

little village

Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine



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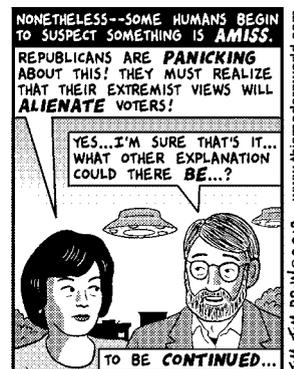
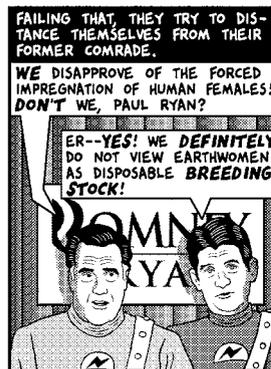
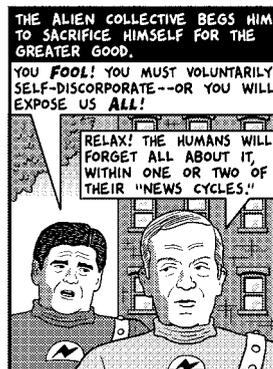
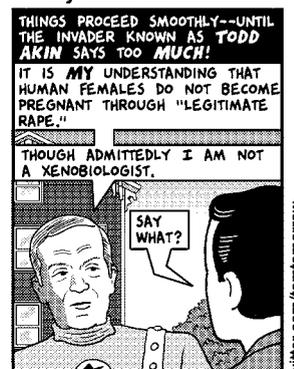
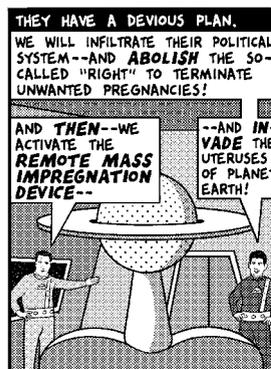
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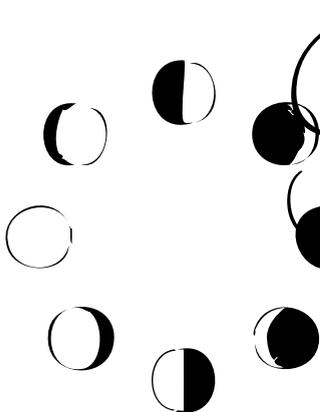
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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



www.thismodernworld.com...twitter.com/tomtommorrow



Phasebook Update

I'm kind of an almanac-y guy. I like a day's statistics—what the high and low temperatures were, the average temperatures, the precipitation. I like to note where a day is in the annual round—solstices, equinoxes, cross-quarter days and everything in between. I like weird holidays (as I finish writing this on August 20, it's National Radio Day). I like “on this day in history” recognitions—on this day who was born, on this day who died. I get Garrison Keillor's “Writer's Almanac” by email every day—and I look at it. Call me a dork, an idiot savant, anal, whatever. For whatever reason, I like to mark the days.

I've found myself pretty active on Facebook in the last few years. And by its nature—encouraging users to mark what's going on in the moment—I've found it a fun venue to be “Mr. Almanac.” To the annoyance of some and to the delight of maybe a few, I have regularly posted about significant (and not-so-significant) historical events, weather records, celebrity birthdays and so forth. Once, in response to someone's wonderment over why I bothered with a lot of this trivia, I said in a semi-mocking, Mister Rogers-ish voice, “Because every day is special.” But there was a lot of truth to that. At the risk of too much sentimentality, I do think we need to appreciate each of our days and to acknowledge, if not honor, its uniqueness.

Early this summer—late May or June—I tried a new time-marking method on Facebook. The moon was full. So that evening, I simply posted “Full” on Facebook. That sparked a lot of clever commentary, such as “of...”—well, you know. I posted “Full” for a couple more days until I was finally able to get to “Waning Gibbous.” And throughout the month, every evening like clockwork, I would post the phase of the moon, all the way through Last Quarter, Waning Crescent, New, Waxing Crescent, First Quarter, Waxing Gibbous and back to Full.

Something unexpected happened during my Facebook “moon phase” period early this summer. Although my birthday and history

postings tuned me into a particular day, they didn't connect me that much to the passage of time. You might think that if your intention is focused on the time passing, it would do so more quickly. But the opposite happened for me. While hardly an act of Transcendental Meditation, my moon markings brought me into the present day and focused me on the now, but it also placed me more in the *continuum* of time. Paying attention to that passage of time, being present in it, bringing it more into my fuller awareness—I discovered that time actually passed more slowly.

Most of us seem to live in the future, not in the present (and don't get me started on forgetting the past). That puts us in a perpetually provisional state—the now is rarely here with us, and we lose our sense of being in the world. This is what happened to me in July of this year. The end of June and July was a busy time for me. In July, I taught a writing workshop at the David R. Collins Writers' Conference in the Quad Cities and both a weeklong and weekend workshop in the Iowa Summer Writing Festival. Our annual vacation to the Minnesota North Woods was scheduled for the end of the month as well. The workshops and our vacation took a lot of planning and mental preparation. I spent much of my time in July preparing for these events rather than being in any particular moment. Even as one writing workshop ensued, my mind and activity were at least partially focused on the next one down the road, not to mention the impending family trip away from home. In the midst of all this, I dropped any sort of “almanac” activities on Facebook or anywhere else. And July flew by like a derecho. Not because I was busy, I think, but because I was paying too much attention to the next and not enough to the now.

Now, those July activities were tremendous—enjoyable and fulfilling. I wouldn't have traded them for anything. At the same time, I feel like I missed a lot. While marking time with the moon phases, I was pulled into consciousness of nature's pace outside of humanity's artificial bustle. And because I was duly noting the phase each and every day, I often would stop and stare into the night sky, both

confirming the reality of my cyberspace notation, and, more significantly, pulling me into the lunar state of the day, which was always quiet, leisurely, beautiful and awesome, in the original sense of that word. The richness and deepness of the nightly passage did much to connect me to the profoundness beyond me—and there's no rush in that kind of being in the world.

It's a staple of thinking about consciousness—whether it's Buddhism or meditation or yoga or whatever the case may be—that being in the now means stronger connection with the world about us. I have experienced that a de-

In a perpetually provisional state, the now is rarely here with us, and we lose our sense of being in the world.

liberate marking of time aids in that now-ness and that connection. That can happen whether you want to connect to a spiritual realm, your body, nature, family or community.

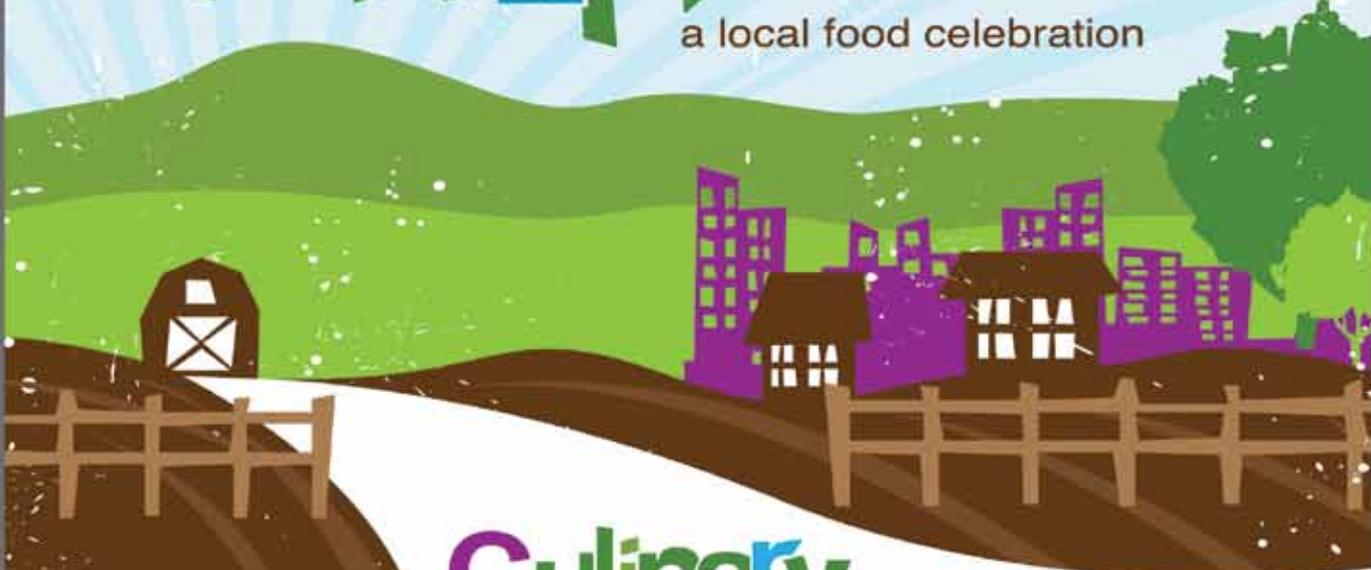
And now *Little Village* is doing its part to strengthen our connections to community with a twice-monthly schedule! Yes, from here on out, we'll all benefit from twice the fun, information and inspiration from *LV*. For me, *LV* has been a crucial instrument for connecting to our community with its cultural news, opinion, investigations and arts coverage. It is one of the most important vehicles of the commons that we have in the Iowa City area. So more is better. And it's not just the increased volume of what *LV* serves so well that excites me, but the increased frequency itself. Periodicals by their nature can be one of those important time/connection markers I've been talking about. And with *LV*'s periodic appearance happening more frequently, our marks on our community can become deeper. Thanks, *Little Village*, for the vision and hard work to make this happen, and thanks to our community for supporting the publication so enthusiastically that it was clear you would embrace more. **lv**

Thomas Dean is not a Buddhist, and he does not meditate (well, in the formal sense of the word) or do yoga. But he is here now.

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a local food celebration



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How does a middle-class working mother splurge? Retail therapy? No, not shoes—if I can't wear them to work or at home then why bother? Not handbags—they will just get Gatorade spilled on them. Concert tickets—nah, too tired to leave the house. No, no, no! What I really want is a personal chef.

I asked around and stumbled across Chef Gaby Weir Vera, who came highly recommended by fans of her "Clandestine Epicurean" dinner events staged in unconventional locations, and her personal chef business which offers made-to-order meal packages, cooking lessons, and private events.

I located her on Facebook and sent her a message: "Dear Chef Gaby, I am not a wildly rich person. I do not like to cook. However, I love to eat and your food looks really good. Even though I am a middle-class mother with a little kitchen, a picky spouse and two kids, can we meet to see if there is a 'starter-package' for people in my income range?"

My message was met with a great sense of humor and we arranged a meeting. As for my concern about kitchen size, she assured me that she didn't only cook in mansions, in fact, she said that personal chefs are extremely adaptable to all situations. From outdoors to compact spaces to commercial residential gourmet kitchens—they can make it work.

Affordability also proved to be an unfounded worry. I chose the 3-meal package and paid less than I have splurging for a day

of hair, massage and mani/pedi pampering at a spa. The packages start at three meals prepared in your home kitchen and stored with directions for heating. For a total of \$180 I got three generous dinners for four, including an entree, side dish and dessert. There was enough food left over for lunches to take to work, bringing the cost to roughly \$12 per person per meal. (Note that the price of the groceries themselves varies, and is not included.)

Chef Gaby mentioned that she loves to cook for all types of people and within many ranges of budget; the pack-

- Salmon and Spinach Wrapped in Puff Pastry and Beet Slaw with Peach and Cilantro Vinaigrette
- Garlic-Tarragon Marinated Sirloin Fillets Grill-Ready with Steamed New Potatoes Tossed in Olive Oil and Fresh Rosemary
- Flourless Chocolate Torte

I could not reply "YES" fast enough.

Fast forward to one week later, I come home to a nice breeze flowing through the open windows of the house and immediately detect the smell of something delicious cooking inside—without me doing it! I greeted Chef Gaby as she was just finishing up. She walked me through the menu items and showed me where in the fridge the meal containers—complete with labels detailing easy prep—were located.



Personal Chef

HOW A MIDDLE-CLASS WORKING MOTHER SPLURGES

ages are totally customizable. She continued our first meeting by asking a detailed set of questions about our family and our dietary preferences:

Any vegans or vegetarians? Any allergies? Do I have a preference for markets? Ever the professional, Chef Gaby asked to take a tour of my kitchen. She thought it looked great and showed me her travel luggage that contained her knives, tools and supplies. All I had to do was make sure the place was clean, that there was fridge space and that she could get in the house while I was at work.

The next day, I received an e-mail from Chef Gaby with a menu proposal. She wanted to know if I thought these meals sounded good:

- Boursin-Stuffed Chicken Rolled and Coated with Panko with Sautéed Zucchini & Leeks

Chef Gaby has carved a niche out for herself within our local food culture where her unique talents and gifts can shine. She says that knowing a family is going to meet and sit

For Chef Gaby Weir Vera, knowing a family is going to meet and sit together for a meal in their home gives her the kind of satisfaction that working behind restaurant walls just couldn't.

together for a meal, returning "to the table," gives her the kind of satisfaction that working behind restaurant walls just couldn't.

Following one of our delicious home-cooked dinners, I received a call from my sister. I was describing our meal and relating

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BONUS RECIPE

Chef Gaby's Boursin Stuffed Chicken

Ingredients (Serves 4)

4 Chicken breasts, butterflied
 5 oz Boursin, garlic and herb
 1 egg, beaten
 1 cup panko (Japanese bread crumbs)
 Salt and Pepper

1. Season the chicken breasts with salt and pepper.
2. Place chicken breast over a piece of plastic wrap. Then cover with another piece of plastic wrap.
3. Pound each breast with a meat mallet until flattened. Remove the top plastic layer.
4. Place roughly 1/4 of the Boursin on each chicken breast.
5. Roll the breasts over the cheese, like a sushi roll.
6. Seal the sides with toothpicks.
7. Soak each roll in the egg and then roll in the panko.
8. Place chicken rolls in baking sheet.
9. Bake at 350° for 40 to 45 minutes, or until light golden brown.

to her my experience hiring a personal chef. Of course, she was green with envy but had a great idea: what about giving this service as a gift? To a new mother, a couple who just moved into a new home or an anniversary-week treat, it would make a luxurious and loving present. I followed up with Chef Gaby who informed me that, indeed, clients often give the home-cooking service as a gift.

As a gift to myself, I will keep Chef Gaby on my list. The food was incredible, the tastes and textures and flavors of late summer: just right. Now I'm on a roll, next stop Personal Trainer? Nah. But maybe it's time to test out what it feels like to hire a home cleaning professional. I'd really like to know! **lv**

Collector of fanny packs, high-top sneakers and cashmere track suits, Tonya Kehoe-Anderson is a local artist, writer, freelance makeup/fashion stylist and wannabe hibernating cave bear. She blogs at www.catalogTKA.blogspot.com. Photo by Heather Atkinson

Green Flash Brewing Company - San Diego, CA**Rayon Vert****BREW OF THE MONTH: SEPTEMBER**

September is a time for football (oh, sacred game) and funk. Brettanomyces funk, that is.

