its annual rainfall. And as more water comes from the sky, more will flow through our streets.

What we can do is prepare ourselves for future floods. That's what researchers at the University of Iowa's Iowa Flood Center are doing, and success in its latest project could make Iowa City the nation's center for flood research.

The federal government has created national research centers for disasters like earthquakes and hurricanes, but not for flooding. Researchers at the Iowa Flood Center expect to change that.

The Center, birthed after the 2008 floods, is now working with Iowa's Department of Natural Resources to create highly detailed

method for determining flows "is not realistic" and has fallen under scrutiny.

"It will communicate flood information to the public," Young said, adding that the project will give lawmakers more data to form policy, leading to better management of property in floodplains.

That context is sorely needed, especially after the state legislature turned down a range of proposals that aimed to stem damage to the cityscape caused by future flooding.

Staunch property rights advocates didn't approve of plans to expand floodplains to further limit development in perpetually flood-prone areas, subscribing to the notion that it is better to have built and lost than never to have



maps to provide Iowans, and eventually many more Americans, with precise data that could help them stay dry during flood season.

The maps will "provide the technical expertise to help Iowa become more resilient," said Sen. Joe Bolcom, D-Iowa City.

In their last session, Bolcom's legislative colleagues voted to dole out \$10 million to the Center, assigning it a large role in developing more precise flood inundation maps using light detecting and ranging technology (LiDAR)—a project that should perk the interest of Iowans who prefer to spend their summer time sipping Coronas and soaking up rays instead of sandbagging and scrambling to save their Star Wars memorabilia.

Nathan Young, lead researcher on the Center's end, says the project aims to provide precise data that will help "eliminate the spectrum of risk" in the floodplain, as the current

built at all.

Sen. Rob Hogg, D-Cedar Rapids, described this "just leave us alone" mentality as "fundamentally un-Iowan" at a June 21 seminar on flood preparedness in Marion.

While the legislative setback dealt a blow to flood researchers and other enemies of sogginess, others remain optimistic.

"The legislature saw the Flood Center as an investment in Iowa in allocating two-thirds of [the project's] funding to it," said Larry Weber, director of the Iowa Institute of Hydraulic Research-Hydroscience and Engineering department at The University of Iowa.

Weber hopes that new technology, such as the LiDAR and, most recently, the development of underwater sensors to measure river levels, will bring greater certainty to forecasts and coax legislators into more closely considering floodplain legislation in their next session.

What can we do to stop flooding? Nothing.

Floodplain mapping efforts have been carried out disjointedly in communities throughout the country, he said. But after completing a successful test run in Poweshiek County, the team plans to map most of Iowa's other 98 counties and develop a model that other flood-prone states can copy—such as Tennessee, a state that is still recovering from the May floods that killed 21 people.

The floodplain mapping project, along with the Center's other forecasting efforts, has helped it garner serious attention from the national scientific community.

"The work that we did in the first seven to eight months of the center had a very positive return," said Weber.

He identifies North Carolina's flood mapping program as the nation's best, currently, but he warns that the Iowa center could soon eclipse the Tar Heels, with greater technology and by offering more services, including improved forecasting and economic analysis.

"We will be North Carolina and more," Weber said.

Weber also feels positive about the flood center's relationship with the DNR, describing it as "outstanding." DNR director Richard

The Federal government has created national research centers for disasters like earthquakes and hurricanes, but not for flooding.

Leopold echoed Weber's sentiment.

"It's really refreshing," he said. "We've been working hard to have the proper information to make good decisions."

Leopold said Iowans should make sure to remember the hardship of 2008.

As summer comes to an end, with rivers still swollen and property still damaged, remembering the past shouldn't be difficult. But then again, maybe not—Hawkeye football is back, after all. **IV**

Jim Malewitz is a Communications Intern for the Center for Global and Regional Environmental Research

>> TAPES FROM PAGE 15

Reed bristles slightly at the idea of show production: "I've always thought about it as more of a curatorial thing." It's about helping friends in an extension of the original mission behind Raccoo-oo-oon and Night-People: making the scene you want, not settling for what is there. "You just have to create that situation," he stated flatly. As a native Iowan, raised just outside of Muscatine, Reed has never cared for people

REED HAS POTENTIALLY SACRIFICED A LARGER LOCAL PRESENCE FOR NATIONAL VISIBILITY.

In fact, Reed is a vocal advocate of the different opportunities afforded those who shirk the artistic hubs for more inexpensive confines. "It's cheap and not very competitive," Reed said of the low rents which free him from the necessity of a steady paycheck. But for Reed, the notions of community embraced in Iowa City, where "everyone can support one another," are far more valuable.

However, the head Night-Person doesn't have his mind in Iowa City right now, or the United States for that matter. "Lately it's been about bands from Australia for me—so much good music coming out of Sydney, Melbourne and even Hobart, Tasmania right now," Reed said of the cache of tunes he recently brought back from the land down under. The first bumper crop from Australia consists of cassettes from two lo-fi, pop outfits, The Twerps and Pageants, plus a split 12" between Reed's dubby duo Wet Hair and similarly minded act, Naked on the Vague.

Reed seems to suggest a kinship between the two locations, not just of a shared language and European ancestry, but being an occasionally marginalized culture like his. Working with these Aussies certainly makes it harder to argue for Night-People being a local label; however, to hear him wax romantic over the outback, it's easy to be reminded of Iowa. Often seen as just another wind-swept prairie state separating tarmacs in New York and Los Angeles, there are echoes of Iowa when he speaks of Australia: "I think there is something about things being kind of geographically isolated there, but still having a rich history of underground music." **IV**

John Schlotfeld hopes Iowa City is still as wonderful as it was when he left. E-mail updates to john.schlotfeld@littlevillagemag.com.

who write off Iowa, and has never suffered those who bemoaned the lack of a scene in the state.

>> LESLIE HALL FROM PAGE 17

They, like Leslie, may not be the prettiest or the skinniest, but they've embraced her philosophy of do-it-yourself superstardom. Leslie stays resolutely in character when she's in costume, but the connection her fans feel with her is genuine and emotional. She inspires them to find their own bliss without caring what anyone else thinks.

The interview we did upstairs in the quilt

When she turns off the Leslie Hall shtick, she's what Grandmother would have called "a darling girl."

room at the Applied Arts Building was even more surreal than her show. Leslie loves the camera and was cutting poses like a supermodel the whole time she formulated her deliciously cracked answers to our questions. She seems motivated less by vanity than by a pure, childlike glee at being the center of attention.

Later, we ran into her with her posse getting lunch. In her street clothes, minus her up-do hair and big 80s glasses, she looks like a different person. Her strenuous performances and vegan diet have melted off some of her trademark curves and bulges, and she has piercing blue eyes that give Zooey Deschanel a run for her money. When she turns off the Leslie Hall shtick, the mugging and Mae West gags go away, and she's what Grandmother would have called "a darling girl."

