

little village

Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine

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GABES

IOWA CITY

WEDNESDAY: OPEN MIC
THURSDAY: DANCE NIGHT

Fri, October 1 7pm & 10pm | \$6ea

Smoochknob (2 shows!)
w/ Brutus and The Psychedlic Explosions

Sat, October 2

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Tue, October 5 7pm | \$12adv, \$14door

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Fri, October 8 8pm | \$10adv, \$12door

Will Hoge

Sat, October 9 6pm | \$6

Jucifer
w/ The Post Mortems, Acoustic Guillotine

Sun, October 10

King Rats

Wed, October 13 9pm | \$10

Ana Sia w/Kraddy & Eliot Lipp

Thu, October 14

Thunder Power

Thu, October 21

Human Aftertaste

Fri, October 22 7pm

Daphne Willis

Fri, October 22 10pm

The Nadas

Sat, October 23 10pm

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THU: \$2 U-Call-It

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SAT: \$2.50 Import Drafts * \$3 Cherry/Grape Bombs

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YES

Dali Lama is it true
that drugs bring
enlightenment?
Dali Lama: "I hope so."

Right sleeve



"I paid for this microphone"

NO

George Fox would you
draw your sword
if someone dangled
your baby over a fire?
George Fox: "I hope not"

Left sleeve



I don't KNOW

"MOXIE" **"Savvy"**
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In all that we do
by the named breasts
of
Katie Grace McGowan

the **COURAGE**  to Embark

I trust in a far shore

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for
Director

O no not more news of the Award Winning Building
Let's have more news about Ana Mendieta
Let's name the new building after Ana Mendieta

NEXT ISSUE:
watch this space for the

WINNING IMAGE
of the **PROTECTION**
of the **INNOCENT**



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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

ON PARALLEL EARTH, THE BILLIONAIRE BACKERS OF THE TEA PARTY* GROW UNCOMFORTABLE WITH ITS SPORADICALLY POPULIST RHETORIC...AND DECIDE TO FUND A SPINOFF PARTY, DEVOTED EVEN MORE BLATANTLY TO THE PRIORITIES OF THE EXTREMELY RICH--

THE TEA-AND-CRUMPETS PARTY

*TO READ MORE ABOUT THE BILLIONAIRE BACKERS OF THE TEA PARTY ON OUR EARTH, SEE THE 8-30-10 ISSUE OF THE NEW YORKER.

THE TEA-AND-CRUMPETS PARTY DOESN'T EVEN BOTHER TRYING TO JUSTIFY ITS OPPOSITION TO ENVIRONMENTAL REGULATIONS!

WE ARE WILLING MOUTHPIECES FOR OIL BILLIONAIRES--PURE AND SIMPLE!

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT A RELIEF IT IS, TO STOP PRETENDING TO BE IGNORANT DOOFUSES WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN GLOBAL WARMING!



NOR DO THEY RESORT TO CRACKPOT CONSPIRACY THEORIES ABOUT HEALTH CARE REFORM!

FOR CHRISAKES, OF COURSE WE'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT A SOCIALIST TAKEOVER! DO WE LOOK STUPID?


WE JUST THINK THIS MIGHT LEAD TO HIGHER TAXES FOR OUR WEALTHY BENEFACTORS--AND WE CAN'T RISK THAT!



THEY ARE SIMILARLY FREE TO OPPOSE THE EXTENSION OF UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS--

--DESPITE THE LIKELIHOOD IN THIS ECONOMY THAT WE OURSELVES WILL SOMEDAY NEED THOSE VERY BENEFITS!

JUST THINKING ABOUT TRYING TO RATIONALIZE THAT ONE MAKES MY HEAD HURT!




AND OF COURSE THEIR STANCE ON NET NEUTRALITY BEGINS TO MAKE A LITTLE MORE SENSE AS WELL.

IF WE WERE ACTUALLY GRASS-ROOTS ACTIVISTS, WE'D OBVIOUSLY BENEFIT FROM THE CURRENT MODEL OF THE INTERNET AS AN OPEN PLAYING FIELD.

BUT WE ARE NOT. AND THERE ARE CORPORATE PROFITS AT STAKE.

SO THERE YOU GO.



THE TEA-AND-CRUMPETS PARTY: JUST LIKE THE REGULAR TEA PARTY, ONLY MORESO!

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YOU SEE, WE'RE NOT RICH--BUT WE MIGHT BE SOMEDAY!

IN THE MEANTIME WE DON'T WANT BILLIONAIRES TO SUFFER UNDULY.



TOM TOMORROW © 2010...www.thismodernworld.com...twitter.com/tomtomorrow

Connection, Consequence and Place

This month, renowned writer and environmentalist Bill McKibben will be delivering a lecture through the auspices of the University of Iowa Office of Sustainability and UI Lecture Committee (Oct. 13, 7 p.m., Englert Theatre). McKibben's new book *Eaarth: Making a Life on a Tough New Planet*, which I have not read yet, is predominantly environmental, focusing on how we can maintain a planet that we now have irrevocably altered. His previous book, *Deep Economy: The Wealth of Communities and the Durable Future*, which I am very familiar with having taught it often, takes a bit wider perspective. Climate change is certainly prominent in that book, but McKibben cuts a broader swath through the challenges we face today, including the loss of personal happiness, local economies, and communities, in addition to the environmental damage we have wrought.

As I have worked with *Deep Economy* over the years, two words keep bubbling up for me. These are not necessarily words that McKibben uses, but they are the essence of his message, and they are the

When we connect with all that is palpably around us, we will be careful of the consequences of all that we do.

essence of a healthy, inspiring, abundant human relationship with place: connection and consequence.

One of the problems we have in modern, globalized, industrialized

society is that we often fail to understand, acknowledge, or care about the consequences of what we do. If

we really, truly cared about the environment, we would calculate the damage we inflict upon the Earth every time we start up a car or airplane, turn on a computer, throw away Styrofoam, etc. Then we would either not do that, or we would do something to prevent or mitigate the damage we are perpetrating.

Wendell Berry put this idea into dramatic, stark terms in a poem from his latest collection *Leavings* called "Questionnaire," which has gotten a lot of play recently. The poem asks questions like, "5. State briefly the ideas, ideals, or hopes, / the energy sources, the kinds of security, / for which you would kill a child.

/ Name, please, the children whom / you would be willing to kill." That question is

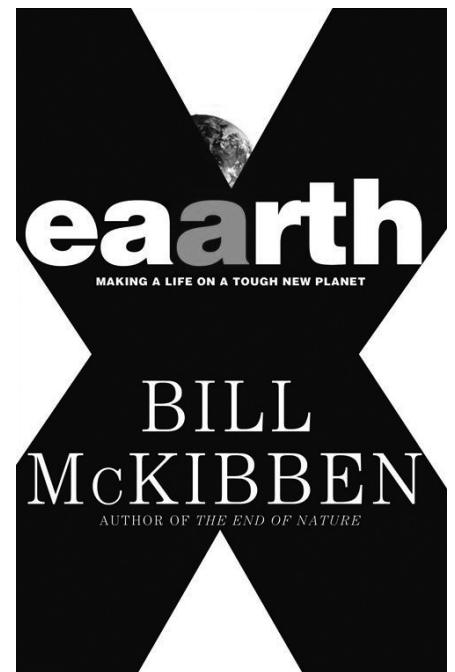
obviously disturbing and provocative, but truly, literally, that is a question

w e should be willing to ask whenever we

do something like, for example, buy a diamond or put on tennis shoes, which may very well have cost an exploited child la-

NOT EARTH

McKibben posits that "We've created a new earth. It's not as nice as the old one. It's a different place. A different planet. It needs a new name."

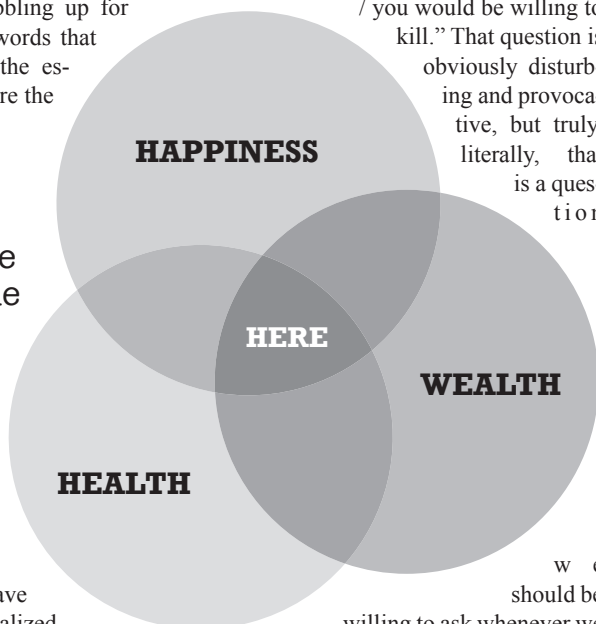


borer his or her life.

In *Deep Economy*, McKibben asks us to think about what we have wrought as a consequence of our drive for unending economic expansion and hyper-individualistic, rapacious wants: the environmental, community, and personal losses due to centralization and consolidation of industrial production—whether it's in low-quality and chemical-laden food, Clear Channel, or the oil industry stranglehold on our energy needs and the attendant environmental harm. As we keep driving toward these cliffs, our planet becomes more damaged, and our happiness in life declines precipitously.

We are more likely to account for these damages and losses if we see and feel them right under our noses, in our place. To propose an inelegant comparison, let me say that, basically, nearly all of us wouldn't dream of crap-ping in our own front yard.

One of McKibben's solutions to these multifarious but interrelated problems is the revitalization of local economies and our local



communities. If we want to truly become conscious of the consequences of our actions—which all good stewards of community and home would want to do—then we need to connect as deeply as we can to our place. Sure, it's fine to want to save the rainforest and write a check to a distant environmental organization in response, but the real work of restor-


If we really, truly cared about the environment, we would calculate the damage we inflict upon the Earth every time we start up a car or airplane, turn on a computer, or throw away Styrofoam.

ing our world to a healthy, habitable, abundant, sustainable (or, as McKibben would say, "durable") state is to care deeply for—and do something about or support—our Iowa River, our local food providers, our community social service organizations, our native prairies and woodlands (what little is left of them), our community arts organizations, our local media and so on. We need to connect to place.


The most famous quotation from British writer E. M. Forster is probably his short but profound, "Only connect." While Forster's context in the novel *Howard's End* is Edwardian class struggle, the message has wide applicability. Forster follows up his famous epigrammatic statement at one point with "Live in fragments no longer." That is essentially what living in place is all about: living a wholistic existence, made broad, deep, and even beautiful by connecting with all that is palpably around us—the people, the natural world, our cultural and community institutions. When we do that, we will be careful of the consequences of all that we do. After all, we do not want to harm the ones—or the places—we love.

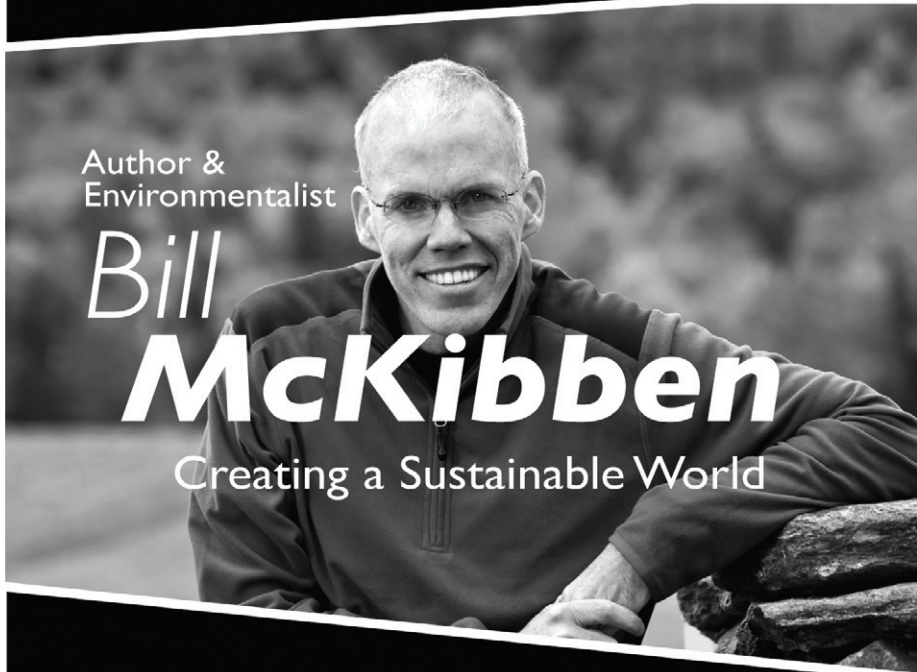
So how do we create a durable future and make a life on this tough new planet? I think Bill McKibben would agree that putting connection and consequence at the forefront of our mind and actions is the best thing we could do. In other words, be in place. **lv**

Thomas Dean organized a lecture by Bill McKibben on the UI campus in 2006 for the "Live Well, Live Wild" conference. McKibben's message has only become more urgent in the intervening four years.



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Bill McKibben
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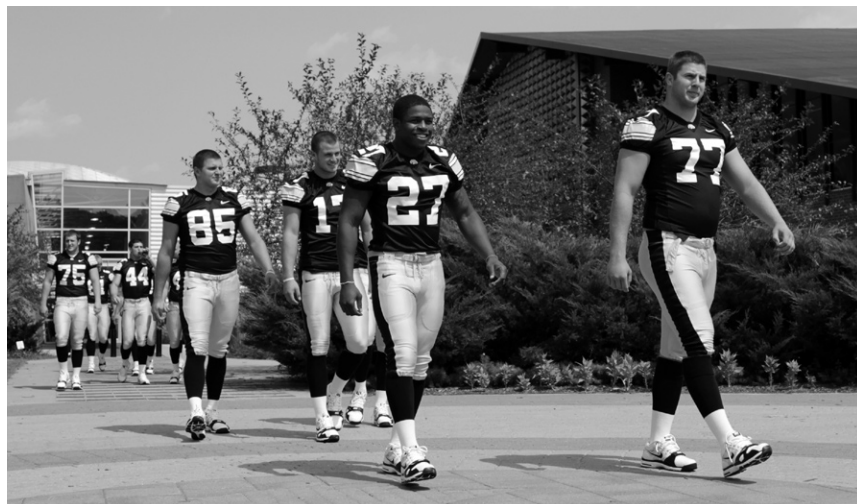
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STAY POSITIVE



Hawk fans trudged home in the relentless rain at 1 a.m. on Saturday, Sept. 18, after a sad, strange evening of late-night football. The team suffered a disappointing early-season loss that reminded us all what it means to be a Hawk fan: near heart attack-inducing stress levels, violent, nonsensical cursing, fists shaking at the sky, and all the heartbreak of watching your very best and most adored get dismantled and dismayed at every turn.

Everything about the Arizona game felt off. Thanks to an Auburn/Clemson (who cares?) overtime, most Hawk fans watching in Iowa City missed the key first possession, and the resulting blocked punt that led to Arizona's first touchdown. How could the boys in black and gold be expected to perform without the emotional push provided by the rallying cries from the City? While Iowa's offense moved the ball well in the first half and dominated statistically, Arizona's offense picked apart the Hawkeye defense with precision.

We looked out-manned and out-gunned. Questions began to surface: Since when do Samwise Gamgee and Frodo Baggins play on our offensive line? And how is it that *Beowulf* is playing defensive end for Arizona? How many years of eligibility does that guy get? And why has he mistaken Ricky Stanzi for a dragon?

To add insult to injury, at the toot of ev-

ery whistle (and there were a lot of 'em this game)

Arizona Coach (and former Hawkeye, if you can believe it) Mike Stoops stood waiting on the sidelines, throwing up his arms like an overly-dramatic teenage girl at each and every call his apparently perfect squad was forced to endure. Kirk stood stoically, chomping his gum a little harder, furrowing his brows so low they nearly touched, making the non-scene that is Kirk on the sidelines. God, we love that about him. We officially disown you Mike Stoops. Stay out of the Big Ten.

We all know what it's like to be a Hawk fan: the crazy highs, the abysmal lows, enduring the cold and rain at Kinnick with a smile, cheering as the band forms a perfect Tiger Hawk before the game starts, lifting that silly Pancho's burrito high. As Iowans, we're proud to see the qualities we like about ourselves reflected in our team: our stoicism, our willingness to do the work that needs to be done without complaining and our modesty. But there's one quality shared by the Hawkeye Nation and the actual Hawkeye football team that we may want to reevaluate: our stubbornness. Man, HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU RUN IT UP THE GUT WHEN YOU ARE GETTING ZERO TO NEGATIVE 3 YARDS EVERY SINGLE TIME? What sort of adjustments need to be made to your defense when a quick drop pass over

BIG TIME

The Hawkeyes are no longer undefeated, but they can still walk tall in the Big Ten.

Hawktoberfest

Who we'll play OWN in October.

vs. PENN STATE

"Come to Penn State!" Joe Pa screamed at us all last year on the Big Ten Network. Hmmmm...how 'bout you guys come here? For our homecoming? Yeah... thanks. Newbie QB Bolden faces a fierce Hawkeye defense, ready for blood at its first "real" game since Arizona. But after two years of season-crushing defeats at Kinnick, the Nittany Lions would love nothing more than to humble our boys at home.

at MICHIGAN

Even with a notably weak defense, Michigan went 4-0 in September including a win at Notre Dame, which is always fun. They'll look to this game to prove they're Big Ten contenders with superstar quarterback Denard "Shoestring" Robinson. Robinson left the game against Bowling Green but was hardly missed as Tate Forcier stepped in with a perfect 12 for 12 performance. Good to know they have their quarterback issues resolved because, in late September, head coach Rich Rodriguez put out an open call to anyone with two functional legs to come try out for placekicker. That can't be good.

vs. WISCONSIN

In what will be the last game in this rivalry for quite a few years, Wisconsin brings some impressive early season victories to Kinnick (70-3 vs. Austin Peay, whoever the hell that is). They haven't had much competition yet this season, and only beat Arizona State 20-19, so it's too soon to say what kind of competition they'll bring to the Big Ten. Watch for rising star Lance Kendricks at tight end and an always-tough Badger running game.

vs. MICHIGAN STATE

After a decisive win over Northern Colorado (played without their Coach, Mark Dantonio) and a *glorious* overtime defeat of Notre Dame, Michigan State is starting to look like the "Little Giants" that could. Get it? No? Google the replay. This game might just be, hold your breath, a face-off between two Big Ten title contenders that doesn't involve Michigan or Ohio State! Wouldn't that be refreshing?

the middle gets the opponent 8-10 yards *every time* it's executed?