Affectionately known as Brett, Brettanomyces is a strain of yeast used in many Belgian beers. It imparts a dank funkiness commonly described as being similar to a barnyard or horse blanket. To me, it smells and tastes like an old, musty, farmhouse basement. It is a little off-putting at first and I was not a fan for a long time. However, Brett and I became well acquainted recently and I am now proud to admit to being a funk convert.

Saison is a fitting "Bretty" style for September, but I am recommending something funkier—something that induced childhood memories of my aunt and uncle's farm: Rayon Vert, brewed by San Diego's Green Flash Brewing Company.

Ideally served in a tulip glass, Rayon Vert ("green flash" in French) is a rusty caramel color. A dense, eggshell-colored head will rise quickly and dissipate very slowly, leaving the inside of the glass lined with trails of foam. The first whiff offers a load of funky fresh Brett, which tends to dominate. Underneath are musty farmhouse basement, hoppy citrus (a little grapefruit and orange), pine spice, perhaps a little caramel and a nice fruit complexity with scents of apple and pear. It also has a hint of raisins. The mouthfeel is smooth and dry. Although the Brett has less influence with the taste, the funkiness is still very prominent. The pale ale qualities—the citrus, pine and caramel—are given room to shine. The Brett and caramel begin to balance as the beer warms and the fruits emerge. Each sip leaves the tongue tingling with a lasting bitterness. **lv**

ALCOHOL CONTENT: 7 percent ABV

SERVING TEMPERATURE: 45-50° F.

FOOD PAIRINGS: Thai cuisine and curried dishes, tangy cheeses, salad and fish.

WHERE TO BUY: Rayon Vert is available at most area beer retailers.

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—Casey Wagner



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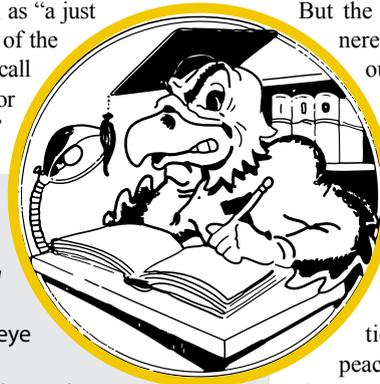
Welcome back Hawk fans! Some of you are perusing your first ever issue of Little Village. How's it feel? Pretty great? Go Hawks. But perhaps you, and even past readers, may wonder: *What in the world is a football column doing in my town's, like, indy-alt-rag?* It's a fair question. I guess it's about acknowledging sport as a common ground, a place where people of every ilk can come together with a singleness of purpose: beer. And also cheering. Everyone loves to cheer! Well, everyone at my desk at least.

So, Hawkeyes, that we might kick off the 2012 season secure in our Hawk identity, let's reflect on what it means to be a Hawkeye. Literally. I mean, "Hawks," I get that. The bird of prey. The talons. The vicious predator of field mice and ground squirrels. I'm not sure I can imagine a Hawk taking on a Wildcat and winning, but no doubt a Hawk is fierce.

The Literary Connection:

Writers played a major role in helping us become the Hawkeyes. Coincidence? Or just more proof that they might as well designate us a UNESCO State of Literature? Booyah!

- The name "Hawkeye" was partially inspired by the character Hawkeye in James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*.
- Chief Black Hawk was the first Native American to have his biography published.
- The Hawkeye name was adopted into general use after a series of anonymous letters praising the character of the "Hawkeye" nation was first published in the Dubuque and Davenport newspapers.
- In renaming the Burlington newspaper *The Hawk-Eye*, publisher James Edwards further popularized the nickname, leading to its eventual adoption by The University of Iowa sports teams.



But Hawkeye? Is that the eyeball of a Hawk? The literal I? Is this supposed to be a metaphor? Am I the eye? We know it strikes fear in the heart of "Spartans" and "Wolverines," but what is a Hawkeye?

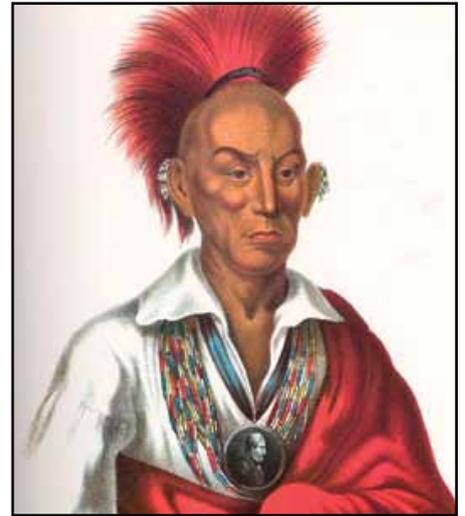
To clear up my confusion, I asked Mary Bennett at the State Historical Society of Iowa and David McCartney at The University of Iowa Archive to take me back to the beginning. Cliffnotes: The people of our state were nicknamed "Hawkeyes" back in the late 1830s, and they could have done a whole lot worse.

Most historians agree that frontier lawyer David Rorer, supported by his cohort, publisher James Edwards, are the men responsible for introducing the Hawkeye name. In the

mid-1830s, Iowa was still finding its identity, a territory on the road to likely statehood. Rorer, a highly educated

man of letters, expressed concern that territorial residents were in danger of falling prey to a nickname similar to that of our neighbors, the Missouri "Pukers" and the Illinois "Suckers." (Look it up!) Due to a lack of barbers in the area, there were rumblings our unkempt inhabitants would be deemed "the Hairy Nation." Yikes.

Rorer's inspiration for the name Hawkeyes was twofold. Firstly, as an avid reader, there could be no question that he was familiar with the decade's most popular work of fiction, James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*. One of the novel's main characters was a man who went by the name of Hawkeye. Hawkeye was characterized by the Native American hero of the novel, Uncas, as "a just man, and the friend of the Delawares ... We call him Hawkeye ... for his sight never fails."



the prestige of being named after one of the fiercest defenders of territory of all time.

Obviously, in more recent history, Native American-influenced team names have been viewed in a negative, racially charged light.

But the admiration Chief Black Hawk garnered in his later years from citizens of our state belies the notion that the Hawkeye name denoted anything other than respect. Chief Black Hawk himself noted, "I thank the Great Spirit that I am now friendly with my white brethren. We are here together, we have eaten together; we are friends."

On the other hand, whatever particular dynamics were at play in the peace that had been forged, no doubt they were steeped in colonialism. So, some object to the Hawkeye team name. As indicated by the "tigerhawk" logo, the UI distances itself from this interpretation, no matter how historically likely (and likely well-intended) it may be. In fact, in 2004 the University of Iowa baseball team cancelled a game with the Bradley University Braves due to their violation of UI policy banning "any mascot that depicts or represents Native Americans" from its athletics facilities, either disclaiming or ignoring the Native American influence on its own Hawkeye name.

Once a suitable nickname had been agreed upon between the territorial elite, there remained the matter of getting its residents to embrace it. Both Rorer and Edwards were instrumental in encouraging citizens to adopt the "Hawkeye" moniker. Edwards argued in *The Fort Madison Patriot* that the name would "rescue from oblivion a memento at least of the old chief." Yet a single editorial could scarcely be enough to sway the fearsome Hairy Nation. So Rorer also ghost-wrote a series of anonymous letters to the Dubuque newspaper purporting

to be a Michigan traveler passing through our state. The four letters entitled "A Wolverine Among the Hawkeyes" were submitted in 1839 and widely reprinted throughout Iowa.

Curiously, not one of the geniuses who came up with this bizarre idea seemed to think this tactic the least bit disingenuous or deceitful, even when the letters had to be rewritten to disguise Rorer's handwriting! In the letters, the "Wolverine" (Rorer) touted the beauty of the Iowa landscape and the youthful vigor and red-cheeked good health of its inhabitants, referring to them as "Hawkeyes" throughout. While flattering in some aspects, the letters were also severely critical of many aspects of territorial government, including the current governor and the town of Burlington. Anonymous letters! What a convenient way to let your rivals know what you really think of them without any risk to your own career advancement. Clever, clever Rorer.

To further stamp the agreed-upon nickname into the collective territorial psyche, Edwards soon relocated to Burlington and renamed its paper *The Hawk-Eye*. In 1977, state legislator James Wells proposed the nickname "Hawkeye" be officially adopted into Iowa law.

By hook or by crook, it seems we Iowans were destined to become the Hawkeyes. The story of our Hawkeye nickname is one of cunning, vision and honor—much like the play of our storied Hawkeye football team. As we anticipate another exciting season, let's reflect on our interesting history and be grateful that our early leaders had the foresight and dishonesty to foist upon us a nickname we can be proud of. Go Hawkeyes! **lv**

Every time Stephanie Catlett looks at your scraggly college-boy faces, she thinks the "Hairy Nation" might not have been too far off. (Herky image courtesy of UI Libraries Department of Special Collections.)

In this society that is crazed with size-zero models, you'd be surprised how often I get asked to help people put on pounds. If you are one of those aspiring Hawkeye linebackers looking to bulk up that muscle, just follow these few simple rules and you'll be the beefcake of your dreams in no time.

GETTIN' HUGE

One: Avoid carbs. Ask any farmer how they fatten up their animals and they will tell you the same thing: grains. Why we, as humans, think that we are somehow exempt from the simple science of fat-creation is beyond me. Just avoid them and move on to rule number two...



Two: Eat protein. You can't expect to build muscle—made of protein—without consuming protein. In fact, if you don't eat enough protein, your body will actually begin to break down your muscles to get the nutrients it needs to survive. How much is enough? A general rule of thumb for bodybuilding is about one gram of protein intake per day per pound of body weight.

Three: Lift weights. There is no question about it, lifting weights beats everything else for putting on muscle mass. Cardio is good for the body, but for mass, you need to lift—and lift correctly. You need to continually push your upper limits, forcing your body to adapt by ever-increasing the demand (i.e., the weight you are lifting). No increase = No growth. It's that simple.

Four: Train for Hypertrophy. This means, exercise in a way that forces growth of the muscle, not just strength. To do this, combine compound and isolation exercises during a workout. Compound exercises involve multiple muscle groups at once, while isolation exercises focus on one. Don't buy into the one-or-the-other B.S. that's online—do both for bulk.

Five: Train to Failure. You need to push those muscles until they cannot lift any more. The necessary recruitment and fatiguing of maximum numbers of muscle fibers comes in that last, almost-impossible, rep of a set. Always remember that building muscle is a defense mechanism by the body. Basically this means that if there is not a good enough reason provided, you will bulk.

Six: Rest and Rotate. Take a break between bulking days and rotate what area of the body you focus on regularly.

Seven: Hydrate. With even a 3 percent drop in hydration, you will experience a 15 percent loss in strength. No strength = no increase in demand = no growth.

And it goes without saying: Stay away from the steroids. They ultimately don't work and give you a good chance of winding up with cancer.

Good luck, and as always, be well. **lv**

When Dr. Jason Bradley isn't submitting photos of himself to beefcakedoctors.com, he can be found practicing Metabolic and Nutritional Medicine at the Washington Street Wellness Center in Iowa City. (Photo by Andrew Sherburne)

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By Sam Shepard

September 7 - 30, 2012

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> CONTEST OVERVIEW

Each month a selected piece of creative writing up to 1,000 words is published in the pages of *Little Village*, Iowa City's News and Culture Magazine.

Oh, and the author receives an honorarium of \$100. That's right: \$100, to one writer, every month.

> SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Judges will consider creative work in all genres and formats up to 1,000 words. These might include short fiction, short literary nonfiction, poetry, or even two pages of dialogue from a play or scenes from a graphic novel. Work may be pulled from a larger piece, but it will be judged on its ability to stand on its own. Only work that has not been published elsewhere—in print, online or otherwise—will be considered.

The series is designed to highlight new work produced in Iowa City, so entrants must live or work in the Iowa City area at the time of submission. Please include your current address with your submission.

Submit your work to: htr@littlevillagemag.com. Please attach your work as a Word Document, PDF or Rich Text file. Your name and contact information will be removed from your entry and it will be judged anonymously. Judges are Andre Perry (UI Nonfiction MFA graduate and executive director of the Englert Theatre), Hugh Ferrer (associate director of the UI International Writing Program and board member at Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature) and Matt Steele (publisher and managing editor of *Little Village* magazine).

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In the middle of an Iowa cornfield, during one of the hottest months on record, Shumpei Yamaki has a fire burning. It is a fire of creation, one that burns the earth without destroying it, transforming the mud and clay into something else instead. Combined under the right conditions, earth and fire translate into fine art.

Largely wheel-thrown and wood-fired, Yamaki's ceramic work is at once organic, utilitarian and rustically poetic in its simplicity and nuance. Like any object born of nature, no two pieces will ever be exactly alike as the fire touches each in a different way. Ash is transformed into glassy, jewel-like droplets; iron from the soil creates a deep rusty-red burn.

Born and raised in Kamakura, Japan, Yamaki now resides in a pastoral paradise south of West Branch with his wife and daughter, living and working with the same land that quite literally serves as the foundation for his art. As a true artisan, Yamaki mixes his own clay using the ground right outside his door.

Following a stint as a hip-hop dancer in Philadelphia and an archaeology student in Wisconsin, Yamaki arrived at The University of Iowa to pursue an MFA in ceramics in 2002. He discovered a passion for the craft almost serendipitously through a class taken for rehabilitation after a car accident. In 2005 he moved to Brooklyn, New York, to hone his craft, but ultimately found his place back in Iowa, where the land provides him with what he needs.

This patch of earth is also home to his wood-fueled anagama, a Japanese term meaning "cave kiln," which he built in 2009. The cavernous stone structure has

seen three firings since then—one each year—and will no doubt see many more. The kiln is essentially an earthen tunnel with a firebox at one end, a chimney flue at the other and no physical barrier between the fire and the pottery space. It can produce heat up to 2500 degrees.

Yamaki loaded the kiln this year on July 21 and kept a continuous supply of wood burning for two weeks. This meant round-the-clock stoking and refueling to encourage the complex interactions between flame, ash and earth

Ceramicist Shumpei Yamaki of West Branch mixes his own clay from the soil outside his home. Once each year, he places his pieces in a fire that is maintained for two weeks, creating unpredictable results.

that produce the unique stoneware textures and the colors of both land and sky. On Aug. 5, he unloaded the kiln to a small audience of helpers and admirers and declared it to be the most successful firing to date.

