END OF AN ERA

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Lest We Forget...What is Patriot Day?

Patriot Day is Sept. 11. It is one of our newer holidays and has nothing to do with the USA PATRIOT Act, a piece of legislation which has little to do with being a patriot. Nothing in the USA PATRIOT Act says that I have to salute flags, or wear red, white and blue on July 4th, or light firecrackers night and day from June 30 until July 10 (traditionally the 11 days of celebrating America’s independence).

No, USA PATRIOT is an acronym for Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism. Nice acronym legislators! Let me try:

-Uncle Sam Asked to Please Allow Tom Ridge Inside Oregon Trail
-Under Said Act, People Are Taken Rudely Into Outer Territories

Patriot Day has nothing to do with Patriot’s Day. Patriot’s Day is celebrated April 19, the date of the first battle of the American Revolution. Patriot Day has nothing to do with the NFL team from New England.

Patriot Day has everything to do with Sept. 11, 2001. If you are a patriot, there are some ways to remember that ignoble day. I googled “Patriot Day” and found this on one website: “Patriotic Americans are urged to keep their car headlights burning during daylight hours while driving.”

The reason patriotic Americans do this is to “Pay respect to the victims of that day, show our nation’s solidarity and show support for our men and women of the Armed Forces.”

Patriotic Americans who can’t afford to drive around with headlights burning are encouraged to sit in their driveways and blink the hazard lights.

Here is my patriotic poem in anticipation of this coming celebration:

The Flag of USA

The flag of USA is a symbol which represents the republic of America with many a stripe and star. The stars represent states like Alaska and Florida, states which are near and far. I like this flag, it looks good waving in the breeze, it also looks good on the back of my car.

For this poem, I have used an A-A-A rhyming scheme. This poem, “The Flag of USA,” is non-copyrighted, please feel free to use it in your Patriot Day celebration.

With all these patriotic celebrations, I wonder how we have time at all to ruminate on the problems of the world. Oh yeah, Earth Day is coming up, that will give me a chance to think about the world’s problems. Unless Earth Day has a cool flag and lots of driving around with headlights burning. And acronyms. And poetry.

Atom Burke
Iowa City
Say what you will, a mis-spent youth can occasionally bear positive results. I was reminded recently of a particularly keen insight offered up in a drunken late night dorm lobby back in the early ’80s.

My roommate at the time, a staunch young conservative, attempted to squelch an increasingly raunchy speculative discussion of the sexual practices of some of our female classmates by announcing that he didn’t believe in pre-marital sex.

One of the participants responded to his assertion with a look of complete bewilderment.

“Why,” he asked, “it exists, doesn’t it?”

Whether it was delivered as an expression of chemically inspired confusion or as a genuine attempt at undergradulate wit, the statement actually managed to frame, a quarter-century early, one of the central questions of the ongoing cultural war between the Empiricists or “reality based community” and the Imperialists, “history’s actors” who “create their own reality.” (These phrases courtesy of an unidentified aide to President Bush as quoted by the New York Times’ Ron Suskind).

Bush’s proposal to teach both “Darwin’s theory of evolution” and “intelligent design,” aka “creationism 2.0,” in public schools, meets with false logic.

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The Darwinians won. Over a century of rigorous observation, testing, experiment and peer review according to the scientific method has rendered a body of evidence in support of Darwin’s theory that is considered irrefutable by the vast majority of the scientific community. Scientifically speaking, natural selection of random mutation as the “how” of the development of life on planet Earth is considered a settled fact. Those who would denigrate it as “mere theory” are referred to the theory of gravity.

As to the “why,” or in this case “who” of that development, which the theory of intelligent design attempts to explain, it can only be seen as, scientifically speaking, entirely outside the question. Science relies on observation and the testing of hypothesis. The existence of a greater intelligence behind the creation of life on Earth is neither observable nor testable, and is as such outside the scope of the scientific method. It is, definitively, un-scientific.

This would be the end of the discussion if science were really the topic the president was addressing.

It wasn’t.

As is usual with the treatment of scientific questions under his administration, the president was really talking about politics. Despite the scientific basis of the theory of evolution, and notwithstanding the large number of scientists who consider themselves people of faith with no seeming contradiction, more Americans believe in the Genesis account of the creation of life on Earth than believe in evolution by 45 versus 33 percent according to Gallup.

Of that 45 percent, a small but vocal minority consider the absence of the deity as they understand it in the biology text-books as an affront to their beliefs. The vast majority of these people voted for the
Celebrating Food

Iowa’s own food festival, Field to Family (F2F), returns for its fourth year running Sept. 8-11 to bring the community closer to its local farms and food artisans. Since 2002, F2F has drawn thousands to enjoy great local flavors and hear from interesting guest chefs and authors. The festival has many free events, plus fund-raisers to benefit two worthy causes: Local Foods Connection, a charity that provides CSA (community supported agriculture) shares and local foods guidance to underprivileged families; and Slow Food Iowa’s From the Ground UP!, a school garden initiative that just broke ground on its new garden at Iowa City’s Tate High School.

Previous F2F guests have included Lynn Rossetto Kasper, host of Public Radio’s “The Splendid Table”; noted chef and author Deborah Madison; then-Slow Food USA executive director Patrick Martins; author and Macarthur Fellow Gary Paul Nabhan; Radiance Dairy owner Francis Thicke; Minneapolis chef Lucia Watson; wild food expert Theresa Marrone and many more.

This year the festival welcomes two very special guests. Odessa Piper, founding chef of L’Etoile in Madison, Wis., and world famous culinary guru and author James Beard. Beard will do a demonstration at the farmers market on that Saturday, then will prepare a scrumptious feast at the Slow Food Iowa Harvest Dinner that evening. The menu reads as follows: “Iowa Berry Compote with Schwarz und Weiss Blue Cheese in Phyllo, Wholesome Harvest Organic Chicken Breast with La Quercia Prosciutto-Walnut Compound Butter, served with Roasted Wilson’s Orchard ‘Song of September’ Apples Stuffed with Autumn Vegetables and a Sage Cream Sauce, Penuche Caramel Cream Cake with Autumn Raspberries, and lots more.” The Harvest Dinner will be Saturday, Sept. 10 from 6 to 10pm at the Izaak Walton League Lodge. Tickets are $50 each and available at both New Pioneer Co-op locations.

Sherri Brooks Vinton, author of The Real Food Revival: Aisle by Aisle, Morsel by Morsel, will read on WSUI’s “Live at Prairie Lights” on Thursday evening, Sept. 8 at 8pm, at Prairie Lights on Dubuque Street. The reading is free and open to the public, and is also available live on WSUI AM910. Real Food Revival is a terrific resource for those who want to discover how to eat well and locally. Mark Knoblauch of Booklist said the book “outlines how consumers can effect positive change through co-ops and buying clubs. Interspersed among these prescriptions are profiles of farms and food suppliers involved in the promotion of sustainable agriculture and animal husbandry.”

Before the reading, enjoy the ever-popular Local Foods Connection Culinary Walk, this year with eight downtown area food establishments featuring the best of their locally sourced cuisine. Never been on the Culinary Walk? Think “pub crawl” but with great tastes of gourmet food.

Never been on the Culinary Walk?
Think “pub crawl” but with great tastes of gourmet food.
The calendar has reached September. As our kids wend their ways back to their classrooms, their days are structured now by homerooms, bells, too-short lunch breaks and inexplicably timed hours of learning that end at places on the clock like “:36.”