Okay, it's our style of ball. Everybody knows it. We run up the gut, and up the gut, and up the gut, and then, WHAM! Robinson breaks free, the blocks line up perfectly, and he's off to the races. Or perhaps DJK breaks down the sideline, cuts in slightly toward the end zone, and Stanzi lobs a perfectly-placed spiral into his hands. The repetitive nature of Hawkeye football wears down the competition, puts them in the sedated mindset of expectancy, then surprises them with a well-timed strike.

Works almost every time.

Looking ahead, Hawk fans learned after

We looked out-manned and out-gunned at Arizona.

the Arizona game that Jewell Hampton is officially out for the season. Again. That poor dude has some kind of luck. With Wegher M.I.A. that left, as far as most of us knew, Adam Robinson. Luckily, the Ball State blow-out gave us a chance to check in on the new kids in school and they did not disappoint. Both Brad Rogers and Marcus Coker (both Freshmen) ran strong, fast, and hard against Ball State, and they showed a ton of promise. Rogers is a big guy, strong runner, knows how to charge a lane. Coker is fierce, determined, a runner with quick moves whose legs don't stop pumping even when he's being tackled. A guy who's gonna pick up yards after contact out of sheer determination.

The Ball State 45-0 win gave fans a fresh feeling of enthusiasm, a return to the "positive Hawkeye Nation" that my adorable and wise friend Kasey often reminds us townies who've had a lil too much to drink to remember. You know, the positive Hawkeye Nation that supports our boys through every tough loss and every kick-ass win, every injured starter and rising star, every interception and touchdown miracle pass to McNutt? Yeah, those guys. Us guys: the fans at Kinnick, the families gathered near the TV each Saturday, the rowdy bar crowds.

Much like the first quarter of your typical Hawkeye game, the first quarter of this season leaves plenty of room for doubt. But we're there for our Hawks even when everything isn't coming up Rose Bowls and sunshine. So c'mon everybody! Positive Hawkeye Nation! There's plenty of football to play and it's time to start the Big Ten season! **lv**

Stephanie Catlett very much enjoyed being an "O" at the Ball State game.

Devilishly Good

BREW OF THE MONTH: OCTOBER

Harvest is the traditional time to drink saison, a pale ale from Wallonia, the French-speaking region of Belgium. Though perfect to quench the thirsts of workers toiling in the fields (circa 1880), saison is not ideal for the October tradition I'm in the mood for. Instead, I feel like wearing my fake-blood stained mad scientist smock for Trick-or-Treating.

My October recommendation needed to fit well into the month's spooky vibe and link to mysterious folklore, the supernatural, and slasher films. I wanted a Halloween beer, something Jason Voorhees and Michael Myers would drink after a long night of hunting idiotic teens, or of-age All Hallows' Eve revelers could enjoy while finishing off left over chocolate.

Casey Wagner

Hobgoblin

Hobgoblin, brewed by the Wychwood Brewery, embodies October in both character and taste. Though it may not bring to mind classic '70s horror flicks, the name and imagery evoke more traditional Halloween symbols like witches, ghosts, and jack-o'-lanterns. Flavor-wise, Wychwood claims Hobgoblin is "ideal for Halloween," and I agree.

Though the label classifies it as a "ruby beer," Hobgoblin is more like a hybrid of English brown, bitter, and pale ales. Topped with two fingers of lightly tanned foam, it looks like a dark maple syrup: deep caramel brown with ruby undertones. Depending on the age of the bottle, minor specks of harmless sedimentation may hover in the brew.

Though the appearance is reminiscent of Newcastle Brown Ale, Hobgoblin's aroma and taste are similar to Fuller's London Pride and Fuller's ESB, the standard bearers of British pale and bitter ale. Hobgoblin smells of toasted caramel, honey, toffee, and chocolate. The taste follows the nose: toasted caramel dominates and is complimented by toffee and chocolate malts, while the honey makes it a hair sweet. An adequate amount of hop spicing adds a nice bitterness that tickles the back of the tongue.

BREWER: Wychwood Brewery, Witney, Oxfordshire, England.

STYLE: English brown ale.

ALCOHOL CONTENT: 5.2 percent ABV.

FOOD PAIRINGS: Meat stew, steak and ale pie, barbecued or roasted meat, char-grilled vegetables and milk chocolate Halloween goodies.

WHERE TO BUY: John's Grocery and most area HyVee stores.

PRICE: \$11-13 per six-pack, or \$4-5 per 500 ml bottle.



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Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine

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Little Village Live is Iowa City in audio form: interviews, music, opinions and more.



A KEG ON EVERY CORNER

Iowa City has a drinking problem.

Were there a facility large enough to house us all I suspect we'd have long ago been ordered by the court to attend some ambiguously-named in-patient rehab facility where our bags would be searched for mouth-wash, daily urine tests would be administered and T-shirts commemorating pub crawls would be confiscated at the door.

There isn't.

Instead, to address it, the city council passed the 21-Only ordinance in June, hoping that keeping people under the age of 21 out of Iowa City's bars would cut down on some of the alcohol-related problems that had been occurring downtown.

And it has—there anyway.

The party hasn't stopped, however. It's simply migrated to house parties all over town, possibly to the house next door to your own.

This was not unexpected, and the Iowa City Police Department is using grant money to pay overtime to its officers who form a "party patrol," tasked with patrolling outlying neighborhoods looking for loud and large house parties.

Sgt. Denise Brotherton of the Iowa City Police Department told me that, statistically, the number of "disorderly house" citations issued during the first month that school has been in session in 2010 is nearly identical to the number issued in 2009, prior to the ordinance being passed.

However, statistics alone may not tell the whole story.

Not every house party that the police respond to results in a citation (some may receive only a noise warning) and, according to police logs, many calls about loud parties have been logged as "unfounded/unable to locate," indicating that they may have ended prior to the arrival of the responding officers.



**"WE DON'T HAVE A 'BAR PROBLEM.'
WE HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM."**

Robert Brooks owns and operates the Brown Street Inn, a bed and breakfast on the 400 block of Brown Street.

On Saturday, Sept. 11, the weekend of the Iowa/Iowa State football game, Brooks had a full house at his bed and breakfast. So did a nearby house on Van Buren Street where a large party was going on.

The noise from the party kept Brooks and most of his guests from being able to sleep.

Brooks called the property's owner to alert them to the problem and, when nothing changed and the party continued to grow in both size and volume, he finally called the police.

When he did, he says he was told that his complaint would be "put on the list" of house parties police were responding to that evening and it was over an hour until they arrived.

Although the police did finally break up the party, his neighborhood did not quiet down.

Rather, he says, a diaspora of partygoers, most with beers in hand, took to the streets and

sidewalks around his home and loudly milled about drinking, peeing in bushes and calling friends to find the next party to go to.

"Who knows where they ended up after they left?" Brooks said. "Some of them could hardly walk. Did they get hit by a car? Fall in the river? Did one of the girls get assaulted while she was trying to crawl home?"

Another person reporting an increase in house parties in his neighborhood is Jerry Baughman, who owns a home on South Governor Street sandwiched between two college rental properties and across the street from several others.

In the four years he's lived there he says that loud and drunk college students and the house parties they frequented have created a "steady level of chaos" in his neighborhood, which he was mostly able to abide by—until now.

"For the past three weekends it's been hundreds of kids parading up and down the street, and up and down Bowery, almost all of them with beers in their hands, looking for parties," he said.

Baughman also said that he makes an effort to deal with problem parties first hand, first by speaking directly with the renters hosting parties, then by contacting the properties' owners, and only then, after all else fails, by calling the police.

Even then, he says, "when I called, the dispatcher said that 'we'll put you on the list,' so I knew that there must have been a lot of other calls about parties out that night and it was at least an hour before the cops showed up."

When asked about this, Sgt. Brotherton said that the fact that 911 calls are now routed

through the new Johnson County Emergency Management Center—rather than internally, through the ICPD itself—may be partially to blame for the delayed response times.

“Sometimes, the dispatcher who’s working there may not know what we’re trying to prioritize on a given night, or what calls we want to get to first, but we’ve made corrections and hope that calls like this can be gotten to quicker. Still, if there are calls about a fight, or a robbery, or an accident involving multiple injuries, we have to take those calls first. But we are trying our best to stay on top of nuisance-type calls.”

She also said that with school just back in session and people getting accustomed to these things there will be a period of “growing pains.”

While some residents feel the police are not doing enough to stop loud house parties, others feel they are doing too much and targeting parties that, prior to the creation of the “party patrol,” would not have been broken up.

On Aug. 29, Lee Willberg was arrested at an orientation party held for new residents at one of the River City Housing Collective’s properties on the 200 block of Summit Street.

NOVEMBER 2—GET IT STRAIGHT—YES: OVERTURN THE ORDINANCE. NO: LET IT STAND.

He told me that the party was attended exclusively by people who were over 21 and only had about 25 people in attendance.

According to Willberg, he and about 15 other people were on the porch when a small unmarked car pulled up and two police officers got out and “immediately started screaming at the people on the porch to get inside while asking for the tenants to come forward and identify themselves.”

Willberg told me that he approached the

officers and explained that the

house was part of a co-op and that as one of the senior members he would be willing to talk to them. He was then handcuffed and charged with “interference with official acts.”

In spite of being arrested, and in spite of his feeling that the police were unnecessarily aggressive and “keyed-up” when responding to such a small gathering, he is, nonetheless, sympathetic to them.

“I’m a cab driver and I see the same cops that arrested me downtown and in the neighborhoods responding to other, bigger parties. They’re mostly newer and younger officers and they’re being run ragged dealing with all these parties now, so I can understand if they’re a little on edge. They’re over-worked and over-stressed. I would be, too.”

Willberg believes that smaller parties like the one on Summit Street are going to continue to be broken up by the police because “they’ve cast a big net looking for parties. They’re trying to catch tunas and they’re snaring dolphins. We were the dolphins.”

Two different groups have been formed to try to help overturn the ordinance: “Yes to Entertaining Students Safely,” and the “Iowa City Safety Committee,” both stewarded by people involved in the local bar industry.

They’re going head-to-head against the “21 Makes Sense” campaign—led by a who’s who group of local politicians, high school principals and University of Iowa administrators and staff.

It’s a pitched battle for the hearts, minds and



NEITHER SIDE OF THIS DEBATE HAS ANY REAL HEROES NOR, ULTIMATELY, ANY REAL VILLAINS.

livers not only of potential voters but, possibly, of Iowa City itself.

Both sides of the debate make reasonably good points about why the ordinance should or shouldn’t be overturned, but both sides also

make a fair amount of dubious claims that come close enough to being alarmist hysteria that they’re awfully hard to swallow no matter how much beer you have on hand.

It’s difficult to be too terribly sympathetic to either side of the debate.

For far too long both the city and the university turned a blind eye to the very issues that they now claim have reached critical mass. The city gladly accepted the tax revenue generated by many large bars while allowing many of the businesses that once occupied the bars’ locations to flee to the malls. Meanwhile, the university tacitly allowed the bars to relieve them of much, if not all, of their obligation to create non-alcohol-related social venues and events that could be attended by its students.

Conversely, many of the bar owners fighting for the ordinance to be overturned, ostensibly in the interest of “safety,” themselves turned a blind eye to the behavior of some of their patrons. They allowed things to become sufficiently unsafe downtown that the city council felt forced to unilaterally enact the ordinance in spite of the fact that it had been defeated at the polls just three years prior.

Neither side has any real heroes nor, ultimately, any real villains, and neither, it seems, addresses this issue of how or why Iowa City became the sort of two-fisted drinking town that might have caused even Charles Bukowski to reconsider the merits of prohibition.

Would actual prohibition likely solve anything? It’s unlikely. Drugs are illegal too,

DRINKING CONTINUED ON 24 >>



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Riverfront Rising

It's already getting dark on Sunday when you hop off the train, just back from a weekend in Chicago. As the sun sets over the river, you take a stroll through the riverfront prairie before hitting up a few concerts: maybe a traveling symphony, followed by an electric mass of sound at the underground White Lightning Warehouse. Ears still ringing, you wander back to your yuppie high-rise, grabbing a late night gyro on the ground floor before heading up to your condo in the solar powered elevator.

This could be a typical night in Iowa City's "Riverfront Crossings" neighborhood, an 8x12 block area south of Burlington, east of the river and west of Gilbert Street. Riverfront Crossings (or 'RivCo', as I'm declaring it) was named one of five national pilot projects for revitalization through the smart growth program of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). Last fall, the EPA brought in consultants to meet with the public and create a plan to make RivCo into the mixed-use urban haven I just described.

But of course, savvy reader, you're skeptical. And rightly so. These ideas have been swirling for years, with little action. Yet now more than ever there are events underway that make change inevitable in the near future, and the effect on downtown Iowa City could be huge. Forget the rumors, here's what's really up.

UNIVERSITY LIGHTS & HIERONYMUS HEIGHTS

This summer the UI Board of Regents voted to relocate Voxman Music Building and Clapp Recital Hall to downtown Iowa City. For Voxman, they purchased 4 ½ floors of the proposed 12-story Hieronymus Square project,

slated for the southeast corner of Burlington and Clinton. Across Clinton, where Bank of the West currently sits, they'll rebuild Clapp.

Advocates praise the new foot traffic this will bring to downtown businesses while opponents are annoyed by prime downtown property coming off the tax roll. In a way, they're

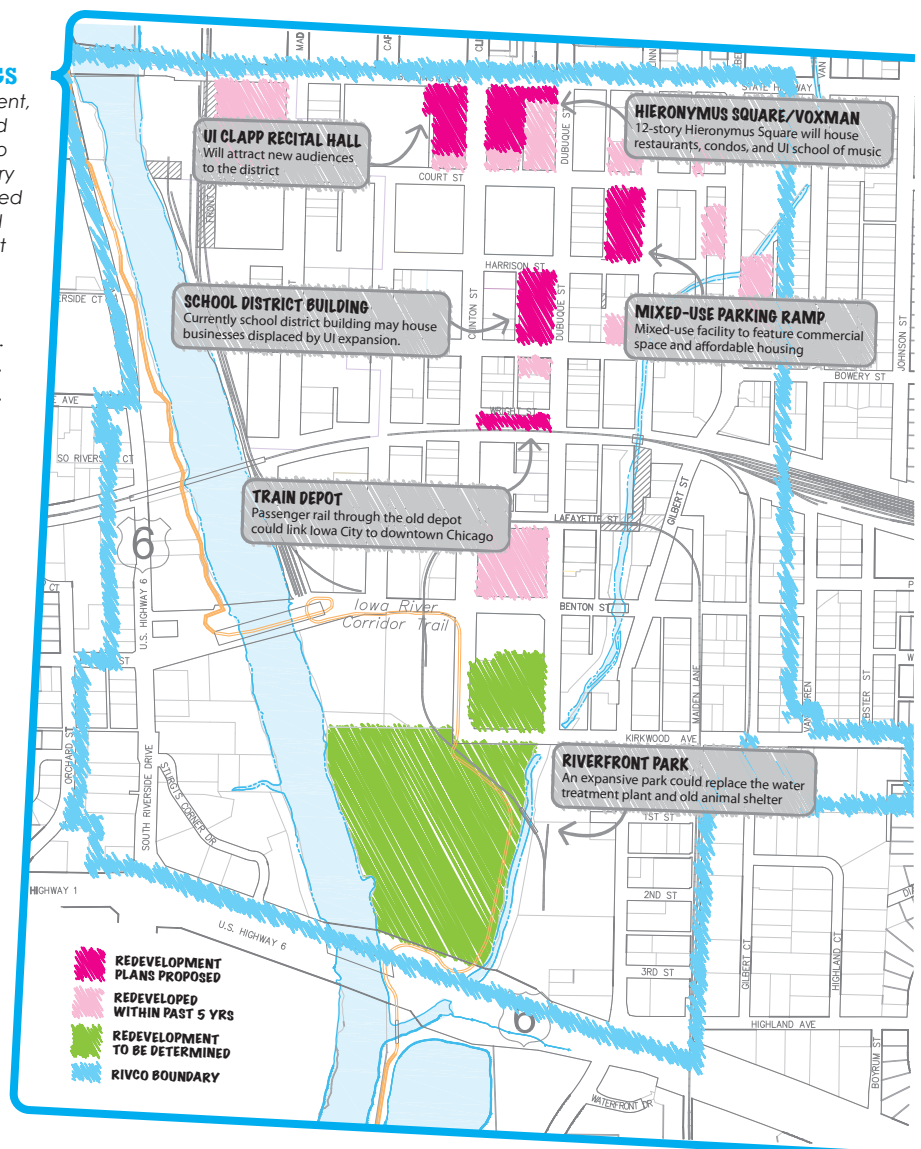
Forget the rumors, here's what's really up.

both right. The question is whether increased spending from the project will somehow balance out the loss of tax revenue and downtown real estate. But this may be overshadowed by a more basic question: Could we actually fill a new 12-story building with just the private sector?

Maybe. According to a 2007 analysis of the downtown market, we'll have demand for over 600,000 square feet of retail, restaurant, entertainment and office space by 2017.

RIVERFRONT CROSSINGS

Increased options for entertainment, housing, and transportation could attract new life and investment to Riverfront Crossings. The boundary at right shows the district as defined last year, when it was designated as a pilot project of the EPA smart growth program.



Hieronymus Square is proposing only 50,000 sq ft (plus 114 condos). So it should be no problem, right? Except it's hardly a coincidence that the project was languishing for two years despite city approval, only to be suddenly revived with the University purchase. The music school seems to be the shot in the arm the project needed to be viable. Of course, whether everybody *wants* another high-rise downtown is a question for a future article.