And that's the paradox of Leslie Hall—by embracing and exaggerating what others might think liabilities, by dreaming into existence an absurd, cartoonish version of glamour and stardom, she's actually becoming a superstar like her idols Britney and Beyoncé. She was a big girl who dreamed big, and she's gone places she could barely imagine back in high school, when she discovered the unlikely power of a thrift store dress and a neck brace. And she did it all herself, with her Singer sewing machine, her hot glue gun and her bedazzler. **IV**

LV  Interview featured on LVtv www.LittleVillageMag.com/lv tv

If you Google "Kent Williams" LV's Kent Williams is ten results down the list, after the graphic novel illustrator, the guy who does the English dubbing for Japanese Anime, and the Speaker of the Tennessee General Assembly.



Sarah Cram & The Derelicts

Little Secrets

Self-released

www.myspace.com/cramband

Most folks who bother to go out to hear live music in Eastern Iowa know that Sarah Cram has that voice—a dark, smooth alto with a jazzy vibrato at the end of sustained notes. As good as The Diplomats of Solid Sound are when they roll stag, with Sarah and her sister

Little Secrets imagines a past that's a lot cooler than reality ever was.

Diplomettes, they're a whole other thing—elegant, sexy, and even funkier.

Ms. Cram has been writing and singing on her own for years as well, and I've always enjoyed her solo performances, but on *Little Secrets* her song writing has been pushed in a new direction. Maybe Doug Roberson's retro tendencies have rubbed off on her, as there's more than a hint of rockabilly and surf music added into the mix. On the uptempo songs like "No No No" and "In My Dreams," Cram's confident singing projects a tough girl persona. "How Many Girls" adds Katie Burnes on cello, giving the song a cinematic feel, and her singing is dramatic, particularly when she hits the chorus at the top of her lungs.

There are echoes in Sarah's singing and writing of rock divas like Chrissie Hynde and Patti Smith, but she borrows their fearless attitude more than their style. There's a lot about this CD that's pure classic rock, which would normally turn me off, but *Little Secrets* is in the tradition without rehashing all the cliché

gestures. It's got the vibe of a Tarantino film—not so much nostalgia as imagining a past that's a lot cooler than reality ever was. Sarah & her Derelicts totally kick ass, and they don't need samurai swords to do it.

Kent Williams



Unknown Component

The Infinite Definitive

Self-released

www.unknowncomponent.com

Iowa City musician Keith Lynch has released seven albums and two collections of unreleased songs since 2002 as Unknown Component.

The Infinite Definitive is the strongest release yet from Lynch.

His latest effort, *The Infinite Definitive* (releases 10/12) continues the one-man-

band approach Lynch has been perfecting since the beginning.

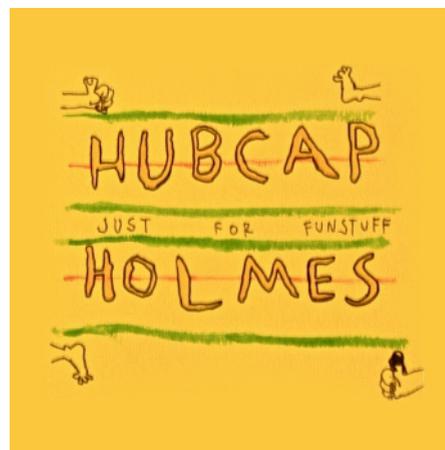
Lynch has a good head for simple, uncomplicated melody. I found even after the first listen that I had fragments of songs from *Definitive* stuck in my head. "Future Circles," with its repeating "Come down, right now" refrain and cascading reverby guitars, recalls U2 at their 80s and 90s peak. The soaring chorus of "A Heavy Heart Or An Empty Stomach" has a well-chosen transition to a guitar-melody plateau that keeps me coming back to that track, too. The overall production on "Every Measure and Space," with dreamy chiming guitars and keyboards, shows a strong affinity for the same period Eno/Lanois production of U2.

In Lynch there is a dichotomy. He performs

solo in a live setting and is accomplished in this form, but on record he constructs swelling, orchestral arrangements, performing all of the instruments himself. Lynch said in an interview with Scented Vinyl (www.scented-vinyl.com), "As long as I enjoy writing all the parts myself and it sounds good then why not do it that way?" I find the result of this, however, to be unsatisfying. The songs are missing a spark that comes from live performance, and the result feels more like a demo, no matter how masterful the engineering. For example, "When the Illusion is What it Seems" is one of the more uptempo songs on the record. It tries really hard to drive but the drums don't propel the song the way they should—and I believe *would*, were they played live—and instead they just ride the crest, only keeping time with the rest of the instruments.

The Infinite Definitive is the strongest release yet from Lynch. It's obvious that he spent a lot of time on all aspects of this recording and the album is an impressive feat for a self-taught musician and engineer who is certainly worth watching.

Michael Roeder



Hubcap Holmes

Just For Funstuff

Self-released

www.myspace.com/hubcapholmes

This is a free CD I picked up at a Public Space One show. Hubcap Holmes is a solo project of Kurt Austin, one of the loose cohort of early-20s musicians currently making noise in Iowa City. The live performance at PS One (with Matt Fenner on bass) showed that Hubcap Holmes has a good grasp of pop songwriting; his songs had sing-along melodies, simple without being too simple. Playing and singing unamplified to an audience in a tight circle around him, it seemed like he was trying

This album is definitely silly, but I keep going back to it trying to understand why I keep going back to it.

and multiple layers of guitar, but the rawness and sincerity evident in his live performances remains. It's not so much produced as assembled via audio bricolage. It's a little like Sebadoh, if you can imagine Sebadoh jamming with Syd Barret. The songs are very short and they tend to fall apart rather than play through to satisfying conclusions.

Dream logic seems to inform this CD more than any intentional artifice, as in "News about shoes," which layers a clumsily cut loop from "O Tannenbaum" combined with the distorted bellowing of sea lions before making a non-sequitur segue into a kitchen table recording of Kurt singing about shoes. The longest track "Grow flowers (grow sad)" features the addled babbling of Cooper Whittlesey, accompanied by static and droning guitars. It's definitely silly, but I keep going back to it trying to understand why I keep going back to it.

Just For Funstuff is slapdash, raw, and amateurish on the surface, and maybe in actual fact. But it's also appealing and affecting music, in ways that are hard to explain—the closest I can come is to say that it's charmingly opaque.



Be Kind To Your Neighbor

Be Kind To Your Neighbor

Self-released

bekindtoyourneighbor.bandcamp.com

Be Kind To Your Neighbor is Dan Davis

to reinvent the 19th Century art of entertaining friends with homemade music.