While each piece was born of the same patch of earth, each has its own personality due to its own unpredictable journey through the fire. Yamaki's journey wasn't so different; in a process mediated by chance and luck, a man and his art have both become something more. **lv**

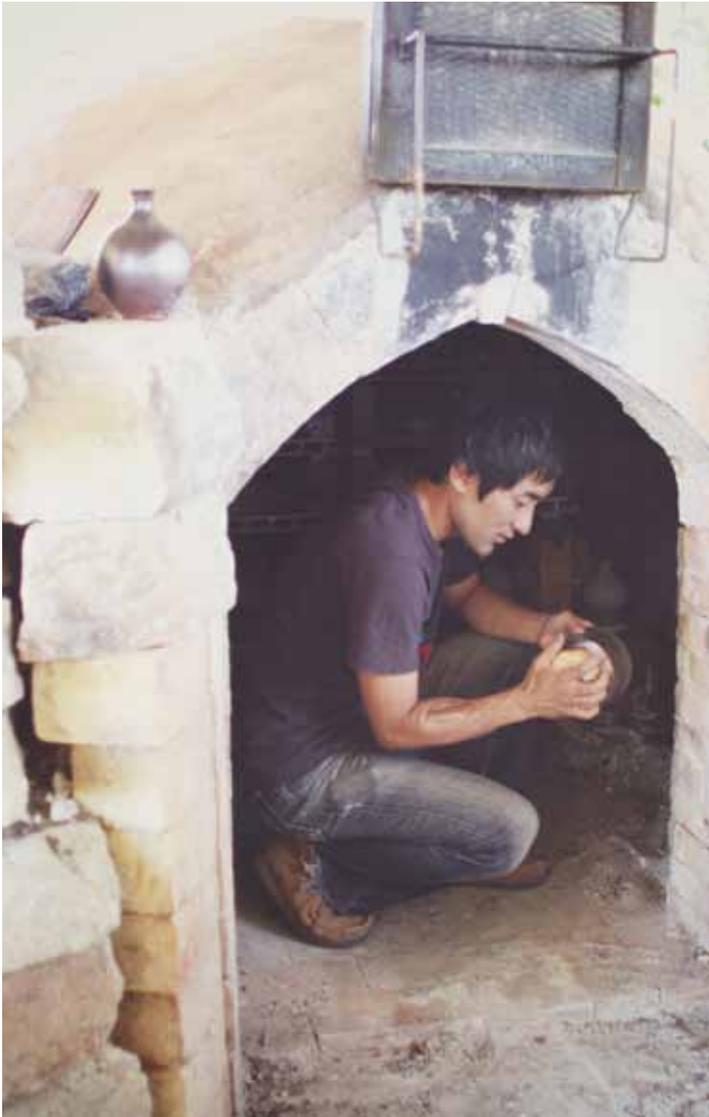


LEFT TO CHANCE

Shumpei Yamaki inspects a plate from this summer's annual firing.

More Photos

Online at: LittleVillageMag.com/earthandfire





Pictured: Shumpei Yamaki with various pieces, before and after firing; Yamaki's anagama on the farm near West Branch; Amy Nichols helps unload the kiln; Maya Yamaki with frog sculpture (not yet fired).

Dawn Frary photographs as the Dewey Street Photo Company. One day she too will live in a pastoral paradise with her own darkroom and a chicken named Dorothy.

Paula Lamamié de Clairac is a dancer from Madrid, Spain. As an MFA student of Creative Writing in Spanish she also improvises with words, ink and paper.

DEAD IN DES MOINES

Did you ever hear about the “Paul is Dead” rumor, involving the Beatles’ Paul McCartney? Did you know it originated Iowa? Back in 1969, news spread that he died in a car accident and was secretly replaced by a look- and sound-alike. The story originally appeared in an Iowa college newspaper and fanned out through the counterculture’s underground papers and freeform FM radio. *Time* and *Life* magazines eventually ran with it, and soon legions of stoned hippies were pouring over the Fab Four’s albums in search of clues about McCartney’s demise.

On September 17, 1969, Drake University’s student newspaper printed the first account of the musician’s alleged death. With “Is Beatle Paul McCartney Dead?” splashed across the front page of the *Drake Times-Delphic*, the hoax was primed to get attention. It initially spread through word of mouth, making its way out of the Des Moines area until someone in the gossip chain made a call to a Detroit radio station. Like many FM stations of that era, WKNR was “freeform,” a format that allowed

The Beatles rumors injected the concept of backmasking into the public imagination, a fantasy that gained traction because it resonated with Cold War brainwashing discourses.

radio DJs to play, and say, just about anything they wanted. An eighteen-minute album cut, which would never ever be played on Top 40 AM stations, was as common as hearing extended “raps” by a radio announcer or the musings of listeners who dialed in.

Four weeks after the Drake University newspaper article appeared, a caller told the DJ Russ Gibb that clues to McCartney’s death could be found in Beatles records. “What you’ve got to do,” the man said, “is play ‘Revolution 9’ backwards.” A University of Michigan sophomore

named Fred LaBour happened to be listening, and two days later he published an article in the *Michigan Daily*. LaBour was originally assigned to review the Beatles’ newly released *Abbey Road* album, but he took a different course after hearing that WKNR broadcast. His piece, “McCartney Dead; New Evidence Brought To

Is Beatle Paul McCartney Dead?

BY TIM HARPER
Lately on campus there has been much conjecturing on the present state of Beatle Paul McCartney. An amazing series of photos and lyrics on the group’s albums point to a distinct possibility that McCartney may indeed be insane, freaked out, even dead.

The Sergeant Pepper album, obviously, signified the “death” of the old Beatles who made girls

screen when they sang “yeah yeah yeah!” The new Beatles blew grass and dropped acid, criticized religion, studied under Maharishi in India, and had a new sound. This album also started the hints that all was not right with the Beatles, especially Paul. On the front cover a mysterious hand is raised over his head, a

sign many believe is an ancient death symbol of either the Greeks or the American Indians. Also, a left-handed guitar (Paul was the only lefty of the four) lies on the grave at the group’s feet.

On the back of the same album, George, Ringo and John are smiling out toward the camera, but McCartney has his back turned. George is pointing toward a phrase from the song “A Day in the Life” pertaining to a certain Wednesday morning at five a.m. when some famous but unnamed person “blew his mind out in a car.” The other two Beatles looking out are also indicating phrases, one about gaining the world but losing the soul and the other about Wednesday morning at five.

In the centerfold photo of the foursome they are all looking the same direction. The only difference? Paul wears a black arm

band.

The Beatles’ most album, Magical Mystery Tour, displayed a major idiosyncrasy. On the front of this album all four are dressed in walrus suits, after the top tune on the record, “The Walrus.” No faces are visible, but three of the walrus suits are gray; the other is black.

Inside, under the words “The Walrus,” there is a phrase saying Paul is the walrus, not John, who sings the song. The walrus is supposedly the Viking symbol of death. In an introductory paragraph to the album, “4 or 5 magicians” are mentioned. Why?

Then came the group’s latest album, The Beatles, with an all-white cover. With this record the whole mystery became even more spooky. On the tune “Revolution No. 9” there is a part where a lone deep voice repeats “number nine.” When this is played

backwards a voice quotes “Turn me on, dead man,” and “cherish the dead,” and there are many sound effects, including the noise of a spectacular auto crash.

In another song on the record, “Glass Onion,” the Beatles sing “Here is another clue for you all: The Walrus was Paul.” So much for the clues, even though these are only a few of the many people are pointing at. There is a good deal of circumstantial “evidence” available. For instance, Paul used to be the most flamboyant of the foursome; lately Lennon has had the spotlight.

Imposter? Sure, people point to Paul’s recent marriage to Jane Eastman and the approaching birth of their baby, but there’s a kicker: McCartney has a brother, Michael, who could possibly be helping to carry on the hoax. Another thing: everyone

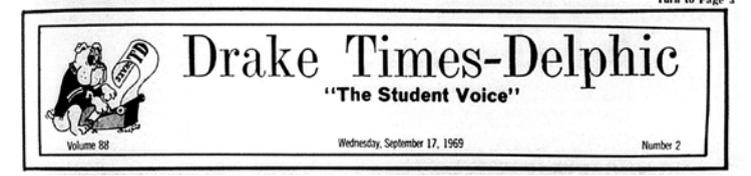
knows Paul was going with English model Jane Asher, so why all of a sudden was he married to Jane Eastman? Also, at the recent Bob Dylan concert at the rock festival on the Isle of Wight, three of the Beatles attended. Paul was conspicuously absent.

Now the discrepancies arise. Why, if something is wrong with Paul, are these clues dropped? It would be just like the Beatles to perpetrate a huge put-on like this, but there just seems to be more to it, such as the phone numbers discernable when the Magical Mystery Tour cover is held up to a mirror.

Win Island? One of the wilder rumors has it that if a certain English phone number is called at exactly five a.m. any Wednesday (London time) and the caller tells whoever answers that there is to the mystery and



««« WHERE IT ALL BEGAN
The rumour of Paul McCartney's death was hatched by the Drake University student-run paper. See an enlargement of the scanned image at LittleVillageMag.com
Image courtesy of Special Collections at Cowles Library, Drake University



Light,” struck a subtly satirical tone as it identified hidden messages in lyrics, album covers, and backward messages. LaBour concluded the article with a wink: “The Beatles are building a mighty church, and when you emerge from it, you will be laughing . . .”

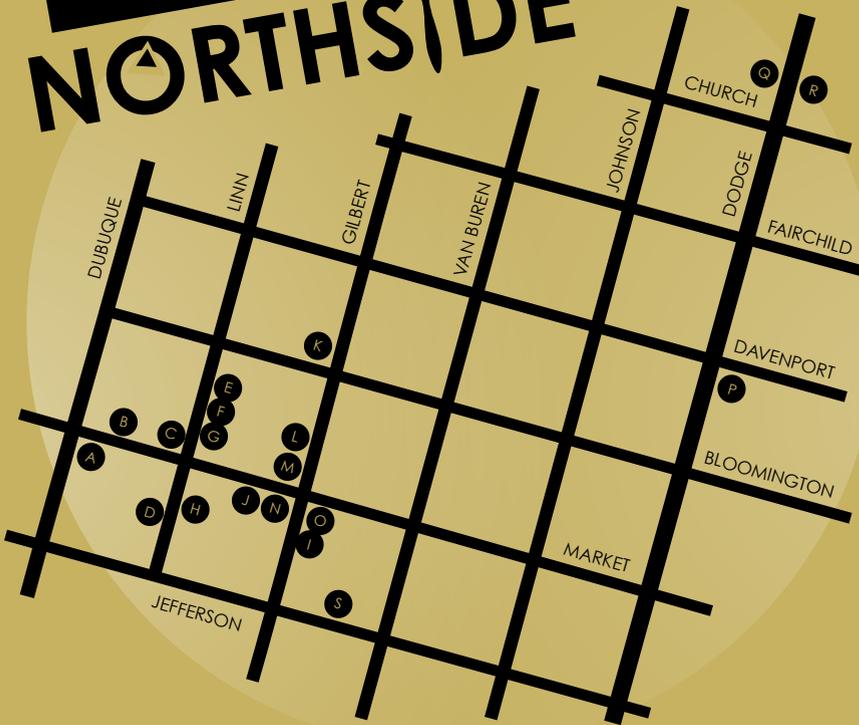
By mid-morning all copies of the paper had been snatched up, and at the end of the day the *Michigan Daily* went through two more press runs. The University of Michigan allowed the article to be reprinted in at least a dozen campus newspapers, and many more underground papers pirated it. *The Detroit Free Press* reported that after the story appeared in the *Harvard Crimson*, a letter to the editor said it “has got us so turned on that none of the guys in the house got stoned last night.” Within a month, “Paul is Dead” became a national story, despite Iowa’s distance from the country’s cultural centers. If not for the alternative communication network built by the 1960s counterculture, it is unlikely that the hoax would have made it out of Des Moines.

These Beatles rumors—combined with the fact that rock musicians were experimenting

with tape technologies to achieve psychedelic effects—projected the concept of backmasking into the public imagination. This fantasy gained traction because it resonated with Cold War brainwashing discourses. Vance Packard first raised alarm bells about subliminal messages with his 1957 book *Hidden Persuaders*, which claimed marketers were placing covert commands in movies and television. Anti-rock religious crusaders Dan and Steve Peters drew on Packard’s thesis in their book *Rock’s Hidden Persuader: The Truth About Backmasking*, and they also cite Wilson Bryan Key’s 1977 bestseller *Media Sexploitation*. By looking at advertisements closely enough, Key argued, you could find everything from skulls and humping donkeys to the word SEX spelled out in ice cubes.

Key’s book revived the subliminal message meme just before rumors about backmasking in metal records began spreading in the 1980s. Throughout that decade, several parents sued heavy metal artists and their record companies. Aside from the lawsuit brought against Ozzy Osbourne (infamous for his song “Mr. Crowley” and his stint in Black Sabbath), the most prominent legal action involved Judas Priest. Two youths shot themselves after several hours of drinking, pot smoking and listening

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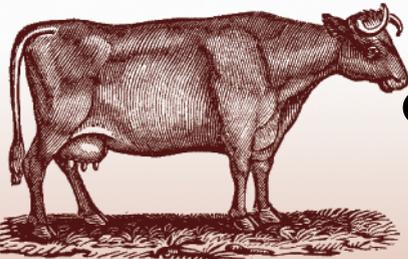
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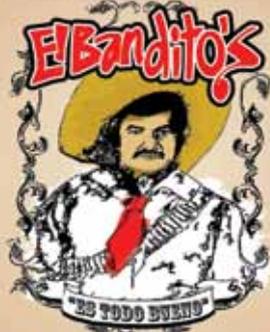


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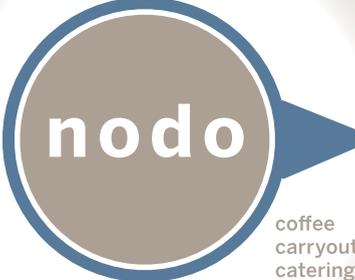
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It's our first busy weekend of the new school year and I'm hustled out of the office to an address on Westgate. "Get in your cab—we're neck deep in this shit!" Skipping all start-up procedures, I roar across town, wheeling into Westgate when dispatch hollers over my radio. "#202, where're you at? Your people are downtown going out to Westgate."

At the address initially issued by dispatch, however, I find a group of five waiting for their taxi at curbside. I tell dispatch: "#202 is nevertheless picking up."

All five passengers squeeze into my sedan and the seat beside me is occupied by a skinny white girl full of pep and spastic grins, her hair

"I don't even know where you're going." So she asks anybody who might know: "Wait, wait, wait—where're we going?"

Dude behind me leans up to slap my shoulder. "How we doing, chief?"

"Five-by-five."

His eyes in the rearview say he doesn't understand. He also doesn't care, shouting, "Let's get to the cowboy bar—we're going downtown, motherfuckers!"

Lots of whooping, hollering.

"Well yee-aww," I join in. "But if you mean Wildwood, that's not downtown."

"What's not downtown?"

"Wildwood, the cowboy bar. It's outside of town."

"Outside of town," repeats the skinny girl like this is call and response.

"What I mean is the cowboy bar isn't downtown. He said, 'downtown,'" thumbing the guy behind me, "And since you wanted to know the cost, the distance adds

P.O.D. where the temper is friendly but uncooperative.

"Where are you going?"

"9575 East Gilbert."

"That doesn't exist."

"9575 East Gilbert."

"I'm saying there is no East Gilbert, and no 9575 besides."

"9575 East Gilbert."

"All right, get out of my cab."

"But it's on my phone!"

"Show me on your phone then."

"You're the cab driver," complaining here, "You're supposed to know!"

They are all new to town but acting like it's a new planet. I ask the Chinese guy where he's going and he says to me, "Yes." I ask the drunk farm kid where he's going and he says



AWKWARD BONERS AND RANDOM PANICS

This is how everything plays out, from dusk till dawn

dyed blonde-on-blonde. "I am gonna blow a dick tonight," she declares, then cutting to me, "What's it like to be a cab driver? Do you read the cab stories?"

"What cab stories?"

"The magazine ones."

"Which magazine? I only read *High Times* and *Cosmo*."