RIDIN' THE RAILS TO RESEARCH

Two potential rail projects would pass through RivCo within a few years: one to Chicago, the other just across the river to the Oakdale research campus, both on existing rail lines. The Chicago line in particular is well past

The music school seems to be the shot in the arm the Hieronymus project needed to be viable. Of course, whether everybody wants another high-rise downtown is another question.

the talking stages, having already earned \$1 million in federal funding, while the Cedar Rapids & Iowa City "CRANDIC" line has completed extensive feasibility studies. Both would likely come through the rail depot at the heart of RivCo, on Clinton and Wright.

Regardless of what you think

about the viability of these lines, passenger rail depots can be a boon for their neighborhoods, with many studies showing positive effects on property values and business revenues. A Michigan study estimated monetary benefits from rail lines similar to the proposed IC-Chicago line and found that Kalamazoo Michigan, a college town about our size, saw a \$7 million annual boost in business activity and traveler savings, among other benefits.

However, with those millions come increased traffic and noise, issues the area already experiences with the existing freight rail. These can present problems for attracting new investors and residents, but good design can mitigate the effects through strategic traffic routes and improved rail equipment.

HOUSING

A recurring request in last fall's public meetings was for housing that would attract young professionals or empty-nesters; or, more to the point, housing that would *not* attract students. The consultant's report mentions anti-student-

housing as a primary concern, yet gives no suggestions for a way to make it happen. This is because, wait for it...there isn't one. The only acceptable discriminatory housing practice these days is money, and you can't price out students without pricing out young professionals and hip retirees too.

A few ways that cities try to address these requests:

- Zoning the area in a way that limits the number of unrelated persons living together, which keeps out your classic five-bedroom student apartment. This may sound sort of big brother-ish, but it's totally common all over the country (and in IC).
- Striking agreements with developers to build housing with fancy amenities that appeal to non-students. It goes something like this: "Hey developer-lady, we'll let you put six more units in your building if you make it real pretty." The city planning department has already done this with several properties in the area.
- Building their own: Iowa City is proposing a mixed-use structure at 228 E Court St. that would include about 600 parking spots, 30,000 sq ft of commercial space, and 25-75 "affordable" housing units.

None of these solutions are anywhere close to surefire, as it's unrealistic to think rental housing won't be flooded with students, particularly the ones that don't want to lug their brass tuba across town. That being said, there's *gotta* be room for a few nice, affordable apartments for the rest of us. Come on developers, give an aspiring yuppie a break.

PUTTING THE "RIV" IN RIVCO

The water treatment plant on Kirkwood has to go, because it's 100% in the flood plain. And because it's 100% in the flood plain, there aren't a lot of options for future use of the land. Answer: Riverfront Park. No surprise, this idea got the most support in last fall's public meetings, with half the people saying they would use the park once a week (sure you will). Here's the only trick: It's got to be planted with native trees, shrubs and grasses that can survive standing water and give protection in the floods. So, don't expect a wide-open expanse for easy prancing, but do expect something a lot more attractive than vats of soiled water.

ASK AND YOU SHALL... STILL NOT KNOW

The real question in all this is whether these changes will make RivCo into a more livable

RIVCO CONTINUED ON 25 >>

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LARRY'S GREAT

HOLLYWOOD
ADVENTURE

I'm a fiction writer, but I'm not a very good creative writer. Like a lot of writers, I steal shamelessly from my own life and change the names to protect...well, probably my marriage. Thinking about how to write a bizarre but true story, I have another handicap. The really bizarre stuff happened when I was MUCH younger, and most often my consciousness then was, politely phrased, altered. So, how reliable is my memory? Since I am not writing satire, science fiction, or news for the Fox Network, I have to be grounded in some reality. It had to have happened, right?

True, but hard to believe? How about the time I stood in the lobby of a theatre in

I was always struggling for money to pay bills. Fortunately, I had found the perfect crew to share in Larry's Great Hollywood Adventure.

.....

Oklahoma, covered in human waste, being robbed by a man with an invisible gun.

It seemed like a good story, but true? I made some calls, located a few of my former staff, who confirmed the details in general, but all of them insisted on a few conditions: don't use their real names and don't identify the exact theatre. See, all of them that night were on drugs of some sort. All of them are adults now. All of them have Republican children. Me? I was expelling cannabis vapors and depressed about a recent romantic meltdown. I had already set the film obscenity standards for the state of Oklahoma, and Jerry Lee Lewis was my hero, but not for his music.

It was the early 70's. I had worked for a string of theatre chains that kept going bankrupt, so I finally floated a loan and re-opened

an 800-seat theatre, making myself a movie mogul in my own mind. Trouble was, I didn't appreciate the fact that movie exhibition was a business, not an avocation, and just because I liked a particular movie didn't mean that the rest of Oklahoma shared my good taste. I was always struggling for money to pay bills. Fortunately, I had found the perfect crew to share in Larry's Great Hollywood Adventure. Free candy, popcorn, soft drinks, not having to wear a uniform, and unlimited movie passes for their friends...plus being high most of the time...compensated for an irregular paycheck.

My lack of business acumen also showed up in my choice of which theatre to buy. I should have had it inspected. More precisely, I should have flushed the toilets a few times before I signed the lease. Within seven days, our first ritual was established: call the plumber and have him do a colonoscopy on the sewer lines, always yielding paper towels, kotexes, Jimmy Hoffa body parts, and anything else flushed down a toilet and guaranteed to block a line, which, not surprisingly, meant that what was supposed to go down the toilet usually came back up through a floor drain or bubbling toilet stool. The larger the crowd, the more toilets flushed, the quicker they backed up. Electric hand-dryers instead of paper towels would have helped, but those cost money, and my employees could more easily steal paper towels from other businesses.

This particular night, I was mopping the men's room floor, channeling Hunter S. Thompson and praying that the plumber (who was on retainer by then) would get there before the next intermission. We were showing a Peter Sellers Pink Panther movie double-feature. Not a massive crowd, but evidently one that had come to the theatre with gastro-intestinal issues.

Within minutes, a series of vaudeville skits unfolded in the men's restroom. I fell down, flopping around like a soon-to-be-filleted fish hauled into a boat. I yelled for help. I yelled again. Silence, except for the gurgling floor

drain which was erupting with brown lava. I yelled again. I crawled toward the door of the restroom, leaving a trail of human waste and the remnants of my pride. I grabbed the door handle and raised myself up, gathered my residual dignity, and walked into the lobby looking for help.

This theatre had a huge lobby with green shag carpet, giant plate glass windows overlooking a pristine parking lot, and through which I could see a darkened marquee. Damn, I thought I had paid that bill, I told myself, just as I noticed that everyone in the lobby was motionless, almost in mid-step. I thought I was in a mime show gone tragically bad. I also had another thought: I really should stop doing drugs. It was starting to affect my vision.

Evelyn, the sixteen year old girl behind the concession stand, toward whom I had spent weeks trying to charm into my arms, had money in her hand, about to give change to the two customers in front of her. But they were all frozen, their heads turned toward the indoor box-office, where my favorite cashier Nancy was leaning across the counter, her right hand pointed like a pistol at the man in front of her.

Why was Nancy my favorite? She was mature, reliable, honest, and could sell tickets like a machine. She was also what you could call "good country people." A

"Mr. Baker, Peter Sellers is chasing me. I have to quit."

.....

no-nonsense, big-boned, attractive like a sort of nineteenth century frontier mid-wife feminist, Chaucerian...stoner. But she could count money, make change, handle complaints, tear tickets,



and smile all in one motion. If I had not been so shallow back then, I would have loved her.

The man in front of Nancy was obviously an upright epileptic. The shake in his legs accelerated the higher it went up his body. His hair was electrified, and his eyebrows were crawling all over his forehead. In his left hand was a pulsating butcher knife, and his right hand was shoved into his pants pocket, a pocket bulging with an erection or a gun.



The shake in his legs accelerated the higher it went up his body. His hair was electrified, and his eyebrows were crawling all over his forehead.



Whatever it was, Nancy wasn't taking the epileptic's word for it.

"You don't get shit until I see the damn gun," Nancy explained to Clyde Barrow, in a gravelly voice that would have made Satan wither.

"I've got a knife," Clyde sputtered back, looking at it himself just to make sure he was telling the truth, and all I could think of was that vibrating blade flying out of his hand and sailing across the lobby to impale one of the few paying customers I had that night.

It was a Mexican standoff, and I was trying to use mental telepathy to get to Nancy and remind her of one of my few management rules: Your life is more important than money.

But, looking toward Nancy, I got distracted by Evelyn. I started thinking what a lovely profile she had, more proof of her physical perfection. In full stare, I was able to see her nose start twitching, her eyes blink, and her head turn slowly in my direction. Face to face with her boss, the older man who adored her, she screamed.

"Mr. Baker!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Of all my employees, Evelyn was the only one younger than me, but I was Mr. Baker to all of them. I was the Rock of Gibraltar, the Man with a Plan. I was covered in human feces and urine.

I took a step toward the concession stand. My shoes squished. Something wet dripped into my right eye so I stated blinking like crazy. I raised both my hands, as in supplication. I was the Monster from the Black Bowel Lagoon.

The two customers dropped their popcorn on the counter and stepped back. Saucer-eyed Evelyn smiled at me and started laughing.

Clyde turned toward me as well, and I was sure that he was re-considering his career choices, as was I. At that moment, Nancy reached across the box-office counter and slapped the knife out of Clyde's hand.

And then the police arrived. Not with a bang, but a whimper.

A single police cruiser eased into the circular driveway in front of the theatre, in clear view of everyone in the lobby except for Clyde, whose back was toward the windows. I tried to not stare too much, afraid Clyde will turn around and go crazy. He'd been partially disarmed, his gun or erection still to be determined, and the two cops were sitting in their car smoking cigarettes. No damn hurry.

Here's what I find out later. Clyde is well known to the local cops. He's a wino, always looking for a handout, and this particular night he has been walking

down the street robbing businesses one after the other, in a straight line that led to my theatre at the end of the block. The cops were on a first name basis with him, but I don't know that. All I know is that Andy and Barney finish their smokes, get out of their car, and simply lean against it shoulder to shoulder, obviously discussing what they will do when their shift is over. Me and my crew are about to get gunned down, and Mayberry's finest are looking through the window from the outside as if we are the movie.

Only a few minutes left in this episode of COPS, I start squishing my way closer to the box-office, thinking I should negotiate with Clyde, keep him facing me so the cops can do something...anything. Nancy is sitting back down, having come to the obvious conclusion that Clyde is a phony, and she starts counting her cash, pausing to say, "Mr. Baker, you oughta get cleaned up. Intermission's in thirty minutes."

At that moment, my assistant manager, Mac, walks into the lobby from the auditorium, walks straight toward me, oblivious of the crime scene around him, seemingly oblivious to the public health menace of my apparel at that moment, and proceeds to tell me, "Mr. Baker, I have to quit."

Mac had quit a few times before, always for a different reason, but never for long. Sweet reason and sobriety usually prevailed. My favorite previous reason for his quitting had been his disappointment that he had offered his virginity to every female employee at the theatre and had been turned down.

This particular night, Mac was more than stoned. He made Timothy Leary look like an amateur. You should know that Mac was my

very best friend, a man I can truly say that I loved, as loony as a toon, but a profoundly decent guy who had figuratively held my hand throughout the previous six months of my romantic dissolution, dragging me out of bars and driving me back to the house we shared. I cut Mac a lot of slack.

Him quitting at that moment was more irritating than anything else. I wanted to say, "Mac, we'll discuss this later. Right now, we're all about to die."

But he was adamant, "Mr. Baker, Peter Sellers is chasing me. I have to quit."

I wish I could remember what I said when I heard that, but, according to Mac, I said something like, "Peter Sellers is chasing you, and you have to quit?"

"Yes-sir, he walked off the screen and started chasing me around the auditorium. He's still in there, and I'm afraid he might bother somebody else, so you better get in there...but you might wash your hands first."

Reconstructing this story, I can safely say that I do remember what I said next, and Mac's reply.

"Mac, did Peter Sellers tell you to quit? Is that why?"

"No sir, Mr. Baker, but it's a sign, for sure. A man walks off a movie screen and starts chasing me around the audi-



I was the Rock of Gibraltar, the Man with a Plan. I was covered in human feces and urine.



torium. That's not right. It's gotta mean something. I gotta quit."

In hindsight, I realize that if we had been showing *The Ten Commandments* instead of *The Pink Panther*, Mac's vision at that moment would have led to a lucrative career in tele-evangelism.

Andy and Barney walk through the door as I stare at Mac. Nancy points to me, as if saying, "don't ask me...he's in charge."

I smell popcorn burning. Forcing myself to turn away from Mac, I turn to Evelyn, fire of my loins, who smiles at me, her lips like scarlet cushions, and says, "Oops!" **lv**

In addition to publishing three novels and dozens of short stories, Larry Baker served two terms on the City Council of Iowa City. His latest book is "A Good Man," a novel about America during the Bush years.

MEN AT WORK

Times being what they are, I recently spent a day in a homeless shelter.

Along with a dozen other visitors, I toured Chicago's 133-year-old Pacific Garden Mission, which recently moved into a large new building. Our guide showed us the three stark dormitories in which guests sleep, the security desk overlooking the staging area in which guests are checked for "things of the world," the

"hot box" in which guests' clothing is decontaminated overnight.

We met no overnighters, only sharply dressed "program men," full-time mission residents who devote themselves to a two-year course of bible study and life-skills training.

During dinner, visitors were politely but firmly encouraged to sit in the middle of the mission's dining hall. This helped to separate female and male residents, important for practical and religious reasons.

At the evening worship service, visitors again seemed to serve as a buffer. Female residents, some with children, many of them milling and chatting, sat on one side of the gymnasium-sized hall, close to the stage. Visitors sat on the other side, also toward the front of the hall. Male residents sat in the very back rows behind us.

As the first notes of a gospel song sounded, I turned to look back at the quiet men sitting behind me. The night's guests included black men, Latino and white, some leaning to catch more of the far-off service, some enduring the event with downturned heads, some staring glassily into the middle distance, absent with weariness or worry.

A man with work to do is a man with a present and future. A man without work is a walking question mark.

I wondered why I wasn't sitting among them.

For months, I'd been unemployed; previous to that, I'd lent my uncle some seasonal work hauling, cutting and boxing industrial

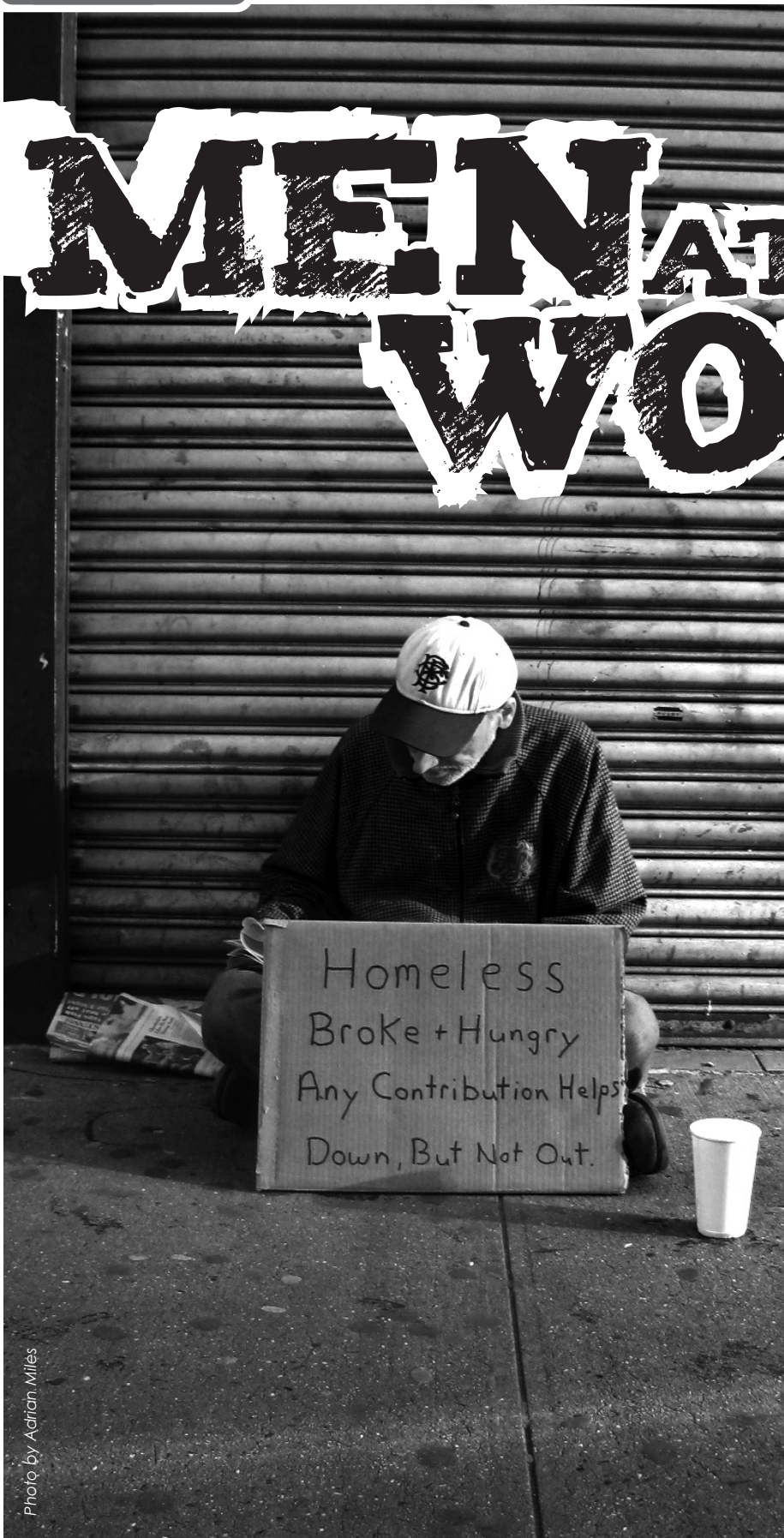


Photo by Adrian Miles

rope in his warehouse. I was in good company, or at least plenty of it: The Bureau of Labor Statistics put the national jobless rate at 9.6% this August, the sixteenth straight month in which the unemployment rate had exceeded 9%.