On *Just For Funstuff*, Kurt incorporates found sound

and multiple layers of guitar, but the rawness and sincerity evident in his live performances remains. It's not so much produced as assembled via audio bricolage. It's a little like Sebadoh, if you can imagine Sebadoh jamming with Syd Barret. The songs are very short and they tend to fall apart rather than play through to satisfying conclusions.

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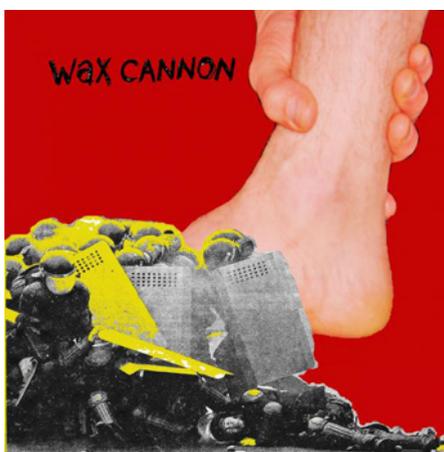
Just For Funstuff is slapdash, raw, and amateurish on the surface, and maybe in actual fact. But it's also appealing and affecting music, in ways that are hard to explain—the closest I can come is to say that it's charmingly opaque.

and Ed Bornstein (The Occasionals), and since Ed moved away, they're no longer playing together. But they did get together at Flat Black Studios to record this CD. As with Dan's other band, Weather Is Happening, the organizing principle is a titanic wall of guitar noise, pummelled drums and tortured, screamed vocals.

That may not sound particularly distinctive or pleasant, but these guys sell it. Anyone can be loud, but BKTYN sounds huge. Their music, at turns lurching and stately, stays entirely away from blues licks or the time-tested folk music chord progressions of most rock music. Davis writes songs that climb up and slide down chromatically, with a real sense of harmonic adventure. It's what I imagine someone like Gustav Mahler would do with a Stratocaster and a Fender Twin Reverb amplifier.

Ed and Dan are unwilling to simplify what they do, and yet for all their angular, meandering song structure, it's still an invitation to head bang and pump fists that's hard to resist. BKTYN is a collection of paradoxes: visceral and cerebral, serious and fun, overwrought and unrestrained, lumbering and nimble. While it's possible to hear echoes of the Melvins' doomy dirges and Swervedriver's massive guitars in these songs, BKTYN isn't as sludgy as the former, or head-in-the-clouds poppy as the latter.

This album is available for download (see the Bandcamp page) on a "pay what you like" basis, with the option to listen to the whole album streamed without downloading anything.



Wax Cannon

The Ankle Hour

Sel-released

www.myspace.com/waxcannon

Wax Cannon is two guys—David Murray and Jay Miller—who have been playing to-

gether for several years. They put out the titanic *Someone in Madison is Praying for You (And it's not me)* four years ago, a double CD that was a tour de force of rock 'n' roll songwriting, their answer to *Daydream Nation* or *Zen Arcade*.

The Ankle Hour

is, in a lot of ways, more of the same—they haven't bought a drum machine, or found Jesus, or gone to rehab. But that's a good thing. They play guitar and drums and they sing. Generally, the guy who writes the song sings it and plays guitar. Jay's songs are generally more melodic and his singing is straightforward and tuneful. Dave sings in a strangled, yelping punk rock mode, true to his '80s hard core roots. They both like to construct their songs around heavy guitar riffing and their drumming involves a lot of wailing on the crash cymbal and pounding the snare like it's done something wrong.

Wax Cannon hasn't bought a drum machine, or found Jesus, or gone to rehab.

This is the sort of music that would have fit in perfectly on the SST or Amphetamine Reptile labels 20 years ago.

Their songwriting distinguishes them from the other bazillion bands who kind of sound like them. Jay's "Empty Face" has a great melody that modulates unexpectedly into the chorus, and the wearily sung vocal *looking at my empty face/feel no shame/looking at my empty eyes/walk way* is clever and inevitable in the way Ray Davies' songs for the Kinks were. Dave's "Take Aim" uses a marching beat to support a similarly deft melody, and Dave's rough delivery suits the sarcastic lyric.

In the manner of '80s indie rock, Wax Cannon tends to bury the vocals, which makes the lyrics hard to follow. It works musically, but the little bits I can make out make me wish I could hear them better. But that's more than made up for by the fat layers of slashing guitar that anchor their style. *Ankle* isn't a lot different than their last few CDs except in the ways that really matter—the songs. In that department this might be their best work yet.

Kent Williams

ART/EXHIBITS

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center of Iowa

55 12th Ave SE, Cedar Rapids

www.blackiowa.org

Our Sister's Many Hats, ongoing • Endless Possibilities, ongoing

AKAR

257 E. Iowa Ave. Iowa City

www.akardesign.com

Linda Arbuckle and Clary Illian Ceramics Works, opens Sept. 24

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids

www.crma.org

Art Bites "What's a Bacchanale?" with CRMA Executive Director, Terry Pitts, Sept. 1, 12:15pm • Gallery Tour of Goya's Disasters of War with Phil Lasansky, Sept. 9, 7pm • The Sky's the Limit, Marvin Cone's Clouds, ongoing • From Monet to Picasso, ongoing • Norman Rockwell: Fact & Fiction, ongoing • Malvina Hoffman, ongoing • Mauricio Lasansky, ongoing • Art in Roman Life, ongoing • Grant Wood: In Focus, ongoing

The Chait Galleries Downtown

218 E Washington St., Iowa City

www.thegalleriesdowntown.com

Sara Slee Brown: Through the Poral, through Sept. 17 • Betsy Zmuda-Swanson, through Sept. 24

CSPS/Legion Arts

1103 Third St SE, Cedar Rapids

www.legionarts.org

Check website for times and locations

Landfall Festival of World Music, Sept. 22-25

Faulconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell

www.grinnell.edu/fulconergallery

Gallery Talk: Mark Wagner's Currency Collages, Sept. 2, 4:15pm • Lecture: Contemporary Croatian Art: Expressions of Transition, Sept. 23, 8pm, JRC 101 • Opening Reception: Culturing Community: Projects about Place, Sept. 24, 5pm • Open Mic Night and Reading by Barry Lopez, Sept. 29, 7pm

Hudson River Gallery

538 South Gilbert St., Iowa City

www.hudsonrivergallery.com

Nancy Thomson Opening Reception, Sept. 10, 6pm

Johnson County Historical Society

310 5th St., Coralville

www.jchsiowa.org

Check website for times and locations

2nd Annual FryFest, Sept. 3 • Bob Hibbs Lecture, Sept. 19, 2pm

Old Capitol Museum

Pentacrest, Iowa City

www.uiowa.edu/~oldcap

Chaos and Creation on the Pentacrest, opens Sept. 10 • WorldCanvass, Documenting Humanity: A Sense of Place, Sept. 10, 5pm

Public Space One

115 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.myspace.com/publicspaceone