She turns around in the seat, dumbbells on a broom handle. "What's that newspaper magazine?"

Somebody in back: "What's the weirdest thing in here ever?"

"Is this Cash Cab or are you Kev Crabs?"

Blonde-on-Blonde twists back around and never mind the taxi stories, now she wants to know something else: "What's this cost?"

about ten bucks."

"What if she showed you her tits?"

Blonde-on-Blonde snarls at me. "We're going to Wildwood so whatever the fuck—what's your problem?"

"My problem is there ain't enough country on the radio," I tell her as I punch up KHWK and burp the taxi away from the curb.

This is how everything plays from dusk til dawn, and for at least the next six weeks, the general population roaming stilted and bewildered, showing off awkward boners and random panics typical to newness and change, one out of five steadily cracking as the truth stacks up against their inconsistent way of seeing things.

Three hours into my shift, I'm flagged at

to me, "Yes." In the outer hoods I see strangers squatting on stoops unsure of which home is theirs, or where they'd parked the borrowed car, or what happened to their phone and wallet, everything having bled away over the night, starting with the cash.

One of these jokers apologetically waves me down before throwing his iPhone at the cab.

"Free Tibet, you capitalist faggots!"

I suppose this is what is meant by "generational dissonance." When I was a kid, the home telephone was tethered to a wall which attached to alley wires that stretched on poles by the mile physically connecting into the great and labyrinthine telecommunication hubs surrounding the city of Chicago to be



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This crude analog thinking weighs me down today and I can no longer argue against the tide. Where is the benefit in storing any knowledge on-site when a phone has the potential to be infinitely smarter? In other words: who cares how or why anything works—call me a pizza, call me a cab, tell the hooker to bring cold beer so’s we can dodge the bootleg law.

“There’s a bootlegging law?”

“Wiki that shit, bitches—I bet he’s lying.”

The hive mind is becoming rapidly digitized. “That’s why we don’t have any pictures of the fall of Rome,” one slim dude agrees with me, a kid claiming to be high on Ketamine. “All that shit went digital just like it is today. When they flush our toilet, whoosh—it’ll all be gone just like back then, you’ll see.”

“I hope not,” I say. Though feeling obliged to ask: “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“The people running our matrix, man, shit. When this’s all over, you won’t have any proof we even been here, you’ll see.”

At bar close, the gang that went to Wildwood requests me to drag them home to Westgate. The load-in takes almost fifteen minutes from my first punch, two coming out and one going back in, three others coming out then two going back in, etc., until everyone is aboard including the skinny Blonde-on-Blonde who resumes at last her throne at shotgun.

Off the bat, she asks: “Did I leave my panties in here?”

I shoot back: “More people get killed sitting in that seat than in any other.”

She bares her perfect white teeth then asks her friends, “Is that true?”

Yah, it is. Wiki that shit, bitches. **lv**

Vic Pasternak won't take no for an answer but he gives it all the time.

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The words “World Music,” when used as an all-encapsulating genre of music can often be tricky and misleading. How can so many unique sounds from all over the globe be compartmentalized into one simplified phrase? It doesn’t make sense, and that’s where the “World Music” festival comes in—the showcase of many of these sounds in one place. Take a number of bands whose musical roots lie deep in the nations wherein they reside, put them in the same city for a few days, and you’ll experience something like Cedar Rapids’ Landfall Festival of World Music. The festival celebrates its fifth year this month and features a lineup of headliners from over nine countries. The four day event takes place at a number of different venues in Cedar Rapids including CSPA Hall and Greene Square Park. Festival passes will be available, but there are also ways to experience the world class “World Music” for free and on the cheap. We’ll get into that later. Let’s look at this year’s highlights.



WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19 | CSPA HALL

DEOLINDA W/ PANORAMA JAZZ BAND (NEW ORLEANS) AND TRIO BRASILEIRO (BRAZIL)

In Portugal, folk quartet Deolinda are also exploring the boundaries of a genre. Much of Portuguese folk is rooted in the fado style of music. Fado is generally associated with a subject matter relating to poverty, loss, mourning or anything gloomy. The association is loose though, and the genre has been stretched and redefined over the course of the past 200 years. Deolinda puts a refreshingly positive spin on the common perception of fado. For instance,

it is traditional for fado players to perform in all black; Deolinda does not. Lead singer Ana Bacalhau sings (in Portuguese), “I am the butterfly, beautiful and graceful / Painting the world the color pink.” You get the idea. Bacalhau is joined onstage by her husband and two cousins and their close relationships shine in their musical chemistry. Their 2010 album, *Dois Selos e Um Carimbo* reached No. 1 on the Portuguese charts and put Deolinda on the map.

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Wed., Sept. 19 (\$10 per band or \$20 for all three at door)

6 p.m. | CSPA: Panorama Jazz Band

7 p.m. | Opus Concert Cafe:
Trio Brasileiro

8 p.m. | CSPA: Deolinda

Thurs., Sept. 20 (\$10/20)

6 p.m. | CSPA: JPP

7 p.m. | Opus Concert Cafe:
Trio Brasileiro

8 p.m. | CSPA: Movits!

Friday, Sept. 21 (\$10/20)

6 p.m. | CSPA: Rana Santacruz

7 p.m. | African American Museum
of Iowa: Global Blues Summit with
Terakaft and Craig Erickson

8 p.m. | CSPA: MC Rai

Sat., Sept 22 (free)

11 a.m. | Greene Square Park:
The Beggarmen (Iowa City Celtic)

12 p.m. | Greene Square: Akash
Guruaja (CR Indian band)

1 p.m. | Greene Square: Hanggai

2:30 p.m. | Greene Square:
Rana Santacruz

4 p.m. | Greene Square: Terakaft

For schedule updates and more information, visit:

www.LegionArts.org



THURSDAY, SEPT. 20 | CSPS HALL: MOVITS! W/ JPP

Swedish band Movits! will bring their unique blend of swing and hip hop to the festival on Thursday night at CSPS Hall. Movits! gained considerable popularity in the United States after an especially energetic performance on *The Colbert Report*—enough for Comedy Central Records to release their album in the United States. JPP, a seven-piece fiddle group hailing from Finland will take the stage on Thursday as well with their original compositions as well as traditional Finnish favorites.



**FRIDAY, SEPT. 21 | CSPS HALL
RANA SANTACRUS W/ MC RAI**

Friday at CSPS brings Mexico City-born singer Rana Santacruz. Formerly a member of short-lived rock band La Catrina, Santacruz has turned his efforts toward his interest in traditional forms. He incorporates instrumentation characteristic of Mexican mariachi, but his style reaches as far as Portuguese fado. Also featured on Friday is MC Rai of Tunisia. MC Rai identifies his sound as “Arabic urban rai fusion,” rai referring to a form of traditional Arabic folk. He is known for his interest in humanitarian causes and often performs benefit shows supporting victims of tsunamis and earthquakes. He has also done music for the HBO series *Sleeper Cell* and recent Sacha Baron Cohen film, *The Dictator*.



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**SATURDAY, SEPT. 22 | GREEN SQUARE PARK
HANGGAI**

One of the most exciting aspects of this year's killer lineup is Hanggai, from Beijing. The six-member group was born out of interests in Mongolian folk and punk rock. For those of you with raised eyebrows, allow me to explain. Some members of the band are ethnic Mongolians, and the others are experts of Mongolian instruments. Their lead singer once fronted a punk band called

Following the Friday "Blues Summit" jam session, Terakaft will lead a discussion of their blues influences from around the world.

T9. T9, perhaps an allusion to the now outdated method of text messaging on a numeric keypad, was young and angry at the world. As front man Ilchi said in an interview with *NPR*, "I felt we modern people need to understand more about our past." With the creation of Hanggai, Ilchi channeled his frustrations in a new direction—through leading by example. Using traditional instruments and ancient techniques such as throat singing, Hanggai is on

a mission to entertain and educate their audience about their musical and cultural past. While Hanggai can hardly be described as punk, their modern approach to traditional Mongolian folk music often incorporates elements and structures that resemble those of western music. Their first album, *Introducing Hanggai* made a significant splash upon its release in 2008 and prompted the aforementioned *NPR* special and praise from other media such as the *BBC* and *Pitchfork*.

TERAKAFT

Terakaft is an active voice for a movement that began in Libya in the early '80s. During a time of social and political turbulence, young Libyans whose families had been displaced from their homes in Niger took arms to regain their territory and culture.

Some of them also got ahold of guitars and recordings of western rock music. Perhaps the most prominent and influential product of this musical revolution in Africa was the formation of Tinariwen. Often classified as "desert blues," Tinariwen played rock music during a time when it was illegal, and therefore dangerous to do so. Tinariwen still exists as a collective of rotating



LANDFALL FESTIVAL

musicians, but two of the founding members went on to create a new project, Terakaft. Carrying on their desert rock legacy, Terakaft tours the world spreading their messages of life in the Sahara. In addition to their free performance in Greene Square Park, they will be participating in the festival's "Blues Summit." The group will jam their distinct style with local blues musicians such as Craig Erickson. Following the jam session, the Terakaft guys will lead a discussion on their blues influences from around the world. This will be a one of



LOCAL FLAVOR

Cedar Rapids bluesman Craig Erickson will participate in Friday's festivities at the African American Museum of Iowa.

a kind opportunity to interact with some legendary, genre-inventing music makers. The Blues Summit will take place at the African American Museum of Iowa at 7:15 p.m. on Friday.

Local and regional acts are scheduled to perform throughout the week to fill out this already robust listing of bands. Aside from the music, the Landfall festival will have a theater production about a closing Rust Belt plant in Michigan and an independent filmmaker showcase. Additional ticket and scheduling information can be found at www.legionarts.org or (319) 364-1580. **lv**

Steve Crowley writes the Weekender, Little Village's weekly entertainment update. To subscribe, visit LittleVillageMag.com

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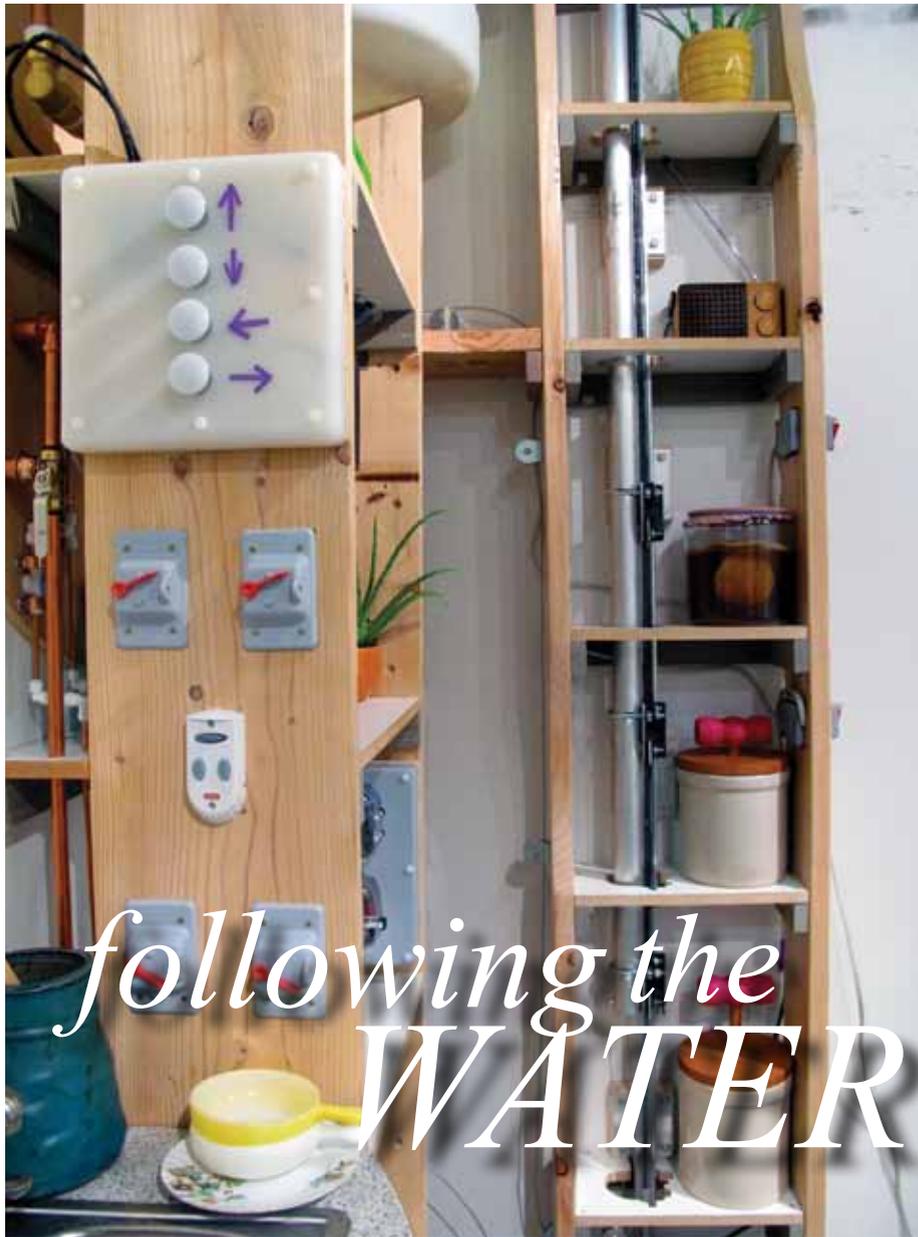
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Josh Hoeks calls *Water* a “structural intervention” to his studio at The University of Iowa’s Studio Arts building.

The Rube-Goldberg-esque contraption Hoeks designed serves to siphon water from another studio into his—and to

successfully dispose of the wastewater thereby generated. His studio’s need for water is increased by the fact that the nearest sink, a mere 15 feet or so from the studio door, has been placed in a steel cage by another department.

To overcome this impediment, Hoeks tapped

into a sink in a fellow graduate student’s studio, snaked water through an adjoining wall (cleverly disguising the line in conduit, to match the electrical conduit dispersed throughout the building), and set up a purifying water retention unit that allowed him to create a drinking water tap and sink—which became the basis for a small kitchenette (including an almost certainly illicit hot plate). Wastewater was stored in a tank below the sink and then pumped through a copper pipe that could be extended over the hall into a hose that could be dropped into the aforementioned caged sink.

The intention of the project was to use the new water source to create possibilities for gatherings and communal activity surrounding the water source (as ancient a gathering place as any) in a way at odds with—if not explicitly prohibited by—the building’s structure, with its divided cubicle-like spaces and long lists of regulations. The incredibly clever mechanism was delightful to watch in motion, and the work provided a point around which conversations, meal preparation, canning, fermenting and other activities could proceed. *Water* would have been a joy to re-visit over time, both to engage with the artist and surrounding audience.

But, while there exists an art-historical precedent for treating these kinds of projects as art, it may be illuminating to ask an incredibly naive question: is *Water*, properly speaking, art?

On the one hand, the art-historical lineage for the work is rich indeed: anyone who has taken an Art History survey is familiar with the Roman aqueducts at Pont Aven, and anyone who has spent time in Europe will be familiar with fountains tucked around towns that were, at one point, the place where people gathered to collect water. The idea of a well or water source as a meeting place, and the sculptural character of the delivery system surrounding that water, is as established a genre as painting. Bernini did fountains, and there are fountains in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—Hoeks is not exactly establishing a new artistic medium in this installation.