This is also the season when politicians and newspapers are full of pronouncements about the failings of our public schools: acronymic test scores portend slides, or at best stagnation, in our children’s abilities—according to these standardized exercises—to “compete” with kids in other parts of the world, especially in subjects like math and science. Hand-wringing abounds, and a heartless federal government threatens schools with blacklisting and withheld funds if the numbers aren’t right. In the midst of all this morass of gloom, Iowa’s governor now says he thinks our kids should spend more time in school. He is not alone in this suggestion. Our country looks at test scores, school-day lengths and intensive academic pressure imposed on kids in other countries, and assumes more seat time in a classroom will make Johnny a genius.

A typical conservative mantra is that “throwing money” at a problem, or an institution, solves nothing. I agree to the extent that money should always be spent wisely and efficiently and not only in volume. A longer school year will obviously cost an enormous amount of money. If our state and communities choose to invest millions of extra dollars into our public schools—something I would gladly welcome—I believe student achievement would rise through investment in better causes than longer or more days. “Quality time” was a byword of parenthood a decade or two ago. It should be the byword of education, too. Smaller classes will give kids more quality educational time with teachers, a much wiser investment than forcing children to sit through yet more of the current inefficiencies of public education.

Wisdom and efficiency are also bywords when it comes to spending time. So simply throwing more time at something will not make it better, either. Human experience and objective research show that productivity declines rapidly after a relatively short time threshold. If we give kids more quality time in school, we won’t need to inflict more volume on them.

The root cause of the current angst over achievement is economic. As Gov. Vilsack himself has said, the goal of a longer school year is to make the state more “competitive,” nationally and globally. I am all for the highest quality education we can provide for our children. In fact, my whole career has been devoted to education. And I acknowledge and embrace the fact that much human innovation and achievement comes from economic competitiveness. At the same time, I don’t unthinkingly accept that the be-all and end-all of education, a vibrant state and a good society is economic success. As we contemplate consigning our children to more time away from parents, friends, homes, communities and the natural world, we should consider the panoply of values and commitments that we wish our children, and our society, to hold and practice.

We are a “time-starved” society. We have ginned up our—and our children’s—lives with so much work and so many activities, most of all in the name of economic and social competitiveness, that we have burdened ourselves into overscheduled madness. Despite certain economic and social gains from our obsession with productivity, we must also understand what we have lost. We have lost the time it takes to establish the strongest possible familial and community connections. We live in a world where a mere 10 minutes a day of “quality time” with one’s own children is touted as a worthy, and even difficult, goal. We live in a society, as Robert Putnam so thoroughly documented in his study *Bowling Alone*, where, when we aren’t slaving away at our jobs and claiming we are “too busy” for pursuits outside...
We need to bring our kids back more fully into our family lives and our neighborhoods, trading in some—not all, certainly—of the private French lessons and computer programming classes for lazy evenings drinking lemonade on the neighbors’ front porch.

the short term, unsustainable and, in the long term, pointless as a structure for human life. Japan, which in recent decades has often been a model of the new human success story, also contends with a new disease—“karoshi,” or death by overwork. Which brings us back to kids, and school and time. Of course we need to be ferociously committed to teaching our kids how to live lives that are meaningful, prosperous and fulfilling, lives that will lead them to do the most good in the world. But so much of that teaching needs to happen in our homes, in our communities and outside in the natural world. School is merely a piece of the process that makes us human. Further diminishing our time and connections with the rest of existence by extending time in schools—no matter how laudable their goals, intentions and successes—will make us lesser people, even if we become (temporarily) high-performing economic social units.

While we do need to keep our eyes on our country’s economic productivity and our kids’ academic achievement in the traditional sense, we also need to listen to the countervailing cries for sanity in a speeded-up, displaced world. We need to listen to the “slow” movements, which, for example, teach us that food is to be experienced leisurely—for sensuous, aesthetic, health and community benefits. We need to balance our frantic curricular drive toward global awareness with a deepening of place-based education, teaching that connects us with our home ground as well as the myriad of global cultures. Cultivating the bonds of care and affection for our home through detailed and joyful study of it will do a lot more for the condition of our state than forcing our kids onto the ever-accelerating treadmill of keeping up with the Schroeders, and the Koizumis, and Jiabaos. Teaching the critical concepts of math and science in the context of our own backyards, communities and local natural landscapes will spark kids’ fascination with the world much more effectively than a distant and abstract pedagogy. We need to begin addressing our kids’ “nature deficit disorder” that Richard Louv has noted in his new book Last Child in the Woods, not only so they can develop more healthier bodies, but also so they know how awesome, in the truest sense of the word, this world is outside of a videogame. We need to bring our kids back more fully into our family lives and our neighborhoods, trading in some—not all, certainly—of the private French lessons and computer programming classes for lazy evenings drinking lemonade on the neighbors’ front porch.

I agree that we must strive to be a society full of great ambition, wondrous achievement and fulfilled human potential. But the accomplishment of those goals will not be found by keeping our children at their desks for more hours and days, no matter how excellent our schools do and should become. Giving our kids a little more slowness, a little more community, a little more neighborliness and a little more opportunity to get their hands dirty in the muck of the creeks behind our houses will make us a better people than an extra month of math formulas each year.

MEDIEVAL from page 4

president, and some gave him a great deal of money and organizational support. As such, the science behind the teaching of evolution has met the same fate as any other science the president’s supporters have found inconvenient, offensive or not conducive to the bottom line.

Suppression, distortion and denunciation have been official administration policy on subjects from environmental science and medicine to economics and psychology, with basic chemistry and simple arithmetic thrown in for ill measure. That this has proven disastrous for the environment, the public health, the economy and the national sanity—and begun to open a rather sizable gap in scientific education and achievement between us and the rest of the world—is apparently a lesser consideration.

For my part, I try to view things as pragmatically as possible. Darwin’s theory of evolution is responsible for the science of biology as we know it. The social forces behind intelligent design are responsible for the Bush administration and those young white guys who ring your doorbell Sundays after lunchtime to tell you the Good News.

Which you consider a greater contribution to the commonweal is entirely up to you.
END OF AN ERA
The Green Room makes way for Verde
by Brendan L. Spengler

It’s a loud, late August night at the Green Room, just days after the bars seventh-year anniversary. Even with the air conditioner cranked full blast, the crowd can’t escape the summer heat. They are sweating and drinking and stumbling. The band onstage is playing such an awful, bongo-metal mess that patrons are trying to claw their way through the walls to get out. People are taking their shirts off and spilling their drinks. An aggressive din is rising. Then, the next band takes the stage, sets up a beaten amp and half a drum set, and attacks with an incredibly furious punk soul routine that turns the entire bar around. This is the enigma that is the Green Room.

“‘What Blake built over there was a great place to see shows,’” said Hopkins. “‘Even back in the day, the bands that played down there filled a broad spectrum.’”

For the past seven years, Blake Rowley has provided a strange and diverse mix of music for Iowa City barhoppers. It has been the only bar in Iowa City where hippies and punks can co-exist peacefully in a setting involving alcohol. It has become an Iowa City landmark, hosting acts as hip and obscure as Jonathan Richman from the Modern Lovers to members of Fela Kuti’s Afro-politico funk band.

“We never did just one kind of music,” said Rowley about booking at the Green Room. “A lot of different people have been down there.”

The building, located at 509 S. Gilbert, was built in the 1860s as an addition to the adjacent mansion facing Bowery. According to Rowley, a semi-mysterious underground tunnel connecting the two still exists, but has been barricaded. The building has been through three fires but continues to survive and thrive among the relatively quiet south-of-downtown barscape.

Then in the late ’90s, Blake’s mother, Nancy Rowley, hatched an idea to start a coffee shop in the space and asked Blake to help. Over the years, Rowley recruited Trevor Lee Hopkins to help as a production manager, soundman, bouncer and bartender. Bands like Ten Grand, Liquid Soul and David Zollo became staples at the Green Room.