That makes this the worst job market in nearly 30 years. And it's hitting men especially hard. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York recently found that between December 2007 and January 2010, employment was down 8.2% for American men, but only 3.9% for women.

The Fed study points to losses in the traditionally male-heavy manufacturing and construction sectors as one reason for the gap. It also suggests that more men are coming out of retirement to seek work, often unsuccessfully. And it may well be that the wage gap—the tendency in most sectors for women to be paid less than men for doing the same work—has actually helped protect women's jobs during the recession.

There's some justice to the wage-gap idea, and it's never too late for justice, but the numbers also describe how the ground continues to shift under our feet.

Like most Americans, I was raised to believe that honest effort eventually pays off. As the oldest of three children, raised in the suburbs by parents from the deep South Side of Chicago, I took this lesson to heart at school and in every one of the jobs I've had since sneaking into the garage and borrowing a shovel to clear driveways for a dollar a pop (I was seven, and our neighbors were kind).

American men are encouraged to absorb wage-earning work into their bones, to define themselves by their practical, measurable accomplishments. Our patron saint is John Henry, who died after cutting through a mountain with a pickaxe. The laziest men I've met still took pride in their ability to hold a job, or to hustle up a living through their wits.

A man with work to do is a man with a present and future. A man without work is a walking question mark. Question marks can make for lousy fathers and husbands.

Unemployment is especially disorienting for men in our society. For some, the lack of purpose is catastrophic: As savings dwindle and the rent becomes difficult to pay, relationships can break under the strain. After the money's gone, and the house, and the loved ones, the only thing left to lose is yourself.

Others of us are lucky. I had a few dollars in my pocket at the mission, a roof to put over my head that evening and people to remind me of who I am at my best. In my stretches of self-

doubt and worry, I took some sideways hope from the fact that my favorite folks have liked and even loved me for reasons I've never been able to fully explain. Why give in to doubt just because the load had gotten a bit heavier?

Along with these good things, perhaps because of them, I still had work, if not wages. A nascent version of this piece, for example, and an increasing schedule of volunteer activities. My job search itself was a full-time occupation, and it led me back to Iowa City, where I soon found myself digging post holes, turning topsoil and planting seeds in a friend's ambitious new garden. As long as I had the wherewithal to bring something out of nothing—to find meaningful work, even while still looking for a job—I was still in the game.

And soon enough, though you'd have gotten an earful back then if you'd told me it was soon enough, I landed on my feet, back in the town where I'd misspent much of my 20s and gotten the master's degree that sent me running around the world for a while. Brooklyn was swell, Dubai was Branson Deluxe, Chicago was as comfortable as an old pair of work boots, and Iowa City—though I hadn't seen it before my 17th birthday—is home.

But what of the growing numbers who have lost faith and friends? Who have lost their ability to make a mark in the world, or have at least lost sight of it?

Some, like many of the quiet men at the evening service, become strangers to themselves. Some of that group, like the mission's program men, reach out and find new footholds. As America's employment landscape changes,

As long as I had the wherewithal to bring something out of nothing, I was still in the game.

and with it the traditional ways in which we value ourselves and others, the news and numbers form a sort of memento mori: Each of us is closer than we'd once been to sitting in the back of the hall, grateful for a night's shelter, lost and slipping and wondering where the next patch of solid ground might lie.

Toward the end of my night at the mission, knowing that I was too close to joining the men at the back to have earned a place apart from them, I tapped my foot with an urge to stand up and join them.

But I had this story to tell, and someone to tell it to. I had work to do.

Paul Seeman is gainfully employed in Iowa City

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The Whole & Nothing But The TRUTH

PAST

Ye woods that crown the clear lone brow of Norman Court, why do I revisit ye so oft, and feel a soothing consciousness of your presence, but that your high tops waving in the wind recall to me the hours and years that are for ever fled; that ye renew in ceaseless murmurs the story of long-cherished hopes and bitter disappointment; that in your solitudes and tangled wilds I can wander and lose myself as I wander on and am lost in the solitude of my own heart; and that as your rustling branches give the loud blast to the waste below—borne on the thoughts of other years, I can look down with patient anguish at the cheerless desolation which I feel within! Without that face pale as the primrose with hyacinthine locks, for ever shunning and for ever haunting me, mocking my waking thoughts as in a dream; without that smile which my heart could never turn to scorn; without those eyes dark with their own lustre, still bent on mine, and drawing the soul into their liquid mazes like a sea of love; without that name trembling in fancy's ear; without that form gliding before me like Oread or Dryad in fabled groves, what should I do? how pass away the listless, leaden-footed hours? Then wave, wave on, ye woods of Tuderley, and lift your high tops in the air; my sighs and vows uttered by our mystic voice breathe into me my former being, and enable me to bear the thing I am!—The objects that we have known in better days are the main props that sustain the weight of our affections, and give us strength to await our future lot.

—from *Table-Talk*, William Hazlitt (1821)

“NonfictionNow” to me was a question: What is nonfiction (now)?

There was not one answer. Asking a group of graduate students from the Nonfiction Writing Program yielded different responses:

“The only genre defined by what it is not.”

“Fiction with a prefix.”

“There’s only one thing it isn’t, though often it is.”

Nonfiction may be true, but not true like math, not one-right-answer true.

Maybe the slogan for the conference—“exploring the past, present, and future of nonfiction and its myriad forms”—is also a way of repeatedly, disparately answering the question. The schedule of the conference perhaps does too, with its broad range of offerings: performances, readings, and panels by songwriters, graphic memoirists, small presses and visitors from far off places—Ireland, Australia, Alaska.

Like the “past” the slogan references, creative nonfiction is old, though it hasn’t always been called by that name. It’s writing familiar across time and place—to Seneca, in Rome, during the first century; to Sei Shonagon, in Japan, around the year 1000; to Montaigne in the French Renaissance; to Borges, from Argentina, who died at the age of 86 in 1986—and it’s familiar to pop culture, with Truman Capote’s *In Cold Blood* and Frank McCourt’s *Angela’s Ashes* as examples. It has not always been labeled “creative,” however, and sometimes it’s been hiding:

“In my parents’ day, ‘memoirs’ didn’t exist,” Robin Hemley, Director of the Nonfiction Writing Program (NWP), told me. “They were called ‘first novels.’”

Hemley finds “creative nonfiction” a tortured term: in fiction and poetry, “creative” is always assumed.

Maggie McKnight, an organizer for the conference, admits that it can be “tricky” to explain.

“It’s like the difference between a good documentary film and an instructional film on how to install a garbage disposal,” she said. “In documentary, obviously there is a filmmaker, whereas watching an instructional video you don’t wonder, ‘How did they make that decision?’”

“You can’t help but make stuff up,” Hemley said. “Every time we lay down words, we try to do so honestly, but there are different perspectives on what honesty is.”

“EVERY TIME WE LAY DOWN WORDS, WE TRY TO DO SO HONESTLY, BUT THERE ARE DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVES ON WHAT HONESTY IS.”

Nonfiction may be true, but not black-and-white true.

The word “true” is not really black-and-white, except when typed out onto newsprint. There is the “true” you hope your sweetheart will be, the “true” paired with blue that has nothing to do with hue. There is the truth you stand for. Once, in New York, I watched a panel discussion on the topic of nonfiction. An historian in the crowd stood up and pontificated with magnanimous gestures about the truth (not everyone agrees). There is the truth you can’t handle, so Jack Nicholson yells.

Writing it, sometimes nonfiction can become a different question: Is this nonfiction now? Even Hemley, the author of eight books and certainly not an amateur, has been lost in the gray.

“The form of the story is a fairly regulated form—with exposition, climax, denouement—but with nonfiction, that’s all out the window,” said Hemley, who graduated in 1982 from the Iowa Writers’ Workshop with a Fiction M.F.A. “It in

WRITE THIS DOWN

Just three days—November 4th, 5th, and 6th—and just 400 people estimated to attend, NonfictionNow is intentionally smaller than other well-known conferences, such as the annual AWP (Association of Writers and Writing Programs) conference. Though small, NonfictionNow still brings big names: cartoonist Alison Bechdel, of the comic strip *Dykes to Watch Out For*, whose memoir *Fun Home* was a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award; Rebecca Solnit, the recipient of many awards, including a Guggenheim Fellowship and two NEA Fellowships; and John Edgar Wideman, recipient of a MacArthur Fellowship (known as the Genius Award) and the only person to win the International PEN/Faulkner Award twice, will all be presenting and reading for the conference.

All events at the IMU, unless noted.

THU, NOVEMBER 4

8:45 a.m. | Keynote Address with Rebecca Solnit

5:00 p.m. | Reading(s): Sarabande and River Teeth 10th Anniversary

8:30 p.m. | Reading: Alison Bechdel

FRI, NOVEMBER 5

8:45 a.m. | Reading: "Literature of Palpable Quality": *A Bellingham Review* Reading with Brenda Miller, Julie Jeanell Leung, Mardi Link, Alexandria Marzano-Lesnevich, Lauren Smith, Ira Sukrungruang

1:45 p.m. | Panel: Irish Perspectives on Creative Nonfiction with Jim Rogers, Karen Babine, Shawn Gillen, Brian Nerney

3:30 p.m. | Reading: Contemporary Australian Nonfiction

8:30 p.m. | Englert | Reading: Rebecca Solnit

SAT, NOVEMBER 6

5:00 p.m. | Reading: Farthest North Nonfiction—Alaskan Writers Read

5:00 p.m. | Reading: Between Song and Story: Essays for the Twenty-first Century

8:30 p.m. | Reading: John Edgar Wideman

"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING IT ISN'T, THOUGH OFTEN IT IS."

many ways mirrors the way the mind works."

"I just had the odd experience of finishing an 18 page piece after five years," Hemley told me. Originally supposed to be an essay on marriage, the piece eventually began to look more like a work of historical fiction. "I kept wondering what it was, but I decided I didn't have to decide."

It's perhaps in this deciding-not-to-decide way that NonfictionNow is like the "future" it aims to explore: We are all still deciding, today and the next day. **lv**

Tara Atkinson is going to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about her red rainboots: They're lovely.

PRESENT

Most stories are travel stories, and in traveling our lives begin to assume the shape of a story. It may be because a journey is so often a metaphor for life itself that journeying is satisfying. In motion it seems that time is not slipping away from us but we are pursuing it, measuring its passage in the rhythm of the road, the metaphor become literal. Perhaps if we didn't imagine life as a journey rather than some other metamorphosis—the growth of a tree, for example—roads would not seem like destiny itself, but we do and they do. To move along the road is to encounter all the loose elements, the dangers and possibilities, to slip out of a settled destiny in pursuit of stranger fates. The road is a promise as simple as what lies ahead, never failed and never delivered, and the road is a strange country itself, longer than all the continents and narrower than a house, with its own citizens, its own rules, a place where the solid and settled become fluid.

—from *A Book of Migrations*,
Rebecca Solnit (1997)

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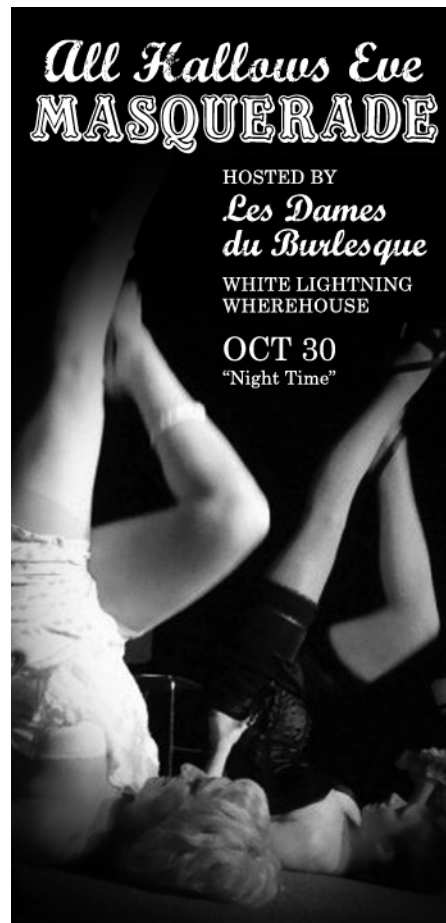
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COOLWiP

At the Works-in-Progress festival the audience is part of the show.



Photo by Leighton Pierce

IT'S ABOUT THE PROCESS

Perhaps more than any other arts festival, Works-in-Progress (WiP) is a thoroughly community affair. Along with being open to submissions from all of the artists in the city and taking place in community spaces such as Public Space ONE and the Iowa City Senior Center, WiP emphasizes audience participation by being, itself, a workshop.

As the name suggests, participants in the festival are required to present work that is only partially completed. The people in attendance then offer ideas on where the projects could go.

This rather unique event was created by Richard Wiebe and Andrew Ritchey, both graduate students in Cinema and Comparative Literature at the University of Iowa. Initially conceived during the Iowa City Experimental Film Festival in 2008, Wiebe credits Ritchey with dreaming up “the sort of festival that they wanted to go to,” one that was interdisciplinary and allowed artists to meet.

The first festival, held in 2009, captured this spirit. Visitors, normally relegated to the role

of casual observer, took an active role in the creative process; artists working in disparate media were able to mingle and critique work in a judgment-free, constructive space; and collaborations occurred which most likely would not have outside WiP.

In addition to the work of local artists, WiP 2010 (Oct. 15-17 at Public Space ONE) has three visiting artists in residence who will present work. The first is Robert Todd—a filmmaker who was trained in painting and works with sound art—who will present a collaborative piece that he is currently working on. Joining Todd will be Flint Jameson, a photographer and performance artist who also runs the magazine *Veneer*, which Ritchey calls “an

Participants in the festival are required to present work that is only partially completed.

Happenings

October offers opportunities to engage with varied artists.

Gallery Walk

Oct. 8, 5-8 p.m. | Free

When the autumnal weather is behaving—crisp air, blue skies and brightly-colored leaves lining the street—the Gallery Walk is one of the finest evenings that Iowa City has to offer. In addition to open houses at all of the galleries, your Friday evening stroll will lead to showings of new work in nontraditional venues including downtown restaurants, cafes and boutiques.

China: Insights

Oct. 9 | Free opening day
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
www.crma.org

Presenting the work of seven contemporary Chinese photographers, each tasked with the long-term documentation cultural aspects that they feel represent something new—something emerging, or perhaps something vanishing—about China.

Wear for Art Thou

Oct. 8-Nov. 22 | Free
Arts Iowa City, 114 S. Dubuque St.
www.artsiowacity.org

Get to know Arts Iowa City's new location while taking in this show of locally crafted, wearable fiber and jewelry art by Dawn Harbor, Jan Friedman, Melissa Arp, and Susan Shinnick

Hancher Presents: Bayanihan Philippine National Dance Company

Oct. 14, 7:30 p.m. | Englert Theatre
www.hancher.uiowa.edu

Bayanihan pack a vibrant buffet of rhythm, theatre, gymnastics and costuming to convey the splendor and complexities of Filipino culture, history and national identity.

art object unto itself.”

A series of artists rather than a singular one, the International Writing Program (IWP) is the last visiting artist for this year's WiP. IWP is a collection of writers and literary professionals from around the world that live in Iowa City for three months to discuss and improve one another's work. The IWP will hold a workshop on the idea of works-in-progress and many of its writers will give readings over the course of the weekend.

This may seem like a festival that could happen over any weekend in any town, but Wiebe and Ritchey beg to differ. For the founders of WiP, Iowa City might be the only place that it could happen. On the strength of the UI's various creative MFA programs and the community spaces where these and other artists display their work year-round, Ritchey be-

lieves that “Iowa City has an exciting energy.”

Wrapping all that excitement up in a relatively small package, Iowa City presents rare opportunities for conversation and collaboration between great artists from many backgrounds.

Ritchey explains that an arts festival like WiP “would be a lot harder to mount in

a place like New York,

Los Angeles, Portland or Chicago, which have much more competitive scenes. Iowa City has a workshop energy, and a big city scene would kill that.”

For Wiebe, this workshop energy “allows for interesting juxtapositions: high school students and senior citizens and filmmakers. You can go to a choreographed dance piece by a first-year MFA student and have a well-established filmmaker provide feedback.” As a result, Iowa City, according to Wiebe, provides a “level playing field” for artists to present their work to a caring, interested and sympathetic audience of fellow artists that will provide useful comments on how to take unfinished work towards completion.

Find more info about the WiP festival online at wipfestival.tumblr.com **lv**

A.C. Hawley, a presenter in WiP 2009 with Wind Farm, wants to thank Hannah Frank immensely because her work made this article happen.

For the founders of WiP, Iowa City might be the only place that an event like this could happen.

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The cast of Fela!



Photo by Monique Carboni

Fela Anikulapo Kuti is Nigeria's Bob Marley. Fortunately, up to this point, he hasn't been turned into the sort of dorm-room-poster-trustafarian-*Leg-end* caricature that Uncle Bob became. Lost in the bong haze is another Bob Marley—a global political figure who used music as a weapon, sort of like Malcolm X riding a massive wave of bass all up in your face.

Like Bob Marley, Fela was a flawed man—his treatment of women was atrocious, just for starters—but his musical-cultural legacy is undeniable. He is the inventor of Afrobeat, a musical style he developed with longtime drummer Tony Allen and his legendary band Africa 70. When Fela died of complications from AIDS in 1997, he left behind a deep catalog of songs, as well as several talented children (of them, Femi Kuti is the most well known).

I first came across Fela's music by chance in the mid-1980s. His *Zombie* album jumped out at me from the LP racks with its eye-popping

afro-punk-dada collage album art. I was also intrigued because the songs were all really, really long. Last but not least, the album featured a song called "Zombie"—awesome title!—which turned out to be the mother of all monstrous funk jams.

The uptempo title cut, like many of Fela's songs, was pure polyrhythmic perfection. It sounded like James Brown went to Africa for that Muhammad Ali-George Forman "Rumble in the Jungle" and never looked back.