Clear As Day, opens Sept. 3

University Museum of Art

uima.uiowa.edu

Elliott Society Lecture: "What's New on View!," Sept. 8, 5pm • Elliott Society Lecture: "Dazzling Dürer," Sept. 15, 5pm

Univeristy of Iowa

Black Box Theater, IMU

Ere Ibeji: Yoruba Twin Figures, opens Sept. 2

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

Macbride Hall, UI Campus

www.uiowa.edu/~nathist

Check website for times and locations

UI Explorers Lecture Series, Sept. 16, 7pm

MUSIC

Beadology

220 E. Washington St.

www.beadologyiowa.com

Angi and Friends, Sept. 3, 5:30pm

Blue Moose Tap House

211 Iowa Ave, Iowa City

www.bluemooseic.com

The Academy is... with TBD, Sept. 5, 6pm • The Hood Internet with The Only Children, Sept. 9, 10pm • Cornmeal with Pert Near Sandstone, Sept. 18, 9pm • School of Seven Bells with Active Child, Sept. 20, 6pm • Built to Spill with Revolt Revolt, Sept. 20, 10pm • Colour Revolt, Sept. 22, 6pm

CSPS

1103 Third St SE, Cedar Rapids

www.legionarts.org

Closed thru Mar. 2011 for repairs/renovation. Check website for Legion Arts events at other locations.

Englert

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.englert.org

Tony Hsieh, Sept. 1, 7:30pm • Intimate at the Englert Series: Equilateral, Sept. 3, 6pm • Justin Roberts &

The Not Ready for Naptime Players, Sept. 12, 2pm • The Water Coolers, Sept. 12, 7pm • Leslie & the LY's -- Iowa Women's Music Fest Kick-Off!, Sept. 16, 8pm • Sound of Southern Breeze - A Tribute to Jon B. Higgins, Sept. 18, 7pm • Intimate at the Englert Series: Singer & the Song, Sept. 20, 9pm • Michelle Shocked, Sept. 22, 8pm • Intimate at the Englert Series: Alley Cabaret, Sept. 24, 8pm • Drive-By Truckers, Sept. 29, 8pm

Friday Night Concert Series

Ped Mall, downtown Iowa City

www.summerofthearts.org

Uniphonics with Minus Six, Sept. 10 • Big Funk Guarantee with OSG, Sept. 17

Gabe's

330 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.iowacitygabes.com

Three Years Hollow with Eleven Fifty Two, Tear Down the Tower, Chains N' Able, Sept. 3, 7pm • Salsa Vibe, Sept. 4, 10pm • You, Me, and Everyone We know with Queens Club and Take Cover, Sept. 10, 7pm • Lipstick Homicide with The Haddonfields and Strong City, Sept. 11, 7pm • Decoy and Judgement Day with TBD, Sept. 11, 10pm • Corey Smith, Sept. 14, 7pm • HotChaCha and the Sound Thoughts with Breaking Even, Sept. 17, 10pm • SomaSphere and Solar Perceptions, Sept. 23, 9:30pm • Snow Demon with Blood of the Tyrant and Bible of the Devil, Sept. 25, 10pm

Iowa Friends of Old Time Music

Johnson Country Fairgrounds

www.fiddlerspicnic.org

40th Annual Fiddler's Picnic, Sept. 19, noon-6pm

Iowa Women's Music Festival

www.prairievoices.net

See site for venue locations and details

Leslie and the Lys Caroline Smith and the Goodnight Sleeps & Bitch, Sept. 16 • Iowa Women Rock! Showcase: Kelly Carrell, Kim-Char Meredith. Lojo Russo with Natalie Brown, Armonia, The Vagabonds, Sarah Cram and the Derelicts, Sept. 17 • Rae, Emily Louise, and Jenny Kohls; Mary McAdams; Desdamona with Carnage; Ruth King; Chris Pureka Band; The Refugees, The State Of; SONiA and disappear fear; Congress of Starlings, Sept. 18

Java House

211 1/2 E. Washington St.

www.thejavahouse.com

Java Blend shows begin at 2pm

The Beggarmen, Sept. 3 • Ida Jo, Sept. 10 • Caroline Smith, Sept. 17 • Daphne Willis, Sept. 24

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City

www.icmill.com

Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted



Zombie March

September 18, 4 p.m.

Starts at Happy Hollow Park

Zombie enthusiasts gather for the fifth year in a row for the Iowa City Zombie March, organized for undead fanatics to celebrate their love for the horror genre and to raise money for local charities.

This year's proceeds will go to a local chapter of the Red Cross for flood relief.

The event was created by UI alum Shawn Beatty. Every year the turnout has increased exponentially and thus the money raised for charity. Donations are gathered through locally sponsored raffle prizes and T-shirt sales at the event. Participation begins an hour before the march, at Happy Hollow Park, conveniently located near Oakland Cemetery.

Many people make themselves up with help from others, using supplies made available by the organizers. Others come ready-to-go after hours of at-home preparation. The group collectively groans, lurching and dragging their decomposing visages along the one-mile course until they reach the pedestrian mall, a zombie flash mob upon downtown Iowa City.

Prizes are awarded for goriest zombie, best couple, best walk, best groan, etc. Please come, covered in goo and the most distant look in your eye you can muster for fun, mischief and philanthropy to this, the 5th Annual Iowa City Zombie March.

Study Hall, the game, Sundays, 9pm-Midnight
Open Mic with J. Knight, Mondays, 8pm, call 338-6713 to sign up

Tuesday Night Social Club, Tuesdays

Sarah Jaffe, Sept. 1 • Ed Gray with Ember Schrag & Ron Wax, Sept. 2 • The Beaker Brothers, Sept. 3 • Nikki Lunden, Sept. 4 • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Sept. 8, 7pm • Laura Stevenson and the Cans with TBD, Sept. 9 • Mike Mineo & Adam Weinstein, Sept. 10, 8pm • Damon Dotson, Sept. 11 • The Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band with TBD, Sept. 14 • Ha Ha Tonka with Death Ships, Sept. 17 • Iowa Women's Music Festival with Congress of Starlings, SONiA and disappear fear, the State Of, Sept. 18, 8pm • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Sept. 22, 8pm • Those Darlins with Turbo Fruits (ex-Be Your Own Pet), The Blood Beats • David Dondero with Darren Hanlon, Sept. 29, 7pm

Orchestra Iowa

www.orchestraiowa.org

Check website for locations

Prelude, Sept 8, 7pm • Brucemorechestra!, Sept 18, 7:30pm • Art Strings, Sept. 24, 6pm