“What Blake built over there was a great place to see shows,” said Hopkins. “Even back in the day, the bands that played down there filled a broad spectrum.”

Diversity was the key attraction. The Monday Night Blues Jam became a solid night for the bar. They hosted benefits for the Green Party and the New Voters Project prior to the 2004 election. A jazz night and a spoken word night followed. But the Green Room still remained an alternative to the dirty, downtown punk bar or the frat-laced rooftop factories that dot Iowa City.

Green to Verde

On Sept. 1, 2005, the Green Room became Verde, a clever if not obvious Spanish translation that will change almost everything about the Iowa City landmark.

“We really want to dispel any rumors of a Mexican restaurant opening in the building,” said Jeremiah Burke, the interim manager at the Green Room. “Verde will still support the local live music scene.”

However, the focus of Verde will be food, atmosphere and aperitifs. Chase Haldeman, a young businessman from Iowa City who attended the Culinary Academy in San Francisco, will be tak-
ing over as head chef and owner of the
space.
After finishing culinary school, Haldeman interned at Balthazar’s in New York
City under Keith McNally. The trendy
celebrity restaurant modeled itself after a
French brasserie and boasted one of
the highest daily volumes for Manhattan res-

taurants.
“It’s a place where people go to be
seen,” said Haldeman, who absorbed as
much about business from McNally as he
did about cooking.
Haldeman has visionary plans for
Verde, including extensive renovations
on the interior, the kitchen and the side-
walk outside. Mosaic tile will replace the
carpet. Leather couches will be brought
in. “Soft lighting” will be installed. The
original brick will be exposed and walls
will be torn down. There is even talk of
putting in a beer garden.
“We want to make it a more comfort-
able environment for people to eat in,”
said Haldeman.
The menu, according to Haldeman, will
offer eclectic Spanish food. Tapas, Span-
ish for “little plates,” is an idea more than
a menu item, and it will be the mainstay
of Verde’s menu. Originating in Madrid,
tapas began as kitchens placed flat loaves
of bread on top of wine glasses in order to
keep the flies out. It’s traditionally a so-
cial event, a theme that will remain in the
space that once housed Iowa City’s go-to
bar.
“It’s a place to meet your friends or
take a business associate,” explained
Haldeman. “We’ll offer options for veg-
ans and vegetarians...protein and seafood
dishes.”
Verde will have seven or eight entrees
and will incorporate a wine list in addition
to the standard bar selection. But live mu-
sic will continue to be a focus for Verde.
There are plans for a Sunday brunch with
live bluegrass. And the sound system will
remain in the building.
While Rowley and Hopkins will bring
future shows to the Mill and the Yacht
Club, Haldeman will be in charge of
booking at Verde.
“I love the Green Room,” said Halde-
man. “And the art in Iowa City is what I love
about the area. Not just the music, but painters
and writers as well. And we hope to incorporate
that into Verde.”
The Hall Mall allows all ages to enter and will book at a moments notice; kids are coming out for the scene, not just to be seen.

by Melody Dworak

photos by Matt Steele

they come to listen and dance and sweat

The Tongues play the Hall Mall
The rock of Liberty Leg. Raccoo-oo-oon’s punk. Marah-Mar’s beautiful, mellow crescendos. Iowa City’s Hall Mall more than accommodates these bands; it accentuates them. The narrow hallway for which the offBeat collection of stores is named sharpens the sound and allows it to bounce back and forth between the walls and the listeners’ ears. The unique acoustics complement both the electric chaos of noise punk and the relaxed subtlety of folk.

Anyone can book and play a show at the Hall Mall, located at 114 1/2 E. College St. in downtown Iowa City. There’s no age limit and booking happens at a moment’s notice. Word spreads by mouth, through Friendster or in the stacks at the public library. Yet kids come out of the woodwork to see this shit. They come to listen. They come to dance. They come to sweat. They come with their Buddy Holly glasses, retro dresses, Mohawks and dirty blue jeans. Socializing revolves around the music while drinking takes a backseat. It’s the alternative to a regulated venue.

Bands play the Hall Mall for their art, for their crowd and for the hell of it. Liberty Leg’s show was a continuation of a house party that hurt the neighbor’s ears.

KRUI deejay and Hall Mall show regular Alison Feldmann said the Hall Mall is the place to experience a band you wouldn’t typically seek out on your own.

Shawn Reed, 24-year-old member of local band Raccoo-oo-oon, said the Hall Mall is a great place to “...disrupt the audience’s expectations of what they’re going to see, opening up possibilities and using different instruments. There’s a lot of touring bands with not enough draw to have a show at Gabe’s. [The Hall Mall] is a place that anybody can essentially play a show.”

All three aforementioned local bands have played the Hall Mall. They play for their art, for their crowd and for the hell of it. Liberty Leg’s show was a continuation of a house party that hurt the neighbor’s ears.

The Hall Mall has been home to a sun-dry collection of businesses for as long as many can remember, and long before it started hosting shows. Feral, which sells Mexican wrestling masks and retro bicycles, makes its home next door to Rusty Records. Ryan “Rusty” Oyloe is a key player in hosting the bands. He took over from Nate Miller of the former Low Brow Cafe after the cafe closed.

To call Oyloe a music buff is a gross understatement. He’s borderline obsessed. He started Rusty Records simply because he had way too many records.

Brett Szymoniak, a KRUI deejay, and booking/promoter at the Hall Mall, targets bands, regional and national, that might want to shorten the drive to the next town and play a show—whether it’s the Leah Quinelle All-Stars, a girl-punk band from Columbia, Mo.; Ex-Liars the No Things; or Josephine Foster, alterna-folkster from Chicago.

“Acoustic stuff sounds great up here,” Oyloe said of Foster’s performance. “Everyone, sitting on the floor, just chillin’.” That show drew over 100 people.

Oyloe said Foster sold almost all of her records at the show, but just two CDs. He cheered the fact that Hall Mall patrons buy records before newer technology. Though he’s been called “Rusty” since he was a kid, Oyloe said the store’s name came from this desire for the old and “rusting” rather than the new and polished.

It’s this celebration of the alternative, the less mainstream, that has earned the venue its popularity. As proven by the crowds that continue to grow, “Iowa City’s definitely blossoming into a good, established scene,” says Szymoniak.

The hot, dead air in the Hall Mall during the summer months may be one of the venue’s biggest drawbacks. “It gets really hot up there and that’s definitely a problem,” Szymoniak said.

Several Hall Mall regulars are planning a benefit show to raise money to buy an air conditioner as well as a PA system that will allow bands to leave their own at home.

“Being up there in the summertime is basically a test of your endurance,” Feldmann said. “When everyone there is sweating together, you know it’s for a united cause.”

UPCOMING SHOWS
Sept. 9: Mike Tamburo, Evan Miller, Nick Schillace
Sept. 21 Akron Family
Sept. 24: Bury the Survivors
Oct. 29: The Slats
Sharon Jones’ music is rooted in southern rhythm and blues, a genre nearly extinct. It’s characterized by the powerful cry of a human voice combined with cadenced, staccato horn and guitar rhythms. Together they create a cyclone of enriched emotional energy that stimulates the heart and all the five senses.

Some call it hard funk. Some call it deep soul. Jones says it’s just the music that comes out of her naturally, considering her Georgia and Brooklyn raising. It’s the stuff she heard blaring out of the radio and at parties when she was growing up, enmeshed in her head while coming out of her mouth as she sings.

“Like most musicians, I don’t really believe in labels,” Jones told Little Village during a telephone interview from her New York City home.

She has a slight southern drawl, a thick Gotham accent, and she laughs a lot when she speaks.