What I didn't know back then was that the song had a massive impact in his country. The zombies Fela targeted through his music were the soldiers who propped up Nigeria's military dictatorship; it was a great example of the mixing of pop and politics.

With its infectious groove, "Zombie" became an immediate hit across his homeland when it was released in 1977. It also went viral in other ways. Ordinary citizens would channel their inner *Night of the Living Dead*, holding their hands aloft and staring blankly when they saw soldiers in the street. "Zombie!"

FELA FEVER

In addition to reissues of no less than eleven Fela Kuti albums, the musical Fela! quickly jumped from off-Broadway to Broadway's big stage behind producers Will Smith, Jada Pinkett-Smith and Jay-Z.

became a playful-but-serious rallying cry for the people, a cathartic way of staging impromptu street theater. This phe-

nomenon also gave the Nigerian government more excuses to brutally suppress the singer and his musicians, dancers, friends and family.

Now that Knitting Factory Records recently reissued *Zombie* and ten other albums—the third batch in a series of four grouped reissues—I've been on a full-on Fela kick. "The final batch will be released in January '11," Knitting Factory Records Label Manager Brian Long says. "We'll also start to issue box sets of Fela vinyl in next year. Later in '11 Knitting Factory will be releasing Seun Kuti & Egypt '80s second album, and we'll have some other Fela surprises." *Sweet!*

My Fela fever also went up a few degrees this summer when I had a chance to catch the musical about his life currently playing on

Broadway. As someone who shivers at memories of my own theater past, annoying showmanship and all, I haven't been able to bring myself to watch or listen to a musical in years. However, from the red-hot onstage band to Bill T. Jones's frenetic choreography, *Fela!* is not your typical musical theater. It's more like a multimedia live concert experience.

The set design—with its clever use of lighting and projection—recreates the look and feel of Fela's Lagos venue, The Shrine, where he would sometimes play all night and into the morning.

"We tried to recreate the sense of being in this lively nightclub," *Fela!* producer Steve Handel tells me. "A lot of people who saw

also Jay-Z, put up money as producers for its Broadway run."

When I talked with Handel this summer, it was two days before the Tony Awards broadcast. His cast was rehearsing its brief showcase number that each Best Musical nominee was to present during the show's opening.

"What am I feeling right now? Exhaustion," Handel says. "I've spent eight years doing this. Bill T. Jones has done five years of this, and we all have a tremendous amount of personal investment in the piece. We've all worked really hard and done the best we could, and now we're subject to how 600 or 700 people fill out their ballots. Right now we're just in the anxiety and anticipation phase."

When I tuned in to the broadcast that weekend, it was obvious there was no way in hell that it would win any major awards. The brief *Fela!* showcase stuck out like a sore thumb when it was sandwiched between the



Fela Kuti

"Zombie" was the mother of all monstrous funk jams. It sounded like James Brown went to Africa for that Muhammad Ali-George Forman "Rumble in the Jungle" and never looked back.

Fela in The Shrine, especially his family and musicians, felt very much at home when they watched the show."

Almost immediately after its off-Broadway debut, word about *Fela!* spread throughout the African-

other more traditional numbers from *American Idiot*, *Million Dollar Quartet*, and the cheese-filled Best Musical winner *Memphis*. Each truncated performance was polite and mannered, and in typical Broadway musical form there were no rough edges showing. But when the *Fela!* cast burst onto the Tony stage it was like they lifted the party punch bowl up and smashed it on the ground, dancing on the shards. Not surprisingly, *Fela!* did not win in any of the big categories for which it was nominated (however, it did snag best Costume, Sound Design, and Choreography honors).

Much of the musical's power is rooted in Sahr Ngaujah's charismatic performance as Fela, who is supported by a supremely funky orchestra.

"Antibalas is an Afrobeat musical collective, and they're the core of the *Fela!* band," Handel tells me. "Antibalas's trombone player is the musical director, and the other people playing onstage are Brooklyn musicians affiliated with Antibalas. All of the musicians on

American musical community. "In the second performance," Handel says, "The Roots' Questlove came, and he stayed up all night and wrote a 1,500 word blog entry praising the show. A few days later we got calls from Jay-Z and others, like Q-Tip, who wanted to come. Eventually Will and Jada Smith, and

FELA CONTINUED ON 25 >>

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A 1ST AND A 2ND AND A

Max Weinberg has led an interesting life as a musician. He recorded and toured with Bruce Springsteen and it's his snare shots that propel Bruce's biggest hit "Born In The USA." When Springsteen disbanded his E Street Band in 1989, he tried a variety of things—producing records, session work, Law School, college drum clinics, even (according to Wikipedia) motivational speaking to corporate audiences—before becoming the band leader for Conan O'Brien's "Late Night" on NBC in 1993, a job he held for 17 years.

Now in what Weinberg calls his "third act," he has formed a 15-piece big band, appearing at the Englert Theatre Oct. 22. Weinberg was in Italy when I spoke to him about his current project and where it fits into his career.

Comparing playing with a big band versus a rock band, he said "It's a challenge. This isn't easy music to play.

"I was a rock drummer first," he explained, "I

started playing with big bands when I did one-man appearances with college groups—I'd do a drum clinic and rehearse with their Jazz groups and then we'd put on a concert."

He was excited to be touring as the leader of his own big band. "Whatever I do, I always strive for excellence," he said.

What inspired Weinberg to form the band was his exposure in his youth to the big band music on television and in concerts. He was a particular fan of drummer Buddy Rich's band. When I asked him if he grew up thinking big band music was square, he said "Never! When I was growing up, my older brother took me into New York to see Broadway Musicals—Yul Brynner in 'The King & I' and Mary Martin in 'Peter Pan'—and I loved them. I appreciated Broadway music, big band, Jazz—anything that was really well done, that was great entertainment."

I asked him about taking on the expense of touring with a big band and he laughed and said, "Duke Ellington said 'an artistic success outweighs any financial loss.' It is expensive to tour, but I'm lucky to be in the position to do it. And I view this as a start-up business; I plan to keep going with it. I think it can make money eventually."

Weinberg has worked with a variety of arrangers to write charts for the big band and

FOR WHAT WEINBERG CALLS HIS "THIRD ACT," HE HAS FORMED A 15-PIECE BIG BAND.

mentioned his trumpeter Brian Paresh as having contributed several arrangements. "We also do a few Count Basie numbers and an adaptation of Basie's version of Steve Allen's 'This Could Be The Start of Something Big'."

The band will also play a medley of vintage television show theme songs. "Back in the '60s, every show had a theme song that played out over the credits for a couple of minutes, and there was some great music written for them."

About acting in the comedy bits on "Late Night," he recalled, "I was always happy to do it, I enjoyed it. I guess being a drummer, timing had something to do with it." Of what became a staple "Late Night" bit, cutting to Weinberg for a reaction shot, he said "The first time it happened, they cut to me for a reaction, and I didn't have anything to say, I was just deadpan, and it got a laugh, and if you

THIRD ACT CONTINUED ON 25 >>

LOOKIN FOR LAUGHS

Iowa isn't on the map for stand-up comedy, at least not yet. But stand-up comedian Joel Fry is trying to change all that with the first annual Iowa Comedy Festival, which will premiere Oct. 12-16 in Des Moines.

A native of Keswick, Iowa—a town of about 300 people—Fry said he always wanted to be a stand-up comedian. So after high school he hit the road to Des Moines, looking for any stage that would have him. Fast forward to the present, and he's serving as executive director of the second largest Midwest comedy festival and has invited tons of Iowa-born stand-up friends to perform, including Josh Alton, Jake Johannsen and Greg Althoff, along with 50 other comedians competing for the spotlight.

"Grassroots comedy movements are an awesome thing; they allow for a comedy scene to exist in an area without a comedy club," Fry said.

Fry said he's been astonished by the variety of comedy and improv artists coming out of Eastern Iowa. The popularity of Penguin's Comedy Club in Cedar Rapids, managed by Danny Franks, has particularly impressed the young comedian.

Other local Iowa scenes include bars doubling as comedy joints. While most Iowa Citians are accustomed to the pumping music and loud chatter coming from The Summit on a Friday night, walk by on a Wednesday evening and you might hear some laughs instead. According to their website, this November, Wednesday night comedy events are slated to return to The Summit, on Clinton Street in downtown Iowa City, featuring everything from hypnotists to comedy singers.

"There are a ton of dedicated and talented comedy dorks in Iowa who are excited to strengthen the community here," University of Iowa graduate and stand-up comic Amanda Geisel said. Geisel has had the pleasure of opening for some big acts, too. In 2009, she opened at the Cedar Rapids Penguin's for "Comedians of Comedy" star Maria Bamford.

As an Iowa comic, Geisel said there's a certain bond that comes with the territory. "It's been really energizing to see that enthusiasm, especially as a newcomer to performing stand-up."

"My adolescent crushes were primarily 50 year old British men, most of whom are gay, or whatever David Bowie is."

AMANDA GEISEL

"I don't know why Steve Irwin never wore sunscreen. It's said to protect you from dangerous rays..."

JOEL FRY

Des Moines native and Iowa Comedy Festival participant Josh Alton now lives in Chicago, where stand-up comedy is more prominent and there are several places to do it. Like Fry, he moved to a bigger city to pursue the art of comedy. He's opened for the likes of Dave Attell, Andy Kindler and Greg Giraldo, but he doesn't forget where he came from. His start at the Des Moines Funny Bone was a great experience, and he hopes other comedy clubs will open throughout the state. In the meantime, he encourages events like the Iowa Comedy Festival.

"Yeah, there is often a stereotype that we all live like the Amish here in Iowa," Alton said. "One of my jokes that deals with that goes, 'People think that everyone in Iowa is a farmer, like there are no other jobs available, other than being a farmer. Nothing could be further from the truth. For example, my dad is not a farmer. My dad is the town blacksmith. My mom churns butter for money on the side. So you see, there are many other jobs available in Iowa, other than being a farmer.'"

But even though Penguin's in Cedar Rapids is going strong and Fry is organizing a massive comedy festival, comedy clubs are having

FUNNY CONTINUED ON 24 >>

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>> FUNNY CONTINUED FROM 23

a hard time keeping the doors open and laughs coming with various obstacles including a suffering economy.

Though Penguin's Comedy Club in Cedar Rapids bounced back with a new location in the Clarion Hotel, the 2008 floods destroyed its original downtown location, creating a temporary road block for touring summer comics that year. Since the move, the hotel location seems to be a favorite for comedians, Franks says, because of its shallow room and intimate stage-to-table setting.

In June, Penguin's Comedy Club in Davenport—under the same ownership of Cedar Rapids businessman Jeff Johnson—shut its doors due to defaulted rent. The club hopes to reopen elsewhere in the Quad Cities, although there's no timetable yet. Fry said

Grassroots comedy movements are an awesome thing; they allow for a comedy scene to exist in an area without a comedy club.

he was disappointed to hear the Davenport location shut its doors, but ultimately, he said, comics can perform anywhere.

"When comics come together and produce shows at smaller rooms, or rent out theaters, or do 10 minutes at a coffee shop

poetry slam, they're cultivating a scene by themselves without strings attached," he said.

Despite Iowa's ability to cultivate small rooms with big headliners or to triumph over hardships, there are still some misconceptions about stand-up in the corn state.

"I really don't know if people in Iowa see live, local stand-up comedy as a viable form of mainstream entertainment... yet," he said. "They see the local music scene that way, but comedy here still hasn't broken through to the extent that it should. It will, though."

"Everyone likes to laugh," Alton said. "It doesn't matter if you live in New York City, Los Angeles, or Hopkinton, Iowa. People are the same in that they like to laugh and have a good time." **IV**

Erin Tiesman is an Iowa alum and freelance journalist in Iowa City who gets her kicks from stand-up comedy. She listens to it constantly, especially at work, and gets gawked at when she literally LOLs.

>> DRINKING CONTINUED FROM 9

and they seem to get imported pretty easily into Iowa City from a lot further away than Wisconsin.

The underage drinkers this ordinance was enacted to address were the proverbial "chickens coming home to roost," created, in large part, by the lack of local social alternatives offered to them, either privately or publicly. The bars they had been drinking at were simply a centrally located place to roost. While at first seen as a "better the Devil you know" alternative to underage drinkers congregating at unmonitored house parties all over town, Iowa City's uniquely low bar-admittance age soon made it a popular destination for people under 21 from all over the state who had learned of its reputation as an "anything goes as long as you could pay the cover charge" sort of town.

Downtown is quieter, safer and more orderly? Those who support the ordinance can say "See, look, it worked."

Once quiet neighborhoods are now overrun by people who may, in years past, have made downtown loud, unsafe and chaotic? Those who oppose it can say "See, we told you this would happen, look what you've wrought in our neighborhoods."

Why is there is so much drinking going on? Some argue that it's simply a "college thing,"

and they may be correct, but does that make it right? I'm certainly no teetotaler, and much of my memory

of my own college experience is, at best, a hazy blur, but is such an experience inevitable? What is it that—for entirely too many people—makes attending college the first step towards having to find a sponsor for a 12-step program?

"It doesn't matter if they're drinking in the bars or not," Jerry Baughman told me.

"We don't have a 'bar problem.' We have a drinking problem. Not just here in Iowa City but in the whole state. We always have. My family has been here since before Iowa even was a state, so this goes way back. It's a cultural thing."

When asked why he thought that the drinking rate among college students was so high, his answer was telling.

"I went to school here from '71 to '74, and we drank a lot then, too. They called spring-time 'riot season.' They cancelled homecoming because of us. We were wild, too, and we had good reason to be. We were protesting Vietnam and scared to death we were going to be drafted. We drank to forget about that, I guess. These kids, today, they don't have a Vietnam to protest, but there's Iraq, the econo-

my, no good jobs anymore, maybe their family's had their home foreclosed on. Who knows what's going to happen next? It's a 'live for today' kind of attitude and I can't say that I blame them."

Baughman plans to vote to keep the 21-Only ordinance on the books when he goes to the polls, even if that means house parties in his neighborhoods will continue.

"We created this, culturally, and allowing them in the bars was a part of that. Maybe we're not controlling it now real well, I know we're not, but maybe that's a start."

Robert Brooks plans to vote to overturn the 21-Only ordinance in November in the hopes that allowing students to gather—and drink—downtown might bring some semblance of order back to his neighborhood.

He, too, believes that there's a "drinking culture" that's a part of Iowa City's reputation and that "a lot of students come here expecting to be a part of it, that it's acceptable."

"I feel really sorry for the kids," he says, "I know that it's probably not going to change so I'd just as soon have them doing it downtown where, hopefully, it's a little more controlled and a little safer."

Should the ordinance remain on the books, it is possible that no amount of law enforcement crackdowns will be able to satisfactorily address the number of house parties that have



"IT'S A 'LIVE FOR TODAY' KIND OF ATTITUDE AND I CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME THEM."

supplanted the downtown bars as the drinking destination of choice among the underage.

If the ordinance is overturned, the city council may simply pass it again as soon as legally allowable, possibly at such a time that any petition to overturn it would only go to a vote sometime when the university was not in session and there would be fewer students here who could come out to vote against it.

And there we will go again.

I don't envy people living in neighborhoods disrupted by house parties, those caught up in the wide net that's been cast to try and reign them in, bar employees laid off due to a drop in downtown bar business, or the police officers responsible for running all over town to deal with the booze-fueled chaos that was, until June, primarily located downtown.

It's enough, ultimately, to drive one to drink. **IV**

Yale Cohn thinks that anyone old enough to put their life on the line defending this country deserves not only to have a beer bought for them, but they should be able to legally enjoy it.

>> **THIRD ACT** CONTINUED FROM 22

do something that gets a laugh on television, you're going to do it again."

Despite being in one of the most famous bands in the world, and being on television every weeknight for nearly two decades, Weinberg seemed genuinely eager to be coming to Iowa to play.

TO MAKE A BAND JUMP YOU HAVE TO HAVE A CERTAIN SNAP.

We talked about contemporary music and, maybe because I was calling from Iowa, he singled out

Slipknot for praise, saying the drummer Joey Jordison was a great player. "Actually, Slipknot was a big influence on my son [Jay] becoming a drummer," he said. He's been impressed by the technical skill of heavy metal drummers, "even if it's not my thing particularly I can appreciate anything done really well."

I asked him about his reputation for being a hard-hitting drummer, to which he replied, "I don't really hit that hard. But to make a band jump you have to have a certain snap to your playing. I studied with Joe Morello, the drummer for the Dave Brubeck Trio, and he taught me some techniques for getting a lot of different effects on the drums without having to move your hands much. Think about playing with impact instead of just playing loud. I'm trying to move people, to get them to think with their bottoms."

"If people want to have a fun evening hearing a great band, tell them to come on down." **lv**

Kent Williams spends most of his waking hours hating Sarah Palin, Fox News, and anyone who thinks voting Republican this fall has any upside whatsoever.

>> **RIVCO** CONTINUED FROM 11

neighborhood, a place where people can live, work, and entertain themselves. This article has covered the major projects, but the true livability of a neighborhood depends on the details: an active street-life, an underground club reviving an old warehouse, or a corner store serving as a neighborhood hub. These things can't be created by public initiative alone, but by planning for strong anchors (such as a rail depot or riverfront park) and getting public

The real question in all this is whether these changes will make RivCo into a more livable neighborhood.

support for a common vision, everything else can begin to evolve more naturally, giving the area the organic feel of an active, mixed-use, urban neighborhood.

As we start the process of establishing neighborhood anchors, we must explore the long list of unknowns in order to move toward that common vision. 85% of last fall's public survey participants wanted a more detailed public planning process to answer these unknowns: Will a rail line add character or just noise? Will the music school push out private business or make it more economically viable? Can we attract non-traditional residents to downtown? Does any of it matter if it all floods in 10 years? In the grand tradition of urban planning, we can never answer any of these questions definitively. But we need to ask them, and be willing to take risks to enhance our community in the face of uncertainty. **lv**

Lorin Ditzler is a graduate student in Urban Planning at the University of Iowa. She likes banjos, Indian food, and embarrassing herself.