On the other hand, this kind of structural work—as it typically happens today in the



IN COGNITO

Josh Hoeks' *Water* is disguised as conduit and piped into his UI studio.

JOSH HOEKS' "WATER"

United States—is the provenance of plumbers, not artists. And the degree to which Hoeks' installation falls under the rubric of "relational aesthetics" is intimately tied with the ways in which Hoeks' project lies outside of "traditional" artistic categories. Relational art deliberately avoids the traditional structure in which the viewers relate to the artist (and to each other) through understanding the work—the relationship cemented by the work itself. On the contrary, relational art often acts as a meeting point where new relations begin. Relationships are instigated by the work and are free to develop independently of their origins.

Thus, it is the case that Hoeks' work is, in fact, art (relational art in particular), precisely due to the ways that it isn't art in a more traditional sense.

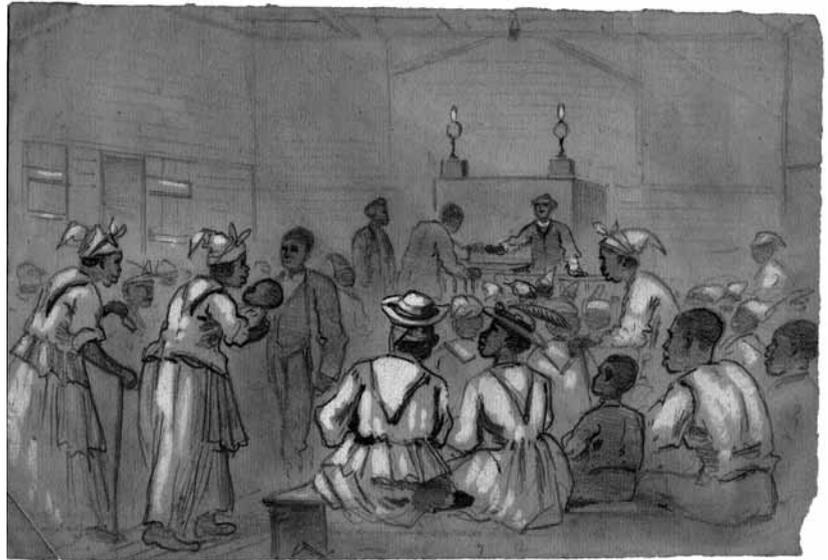
The primary goal behind relational art is to encourage audience members to interact in new, surprising ways and to enlighten onlookers to how they interact with others and the world. Hoeks' project clearly falls within the purview of this sort of work because it takes what has become an essentially hidden process—the transport, distribution and disposal of water—and renders it visible. It takes a sphere of activity (like water gathering) that, while once a natural source of human interaction, has become in our society an almost exclusively private activity. At the center of his project is an attempt to recover a lost form of interaction and to reclaim, as sculpture, mechanisms of water delivery that now usually reside under the earth and behind cabinets.

What makes the sculpture compelling as a version of the town well is tied to the nature of its location—in a temporary facility necessitated by a flood—in which moving water to a desired point is actually difficult. While the distance that the water is transported hardly rivals that of Roman aqueducts, it is a distance, nonetheless. And while one might make the argument that the

WATER >> CONT. ON PAGE 30



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Civil War Era Drawings from the Becker Collection is curated by Judith Bookbinder and Sheila Gallagher and premiered at the McMullen Museum at Boston College. The traveling exhibition is organized by Curatorial Assistance Traveling Exhibitions, Pasadena, California.

Image: Joseph Becker, *Negro Worship in the South: Taking up the Collection*, n.d. White gouache and graphite on toned paper. Courtesy of the Becker Collection

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Hippolyte (Paul) Delacroix (French, 1797-1855)
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The Kid with a Bike
Jean Pierre and Luc Dardenne (2011)
Bijou | Sept. 7-13

As De Sica showed in his immortal *Bicycle Thief*, there's something about an interesting kid and a search for a bike that makes for gripping cinema. The Dardenne brothers, makers of naturalistic films about lower class life in Belgium that somehow swell with hope, tell the story of a troubled 11-year-old boy who searches for a bike—and everything it represents. In French.

MOVIE TIME

Once upon a time our downtown was lit by the Astro, the Englert, and the Campus Theaters. One by one they faded. Only the Bijou, our solitary star, still flickers. A leviathan named Marcus took over. But after a long period in which darkness reigned, we're on the verge of a new era for the Iowa City movie scene. The brightest addition to downtown in a long time is on the horizon: an independent movie theater.

Last year I wrote in this column about how Andrew Sherburne and Andy Brodie, the co-founders of FilmScene, were working towards

EVEN WITHOUT A PERMANENT VENUE, FILMSCENE IS ALREADY MAKING AN IMPACT WITH A STACKED SEPTEMBER LINEUP.

the establishment of a non-profit movie theater, where moviegoers could have drinks, watch good films and talk about them in a convivial environment. I'm happy to report that they're currently in negotiations for a spot downtown to build a two-screen theater with a swanky café.

The final goal is still a couple years away from being fully realized. In the meantime, FilmScene is going to have an interim location in the building where Vito's once was (118 E. College). The rear of the building rises up a couple stories: ideal for a one-screen theater with about 85 seats. The plan is to have a lobby space with an attached café where patrons can hang out and have beer, wine, coffee or snacks. Essentially, the interim spot will

be a microcosm of what's to come. In coordination with the Bijou—to prevent overlap—FilmScene's "micro-cinema" will be showcasing international and American independent movies hopefully by January or February of the coming year.

There are still a few bumps, mostly with the food. FilmScene is working with Marc Moen, who received some city money to redevelop the Vito's location with the proviso that he not burden downtown with another drinking establishment or restaurant. Since the too-much-crazy-drinking problem will be helped rather than hurt by a civilized café with movies, an exception has been made for beer and wine. There can't be a kitchen on site, but the plan is to have food catered in.

While we're waiting for our "micro-cinema," FilmScene has a dynamic schedule of autumn events. On various Fridays in September and October, the Riverside Festival Stage in City Park (where the Shakespeare plays are performed) will turn into



The Blues Brothers
Dan Aykroyd and John Landis (1980)
Riverside Festival Stage | Sept. 14

The Blues Brothers isn't just a cult classic. It isn't just a fixed set of cultural reference points. It's a really good movie. And it tells a lovely allegory of American music. And I, too, hate Illinois Nazis. Festivities begin at 6 p.m., movie at dusk.



Red Hook Summer
Spike Lee (2012)
Bijou | Sept. 14-20

Spike Lee's new movie takes place in Atlanta and revolves around a teenage skeptic and an elderly preacher against the backdrop of romance, corruption and gospel music. Some have been calling *Red Hook Summer* a return to form for one of our urban poets. Others have turned up their noses. Make up your own mind.

an outdoor "Starlite Open-Air Cinema." On Friday, Sept. 14, you can congregate at the park around 6 o'clock, get some pizza, listen to

three-man ensemble, to perform their original score to F.W. Murnau's *Nosferatu: A Symphony of Horror* (1922), the vampire movie that begat all vampire movies.



**ALLOY ORCHESTRA:
NOSFERATU**
Englert Theatre | Oct. 11
8:00 pm | \$18/20

As anyone who attended Alloy's performance for *Metropolis* last year will tell you, this is an experience not to be missed.

Sometimes I worry that all the good things of life—books, records, cafés, movies—are being replaced by their creepy robot doubles. If we're going to maintain a real city with real things in it, we need to commit to

Kevin Burt play some blues, have a drink and, at dusk, watch *The Blues Brothers*, a movie you can never see too many times. On Sept. 21, you get to be part of the smashing of an office printer before a screening of *Office Space*. In October, the Starlite Open-Air Cinema will feature *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Psycho*. Tickets are \$5, and the popcorn is free.

vibrant public spaces, where surprising things can happen. The biggest hurdle for FilmScene, as is usually the case, is money. So, be on the lookout for their fundraising campaign in the coming months. And go to the movies! **lv**

Also in October, FilmScene is bringing back to the Englert Alloy Orchestra, the great

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College and blogs about music with his son at billyanddad.wordpress.com.

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Quick Hits

Put these shows on your calendar for Sept. 5-19.

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TAKING IN THE SOUNDSCAPE

Whenever I travel, I find music ends up being a very large part of my trip because I am frequently thinking about the connection between music and geography. Wherever I am, I am on the lookout for different ways the flow, pulse and vibe of that place comes out in its music.

Take Washington, D.C., my hometown. It is a town built on artifice; nothing distinct can be attributed to it. When I look at the buildings downtown, I find myself saying that it looks

Pulling from the hippie history and sublime scenery of San Francisco, Birds and Batteries make pop music that merges the synthetic and the natural

exactly like a building in Philadelphia. Once one gets out of downtown, the blocks upon blocks of row houses look exactly like those in Baltimore. The nondescript nature of the place, the varieties of awful political types that one could run into and the frustration of learning the city's street grid all made the ability to escape and feel something of utmost importance.

This is why I and many others within the city and its environs gravitated towards noisier sounds like hardcore (Minor Threat, Fugazi, Dismemberment Plan) and shoegaze (Screen Vinyl Image, Alcian Blue, Velocity Girl) along with funkier music like Southern hip hop (Geto Boys, Three 6 Mafia) and Go-Go, which is the official sound of the nation's capitol.

The idea can be seen in the development of music scenes in other parts of the country as well. With its grit, hyperspeed pace, and demands on all who want to be heard to speak up, New York City is a logical birthplace for confrontational, aggressive forms of music like no wave (Teenage Jesus & The Jerks, DNA, James Chance) and hip hop (Big L, Boogie Down Productions, Big Daddy Kane). Seattle's combination of stunning natural beauty and perpetually dour weather make the development of grunge music (Mudhoney, Soundgarden) completely natural as well as its cheery pop

MANSIONS ON THE MOON
w. Cherub | The Mill | Sept. 11
8 p.m. | \$12/15 | 19+

MINUS THE BEAR
w. Cursive, Caspian | Blue Moose
Sept. 16 | 6 p.m. | \$20/23 | All Ages

scene (Tullycraft, Seapony). Portland's geography reads like a pioneer town's should: a place where anyone can come and put their own seal on it. It is a place where musicians are not confined by any history other than the one they create for themselves. This freedom creates bands like The Helio Sequence, The Decemberists and Blitzen Trapper, acts that have musical touchstones in recognizable places but assemble them in such a way that they are distinctly theirs.

I thought about the relationship between music and geography in Iowa City when I moved here from the mountains of West Virginia. I saw many similarities between the two spaces such as the pastoral beauty and simpler, more family-oriented lifestyle. This led me to quickly realize that I was moving into a space similar to West Virginia, one where folk and

dance music with an acoustic soul and lovely vocal harmonies. I thoroughly enjoyed what I saw and would see it again.

Coming from the southern lineage of rockabilly and country artists like Wanda Jackson and Ernest Tubb, The Reverend Horton Heat comes to Gabe's on September 17. Through decades of continual playing and touring, Heat has established his legacy as an exciting live act on stage, one that filters his musical lineage through the intensity and ferocity of punk. Heat is, certainly, a legend of the rockabilly revival and the psychobilly movement, which was started by artists like Hasil Adkins and The Cramps.

Pulling from the hippie history and sublime scenery of San Francisco, Birds and Batteries make pop music that merges the synthetic and the natural. Led by Mike Sempert, Birds and Batteries make music that pleases critics by be-



THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT

Gabe's | Sept. 17 | 7 p.m. | \$15/20 | 19+

bluegrass dominated the landscape. Although I'm still adjusting to this reality—talking about meadows doesn't do very much for a city kid who really likes concrete and songs about skyscrapers—I can plainly see why those two genres are connected to this part of the world. Their slower pace emphasise two important parts of the Midwestern experience, bringing people together and storytelling.

To me, the most obvious example of a band that embodies its members' histories is Mansions on the Moon, who will be playing at The Mill on September 11. Lead singer and guitarist Ted Wendler brings the spirit of Iowa to this up-and-coming electronic band out of Los Angeles, which features the flavor of Memphis and Virginia Beach's respective hip-hop scenes as well. I caught these guys back in March before Mission Creek, and they put on a hell of a show. People were sweating and dancing the entire time as the band turned out

ing daring and creative in its use of electronic instrumentation like drum machines and synthesizers while creating accessibility to their music through Sempert's personal lyrics. Coming in support of their solid new album *Stray Light*, they will be playing at The Mill on September 7.

Music is never created in isolation. The geography a person inhabits will always play a role in what they create. As you go around to shows, think about how the space of Iowa City influences how you relate to music. If you come up with any revelations, tell them to me if you see me on the beat. I'll be the one drinking quietly at the bar. **lv**

Bio: A.C. Hawley encourages everyone to listen to go-go. His favorite go-go tracks are "Overnight Scenario" and "Lock It" by Rare Essence, "John Wayne" by Junkyard Band, "93 Dope Jam" by Backyard Band, and, of course, "Bustin' Loose" by Chuck Brown.

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>> **WATER CONT. FROM PAGE 25**

solution is (whimsically) overdone, the net result is hard-won access to water.

Most importantly, the work remains wholly engaged with the *practical* sphere (even if questions are raised and a critical attitude is taken toward said practices). The work is integrated into an artistic *practice*, that is, into the



MEETING PLACE
Drawing people together is the aim of a recent installation.

daily activities of the artist. Considered as an artifact, it retains the stamp of the life and use for which it was built, motivated as much by the practical exigencies of that life as by any abstract idea.

It is this last point that separates it most significantly from a more traditional sense of art. Historically, the arts have been classified according to their relative engagement with human examination. The highest of the arts (the free or liberal arts) were wholly bound up with contemplation, entirely “free” of material concerns (initially, these were philosophy, mathematics and music). Of the “servile” arts, the “fine arts” required engagement with materials for their making, but were considered to be born out of and to provoke introspection. The remaining arts were those wholly bound up in practice.

Defined this way, Hoeks’ work does not fall into the category of the “fine arts.” Of course, the aqueducts at Pont Aven would be in trouble, too, and the history of “fine art,” so defined, would be considerably less interesting for the omission. **lv**

Brian Prugh is a graduate student studying painting at The University of Iowa. He also writes art criticism for the Iowa City Arts Review, found online at iowacityartsreview.com.

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Harrowing Plenty



In *Turn Here Sweet Corn*, Atina Diffley recounts a life of farming, of building and developing relationships with food and the soil, with wildlife and insect life, with urban living and with the idea of progress itself. It is also a guidebook for how we can intelligently make those relationships work for all involved. Success need not be a zero-sum game.

There's something of a Steinbeck saga feel to the book, although only one generation is portrayed. But through that one generation, we feel the pull backwards towards Diffley's mentors and grandparents, and forward to her children and the lives they begin to choose for

themselves. We are shown her instantaneous upsurge of love for her then husband-to-be, then the painfully slow process of that love becoming manifest. She has a remarkable gift for showing how one

Atina Diffley will deliver the keynote address at this year's "Harvest Dinner," presented by Field to Family.

life is, at once, so many lives.