“What is the difference between soul and funk?” she asked. “You know, I don’t think there is one. They are all part of the same thing. What we play can be best compared with the music James Brown made back in the day. I come from Augusta, where JB came from, but my music doesn’t try to be pure anything.”

“When I grew up in the ’50s and ’60s,” she continued, “there was no FM radio, no ethnic formats, no Latin channels on the dial. You heard everything together, black and white music. I had my favorites, Otis Redding, Aretha, Gladys Knight, but I loved it all.”

Jones’ enthusiasm for the old days of top 40 AM radio was clear. She said she mostly listens to oldies radio today, despite the plethora of choices in the Metropolis.

Jones is not familiar with today’s neo-soul artists. She admitted to not knowing the works of John Legend, Alicia Keys or other popular musicians in that vein.

“I hear hip-hop on the streets, but I don’t really know much about it,” she said. “I have nothing against it, but I don’t even have a computer.”

Still, she knows her CDs are most likely played on college radio stations and purchased over the Internet. She has a strong underground following, and her fans tend to be less than half her age and come from a different background than her own.

The same things hold true for her band, the Dap-Kings, who Jones said average about 23 years of age and are mostly white. Jones met the group when they placed an advertisement looking for three female singers.
“They were called the Soul Providers then,” she said, “and they put out some records and played clubs, but they mostly played backup. So they decided to find their own singers. I went to the audition and they asked me which voice I wanted to try out for. I said all three and I guess I got the job,” Jones laughed.

Prior to that, Jones had sung with some area bands and worked as a session vocalist under the name Miss Lafaye. She even had a recording contract with Desco Records in the ’90s and had a following in Europe, but she did not get much stateside recognition until she paired up with the Dap-Kings.

Their first release, *Dap Dippin’ with Sharon Jones and The Dap-Kings*, garnered national attention, including a favorable write-up in the *New York Times* as well as a host of music publications. Their new record, *Naturally*, is poised to do even better.

The songs on the new CD mostly concern the trials and tribulations of men and women in love, from the woman’s point of view, eloquently expressed by Jones’ strong and gritty vocal style. Jones also understands the importance of subtlety. She’s a singer, not a screamer. She knows when to let a note linger, when to add a trill or when she needs to raise her voice in protest. The one non-original track is a cover of Woody Guthrie’s, “This Land is Your Land,” done to an almost martial beat. When Jones proclaims, “This land is made for you and me,” she implicitly articulates the fact that so much of the American dream has been denied to the poor. Her voice resonates with the recognition that the nation is made up of its entire people.

Jones and the Dap-Kings are touring internationally to promote their new record. They are performing at a variety of different venues, from large festivals and smoky nightclubs to concert halls, such as the Englert.

“We play the same music wherever we go,” Jones said. “First of all, people expect it. They want to hear the stuff that’s on the record. Also, even those at the sit-down places want to dance. They might not be allowed to jam the aisles or come to the front, but they can always dance in their minds. Our music lets them do just that. Yeah,” she said, pleased with her answer.

Giggling, she reiterated, “They can always find a way to dance.”

![Image of the Dap-Kings and Sharon Jones](image-url)
It’s hard to fathom now, but in 1972 an ex-hippie who previously sang about unicorns and futuristic dragons, I mean, unicorns!, exploded so intensely through the pop culture stratosphere it seemed as if the hysteria might eclipse Beatlemania.

His name was Marc Bolan, T-Rex’s frontman, who pulled Ringo Starr into a media frenzy some called “Bolanmania.” Even more miraculously, he convinced the former Beatle to bankroll a self-indulgent concert film/experimental mess that surely provided the makers of Spinal Tap with some ideas to run with.

For instance, Bolan performs onstage next to a giant cutout of himself, and just in case you miss the point—WORSHIP ME—he’s wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with his own face.

The demise of the Beatles left a big void in the pop universe, a black hole waiting to be filled by an electrified rock warrior, a shining star from the planet glam. Bolan, rock ’n’ roll genius and resident megalomaniac, was being groomed to step into a pantheon that included John, Paul, George, Ringo, Mick, Keith and another glammy guy named David Bowie. In little more than a year, Bolan’s sudden fame waned, and after amassing several rockin’ hit singles in a short period of time, he was relegated to the status of has-been. By 1978, Bolan was dead and largely forgotten, although he has retained a cult audience that continues to grow and crave all things T-Rex, like fancy multi-disc DVD packages.

After years in the can and months of restoration work, *Born to Boogie* has once again seen the light of day, in all its tripadelic and surround-sound glory. Mixing glam rock clothes, traditionalist rock influences (Mark Bolan even duck walks like Chuck Berry) and hippie surrealism, *Born to Boogie* has no plot to speak of, just a string of bizarre, nonsensical scenes mixed with sexy concert footage.

There are almost as many bad things about this film as there are good; but if loving pretentious 1970s glam-rock poo is wrong, I don’t want to be right.

First, let’s not overlook the movie’s atrocious title, *Born to Boogie*, which would be just as annoying today if it were jokingly used by an ironic Napoleon Dynamite-worshiping indie-rock band.
Second, *Born to Boogie* documents a plethora of ill-advised expressions of self-love that would only be equaled years later by rapper L.L. Cool J, who rhymed in 1989, “Sucker MCs really make me sick/ I’m so bad I can suck my own dick.”

Sandwiched between the rockin’ concert footage are long, over-the-top filmed segments that could only have been crafted by people whose drug intake surpassed their already-massive film budget. For instance, witness minutes upon minutes of Bolan and Ringo trying to recite the simple couplet, “Some people like to rock, some people like to roll/ but a movin’ and a groovin’ gonna satisfy my soul.” Yes, it’s true that in the history of the world many people have recorded their own stoned banter, but very few have done so using expensive 35mm movie cameras. Even fewer have consciously edited that idiotic talk into a feature length film.

In one of many examples of what’s right about the film, Bolan performs a shockingly funky studio version of “Children of the Revolution” with Ringo and Elton John, but the film’s highlight has to be a live-noise-rock-stomp through his big hit “Get It On (Bang a Gong),” a song unfortunately covered by 1980s super-group, Power Station. Forget the Butthole Surfers or the Flaming Lips, after watching this document of so-called “T-Rextasy,” it’s obvious that Bolan was one of rock’s weirdest experimentalists.

The strangest moment of the film is the following: One minimalist, silent minute of a car driving in a field followed by a minute-long telephone conversation while sitting in the backseat with a disguised Ringo Starr (sporting an Amish beard and wearing a Teletubby-like full body mouse suit), which is followed by another minute of a David Lynch-ian conversation with (yes) a person of diminutive stature who then eats the car’s side-view mirror.

DVD commentary tracks are funny things. You often get otherwise intelligent people discussing, as if they were thoughtfully talking about the causes of global warming, the most ridiculous and trivial topics. For instance, how difficult is it to construct an edible chocolate side-view-mirror? (According to the commentary, it’s really hard.)

You can’t make this stuff up. Nor can you make up statements like, “If there’s going to be a rock ’n’ roll history, it’ll go down in it.” Bolan said this about his performance at Wembly, which formed the basis of *Born to Boogie*. It’s enough to make you want to hate the guy. However, I’d probably be stuck listening to the entire discography of, say, Up With People or some other “positive” artist if I were no longer allowed to listen to annoying, drug-addled musicians.

Q: What’s the difference between a musician and a United States Savings Bond?
A: One is guaranteed to mature and earn money with age. IV
Bad Fathers
Angels in the Chamber
Rosemary Records
www.rosemaryrecords.com

Fresh from their summer stint with the Warped Tour—and after performing with Slick Rick and Atmosphere—the Bad Fathers have returned to Iowa City with a new album in tow.