>> **FELA** CONTINUED FROM 21

stage are professional Afrobeat musicians."

Knitting Factory is one of the producers of the *Fela!* musical, and when a close relationship developed between the musical and Fela's family, the label stepped in to reissue

When the Fela! cast burst onto the Tony stage it was like they lifted the party punch bowl up and smashed it on the ground, dancing on the shards.

his catalog. "It just seemed like a natural fit on many levels," Brian Long says. "Knitting Factory Records has been dormant for a number of years. It started as a recording home for the late-'80s downtown avant-garde jazz scene. When the idea of working

with Fela's catalog was raised, it seemed like a good fit because jazz is a large part of the fabric comprising Afrobeat."

Despite the Tony Award losses, *Fela!* has been quite successful by most every measure, artistically and commercially. While the Broadway musical has certainly played a role in Fela's recent pop-culture revival, it doesn't fully account for the zombie fighter's rise from the dead. As Knitting Factory's Brian Long puts it, "Surely, the biggest reason for his revived popularity rests solely on the timeless nature of Fela's Afrobeat compositions." **lv**

Kembrew McLeod is preparing for the birth of his son this December by desperately trying to find lullaby renditions of Napalm Death, Cannibal Corpse, and other grindcore favorites for babies.

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Well Spoke'n

I've now seen Vittorio De Sica's masterpiece *The Bicycle Thief* twice in my life. I'm not sure how many more times I'll be able to bear it. It's too real; reality is too heartbreaking; and, as T.S. Eliot drily observes, "Humankind cannot bear very much reality." But since I've made it this far, I may as well encourage everybody to see it at least twice, particularly if you can catch a showing of the restored 35mm print at the Bijou from Oct. 1-7.

Ladri di biciclette (literally *Thieves of Bicycles*) is about an unemployed man who gets a job that requires a bicycle. He and his wife sell the sheets off their bed in order to buy back his old bike from the pawnshop. During his first day of work, as he's pasting up advertising posters for a Rita Hayworth movie, the bicycle is stolen. The whole movie is simply the man and his young son Bruno wandering

the streets of Rome, trying desperately to find the one thing he needs to provide for his family.

Though Visconti's *Obsession* (1943) is considered the first Italian neorealist picture, and Rossellini's *Rome, Open City* (1946) brought the movement to prominence, De Sica's *The Bicycle Thief* (1948) is the quintessential expression of neorealist principles: a simple story about everyday life shot on location using nonprofessional actors. In the rubble and confusion of post-war Italy, De Sica and company hoped that an aesthetic of truth would inspire a more just and compassionate politics.

For the lead role De Sica zeroed in on Lamberto Maggiorani, a factory worker who had brought his sons to audition for the role of Bruno. He liked Maggiorani's hands, which were eloquent of manual labor. De Sica couldn't find anyone appropriate to play the son and so started without one. On the first day of shooting, he spied a round-faced urchin with a weird

The Bicycle Thief is strung without fail of moments that feel real in the unaccountable way of life.

nose and expressive eyes, who was peeping in on the proceedings. Providence supplied De Sica with both his main characters.

Film buffs sometimes lapse into sloppy thinking about neorealism, contrasting highly constructed Hollywood fantasies with neorealism's supposed lack of artifice. But *The Bicycle Thief* contains as much artifice, in its way, as *Cover Girl*. De Sica uses nonprofessional actors not because they don't act, but because they're better actors for his purposes than those who are highly trained. A factory worker is already expert at playing a factory worker.

At its best, classic Hollywood produced fantasies that did justice to our aspirations and anxieties. At its best Italian neorealism produced a kind of blues that did justice to the injustices we suffer and inflict. A visceral feel-

Now Showing

Besides getting familiar with an old classic this month, here are three other things to add to your October cinema list:



Life During Wartime

Directed by Todd Solondz
Oct. 8-14 | Bijou Cinema

Todd Solondz is an acquired taste, but movie fans owe it to themselves to see at least one Solondz film to experience his quirky, dark humor, and this one sports an all-star cast from Allison Janey to Micahel K. Williams—Omar from *The Wire*!

The American Filmmaker Series

October | Englert Theatre

Woody Allen (Oct. 4 & 5), Peter Bogdanovich (Oct. 11 & 12) and Maya Daren (Oct. 18) are all featured directors in the Englert's new ongoing series highlighting great American filmmakers. Admission is free, movies at 8pm.



The Rocky Horror Picture Show

Directed by Jim Sharman
Oct. 29 & 30 | Bijou Cinema
Oct. 30 } Englert Theatre

If you've never sat in the prop-wielding audience for this cult classic, well, you finally should.

ing, a kind of lump in your stomach, builds steadily as you watch *The Bicycle Thief*. The last scene, one of the handful of perfect movie finales, mixes almost unbearable sadness with an image of authentic love.

The Bicycle Thief is strung without fail of moments that feel real in the unaccountable way of life, as if suddenly glazed and shiny with the rainwater of consciousness. Scene upon scene unfolds, as organically and haphazardly as the weekend. Of course, the scenes have been carefully arranged by the moviemakers, subordinated to a plot and shot multiple times; but in the end, each feels alive individually and yet contributes to one indivisible whole.

Perhaps the directors of the Bijou had our own country's rising unemployment in mind when they put *The Bicycle Thief* into the schedule. If so, they're to be commended for more than just their good taste. Starting in the

A healthy culture is capable of looking at itself from head to toe, taking stock of its humanity and measuring just how short it falls of its examined ideals.

1950s, as people moved to the suburbs, and highways circumvented towns and inner cities, poverty grew invisible to the middle and upper classes. Now, in 2010, as our poverty rates rise like floodwater, it's scandalous how invisible the poor have become in our politics, which is ostensibly all about helping the struggling middle class.

The political aspirations of the Italian neorealists were overly idealistic and probably even misguided, but their aesthetic instincts were impeccable. A healthy culture is capable of looking at itself from head to toe, taking stock of its humanity and measuring just how short it falls of its examined ideals. Our politics will continue to be a mess if we don't listen to the tones reality is giving off all around us.

Come to think of it, I think I will see *The Bicycle Thief* one more time on that restored print. **lv**

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College. He is also sometimes a moderator on KCRG's "Ethical Perspectives on the News" and sometimes a cook at Simone's Plain and Simple, the French restaurant in the middle of nowhere.

the bijou cinema

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KISSES

Directed by Lance Daly | Ireland

The rush and the fright of coming of age in the tradition of *Slumdog Millionaire*

FRI, OCT 1 - THU, OCT 7

LIFE DURING WARTIME

Directed by Todd Solondz | USA

A dynamite cast and director Solondz find a ray of hope amid all the hopelessness

FRI, OCT 8 - THU, OCT 14

THE BICYCLE THIEF

Directed by Vittorio De Sica | Italy

The cinematic masterpiece, restored in 35mm splendor. A must-see for any dedicated cinephile.

TAQWACORE: THE BIRTH OF PUNK ISLAM

Directed by Omar Majeed | Canada

Meet the new faces of underground punk

FRI, OCT 15 - THU, OCT 21

THE LAW

Directed by Jules Dassin | Italy

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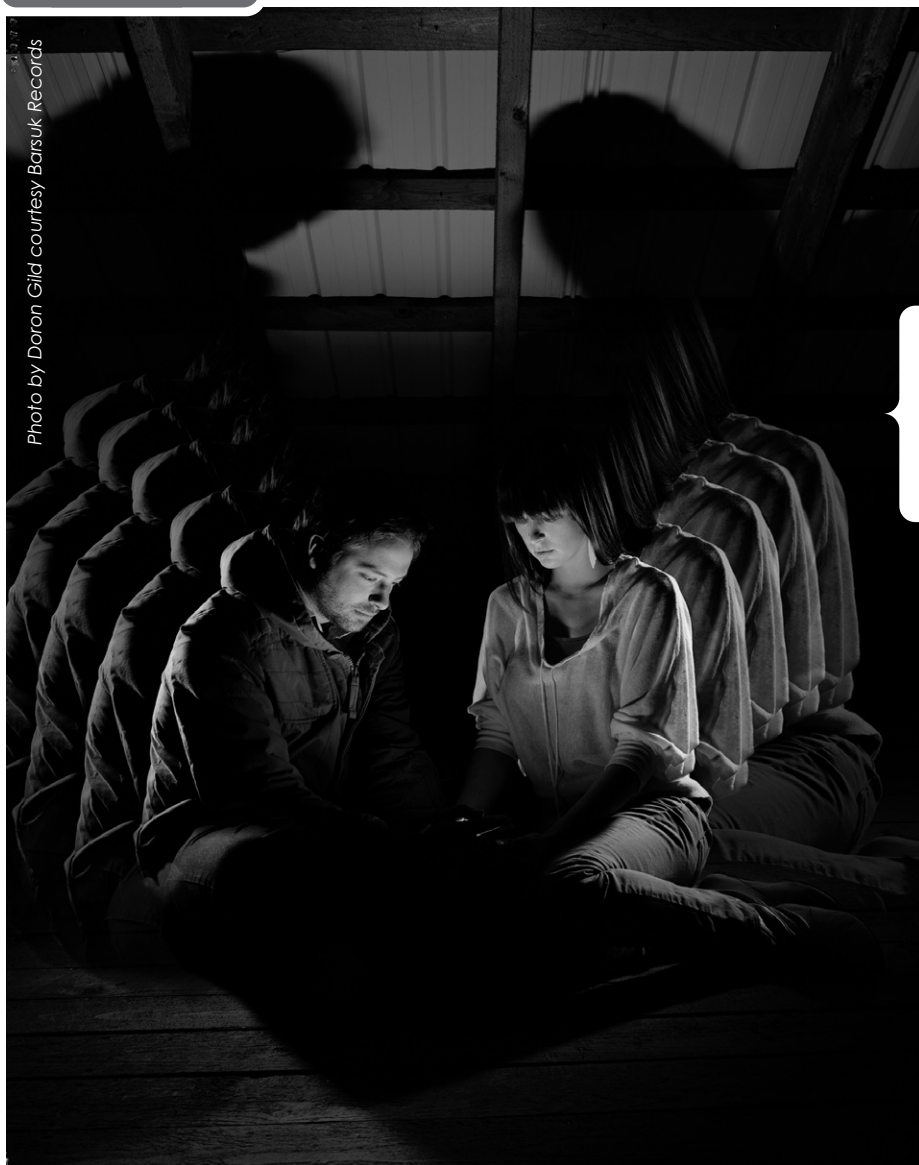
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October's Bag of Tricks

October is a month defined by disguises. Best known for Halloween, its costume-and-trickery grand finale, October leaves almost everything to the imagination. The theme of surprise and disguise has also been a trend this year in local music promotion. With the rapidly changing venue scene, including new own-

ers/bookers/venues, a bunch of shows popped up that had people saying, “Really? That show is happening *there*?”

While in most cases such surprises can be stimulating, there is still some comfort that comes from tradition—no one wants a toothbrush in their candy bag, after all. This is why I was pleasantly surprised that in the tricky month of October, I found all of our local venues sticking to that thing that they all do best.

At the reborn White Lightning Wherehouse

(700 S. Dubuque, basement), this means picking up on the DiY aesthetic of “straight” venues like Public Space ONE, but infusing it with the art/punk and house-show party mentality that is so vital to that scene. In fact, two noteworthy shows there this month feature bands who have previously played PS1, and I’m excited to see them come back. The first is Pillars and Tongues, who play on the 2nd with Skye Carrasco.

PHANT-ASTIC

Hype-worthy electro-pop band Phantogram performs with Josiah Wolf at the Blue Moose Tap House, Oct. 21 at 6pm. Tickets are \$12.

This three piece plays weird, slow music using really traditional instruments: upright bass, drums,

violin, and their voices (and sometimes only their voices). It’s haunting, interesting music. On the other end of the sonic spectrum are Montreal noise rockers AIDS Wolf, who will play guitars and drums fast and loud. That’s on the 16th. Both shows are all ages and start at 9pm.

Local music and a party atmosphere are hallmarks of the Yacht Club, and I’m sure these shows will deliver.

Speaking of Public Space ONE, the venue has been getting less and less ink in this column because they have quietly been turning into an incredible incubator for all kinds of other arts, besides the music that still happens there. Exemplary of this is the Works in Progress Festival, happening from the 14th-16th and featuring a wide variety of presentations from artists and performers in many fields.

The Blue Moose is continuing with its mix of shows that are either up-and-coming bands or teen-anthem generators (sometimes both!), but it should come as no surprise that my interests lie more in the former. This month, I’ve starred the 21st on my calendar to check out Phantogram, a hype-generating electronic act that should appeal to fans of The XX, but have their own unique sound. I would highly recommend googling their Daytrotter session—it’s excellent. Opening is Josiah Wolf, who this year stepped out from behind the shadow of younger brother Yoni (of Why? and cLOUD-DEAD). His debut, *Jet Lag*, is out now on Anticon Records, and is a weird electro-folk-pop gem.

On the 8th of this month, Joe Jack Talcum of Dead Milkmen fame comes sauntering back

Quick Hits

Put these shows on your calendar for the month of October.

THE ENGLERT THEATRE

The Weepies | Oct 26, 8pm. \$20.*

THE MILL



▲ Joe Jack Talcum w/Boo Hoos.
Oct 8, 9pm. \$7.**

GABE'S



▲ Ana Sia w/ Kraddy & Eliot Lipp.
Oct. 13, 9pm. \$10.**

YACHT CLUB

New Belgium Battle of the Bands
finale | Oct 16, 7pm. \$5.**

WHITE LIGHTNING WHEREHOUSE

Pillars and Tongues
w/Skye Carrasco.
Oct. 2, 9pm. \$5.*



▲ Aids Wolf w/ D. Rider
Oct 16, 9pm. \$5.*

PUBLIC SPACE ONE

Works in Progress Festival
Oct 14-17, (see article on page 18).*

*All ages, **All ages until 10pm; 21+ after 10

into town to play The Mill. Talcum made fast friends with our own local songwriting legend Sam Locke-Ward, and his Boo Hoos will not only open the show, but stay on as Talcum's backing band. The last Talcum show I saw here (criminally under-attended, by the way) was him solo, and while mesmerizing, many of the Milkmen tracks seem to beg for more oomph. The Boo Hoos (featuring members of Lipstick Homicide and Leslie Hall's drummer) should provide that in spades.

My personal favorite basement semi-dive, the Iowa City Yacht Club, has been in the process of hosting the New Belgium Battle of the Bands. Local music and a party atmosphere are hallmarks of the Yacht Club, and I'm sure these shows will deliver. There are several preliminary

**There is still some
comfort that comes
from tradition—
no one wants a
toothbrush in their
candy bag, after all.**

rounds (which haven't even started as of press time), but the final round is on the 16th. The winner gets a week of time at Flat Black Studios, where numerous Iowa City bands have recorded their records—from The Tanks to Wet Hair and everyone in-between. Second place gets a keg of beer, though, which has also been known to prompt all varieties of creative energy.

Finally, for some more traditional sounds, there is probably no "straighter" venue than the Englert. This month they are bringing in The Weepies, who Paste Magazine once described as crafting "Sunday-morning songs for the coffee-and-*New York Times* set." Yes, this is a compliment! As a husband and wife team, The Weepies make, for lack of a better word, adult twee: unoffensive, sure, but also delicate, thoughtful and eminently melodic. The fact that they haven't toured for 4 years and have a new album coming out on Nettwerk make this a must-see for the cleanly dressed set. **lv**

Craig Eley is a music writer, promoter and American studies grad student, usually in that order. Got news on the music scene? Write to him at craig@missionfreak.com.

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Diplomats of Solid Sound

What Goes Around Comes Around

Record Kicks
www.thediplomats.org

The Iowa City purveyors of retro rhythm and blues are back with a new slab of wax—their fifth since 2001 and their second since they added those sassy sirens of soul, The Diplomettes (lead vocalists Sarah Cram and Katharine Ruestow).

The addition of the Diplomettes in 2006 transformed the band from funky professors of instrumental jazz and soul to a hands-in-the-air soul revival, recalling the great early '60s singles of Stax and Motown. By the time they released the first album with the Diplomettes, they had already started to introduce newer songs into their live set. Keeping the retro flavor alive, the new songs simply rolled the dials of the style time machine forward five to ten years, to a late '60s or early '70s sound. Some of these songs are on *What Goes Around Comes Around*.

For the most part, the first several songs on the album follow the early soul sound established by the last, self-titled, album: Nate "Count" Basinger's Hammond B3 bounces around the powerful horn section of David Basinger and Eddie McKinley with Doug Roberson's clean rhythm guitar and leads kept in time by Paul Kresowik's drums—an established formula for soul music. But, Sarah's "Gimme One More Chance," with its unexpected string lead, is a standout track that gives us a taste of a new direction. It's not exactly Stax, not exactly Disco—is it "chamber funk?"

With "No Man," Katharine Ruestow jabs a painted fingernail in our chest—"Ain't nobody's sucka, nobody's going to stand in my way!" The "woo-hoo" harmonies and Katharine's jaunty lead vocal will have you on Gladys Night's Midnight Train to Georgia.

The 70's influence continues with super-funky wah-wah guitar and analog synth propelling a socially conscious "What's Going On" mood into the title track.

Lineup changes in the band plus a couple of members moving away from Iowa City may have cast a shadow of doubt on The Diplomats, but this album not only shows they are still here, but they are evolving!

What Goes Around Comes Around will be available October 11th in CD, LP and digital formats via the Record Kicks website and in CD/download formats via Pravda Records, most online retailers and especially groovy record stores.

Mike Roeder



The Beggarmen

A Soft Day

Self Released
www.beggarmen.com

Iowa City has a deep tradition of acoustic folk music, of which the Beggarmen are proud members. They specialize in Irish folk music but in addition to playing traditional tunes they write their own songs in the tradition.

Their musicianship on *A Soft Day* is impressive, all the more so for being completely relaxed. Irish Jigs and reels require no small measure of dexterity and are sometimes delivered with more grim determination than joy.