Public Space One

129 E. Washington St., Iowa City

publicspaceone.wordpress.com

Check website for listings

Scope Productions

scope.uiowa.edu

Check website for locations

Bib Boi & Super Mash Bros, Sept. 2, 6pm • Nas & Damien Marley, Sept. 8, 9:30pm

Riverside Casino

3184 Highway 22, Riverside

www.riversidecasinoandresort.com

Glen Campbell, Sept. 5, 4pm

US Cellular Center

370 First Ave NE, Cedar Rapids

www.uscellularcenter.com

The Four Freshmen, Sept. 10, 7:30pm

White Lightning Warehouse

www.myspace.com/whitelightingic

Fielded, Psychic Steel, Sept. 3, 9pm

Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City

www.iowacityyachtclub.org

Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted

NecroJockey with Plaqued by Saints and Reelfoot Rift, Sept. 2, 10pm • Dead Larry and Useful Jenkins, Sept. 3 • Heatbox with Uniphonix and The Workshy, Sept. 10 • Ggllitch and Dr. Z's Experiment, Sept. 11 • Euforquestra with Roster McCabe, Sept. 17 • Radio Moscow with Mondo Drag and Clean Livin', Sept. 24 • Second Hand Smoke with Item 9 and the Mad Hatters, Sept. 25

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- SEPT 18 } IOWA WOMEN'S MUSIC FESTIVAL
- SEPT 23 } NEIL HAMBURGER
- SEPT 24 } THOSE DARLINS
- SEPT 29 } DAVID DONDERO

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GABES
 IOWA CITY

Fri, September 3 7pm | ALL AGES

Three Years Hollow

w/Tear Down the Tower, Eleven Fifty Two

Fri, September 10 7pm | ALL AGES

You and Me and Everyone We Know
 w/Queens Club

Tue, September 14 7pm | ALL AGES

Corey Smith

Fri, September 17 10pm

Hot Cha Cha w/The Sound Thoughts

Thu, September 23 9pm

Solar Perception & Somasphere

Sat, September 25 10pm

Bible of the Devil, Snow Demon, Blood of the Tyrant

Thu, September 30 10pm

The Poison Control Center

THE BEER GARDEN IS STILL OPEN!

330 E. Washington St, Iowa City
www.iowacitygabes.com

THEATER/DANCE/ PERFORMANCE

Iowa Theatre Artists Company

4709 220th Trail, Amana
www.iowatheatreartists.org
The Cemetary Club, Sept. 17 – 26

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com
Neil Hamburger with The Kenny “K-Strass”
Strasser Yo-Yo Extravaganza Major Entertainer
Mike H, Sept. 23, 9pm

Old Capitol City Roller Girls

Coralville Marriott
www.oldcapitolcityrollergirls.com
Check website for times and locations
Match versus the Quad City Rollers in Davenport,
IA., Sept. 18

Penguin’s Comedy Club

Clarion Hotel, 525 33rd Ave. SW, Cedar
Rapids
www.penguinscomedyclub.com
Check website for showtimes
Fryman with Chad Korto, Sept. 3-4 • Mike
MacRae, Sept. 10-11 • Jim Breuer, Sept. 13 •
Pat Goodwin, Sept. 17-18 • Loni Love, Sept. 23 •
Chas Elstner, Sept. 24-25 • Bobby Slayton, Sept.
30

Riverside Theatre

213 N. Gilbert St.
www.riversidetheatre.org
Check website for showtimes
[TITLE OF SHOW], Sept. 10-Oct. 3

Theatre Cedar Rapids

4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids
www.theatre.org
25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee, Sept.
10-Oct. 2

WORDS

Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City
www.prairielights.com
All “Live from Prairie Lights” readings at 7pm unless
noted
Kira Henehan, Sept. 1 • Charles Todd, Sept. 2 •
Milosz Biedrzycki and H.M. Naqvi, Sept. 7 • Karla
Kelsey and Keetje Kuipers, Sept. 9, 5pm • Seamus
Cashman and Joan McBreen, Sept. 9 • Jeanette Walls,
Sept. 10 • Susanna Daniel, Sept. 13 • David Huddle,
Sept. 14 • Robert Hellenga, Sept. 15 • Bonnie Rough,
Sept. 16 • Joanna Klink and Timothy Donnelly, Sept.
17 • Rowan Jacobsen, Sept. 19, 2pm

CINEMA

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.englert.org
American Filmmakers Series: Martin Scorsese, The
Departed, Sept. 13 , 8pm, After-Hours, Sept. 14 ,
8pm, The Last Temptation of Christ, Sept. 15, 8pm

Bijou Theatre

IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~bijou/
2001: A Space Odyssey, Sept. 3-4 • I Am Love,
Ondine, 16 to Life, Sept. 3-9 • 16 to Life, Sept. 8-10
• Winter’s Bone, 8 1/2, Sept. 10-16 • Brazil, Sept. 10-
11 • The Girl Who Played With Fire, Exit Through
the Gift Shop, Sept. 17-23 • Gravity Was Everywhere
Back Then, Sept. 19 • The Terminator, Sept. 17-18
• Micmacs, Sept. 24-30 • Manhattan Short Film
Festival, Sept. 27-30 • The Matrix, Sept. 24-25

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

Macbride Hall, UI Campus
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
Movies @MNH: Jurassic Park, Sept. 12, 2pm

KIDS

Iowa City Public Library

123 South Linn St. Iowa City
www.icpl.org
Storytime at 10:30 Mon-Sat, 2pm Sun

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

Macbride Hall, UI Campus
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
Storytime Explorers: Owls, Sept. 19, 2pm

MISC

Fry Fest

Iowa River Landing, Coralville
www.fryfest.com
All-day festival and music, Sept. 3, 10am • Three
Dog Night with the Nadas, Sept. 3, 7pm

JCDogPAC

Iowa City Pool
www.jcdogpac.org
Iowa City Dog Paddle, Sept. 12, noon-5pm

Millstream Brewing Co.

835 48th Ave., Amana
www.millstreambrewing.com
Festival of Iowa Beers, Sept. 5, 1-5pm

The Red Avocado

521 E. Washington, Iowa City
www.theredavocado.com
Benefit Night for Think Bicycles, Sept. 29, 5pm

Zombie March

www.zombiemarch.org
Check website for times and locations
March, Sept. 18, 5pm

Bored?