Angels in the Chamber, an album featuring such unlikely bedfellows as indie oddball Brian Wolff of Drums and Tuba, farm-punk Will Whitmore and hip-hop producer Tack Fu, dropped this September. Little Village sat down with Justin Cox (aka Cousin) recently to talk misogyny, Hot Topic and blingers.

LV: A lot of people consider the Bad Fathers misogynistic.
JC: That’s a strange tag to put on something, anyway. If it’s not a personal attack, what kind of context does a person really have to make an accurate judgment? We’re not really badguy assholes. I mean, we love women, like everyone else.

LV: Do you think a sense of humor dispels any serious threat?
JC: Well, we don’t sit down and say, “Time for a funny one.” We have the luxury of recording at 4 in the morning, shit-faced, if we want to. So whatever happens, happens.

LV: Yeah, I’d say the whole thing seems pretty natural. It’s like Hot Topic. You guys aren’t trying to “Hot Topic” the crowd, you know what I mean?
JC: I saw a lot of Hot Topic this summer. (both laugh)

LV: That was my next question! Was the Warped Tour like Hot Topic?
JC: Yeah, there was a Hot Topic stage.
LV: You’re kidding! (laughs) Who was on that stage?
JC: I don’t remember. Overall, My Chemical Romance rocked. The singer wore a bulletproof vest.

LV: It was purely aesthetic, huh. It wasn’t utilitarian.
JC: I think you’re right. He was a funny dude. He’d do spiels like (yells in rock voice) “There was this dragon! And there was this knight who was sent to slay the dragon!”

LV: Bullshit! (both laugh) You have a picture with Slick Rick inside the new album. Is it true that someone had to pay him to guard his jewelry when you guys played with him?
JC: That’s the story I heard. He’s got a lot of bling. It’s a pretty intense outfit he’s got there.

LV: That’s a whole other world.
JC: I’m not much of a blinger, anyway. You know, I really like the feel of those cheap wristbands they give you at the bar. The paper ones.

LV: You should start rocking those. It could be your thing.
JC: That would be it!

You can get Angels in the Chamber at www.rosemaryrecords.com or your local record store.

Brendan L. Spengler
Marah Mar inhabits a unique place in the current Iowa City music scene. They tend to stick close to simple major and minor chords, which keeps them constant with folk music—but their wordless long-form songs are anything but folkie.

The band uses samples and drum machines, but they aren’t techno or hip-hop. There’s cellist Erin McCuskey, whose playing is free of classical affectations.

Marah Mar is neither here nor there with respect to genre, and that’s a good thing.

Their long-form instrumental pieces share the most in common with bands like Sigur Ros or Tortoise, but without the obscurely weepy bombast of the former, or the jazz-rock revivalism of the latter. “Welcome To Hawaii” (available for MP3 download on their website) comprises all their tendencies at once by starting with an airport location recording, followed by several interlocking sections, held together with legato cello melodic lines. There are dramatic crescendos and ritardandos, ending up again in echoey public address announcements.

By leaving out the words, beyond the obscure song titles, Marah Mar achieves a sort of ambiguous purity. The tracks on the CD are different enough to be individually memorable, but the consistent sound palette means they blend one into the next. The album is short enough not to wear out its welcome when listened to straight through.

In fact, it almost seems insufficient, bearing out the old show-biz dictum to always leave them wanting more. It is music that sounds familiar and foreign at the same time, having that feeling of between-ness in common with airports and train stations.

Kent Williams
Art/Exhibits

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center
55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863
Walking Tour of Oakhill Jackson Neighborhood, Sept. 10 • Forgotten History: African Americans in Lee County, Iowa, Sept. 22.

AKAR
257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-1227
Featured Artists: Jane Shellenbarger, Guillermo Cuellar, MacKenzie Smith, Sept. 9-29.

Artspace at the Glass Lodge
521 Washington St., 321-011
Japa, Philip Miller, through Oct. 1.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7503
Art in Roman Life: Villa to Grave, through Sept. 25.

Grinnell Community Art Gallery
269-4660
Scandinavian Photography II: Denmark, through September.

Hudson River Gallery
538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488
Featured Art of Joe Patrick & Genie Hudson Patrick, (September dates TBA).

Iowa Artisans Gallery
207 E. Washington, Iowa City, 351-8686

Mythos Fine Arts
9 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-3576
Female Buddha Exhibition: Kuan Yin & Tara, through September.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library
30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500
Out of the Shadows, Susan Kopecky, through Sept. 11. • Kamil Kubik, Master of Cityscapes, through Sept. 18. • Bohemian Garnets: Exquisite Artistry from the National Museum in Prague, exhibit through Sept. 25; Guided Curator Tour, Sept. 17, 22, 2pm • Silent Stones: Jewish Cemeteries in Bohemia and Moravia, exhibit opening, Sept. 25-Mar. 5; Personal Tour with photographer Lisa Feder, Sept. 25, 2pm.

Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., 887-1360
Recycled Art Sale, Sept. 6-10.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-238-2620
Scandinavian Photography II: Denmark, through Sept. 11.

Grinnell Community Art Gallery
Grinnell Community Center (2nd Floor)
927 Fourth Ave., Grinnell, IA, 641-236-2620
Astronomy, J.R. Paulson, Sept. 2-22; Opening reception, Sept. 2, 4:30-6pm.

The History Center
615 1st Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-1501
The Ferry Cross the Mersey: The British Invasion exhibit, through Sept. 25.

Music

Clapp Recital Hall
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Electronic Music Studio, Sept. 4, 8pm • Nicole Esposito, flute; Hannah Holman, cello, and Alan Huckleberry, piano, Sept. 14, 8pm • Center for New Music, Sept. 16, 8pm • Piano Extravaganza, Sept. 23-24, 7pm.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
8pm, except Sundays (7pm)
Wolfstone, Sept. 4 • Ember Swift, Pamela Means, Sept. 9 • The Campbell Brothers, Sept. 10 • Eric Taylor, Sept. 13 • Boubacar Traore, Sept. 14 • The Wallin’ Jennys, Sept. 18 • The Tannahill Weavers, Sept. 20 • Andy White, Radoslav Lorkovic, Sept. 21 • Brenda Weiler, Sept. 23 • Laura Fuentes y Calicanto, Sept. 24 • Laura Fuentes y Calicanto, 2pm, Kenny White, 7pm, Sept. 25 • Los Gauchos de Roldan, Sept. 28 • Susan Werner, Sept. 30.

Engler Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
Community Spotlight Series, Sept. 10, 7:30pm • Jana Stanfield, Sept. 16, 8pm • Chamber Music Classics, UI String Faculty & Maia Quartet, Sept. 17, 8pm • All String faculty concert, Sept. 17, 8pm • Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings with the Diplomats of Solid Sound, Sept. 27, 8pm.

First Avenue Club
1550 South First Avenue, Iowa City, 337-5527
Andy Griggs, Sept. 4, 8pm • Dieks Bentley, Sept. 4, 3pm • Blake Shelton, Sept. 5, 3pm • Billy Currington, Sept. 30, 8pm.

First Presbyterian Church
2701 Rochester Ave, Iowa City, 351-2660
“The Age of Eleanor of Aquitaine,” Musick’s Feast benefit for world hunger relief, Sept. 25, 8pm.