The Beggarmen combine technical precision with a sense of playfulness. The instrumental 'sets' ("Fergal O'Gary Set," "Pocket Full Of Gold Set") alternate with songs like "Almost Home" and "The Angels Whispered." On the latter, Keith Reins' baritone is very much a 'folk' voice—self taught, with no show-biz affectation—but with an excellent sense of phrasing.

Brad Poulsen and Tara Dutcher also sing: Him with a clear, restrained tenor, and her with a pure sweet soprano. All the vocal songs are well sung, but my favorite on the CD is "Pocket Full Of Gold Set," which combines first a jig and then

a reel. The subtle swing the Beggarmen add to the rhythm of those dances gives them an almost (but not quite) jazziness. That's what makes *A Soft Day* different from run-of-the-mill folk music albums: They're not awed of the tradition and stamp each song with their own personality and original interpretation.

Kent Williams



Paul Cary

Ghost Of A Man

Stankhouse Records
www.stankhouserecords.com

Paul Cary's nasal squall of a voice—familiar to fans of his former Iowa City band The Horrors—is irresistibly rough. And on *Ghost Of A Man*, the vintage microphones and elderly spring reverbs turn his voice into something that exists out of time. It's as though he was the guy who got thrown out of Sun Studios in the '50s for smoking up in the bathroom. The artfully low-fidelity recordings (by Johnathan Crawford and Mike Lust) soak Cary's songs in nicotine-stained ambiance.

The world hardly needs more music like this. Leaving aside the '50s masters of the rock idiom, there's Tom Waits, The Blasters, The Cramps and dozens of lesser bands recycling the blues tropes Cary explores on this record. Cary rises above with a combination of attitude and execution. The attitude is loose, fearless, with a bit of a swagger—he lets it rip, like a guy three drinks in telling off his boss. The execution is relaxed and has a precision that's never careful; he's done this enough that it's always in the pocket, even when he's swerving recklessly, like an experienced drunk driver.

I'm not saying the man's a drunk—though he does sing in "Green Monster" of being "full of liquor and hate"—but he's studied so long and hard on how to sing & play his remarkably modest, scuzzy masterpieces that his performances have the freedom Kris Kristofferson deemed a synonym for nothing left to lose. He might tell

you “bad people make the world go ‘round,” but he transforms bitterness, disappointment and rage into music that makes you feel good.

Cary will be playing at The Blue Moose on Oct. 23 with Liberty Leg.

Kent Williams



85 Decibel Monks

Reel-to-Real

Dusted Wax/Creative Commons

www.tackfu.com

85 Decibel Monks is the production team of Iowa City hip-hop producers Tack-Fu, The Chaircrusher and drunk. *Reel-to-Real* is their latest release and the third under this name since 2000.

To make the album, Tack sorted through a sizable archive of work amassed over fourteen years. Still, consumed in one sitting, the collection of tracks is surprisingly even. There is some variation in fidelity which occurs naturally due to the array of sources a typical producer will mine for samples but The Chaircrusher—who handled post production of *Reel-to-Real*—guided the tracks into a cohesive release.

Reel-to-Real is made up of beats that were obviously made to have MC's over them, so tracks like “Go-Go Gadget Remix” tend to be a bit repetitive on first listen. However, I found this release provided a great soundtrack to other chores and I was bobbing my head while it played.

If you dig DJ Shadow, Vadim, DJ Krush, Diplo, or Cut Chemist you'll find a lot to like here. These tracks remind me of some of the early work of these producers. In particular, the use of organ on “Microwave Popcorn” reminded me of Cut Chemist's remix of Shadow's “Number Song.”

My favorite track on the compilation is “City of Chill,” which has a great wash of sound under a constantly-flipping high hat break beat that recalls Roni Size's drum and bass act, Reprazent.

While Tack had previously done albums, in his words, “the old way... physical CD's,” he wasn't interested in doing that with this release. He worked with Bulgarian-based label Dusted Wax Kingdom to put *Reel* out online under Creative Commons licensing.

“[Dusted Wax] found out about my style of music through some of the artists on their roster [and they] really dug my stuff,” says Tack, who put the release together using the best 85 dB tracks he had that hadn't been used for other projects.

As a piece published under Creative Commons, the artist retains ownership of the material but it may be used under certain conditions without paying licensing fees. What this means is that if you want to enjoy this collection of local tracks you may do so for no cost! Download and you're off to a half an hour of head-bobbing, stuttering beats and manipulated samples.

Download *Reel-to-Real* by 85 Decibel Monks at www.dustedwax.org/dwk059.html

Mike Roeder

STELLA

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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

Works by Julia Galloway and Ron Meyers, Oct. 15 thru Nov. 14

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids

www.crma.org

Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Cedar Rapids Public Library: Ni Hau, Little Artists, Oct. 1, 10:30-11:30am • Art Bites "Goya's Diasters of War" with CRMA Curator, Sean Ulmer, Oct. 6, 12:15-12:30pm • Fall Metro Gallery Tour, Oct. 7, 5-8pm • Lions and Tigers and Dragons...Oh My! Family Fun Day, Oct. 9, 11-3pm • China: Insights, opens Oct. 9 • Light and Shadow: Documenting a Changing China, Oct. 14, 7-8pm • 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

Au Naturel, thru Oct. 11

CSPS/Legion Arts

1103 Third St SE, Cedar Rapids

www.legionarts.org

Check website for times and locations

Legion Arts and the Linn County Nonprofit Resource Center co-present an informational session on the use of New Market Tax Credits in nonprofit capital projects, Oct. 5

Faulconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell

www.grinnell.edu/fulconergallery

Film Screening: Ideal X Projects, Oct. 1, 4:15 - 5:15 pm • Panel Discussion: Sports and Wellness as Community, Oct. 4, 7pm • Performance: The Story of Music, Stories from Home, Oct. 5, 7pm • Panel Discussion: Defining Community — The Influence of Discipline, Oct. 12, 4:15pm • Artist's Talk and Hands-On Program: Marguerite Perret, Oct. 16, 2:30-4pm • Culturing Community: Projects about Place, ongoing

Hudson River Gallery

538 South Gilbert St., Iowa City

www.hudsonrivergallery.com

Iowa State Parks by Nancy Thomson, thru Oct. 9

Johnson County Historical Society

310 5th St., Coralville

www.jchsiowa.org

Check website for times and locations

Until The Game is Won, thru Nov. 14 • JCHS Annual Meeting: presentation on 19th Century Iowa stereographic imagery, silent auction and presentation of Irving Weber Award, Oct. 10, 1-4pm

Old Capitol Museum

Pentacrest, Iowa City

www.uiowa.edu/~oldcap

WorldCavass: Slavery and Gender, Oct. 8, 5pm • Chaos and Creation on the Pentacrest, ongoing

Public Space One

115 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.myspace.com/publicspaceone

Works in Progress, Oct. 15-17

Univeristy of Iowa

Black Box Theater, IMU

calendar.uiowa.edu

Ere Ibeji: Images of Twins reception, Oct. 8, 5:30pm • Ere Ibeji: Yoruba Twin Figures, ongoing

University Museum of Art

uima.uiowa.edu

Check website for locations

Symposium: Images of Twins: ere Ibeji in Yoruba African Culture, Oct. 8, 2-5pm • All Donor/ Public Reception Ere Ibeji: Yoruba Twin Figures from the Collection of J. Richard Simon, Oct. 8, 5:30-7:30pm • The Museum Party! "Art is a Party; the New Party is Art!" -Lil Picard, 1975, Oct. 16, 8pm • UI Student Bus Trip to the Figge Art Museum's College Night, Oct. 28, 5pm

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

Macbride Hall, UI Campus

www.uiowa.edu/~nathist

Check website for locations

Adventures in Archaeology family activities, Oct. 9, 2pm • UI Explorers Lecture Series, Oct. 21, 7pm • Creepy Campus Crawl, Oct. 29, 6:30pm

MUSIC

Blue Moose Tap House

211 Iowa Ave, Iowa City

www.bluemooseic.com

Minus Six, free show, Oct. 2am-6:30am • Trampled by Turtles, Oct. 6, 10pm • Fun. with TBA, Oct. 13, 6pm • The Almost with Special Guests, Oct. 17,

6pm • Phantogram with Josiah Wolf, Oct. 21, 6pm • ZOSO: Led Zeppelin Tribute, Oct. 22, 10pm • Suicide Silence with My Children My Bride, The Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza, Molotov Solution, Oct. 23, 5pm • Black Veil Brides with William Control & Motionless in White, Oct. 26, 5:30pm • Los Campesinos with Johnny Foreigner, Oct. 27, 7pm • Brother Ali, Oct. 28, 7pm • Cory Chisel & The Wandering Sons, Oct. 29, 9pm • All Time Low with A Rocket to the Moon, City(comma) State, Oct. 30, 6pm

CSPS

1103 Third St SE, Cedar Rapids

www.legionarts.org

Closed thru Mar. 2011 for repairs/renovation

Englert

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.englert.org

Intimate At The Englert Series: Salsa Vibe, Oct. 1, 7pm • MDA Music Night, Oct. 2, 2pm • An Evening With Joan Baez, Oct. 6, 8pm • Guitar Masters: Eric Johnson, Andy McKee, Peppino D'Agostino, Oct. 7, 8pm • Jason Reeves, Oct. 8, 8pm • UI Lecture Series: Bill McKibben, Oct. 13, 7pm • Bayanihan Philippine National Dance Company, Oct. 14, 7:30pm • Musicians United To Save The Englert: Featuring Greg Brown, Oct. 15, 7pm • Masquerade Ball, Oct. 16, 8pm • The Wailin' Jennys, Oct. 17, 7pm • Intimate At The Englert Series: Joe Pug, Oct. 19, 8pm • Max Weinberg Big Band, Oct. 22, 8pm • Firefly Forever, Oct. 23, 8pm • Intimate At The Englert Series: Hi-Fi, Lo-Fi, And Wi-Fi, Oct. 25, 9pm • The Weepies, Oct. 26, 8pm • Bo Burnham And (no) Friends Tour, Oct. 29, 8pm • The Rocky Horror Picture Show, 2010, Oct. 30, 12am • Carl Palmer: An Evening Of Emerson, Lake, & Palmer Music, Oct. 30, 8pm

Gabe's

330 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.iowacitygabes.com

Smoochknob feat. Donnie Rife with Brutus and the Psychedelic Explosions, Sonador, Oct. 1, 5:15pm • Falcon Arrow, The Old Man, Oct. 1, 9:45pm • Hello Dave with Tim Stop Trio, Oct. 2, 10pm • King Rat with Fire in the Asylum, Robot Roll Call, Oct. 3, 7pm • BUGGirl with Danger Ronnie & the Spins, Oct. 3, 10:15pm • 40 oz To Freedom: Sublime Tribute, Oct. 5, 7pm • Ghastly City Sleep with TBA, Oct. 5, 10:15pm • The Brothers Burn Mountain with Crystal City, The River Monks, Oct. 7, 10pm • Will Hoge with TBA, Oct. 8, 9pm • Jucifer with The Post Mortems, Acoustic Guillotine, Oct. 9, 6:30pm • Salsa Vibe, Oct. 9, 10:30pm • Ana Sia with Kraddy, Eliot Lipp, Oct. 13, 9pm • Thunder Power with Plane Crashes, Oct. 14, 10pm • Jake Dille and the Color Rx with Amanda Miller, Oct. 15, 10pm • Insanguine with Identity Crisis, Havokkrier, Revive the Fallen, Violent Intent, Oct. 16, 10pm • Human Aftertaste with TBA, Oct. 21, 10pm • Daphne Willis with Mike Droho and Down the Line, Oct.

A-List



Jill Esbaum

The Write Stuff

A meet and greet with Iowa authors

**October 13, 6:30-8:30 p.m.
Coralville Public Library
FREE**

NonfictionNow will offer plenty of chances for you lovers of literature to meet and interact with big-name authors on the national scene, but what about successful scribes from closer to home?

The Iowa Center for the Book, Iowa Library Association (ILA), Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature, Coralville Public Library, and Iowa City Public Library present "The Write Stuff," a book fair featuring Iowa authors that have recently published a book of general interest.

How did they do it? Are they making money? Are they going to move to New York City and start dressing better? Ask 'em anything you want! And if you've got a few dollars in your pocket, pick your favorite book and push it one copy closer to the national best-sellers list. Don't forget to get it signed so you can brag to your friends about how you used to know the author way back when!



Get our top picks every weekend at littlevillagemag.com/weekender

Calendar

22, 7pm • The Nadas with TBA, Oct. 22, 10:15pm • Disgruntled Noise Box with The Outer Head, Some Flavour, Turshia, Oct. 23, 6pm • Rick Berthod with TBA, Oct. 28, 10pm • Family Groove Company with TBA, Oct. 29, 10pm • Halloween Bash with Five in a Hand, Nebula Was, Mad Monks, Oct. 30, 9:30pm

The Mill

**120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com**

*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

The Thermals with Cymbals Eat Guitars, Oct. 1, 7pm • Lubriphonic with Uniphonics, Oct. 2, 10pm • Hurray for Riff Raff with Old Scratch Revival Singers, Sam Doores & the Tumbleweeds, and Doug Nye, Oct. 3, 6pm • Breathe Owl Breathe with Rosalee Motor Revival, Strand of Oaks, Oct. 6 • University of Iowa Jazz Performances, Oct. 7, 7pm • Snow Demon with Droids Attack/ Identity Crisis/ Outerhead, Oct. 7, 10pm • Jazz After Five feat. Soul Jazz Collective w. Sam Salamone, Oct. 8, 5pm • Joe Jack Talcum with Samuel Locke Ward & The Boo Hoos, and Lipstick Homicide, Oct. 8, 10pm • Pat Willish with The Mayflies, Jennifer Danielson, Oct. 9, 8pm • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Oct. 13, 7pm • Anna Vogelzang with Bree Nettie, Daniel & the Lion, Oct. 14, 9:30pm • Jazz After Five feat. Equilateral, Oct. 15, 5pm • Kevin Gordon, Oct. 16, 9pm • Galactic Cowboy Orchestra, Oct. 17, 7pm • Tyrone Wells with Andrew Belle, Oct. 20, 8pm • Jazz After Five feat. Eric Thompson Trio, Oct. 22, 5pm • Joe & Vicki Price, Oct. 22, 8:30pm • Maia String Quartet, Oct. 23, 6pm • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Oct. 27, 7pm • Wylde Nept, Oct. 30, 9pm • Halloween Tribute Show with The Mayflies, So Much Fun, Lipstick Homicide, Western Front and members of Petit Mall, Tanks, Oct. 31, 9pm

Public Space One

**129 E. Washington St., Iowa City
publicspaceone.wordpress.com
Check website for listings**

Riverside Casino

**3184 Highway 22, Riverside
www.riversidecasinoandresort.com
Bill Cosby, Oct. 8, 6pm and 8:30pm • Louis C.K., Oct. 9, 8pm • Gallagher, Oct. 10, 5pm**

Scope Productions

**scope.uiowa.edu
Check website for locations
Iron & Wine, Oct. 12, 8pm • Dierks Bentley, Oct. 28, 8:30pm**

White Lightning Wherehouse

**www.myspace.com/whitelightingie
Pillars and Tongues with Skye Carrasco, Oct. 2, 9pm • Univox with Alex Body, Oct. 4, 9pm • Oct.**

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Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine

www.LittleVillageMag.com

14, Aids Wolf with D. Rider, These Needles, Bad Drugs, SSP, Oct. 14, 9pm • All Hallow's Eve Masquerade, Oct. 30

Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City

www.iowacityyachtclub.org

Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted

Public Property with Shoeless Revolution, Oct. 1 • Homecoming with Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band, Oct. 2 • Head for the Hills, Oct. 7, 10pm • Habitat for Humanity Fundraiser, Oct. 8 • David Bess' Man vs. Bear Fundraiser, Oct. 14, 10pm • Cosmic Railroad with Messy Blend, Oct. 15, 8pm • Yacht Club--Flat Black Studios--New Belgium Battle Finale, Oct. 16, 7pm • Jon Wayne & The Pain, Oct. 21, 10pm • Natty Nation + Roadblok, Oct. 22 • Flavor Savers with Magnetos, BJ Jagers, The Jagoffs, Oct. 23 • Big Funk Guarantee with Synthaholics, Oct. 29 • Phish Tribute with Dr. Z's Experiment, Oct. 30 • Halloween Show with Dead Larry and Roster McCabe, Oct. 31

THEATER/DANCE/PERFORMANCE

Dreamwell Theatre

www.dreamwell.com

Check website for times and locations

A View from the Bridge, Oct. 8, 9, 15 & 16

Iowa Theatre Artists Company

4709 220th Trail, Amana

www.iowatheatreartists.org

The Cemetery Club, Oct. 8-17

Old Capitol City Roller Girls

Coralville Marriott

www.oldcapitolcityrollergirls.com

Check website for times and locations

Penguin's Comedy Club

Clarion Hotel, 525 33rd Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids

www.penguinscomedyclub.com

Check website for showtimes

Mike Toomey with Josh Alton, Oct. 1-2 • Jordyn Gourley Fundraiser, Oct. 1-2 • JR Brow, Oct. 8-9 • Tim Cavanaugh, Oct. 15-16 • Mike Lucas, Oct. 22-23 • Steve Burr, Oct. 29-30

Riverside Theatre

213 N. Gilbert St.

www.riversidetheatre.org

Check website for showtimes

[TITLE OF SHOW], thru Oct. 3 • Boom, opens Oct. 29

Theatre Cedar Rapids

4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids

www.theatreocr.org

Six Characters in Search of an Author, Oct. 15-30

WORDS

Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City

www.prairielight.com

See www.prairielight.com/live for Live From Prairie Lights schedule information

CINEMA

Bijou Theatre

IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City

www.uiowa.edu/~bijou/

Waking Sleeping Beauty, Kisses, Oct. 1-7 • Rosemary's Baby, Oct. 1-2 • Life During Wartime, The Bicycle Thief, Oct. 8-14 • Suspiria, Oct. 8-9 • Bijour/Cab Student Film Showcase, Oct. 14 • Taqwacore: The Birth of Punk Islam, Oct. 9-15 • The Law, Oct. 15-21 • The Wicker Man (1973), Oct. 15-16