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Little Village Weekender in your inbox.

little village
Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine

Log on to www.LittleVillageMag.com and sign up for the Weekender

Curses, Foiled Again

- Police accused Anthony Parkhurst, 20, of stealing a 2001 Honda van advertised on Craigslist by taking it for a test drive but never returning. Orlando police Sgt. Stanley Klem said Parkhurst then listed the vehicle on Craigslist himself and sold it to a couple for \$4,000. He promptly stole it and listed it on Craigslist the next day. The couple spotted the ad, alerted police and identified Parkhurst as the seller of the van. Suspecting Parkhurst of belonging to a statewide car-theft ring that stumped investigators for months, Klem said, "Stealing back the car they had just sold could be the break we needed." (*Orlando Sentinel*)
- FBI agents had no trouble identifying Alan Garrett, 43, as their suspect in a bank robbery in Galloway, Ohio. Bank employees not only got the license number of the getaway car, which was traced to Garrett, but also recognized him as a regular customer at the bank. (*Associated Press*)

First-Amendment Follies

A California appeals court declared that a Roseville shopping mall's attempt to regulate conversation is unconstitutional. The Westfield Galleria behavioral-enforcement rule banned anyone in the mall's common areas from "approaching patrons with whom he or she was not previously acquainted for the purpose of communicating with them on a topic unrelated to the business interests" of the mall or its tenants. Anyone intending to talk about anything other than the mall, including the weather or to ask directions to somewhere outside the mall, must submit a written application for permission "four days in advance."

The three-judge panel's opinion cited the deposition of Gavin Farnam, the Galleria's senior general manager. Asked by an attorney for plaintiff Matthew Snatchko, who challenged the rule, if it prohibits approaching strangers to talk about any other subject than the mall, Farnam testified: "It doesn't prohibit you. It just means you have to come in and fill out the application for third-party access for noncommercial" speech. When the attorney asked if a sports fan would be violating the rules to tell a stranger, "Hope you're supporting the Giants this week," Farnam answered: "You can go in and again fill out a third-party access." (*The Sacramento Bee*)

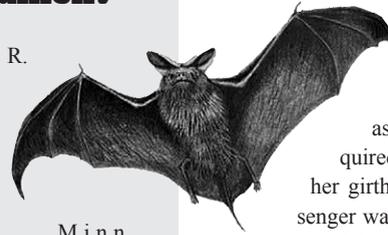
Fatal Distraction

Kathleen Gomez Collier, 47, drowned after she drove her Ford Expedition off a boat ramp and into the Sacramento River near Isleton, Calif., while she was on her cell phone, asking her daughter for directions. According to

California Highway Patrol Officer Michael Bradley, just before the call was cut off, Collier told her daughter the car was filling up with water and to phone her insurance company. (*San Francisco Chronicle*)

Second Amendment Follies

- Police charged Cedric R. Newton, 52, with reckless discharge of a firearm after he used a .38-caliber revolver to chase a bat from his home in Maplewood, Minn., claiming it "attacked" his wife. Newton wounded the bat but not before shooting into an adjoining townhouse, where officers found three bullets in its freshly painted walls, a dent in a metal closet door and a dent in the stove. "Newton told police that he had the presence of mind to have his wife go upstairs while he shot at the bat," the criminal complaint said, "but apparently gave no consideration to the surrounding townhomes." (*Minneapolis's Star Tribune*)
- Arnold Morris, 77, explained that he accidentally shot his wife of 54 years in the chest while the couple was training for "robbery scenarios" at their home in Cocoa, Fla. Brevard County authorities said Patricia Morris, 72, underwent surgery and is expected to recover. (*Orlando's WKMG-TV*)



package secured around the genital area, and it popped off during the changing of his pants." (*Bradenton Herald*)

Avoirdupois Follies

- A woman flying standby from Las Vegas to Sacramento, Calif., paid full fare for the last available seat, boarded and stowed her bags, only to be told she had to deplane because a late-arriving passenger assigned the seat next to her required two seats to accommodate her girth. The tardy overweight passenger was just 14 years old. "It didn't seem right that I should have to leave to accommodate someone who had only paid for one seat," the 5-foot-4, 110-pound bootee said, adding that Southwest Airlines personnel berated her when she questioned their action. Airline official Marilee McInnis admitted Southwest "should have handled it better" and promised the airline would apologize. (*The Sacramento Bee*)
- A nail salon in DeKalb County, Ga., charges overweight customers \$5 extra for pedicures. Kim Tran, manager of Natural Nails, explained that she instituted the surcharge to cover the \$2,500 cost to fix broken chairs, which have a 200-pound weight limit. (*Atlanta's WSB-TV*)

Lest They Forget

Concerned about the number of children who die from heat or cold after being left in cars by allegedly absent-minded parents, David Bell of Menlo Park, Calif., invented a device that he declared would help parents remember not to leave their children in the back seat when they get out of the car. VizKID is a 2-pound, 24-inch-tall, blue Hawaiian-print construction cone with a bright yellow ball on top with a painted-on happy face that rides in the passenger seat. (*San Jose Mercury News*)

Felonious Inspiration

New York City authorities accused Jennifer Mercado, 20, of stealing a credit card belonging to John Postrk when the two of them were serving on a jury hearing a burglary case involving a stolen credit card. Mercado was charged with using Postrk's card to buy more than \$500 worth of shoes and clothing at stores near the Bronx courthouse. (*New York's Daily News*)

Compiled from the nation's press by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.

Tornado vs power plant. Who wins?

Recently an outbuilding at a nuclear power plant received a glancing blow from a tornado. Fortunately no real harm was done, but it started me wondering: are nuclear power plants built to withstand a direct hit from a tornado?

—Dee Barnett, Fort Worth

There's a range of possible answers to this question:

1. Yup, 100 percent guaranteed.
2. Hope so.
3. Oh, shit.

No one can ever honestly give answer number one. Nuclear-power engineers like to think they can use answer two without crossing their fingers. However, they thought the same thing at the Bureau of Underwater Oil Well Leaks.

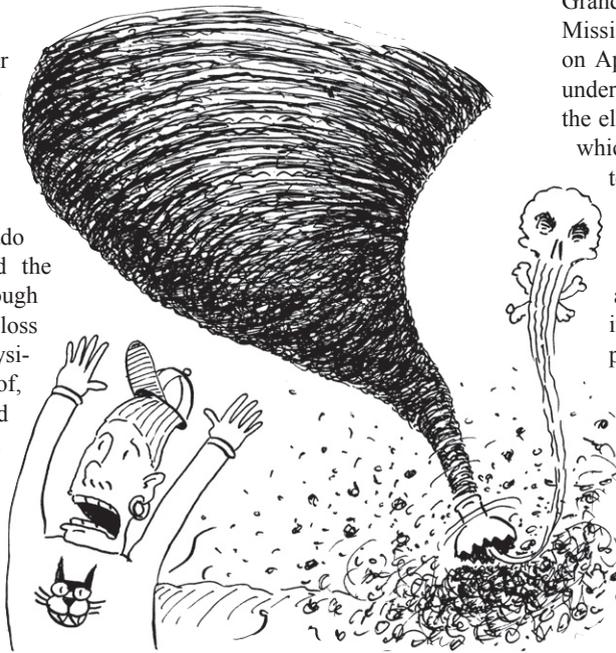
The close encounter with a tornado you're probably referring to involved the Fermi 2 nuclear plant in Michigan. Although the reactor shut down due to a partial loss of emergency backup power, actual physical harm was limited to a hole in the roof, siding stripped from an outbuilding, and some damage to the cooling tower, which is actually less scary than it sounds.