Diffley charts the rise and fall of one farm and the rise and growing prosperity of another. We hear the very human story of a failed marriage, then the story of a successful one. Yet while the memoir is everything a memoir should be—engaging, approachable, emotionally raw, honest and open—it is also so much more: educational, mythic and redemptive.

While this book celebrates nature and the overarching power it has over us, it also encourages us to learn from all experiences. Diffley, an organic vegetable farmer alongside her husband Martin, begins the book with accounts

of potato-sized hail devastating hundreds of thousands of dollars of crops. Yet these crops survive, some thrive, and we are led to the profound learning of how roots sustain life—that strong roots will bring a plant back when all that is above the surface is gone. Throughout the book, we are offered snippets of information both tangible and ethereal. How do insects actually *help* manage pests? How are soils regenerated by the practice of organic farming? Most largely, how does farming help us, especially those of us who choose to live in cities?

The story of the land, encroached upon and transformed by development, is mythic. We

hear the sound of backhoes, and we feel the anger and bewilderment of Diffley's children as they watch all that is solid melt away in the name of progress. The family's search for a homeland is harrowing, as they watch while their 150 acres are whittled down to one. And through the Diffley family, we feel for *all* people removed from the land upon which they have subsisted, includ-

ing the native Dakota, whose ghostly presence suffuses this story.

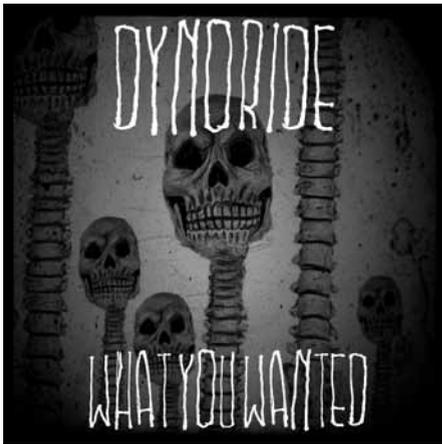
There is redemption as the family finds land and begins again. With much hard work, their new farm is transformed into a viable and thriving economic entity. But just as success seems imminent, there is the threat of an oil pipeline being forced through their land. The Diffleys, with the help of the surrounding community, must again defend what is so dear to them.

Turn Here Sweet Corn is not a simple-minded call for all of us to return to rural living. The chain of food to eater is shown clearly, and it is depicted in all its miraculous abundance. Somehow, the Diffley's 100 acres supply hundreds of thousands of servings of sweetcorn, broccoli, kale, cabbage, cucumber, tomatoes and squash through their delivery to the co-ops of the Twin Cities metro area and a roadside stand with a sign saying simply, "Turn Here Sweet Corn."

Atina Diffley will be in Iowa City for the Field to Family Festival taking place throughout the month of September. She will read at Prairie Lights on Friday, Sept. 21 at 7:00 p.m.; she will sign copies of her book at the Iowa City Farmer's Market on Saturday, Sept. 22 from 9 a.m.-noon and will be giving the keynote address at The Field to Family Harvest Dinner on Sunday, Sept. 23 at 5:30pm.

Visit www.fieldtofamily.org for full event details and to purchase tickets. **IV**

David Burt is a local food advocate and owner of Burt family Food Services.



Dynoride

What You Wanted
facebook.com/dynoride

Dynoride is a Quad Cities band that was started in 2008 by a pair of old high school friends with the intent of producing—according to their press release—“quirky acoustic songs.” They quickly evolved to their self-described “hard rock riffs, punk energy and pop sensibility.” On their debut album *What You Wanted*, what I hear is little bits of every 90’s Grunge band I still hold dear to my heart.

I’ll admit that in recent years I strayed from the path of metal, punk and whatever high energy pop there is for more peaceful Americana pastures. I blame Billie Joe Armstrong and Emo/Screamo for both diluting and removing the dark soul of this segment of rock. But, when I listen to *What You Wanted* my blood pressure

claustrophobic compression and a palpable sense of urgency

increases, my knuckles whiten and my head starts bobbing to the sludgy chugging rhythm of tracks like “Mostly Dead” which to me is the intersection of Touch and Go bands like Shellac and Jesus Lizard and Northwest Grunge like Mudhoney and Nirvana.

It’s likely due to the fact that they lost all of the original recordings and was forced to recreate *What You Wanted* that contributes to the delicious Steve Albini-esque claustrophobic compression and palpable sense of urgency—as if they were reaching frantically for the quickly dissolving memories of the songs.

At the risk of sounding corny, *What You Wanted* was in fact what I wanted. Now, where the hell did I put my House of Large Sizes LPs...



Bermuda Report

Bittersweet
facebook.com/bermudareport

When I reviewed their debut EP last year, I said that Bermuda Report easily evoked a vacation in the tropics with their jazzy tropicalia-influenced pop. For Bermuda Report’s debut full-length album, *Bittersweet*, the tiki bar is closed, the vacation is over and singer Abby Sawyer is unpacking her baggage—emotional baggage.

The album opens with the title track which seems to capture the mission statement for the album. “I’m bittersweet, and a little sad / I’m five-foot-two / and a little mad.”

I was surprised by the darker tone of this album compared to the EP. However, the sea change was forecasted by the Paul Kresowik-penned “Tension” from the EP which gets a slight makeover here. I think they took a bit of a risk producing a work exposing very specific raw emotion. The moodiness might not be for everyone.

Even with this recurring theme and tone of the album, I’m impressed with the dynamics of the songs. Although the band mostly favors jazzy chord changes throughout, they aren’t afraid to deliver a classic rock-inspired anthem in the standout track “Silver Dean.” Their confidence apparently bolstered by the powerhouse delivery of Sawyer which to me recalls Heart’s “Magic Man.”

It would have been easy for Bermuda Report to rest fully on their collective jazz and R&B histories. In *Bittersweet* we see the band reaching for something different. This change seems to have also brought about Sawyer stepping confidently forward as the identity of Bermuda Report. It’s exciting to see this first step in the development of a strong frontwoman.

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



Awful Purdies

Hiatus
www.awfulpurdies.com

The women of the Awful Purdies combine many years of musical experience, compounded by six years of playing shows together. They all sing, play and write, staying close to the modern folk music vernacular. What gets me about the Awful Purdies is that they come together and create something seamless and unique, despite their other musical projects and busy lives as women—mothers, teachers and a waitress. Without any overt feminist subtext to what they do, I can’t help thinking of them as being uniquely successful because they’re women. There’s no gimmick to it, no individual agendas or ego trips to act out. I suspect that they’re too busy outside the group to have time for the usual intra-band drama—they become Awful Purdies as a way to play hookie from their lives for a few hours; perhaps that’s why it’s called *Hiatus*.

Each of the singers brings something different into the sound. Katie Roche’s voice has an appealing hoarseness, with a jazz singer’s behind-the-beat phrasing. Sarah Cram sings a bit smoother, but can muster a brassy rock tone when called upon. Nicole Upchurch sounds a bit reedy, with a subtle, rapid vibrato. Marcy Rosenbaum’s voice has a raw, slightly nasal quality that is disarmingly open and unaffected.

Katie Rowe’s cello is only infrequently in the foreground, but holds down the bottom end of the arrangement. In fact the sound of her cello—recorded with remarkable warmth and presence by engineer Peter Becker—is the linchpin to the AP sound. When they come together in a chorus behind whoever is singing lead, they sound somewhere between a church choir and a female Beach Boys. Their ensemble sound completes the song; you wish there was more of it even when it’s exactly the right amount.

When Upchurch sings “she believes in

perennials, she collects old things” she might be describing the group’s artistic mission. There’s plenty that’s original about these songs, but they stay rooted in the folk tradition without being over-constrained by it. It’s hard. *Hiatus* commands attention without ever raising its voice, it invites without ever trying to hard.

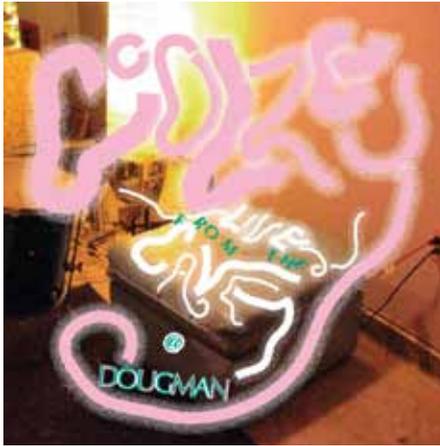
Kent Williams has driven the length of Governor Street thousands of times.

Coolzey

Live From the Cave @ Dougman (Public School Records)

www.psrecords.net

Zachary Lint, alias Coolzey, normally slings rhymes and crafts beats, however, last November he took a little break from hip hop to stomp out a set of raw tunes that he’s finally put out into the world. *Live From the Cave @ Dougman* is an unvarnished, hyper-eclectic collection of simple tunes. When Coolzey sat down in “the cave,” he set out to prove how much he could do with just a few riffs and scant flourishes. There’s a different sound and



style for each one of these lo-fi tunes.

The album’s fourth cut, “On the Ground” stands as one of the most successful tracks on *Dougman*. In fact, for all the simple compositions on this collection, “On the Ground” may be the most basic. A beautiful little number about a dreamer and all the power it takes him to remain grounded is built on an eighth note acoustic strum. Lint’s vocals sound completely unencumbered by any stylistic baggage. The sole flourish comes with the song’s final verse when a light, angelic, synth line floats in and seems to carry this dreamer away, leaving

behind the expectations of those around him.

Then there’s the somber, angular “Driving.” The seventh track on the album is a cool, moody tune with a simple programmed beat and a whole-note keyboard vamp. Lint continues to flex his vocal dexterity, opting for a detached croon as he mourns the distance between himself and a former lover. The dispassionate delivery and composition belie the intensity of the lyrics—“When I’m driving away from you / I see smoke and fire”—and when he finally breaks down in the bridge, the longing comes through all the more clearly for that disparity.

Coolzey closes *Dougman* out with a bit of what he’s best known for. “Wire Mother vs. Cloth Mother” is all about Coolzey’s flinty fire spitting over an old school loop made of stuttering midi key tones and a body slamming horn line.

If you want to see every muscle Coolzey can flex, there’s really no better place to start than *Live From the Cave @ Dougman*.

John Schlotfeldt just purchased a new bike and is now in the market for a new laptop, if you have recommendations for laptops on a budget or want to talk about music (Iowa City’s or elsewhere) get at him here:

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Does castration = longer life?

According to the Humane Society, you can extend your dog's life a couple of years by getting him neutered. Are testes really lethal? Does neutering your dog really extend his life? Would the same thing work for men?—Dave Greenaway

You're not going to want to hear this, Dave. But according to one much-cited study, castrated men live nearly *14 years* longer than their intact brethren, which if true means there's some elective surgery you may want to think about. But first let's talk about dogs.

It's not hard to find statements in the veterinary literature that neutering—here meaning gonadectomy in either sex—prolongs the life of both male and female pets. To cite an obvious advantage, a neutered male dog is unlikely to get testicular cancer, while spaying female dogs virtually eliminates uterine disease and mammary tumors. Animal welfare groups promoting neutering have been happy to spread the word about these benefits.

Researchers into human longevity have also been interested, although for a different reason. Life expectancy in the U.S. has increased sharply over the past century, but more so in women than men. In 1900, a newborn boy could expect to live 46.3 years and a newborn girl 48.3 years, a difference of two years. By 1970, in part due to fewer maternal deaths during childbirth, baby girls could expect to live 74.7 years, baby boys 67.1 years, a difference of 7.6 years. U.S. males have caught up some since then; in 2007 a baby boy could expect to live 75.4 years, a baby girl 80.4. But the question remains: why, despite ongoing advances in health care, do women still live considerably longer than men?

A landmark 1969 study seemed to provide an answer. James Hamilton and Gordon Mestler compared the lifespans of 297 castrated inmates at a Kansas institution for the mentally retarded with those of 735 intact males at the same facility. The castrated males had gone under the knife at ages from 8 to 59 years old, with the average age ranging from 12 (!) in 1898 to 30 in 1923. They didn't vary

markedly from intact inmates in terms of IQ, type of mental disability, and so on, suggesting there had been no firm criteria for the operation other than possibly your getting on the hospital staff's nerves—too bad if you were an inmate but lucky for science, since except for castration the two groups were indistinguishable.

Result: the castrated inmates on average lived 13.6 years longer than the intact ones (55.7 vs 69.3 years). What's more, the earlier you were castrated, the longer you lived. Conclusion: testosterone kills.

OK, Hamilton and Mestler didn't put it that dramatically. But they did believe their research applied to all males, not just the

Hamilton and Mestler, it was infections.

I know, makes no sense to me either. One explanation I've seen is that castration was used to pacify the rambunctious. Troublemakers who didn't get orchidectomized instead were bound to chairs or beds, making them more vulnerable to chronic urinary infections and such. In other words, it wasn't so much castrated inmates living long lives, but rather intact ones dying young.

Which gets us back to dogs. Remember, Hamilton and Mestler believed their conclusions applied to everyone, not just the mentally retarded, because castrated animals in general lived longer. But it turns out the evidence for that is thin and contradictory.

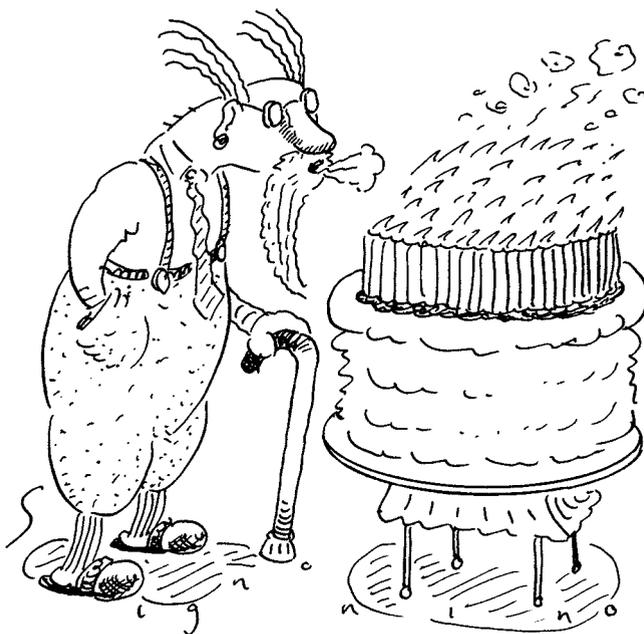
Research on Rottweiler longevity is instructive on this score. A 2003 study found that of 21 dogs who lived exceptionally long lives by Rottweiler standards—more than 13 years—two-thirds were female and 90 percent had been neutered, supporting the conventional wisdom. On looking closer, however, we see that whereas five of seven male dogs had been neutered, all 14 of the females had been. Implication: while neutering helps male dogs live longer, it helps females even more.

So sex hormones of *any* kind mean an early grave? Not so fast. Matters may be confused by the failure to consider when in an animal's life neutering is performed. More recent Rottweiler research indicates the longer a female dog has ovaries, the *longer* she lives.

The supposedly lethal impact of testosterone may also be exaggerated. Browsing through the databases, we find a 1982 analysis of 2,000 canine post-mortems showing no significant difference between the lifespans of intact and neutered animals of either sex.