Gabe’s
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788
Early Show: Catch 22, A Wilheim Scream, Whole Wheat Bread (Other TBA); Late Show: Rapha Robertson’s Hip-Hop Party, Sept 2, 10pm • Little Village Benefit #2 with Liberty Leg, Autodramatics, Deathships, The Lean Quinelle All-Stars, Sept. 3, 9pm • Early Show:
Aimee Bender
Prairie Lights • Sept. 6
Aimee Bender first drew attention for The Girl in the Flammable Skirt, a collection of adult fairy tales that started off with lines like “There were two mutant girls in the town: one had a hand made of fire and the other had a hand made of ice.” The careful worlds and personalities that Bender spins in only a few words are sometimes thin ice, though, and surprising depths can lie beneath. Following a novel, An Invisible Sign of My Own, Bender returns with a new collection of stories called Willful Creatures. These tales are full of more crazy people and things than ever—one concerns a miniature man kept as a pet by a family of pumpkinheads who give birth to a boy with the head of an iron. They unfold with an allegorical intensity that makes the book as hard to shake as it is to put down. Do yourself a favor; skip brothers Grimm at the 12-plex and check out Aimee.

Tilly and the Wall
Gabes • Sept. 22
A band from Omaha named after a children’s book. Still reading? Most of their percussion comes courtesy of a manic tap dancer. Still? Well, then you’ll probably love Tilly and the Wall. Something like a hit of distilled adolescence, they play into that whole hipster wide-eyed, innocent thing but don’t come off too much like Polyphonic Spree after a hurricane. Their first release, Wild Like Children, was recorded in an Omaha basement in the dead of winter and released on Conor Oberst’s label Team Love (Conor and the Tilly kids hang out and Neely and Jamie used to be in one of his bands). NPR also recently did one of its coveted “All Things Considered” spots on them. So what else... Oh, the music. It’s really good; mostly slightly sloppy harmonies over all that tap-dancing. They say they’re inspired by classic ‘60s pop, boy/girl harmonies and Americana folk records, but theirs is not a retro sound. Having never experienced them live, let’s sample the Las Vegas Mercury for the rest: “On stage, it’s an unusual sight—all five standing out front and one of them stomping on a homemade plywood box. For those who get it, though, it’s the sound of amplified adolescence, the musical reflection of the ecstatic shouts and lonesome sighs of teendom.”
The Java House
211 E Washington St, Iowa City, 335-5730
WSU’s “Iowa Talks Live from the Java House,” Fridays, 10am.

Willy Porter, Sept. 2 • Edie Carey, Sept. 9 • Bree Cline-White, Sept. 16 • Denise Franke with stories from Steve Thunder-McGuire’s U of I storytelling class, Sept. 23 • Baxter Black & Will Whitmore, Sept. 30.

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Open Mike Mondays, 8pm • “2” & “4” Wednesdays Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, 7pm • All music 9pm unless noted otherwise.
Willy Porter, Sept. 2 • Stuart Davis, Sept. 3 • Shimbone Alley, Sept. 7, 7pm • Bottlerockets, Ben Schmidt, Sept. 8 • Commeal, Sept. 9 • Kelly Pardekooper, Noah Earle, Sept. 10 • The Red Smear, Otis Gibbs, Sept. 13 • Bob Schneider, Sept. 14 • John Cimoin, Brook Hoover, Kyle Oyloe, Sept. 15 • Orquesta de Jazz y Salsa Alto Maiz, Sept. 16 • The 100’s, Anne Deming, Sept. 17 • The Clumsy Lovers, Sept. 20 • Akron Family, The Great Lake Swimmers, 12 Canons, Sept. 21 • Seth Horan, Matthew Wright, Ben Suchey, Sept. 22 • Dave Moore, Sept. 23 • Shanti Groove, Sept. 24 • The Finders, Sept. 30, 7pm.

Mud River Music Festival
Sept. 16-18, Izaak Walton League, Iowa City
Local bands including Euforquestra, Public Property, Shane Train, Ben Schmidt, Patrick Brickel, Nikki Lunden and the Heinous Canis, Bree and Darren, William Elliot Whitmore, The Beggarmen, Dr. Z’s Experiment.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library
30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Cedar Rapids Symphony Orchestra Presents Masterworks I featuring Susan Starr, Pianist Daniel Kleinrenke, Conductor, Sept. 24, 8pm.

Pedestrian Mall
Iowa City
Lazy Boy and the Recliners, Sept. 2, 6:30pm • Big Wooden Radio, Sept. 9, 6:30pm.

Uptown Bill’s Small Mall
401 S. Gilbert St, Iowa City, 339-0401
Open Mike Fridays 8-11, Celtic Jam Sundays at 2pm. All music at 7pm unless noted otherwise.

Larry Sivers, Sept. 3 • Railston Creek Labor Day Fair and Flea Market (music all day), Sept. 5 • Pete Balestrei, Sept. 10 • Mudriver Festival, Sept. 16-18 • Bob Hillman and Denise Frnake, Sept. 22 • Cedar County Coyotes, Sept. 24.

Voxman Music Bldg.
UI campus, Iowa City
Harper Hall
Kristen Hansen, horn, Sept. 21, 8pm.

Women’s Resource & Action Center & Prairie Voices Production
Upper City Park, 335-1486
12th Annual Iowa Women’s Music Festival, Sept. 10, 12-5:30 pm.

Yacht Club
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464
Blues Jam 8-12pm, Sunday; Jam Band Jam, Wednesdays, 10pm, All music 9pm unless noted otherwise
Family Groove Company, Why Make Clocks, Sept. 2 • Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band, Sept. 3 • Funkmaster Cracker, Sept. 8 • mer, Sexual Buddha, That Saturday, Sept 9 • Green Lemon, Jason Heyland, Sept. 10 • Victor Barnes, Sept. 13 • Gglitch, (Others TBA), Sept. 15 • Early Show: The Beggarmen, 5pm; Late Show: Jensen Connection, The KB Band, Sept. 16, 9pm • Storytime, Damon Dotson, Sept. 17 • Liquid Soul, Sept. 22 • Public Property, Spoken Gun, Sept. 23 • Joe Price, Sept. 24 • Drums & Tuba, Seeker, Sept. 29 • Euforquestra, Sept. 30.

Dance
Arts a la Carte
20 E Market St, Iowa City, 341-7144
International Folk Dance, every 4th Saturday of the month, 7:30pm, Salsa Break, Dance Instruction, every Tuesday, Hours: 8:30-9:30pm, Beginner, 9:30-10:30pm, Intermediate, 10:30-Midnight, Open Dance.

Space/Place Theatre
North Hall, UI campus, Iowa City
Duarte Dance Works, UI Dance Department, Sept. 1-3, 8pm • Passport: A Solo Evening by Alan Sener, Sept. 8-10, 8pm • Thesis Concert, UI Dance Department, Sept. 29-30, 8pm.

Classses/Workshops
The Guitar House
185 Highway 965 #3, North Liberty, (319) 665-6500
Songwriting Workshop with Gayla Drake Paul, benefit for the Iowa Women’s Music Festival, Sept. 11, 2pm.

Shambaugh House
UI Campus
International Writing Program reading, Fridays, 5pm.

Theater/Performance
Dreamwell Theater
201 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 541-0140
Baal, Bertolt Brecht, Sept. 8-17, 8pm.

Englert Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
Fiddler on the Roof, Iowa Community Theatre, Sept. 22, 23, 24, 8 pm, Sept. 25, 2:30pm.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
The Man who Discovered Iowa, Mel Andringa, Sept. 7 & 11.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Miss Saigon, Sept. 18, 7pm • In the Mood– a 1940’s Musical Revue, Sept 29, 7:30pm.

City Park
Festival Stage
200 E. Park Road, Iowa City
Prosperity, presented by Riverside Theatre, 887-1360, Sept. 16-24, Lower City Park.

Comedy
The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Emergency Improv Comedy Group, Sept. 6 & Sept. 27, 9pm.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Friends of the Bob & Tom Show: Todd Yohn, David Crowe, Tim Bedore & Drew Hastings, Sept. 16, 8pm.