Tornado-related structural damage comes from three sources: the wind itself, suction (i.e., sudden drops in air pressure), and flying debris. In the early Atoms for Peace days, the Atomic Energy Commission merely required that plants be able to withstand high winds, but in the late 60s regulators began thinking harder about suction and debris.

To get a better handle on how bad tornadoes could get, the government looked at the research of Ted Fujita, creator of the F-scale of tornado intensity, which rated twisters from F0 to F5 based on the damage they caused. (Instead of these dull numbers, your columnist prefers Fujita's original terminology, which classified levels of damage as "devastating," "incredible," and "inconceivable." But one recognizes these terms detract from the requisite veneer of seriousness.)

In 1974 the first major regulations for tornado-resistant design came out, requiring that nuclear plants in most of the U.S. be capable of surviving a total wind speed of 360 miles

per hour—a figure that was literally off the charts, as the F-scale topped out at 318 mph. That raised the question of how tornado-resistant pre-1974 plants were. A mid-70s study of nine early plants found the odds of serious tornado damage in any given year were less than one in 5 million, with damage likely limited to the backup power systems. The chance of a tornado-induced core meltdown was calculated at 1 in 15 million over a reactor's 30-year life span.



To the jaded modern ear, those numbers may sound too reassuring to be right, and in fact research established that severe damage can occur at much lower speeds than Fujita initially thought. This gave rise to the Enhanced Fujita scale, or EF-scale, introduced in 2007, which greatly lowered estimated wind speeds for the most destructive tornadoes (EF3 and higher).

The current design standard requires that nuclear plants be able to withstand "the most severe tornado that could reasonably be predicted to occur at the site," based on a study of more than 50 years of tornado data. Today nuclear plants in the midwest and Great Plains must be designed for total wind speeds of 230 mph, which isn't a relaxation of the earlier standard but rather reflects a better understanding of how much damage can occur at that speed.

Details of the current standard are frighten-

ingly but somehow reassuringly practical. A nuclear plant must be able to safely survive the impact of a one-inch steel ball hurtling through the air at 17 mph, a 15-foot length of six-inch-diameter steel pipe flung at 92 mph, and a 4,000-pound car flying at the same speed.

What kind of tornado damage have nukes suffered to date? Nothing that came close to releasing radiation, although buildings and equipment have certainly gotten roughed up some. The first incident occurred at the Grand Gulf Nuclear Generating Station in Mississippi, which encountered an F3 tornado on April 17, 1978, while the plant was still under construction. Damage was limited to the electrical switchyard and a cooling tower, which lost a big chunk of concrete from the top.

In 1998 the Davis-Besse Nuclear Power Plant in Ohio was hit by an F2 tornado, which damaged the switchyard and communications and forced the plant into automatic shutdown after external power was lost. (Arguably more damage resulted from lightning strikes than winds.) Due to the lack of power, a spent-fuel storage pond got warmer than the operators would have liked, but no radiation was released.

On August 24, 1992, Hurricane Andrew, then a Category 4 storm (equivalent to an EF2 or EF3 tornado), caused extensive but ultimately minor damage to the Turkey Point Nuclear Generating Station in Florida. The reactor shut down following loss of outside power and phone systems plus damage to the fire protection systems, emergency generator, and several outbuildings.

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission seems anxious to demonstrate that it's not taking a casual attitude toward these things. In 2009 it rejected the Westinghouse AP-1000 reactor design—regulators feared the shield building, with walls of steel and concrete three feet thick, might not be strong enough.

—CECIL ADAMS

Comments, questions? Take it up with Cecil on the Straight Dope Message Board, straightdope.com, or write him at the Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. And now you can subscribe to the Straight Dope podcast—search for "straight dope" in the iTunes Store.

ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR SEPTEMBER 2010

FOR EVERYONE—Revisions, inspiration and determination. September brings a welcome continuation of the *relative* calm that began in August. The big, life changing disasters have stopped happening. The momentum has gone out of many initiatives, too, as we experience delays, postponements and second thoughts about our plans for the future. There will be no road map. There won't be enough really solid facts to go on. Old, familiar, comfortable ideas will be very obviously irrelevant. Also, new and unfamiliar desires will stir within us. These feelings will inspire us to innovate and take risks. In some cases, though, passions will tempt people completely off course if they are not very careful. In the end, we are going to have to depend a lot on common sense, inspiration, raw determination and the confidence that we can make it all work.

 **ARIES**—Oasis. Inspiring, uplifting and healing things are happening now. They are very real, but they aren't complete solutions. Serious challenges remain. Your partner needs to lighten their load and make a big, permanent course correction in their life. Be realistic about how fast this can happen. Their issues have deep roots in the past and complex implications for the future. They can also complicate the present. Be honest about how much of a burden you can continue to shoulder, too. Still, September's blessings will help you find a better way.

 **TAURUS**—Inspiration. Taureans can expect an inspiring month: deep insights, deep healing and some lucky, but mysterious, 'coincidences.' You could also spend rewarding time with people whose deepest interests coincide with your own. September could be a true turning point in your personal life, a milestone in your spiritual growth. This will bring substantial and lasting benefits. These big positives could distract you from less pleasant, ongoing issues, however. Don't be lulled into complacency. Still, the knowledge and strength you gain in September can help you deal innovatively with all other issues.

 **GEMINI**—Reality check. Geminis will have a surprisingly successful month. You have access to powerful and willing ears. The force is very much with you. Genuinely magical things are happening. Lots of very attractive ideas are circulating. But there's a lot of sloppy thinking going on, too. Dreams and ambitions are mixed with wishful thinking. People are wearing rose-colored glasses. They are glossing over—or completely ignoring—uncomfortable facts. Spend September checking facts and making others do the same. No use letting everybody talk themselves into a complete dreamworld.

 **CANCER**—Increasing leverage. September could look like a crisis point. Things are especially worrisome because family and friends are being affected by your choices. But things are better than they appear. Adverse trends have lost momentum. You have more leverage over the situation than you realize. The danger is that you will see conditions as more extreme than they are and make a hasty, wrong choice. Confusion and misinformation are everywhere. Instead, this is a time for careful thought and steady commitment. Think issues through and then, if needed, correct your course.

 **LEO**—Avoid euphoria, but don't panic, either. Your budget seemed about balanced and your plans were in harmony with changes about to go down. But you need to be on the alert. Plans you thought were settled are fluid, again. Revised plans could make financial and job security issues uncertain, again. Don't listen to pie-in-the-sky types who think they can turn the clock back to before all this started. Ignore the doom and gloomers, too. Dig deeper for better answers. Only act when you have solid reasons. It will take stamina.