Inquiry into this murky business continues. For now about all we can say is: having sex organs doesn't necessarily shorten your life. Whew.—CECIL ADAMS

Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. Subscribe to the Straight Dope podcast at the iTunes Store.



mentally retarded, in part because castrated animals in general were thought to live longer than those left intact. Their view has largely carried the day as the explanation for why women outlive men. My assistant Una found their paper had been cited at least 130 times by later researchers.

You're thinking: come on. What toxic effects could male hormones possibly have that would account for a 14-year difference in lifespan? It wasn't male predilections for smoking or violence, or male-only conditions like testicular cancer. Rather, according to

Curses, Foiled Again!

- Georgia authorities accused former DeKalb County Deputy Marshal Washington Varnum Jr. of unprofessional or deceptive conduct and bad moral character. According to Ryan Powell of the Georgia Peace Officer Standards and Training Council, Varnum tried to serve his own eviction notice and then “provided a sworn statement to the courts that he himself could not be found.” (Atlanta’s *WSB-TV*)
- After leaving several phone messages threatening to burn down the gas station where he used to work in High Springs, Fla., Kalpeshkumar Patel, 40, drove to the station, pulled up to a gas pump and poured gasoline all over the car and himself. The threat ended when Patel realized he had no lighter and no customers would lend him one. The station owner called police, who arrested Patel. (Florida’s *The Gainesville Sun*)

Latter-Day Captain Hook

Airboat captain Wallace Weatherholt, 63, faces charges of unlawfully feeding an alligator while leading an Indiana family on a tour of the Everglades. The passengers told Florida Fish and Wildlife officers that Weatherholt held a fish over the side of the boat to attract the gator, which bit off his hand at the wrist. Following the attack, FFW officials tracked and killed the gator. They retrieved Weatherholt’s hand from its stomach, but doctors weren’t able to reattach it. (Fort Myers’s *The News-Press*)

The Sayonara Effect

- Since the Seattle Mariners traded outfielder Ichiro Suzuki in July, Japanese tourism to the Emerald City has dwindled. “It’s really disappointing; it’s an unexpected turn,” said Makota Ogasawara, manager of the Seattle branch of a company that books tours for visitors from Japan. The U.S. Department of Commerce reports that Japan sends more tourists to Seattle than any other country, twice as many as China, the second-highest source of tourists. After Suzuki, already a star in Japan, came to the Mariners 12 years ago, he became the main attraction for Japanese visitors. Despite the loss, Ogasawara pointed out, “We still have two Japanese players,” citing pitcher Hisashi Iwakuma and infielder Munenori Kawasaki. (*The Seattle Times*)
- A month after Suzuki’s trade, police said a



man smashed a window at the Seattle ballpark’s team store and made off with 16 Ichiro replica jerseys. Nothing else was taken, according to store supervisor Chris French, who said the jerseys originally retailed for \$240 apiece but since Suzuki’s departure had been selling for half that. (*The Seattle Times*)

Tables Turned

- A Chicago gun buy-back program paid out \$6,240 in gift cards to the Champaign-based pro-gun group Guns Save Lives, which turned in “rusty, non-firing junk,” according to the group’s president, John Boch. He indicated most of the money would be used to buy ammunition and four bolt-action rifles for a National Rifle Association-sponsored youth summer camp, boasting, “We are directing funds from people who would work against the private ownership of firearms to help introduce the next generation to shooting safely and responsibly.” (*Chicago Sun-Times*)
- When the Ceasefire Oregon Education Foundation offered a \$75 gift card for each gun surrendered at a Portland parking lot, gun buyers staked out the periphery and offered to buy guns from people arriving to turn theirs in. Prices started at \$80, but many sold for much more, and some buyers immediately sold their guns to other buyers at a profit. “They have a right to buy guns,” police Sgt. Tim Sessions said. “That’s in the Constitution.” (Portland’s *The Oregonian*)

If It’s by Boeing, I Ain’t Going

- South Carolina’s Charleston International Airport shut down for more than an hour after debris fell from the engine of a new Boeing 787 Dreamliner onto the only operational runway and caused a small grass fire. The incident occurred during preflight runway testing, according to Boeing official Candy Eslinger, and caused two scheduled flights to divert to Savannah. (Charleston’s *The Post and Courier*)
- A Boeing C-17 Globemaster intending to land at Florida’s MacDill Air Force Base instead landed four miles north at a small waterfront airport whose longest runway is 3,400 feet. The main runway at MacDill is 14,000 feet. “He touched down probably about a third of the way down the runway, and as soon as they did, they slammed on those brakes,” witness Ryan Guwra, a corporate pilot, said. “I thought for sure they were going to go off the end.” The C-17, which

weighs roughly 400,000 pounds, not only stopped in time on the runway designed to hold only 20,000 pounds, but later, needing almost 8,000 feet to take off when fully loaded, also successfully took off and made the short flight to MacDill. (Tampa’s *WTVT-TV*)

Device of the Week

Specialty retailer Family Christian released the world’s first Christian tablet. Dubbed the Edifi, the Android-based tablet offers “the ability to use our Holy Bible application, which has 27 different English translations of the Bible,” technology supervisor Brian Honorable said. “It goes along with our mission: trying to get people closer to God.” More than just an e-reader, the Edifi, priced at \$149.99, comes with movie-watching capabilities, Christian radio stations and even a web browser with built-in “safe search,” so children won’t “have access to things they shouldn’t have access to,” Honorable explained. “We definitely had to tailor it to our customers.” (*Fox News*)

Bad News Gets Worse

Baseball’s Worcester (Mass.) Tornados not only occupy last place in the five-team Can-Am League, but they also had a recent game delayed when their cleaning company showed up right before the first pitch claiming the team owed it more than \$4,000. The Enterprise Cleaning Co. of Worcester had a court order entitling it to seize the game’s receipts, as well as the team’s uniforms, bats, gloves and other equipment. After league officials promised to pay the bill, the game started an hour late. The Tornados lost to Newark, 4-3. (*Worcester Telegram & Gazette*)

You Snooze, You Lose

Scientists studying the world’s slowest swimming shark to determine how it preys on seals, which swim twice as fast, concluded that it sneaks up on them while they are sleeping. It’s thought that Arctic seals sleep in water, instead of on sea ice, to avoid polar bears. The study’s leader, marine biologist Yuuki Watanabe of Tokyo’s National Institute of Polar Research, stated that seals might sleep soundly enough that Greenland sharks, which move “at the speed of a crawling baby,” could catch them napping. Acknowledging that no one knows definitively how Greenland sharks are hunting seals, Watanabe said the next step is to mount cameras on some. (*National Geographic News*)

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

MUSIC

Tues., Sept. 4

Lazy Magnet w/ Alex Body The Mill, \$6, 9 p.m.

Wed., Sept. 5

Little Feat, Tom Fuller Band Englert, \$35, 8 p.m.
Exit Ghost, Glowing House, Ruvane Kurland,
Gabe's, \$5, 9 p.m. **Little Village Live w the Ills,**
The Blendours, Public Space One, Free, 5 p.m.
Cas Haley, Roster McCabe Redstone Room, River
 Music Experience, \$12, 8 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 6

Bright Giant, Blue Moose Tap House, Free, 8 p.m.
Pandu-O Mendoza Wine Bar, 7 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 7

Mr. Terrence Parker, Czarina Mirani (aka
Czboogie), DJ Urban Blue Moose Tap House,
 \$10, 8 p.m. **Jon Walker, Mark Rose** Gabe's, \$7,
 7 p.m. **The Pines** Legion Arts (CSPS), \$14/\$17, 8
 p.m. **The Ben Miller Band** Redstone Room, River
 Music Experience, \$8, 9 p.m. **Birds & Batteries,**
The Western Front, Emperors Club The Mill,
 \$8, 9 p.m. **Jazz After Five w/ The Rapson/Sandy**
Quartet The Mill, Free, 5 p.m.

Sat., Sept. 8

Euforquestra, Tallgrass, Jet Edison Gabe's, \$10,
 9 p.m. **Catriona McKay, Olov Johannson** Legion
 Arts (CSPS), \$15/\$18, 8 p.m. **Masked Intruder,**
The Blendours, The Turkeltons, Lipstick
Homicide, Public Space One, 7 p.m. **Karaoke** The
 Mill, Free, 9 p.m.

Sun., Sept. 9

Daniel and the Lion, Sonntag, Phox, Boom
Forest, The Mill, \$8, 8 p.m.

Mon., Sept. 10

Open Mic with J. Knight The Mill, Free, 9 p.m.

Tues., Sept. 11

Vibesquad, Opio Blue Moose Tap House,
 \$13/\$15, 8 p.m. **Mansions on the Moon** The Mill,
 \$12/\$15, 9 p.m.

Wed., Sept. 12

Delhi 2 Dublin Gabe's, \$10/\$12, 9 p.m. **Little**
Village Live w/ Jason Christensen Public Space
 One, Free, 5 p.m. **Burlington Street Bluegrass**
Band The Mill, \$5, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 13

Soul Dance Party Gabe's, Free, 10 p.m. **Steve**
Grismore Trio Mendoza Wine Bar, 7 p.m. **Battle**
of the Bands: Caterwaulla, Velcro Moxie, The

Trippin' Kids, Zeta June Yacht Club, \$5, 9 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 14

Slip Silo, Epictet Blue Moose Tap House, \$5, 9
 p.m. **The Pimps** Redstone Room, River Music
 Experience, \$7, 9:30 p.m. **David Zollo & the Body**
Electric The Mill, \$8, 9 p.m. **Jazz After Five w/**
Jose Emilio Gobbo Trio The Mill, Free, 5 p.m.
Natty Nation Yacht Club, \$7, 10 p.m. **Four Bitchin'**
Babes Englert, \$25/\$27.50, 8 p.m.

Sat., Sept. 15

Dustin Lynch First Avenue Club, \$12, 8:30 p.m.
Future Rock Gabe's, \$10, 10 p.m. **Actual Wolf**
 The Mill, 9 p.m. **OSG, Mary Mo & Her Sweet**
Notes Yacht Club, \$6, 10 p.m.

Sun., Sept. 16

Minus the Bear, Cursive, Caspian Blue Moose
 Tap House, \$20/\$23, 6:45 p.m. **The Iowa Friends**
of Old-Time Music Annual Fiddler's Picnic
 Johnson County Fairgrounds, \$5, Noon-6 p.m.
Cheryl Wheeler Legion Arts, \$17/\$21, 7 p.m.
Catfish Keith The Mill, \$10/\$12, 7 p.m.

Mon., Sept. 17

Reverend Horton Heat, Goddamn Gallows
 Gabe's, \$15/\$20, 8 p.m. **Fishbone** Redstone Room,
 River Music Experience, \$15/\$18, 8 p.m. **Open**
Mic with J. Knight The Mill, Free, 9 p.m.

Tues., Sept. 18

Fielded, Alex Body, Goldendust Gabe's, \$7, 10
 p.m.

Wed., Sept. 19

Little Village Live w/ Milk & Eggs Public Space
 One, Free, 5 p.m. **Jon Aanestad** The Mill, \$7, 9
 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 20 - Garage Rock Night Gabe's,
 Free, 10 p.m. **Unknown Component** Mendoza
 Wine Bar, 7 p.m. **Public Concert: Carey Bostian,**
cello; Jan Boland, flute; John Dowdall, guitar
 Red Cedar Chamber Music, Free, 11 a.m. **Reverend**
Horton Heat Gabe's, \$20/\$25, 9 p.m. **Battle of**
the Bands: The Treats, Histo, American Honey,
Unnamed Acoustic Yacht Club, \$5, 9 p.m.

Sept. 19-22 - Landfall Festival of World Music
 Legion Arts/Green Square Park (see legionarts.org
 for details)

ART EXHIBITIONS

Wed., Sept. 5 - Art Bites: "Clary Illian: A
Potter's Potter" with artist Clary Illian Cedar
 Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 12:15 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 6 - Walking Tour - Moundview

Neighborhood Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, \$5-
 \$7, 6 p.m., Drawing Club, ps-z, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 7 - Exhibition Preview Reception:

Charles Barth Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 5
 p.m. **UIMA First Friday: Come Together** University
 of Iowa Museum of Art at hotelVetro, \$5, 5 p.m.

Sun., Sept. 9 - Windows and Mirrors: Reflections
on the War in Afghanistan (Reception) Coralville
 Public Library, Free, 1 p.m.

Tues., Sept. 11 - Open Meeting ps-z, Free, 6 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 13 - Found Object Sculpture and
Assemblage "Mini Class" (Adults) Cedar Rapids
 Museum of Art, \$20, 5:30 p.m. **UI Explorers**
Seminar: Samuel Jones, Biology University of
 Iowa Museum of Natural History

Sat., Sept. 15 - Carnival Workshop ps-z, Free, 1 p.m.

Ongoing - Looking Forward: New Architecture
in Downtown Cedar Rapids Cedar Rapids
 Museum of Art (through Sept. 9) **The American**
Century Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (Through
 Sept. 9) **New Works from Josh DeWeese Akar,**
 Free (Through Sept. 14) **When I Close My Eyes**
I See Shapes Legion Arts (Through Sept. 15) **You**
Know...We're All in This Together Legion Arts
 (Through Sept. 15) **Father/Son: Small Works**
by Mike Ryan and Micheal Ryan (Through
 Sept. 30) Iowa Artisans Gallery **Napoleon and**
the Art of Propaganda University of Iowa
 Museum of Art (Sept. 13-January 29) **Charles**
Barth: A Kaleidoscope of Culture Cedar Rapids
 Museum of Art (Sept. 8-January 5) **Posing**
Beauty in African American Culture Figge Art
 Museum (Sept. 8-Nov. 4) **Windows and Mirrors:**
Reflections on the War in Afghanistan Coralville
 Public Library, Free, (September) **Gaia Nardie-**
Warner Public Space One (September) **Eye on**
UI Faculty University of Iowa Museum of Art
 (September) **Interplay: Material, Method and Motif**
 in West African Art Figge Art Museum (Through
 Through Oct. 21) **Blast Off! - Studio 1, Exploring**
NASA, NASA - Art: 50 Years of Exploration,
University of Iowa Space Pioneers, Waxing
Poetic: Exploring Expression in Art, Figge Art
 Museum (Through Oct. 7) **Clary Illian: A Potter's**
Potter Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (Through
 Feb. 17) **Sculpting with Fiber** Figge Art Museum
 (Through March 18)

THEATER/DANCE/ PERFORMANCE

Sat., Sept. 8 - Handicap This! Theatre Cedar
 Rapids \$20-\$25, 7:30 p.m.

A-List



Culinary Ride Sunday, Sept. 16, 8 a.m.

If RAGBRAI is the established mid-summer bicycle event of Iowa--the mature elder--the Culinary Ride is the baby brother trailing along at summer's end. The Culinary Ride pairs long-distance cycling with locavore [ethics] for a pleasant way to enjoy a Sunday. For those who register, Sunday, Sept. 16 will not be a day of rest. Instead, it will be a day of leisurely exercise rewarded with flavors harvested from the Iowa soil.