Words
African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center
55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863
Evening Lecture Patrick Naick on Chicago Renaissance, Sept. 15.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
KSUI “Know the Score,” Sept. 9, 5-7pm • Who’s Coming to Dinner? ...And He’s Bringing His Own Fork!, Gala event, 75th anniversary and homecoming of Grant Wood’s American Gothic, Sept. 9, 7pm • In the Blink of an Eye, Lecture by art connoisseur, Thomas Hoving, Sept. 10, 2pm • Grant Wood: Uneasy Modern, Lecture by Dr. Wanda Corn, Stanford University, reception and book signing, 6-7pm, Lecture 7-8pm, Sept. 15 • Artists’ Studio Tour, tour of seven local artists’ studios, Sept. 24, 10am-4pm.

Englert Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
Baxter Black, Sept. 29, 7pm.

20 I little village I calendar
Iowa City Public Library
123 S Linn St, Iowa City, 356-5200
International Writing Program panel discussion, Wednesdays, 3:30pm.

Prairie Lights
15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 337-2681
All 7pm (unless noted otherwise)
Aimee Bender, reading from new collection of stories, Willful Creatures, Sept. 6 • Heather Smith, reading from new collection of poems, Each End of the World, Sept. 7 • Sherri Brooks Vinton, talking about new book, Real Food Revival, Sept. 8 • Sabrina Mark reading from The Babies & Jason Schneiderman reading from his book, Sublimation Point, Sept. 9 • Margot Livesey, reading from latest novel, Banishing Verona, Sept. 14 • Aaron Anstett and Josh Bell, reading from new collection of poems, No Accident & No Planets Strike, Sept. 15 • Susanna Clarke, reading from novel, Jonathan Strange & Mr. Norrell, Shambaugh Auditorium, Sept. 16 • Jane Smiley, Pulitzer Prize winning author reading from her new book, 13 Ways of Looking at the Novel, Buchanan Auditorium, Sept. 19 • David Campbell, reading from his new book, A Land of Ghosts, Sept. 20 • Whitney Terrell, reading from his new novel, The King of Kings County, Sept. 21 • Holiday Reinhorn, reading from her first collection of stories, Big Cats, Sept. 22 • Corinne Lee, reading from PYX, winner of the 2004 national poetry series Competition, Sept. 23 • Gregory Rabassa, revered literary translator, reading from his memoirs, If This Be Treason: Translation and Its Discontents; Deba Foxley Leach, signing new children's book, Grant Wood: The Artist, Sept. 24, 11am • Laura Mullen and Lisa Samuels, reading from their recent memoirs, Revered Literary Translator, reading from his new book, Competition, Sept. 23 • Gregory Rabassa, PYX, reading from her first collection of stories, Kings County, Sept. 28 • Michael Parker, reading from his new book, Of Looking at the Novel, UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1772

Misc.
Field to Family
4th Annual Festival of Local Food
GrowIt Yourself Salsa Party, Johnson County Crisis Center, Community Garden, 1121 Gilbert Court, Iowa City, Sept. 8, 4:30-5:30pm • Local Foods Connection Culinary Walk, food-sampling event, Downtown Iowa City (meeting place TBA), Sept. 8, 5:30-8pm • Sherri Brooks Vinton, Live from Prairie Lights, talking about new book, Real Food Revival, Sept. 8, 8pm • Wild Mushroom Foray with Damian Pieper, Hickory Hill Park, Sept. 9, 6pm • Farmers’ Market Cooking Demo with Chef and Author Odessa Piper, Chauncy Swan Parking Ramp, Sept. 10, 10-11:30am • Slow Food Iowa Harvest Dinner: A Celebration of Foods of the Season, Izaak Walton League, 4044 Izaak Walton Rd SE, Sept. 10, 6-10pm • ZJ Farm Tour and Harvest Party, (319)-624-3052 for information, Sept. 10, Farm Tours, 3-5pm, Potluck Dinner, 5:30pm, Square Dance and band, 6:30pm • Catch, Clean, and Cook!, F.W. Kent Park, 2048 Hwy 6 NW, Oxford, Sept. 11, 4-6pm.

City Park
200 E. Park Road, Iowa City
Paws in the Park, Dog Walk, Demonstrations, Silent Auction, Fun Contests and Prizes, Sept 18, 12pm, Lower City Park, 356-5295 • 3rd Annual Iowa City Dog Paddle, City Park Pool, Sept. 6 & 7, 3pm.

Emma Goldman Clinic
227 N. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 337-2111
Open House, Sept. 23.

Hubbard Park
UI Campus (next to IMU)
PeaceFest, Free Live Music, Family Games and Crafts, Speeches, Drawings, Filmfest, Literature Tables, Art, Etc, Sept. 11, 12-8pm.

Pet Central Station
114 S Clinton St., Iowa City, 351-4453
Benefit for Johnson County Dog Park, featuring Doghouse wine from Kendall Jackson Winery, raffle prizes, wine tasting and a dog kissing booth, Sept. 3, 4-8pm.

The Union Bar
121 E. College St., Iowa City, 339-4646
G-Spot After Hours Hair Show, Sept. 24, 7pm.

calendar | little village | 21
Slightest Provocations
Philadelphia police charged Kenneth Robert Vennera, 32, an unemployed attorney, with attacking his aunt, a 62-year-old nun, because he thought she was using a dirty mop. The Philadelphia Daily News reported that Sister Marie Troilo was cleaning the family’s house when Vennera complained that the mop had too much dog hair on it and began cursing at her, then knocked her head against a wall and dragged her back into the house when she tried to run away.

Police in Dover Township, N.J., charged 10-year-old Christopher Harms with stabbing his father to death with a kitchen knife following a dispute over a missing container of chocolate frosting. According to Ocean County prosecutor E. David Millard, Andrew Harms accused his son of taking the frosting, then, when the argument intensified, handed him the knife and told the boy that “if he hated him that much, then he wanted him to stab him.”

Joe Blume, 43, was arrested after he walked into the Carmel, Ind., office of Matchmaker International, pulled a .357-caliber Magnum and demanded a $1,200 refund because the only woman the service had referred to him for a date was 47 years old. Blume said he wanted a woman of child-bearing age. Explaining the firm could issue only a check, the manager left the room. “He thought she was going to get a check,” Carmel Mayor Jim Brainard told the Indianapolis Star. “She left the building and notified the police.”

Adding Insult to Injury
Norman Green, 51, suffered four broken ribs after a bus ran him over in Leicester, England, so he wrote to the bus company seeking damages. Instead, the company sent him a bill for $845 to repair the bus, which had a broken light and windshield. “The accident happened,” company insurance manager Tony Lambell said, “because Mr. Green was not looking where he was going.”

Nice Work If You Can Get It
Florida state Rep. George Albright introduced legislation establishing a new Cabinet post: secretary of barbecue. Appointment by the governor to a one-year term without pay, would involve promoting the enjoyment of barbecue and barbecue culture. “I am very serious. It’s a serious subject. Barbecue is big business in this state,” said Albright, who is the co-owner of two barbecue restaurants.

Utah is looking for a pornography czar. The new position, which pays $75,000 a year, involves drafting a new state definition of obscenity, helping local governments “restrict, suppress or eliminate” pornography and providing information “about the dangers of obscenity.” The nation’s first pornography czar will have little prosecutorial power and no jurisdiction over the Internet or cable television, even though state Rep. Evan L. Olsen said he introduced legislation to create the post after his constituents complained their children were surfing the Internet for cybersex.

Sheriff’s deputies in Columbia County, Fla., were assigned to watch more than 1,300 pornographic videos confiscated from a video store to determine if they violate obscenity laws. The deputies insisted the review would take them at least several weeks.