 **VIRGO**—Partnership complexities. An erratic influence is leaving your partnership sector, but a mystifying, unpredictable influence will soon take its place. Your partner will need lots of personal space in times to come. Work closely with them as you sort through upcoming challenges and opportunities. The wrong move could seriously complicate your relationship. The right move could enrich your relationship deeply. There's no recipe to follow. Nobody else can figure it out for you. You'll need experience, logic, and intuition to guide you. You'll need faith in your own judgment, too.

 **LIBRA**—Spirit and matter. You need to make a new place for yourself in the community. You can't settle for the pleasant, useful, but basically superficial progress that will come so easily now. You'll need to break established boundaries to make progress on some serious issues. The determination you will feel comes from very deep down . . . or higher up. So don't be weirded out when you feel a new, exciting energy stir within you. Do be careful, though. Such stirrings have been known to tempt people into ill-advised 'experiments'.

 **SCORPIO**—Turmoil in the neighborhood. Radical changes are going down in your community. Things that people took for granted are 'in transition.' Superficially, there is calm, but underneath strong feelings are stirring. The intense mood might undermine your valuable peace of mind if you aren't careful. Draw the strength needed to help your community from your Higher Power. Your personal world view might need serious updating, though. Our own most cherished beliefs do occasionally need maintenance. However, it's a difficult task and you should take it one step at a time.

 **SAGITTARIUS**—Re-envision finances. Don't let recent financial improvements lull you into a state of euphoria. There's no imminent danger of disaster. Things will continue to improve, but it is highly unlikely that financial opportunities will continue to come from the direction you now expect. To prepare for these new and as yet unrevealed opportunities you must change present expectations or maybe just put them on hold. Quiet the mental chatter. Ignore your ego for awhile. Let your intuition speak. This situation is one that requires deeper sources of insight than usual.

 **CAPRICORN**—Break out. There's definite improvement, but certain very important issues still stubbornly resist solution. Certain people are not getting the message. It's maddening. You need to overcome whatever is holding you back and demand action. Put your foot down. The results will be gratifying. It won't get you all the way there. However, it will start things moving. It will take guts, no doubt. But if you openly assert your will, the opposition will never regain the lost ground. If you don't, you'll keep running into the same stone wall.

 **AQUARIUS**—Approaching the gate. The last several years have been private ones for Aquarius. Aquarians recently returned to their outgoing ways only to retreat quickly to a more inward mode. This time, though, your period of quiet will be brief. It would be best not to spend the time daydreaming or reliving the past. Use this period of relative peace to recharge. Aquarian ideas and energies will soon be much in demand. Also, develop a plan that will let you participate more vigorously and profitably in the life of your community.

 **PISCES**—Pathfinding. Be thankful for recent advances, but don't let them distract you from the difficult choices and hard work still ahead. The possibilities seem endless and many are attractive, but most aren't realistic. Too many are based on old ideas and ambitions and not enough on new facts. There's time to brood on this tantalizing blend of confusing stuff, if you want. In the end, though, you'll likely need to just mix a big dose of realism with a bigger dose of determination and go with most promising, and realistic, idea.

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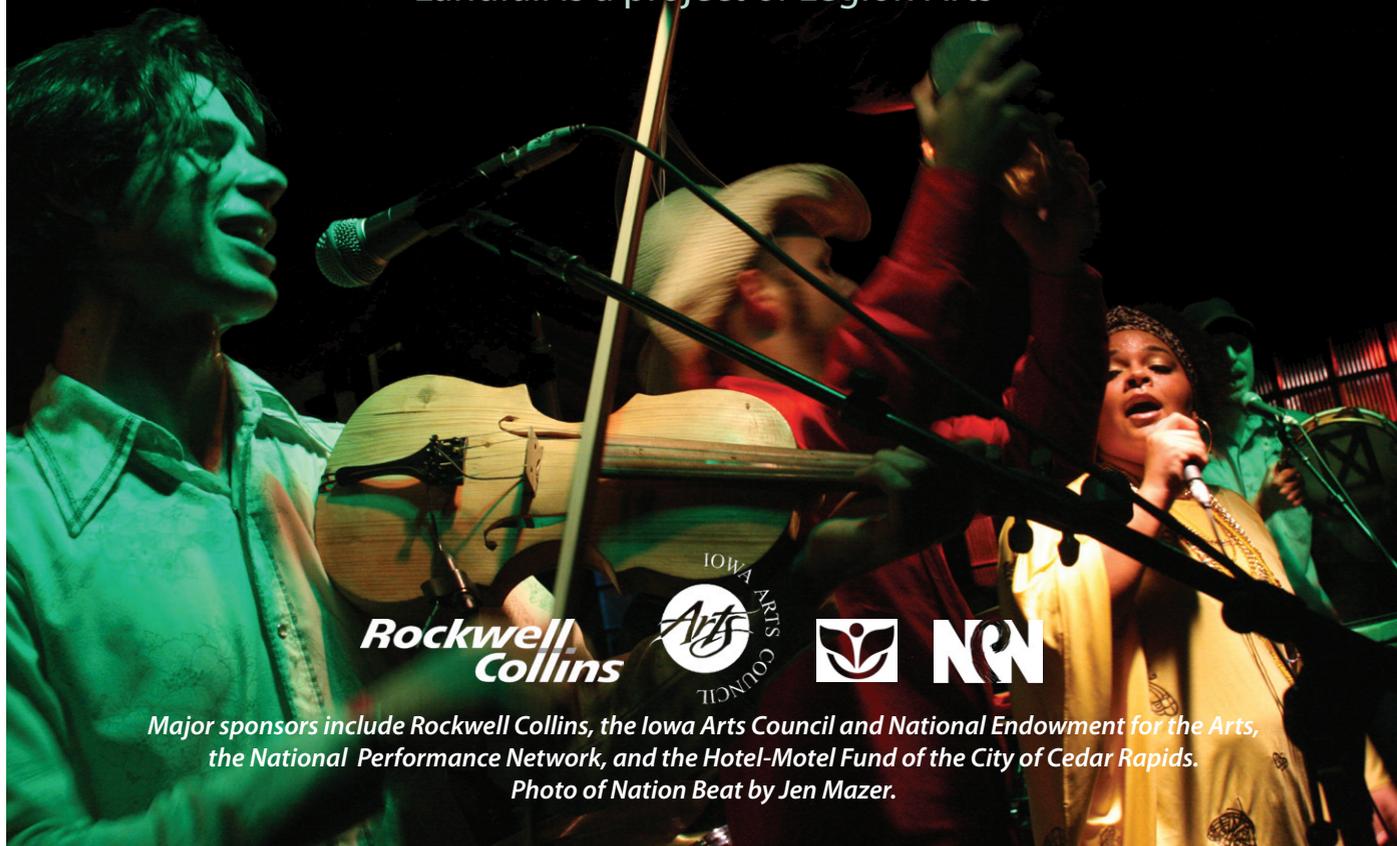
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