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.englert.org

American Filmmaker Series: Woody Allen, Oct. 4-5, 8pm • American Filmmakers Series: Peter Bogdanovich, Oct. 11-12, 8pm • American Filmmakers Series: Maya Deren, Oct. 18, 8pm

IWP Cinematheque

Adler Journalism Building

calendar.uiowa.edu

IWP Cinematheque, Oct. 6

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

Macbride Hall, UI Campus

www.uiowa.edu/~nathist

Movies@MNH: "Lost Nation-The Ioway," Oct. 3, 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

Check website for locations

Storytime Explorers: Native American Legends, Oct. 17, 2pm

MISC

Amana Colonies

www.festivalsinamana.com/oktoberfest.html

See website for details

Festivals in Amana: Oktoberfest, Oct. 1-3

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Curses, Foiled Again

- When a man walked into a bank in Watsonville, Calif., announced he had a bomb and demanded \$2,000 to pay his friend's rent, the manager advised him to apply for a loan instead. She asked him to sit and wait while she went to get the loan paperwork but called police, who arrested Mark Smith, 59. (*Santa Cruz Sentinel*)
- Seattle police identified Larry Shawn Taylor, 18, as the man who robbed two women at gunpoint, after the victims described the robber as a short black man with deformed ears who had "MOB" shaved into one side of his hair and "GET MONEY" on the other and "GET" tattooed on his right hand and "MONEY" on his left. Detectives used their database to match the tattoos to Taylor, who was apprehended after an officer stopped a car for reckless driving and recognized him by his ears and tattoos. (KOMO News)

Revenooers

- Russia's finance minister announced his ministry was doubling the cigarette tax to boost the economy and encouraged citizens to do their patriotic duty by smoking more. "If you smoke a pack of cigarettes, that means you are giving more to help solve social problems such as boosting demographics, developing other social services and upholding birth rates," Alexei Kudrin said. "Those who smoke are doing more to help the state." (CBS News)
- Romanian lawmakers seeking new sources of revenue proposed taxing witches. The measure, drafted by senators Alin Popoviciu and Cristi Dugulescu of the ruling Democratic Liberal Party, would require witches and fortunetellers to produce receipts and also hold them liable for wrong predictions. After the Senate voted down the proposal, Popoviciu claimed the senators were afraid of being cursed. (*Associated Press*)

Winners & Losers

- As soon as competitive eater Joey "Jaws" Chestnut, 26, won Nathan's Famous Fourth of July International Hot Dog Eating Contest at New York's Coney Island by downing 54 wieners in 10 minutes, six-time champion Takeru "The Tsunami" Kobayashi, 32, tried to rush the stage. He had skipped the contest because he refused to sign a contract with Major League Eating so he could be free to compete in contests sanctioned by other groups, but his manager, Yuki Nagura, explained Kobayashi just wanted "to prove that he was the real champion." He wrestled with police, who arrested him while the crowd shouted, "Let him eat! Let him eat!" After his release from jail the next day, Kobayashi said, "So now, I'm think-

ing about what I want to eat." (*Daily News*)

- Russia's Vladimir Ladyzhensky died during the finals of the Sauna World Championships in Heinola, Finland, after spending six minutes in temperatures of 230 degrees F. Ladyzhensky was trying to outlast five-time sauna champ Timo Kaukonen of Finland when judges noticed Ladyzhensky had collapsed. They ordered both contestants pulled from the heat and suspended the event without naming a winner. (*Reuters*)

Drinking Class Hero

Authorities said Tommy Ryser, 54, was driving drunk when he crashed his truck into a utility pole in Blaine, Wash., and again soon after when he crashed his wife's car into a guardrail a short distance away. While Whatcom County sheriff's deputies were investigating the crashes, Ryser pulled up to the scene of the second crash in his privately owned tow truck to take the wrecked car back home. They questioned him, determined he'd been the driver of the two vehicles and charged him with three counts of driving under the influence. (*The Bellingham Herald*)



When Guns Are Outlawed

- When a masked intruder entered a house in Spartanburg, S.C., carrying what looked like a gun, homeowner Phillip Graham, 71, ran him off with a Swiffer WetJet in one hand and a plugged-in Dustbuster in the other. Graham said he used the Swiffer on the suspect "like a cattle prod" and chased the suspect outside until the cord on the Dustbuster ran out. He called 911, but sheriff's deputies couldn't locate the suspect. (*Spartanburg Herald-Journal*)
- Police said two armed men broke into a home in Chester, Pa., tied up one man and robbed another before the 43-year-old woman of the house chased them away with a broom. (*Associated Press*)

Territorial Imperative

Richard Junkins rolled up to a parking space in his Ford Mustang to find Ross Campbell standing in the spot holding his 3-year-old son and refusing to budge, according to police in Athens, Ga. "Junkins, after an exchange of words, continued pulling in the space" and hit

the man and the child, causing both to land on Junkins's hood, police official Hilda Sorrow said. Junkins was arrested, and Campbell declined to explain why he wouldn't move from the parking spot. (*The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*)

Slightest Provocations

- Authorities in Everett, Wash., accused Dallas Amber Smith, 18, of stabbing a 19-year-old man who laughed at her for having smelly feet. The two were at a party, where Smith boasted that she was good at doing back flips. The man challenged her to do a flip off the deck, so she took off her shoes and tried but failed. Snohomish County prosecutor Janice Albert said that's when the man laughed at her and said her feet smelled. She started to leave the party but stopped long enough to stab him in the back with a steak knife. (Everett's *The Herald*)
- After David A. Patton, 44, burst into the house of a neighbor, Stephen A. Carr, 48, and shot him to death, police in Fairfax County, Va., said the homicide occurred because Patton objected to a speed bump in front of Carr's house. Carr had campaigned for the speed bump to discourage traffic speeding through the neighborhood. (*The Washington Post*)

Incendiary Devices

Fire officials concluded that a fire which damaged an apartment in Springfield, Mo., was caused by a big-screen television left outside in the sun. Assistant Fire Chief Randy Villines explained that mirrors inside the set likely bounced and concentrated sunlight enough to start a fire. Villines called the blaze "bizarre" but noted the damage was minor. (*Springfield News-Leader*)

Name Game

Declaring his intention to start a new life, Shelby Marwan Heggs, 27, petitioned a court in Bibb County, Ga., to change his name to Saint Jody Almighty Bedrock. "I wanted a name that everybody would know when they were talking to me that they were talking to a man of God," Heggs said. "I wanted that to be expressed by my name." He added that his friends and family already call him Saint Jody. (*Macon Telegraph*)

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

Grass-fed or Grain-fed?

Is grass-fed beef healthier for us than grain-fed beef? I've seen the following claims: it's lower in fat and calories, has more omega-3 fatty acids and vitamins, and is a good source of conjugated linoleic acid.

—Diana, Houston

Let's not take a narrow view here, Diana. Fans say grass-fed beef represents a trifecta of goodness: not just healthier but tastier and better for the environment. Tempting as that conjugated linoleic acid sounds, you need to consider the implications for the planet, too.

First a note about the terms *grass-fed* and *grain-fed*. As a rule, beef cattle are raised on mother's milk, then on pasture grass for the first couple years of life. After that, most grass-fed cattle just keep on grazing, but grain-fed cattle are sent to a feedlot to stuff themselves for a couple months prior to slaughter, a process called "finishing." (Some cows described as grass-fed are finished in a feedlot on a diet of grass and hay.) A high-grain diet lets cattle put on as much as a pound of meat per six pounds of feed consumed. Large feedlots account for 75 percent of U.S. beef production, and more than 90 percent of the beef we eat is grain-finished.

All the worse for us, some think. Several studies show grass-finished beef not only has significantly less fat than grain-fed, it's also higher in certain fats considered beneficial. Omega-3 fatty acids, linked to the prevention of heart disease, arthritis, cancer, and possibly depression, are significantly higher in grass-fed beef. So are those conjugated linoleic acids you mentioned, which may help reduce cancer, heart disease, diabetes, and perhaps fat buildup. Grass-fed beef is also higher in carotenoids, a source of vitamin A, plus vitamin E and other antioxidants that help prevent cancer and coronary heart disease.

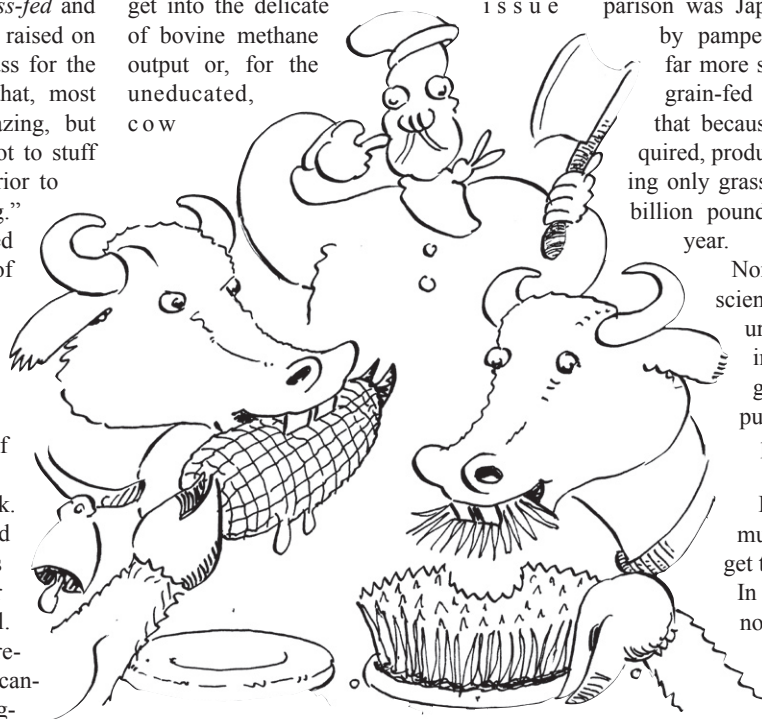
Grain-fed beef doesn't come off worse in every comparison. For one thing, it scores better on monounsaturated fat (one of the good ones). And anyway beef overall is leaner than it was years ago.

So, is grass-fed beef better for you? I won't

claim the difference is dramatic, but overall, given what we know now, yes.

What about palatability? Researchers say cooked grass-fed beef contains compounds associated with a "green" smell, whereas those in grain-fed beef smell "soapy." But test results for taste, tenderness, and juiciness have been all over the place—the only thing that jumps out is that meat eaters seem to like what they're used to. So we'll consider the taste issue a wash.

Grass-fed beef has two potential downsides: greenhouse gas emissions and price. Here we get into the delicate issue of bovine methane output or, for the uneducated, cow



burps. (Yup—the main source is burps, not farts.) Methane is a major contributor to the greenhouse effect, and among the major producers of methane are cud eaters, including cows. You may have thought the principal by-product of bovine digestion was the one you have to watch out for when walking through a barnyard, but that's just the visible one. The typical cow produces 200 to 400 quarts of methane a day.

A big advantage of grain finishing is that cattle get to the slaughterhouse sooner and thus produce less methane—just 13 percent of bovine greenhouse gas emissions are produced during the feedlot stage. One researcher estimates that grain-fed cattle produce a third

to a half less methane than cows fed exclusively on grass.

Don't expect that to be the last word on the subject, though. A couple years ago two scientists from the Humane Society (Koneswaran and Nierenberg, 2008) claimed raising beef cattle on grass produced 40 percent less greenhouse gases and consumed 85 percent less energy than the feedlot method to boot.

Not likely, said two scientists funded by the beef industry (Avery and Avery, also 2008). The grass-is-good claim was misleading, they said, because the feedlot beef used for comparison was Japanese Kobe beef, produced by pampered cattle that get fattened far more slowly than typical American grain-fed cows. The Averys calculated that because of the additional land required, producing the U.S. beef supply using only grass would release an extra 277 billion pounds of greenhouse gases per year.

Nonsense, the Humane Society scientists retorted. You need to figure in the emissions involved in transporting the feed, the greenhouse gases that get pulled out of the atmosphere by pastureland soil, and other esoteric factors I won't get into. Plus we shouldn't be eating so much meat anyway. If they ever get this settled, I'll let you know.

In the meantime, one thing nobody disputes is you'll pay a premium for grass-fed beef—a conservative estimate puts it at 16 percent.


Some say grazing cattle in pasture is more humane than the feedlot method; if you agree (the evidence is mixed), perhaps you won't mind the extra expense. Or maybe you just prefer that grass-fed taste. But the health argument alone doesn't strike me as persuasive. For most Americans there's a simpler, cheaper way to eat healthy: eat less.


—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 OCTOBER 2010


FOR EVERYONE—Progress, sort of. In October, some very important things will move ahead while others will remain stalled. So, while some progress is possible, an abundance of unknowns will make it hard to set directions or finalize plans. Discussion and sharing is supported, but with so many people uncertain of so many things, discussions will only get you so far. The confusion will probably get worse before it gets better. A lot of important pieces just are not ready to fall into place. In all the turmoil, it might be tempting to let routine things slide, but taking good care of daily chores might be the best way to maintain sanity and stay on course.


 **ARIES**—Organize. It will be largely up to you to bring people together for sharing and relevant planning or just for a little pep talk. Your instincts about what needs doing are on target. It's partly about harnessing potentially unruly energy in your community and work environments. It's partly about creating and updating partnerships and other connections to insure your continued prosperity. You have the needed drive. Recent breakthroughs in psychological and spiritual areas will serve you well now and later this year when a new cycle of growth regains momentum.


 **TAURUS**—Keep it simple. Many are getting caught up in the confusion and excitement of ongoing changes on the job. Not you, though. That's partly because you don't need the excitement. Fatigue is an issue. It's partly because you know the bottom line is always the same. It takes discipline and hard work to make any changes succeed. Sidestep complications and distractions. Do what's necessary and help others do the same. Avoid unnecessary stress. You have bigger issues on your mind and don't need extra work-related burdens weighing on you.


 **GEMINI**—Don't get carried away. Everything Gemini is about is foregrounded now. Your skills are very much in demand. You could find yourself alternately in the spot light and on the spot. It will be hard to keep your bearings. It will also be hard to avoid stress and get enough rest. Combined with lingering moodiness and an undercurrent of worry, all of this could drive you into escapist 'adventures'. Don't let yourself be overwhelmed and/or swept in directions best avoided. Romantic and intimate encounters will multiply later in October.


 **CANCER**—Complicated negotiations. Things are in flux. You and just about all the people who matter most to you, personally, professionally and economically, must engage in important and urgent negotiations. But neither you nor any of these people are quite ready for negotiations. None of you has a very clear idea of where you stand, or what your negotiating position should be. The planets advise you consider the views of others carefully. Their instincts about what the future holds are likely to be more accurate than yours in some important ways.


 **LEO**—Rough and tumble. You might want to hide and brood. The struggle for existence has been bruising lately and the world is getting you down in general. But you must keep up a cheerful front. You must work hard this month to establish your place in a turbulent workplace full of pushy, competitive and, well, irresponsible and inexperienced co-workers. You must somehow stay on top of things and forge a productive partnership with this motley crew. It's no time to show weakness or crankiness. Your financial future depends heavily upon it.


 **VIRGO**—Impose order. Any lingering deadlocks will ease somewhat during October. But that will unleash changes that cause some turmoil at home, at work and in your social circles. The outer turmoil will be reflected inwardly as your moods, your romantic urges and your ambition intensify. Things will be even more challenging because your skills are in high demand. Bring your absolute best thinking and highest ideals into play and embrace self-discipline to avert drama and keep things on track. Much will depend on your ability to maintain a clear mind.


 **LIBRA**—Stimulus-response. Things are in flux. Anything you set in motion could turn into more than anybody wants to handle. Consider your increasing need for extra quiet and rest. Be honest and realistic about what you can do. Then decide how much you want to stir things up. Let your enhanced charisma compensate for fatigue and increased downtime. Despite demands for change and progress all around, you should decide what your needs are and what you can realistically contribute. Your enhanced ability to impose order and calm on situations will surprise you.

 **SCORPIO**—Forward movement. A stalemate in neighborhood or community affairs will break, giving way to a flurry of activity. But this could lead to further confusion and frustration. Things can't go back to the way they were, but not all the new pieces are ready to fall into place. It's clear, though, that you are well-suited to help support morale and to keep things moving in the right direction. Take special care to smooth rough edges and brighten the darker corners of people's moods. This will be a continuing role.

 **SAGITTARIUS**—Balance. Forward movement in financial and work-related areas is putting exceptional demands on you. It's also creating disruptive tensions, especially in important relationships. These relationships have deep and stubborn roots, though, and are unlikely to give ground easily. To maintain stability and security in your life, you'll have to find a balance between the requirements of your job, your need for financial freedom and the demands of important relationships. Efforts to find this balance will go on for some time. Meanwhile, the planets are being strongly protective of your interests.

 **CAPRICORN**—Complicated maneuvers. The delays and obstacles that have dogged your efforts are slowly giving way. However, it will be some time before you achieve full forward motion. Also, those affected by these decisions will be scrambling to cover their bases, adding further confusion and uncertainty. The stars underline the importance of nurturing alliances at work and with colleagues and interested parties at a distance. For financial reasons, you can't afford not to form such alliances. Negotiations could be complex and delicate. However, the planets are being supportive of these efforts.

 **AQUARIUS**—Spadework. Stalemate will give way to forward movement, sort of. This cycle is a reality check for Aquarians. The emphasis is on conditions on the ground vs. your expectations. The planets are aligned to help you clarify your plans and revise your expectations for the future. They will also help you bring expectations into line with reality. Making your dreams a reality might turn out to be a tougher job and take more time than you think. However, the planets are providing the energy and motivation to succeed.

 **PISCES**—Retrospective. It's clear that the future will be a more complicated place than you thought. The path is not too clearly marked and obstacles are tougher than you expected. One way to help yourself move forward is to look back, a little. To make your plans for the future a reality, you'll need to unlearn a few old habits and replace them with new ones, of course. You'll also have to just let go of attitudes and issues that are holding you back. The planets will strongly support this effort.

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