Is There a Tenor in the House?
During a performance of Verdi’s opera “Aida” in Parma, Italy, tenor Gegam Grigorian, who was singing the lead role, lost his voice in the first act due to the flu. Alberto Cupido, another tenor who happened to be in the audience, was asked to fill in. Even though he had never sung the role before, Cupido, wearing casual clothes and holding a copy of the score, completed the performance to a standing ovation.

Close to Home
Police in the Austrian village of St. Georgen an der Gusen arrested a 16-year-old volunteer firefighter for deliberately setting 13 fires in three months. His most recent target was his own home. Investigators said the arsonists motives were unclear but noted that he showed great enthusiasm in helping to put out the fires.

Volunteer firefighters responding to an alarm in Chumuckla, Fla., arrived to find their own firehouse burning. The first firefighter on the scene managed to save two trucks, but the building itself burned down in 30 minutes. Investigators suspected the fire was caused by a propane heater installed three days earlier to keep water from freezing.

Online Follies
Leading ultra-Orthodox Jewish rabbis in Israel have banned their followers from using the Internet. They insist it “incites sin and abomination” and threatens the survival of the country.

At least 200,000 Internet users are addicted to porn sites, X-rated chat rooms or other sexual materials online, according to a study by researchers at Stanford and Duquesne universities. Reporting their findings in the journal Sexual Addiction and Compulsivity, the researchers classified users as “cybersex compulsives” if they spent more than 11 hours a week visiting sexually oriented areas and scored high on a 10-item questionnaire about relationships and attitudes toward sex. “This is a hidden public-health hazard exploding, in part, because very few are recognizing it as such or taking it seriously,” the researchers said.

Inflated Episode
When Samanta Munns, 35, fell off a step-ladder at her toy store in Cheltenham, England, she impaled her left thigh on a canister used to blow up children’s balloons. The pressurized helium was injected into her body, causing her thigh and belly to swell up to twice their normal size. Since the only cure was to lie still while the gas was absorbed, Munns had to remain immobile for two weeks until the bubble deflated.

Boo-Hoo Brew
Britain’s Department of Trade and Industry proposed making it illegal for a pub to pour a glass of beer with more than 5 percent foam after a trade group for drinkers’ rights charged that pubs are making a profit on froth. The Campaign for Real Ale charged that British beer drinkers paid $400 million for foam in 1998.

Facial hair wastes beer, according to the Guinness brewing company. Noting that yearly losses range from 12 pounds a year for mustaches to 23 pounds for full beards, the company said its research showed that an estimated 92,370 mustaches were shaved off Britain’s Department of Trade and Industry’s gas was absorbed, Munns had to remain immobile for two weeks until the bubble deflated.

Compiled from the nation’s press by Roland Sweet. Submit clippings, citing source and date, to POB 8130, Alexandria VA 22306.
FORECAST FOR SEPTEMBER 2005 • BY DR. STAR

ARIES—Concerns for the youngsters in your life or for those you love will compel you to rethink your vision of the future. You might need to adapt your ideas about how you maintain obligations to loved ones. Challenges later in the month will reaffirm the need to make changes in your key relationships. Sort through duties and balance mutual obligations. As generous as you might find yourself to be, look forward to managing money. These matters might turn out better if you make more firm and clear demands upon them.

TAURUS—The stars are giving you the power to shape the motivations of others. For everyone’s sake, including your own, you should use this power. Many around you are in frantic and/or misguided motion. Those above are also confused and seem to be taking their cues from all the wrong places. And they probably don’t understand your actions. But you might find yourself only participating in the loop who can prevent an eventual train wreck. Do nothing that can be easily misinterpreted.

GEMINI—You have much to look forward to. Travel, educational interests, activities with youngsters, creative and romantic activities are all nicely expected. But you might have to watch out for an overactive imagination and an equally overactive temper—yours or someone else’s. You are feeling the pressure to make some deep personal adjustments, but there’s no need to panic. You have a lot of control over the situation. And you can handle yourself very effectively in any challenging situations that arise. People will find you motivated, stimulating and persuasive, especially at work.

CANCER—Impatience, over-enthusiasm or immature judgment—yours or someone else’s—could cause problems. Don’t be wearing any rose-tinted glasses. This goes double in financial areas. Later in the month, as things get a bit rougher, you will be really glad you were cautious. Circumstances could force a work or financial decision downward. You might just have to bite the bullet. You have allies and a reserve of luck. However, it could still take some fancy footwork to get through. Improved relationships on the job will help resolve worrisome issues.

LEO—Some of the recent uproar will diminish and conspirators will retreat. However, a tendency toward suspicion and plotting will remain. Issues arising from family responsibilities, romantic involvements and finances just about have you stymied. They defy quick or easy resolution. Serious thought and radical decision-making are needed now. You will have to act boldly and this action must come from deep within you. Put parts of your life aside, as some of your old behavior patterns behind you. It is time for you to make some new, wiser choices and move on.

VIRGO—Partnership, finance and career issues are high on your list of concerns. They are naturally intertwined and planets are emphasizing this interrelationship now. They stress the urgency of dealing with them in a coordinated way, amidst rapid, continuing change. Pressure to make decisions will increase as September continues. You size love, ideals, AND long-term financial concerns to make the proper decision. Take a long hard look at the personal cost of pursuing your ambitions as you currently define them. Maybe it’s time to re-imagine your goals.

LIBRA—Romantic, escapist, or playful inclinations are strong this month. If you go too far, though, it could cost you a lot of money. And that’s just for starters. You think “moderation.” You will need your reserves for challenging decisions coming later in September. You will have to delay gratification and dig in and work to overcome major challenges. Or else seriously modify your long-term goals. If you have to modify your overall strategy, which seems likely, don’t ignore the tough but necessary bits. Avoid the path of least resistance.

SCORPIO—Where there’s a will, there’s a way. Let that be your motto this month. There will be no shortage of barriers, and even where there are openings, there will be hurdles. But for every obstacle there is a work-around. If you can’t persuade people, you might need to stimulate them, or vice versa. The key is to get out there and do stuff. Don’t stay home nursing worries and fears. Don’t allow schemes and intrigues to discourage you either. Those making plots and spreading rumors won’t find much support.

SAGITTARIUS—Do nothing, and the wrong people get their way. Do something and you break the rules and become part of the problem. It could also make you a target. Develop new ideas and alliances through discussion. A little play, or a little rest and recreation, would help. You and many others need to break free of old patterns. That includes many people you have no control over as well as many people who have authority over you. Let some water flow under the proverbial bridge. Some time must pass.

CAPRICORN—September’s turbulence is not hitting Capricorns that hard. You are well-positioned to ride the waves of change. Your challenge is in the soul-searching department. Your desire for a better life is intense. You are strongly stimulated to do something about it. However, you aren’t seeing everything clearly and the financial consequences of a wrong move could be serious. Closely examine your fears and your desires. Both fears and hopes need to be brought into line with reality. Your decision making process is an issue too. Listen to realistic people.

AQUARIUS—A month of decision for Aquarius. Circumstances are pushing you to do the right and sensible thing. So, even if you feel a decision is being forced, be content of the outcome. Financial and health issues are in some conflict with your lifestyle preferences. However, these key people are in a position to bring about the needed changes. Let yourself be guided by practical considerations. Philosophical abstractions will steer you wrong now. It is time for some down-to-earth discussions.

PISCES—if you expect people to understand why change is necessary and inevitable, you will have to draw them out of their private little worlds. Explain how their “hard facts” are really limited and random bits of information which they must look beyond. You can present an inspiring and uplifting vision of possibilities. Continue to update and restructure your own financial affairs. In coming months, you might need to retreat to heal and restore your inner-most sense of security and well-being. Slow and easy steps are recommended on all fronts.

Contact Dr. Star at chiron@mchsi.com

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