Beginning at the Waterworks Prairie Park (2875 N. Dubuque St., Iowa City), the Culinary Ride makes use of the Iowa Corridor Trail Network and offers two routes: the 25-mile Cherry Tomato Route and the 55-mile Beet-It-Up route. The Cherry Tomato Route visits Green Castle Organics and the North Ridge Berry Farm, and the Beet-It-Up Route extends the ride to New Orleans-themed Augusta Restaurant in Oxford, the Millstream Brewery, Clandestine Campsite and Red Alehouse in North Liberty.

Those curious to taste Chef Gaby Weir's talents (see page 6) will find her preparing cuisine at the Clandestine Campsite in the Hawkeye Wilderness Management Area.

This is the second year the Culinary Ride has sought to promote the best of Iowa trails and Iowa food. Cost is \$45 and proceeds go to the Iowa City Community School District's Farm to School chapter and the Youth Off-Road Riders Cycling Club. So if the thought of local food and beer, or the leisurely cycling along lush landscape views, doesn't tempt you, consider doing it for the children.

To view the full route and register, visit culinaryride.com.

Thurs., Sept. 13 - Curtain Raiser 2012/13
Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$48/\$60, 6:30 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 20 - The Hundred-Leafed Flower
UI Theatre Public Reading, UI Theatre Building, \$5, 8 p.m.

Ongoing - The Drawer Boy Iowa Theatre Artists Company \$10/\$22.50 (Through Sept. 16) **City Circle Acting Company: Noises Off** Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$12-\$27 (Sept. 7-16) **True West** Riverside Theatre, \$15-\$28 (Sept. 7-30)

Word Becomes Flesh Hancher Auditorium (Space Place Theater) \$10-\$35, 7:30 p.m. (Sept. 20-21)

CINEMA

Fri., Sept. 7 - Scary September: "The Birds"
Iowa City Public Library, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 14 - The Blues Brothers FilmScene Starlite Cinema, \$5 **Scary September: Shaun of the Dead** Iowa City Public Library, Free, 7 p.m.

Venues

Akar 257 East Iowa Ave., Iowa City, (319) 351-1227, akardesign.com

Beadology 220 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 338-1566, beadologyiowa.com

Bijou Cinema The University of Iowa, 166-B Iowa Memorial Union, Iowa City, (319) 335-3041, bijou.uiowa.edu

Blue Moose Tap House 211 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, (319) 358-9206, bluemooseic.com

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art 410 3rd Ave. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 366-7503, crma.org

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts 1301 5th St., Coralville, (319) 248-9370, coralvillearts.org

Coralville Public Library 1401 5th St., Coralville, (319) 248-1850, coralvillepubliclibrary.org

Englert 221 East Washington Street, Iowa City, (319) 688-2653, englert.org

Figge Art Museum 225 West Second St., Davenport, (563) 326-7804, figgeart.org

FilmScene Starlite Cinema - Festival Stage, City Park, Iowa City, icfilmscene.org

First Avenue Club 1550 South First Ave., Iowa City, (319) 337-5527, firstavenueclub.com

Frank Conroy Reading Room The University of Iowa, Dey House, 507 N. Clinton, Iowa City

Gabe's 330 East Washington St., Iowa City (319) 351-9175, icgabes.com

Hancher Auditorium (Space Place Theater) The University of Iowa, North Hall, 20 W. Davenport St., Iowa City, (319) 335-1160, hancher.uiowa.edu

Iowa Artisans Gallery 207 East Washington St., Iowa City (319) 351-8686, iowa-artisans-gallery.com

Iowa City Public Library 123 South Linn Street, Iowa City, (319) 356-5200 icpl.org

Iowa Theatre Artists Company 4709 220th Trl, Amana, (319) 622-3222 iowatheatreartists.org

Johnson County Fairgrounds 4265 Oak Crest Hill Road Southeast, Iowa City, (319) 337-5865, johnsoncofair.com

Legion Arts (CSPS) 1103 3rd St. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 364-1580, legionarts.org

Mendoza Wine Bar 1301 5th St., Coralville, (319) 333-1291, facebook.com/mendozawinebar

Penguin's Comedy Club 208 2nd Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, (319) 362-8133, penguinscomedyclub.com

Prairie Lights 15 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, (319) 337-2681, www.prairielights.com

ps-z 120 N Dubuque St, Iowa City, (319) 331-8893, pszic.com

Public Space One 129 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 331-8893, publicspaceone.com

Red Cedar Chamber Music (Ballantyne Auditorium, Kirkwood, Cedar Rapids) 1495 Douglas Ct., Marion, (319) 377-8028, www.redcedar.org

Redstone Room, River Music Experience 129 N Main St., Davenport, (563) 326-1333, rivermusicexperience.org

Riverside Theatre 213 N Gilbert St., Iowa City, (319) 338-7672, riversidetheatre.org

Rozz Tox 2108 3rd Ave, Rock Island, IL, (309) 200-0978, rozztox.com

The Mill 120 E Burlington St. Iowa City, (319) 351-9529, icmill.com

Theatre Cedar Rapids 102 3rd St. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 366-8591, theatreocr.org

Theatre Building The University of Iowa, 200 North Riverside Dr., (319) 335-1160 theatre.uiowa.edu

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

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History Macbride Hall, Iowa City, (319) 335-0480, uiowa.edu/mnh

Uptown Bill's 730 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, (319) 339-0804, uptownbills.org (Spoken Word Wednesdays at 6:30, Artvaark Thursdays at 6 p.m., Open Mic Thursdays at 7 p.m.)

Yacht Club 13 South Linn St., Iowa City, (319) 337-6464, iowacityyachtclub.org (Flight School Dance Party on Tuesdays, Jam Session on Wednesdays)

Submit venues and events:
Calendar@LittleVillageMag.com

Thurs., Sept. 20 - Hubert Robert: A Fortunate Life; Napoleon, David Le sacre de l'image University of Iowa Museum of Art (Rm 101 Becker Comm. Studies Bldg), Free, 6:30 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 21 - Office Space FilmScene Starlite Cinema, \$5, Dusk

Sept. 7-13 - Marina Abramovic: The Artist is Present Bijou Cinema, **The Kid with a Bike** Bijou Cinema

Sept. 14-20 - Polisse Bijou Cinema, **Red Hook** Summer Bijou Cinema

LITERATURE

Wed., Sept. 5 - Eduardo Corral, Dan Rosenberg Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 6 - Robin Hemley Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Tues., Sept. 11 - Paul's Book Club (The Little Locksmith) Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Wed., Sept. 12 - Natalie Bakopoulos Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 14 - Jared Stanley Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Mon., Sept. 17 - Kevin Kopelson Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Tues., Sept. 18 - Jenny Zhang, Zach Savich Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Wed., Sept. 19 - Hisham Matar Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 20 - Art Lover's Book Club - Art Lover: A Biography of Peggy Guggenheim

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 4 p.m. **Debbie Eisenberg Q&A** Frank Conroy Reading Room, Free, 11 a.m. **Debbie Eisenberg reading** Frank Conroy Reading Room, Free, 8 p.m.

COMEDY

Fri., Sept. 14 - Paperback Rhino Public Space One, \$2, 9 p.m.

Mon., Sept. 17 - Catacombs of Comedy Yacht Club, \$3, 9 p.m.

Wed., Sept. 19 - Comedy Where Music Should Be Gabe's, \$3, 8 p.m.

Sept. 7-8 - Dwight York Penguin's Comedy Club, \$12, 7:30 p.m.

Sept. 14-15 - "Wild" Bill Bauer Penguin's Comedy Club, \$12, 7:30 p.m.

KIDS

Thurs., Sept. 6 - Lego Landmarks #2 Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, 4 p.m. **Toddler Story Time** Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:30 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 7 - Doodlebugs Preschool Program Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Sun., Sept. 9 - R.E.A.D. with Therapy Dogs of Johnson County Iowa City Public Library, Free, 2 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 13 - Toddler Story Time Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:30 p.m.

Fri., Sept. 14 - Night at the Museum: Bug Invasion University of Iowa Museum of Natural History, \$25, 6 p.m.

Sun., Sept. 16 - Storytime Adventures: Flamingos University of Iowa Museum of Natural History, 3 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 20 - Toddler Story Time Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:30 p.m.

Iowa City Public Library:

Mondays & Tuesdays - Toddler Storytimes Free, 10:30 a.m.

Occasional Fridays - Book Babies Free, 10:30 a.m.

Saturdays - Family Storytimes Free, 10:30 a.m.

Sundays - Family Storytimes Free, 2 p.m.

Wednesdays & Thursdays - Preschool Storytimes Free, 10:30 a.m.

DANCE

Thurs., Sept. 6 - UI Swing Club Public Space One, Free, 8 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 20 - UI Swing Club Public Space One, Free, 8 p.m.

MISC.

Fri., Sept. 7 - Inside Out with Tony Hawk Theatre Cedar Rapids, \$15-\$35, 7:30 p.m.

Sun., Sept. 9 - Mill Pub Quiz The Mill, \$1, 9 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 13 - Sophia Gold Party - Sell Your Gold Beadology, Free, 6 p.m.

Sun., Sept. 16 - Mill Pub Quiz The Mill, \$1, 9 p.m.

SUBMIT EVENTS

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ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR SEPT. 5-19 2012

FOR EVERYONE—Fork in the road. People are adapting to changing financial realities. Psychological and spiritual issues are sparking big personal decisions. Important relationships are in flux. Nothing decisive seems to happen, though. The narratives don't change. However, in September, even seemingly small decisions can have big consequences. Paths will diverge sharply. Trend lines will bend dramatically. Comeuppances will arrive for those who haven't taken the hint. Ironies will come home to roost. Long-term financial well-being and deep personal loyalties should take precedence over other considerations.

VIRGO (Aug. 22 - Sept. 21) (Aug. 22 - Sept. 21) Presto chango. Things will change in September. Some the hard way, some the easy way, but things will change. The rules for the big money issues—taxes, insurance, pensions, mortgages—are different, now. “They” just decided to do things differently. Higher ups are probably as surprised and as annoyed as you are. You will have some promising options. The most promising will be close to home. But pursuit of these opportunities will likely destabilize your relations with family, friends and professional associates.

LIBRA (Sept. 22 - Oct. 21) Push. Libra is the sign of judgment as well as tact and keep it simple. A wave of economic changes is rippling willy-nilly through our lives. Financial issues are imposing awkward strains and inconvenient changes in Libra's most important personal and professional relationships. Some important relationships could simply end. Involving yourself or others in more debt, or searching far afield for complicated workarounds will not help anyone. The planets prefer that you resolve issues by working close to home and managing day-to-day expenses. You will be surprised at how well a simple, down-to-earth approach will work.

SCORPIO (Oct. 22 - Nov. 20) Speak softly. Your influence is greater than you realize, now; the things you say affect people more than you know. You are insulated from changes affecting others. You have more power over how these changes will affect your life than others do, too. So you might not realize how upset people are. Having said that, people do need to hear your views. You have special insight into ongoing events. In some cases, your ideas will prove indispensable to those dealing with sudden, unexpected changes.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 - Dec. 20) Reimagine. Waves of change are rapidly transforming financial arrangements in your life, sending ripples of change through the rest of your life. Disaster is not imminent; you will surely land on your feet; but you can't stand pat. You'll need to wrangle accommodations from partners, family and friends. It's natural to want to work your way out of any resulting financial pinches—put in more hours, say. However, the planets advise that you adjust

attitudes and expectations rather than extend your work schedule.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 - Jan. 18) Serious business. Changes are numerous; they are emerging rapidly in key areas—at home, at work, in key partnerships. They are creating insurmountable obstacles to achieving what you really want. Workable alternatives are possible, although they will not be as permanent or stable as you would like. It would be tempting to take an improvisational, casual approach to the task of creating alternatives, making compromise easier. However, the planets want idealism and sound thinking to guide the creation of even temporary, makeshift solutions.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 19 - Feb. 17) Rosetta Stone. The challenges many face are sending them in search of answers. The solution many are looking for is an Aquarian one. After all, the problems they face were caused by your ruling planet, Uranus. You probably have a good idea of how Aquarian ideals apply to their situations. Many need to have it explained, a service for which some might be willing to reward you. Translating Aquarian ideals into terms others understand can help others meet their challenges and expand your resources.

PISCES (Feb. 18 - Mar. 19) Explore. New financial realities are squeezing an already tight budget. There are promising ways forward, but available options won't lead directly to economic stability or security. Circumstances will require continuing efforts to broaden and solidify your economic base. The planets suggest that you not confine your search locally. You will need to reach beyond the familiar and the comfortable. It is not so much a question of leaving home, though, as using home as a base from which you can extend your economic reach.

ARIES (Mar. 20 - Apr. 18) Due date. A non-stop barrage of changes, many arising out of nowhere, is affecting your long-term finances. You need to free up resources to address emerging financial short-falls. It's partly a question of aligning personal expectations with changing economic realities. However, current arrangements with family, friends and professional and business associates need to change. These changes might seem abrupt and, well, harsh to some who have counted on you so long for

so much. But those who have been paying attention shouldn't be surprised.

TAURUS (Apr. 19 - May 19) Bend in the road. Your mind is flooding with new ideas and feelings about who you are and what you really want in life. Many of these will collide with existing ideas about yourself. Let the new stuff percolate to the surface; allow conscious attitudes to evolve. You should maybe avoid focusing on yourself, too much. Pay more attention to the needs and expectations of others, but always leave yourself some wiggle room. Continuing improvement in your financial affairs should make everything else easier.

GEMINI (May 20 - June 19) Stay out of it. The already challenging financial picture is being further complicated. People are making significant and irreversible changes in how they handle financial stuff, without warning or appeal. These changes will spark battles in some cases. Chaos is a possibility. Gemini can sidestep the conflict, confusion and most of the inconvenience. You have opportunities to pursue and your time would be best spent pursuing them. Avoid obsessive focus on psychological and spiritual issues. Focus on work and health issues for best results.

CANCER (June 20 - July 21) Exit stage left. For a long while, work has been unusually burdensome and stressful, complicated by on-the-job intrigue, personality conflicts and, well, underhanded behavior. You had little choice but to take it all seriously and set the best example you could. Life in general is about to get even more complex. However, for Cancerians, a more playful, lighthearted cycle is beginning. The planets will forbid you to take anything seriously. Give the part of your brain that does the heavy lifting a well-deserved rest.

LEO (July 22 - Aug. 21) Retreat. For many months, Leo's instincts have aligned with the trends. It was easy to go with the flow. But a lengthy new cycle has begun. It will be easier to make a wrong move, at home, at work ... in every area of your life. More so because of the many rapid changes taking place. The cost of putting a foot wrong could be high. Power issues could be especially dicey. The planets advise favoring home and family and quietly working through personal issues. **IV**

—Dr. Star



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Print is dead, right?

Not in Iowa City. Come party with *Little Village* as we celebrate the release of our first mid-month issue, doubling our frequency from monthly to biweekly.

Biweekly Release Party

Tuesday, Sept. 18 | 7:00 p.m.* | The Mill | FREE

*Comedy showcase to follow at 8:30, hosted by Bobby Ray Bunch

We will provide two kegs of free beer and lots of free pizza and snacks—a modest "thank you" to all the writers, editors, photographers, designers, advertisers and, especially, readers who helped get us here.

Double the pages, double the frequency, double the local content, double the fun. Thanks, Iowa City. We love you. **lv**

